

Summary: An alien race are conscious of Spock & Kirk's love for one another, even before they, themselves, absolutely are... Or, at least, the alien race's knowledge of their love, and the consequences of it being known to the aliens, creates consequences for Kirk and Spock; consequences that force them to acknowledge their love for each other...

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: Ensemble, James T. Kirk, Kirk/Spock, Leonard "Bones" McCoy, Mr. Spock, Original Character(s)

Genres: PreSlash, Slash

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Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

On re-reading, I realise that I seem to have set this fic in the Abrams Universe (due to one line definitely) - BUT- It could be set in either really, and it is meant to take place around the time of The Motion Picture...

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Chapter 1 - Life Begins As It Should by Vulcan Lover

Author's Notes:

McCoy gets his best friends talking...

McCoy sat in the locked room with his friends and colleagues, Jim Kirk & Spock. It wasn't an unfair assessment of the situation to say that the three men were dumfounded! Yes. Even Spock.

"I would offer you both a double whiskey, and get one for myself..." McCoy began.

"But you would be correct not to." Spock noted.

McCoy nodded, looking to Spock.

"I don't know why I'm so surprised! I mean, what are we in now, the 23rd Century?" Kirk looked from Spock, briefly, to Leonard McCoy, to Spock again...

"They read our minds, Jim..." Spock stated. "Even as a touch telepath myself, I know that that is a lot to face up to, quite literally..."

"And yet, it's so simple..." Kirk pondered aloud. "They read our feelings, for each other, made things far more simple than we," Jim looked at Spock, "have ever let it be..!"

McCoy spoke up, unsure if he should. "What did I tell you not so long ago, Jim?"

"You basically told me," Kirk looked to the Doctor, then, before continuing, at Spock, "that Spock is my ideal life partner, my ideal mate..."

"And you didn't disagree..." McCoy reminded Kirk, and looked at Spock as he did so. "How do you feel about Spock, truthfully?"

"I love him as a man in love loves the one he's in love with..." Jim braved saying it.

"He's told you very clearly how he feels about you, Spock..." Dr McCoy told the Vulcan.

"And our baby?" Spock queried James Kirk.

"I am, undeniably shocked that you are carrying our baby, even with the help of alien telepathy and Conception/Gestation Surgeries..." Kirk started.

"Understandable." Spock understated, but knew the Doctor and Jim could tell.

"I understand that these aliens were only trying to help us to be happy, and that, since V'Ger, you understand the importance of happiness..."

"I do." Spock informed him.

McCoy and Spock himself noted Jim's smile.

"I want to be a great father to the child, like I know my father would have been to me..." Jim spoke of George Kirk, who died to make sure his crewmates would be kept safe.

"There is no reason you cannot be..." Spock replied simply to the father of his child.

Jim was on the verge of tears, but he braved looking in to Spock's eyes.

Leonard McCoy quietly left the room, and made sure it locked again...

"Spock, are you okay about this?" Jim asked.

"My logic and my emotions are actually working in tandem about the matter..." Spock spoke honestly. "I can cope, Jim, do not worry..."

Kirk got up and walked over to the Vulcan who was making it possible for him to settle down, and belong to a real family...

Spock looked up from where he sat on one of the room's sofas, and held out two closed fingers to Jim, asking the man to touch him as a spouse would.

Jim met Spock's fingers in what he knew was the very dignified, very intimate, Vulcan sign of love. He sat beside Spock and smiled. "All this and we haven't even kissed yet..."

Spock's eyes smiled, even if his face was controlled enough not to... "We don't have to wait for my Pon Farr to take hold..."

With that, James T Kirk kissed Spock, and they leant back on this sofa in the locked room, and began to make love for the first time, and not before time..!

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Chapter 2 - Beginning A New Life Together by Vulcan Lover

Author's Notes:

Kirk and Spock continue to do, anew, what they should have done ages ago..!

Kirk lay next to Spock on the large sofa. "I heard what you were saying, Spock. Earlier."

"The race who created our baby for us, thought that we knew their intentions. They sensed a form of telepathic ability in me, and thought that I knew, and would tell you..." Spock voiced some of his thoughts.

"I know what they thought, Spock, at least, now I do, and I don't want you blaming yourself for not picking up on their message." Jim met Spock's eyes.

"I am trying not to." Spock spoke honestly.

"They saved our lives when they found us and our shuttle in a storm, and, besides that fact, have helped us in many ways; we do have a lot to be grateful for, thanks to The Stork!"

Spock's eyebrow rose questioningly at his new lover.

"My nickname for them, since they made our baby for us..." Kirk noted. His hand rested on Spock's stomach, knowing that beneath his skin was the new womb and the new baby...

"I think I have heard the human myth of The Stork before..." Spock replied.

"I'm glad we're on the same page, at last..!" Kirk grinned.

"I think we have been for a long time..." Spock touched his fingertips to Jim's.

"True..." Kirk leant in to kiss Spock yet again, then paused.

"Please, do..." Spock invited the touch of lips as well as fingertips...

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Chapter 3 - The Promise by Vulcan Lover

Author's Notes:

On the path to preparation for the arrival of their baby...

Spock knew Jim was nearby, just in case he was needed to lend support and aid in explaining this situation. He knew Jim was uneasy with leaving this task to him alone, but they both knew that his father would deal with this news better if Spock spoke of the matter discreetly, as was the Vulcan way, if anything must be discussed at all.

"I know that this is not conventional, father. I realise that you may find the matter... awkward to consider..." Spock spoke.

"It is, as you say, unconventional, but I am not entirely a stranger to the unconventional, Spock. You are testimony to this fact." Sarek pointed out.

"Indeed." Spock nodded. "You must not be concerned for me. I am coping well."

"Yes. I believe you are." Sarek was being genuine in his appraisal.

"This child will be even more human than I am." Spock noted.

"I married your mother, Spock, for all the right reasons, as I have heard humans phrase it... I also consented that she and I should try to conceive a child together; consented to going to see, to discuss, in some detail, the matters of your conception, with those in the medical profession. I believe in Infinite Diversity, and great worth, in Infinite Combinations. I do not believe that breeding between humans and Vulcans is wrong..." Sarek tried to talk as openly as he dare. "When you were born, and I commented on the fact that you were so human, it was simply an observation. Not an insult. The Vulcan Doctors, and the Human ones, were in agreement, that your Vulcan genetics would very likely be the predominant ones."

"And, you do not believe that they are..? You still believe I am 'so human', as you put it?" Spock dared to ask.

“You are equally Vulcan and Human, my son.” Sarek answered.

“And your Grandchild?” Spock queried.

“Will be my Grandchild, and I, a Grandfather to him or to her.” Sarek promised.

“Thank you, father.” Spock replied. Inwardly, he sighed with relief, and considerable happiness ♦♦♦ more weight than he realised would be, had been lifted from his shoulders by the words he hoped to hear, and did hear, from his father.

The chime went to announce someone’s presence outside the quarters. Jim’s. The T’hy’la bond between them was exceptionally strong, of course.

“Come in...” Spock called.

“Hello.” Jim said to Spock and his father, as he walked in. “Are we alright?” He sat down, looked at Spock, and to the place where their baby grew within him, in the womb implanted by ‘The Stork’, and then, Jim looked at Spock’s father.

Sarek nodded discreetly.

“We are fine, Jim...” Spock answered honestly.

Jim looked at Spock, and smiled. He handed over the small bag he had been carrying. “Your vitamin prescription from Bones...”

“Thank you.” Spock spoke warmly.

“James,” Sarek spoke up almost hesitantly.

Jim looked to his father-in-law.

“I thank you for looking after my son and Grandchild.” He stated honestly.

“Ever and always; I want nothing more than to do so, and do so well...” Jim spoke eloquently and truthfully. In that moment, he felt such a depth of warmth, love, and a pledge to do the same for him, from Spock, his husband. It was a depth of love that he knew always to be there ♦♦♦ They didn’t need to speak of it often, but they would act upon it forevermore...

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Chapter 4 - Moments To Calm The Soul And Warm The Heart by Vulcan Lover

Author’s Notes:

Jim looks after Spock...

Plans were in place that ‘The Stork’, as Jim called them, at least some of them, those who made this pregnancy happen, specifically the medical team Jim and Spock met, would be present on New Vulcan, as would Bones, when time came for the baby to be delivered.

What would life be like from that moment on? Would they bring up the child on Enterprise, in-line with Starfleet’s controversial plans to accommodate families on Starships, to spread out the U.F.P’s population, supposedly to reduce the chances of an attack like that on original Vulcan, from almost entirely decimating a race.

Jim was uncertain of this theory. He, of course, knew of the dangers of a family being placed on a Starship.

Would he and Spock not be star-faring Starfleet Officers? Where would they live? Would their child sometimes have to go and live on New Vulcan with Sarek, while Jim and Spock went on a

Mission; would New Vulcan, in the meantime, be at risk of attack again?

Jim knew there was a lot to consider, and that he and Spock were considering it all. It had been a sigh of relief for them that they now knew they could count on Spock's father, Sarek, for support and help, but Jim realised that Spock still was concerned that his father would not understand his grandchild's predicament, and deal with the child from a solely Vulcan point of view... Spock had similar memories of such times in his own childhood, and now, of course, Amanda would not be there to influence and guide her husband.

If not for their Starfleet family of friends, Sarek, and each other, though, they would be alone; figuring out how to bring up their child 💎💎“ at least they were not that.

“There...” McCoy stated. “The baby's well.” He turned back from the screen. “See for yourselves...” He stepped back, so that Jim and Spock could see the image on the screen. “Look at those little pointy ears!”

“Adorable!” Jim grinned, and from that moment, he was transfixed by the clear picture, so clear, of his and Spock's child in Spock's, for want of a better word, implanted, womb.

“Quite.” Spock noted. His eyes were smiling.

“So beautiful...” Jim looked from the baby on the screen, who seemed to be looking right at him and Spock, to Spock himself. He discreetly touched Spock's fingers, which were down by his side, as he lay, propped up on the biobed, with its privacy screen around them, even though, for once, apart from themselves, Sickbay was empty.

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Jim lay down on his and Spock's bed. Spock did still have separate quarters, but, in recent months, with his Blessing, Jim had 'acquired'/ requisitioned a bed for them both in his quarters.

He knew that, of late, and now, Spock was having to deal with emotions that made him want to cry 💎💎“ for joy, and with concern, should they not be able to work everything out for the best for their baby's future, and theirs.

Jim, too, had felt his own set of emotions, emotions that sometimes threatened tears, regarding all these matters. He caressed and then kissed Spock's shoulder, with his lips and hands, and fingertips.

T'hy'la? He asked, through their bond.

I am alright, Jim. I promise. Spock responded.

Your back's still hurting though... Jim noted.

Yes. Spock answered honestly. 💎💎“But it is not contractions or any such thing, and, I believe, supported in my theory and assured a little, by Leonard's scan, that the baby is comfortable and well. I will cope.

Jim moved momentarily, got up, and walked around to Spock's side of the bed, going to his bedside cabinet, and retrieving the pain relief gel McCoy had, the other day, insisted Spock take back to the quarters.

Spock simply watched Jim.

Jim crouched down, touching Spock's hands, and looking into his eyes. “Let me put some of this

stuff on those back muscles, hey?" He asked permission gently.

"I will acquiesce this time. I do not wish to cause the baby any stress." Spock mentioned. Spock moved one of his hands, to lay over the point within, where their child grew.

Jim lay one of his hands there, too, touching Spock's. "He's not stressed at all, Ashaya... You're right to get rid of your pain so that he remains unaffected."

Spock nodded.

Jim got up, walked back around to his side of the bed, carefully clambered on, and applied the gel to his hands. His hands got beneath Spock's robe, and began to soothingly massage his tender back. I love you... You're doing so well with all this... He told Spock, telepathically.

Spock began to be able to relax, and, in his mind, in unguarded waves of his deepest emotions, told Jim he was so grateful for his love and gentility, and reciprocated every bit of it with all of his heart.

Thank God we visited The Stork! Jim mused, in the midst of these moments of complete openness and truth, finding such healing comfort for and with the man he loved...

Thank you to them and our son for bringing us together... Tu Dena-val, Ashaya... Spock let the warmth of his love and happiness be known.

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Chapter 5 - Deliverance by Vulcan Lover

Author's Notes:

Jim & Spock's son is born.

Reminded of Joanna's birth at this moment, when he held Jim and Spock's son in his arms, McCoy suppressed a tear. He was better at suppressing emotions than Spock gave him credit for. ♦♦ though, he hypothesized that, somewhere, deep in his psyche, Spock realised this. "Well, you two... Meet your son!" Leonard smiled. He handed the baby to Spock.

"Oh, WOW..!" Jim commented, caressing his child's tiny brow. His touch was so light. The boy looked up at Jim. "His eyes are such a dark green..."

"That is part of his Vulcan heritage." Spock noted, cradling his new born son. "Some Vulcans have very dark emerald hued eyes." He pushed back from the baby's forehead, a thick little mop of hair. Dark; Very dark hair, but with hints of Jim's hazel coloured hair interspersed; tinted on the ends as though the boy had been to a Human's hairdressing shop...

"He's a sweet little fella, isn't he?" Leonard noted.

Jim spoke while still gazing at his son. "Wonderful!"

"What do you think of him, Mr Spock?" Leonard smiled.

"Fascinating..!" Spock carefully clasped his son's little hand. "And, wonderful. Truly wonderful!"

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"The med teams will bring him back soon, Spock..." Jim held Spock's hands in his. "I'll go check on him..." He turned, and was about to get up and go out of the door, in this, one of New Vulcan's neonatal hospitals.

"No need." A Vulcan male nurse announced, bringing the child in to the room.

“Where’s Doctor McCoy?” Jim asked.

“I’m here, Jim...” McCoy replied, entering the room. He brought with him much bottle feeding paraphernalia.

The Vulcan Nurse left.

“Will ‘The Stork’ be joining us in a moment?” Spock queried, as he watched Jim pick up their son from his crib.

“Soon.” McCoy noted. “They’ve been very helpful.” He said it without rancour. “This little man,” McCoy smiled at the baby. “deserves his dinner anyhow, and he’s due his first meeting with his Grandpa Sarek...”

Spock nodded.

“Thought of any names for your son yet, either of you?” McCoy asked.

“That’s a matter we are still discussing, Doctor.” Spock answered.

Leonard smiled.

“It’s tough to choose!” Jim mentioned, as he sat, with his son, in the chair next to Spock’s bed.

“Indeed.” Spock agreed.

“You’ll figure it all out. He’ll help you!” Leonard started arranging the feeding bottles and things he’d brought with him from down the corridor.

“Perhaps, you have something to say..?” Jim asked his son, who was looking up at him again.

“If he takes after the both of you, he has plenty of things to say!” McCoy quipped.

“We’ll share the list with him later...” Jim replied to McCoy.

“Perhaps, we should consult him...” Spock mused.

“It would not be entirely illogical.” Sarek stood at the door.

“Come in, father...” Spock invited him.

“And grandfather..!” Jim noted. He handed the baby boy back to his other father, Spock, and shared a glance with him. He then got up, and indicated that Sarek take his seat next to his family for a moment.

Sarek did so.

“I’ll just go get some stuff...” McCoy turned to leave.





Sarek nodded with gratitude toward McCoy.

McCoy noted the acknowledgement. It was not unkind.

A moment after McCoy left, Sarek and Spock turned to regard one another. “Do you wish to hold your grandson, father?”

Sarek held out his arms.

Undeniably, there was an albeit discreet look of awe and pride on his father's face, as Spock handed the new grandson to the new grandfather very carefully. Spock was relieved to see that look in his father's eyes. For a moment, he wished he had seen that look in his father's eyes before; it could be that he had... It was almost irrelevant because what mattered was that he saw it now. He was happy for his child's sake, and his own.

Jim stood there smiling; happy for everyone in this room, looking at this reassuring family scene. He thought of his own father. George was a name being considered as one of what would turn out to be their son's rather elaborate chosen names; yet there were so many people to honour. Amanda and her family line, too, if they took that route. Ah, well. It would all work out in the end, Jim hoped and prayed; wondering what other choices they would make for their son, like where he would spend most of his life living, after the first few weeks on New Vulcan, followed by the planned month on Earth, in San Francisco, setting up a family worthy apartment there  “ During this sabbatical, Matt Decker was Captaining the Enterprise; Scotty would be First Officer  “ But Jim and Spock had been promised their places back, aboard Enterprise. For several of their weeks off, Enterprise would be in Spacedock for maintenance, and discussions about how she, and others of her class, and yet more, in the fleet, might be refit to enable families and servicemen to live aboard her together, all the time, apart from in Battle, when the Saucer Section, containing the families of the Officers and enlisted, would be separated, and theoretically, able to make it to safety...

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Chapter 6 - On The Eve Of Christmas... by Vulcan Lover

Author's Notes:

Christmas on Vulcan...



Sarek sat beneath the stars, with his baby grandson in his arms; both were quiet, comfortable in each other's company.

“Father?” Spock queried, stepping out on the veranda to his father's property on New Vulcan.

“He is well, son...” Sarek answered.

Spock came forward and around to sit next to his father and son. He did so. “And yourself?”

“It is your Christmas Day tomorrow...” Sarek spoke of the human festive season Christmas Day, which his wife, Amanda, had taught both him, and their son about.

“Yes.” Spock affirmed. His mother had human ancestry of people from the Christian and Judaic faiths in her bloodline. Thus, she taught him about Christmas and Hanukah both. She helped him to understand and celebrate those ‘holidays’. His father, to begin with, Spock knew, was reticent about Spock partaking in such human, emotionally led festivities... Though, as the years went on, Spock believed Sarek developed an appreciation for Christmas, and its family values, himself. Amanda had said that Spock could decide for himself, in later years, whether he wanted to continue observation of the times to celebrate in the Christian and Judaic faiths, but it was important not just to her, but also to him, that Spock know about these times  “ Because that knowledge would help him in the future... “Do you mind some discreet celebrations of Christmas taking place here this year?” Spock talked of his and Jim's plans to swap gifts, put up a few very tasteful decorations in their room, and the baby's.

“I do not mind. Your mother would wish it.” Sarek noted.

Spock nodded, as he continued to look toward his father and son. He paused. “I shall tell Jim that he can begin his decorating plans.” Spock broached the subject. “Will you be joining us for the Christmas meal?”

“Is that an invite, my son?” Sarek asked.

“Of course.” Spock mentioned. “Christmas is for family...”

“Indeed.” Sarek looked from his son to his grandson, thinking of so many moments, and of Amanda. Amanda at Christmas. Spock at Christmas; before then, the moments like this one, under different stars, years ago, when he held baby Spock in his arms, and when he watched Amanda do so... “Indeed...”

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