

Summary: Earth was also destroyed. At a rendezvous with the remaining humans and Vulcans, the Vulcans more or less take charge and enslave the humans to rebuild their species with fertile humans. Since they're so rare as well, the Vulcans don't think they'll offer much resistance. Spock becomes captain of the Enterprise once more and gets his pick of the crew. Despite everyone thinking he'll choose Uhura, he picks a rebellious Kirk.

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: None

Genres: Gen, Het, Slash

Warnings: Abuse, Adult Situations, Alien Conception, Anal Sex, Angst, Apocalyptic, AU, Birth, Birth - Implied, Bond, Bonding, Child Abuse, Coercion, Complete, Dark Themes, Dubious Consent, Explicit Sexual Situations, Forced Sex, Hybrid, m/m, Mind Meld, Non- Con, Slave/Master

Challenges: None

Series: The Sun Will Rise

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Story Notes:

A/N: So uhm, I gave this prompt over at the wonderful kink meme thingie [st_xi_kink](#) and then it got stuck in my own head and it wouldn't leave. And then it grew beyond my wildest imagination and ate my life for the last two days. So yeah. *scratches head* I hope it's acceptable to y'know, fill your own prompts? Also, this is their first time I've written Startrek in my life. It's harder than it looks. Please forgive me any OOC. Also, I'm not really a pro at writing NC-17 material, so I hope it turned out fine as well.

A/N 2: Unbetaed. Forgive me any mistakes against the English language. Especially since it's not my first language.

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Chapter 1 by vampiric_mcd

Disclaimer: I don't own any of them, which is probably a good thing since I tend to let them get hurt and stuff.

The sun will rise, the sun will save me from the night.

The sun will change me, change the way I feel.

The love I want, the love I need is sure to come,

Is sure to lead me, lead me home again.

The light is low, the night is burning.

My head is still, but my mind is turning, turning round again.

If only I could make it through this lonely night,

If I can do this, if I can drift away.

Then the sun will rise, the sun will save me from the night,

The sun will change me, change the way I feel.

James Brendan, *The Sun Will Rise*.

Jim closed his eyes, massaging the bridge of his nose. They had managed to beat the Narada in the end. Unfortunately they had not succeeded before the earth's core had been breached and red matter had been injected into it. They had had to watch earth destroy itself, just as the planet Vulcan did. Save for the other federation ships, most of which were now at the same rendezvous point as the Enterprise with the surviving Vulcans, and some of Earth's colonies "there were almost a ridiculous low amount of humans left.

Jim felt sick as he realised that they "just as the Vulcans" could be considered an endangered species. Due to the several off-world human colonies, Jim figured they were slightly better off than the Vulcans who had but a few of those. He briefly thought about his mother and stepfather, who had moved to one of the outer farming colonies a few years back. He wasn't sure if he should be relieved or feel something entirely else. Mostly, he felt numb. Mentally shaking himself to rally his wits, he opened his eyes and faced his crew. He couldn't afford to lose it "not in front of the people that now looked to him for guidance. They needed him.

"Uhura, what is the timing on Spock beaming back aboard?" He asked, looking at the lieutenant. She frowned at him but answered nonetheless.

"They should be beaming up any minute, captain."

He nodded. Spock had joined the new Vulcan council in negotiations with remaining off-world earth dignitaries. With some luck they would have doctored out an emergency plan to follow. Not knowing what to do or where to go would kill Jim more easily than any space battle could.

Scotty's voice echoed over the comm. "Scotty to Kirk. Vulcans request permission to board, captain."

"Permission granted." He spoke absentmindedly.

"Aye Captain. Energizing now."

He frowned as Uhura almost smirked nastily for a moment, then he nearly jumped out of the captain's chair as a loud crackle echoed across the comm. He shook his head warily, thinking the worrying of the last few days had finally done him in. It had almost sounded like phaser fire being released. He sighed and addressed Scotty.

"Kirk to Scotty. Tell Spock to meet me on the bridge."

Silence echoed. A trickle of unease coursed through his mind - his gut screaming at him.

"Scotty?" Jim asked worriedly, thumbing his communicator again.

The turbo lift opening in the silence on the bridge seemed almost ominously loud. All of the crew turned to the lift and within seconds Jim's bridge was filled with several uptight looking Vulcans holding armed phasers. Spock also entered the bridge armed. Jim's mind raced to consider the implications as they all fanned out and kept the crew under fire. It was almost as if out of a bad mid 20th century Western. Jim stood quickly.

"What the hell do you think you're..."

“Essentially, you are correct in your summarization.” Spock said as if he had managed a somewhat startling feat. Kirk glared at him and bared his teeth, before turning back to face Sarek. Spock’s father was also watching him as vividly as his son. Frankly, it made his skin crawl. Father and son were a bit too much alike in their facial expressions for Jim’s tastes. Of course, they were Vulcans, so they all had the same facial expressions. He thought sourly.

“And you don’t think this is going to create bad blood between our two species?” Jim replied almost calmly, trying to hang onto a shred of sanity in dealing with the Vulcans. Something that proved to be far more trying than anticipated. Of course, diplomacy had never been Jim’s strong point at the academy. It should prove just his luck that James T. Kirk was responsible for negotiating on the behalf of the freedom and free will of the remaining population of his species. It boggled the mind.

The Vulcans blinked rapidly.

“Human and Vulcan physiology have proven to merge quite satisfactorily.” Sarek spoke. “There is no need to fear ‘bad blood between our two species’ as you say.”

Jim gaped for a moment. Damn literal Vulcans

“What I mean is that humans won’t look kindly on your little plan to save the species, since it essentially equals being enslaved on our part.”

Spock’s eyebrows twitched as he replied.

“This is immaterial. Both our species have a 78.63 percentage of a successful survival rate when combined logically. Should we not merge, the expected survival rate is reduced by 65.1 percent.”

Jim gritted his teeth. “That’s not the point. The point is that you’re planning on enslaving the remaining part of humankind in order to turn them into your Vulcan breeding machines.”

Sarek frowned at his insistent answers to their reasoning.

“Spock, this is futile. They will settle into their roles eventually.” He looked the scared crew over once, before settling briefly on McCoy. He faced Spock again.

“Chose your intended and claim the human. It is your right as captain of this vessel and esteemed Vulcan in the eyes of the council of new Vulcan.”

Jim laughed roughly. “What?” He scoffed. “Spock here gets first pick?” His eyes trailed to a smirking Uhura. It didn’t take much to figure out that she’d been into the thick of things, what with still being untied and having a phaser of her own. Kirk blinked as he realised that the bitch actually phasered him down.

“Yes, he does.” Sarek spoke, drawing his attention back to the Vulcans. He saw Uhura shifting closer to him and Bones. Spock started walking in her direction. There’s a surprise. Jim thought bitterly. Well, She’ll find out what happens to traitors soon enough, no doubt. He looked at Bones, who was still restrained by two of his own goons. He tried to smile reassuringly at his best friend, but probably didn’t quite manage it. With his attention on Bones, he failed to miss Spock walking past a stunned Uhura. He also missed two of the remaining Vulcan guards restraining and disarming her as she moved to follow Spock. She only gasped audibly however as Spock stopped in front of Kirk himself.

Jim turned to face Spock surprised, blinking slightly at finding the Vulcan standing so close. The Vulcan was seriously creeping Jim out more than usual.

“What the fuck are you looking at you traitorous bastard!?” He snapped, trying to remain in control of his reactions to the best of his limited abilities. Spock really brought the worst out of his at times. Now seemed to be one of those times.

“She’s standing over there.” Jim spoke, nodding at a restrained Uhura. He frowned at the Vulcans holding her back though. Something niggled at the back of his mind “” as if he wasn’t quite on track with what was happening. Jim thought he deserved a little slack, especially considering the past week he had had.

Spock reached out a hand and trailed it down Jim’s face, whose stomach fluttered at the touch. Jim tried to pull back in startled response, but the grip of the two Vulcans holding him tightly didn’t permit much leeway in manoeuvring. He mentally grumbled. He was going to have bruises for sure.

“You are incorrect in your deductions. I have chosen another intended.”

Jim blinked, processing the statement. He heard Bones curse and struggle as it slowly seeped in beyond all reason that Spock choose him of all people.

“Don’t you touch him!” Bones roared, drawing their attention. He struggled against his Vulcans guards, who pushed him to his knees. The doctor gasped as the Vulcans applied pressure to his arms and wrists.

“Bones!” Jim cried, pulling uselessly against the grip of his own guards.

Spock held out a splayed hand and the Vulcans ceased their actions. Jim looked from his friend to Spock and back. Spock forcibly gripped his chin and made Jim meet his gaze.

“I wouldn’t want to see the doctor come to any unnecessary harm.”

Jim swallowed at the threat, his eyes flicking to an ill-looking Bones. The grip on his chin tightened. He gritted his teeth, struggling not to react at the show of strength from Spock. They’d been here before and it had lead to a bruised throat for Kirk. Now, there was no emotionally compromised clause to fall back upon.

“I’m male.” He choked out. “I can’t give you children.”

Spock’s lips stretched into an approximation of a human smile. “The Enterprise is equipped with everything necessary to perform the male carrier procedure. It is part of the diplomatic arsenal of the Enterprise as a Federation diplomatic warship.”

Jim closed his eyes briefly against the inevitable.

“That procedure is still experimental.”

Spock’s fingers trailed down Jim’s throat. “Yes, but all the results so far have been most promising.”

Jim opened his eyes “” meeting Spock’s gaze squarely.

“My crew?”



“They will remain mostly unharmed. It is the Vulcan intention to create as many bonded pairs as is possible to ensure a clear line of succession and reproduction. Vulcans also thrive better when having a bonded mate. Those humans that are not immediately claimed will be put in housing that allows unbonded Vulcans to sample them “” before possibly choosing them as their

intended.”

Jim felt sick. They were essentially going to turn his people into Vulcan fucktoys. His eyes went to his crew members, trying to minimize the damage.

“Will they stay on the Enterprise?”

“Some.” Spock said. “Bonded humans belong with their mate.” Jim felt hysteria bubbling.

“Bones.” He spoke to Spock. “I want him and Sulu and Chekov and Scotty to .



Spock interrupted him. “I will see what I can do, as long as you indulge me in my own need for an intended. You are of more use to your crew and your friends as my intended.”

Jim met the gaze of a mute Bones, desperately shaking his head. He looked at Spock, who already knew the answer before he gave it. Jim would do anything conscionably possible to help his crew and he would do the unthinkable to make life a bit more bearable for his friends. Even Spock saw that as clear as day.

“Fine.”

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Chapter 2 by vampiric_mcd

Jim entered the captain’s quarters “ his temporary quarters while Pike was still in sickbay. Spock let him move ahead, putting some distance between the two of them. When he turned around Spock was leaning almost casually against the door.

“Computer, lock captain’s quarters. Authorization delta gamma omega five four six.”

“Captain’s quarter’s locked down, captain Spock.” The female computer voice announced. Jim resisted the urge to bare his teeth. It wasn’t so much Spock being addressed as captain, as the implications it had for himself that raised his hackles.

“Why?” Jim barked out.

Spock moved swiftly towards him “ almost gliding like a panther on the prowl. Jim blushed for no other reason than Spock’s nearing proximity, then cursed himself for doing so.







Keep it together man!

Spock circled Jim like a shark on a blood trail.

“Why has Vulcan reached this decision? Or why have I chosen you as my intended?”

Jim tried to follow Spock’s movements without moving himself.

“Yes, both or either. Just, tell me damn it!”

Spock moved quickly and pulled Jim’s back against his chest. One strong around his own chest locked him uncomfortably hard in that position “ leaving him no room to move. Jim’s ass rubbed up an unmistakably hardness and he swallowed hard “ trying not to freak out. Meanwhile Spock’s other hand went to his hair and pulled his head sideways, leaving the Vulcan room to mouth his neck. Spock nipped at his neck, moving his hips slowly against Jim’s ass “ almost as if drawing it out as much as possible. Jim wouldn’t put it past the bastard.

“You do not command me James Tiberius Kirk.”

Jim's mouth went dry at the implacable tone.

"However, I will answer your questions."

The arm around his chest trailed down to his belly, coming uncomfortably close to his genitals. A cursory swipe and Spock's hand settled on Jim's hip. Between the grip in his hair and on his hip, Spock moved Jim to brush against his cock like a goddamn sex-doll. Jim could feel his cheeks burning.

"Our species do have a far better combined survival rate. During negotiations we concluded that most humans would not be amenable to intercourse on a sufficient scale to preserve either species. It is only logical to take control and ensure that enough children will be born to build a strong empire against other alien threats. The Romulans and Klingons will surely try to stake a claim in either of our territories if they think us weak."

He thrust hard against Jim's ass, causing him to gasp.

"As for choosing you as my intended mate. You are very pleasing."


Jim gritted his teeth.

"You chose me because I'm what... pretty?" He asked outraged.

Spock nipped his shoulder again, causing Jim to involuntarily moan.

"No. While your beauty is a bonus, I am very intrigued by your character traits that display themselves even during the worst of situations. Your bravery, inventiveness and foolhardy loyalty combined with the reported intelligence you must possess make for a very worthy and talented mate indeed." Spock whispered in Jim's ear, then licked it. Kirk remembered that Vulcan ear ridges were reportedly a major hot zone for the green bastards. "The conclusive reports of your many sexual conquests and aptitude also arouse me. I intend to have the pleasure of your mouth and ass tonight."

Jim squeaked as he was spun around. Then he bared his teeth as Spock's words seeped in.

"You get your green cock near my mouth and I'll bite it off." He growled. Spock placed his hands on Jim's shoulders, applying just enough pressure for Jim to feel it  though not necessarily have to buckle down.

"Have you already forgotten the fate of your crew? Your friends?"

Jim reared back as if slapped. Spock's eyes glittered darkly in satisfaction.



"Please me sufficiently and I might endeavour for them to remain in relative health on the Enterprise."







Jim looked at Spock, then let those hands push him to his knees. He looked up at a pleased looking Spock.

"You look very fetching on your knees Jim."



"You don't get to call me that." Jim spoke harshly while inexplicably blushing, reaching for Spock's slacks. 'Not anymore.' One of those strong hands burrowed into his hair, forcing him to meet that dark eyed gaze.

"I can call you any name I wish, Jim."

Spock's hands pinned his shoulders down to the bed. The fingers were splayed across his shoulders, curled around his collarbones. Nails left perfect half moon marks, scoring his skin   reminding Jim of the pain involved in the pleasure. It left him feeling oddly thankful.

Sharp hard jabs continuously moved Jim up the bed   his body completely left at the mercy of the Vulcan fucking him. He scrambled for a hold   any hold   before pinning his arched fingers into soft bedding scrunched up beneath his sweat slicked body in a futile attempt at grounding himself.

Fireworks threatened to explode behind his eyelids and Jim struggled to hold the moans in. He wouldn't give the Vulcan the satisfaction of hearing him lose it if he could help it.

Spock plastered himself against Jim's back, hips moving sharply in a circular motion. It was almost feral in movement and intent. Jim tried not to shiver at the intensity of it all. It felt as if he were drowning in all that was Spock   barely being able to draw a breath let alone think clearly.





"Mine." Spock hissed into his ear, before nipping the juncture of his neck. "Submit to me."



Jim cried out in surprise and exploded. After that, everything went dark.



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Chapter 3 by vampiric_mcd

Two days later

Jim shifted uncomfortably in the captain's chair. It had been altered   replaced   with a larger version. It was large enough to hold both Spock and Jim without a problem, but it rankled Jim down to his very soul. He wasn't captain here, not anymore. Spock could cite whatever guidelines and intentions at him about their less than ideal bond. Jim had lost most of what made him himself. He couldn't serve on the ship as an officer, because he had been captain. He wasn't captain because Spock was. He was trapped without anything to fall back on, and Jim had never been in a fight this bad where he lost so epically. Spock hadn't only taken his freedom and pride and the respect of his crew, he'd taken away Jim's rightful place in *space*.

He stiffened as Spock rested his hands proprietarily on his shoulders. Apparently, Vulcans were possessive and territorial sons of bitches. Jim could tell that Spock really didn't like any of the glances being hot at him. For once, Jim was in complete agreement. He could do without the pity or disdain being tossed around. Most of them would suffer the same fate once the Vulcans had worked out a decent system to select mates   once they'd succeeded at enslaving the remaining human colonies they had set a warp course for. Spock's fingers brushed the bruises, hidden beneath his uniform and Jim tried to hold still. He ignored the warm heavy feeling in his belly at Spock's touch and tried to clear his head.

"Perhaps you could read the Klingon missive and offer your insight on their proposal?" Spock inquired softly. Jim clenched his jaw. Spock kept offering these tantalizing tidbits of responsibility and regard. If he didn't stop doing so, Jim was going to take him on   only to have the rug pulled out from under him. It would kill his spirit more thoroughly than any of touches Spock forced upon him.

Uhura scoffed unsubtly to the right of them, and Jim gritted his teeth at both her disrespect and the painful tightening of Spock's grip.

"Lieutenant, do you have something to say?" Spock asked coolly.

Jim looked towards Uhura. Her beauty greatly diminished by the sneer and the hatred in her eyes

directed at Jim. He wondered why she blamed him for Spock's change of heart. It wasn't as if Jim had exactly encouraged the bastard. Still, it was probably some form of karma. She had betrayed not only Jim and the rest of the crew, but had essentially helped the Vulcans conquer the key players of humankind. She'd had a hand in enslaving them and instead of being at Spock's side, she only had an openly hostile crew as well as disdainful Vulcans to show for it. Apparently betraying your own species wasn't appreciated by the Vulcans, even if they were the instigators of the whole damn mess. Despite the new legislation, no Vulcan had made any overture towards Uhura.

Uhura glared.

"You can't possibly think that Kirk could offer any worthwhile advice on the Klingon missive." She spoke derogatorily.

Spock's eyebrows twitched and his lips thinned visible. Jim swallowed. He'd become more intimately acquainted with Vulcan expressions over the last two days and Spock looked furious. Uhura didn't care or didn't know Spock as well as she liked to brag, because she kept on sneering.

"I don't know why you've chosen him over me, Spock. You love me. And I have a talent for something besides sex. What you see in him, I don't know. After all, he's just a pretty piece of ♠♠."

Spock barked out several sentences in a rapid harsh guttural accent. Uhura reared back as if slapped, eyes wide in shock. Jim could even detect a glimmer of hurt there, before hate replaced it completely. It was only moments later that Jim realized that they'd spoken a form of antiquated Vulcan ♠♠ something Jim had never studied despite having taken several classes in xenolinguistics and excelling at them. Ancient Vulcan had never been much of a priority however. He wondered why that upset him now. He shouldn't care that Uhura could do something that he couldn't. She had mastered several languages he never had. Maybe he could look up some information about ancient Vulcan in the database. Spock drew his attention back to the uncomfortable tension on the bridge.

"You are relieved from duty for the rest of your shift, lieutenant Uhura. Please report to sickbay. I believe doctor McCoy would like to finish giving you your inoculations. He has already reported to me twice that you haven't been given the necessary protective measures."

Her jaw clenched, but she nodded and left the bridge. Jim sincerely hoped Bones doped her up with some seriously experimental treatment-hypos. Spock inclined his head to Gaila, who stood up from her post and walked to Jim. Jim blinked as he realized that Gaila was to escort him off the bridge as well. His jaw clenched but stood quickly. He dodged Spock's hands again and entered the turbo lift with a silent Gaila.

Fucking controlling Vulcan bastards.

*_**

One month later

Jim looked on in amazement as the human diplomats conked out ♠♠ completely drunk on the Klingon wine. It seemed that the Vulcans looked to be off their emotionally repressed game as well. The start of negotiations between them and the Klingons were very fragile, so they hadn't

dared to refuse the offered wine. Still, even Jim had known not to drink much of it leaving him almost floating on a pleasant buzz. Most of the others of their party had drunk their fair share, however. The only good that had come of it had been that it had impressed the Klingons though they couldn't help but laugh at the passed out humans. They eyed Jim with approval though, prompting Spock to lay an arm around his shoulders.

Several medical officers and cadets were brought in to revive the human diplomats and escort them to sickbay or their quarters to sleep it off. As Jim stood to help Bones with one of the heavier diplomats, Spock growled and pulled Jim half into his lap. He was kissed fiercely drawing a surprised moan from him. The Klingons laughed approvingly and banged their goblets on the table in salute to both of them. Spock stood quickly, dragging Jim forcibly with him.

"We will take our leave now, ambassadors." Spock spoke gutterily.

"Enjoy your mate, captain Spock!" The Klingon diplomat Warf bellowed. Jim blushed, but gaped as Spock almost purred.

"I shall." And then proceeded to drag him all the way to their quarters.

*_**

Jim laughed as Chekov imitated the declaration of intent of his Vulcan. The Russian accent combined with the very obvious serious Vulcan phrases were hilarious to say the least. He had also discreetly checked with Spock and Chekov's Vulcan was a respected member of the new Vulcan council someone Spock himself trusted. Chekov would also get to remain on the Enterprise, sharing quarters not far from his. It was almost enough for Jim almost. Still, it didn't mean that he couldn't appreciate Chekov's attempts at levity. Sulu and Bones traded a long suffering look, that set Jim and Chekov off on a tangent about Vulcan puns again.

Christ, it felt good to share a meal with his friends. He grinned.

A sudden punch to his ribs choked the breath out of him. Three cadets crowded around him suddenly. One of them - Cadet Williams palmed his ass, as he leaned in hissing in his ear.

"Gave the captain a good ride this morning? Wouldn't want to be failing at your duties. I hear you moan like a whore in heat when he fucks you."

Jim flushed. Bones growled at one of the other cadets as Chekov and Sulu stood up quickly their expressions thunderous. Williams drew back and the other cadets followed his lead. The mess hall was quiet, watching the exchange. Jim didn't watch the rest of the people present. He did watch how the cadets made their way over to Uhura's corner of the mess hall and sighed. It would figure that she would wrap several hot-blooded cadets around her manipulative little finger. The bitch had a way about her like that.

Meanwhile, Bones was grumbling about stubborn minded fools who'd feel the business end of a hypo containing several of his experimental treatments. Jim was reasonably sure he'd actually meant it this time. Chekov was still scowling, which was far cuter than could be the intention. Sulu's gaze was hard and trained in Uhura's direction.

"Let's finish the rest of our meal, okay? It's not like we get to do this very often."

They obliged him, but Jim pushed his food across his plate pretending to eat. He didn't feel

“This has never been my objective.” Spock stated quietly. If Jim didn’t know any better, he would say that Spock sounded broken. Spock drew back “” gently pulling himself out of Jim’s body “” despite still being hard. Jim flinched as Spock straightened out his legs from under him.

“You’re still hard.” Jim whispered.

“It will resolve itself.” Spock answered. He stood and left as the comm. suddenly and appropriately buzzed.

“Pollick to captain Spock. We have a situation with the Klingons.”

Jim stayed facedown on the bed, waiting to see what Spock would do.

“Spock to Pollick. I shall join you on the bridge in approximately fifteen minutes.”

Jim could feel his gaze on his body.

“We shall speak later.” He said before Spock entered the bathroom. Jim felt as if he were suffocating. He drew himself up onto his hand and knees and hissed at the aches it provoked. He needed to see Bones. It wasn’t hiding if he really needed to have his doctor treat him for various sexual aches and sprains and scratches and...

I hear you moan like a whore in heat when he fucks you.

You moan like a whore in heat.

A whore in heat

A whore “” a whore “” a whore “” a whore.

Jim was gone by the time Spock exited the bathroom.

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Chapter 4 by vampiric_mcd

“Christ.” Bones muttered as he took in Jim’s bruises and scrapes and Jim’s dead eyes. “I’ll kill him, green bastard.” He took a hypo and injected Jim with it, then ran a device over Jim “” recording all of his aches. “What the hell did he do to you?”

“I’m fine.”

“Of course you are, that’s why you’re in my sickbay getting treated after -...”

“After some very hard sex.” Jim spoke softly. Bones hesitated, then set down the machine.

“After that bastard raped you.” Bones corrected gently. Jim looked up at him. He leaned towards Bones who immediately and carefully hugged him.

“I’ve had a lot of sex in my life Bones. I don’t know why this is so different. I don’t even know if it’s rape anymore, if I want it to be anything different.” He admitted slowly, as if saying it hurt more than anything else.

“Rape and sex aren’t the same thing Jim. You’ve had a lot of sex before. You weren’t ever raped. It’s completely different. It’s okay to be confused. Just, don’t try to mix the two up. It will eat you alive.”

Jim tensed at Bones’ reasoning. He knew his friend was only trying to comfort him, but he intimately knew the difference between rape and sex. And despite Bones’ statement that he only

were hard. "This shall not happen again."

Jim looked down at his hands. He hadn't really thought about the fact that Spock could mind hurt Jim in such a way. But then again, this entire situation was fucked up beyond all reason.

"Will it?" Spock demanded slightly harsher.

"No." Jim said, raising his eyes. "It won't."

The Vulcan nodded and stood. He made his way over to Jim and sat down next to him. Jim turned to face him. It was strange how sitting closely together could feel so much more intimate than everything else they had done together. It still made Jim uncomfortable on some level.

"You had your injuries treated by doctor McCoy, I trust?" Spock asked, taking his hand in his. His fingers brushed Jim's and a slight spark between their two minds left him slightly breathless.

"Yes. Bones fixed me up." In more ways than one he thought, remembering the conversation he had had with his best friend. He wasn't ashamed to say he had cried.

"You trust your McCoy." Spock said. Jim looked at him and could see the jealousy there. But for the first time, he could also see the vulnerability buried beneath it. He cleared his throat.

"He's my best friend." He ignored Spock's stiffening figure. He knew it was a sore spot with the Vulcan for some reason. "I need him, Spock. Don't take him away. I don't think I could take that."

"He is your friend. I will honour that." Spock spoke. "My father is also courting him. He shall remain within our clan and thus shall not leave our presence."

Jim nodded, ignoring how he felt about Sarek with Bones. At least Bones was being courted slowly. He was given time to get used to it. A flash of their first time together ♦♦♦♦ Jim on his knees with his mouth full of cock ♦♦♦♦ threatened to overwhelm him. Spock's grip grounded him, however, bringing him back to the present.

"I never meant for you to feel degraded. I merely meant for you to submit to me ♦♦♦♦ to belong to me as I belong to you ♦♦♦♦ to share ourselves in all that we are. You are my t'hy'la."

Spock looked defenceless as he said that.

"T'hy'la?" Jim asked. A rush of memories he had gotten during the mindmelt with the other Spock bubbled up in his mind, but he couldn't untangle them ♦♦♦♦ they were far too mixed up. "What's that?"

Spock slowly brought his hand up to Jim's face, placing his fingertips across the points appropriate for a mindmelt. Their eyes met and Jim nodded.

Suddenly the world exploded as two minds met. Suddenly he was Spock as he explored the ship of the other Spock in the days before the new legislation was proposed. That other Spock lost to them as well. It would be illogical to ignore the wealth of information hidden in the ship's database. Tactical information could help them in their struggle to survive. Weapon information would prove most useful in their dealings with hostile races, trying to encroach on both their territories. They needed to be prepared. It was only logical.

It was less logical that he was drawn to researching about his other self and his James Kirk. He couldn't seem to help himself. Especially since he had found a database filled with historical facts about the two of them. He read about their many missions ♦♦♦♦ the bond they shared. Spock and his t'hy'la James Kirk. He found James Tiberius Kirk's captain's log. He found the

other Spock's personal diary, filled with facts and emotions. Sharing it with this Spock until the understanding between that other Spock and his Kirk left him aching for the same thing.

Not even the strongest emotionally suppressed Vulcan could resist the lure of a t'hy'la "not even a hypothetical one. And Spock wasn't the strongest Vulcan left alive when it came to guarding his emotions" he didn't even come close.

As they drew back from each other, Jim gasped. He looked at Spock, who looked hopeful "so hopeful.

"I'm not him." He whispered.

"No." Spock said pleased. "You are mine."

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Chapter 5 by vampiric_mcd

Several weeks later

The Klingon mentality tended to be hard on any diplomatic mission. Walking through the ship, he'd been passed by positively haggard looking Vulcans and even several exhausted human diplomats. He stopped several and inquired at the proceedings. They all looked shifty eyed and tired and cranky. He got the gist of it though and shook his head in amazement at the petty little details Klingons liked to use to delay all diplomatic talks. They probably wanted to anger their human or Vulcan counterparts to the point of no return "preferring a war over diplomatic measures.

As he entered his quarters, Spock was already there. The Vulcan was sitting in one of the large chairs, cradling what appeared to be a glass of brandy. He hesitated for a moment, then walked closer to Spock. He stopped in front of the Vulcan who blinked up at him. He took the glass slowly from Spock and set it gently on the glass table. Spock opened his mouth but Jim placed both his hands on Spock's shoulders and dug his fingers in hard. Spock grunted and Jim massaged those tense shoulders. Not really knowing why and not knowing how they'd come to this "Jim straddled Spock's lap. His thighs were spread wide, a knee on either side of Spock's hips. His stomach fluttered and he shouldn't feel like a virgin about to be deflowered, but he did.

Silence reigned a moment, before Spock slowly settled his hands on his hips. Jim's breath hitched slightly. He leaned down and kissed Spock, who opened his mouth to Jim's ministrations. The grip on his hips tightened and anticipation uncurled in his belly. The kiss turned more feral "teeth nipping at lips and growing more insistent by the second. One of Jim's hand tweaked the point of Spock's ear, which earned him a growl. Spock's hands spread across his ass, pulling him impossibly close. It also brought both their cocks together "leaving no doubt that the two of them were hard. Very hard. Jim moaned and drew back slightly "panting harshly. He met Spock's possessive gaze and licked his lips. He leaned in.

"Fuck me." He whispered in Spock's ear, before nipping the sharp point with his teeth.

Spock's grip tightened again and he surprised Jim by standing up. Jim's legs wrapped themselves around Spock's waist from their own volition. Christ, but Spock's strength hit Jim in all the right places. As Spock all but threw him on the bed, he looked up and spread by legs provocatively "licking his bruised lips. For the first time since they started fucking, Jim felt a bit more like his former self when in bed. He felt almost in control. Almost, because for some reason he really wanted Spock to be in control right now. He really really wanted that. He wasn't really inclined to think much about the why off that. All he knew was this. Spock's eyes glittered as he advanced on Jim again "smiling almost territorially. Jim swallowed.

Bones looked at him, pale and serious.


"Are you sure Jim?" He asked. "Sarek told me they would be willing to give you a few more weeks."

Jim palmed his stomach. The thought of carrying his own child hadn't ever crossed his mind before this whole mess. Quite frankly, he hadn't expected to ever become a father. And he certainly hadn't anticipated any of this, but then who could have.

"I'd like to have some say in this, Bones. And I think this is it. I know I've got some time left, Spock told me so." He ignored Bones' mouth tightening at Spock's name. "At least this way, I can tell my child that I really did choose to have him or her. That I did want her or him. That I had a choice."

Bones' hand gripped his shoulder.

"Some choice." He whispered hoarsely.

"I know, but I'm taking everything I can at the moment  " so cut me some slack here okay?"











He wasn't surprised Bones when drew him into a fierce hug. He hugged back just as fiercely. They stayed that way for a long time.

*_**

Later

Kirk placed Spock's hand on his lower belly. Awareness and realization sparked seeped through across the bond on Spock's part. Jim gasped as Spock growled. The Vulcan's hands moved to Jim's hips, the grip impossibly tight. Spock's hips snapped up in a hard rhythm and the constant stimulation of his prostate had Jim teetering at the edge of orgasm.





"More. More you bastard!" He said. More He cried across their fleeting bond.

Spock fucking mewled and fucked him harder   "faster   " sharper   " just more more more. And then he was there. Fireworks exploded and his body tightened like a vice. Spock cried out and gripped his legs higher   " pressed against his chest   " almost uncomfortably so. Spock twisted his hips with an obscene smack of skin on skin and came.

A beat... two... And Jim felt slightly disappointed despite feeling so blissfully lethargic. Bones had said that it wouldn't necessarily take the first time, despite male carriers being very fertile immediately after the treatment. He coughed, feeling a bit lost. Until suddenly, Spock made a noise of wonder and splayed a large hand on his stomach. Spock's mental brush connected their minds and Jim could feel it then. A small yet so meaningful third mental hum. It wasn't anything close resembling another aware being, but it was proof enough. Jim laughed and placed his hand on top of Spock's.

"T'hy'la." Spock murmured nearly wondrously. Jim dug his nails in light-heartedly. It felt good.

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Returning to his quarters after another check-up with Bones, and Jim was almost giddy with the anticipation of telling Spock the sex of their unborn child. A boy. Jim thought excitedly. They were going to have a son. His hand was curved over the slight swell of his belly and he's never felt so scared, nauseous, excited and happy at the same time. Entering his quarters almost thoughtlessly, he didn't see Uhura until it was too late   pointing a phaser at him with a mad fever burning in her eyes. Jim has just enough time to bring both his arms in front of his stomach, as well crying out Spock's name verbally and mentally   before the phaser hit him and everything turned black.

He woke up dizzily, everything hurting. It hurt too much. That couldn't be good for the baby. The baby! Why did he hurt and was the baby alright? His eyes remained stubbornly closed though and everything sounded very distant. He could pick out a familiar voice though in midst of what seemed doctors arguing





"... stabilize him before the placenta gives way."

Bones Jim thought fuzzily. He'd just been to see him, hadn't he? Yes. Yes, that's right. They were having a baby boy. He tried to smile.





" - losing them both, damn it!"

He heard a high whine of something electrical and thought he might back under the overhead scanner in sickbay. It didn't make sense. Too insistent hands were prodding him though, and he must have made a sound.

"Jim?" Unfamiliar desperation in that voice and he'd never heard Spock let so much emotion slip out. So much emotion and it was so dark and heavy and burdening. It wasn't right. They should be happy now.

A son He projected instinctively to Spock. It's a boy. The mind link activating fiercely and the rush of Spock's emotions   so many and so overwhelming   confused him. He couldn't really make sense of it. He felt as if he were crashing. It was as if he were falling and he couldn't stop. Everything turned blessedly dark again.

*_**

There's an irritating beeping sound that tugs at his conscious   niggling at him until he feels more awake than asleep. He opened his eyes   eyelids feeling far too heavy to be normal. He blinked slightly, as the infirmary came into focus. He was propped up conformably against actual pillows and hurt fiercely despite the intravenous fluid he could see being pumped into his system. Spock was laying asleep on his legs, one of his hands clutching one of Jim's.

Why in Pluto's name was he lying in Bones' sickbay, hooked to far too many gadgets to his liking. He turned slightly and blinked again as he took in Bones snoring softly on another sickbed. It had clearly been dragged closer to Jim's own bed and Bones looked exhausted. He had his own Vulcan attached to him, and Jim nodded to Sarek, who was the only other one awake. It took Sarek a moment to realize that Jim was awake as well though and when it finally

codes to his quarters would spend a month in the brig at Jim's insistence. Spock would have marooned all of them " on separate hostile planets.

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Chapter 7 by vampiric_mcd

Three days later

Spock entered their chambers almost silently. Jim shifted in the bed to keep track of his husband. Propped up by comfortable cushions and still floating slightly through the pain medication Bones had given him before he left, ordering him to get some sleep. As if Jim had anything besides sleeping these past few days.

He blinked slowly. Spock came closer until he stood a foot away from the bed, almost as if he were hesitating. Jim smiled sleepily, which Spock took as an invitation. He crawled into the bed beside Jim and crowded close to his body. Jim sighed as a large hand cupped the swell of his stomach.

A tentative mindmelt was established between the three of them and Jim made a contented sound. He lay his head against Spock's shoulder and sighed as it sparked off a burst of happiness.

"I'd like to call him George." Jim said, tilting his head up. Spock's other hand carded through his hair, and Jim hummed.

"Remembering one's father by naming a son after him is an honourable deed."

Jim smiled at the answer. It was so very Spock. It was funny how much Jim had come to like Spock's Vulcan quirks.

"Sarek won't mind?" Jim inquired.

"My father would not find it illogical to honour our clan thusly."

Jim snorted. Vulcans and their damn logic. He wondered how Bones handled Sarek. If he was as exasperated with their many claims of logical acts and thoughts. They'd both seen how Spock pouted about leaving the cadets in the brig instead of marooning them as well. They hadn't knows what Uhura had planned. They hadn't tried to kill him, they had only made some bad judgement calls. Jim had made a few of those himself. Spock shifted and seemingly hesitated before asking.



"Will your secondary father be emotionally compromised by the naming of our child?"

Jim flinched involuntarily and a quick burst of darkness " hurt " powerlessness " pain " dirty unwanted pleasure " humiliation flitted across the mental bond. He jerked out of Spock's arms and gasped for breath as he sat up far too quickly. He wasn't used to being so limited in his movement. He brought his head as much forward as possible and tried to breathe evenly.

"T'hy'la?" a concerned Spock hovered at his back.





"He's not my father." Jim bit out harshly. "Secondary or otherwise." And moved to the bathroom, closing the door gently behind him. He looked at himself in the mirror, before throwing up. He kept telling himself it was just the morning sickness, just that and nothing else, pressing the ugly emotions and hints of memories to the back of his mind.



It was just that damn morning sickness. Jim insisted mentally, kneeling in front of the toilet " "

stomach  “ only to have three minds joined as one.

It was strange, but not unwelcome. He'd never thought that he would be a father. He'd never thought that he could be a good one if he ever was. These last few months convinced him that maybe he could and would be an adequate father at the least.

eights hours of labour later

Tired and truly bone-weary sore beyond anything he's ever felt  “ because despite the ache he welcomes it  “ Jim craves it. It means that he'd delivered a healthy child. He worked and laboured until his little son was expelled from his body. Jim drew a relieved breath as an almost silent wail reverberated through the birthing chamber. Apparently even Vulcan babies disliked the dislodgement from the womb for the scary outer world. A perfectly bundled baby is placed into his arms and Jim is in awe. He knows he will never achieve anything more worthwhile than what he has done today.

The Vulcan doctors spout percentages at him and the rest of the room. From what he can gather Jim has delivered a healthy baby boy  “ a hybrid of the same calibre of Spock's genetic consistency. The child could be considered half human and half Vulcan. It was everything the Vulcans were praying for and for the first time Jim can't completely fault them for wanting to bring this into the world.







Mesmerized, he traces the high cheekbones.

Just like Spocks

He counts the fingers and the toes and finds ten of each. He can help but tickle the child's stomach, which gets him a solemn blue eyed look instead of a giggle - despite the mental thrill of contentment coming off in waves of the baby.

His eyes He traces small pointy shelled ears (Spock's again) and fingers the blond tufts of hair.





His colour

Jim falls in love for the first time ever in his life  “ knowing he will never fall out of love with this marvellous little creature of his. And when he meets the joyous eyes of his child's sire. He thinks he might fall again just as hard for the Vulcan that gave him this son  “ no matter how it all came about  “ and that scares him almost as much as something happening to his son.

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Chapter 8 by vampiric_mcd

Five years later

It shouldn't be daunting to stand in front of all these people and speak his mind. He knows that even if they don't agree with him, that they won't hurt him  “ that he won't lose any privileges  “ that no one he cares about will suffer for his outspokenness. As he stands before the Vulcan council, most of whose human bonded mates are present also, turn to look at him.

He can see Sarek, whose arm casually envelops his best friend Bones. His friend was heavily pregnant and could deliver at any time. He almost glowed, despite the continued morning

sickness ❖❖“ which seemed to be a side-effect of carrying a human-vulcan hybrid child.

Jim coughed then turned to smile at Spock, as his own Vulcan places a comforting and encouraging hand on his shoulder. A much smaller hand tugged at his pants as well, and as he looked down ❖❖“ he met the brilliant shining blue eyes of his son. George is a beautiful mix between Vulcan and human, just as his sire. Although Jim privately thought his son was far more inclined to enjoy his more human instincts at times ❖❖“ and was glad for it. He didn't have to feel alien around his own child, which would be unbearable. He curled a hand around the full head of blond hair ❖❖“ tweaking the lobe of his son's ear ❖❖“ which produced a loud giggle.

He smiled and turned to face the council again ❖❖“ most of whose facial expressions, especially their human mates, have turned somewhat indulgent ❖❖“ almost sappy. George will always be the first successful hybrid child produced by the male carrier procedure. A procedure without which their combined species wouldn't have had the same survival rate as they did and do now. It had taken Jim a long while to figure out that George had been and still was the beacon of hope for the Vulcans.

“Council. I would like to request your attention in regards to the hybrid police that was introduced five years ago.”

He could easily see all the humans sit up straight and pay complete attention at his words. The Vulcans seem to almost stiffen slightly as one ❖❖“ as they all, without fail, try to surreptitiously watch their own humans. Jim knew how those other people feel about their status from first hand experience, no matter if they've come to care about or even love their mate. Jim briefly met the dark glittering eyes of Spock before continuing.

“I think it is time for the regulations concerning forced bonding to be lifted.”

The council started grumbling, but he resumed his reasoning.

“It is not that I ❖❖“ or we as humankind ❖❖“ do not see the benefits that the survival rate of our combined species have. I do believe however that a consensual choosing and bonding of mates should be the way we go about things. You as Vulcans and we as humans have always acted as such. Necessity has driven us to extreme measures in the past few years. Perhaps it is time to return to the old ways ❖❖“ to genuine affection and love developing before bonding. I believe mated pairs will have an even stronger bond, without any of the blame or helplessness that many humans have felt these past few years. We are proud at times, yes, but it is part of who we are. You as Vulcans have chosen humans to build a new species with. The first generation has been provided for.”

Jim spoke, brushing his son's hair almost absentmindedly.

“It is time to go back to the values we as a combined species should hold dear. How can we be one species if over half of its people don't have the same rights and privileges? Yes, our children do. But do you really want to explain to your sons and daughters that you once enslaved their human parents by logical necessity but couldn't release them when the time has presented itself based on an illogical fear? ”

He saw many humans ❖❖“ most he knew pretty well ❖❖“ take the hands of their bonded partners or snuggle almost close to them. None of the Vulcans seemed to mind the displays of affection. In fact they seemed relieved as their mates did so. It hit him then and there. They were afraid to lose their humans. Jim smiled. Humans really did seem to have a knack to get under a Vulcan's skin and stay there. He looked at Spock and smiled. Spock took his other hand and kissed the back of it. Jim leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Gently and almost sweetly. Another giggle made him smile during the kiss. Jim laughed as he felt Spock's lips twitch as well.

Somehow he had a feeling that everything would resolve itself in the end.

The End.

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