

Summary: A further take on what it means for two races to be dependent on each other for repopulation ♦“ mixed with the cultural heritage that Klingons possess.

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: Chekov, Chekov/Kovu, Ensemble, George (Original Character), George Kirk, Hikaru Sulu, James T. Kirk, Kirk/Spock, Kovu (Original Character), Leonard "Bones" McCoy, McCoy/Sarek, Montgomery "Scotty" Scott, Mr. Spock, Original, Sarek

Genres: None

Warnings: Adult Situations, Alien Conception, Anal Sex, Angst, Apocalyptic , AU, Bond, Bonding, Character Death, Coercion, Complete, Dark Themes, Death of Child, Dubious Consent, Enslavement , Explicit Sexual Situations, Forced Conception, Forced Sex, H/C, Hybrid, Infant Death, Kid Fic, Loss of Child, m/f, m/m, Marriage, Mind Meld, Miscarriage, Non- Con, Out Of Character, preg, Rape, Scientific Conception, Slave, Slave/Master, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: The Sun Will Rise

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Story Notes:

I do not own Star Trek.

h/c (I don't want to spoil it for the readers, but really *H/C*. I'm so not kidding. Be warned!)

The details on Klingon culture are either found at the following link or made up entirely by me. No disrespect is intended. Any mistakes are entirely my fault.

ponders

I researched Klingon culture. Clearly, this lverse is consuming my life.

facepalms

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Klingon_culture

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Chapter 1 by vampiric_mcd

Author's Notes:

Much love to all of you and special thanks and hugs for [info]misagoddess who hopefully won't kill me in my sleep. Also a lot of thanks to [info]babydrache, [info]hematite_lover, [info]syredronning and [info]tradesland who cheered along with [info]misagoddess during my posts about the writing process of this sequel of sorts. I hope I haven't forgotten anyone, but if it wasn't intentional!

waves at all of you

I can't see the stars anymore living here
Let's go to the hills where the outlines are clear

Bring on the wonder
Bring on the song
I pushed you down deep in my soul for too long

I fell through the cracks at the end of our street
Let's go to the beach, get the sand through our feet

Bring on the wonder
Bring on the song
I pushed you down deep in my soul for too long

Bring on the wonder
We got it all wrong
We pushed you down deep in our souls for too long



Bring on the wonder 💎💎“ Susan Enan

George had had his third birthday party when Jim finally started noticing the slightly disapproving looks Spock and Jim himself were getting from other Vulcans. At first it puzzled him, until he overheard one of the visiting Vulcan dignitaries, from the colony they were orbiting, comment on his own pregnant wife in Spock's presence. His wife who was pregnant with her second child. They hadn't seen him, but Jim saw them. The Vulcan dignitary all but preened at seemingly having one-upped Spock. Spock himself carried himself with dignity and aloofness 💎💎“ but Jim could translate those tense shoulders into something deeper. Spock cared. He might not care that the other Vulcan had gotten his wife pregnant a second time, but the issue of children seemed very important and even touchy.

When he paid more attention to both Spock and the interactions of the other Vulcans over the course of the next few weeks, he started noticing more things. Most of the bonded humans had already had their first child, though Jim was the first male to carry a hybrid child. It surprised him however when he noticed that a large number of the humans whose first child had passed the age of two were seemingly pregnant again. And it shouldn't have come to be as big as a surprise as it had, when he realized it 💎💎“ when it finally sunk in beyond the theoretical level.

They needed to repopulate. To repopulate they needed children 💎💎“ several of them per fertile couple. Spock had only provided the Vulcans with one child. In the eyes of the ever-logical Vulcans, his lover wasn't aiding their repopulation as he should be 💎💎“ as he could be if he were to force the matter and make Jim carry a second child. Spock, who hadn't even forced the issue on conceiving their first child 💎💎“ their son 💎💎“ their George. Spock who wouldn't press the issue on a second child. Spock 💎💎“ who wouldn't even mention the disapproval to Jim for





fear of making a problem out of the issue, no matter how slight or varied the disapproval they faced.

Jim didn't think it would ever be a problem. After all, Sarek still hadn't sired a child off of Bones and Jim wondered if Bones would ever be ready to give Sarek a child. There were no penalties or punishments included in the legislation that Jim had read through   "the legislation of the new Vulcan council to basically enslave the humans to rebuild both their races as one. But still, a race that had made such conclusions, could only frown on a fertile couple not doing the best of their abilities to achieve their goal.







Jim almost unconsciously placed a hand on his stomach and thought about it. He then decided that he would go ask Bones' opinion on the whole mess in the morning.







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"Of course they're eyeing you Jim. You're not being the little breeder they want you to be, and Spock isn't making you comply for once." Bones said absentmindedly as he checked the hypo-sprays, slapping Jim's hand away.





"Don't touch that, or you'll have the worst case of Trellian fever in ..." Bones frowned as he saw Jim's face. Jim swallowed the anger and helplessness back. He didn't want to know what Bones saw in his expression but it still stung. It stung no matter how he tried to not let it affect him; Bones knew about it and now he informed Jim about that fact   "like it wasn't a big deal. As if Vulcans eyeing your best friend wasn't something you told them   "as if it wasn't something you made them aware off. Like all of this was perfectly normal. And damn it, Jim thought. He needed to be able to trust at least Bones of all people with shit like this. Who else was there to confide in. Bones was his best friend. He didn't want anyone else. Bones didn't say. He didn't say. Why didn't he say?

"Why didn't you tell me?" Jim asked, his voice edgy and hoarse. He swallowed. "You knew they were eyeing Spock and me, and you didn't tell me?"

Bones paused for a moment, facing Jim. His best friend then resolutely tugged him to his private office   "sitting them both down on the sofa there. It looked a lot like the one Jim had in his own office, he thought crazily for a moment   "his nails scratching the fabric gently. Bones' hand came to rest on his own   "stilling the motion.

"Don't Jim, you'll ruin the upholstery." His friend joked but it came out a bit flat and not at all comforting   "not in the way Jim knew it had been intended. Still, it was Bones. And Jim turned his hand upwards   "until both of them were squeezing the other. That made him feel better. Even if it were just a bit. Bones always made him feel better. His best friend drew back and Jim looked at him   "really looked at his Bones and saw that the man was tired. Jim wondered if he looked any better these days.

"What would you have had me say, Jim?" Bones started finally. "Hey Jim, you might not know it but you're getting eyed because you're not barefoot and pregnant all of the time. They apparently don't really approve that your Vulcan isn't that into forcing you to carry another one of his children? I really thought you should know so you can brood about it?" Blue eyes were fixed on him, and Jim could see the anger and defeat and fear there. "Is that what you wanted to hear?"

Jim deflated slightly. It wasn't that he thought Bones had kept it from him to spite him or anything. He just felt uncomfortable with the whole situation. People   "Vulcans   " had been eyeing

him and had found him lacking in some way. They had found Spock lacking. That upset Jim more than he wanted to contemplate. They had left them alone though and hadn't addressed the matter. Given that Bones still hadn't been forced to conceive for a first time ♦♦♦♦ Jim thought that they might not ever be confronted with the issue.

"I'm sorry Bones, I just..."

Bones' hand came up to his shoulder and curled slightly ♦♦♦♦ resting there gently. He locked eyes with his best friend again. The anger had given way for compassion. Bones could never stay mad at him for long. The defeat and fear in his gaze were still there though ♦♦♦♦ and those made Jim feel protective of his best friend.

"I don't think that they will ever force you to carry a second child." Bones spoke, his voice still not quite right but far more forgiving than it had been a moment ago. "They would probably come after Sarek first." Bones smiled bitterly. And the defeat and fear made more sense then. Jim moved forward and enveloped his best friend in a hug. Bones paused for a moment ♦♦♦♦ his body unyielding ♦♦♦♦ before he relaxed into the hold. If Jim had been getting eyed for not producing a second child, he didn't want to think about the looks Bones must have been getting.

"Sarek won't ever make you do anything you don't want to either, Bones."

He spoke comfortingly as he held the shaking body of his best friend close. His eyes hardened. He'd make sure of it.

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Chapter 2 by vampiric_mcd

Several weeks later

Jim had been doing some watching of his own. He had been eyeing people on his own terms for one. It turned out that most of the Vulcans really didn't like it when a human out-stared them. They usually found something else to do ♦♦♦♦ mumbling things about it not being logical. It didn't stop them from trying to avoid his gaze though. Not that the pointy eared bastards didn't deserve it. He thought back on how his Bones had reacted to Jim's line of questioning a few weeks ago and his mouth drew into a hard line. If he ever saw someone pressuring his Bones, he'd have one of their bones to pick with them.

Of course, Bones didn't need to know that Jim had more or less also threatened Sarek. He usually didn't mind Spock's father, but Bones was his priority relationship wise. He didn't give a damn that Sarek was technically his father-in-law. Bones was family ♦♦♦♦ chosen family. And no one messed with Jim Kirk's family ♦♦♦♦ not even Vulcans that belonged to that same family.

The older Vulcan had merely blinked at Jim, when he had confronted Sarek. He had told Jim that he had no intention of forcing Bones to do anything that the doctor didn't want to. Jim believed him, but a little threatening never harmed anyone. Well, not if they hadn't followed through with the threats. Something that Jim would most certainly do if Sarek ever forced Bones into anything he didn't want to.

The very thought of it made Jim bare his teeth. Another Vulcan hurried away rapidly and Jim blinked ♦♦♦♦ brought back to the present. Perhaps it wasn't the most diplomatic of gestures he could have made ♦♦♦♦ especially in his capacity as official liaison between their two species. He looked around and noticed that most of the Vulcans that had been there before had already left. For seemingly emotionless logical oppressors they sure as hell didn't want to deal with moody humans. Jim's eyes narrowed as another Vulcan raised his head. This one seemed prepared to actually try and outstare Jim. Jim snarled slightly, enjoying the widening of that supposedly detached gaze. He'd have this one peeling out of the diplomatic quarters in five minutes at the most.

automatically tightened his hold on the boy and kissed his son's head again. Spock's eyes continued to burn heatedly though and Jim cleared his throat "trying to compose himself. He looked down at the blond head of hair cuddled close to him. Sometimes his son reminded him of an octopus " all arms and a tight grip.

"Come on, little one." Jim said amusedly. "Let's get you ready for bed."

He stood up while supporting his son, who wasn't letting go either way. Jim snorted slightly as those legs and arms forced themselves even closer " all but clinging, despite Jim holding George up in a perfectly adequate fashion. Spock remained seated for a moment longer " trailing his eyes up and down Jim's body. Jim felt himself flush slightly at the blatant appraisal.

"Can I have a story about earth tonight?" George asked sleepily. Jim tore his own eyes away from Spock, walking towards his son's bedroom. He heard Spock stand up and follow them. His husband placed a hand on the low of Jim's back just as they entered their son's bedroom.

"Of course you can, little one." Jim brushed his lips against George's head. He sat down on the bed and placed his son down. Spock helped Jim tug up the covers. George squirmed slightly and Jim reached beside the bed for the stuffed tribble that sat there. George tucked it proprietarily under a firm arm and Jim suppressed a smile at the sight. Scotty had won some major points with that present.

Jim carded his fingers through George's hair one more time and then cupped his son's chin for a moment. He looked at Spock once, before turning back to their son. And then Jim launched himself into the story he had promised his child. Blue and brown eyes following every move he made, listening carefully to the story he spun.

"There once was a planet, ..."







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Jim gasped as Spock insistently backed him into their bedroom " kissing him fiercely with both of his strong hands spanning Jim's face. Jim moaned and kissed Spock back the best he could. Their tongues stoked against each other " lips lingered together " teeth nipped at the brim of the other's mouth.











Spock's hands relentlessly trailed across his body, until they reached the hem of his shirt. Spock started tugging at the shirt of Jim's uniform urgently. A few sharp tugs and the shirt gave way. Spock drew back himself and drew it over Jim's head. It fell to the ground " laying there forgotten. They were still stalking backwards until Jim felt the bed against the back of his knees and fell on back unto it. It knocked the breathe out of him for a moment. Jim looked up at his husband, smiling slightly depreciating at this less than sensual move. Spock was watching him, however, his eyes taking in every aspect. Almost as if Jim were perfect and all he could wish for at that time " at any moment in time. Jim flushed. He still wasn't used to seeing that reflected on that Vulcan face. He wasn't used to it all. He probably wouldn't ever be used to it.

His husband slowly moved to remove his own shirt and Jim grinned at that. This he could deal with. He reached for the fastenings of his own trousers while simultaneously toeing off his boots. By the time he had wiggled out of his clothes, Spock stood naked " taking it all in. The Vulcan was an impressive sight and Jim looked his fill " his breath starting to speed up a bit



already.

Jim paused for a moment   “considering his options, then lay back sensuously   “ supported on his elbows. He spread his legs deliberately and nothing less than provocatively. As expected his husband moved in between his thighs. A strong hand moved up and down Jim’s flank, while the other fumbled for the lubrication they kept in the hand side table. Jim laughed slowly as Spock had to look away to find it   “ that control so visible shattered. Then his own breath caught as that dark gaze connected with his again. They kept the gaze as a slick finger penetrated him slowly but firmly. As Spock crooked his finger and massaged his prostate deliberately, Jim swore. He curled his legs up slightly and fucked back on that finger. His hips circled and Jim panted already.





“More.”

Two slick fingers pushed at his entrance, obliging his demands   “ stretching him so well. He bit down sharply on his lower lip. He couldn’t wait   “ he didn’t want to wait. He wanted enough of a burn that he would feel it so very satisfyingly when Spock slid into him again later that night   “ or early in the morning. He wanted enough of a burn that he felt it when he sat opposed Vulcans, humans and other alien diplomats alike. He wanted it so he it could ground him, when peace talks frustrated him to end of his rope   “ when he felt so frazzled he thought he would scream. He wanted it because he could. Because he always wanted more. More of Spock and more of this. Always more. So he said it   “ demanded it.



“More damn you Spock!”

He more felt than heard or saw his lover slicking up his own erection. A moment of emptiness enveloped him as Spock withdrew his fingers and Jim whined deep in his throat. Emptiness wasn’t what he was going for here   “ no matter how logical it was that Spock had to draw back before he could move closer. Jim was reassured scant moments later though. Blunt familiar pressure moved against him intimately and then he was filled. His lover balanced himself over him, with a hand placed on either side of his head. Jim locked his legs around Spock’s waist, drawing his Vulcan closer and deeper into him. He lay down more fully on his back and brought his arms around Spock’s back. He ran his nails down his lover’s back and bucked up into the surprised thrust he got out of his husband.

“Gods yes.” Jim panted.











Spock growled and started bucking up into his body with wet smacks of skin. It only made him want it harder   “ faster   “ it only made him want more.

“More.”

Spock met his fevered gaze and one of those strong hands reached for the mind meld points on Jim’s face. He moaned, twisting his body closer. And once those fingers connected   “ the world exploded.

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Chapter 3 by vampiric_mcd

Coming down from a high   “ especially a combined sexual and mental one   “ was an experience in its own. Jim moaned softly as his muscles protested and one of his legs slid from Spock’s waist to the bed. Spock had all but collapsed on top of him   “ pinning him down while his cock was still buried half hard inside of Jim. He knew that it would take only a few minutes and his Vulcan would be ready again for another round   “ preferably a slow deep fuck. Most of the times Jim was ready for another round himself, but he felt particularly wiped tonight. Still, it didn’t mean he wouldn’t enjoy it   “ on a different level.

Jim brushed a hand down Spock’s sweat-slicked back and hummed. Spock stirred slightly but

continued to lay where he did. Jim thought it probably had a lot to do with Vulcan possessiveness and protectiveness. He wondered what had inspired this round of sex ♦♦“ fantastic though it was. Damn pointy eared race and their emotional hang-ups. It wouldn't kill them to actually express their feelings. Still, if it got him sex like this ♦♦“ it couldn't be all bad.

He looked down his nose at the black head of hair resting in the hollow of his neck and shoulder. Jim took in the strong Vulcan body pinning him down. He traced the length of his back and settled a hand on that strong firm ass. It felt comfortable.

Spock wasn't the person he had expected to marry. He hadn't expected to marry anyone truth be told. The new Vulcan policy had put a stop to that though and Spock had claimed him beyond any reason of a doubt. When he let himself think about it ♦♦“ he still couldn't quite reconcile it all though. He knew that repopulation was needed for both their races to survive, but he couldn't help but feel bitter about the way it had all come to pass. No matter his feelings for Spock ♦♦“ the ones that had developed over time. It still meant that Spock had forced him ♦♦“ had taken something that should have been freely given. Consent had been and always would be an important factor in his life.

It was hard to look at Spock and see someone who hadn't given him a choice ♦♦“ not a real one ♦♦“ when the Vulcan was educating or playing with their child. Jim closed his eyes briefly. He wondered if Spock knew that about him. The fact that consent was such a large factor in their dynamics. Because despite Jim's misgivings about their bonding ♦♦“ he couldn't help but acknowledge that Spock did try to please him on several levels ♦♦“ perhaps more than he had been aware of before he had noticed the looks being sent their way.

Despite the forced bond and the pressing expectations, it had been Jim that had ordered Bones to perform the male carrier procedure. It had been him who had decided when and where and how his son had been conceived. And when he thought back on it ♦♦“ Spock didn't treat him overtly differently than he had before bonding ♦♦“ possessive and protective posturing set aside.



Still, Jim wondered how Vulcans reconciled their logic about humans with their treatment of them. While most of them did not exactly see humans as inferior, they still felt they had the right to force them to bond with Vulcans even when the human partner was unwilling. Interestingly, Vulcans also treated other aliens interloping on their humans harshly. It had taken a while, but most aliens knew that just because Vulcans had claimed humans as theirs ♦♦“ it didn't mean that they were there for the taking or liking of any alien who stumbled upon bonded or unbonded humans.







In a strange way, humans had not exactly lost their status ♦♦“ except for their freedom and more importantly their consent when it came to Vulcans. That didn't mean that there weren't a lot of races out there that weren't preying on humans ♦♦“ who would take advantage of any unsupervised human they came across. But perhaps some of that couldn't have been avoided ♦♦“ weaker in number as they were and more vulnerable looking ♦♦“ even if the Vulcans hadn't claimed ownership over the human species. Still, it was two edged sword. And just because the Vulcans weren't the worst sort of oppressors out there ♦♦“ it didn't make it right.

Vulcan logic aside, there were problems and issues that came up regularly. Despite not losing other aspects of their lives, Jim felt that consent and freedom were some of the most basic human rights that could be evoked.

It also didn't mean that there weren't unhappy couples out there. Humans didn't really thrive under such conditions, even if Vulcans did. It hadn't surprised Jim when from the very beginning there had been reports of an underground rebellion movement. Humans and sympathetic species ♦♦“ most probably other federation allies ♦♦“ had set up a system that Jim predicted would have serious repercussions in time. If humans were good at anything, it was to persevere







in the face of adversity. To take on the odds and come out on top.

Jim sighed and thought about the many couples out there   "forced bondings or courtships. He thought about children and the issue of consent. Because even if Sarek and Spock weren't forcing either Jim himself or Bones to produce children, it didn't mean that other Vulcans weren't doing so. In fact, most of them were pretty adamant on the issue of children. Jim had noticed it more and more, especially since he had paid more attention to the Vulcans and bonded humans these last few weeks. He figured that Vulcans probably thought it to be only logical. Most of them had bonded just because they thought they had found a partner with whom they could sire children with.



He thought about the blond, pointy eared version of perfection sleeping in the room next to theirs   " and Jim wondered. Despite how it had come about, he had a family. He had a family and if he was very honest with himself, he wouldn't change having George or even Spock right here and right now. He didn't really like to think much about how he had come to care for Spock   " how his body craved that Vulcan one   " how his mind craved that mental connection on a deeper level than anything he had ever done before. Spock was addictive. Jim didn't really care to think about how addicted he himself was to his Vulcan. Nor how little he had had to say on the process.

Jim bit his lower lip, worrying the indentations of the teeth marks that were left there during their passion.





They were a family.

Spock wouldn't force him to do anything he didn't like   " bonding aside. He wouldn't want to make Jim carry a second child. He hadn't even forced the issue on their first   " on George   " even though Jim was smart enough and not naïve enough to know that it would have been brought up eventually. But Spock had told him that he didn't want Jim to hate him for forcing a child upon his body. Jim knew that Spock's feelings wouldn't have changed on the matter.

Another child.

Jim thought about it. He let himself think about   " perhaps for the first time since all of this had happened. He wasn't ashamed to admit that he had been afraid and his hackles had been raised when Bones had explained the situation more fully to him. How dare they judge him and Spock for their choices. How dare they condemn them when they had a bundle of perfection already running them ragged. And Jim had been so dead set against the Vulcans and their expectations, that he hadn't really let himself think about it. Not really and not about what it would mean for them as a family.

Another child, maybe like me, maybe like Spock, maybe just like George, maybe nothing like any of them

He thought about it. And wondered if he would actually like to have another child with his husband. He remembered his son's earlier giggling and Spock's wet plastered hair. He considered family and love and the joy   " so much joy   " he felt. And he let that simmer, just for a moment. And yes. Maybe he did want another child. A startled laugh escaped Jim at the very unexpected but very real notion. Who knew? Because he sure as hell hadn't known.

Maybe with blonde hair or a brunette. Pointy ears, no doubt about that. Wonder if it would be a girl or a boy.

Jim yawned slightly and drifted off, thinking about all the possibilities he had never let himself explore before. Spock would wake him up soon anyway.



Maybe interested in flying or engineering. Maybe something artsy. George would make a fine big brother. No doubt about that. What about space though, got to have its own room. Would have to ask Scotty, he would know. What colour...

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Chapter 4 by vampiric_mcd

Several days later

Jim looked at Bones and winced slightly at the disbelief pouring off of his best friend.

"Jim..." Bones began slowly, as if he were a child or naïve or just not fully capable of seeing the situation for what it was. Jim had put a lot of thought in this. He only had to make Bones see that. This wasn't a rash decision. He couldn't afford for it to be one. A decision like this one was a life changing event   a second one but just as invasive and important. It deserved the attention and consideration that was due.

"Jim, Jim, Jim." Bones spoke in astonishment. "No."

Jim met that blue eyed gaze. He could see the stubbornness and worry there. He had known Bones wouldn't react the way he wanted to immediately, but he hoped that Bones would see reason after he explained himself.



"It's my decision, Bones."

"You're just... You're just confused Jim. You don't have to do this. You don't have to prove anything to anyone. Nobody will force the matter. Just because they're looking at you funny, it doesn't mean you have to bend over and please them."



Jim reared back as if slapped   a little hurt and doubting.



"Is that what you think?" He asked, his voice a bit more gravely than normal. He needed to know. And it had been said and it couldn't be unsaid. If Jim didn't question it, it would eat him alive. He wasn't really sure he would stomach the answer though. "that I bend over whenever I think they want me to?" Jim looked away.

A beat.

"No." Bones spoke   his voice not completely normal either. "No, I'm sorry Jim. I didn't mean that."

Didn't you? He thought, but didn't say. It didn't really matter though, because Bones knew him. A strong hand gripped his shoulder and Jim looked back at his best friend. Bones looked contrite and weary and that more than anything else set Jim's mind at ease.

"No, I don't." Bones spoke firmly and confidently   like it's the god honest truth and Jim thought that it might be. Bones continued to hold Jim's gaze, which helped immensely in accepting it for truth as well. He nodded once and the hand gripping his shoulder fell to Bones' side. They shifted on the sofa in Bones' office in silence. After a few heavy moments, Bones broke the silence first.

"Just explain it to me, Jim. Explain to me why you want a child now, after you know about the Vulcans and their backwards expectations? You don't have to do anything. You're maybe one of the few people that don't have to bow down   that don't have to get pregnant a second time. It's one of the few things I respect about Spock. Despite forcing... despite how you two began, he doesn't make life as difficult as he could for you."

Jim swallowed. He knew Bones would never like Spock. The Vulcan had done too much to Jim in Bones' opinion to ever be someone that Bones could actively like. It made his throat burn. Bones was a good friend 💎💎“ one of the best anyone could want 💎💎“ and he was Jim's. His dislike for Spock also couldn't be easy for Bones himself, especially since he was involved with Spock's father. A wisp of thought made Jim smile a bit. Doesn't that technically make him my father-in-law? He shook his head. Bones would make his life hell if he even voiced the thought. It did allow him to regain his composure though.

“I never thought about a second child.” He admitted easily. “I didn't think I wanted another one and maybe if I hadn't noticed the looks I would have never thought twice about it. But I did Bones. I did.” He inhaled sharply.

“I thought about George and Spock and all of us 💎💎“ a family.” He rolled his shoulders 💎💎“ too tense to be comfortable. He looked down at his hands.

“I thought about another child and if it would be a girl or a boy. I thought about the child's damn pointy ears and what its expectations would be. What damn colour would look good in a new bedroom. I thought about how fucking much I love George and how much I would love a second child. And I didn't even fucking know that I wanted another one until those damn looks made me even think about it. I didn't know.” He whispers softly. He shook his head. “I really didn't know.”

“Jim...” Bones' voice breaks and he looked up 💎💎“ meeting his best friend's gaze. Jim could see something like realisation dawning in his friend's eyes. “You want it.” Bones said. He blinked several times. “You want it.” And Bones smiled at Jim.

Jim barked out a laugh. “I really fucking do Bones, and it scares the crap out of me. But I really do.”

Bones pulled him into a hug.

“Okay.” The hug tightened and Jim released a breath he hadn't realised he had been holding in. It wasn't as if he couldn't have gone to another medical practitioner and forced the issue. But he wanted Bones' full cooperation in this. He needed his family as invested in this as he was going to be. And Bones was a part of his family. He couldn't do this without him.

“Okay.” Jim answered Bones, even though his best friend hadn't asked a question. Bones tightened his hold 💎💎“ responding just the same.





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Later

He sank down on Spock, loving the way his Vulcan's hands gripped his hips 💎💎“ almost surely leaving marks there and they hadn't even gotten to the best part yet. He lifted himself 💎💎“ thighs working as he moved in a slow sensual rhythm. The burn of that cock made him pant. It made him ache for more. He wanted it harder and faster. He always wanted more. Spock really was addictive. He wondered if he were as addictive to Spock too.



The hands on his hips tightened and Jim bit down on his lower lip. Maybe he was. He rocked a little faster and dug his nails into Spock's shoulders. It made his husband arch his head back. Jim moaned as those hands helped him up and down Spock's cock. Spock wasn't exactly using him





to all but jerk off “ but the strength in that hold always turned Jim on.



He raked one of his hands gently but firmly down Spock's chest “ tweaking a nipple. It surprised something close to a moan out of his lover. Jim panted and laughed slightly. He reached for a hand on his hips and tugged slightly. Spock frowned at him but complied. Jim entangled their fingers, then rolled them both over. Jim lay beneath Spock, his lover resting his weight sideways. He tightened his inner muscles and Spock thrust deeply in response “ making Jim gasp again.

“More.” He spoke, clenching his muscles as well as the hand he held. “Please, more.”

Spock leaned down and kissed him firmly. “T’hy’la.” He whispered against the side of Jim’s neck. He shivered at the feel of it as well as the significance of the word.

“Spock.” He gasped. He arched his back, meeting the slow thrusts “ going all but out of his mind. “Spock, please.” He moaned and writhed underneath his lover. He untangled his fingers and moved the hand to his abdomen.

“Spock, I want it...” Another slow thrust. “Maybe a girl this time or another boy. Don’t care.” Spock slowed down until they were joined but not moving “ not at all. He looked at Spock “ seeing the doubt and realization as well as the slowly growing hope there. It made his breath catch as surely as the sex had.

“Jim? T’hy’la?” Spock asked “ his voice as close to breaking as Jim has ever heard it. His heart thumped painfully in his chest.

“Another child, Spock, I want... I want one. I ...mph”







Spock crushed the words out of him, kissing him forcibly. Spock brought both his hands beside his body, angling himself better. Jim gasped then moaned again as it sent Spock deeper into his body.

“Please Spock.”





“Are you sure, t’hy’la?” His husband asked. Jim could hear the uncertainty and doubt there but he also heard the barely hidden joy so clearly as well. Spock wanted another child just as fiercely as he did. He wondered momentarily if Spock would have ever mentioned it to Jim. It was far more probable that he would never spoken a word of it and that was so wrong it held no place in this moment in time. So he tried to forget it and focussed on the now. Jim nodded in response to Spock’s questions and another answering thrust rocked his body up their bed. He laughed at the action, completely out of breath.

“I do.” Jim spoke, almost reassuringly.

Another strong thrust.

“Maybe he’ll have your eyes. Or she’ll be a brunette. Your ears for sure, either way.” He spoke, thinking back on the many aspects of this future child that he had thought about “ dreamed about “ wondered about. Spock groaned and his hips snapped up faster and harder into his body “ driving them closer to their goal.

“Yes.” Jim said. “Yes.”

Spock brought his forehead to Jim’s “ an action so intimate that tears threatened to make themselves known “ and Spock whispered softly against Jim’s lips.

“Yes.”

Jim came, arching his back. Spock followed closely behind him.

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Chapter 5 by vampiric_mcd

Jim watched the stars from his viewing window in their bedroom. It still filled him with awe “”” the vastness and power of space. It probably always would. Strong arms settled around him and pulled him against a strong chest. He leaned his head back on Spock’s naked shoulder and hummed contently as Spock kissed his neck. Those strong hands moved down his own chest, until they spanned Jim’s stomach “”” all but cupping him and holding him safe.

Life was brewing there once more and it filled him with the same wonder that it had when he had been carrying George. Jim smiled as he thought about George’s reaction to a fourth family member in their quarters. He would make a fine big brother. Jim was sure of it. He wondered about the child Spock and he had created just now as well. He already loved it more than he could say.

“You’ve made me happy.” Jim spoke, looking sideways at Spock as he placed his own hands on top of Spock’s. It wasn’t something he said a lot to Spock. It just wasn’t something that came up a lot. Spock’s lips turned up into a full-blown smile at his words though. Jim grinned at the sight. Spock didn’t smile those full-blown smiles just for anyone or anything.

“You have made me just as content, t’hy’la.” Spock murmured contentedly. And he then leaned down slightly to kiss Jim into a breathless stupor. The arms tightened around him as he swayed slightly from side to side. Jim relaxed completely into that comforting hold. He knew that he could count on Spock to be there for him “”” to always support him in every way. Spock would stand by him and hold him. He would keep him safe.

“I can’t wait.” Jim whispered pressing down slightly on Spock’s hands, looking back at the stars. Spock just kissed his neck again.

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Jim watched amusedly as Bones, Sarek and Spock all but forced him to sit down whenever he tried to stand up. They all continuously offered him refreshments and he would have been more annoyed at their antics if they weren’t so funny as well. Of course, if they kept it up the whole nine months “”” Jim suspected that it would be a whole lot less amusing. They had tried something similar the first time he had been pregnant and he had had to resort to harsh measures to keep some privacy and independency. He knew it was because they worried, but he was only pregnant. He was not disabled in any way that prevented him from doing normal things “”” things like standing up and pouring himself his own glass of water. He wouldn’t ever say no to one of Spock’s excellent foot rubs, though, Jim was only human after all.

A tentative pat on his abdomen made him refocus. George was on his knees on the sofa “”” sitting all but plastered next to Jim. His eyes were squinted as he tilted his head “”” examining Jim’s stomach. His boy looked up at Jim “”” visibly contemplating the situation.

“Does it have enough room?” George asked worriedly “”” poking his stomach gently “”” and Jim smiled at the question as well as the cautious examination. He heard Bones choke on his drink and Sarek murmur something in the background. Spock settled down next to Jim and

placed a hand on his stomach.

“He or she is still very tiny, George. But yes, there’s more than enough room.” Jim spoke, smoothing down a hand over George’s hair.

His son frowned again. “Are you sure daddy?”

Jim chuckled slightly. “I’m very sure, George. You really needn’t worry. After all, you were there too for nine months and you had enough room. I’m sure your little brother or sister will be just fine.”



George’s eyes went wide at that.





“I was in your tummy for nine months?”

Spock brushed a hand down their son’s head as well, capturing his interest.

“You indeed gestated inside you father’ womb for nine months as is normal in both Vulcan and human pregnancies. It is only logical to extrapolate that your sibling will more or less spend the same amount of time there. We will count on you to take your father’s growing limitations into account and not needlessly stress or physically exert him. I also personally know that you will help us tremendously once the child is born. A newly born infant is small and helpless on its own. It depends on the nourishment and affection provided by its caretakers. I know that you will perform your task as the elder sibling admirably during the gestation as well as after the birth.”

George smiled sunnily at that and Jim choked back full-blown laughter. Only Vulcans could make a pregnancy sound so technical and still convey the joy of the proceedings so admirably.

“You will indeed make a fine big brother.” Jim said, seconding Spock in less technical terms. George climbed into his lap with great exaggerated care  watching his elbows and knees for once. Bones chuckled at the sight and Jim smiled at his best friend for a moment, before George placed both his hands on his stomach. Both hands were placed carefully as well as around Spock’s larger hand and the sight filled him with happiness. Spock brushed his other hand across Jim’s psi-points and the brief connection of four entities was overwhelming. Jim gasped as he felt the little bundle of life pulse once before the connection was slowly shut off. It wasn’t as if it was an aware sentient being yet, but it was there. Jim smiled and kissed Spock slowly.

George shrieking softly yet happily broke their kiss though. They watched as their son bent down  his nose almost to Spock’s and his own hands. Spock removed his hand and cupped their son’s head gently  stroking the blond strands back.

“Hello” An exited George whispered loudly against Jim’s still flat stomach. “I’m your big brother.”



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Four months into the pregnancy

Jim groaned, shifting on the bio-bed. Bones hovered closely, running all kinds of diagnostics and waving a tricorder over his body for the fourth time.

“I’m sorry Jim, it’s still only the morning sickness.”

Jim rested his head to the side, glaring at Bones. He turned slightly to glare at Spock, before closing his eyes.

"I know that." He gritted out. "I know it's only morning sickness  " though it is totally not limited to mornings as I'm miserable most of the time. But I know. I knew last week that it's only the morning sickness and I know that it is morning sickness now and I know it will be morning sickness that is making me feel like this until the damn kid stops using my bladder for a trampoline."

Bones hesitated, sensing that this was a veritable verbal minefield waiting to happen.

"And you know I can't really give you a lot for the morning sickness." He said almost soothingly. Jim all but freaked out silently. Bones speaking soothingly was creeping him the fuck out. Jim shifted uneasily, trying to find a comfortable position. Something that wasn't easy on a hard flat bio-bed, especially with trying to balance the extra weight.

"I know." He all but hissed in response to the creepy tone in his best friend's voice.

"Then, why are you here Jim?" Bones asked a little more grouchy. Good, none of these nice bedside manners. I really can't deal with more craziness. Jim thought. It didn't stop him from opening his eyes and glaring straight at the both Bones and Spock.

"Because Spock here has decided to turn mother-henning into a fucking art form."

Spock shifted slightly from side to side. If Jim didn't know any better, he would say that Spock was anxious. His husband addressed a slightly incredulous looking Bones. At least the craziness was getting shared. Jim shouldn't be the only one dealing with the clusterfuck of an overprotective mother-henning Vulcan. Spock hadn't been this bad when he was carrying George. It looked as if the degree of mornings sickness was in direct correlation with the level of worrying that Vulcans did though. Jim groaned at the thought of five more months of this. The morning sickness wasn't as bad as the damn over protectiveness.

"Doctor, you have indicated that Jim would have to watch his activities and meticulously follow up on any irregularities that might present themselves."

"Spock..." Bones began.

Jim could hear the amusement buried there though. Fucker better not make fun of him though, because Bones wouldn't hit a pregnant person and Jim would totally take advantage of that. He whimpered as the nausea rolled through him again. He hadn't known that the morning sickness could turn worse with second pregnancies.



"Jim is just experiencing morning sickness, Spock. You don't have to worry." Bones continued; his amusement coming through more and more.

"There is no just about this fucking morning sickness, Bones, believe me." Jim bit out.

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Chapter 6 by Alex Quinn

Six months into the pregnancy

The diplomatic talks had taken most of the day and it showed in everyone present. Once they concluded their session for the day, the diplomats started trickling out one by one. Jim massaged the bridge of his nose  " trying to ease the killer head ache that was pounding through his brain.

The rebels had been causing more and more trouble as he had predicted over the last few years. They had only upped their game in the last few months though ♠♠“ striking at small convoys and smuggling more humans through the so called comet line ♠♠“ a system of safe planets and posts to hide away humans that wanted to escape the Vulcan rule. It was Jim’s job to try and smooth the way for peaceful negotiation as well as handle the humans’ interests to the best of his abilities and the limits of the Vulcan council. Especially the limitations on what humankind could expect concerning their freedom and consent didn’t make Jim’s task any easier.

As he moved to stand, he stumbled slightly ♠♠“ losing his balance. Immediately there were two Vulcans beside him, steadying him. He breathed in deeply, trying to clear his head. He smiled at them gratefully.

“Perhaps it would be advisory for you to see your physician.” T’Pol spoke worriedly or at least as worriedly as a Vulcan permitted himself to be in the presence of people he didn’t consider family.

Jim smiled and tried to ease out of the supportive holds the Vulcans had on him.

“I’m fine, really.” He said and turned. Before he knew it his vision turned blurry and Jim groaned. He didn’t feel the Vulcans tightening their grip. He didn’t hear them contacting Bones over the intercom. All he felt was blessed darkness and a relief from the head ache that had been making him more cranky as the meetings had progressed during the day.

Once he came to his senses, he knew he was in the infirmary before he even opened his eyes. The beeping of monitoring equipment and the telltale scuttle and buzz of medical personnel clued him in. It also helped that Bones’ less than dulcet tones were reverberating around the room.

“Does it look like I care? Now tell those pointy eared bastards that he’ll wake up when he wakes up and not a moment sooner.”

Jim groaned at the loudness of it all and he immediately felt a hand grip his tightly. He opened his eyes and smiled weakly at Spock ♠♠“ not at all surprised at finding him sitting there beside the bio-bed. His husband looked tired though. Jim frowned.

“What happened?”

Bones careened into their private space at the sound of his voice ♠♠“ ignoring Spock’s tense shoulders and Jim’s confusion at his apparent situation.

“You overdid it, that’s what happened you stubborn bastard.” He snapped. He wielded a scanner and a hypo-spray at the same time. The hiss and pinch of a hypo-spray made Jim flinch. Spock’s hand gripped his even tighter.

“Don’t cut off the circulation Spock, I might need the hand.”

He tried to joke. Spock just blinked at him.

“You’re not joking your way out of this one, Jim. Your blood pressure is off the charts. The diagnostic scan I ran didn’t tell me anything better either.” Bones paused. “You need to slow down, Jim.”

Jim frowned and argued. “I didn’t slow down any when I had George right up until the day I actually came in for the damn caesarean.” And even then I didn’t really slow down all that much. Jim thought distastefully.

Bones just raised an eyebrow ♠♠“ seemingly reading his thoughts. He wouldn’t put it past

his pregnancy however. The Klingon party had specifically requested his presence, once word had spread to their upper echelon that one of the other leading diplomats had contracted an a case of Trillian pox. Due to the sensitivity of the nature of the diplomatic relations, they really couldn't say no. Of course it didn't help that Spock and the Enterprise would have to leave them behind on the outer Klingon colony for at least a week ❖❖“ as they had to oversee dealings on another planet two days away at warp four.

The thought of not having Spock or George near him for at least a week felt strange. But Jim knew they really couldn't afford to let negotiations slip because of that. He was very thankful that Bones and Sarek as well as Chekov and his mate would be part of his diplomatic party.

“Christ, you're good at that.” Jim moaned as strong fingers dug into the knotted musculature.

“I am merely accustomed to your likes and dislikes about massage techniques performed on several parts of your body.” Spock commented dryly. Jim hid a smile as he leaned forward. The fingers immediately pressed at the freed space of his neck.

“I'm going to miss this the coming week.” Jim sighed. The hands paused for a moment, before continuing their lovely motions. Jim bit down hard on his lower lip. He knew that Spock was worried about the coming week. He also knew that neither one could do something about it. Jim also wondered about the fact that if it were up to him, he wouldn't choose to go on this mission. It was a first. And that scared him a bit. Though he supposed no one could really blame him for his reticence, being over eight months pregnant and having a harsh second run at that. Jim sighed.

“I'm going to miss you.” He whispered softly. “And I'm going to miss George.”

Spock leaned forward ❖❖“ a warm presence at his back ❖❖“ and kissed the back of his neck.

“I will miss you as well, t'hy'la.” Spock spoke, then hesitated before continuing. “I find this upcoming separation to be most unfortunate.”

Jim tried to hide his contented smile at the admission. From the lingering kisses on his shoulders and neck, he probably hadn't quite succeeded though. He somehow couldn't really make himself care about that, not when Spock kept kissing him there and touched him so reverently. It made Jim feel loved and safe ❖❖“ it gave him a sense of being cherished. And as Spock connected their minds with that of their unborn child ❖❖“ Jim basked in the sense of contentment. He couldn't wait for this diplomatic mission to be over.

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Chapter 7 by vampiric_mcd

Jim settled down into the comfortable chair provided specifically for him. It was an ornately carved wooden chair, with almost decadently patterned velvet-like cushions. It supported him in all the right ways and for the first time in the last month his back didn't twinge quite as insistently when he sat upright like this. He happily ignored Bones' fussing and smiled brilliantly and thankfully at Warf ❖❖“ the Klingon ambassador that Jim was most at ease with. Jim was also sure of the fact that he had this particular Klingon to thank for the arrangement. Warf, who had become a friend of sorts, in as much as two representatives of opposing forces could be friends ❖❖“ was most assuredly responsible for his very comfy and padded seat. Jim wondered if he could somehow smuggle the chair on board the Enterprise once the diplomatic sessions had ended. He absentmindedly patted the equally armrest. It really was a nice gesture.

Warf bowed slightly at Jim's acknowledgement and then settled down at the large roundish table with two of his diplomatic aides. The seating placed the fierce looking Klingon right next to Jim, without really imposing on Jim's own position in the seating. It was a little disconcerting ❖❖“ this display of what could only be described as visible support. Klingons usually operated on the divide and conquer principle.

He startled even further though as Warf gestured firmly at one of the guards, who immediately replaced Jim's steaming wine goblet with a decanter of water. Jim looked at Warf in surprise. It wasn't as if Jim would have drunk from the wine or that the Klingons would have objected in light of his pregnancy, but this gesture was particularly welcoming. Most Klingons didn't believe in drinking water at a negotiation ♠♠ or at all if they could help it. While Jim's pregnancy would have safeguarded him from drinking ♠♠ the water still wasn't a given. In fact, Bones had packed several flasks in his medical bag just to be sure that Jim wouldn't get dehydrated ♠♠ having already told Jim that he would drink the flasks during the breaks at the very least or suffer Bones' wrath.

"We shall share Blood Wine once your offspring has been born. I am sure we shall shed our blood equally and with honour into the goblet when doing so." The Klingon spoke gruffly. Jim blinked as he realised that Warf actually wanted to drink their combined blood merged with the traditional wine ♠♠ a wine normally reserved for special ceremonies or to be consumed after a battle or during the reminiscing of one. It spoke of much respect and a shared sense of honour ♠♠ it took a lot for any Klingon to even offer it, especially to a non-Klingon who might not even be aware of all the cultural implications. It wasn't to be taken lightly. Even if Jim wasn't particularly looking forward to ingesting blood, he did feel oddly honoured by the implied trust he was being shown.

It didn't mean that Jim couldn't share a meaningful look about the latest turn of events with an equally surprised Bones though, who sat on a much less comfortable chair to the left and behind Jim. Sarek sat to his direct left at the round table itself. The Vulcan was merely reviewing several notes ♠♠ meticulously reading the reports that had no doubt trickled in only that morning. If he had heard what Warf had offered, he showed no signs of it.

Jim frowned slightly. Klingons had their own form of mental abilities. The rumour went that sufficiently trained Klingons could even fend off an insistent mindmeld. It was something that didn't sit too well with the Vulcans ♠♠ the meld being one of their most formidable weapons in intelligence gathering once they deemed the necessity of it to be logical and required. In turn, the Klingons placed a high amount of respect on being able to physically and mentally resist any interloper. Vulcans possessed the physical and mental strength that would put the Klingons on constant guard ♠♠ continually viewing them as a threat waiting to present itself and to be dealt with. It was one of the reasons why the Klingons insisted on a mixed diplomatic corps on their part ♠♠ bringing both human and Vulcan ambassadors to the table.

As the other diplomats, the Klingon as well as their own representatives, settled down ♠♠ the mood shifted slightly. The atmosphere became more predatory and more oppressive. Jim sighed faintly, reaching for his own notes and readying himself for the barrage of diplomatic posturing that was sure to come. He had a feeling that it would be a very long week. At least there were several ceremonies and sights to be witnessed and attended as well as the diplomatic talks that would probably bore Jim to death.

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Jim tried to stretch his muscles trying to not be too obvious about it. From Bones' barely audible muttering and the glances he got from Warf, Sarek and several other diplomats he probably wasn't too successful in his efforts. He grimaced slightly, reaching for his water goblet. He had a throbbing head ache and this particular session had lasted for over six hours without a break. He sipped slowly from his water goblet and tried to pay attention to a diplomat from the USS Phoenix ♠♠ Mateo Wilkes. The man had the most nasal and flat voice imaginable. He wondered how

the man had ever made it as high as he had.

“On the matter of the Klingon territories, bordering on the outer limits the deadzone, I would like to suggest that...”

Warf held up a hand forcefully and banged his wine goblet with the other, interrupting Wilkes' tirade neatly. Wilkes gaped at the intrusion though ❖❖“ completely bewildered at the turn of events.

“Perhaps it would be beneficial to take a recess. It seems as though this last hour hasn't amounted to many agreements. I suggest we resume talks in an hour?” Warf spoke curtly. He glanced briefly at Jim, who blinked. Surely the Klingon hadn't said it just to give Jim a brief period of rest. Whatever the reason though, Jim was grateful.

“That would be most satisfactory.” Sarek spoke swiftly as silence descended upon their party after Warf's words. Jim shared an amused glance with Bones. The Vulcan sounded almost frazzled. It seemed humans and Klingons weren't the only ones who would appreciate a temporary truce of sorts on their little verbal war.

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Chapter 8 by vampiric_mcd

The epic scale of the memorial on what amounted to be an outer colony of the Klingon empire left Jim in awe. It was large complex, built in stone that resembled white marble as well as a metal that looked to be close to platinum. When the light of the three suns orbiting the planet hit it just right ❖❖“ the complex almost seemingly lit up. Warf had told him it was a beacon for all inhabitants of the planet ❖❖“ as well as what amounted to be one of the major Klingon pilgrimage stops.

Warf had told him that there were visitors who entered the complex unsuitably informed and never found their way out again. It was almost like a labyrinth ❖❖“ built in honour of those that died heroically. A labyrinth that proclaimed lives and whose reputation only grew by taking several each year in that process. It was a daunting thought and Jim was grateful for Warf's continued presence. Especially since the Klingon had served as one of the acolytes in the memorial. He had been involved in the maintenance as well as the safeguarding of the large complex during several of his teenage years.

Jim understood that it was something of an honour to be permitted to do so ❖❖“ let alone perform the duties for several years on end. It shouldn't have come as a surprise to Jim when he learned that Ararrat Tiens - the colony that they were on ❖❖“ was in fact the home base of Warf's family.

Warf came from a distinguished line of Klingons. His family was one of the most powerful in the Empire and had had a say in the Klingon High council since it had been established. Warf even had blood ties connecting him to the last actively reigning Klingon emperor, the importance of those ties still a veritable political weapon even if the role of the main imperial family had been reduced to that of a figurehead rather than having an active say in the way the empire was run.

Jim walked alongside a corridor, following Warf as he strode purposefully to one of the main chambers. Once they were there, Warf gruffly nodded to one of the young acolytes in the room. Jim wondered if they were related in any way. He ignored the murmuring echoes of several of the other diplomats that had opted to follow them and turned his attention to one of the large smooth walls. Jim traced one of the engraved names ❖❖“ his fingers catching on the edges of the pictograms. He wondered what it said.

“This is the memorial plate for my one of my ancestors.” Warf murmured gravelly ❖❖“ startling Jim. He turned to look at the Klingon whose gaze was locked on Jim's fingers caressing the wall. The dark eyes connected with his and Jim resisted the urge to look away from that powerful

gaze. Even if the man hadn't been physically built like a wall, the mental strength visible in that gaze would have still impressed Jim all the same.

"This entire room is one of those dedicated to my family." Warf continued. Jim frowned and glanced at the large chamber. The memorial plates were like smooth engraved tiles, covering the walls from top to bottom and from side to side. This room alone was several yards in length. It was daunting to even think about more of these rooms, dedicated to one family.

"So much loss." Jim murmured softly, his fingernails etching the pictogram. Warf smiled.

"Klingons value honour above all else." He spoke. "Those who die with purpose and honor ◆◆◆ those who follow the Way of the Warrior ◆◆◆ are said to join Kahless The Unforgettable in the Black Fleet in Sto-Vo-Kor. It is said to be a paradise where battle and feasting can eternally be shared and won. Kahless was the first Emperor ◆◆◆ also one of my ancestors."

The Klingon continued softly as he too placed a hand on the memorial plate. Jim's breath stuttered for a moment, but he didn't speak ◆◆◆ not wanting to interrupt the man in his revelations. It was strange to learn more and more about Klingons and this man in particular ◆◆◆ it made him feel more involved ◆◆◆ something that always brought complication when dealing with things of a diplomatic sensitive nature.

"Our honored dead are not mourned, but celebrated. Every one of those valiant dead mentioned here are revered."

Warf shook his head as he looked at Jim.

"Did you know that Klingons roar when one of their number has fallen?" Jim shook his head, fascinated.

"Once a Klingon falls, his comrades open the eyes of a dead warrior and proceed to roar to chase away evil spirits ◆◆◆ the jat'lyn. It's also a way to warn the warriors in Sto-Vo-Kor that the last fallen warrior is joining their number."

Jim swallowed as he thought about the cultural insights that Warf had just provided him with. He really wasn't the person to appreciate it to its full extent, though he was grateful for the insight nonetheless. It told him more about his friend at the very least, and that was something he couldn't deny.

"Do all warriors go to Sto-Vo-Kor?" Jim asked.

Warf shook his head ◆◆◆ a pensive expression forming on those strong facial expressions and ridges.

"There are those who may fear whether they will be worthy to enter Sto-Vo-Kor, especially if they have not died during a glorious battle. It is permitted to have a dangerous quest held in their name by their surviving mate as well as his or her companions. It isn't a quest to be undertaken easily though." Warf looked at Jim once more ◆◆◆ his eyes serious and filled with something close to grief and pain.

"There are also the dishonored to consider. Gre'Thor is the afterlife where the dishonored go when they die. We believe that it is guarded by a fearsome demon named Fek'Ihr. The dishonored are faced with eternal torture at the hands of Fek'Ihr and his demon ilk."

Warf slid the hand down the marble and Jim's eyes were drawn by the motion ◆◆◆ transfixed by the story and epic scale of the history and culture imbedded in this room ◆◆◆ in the entire monument. Warf continued softly.

"It is supposed to be possible to save the souls of the dishonored. The procedure usually entails

heroic sacrifices performed by friends and family. As such, it is said that Kahless once travelled to the plain of Gre'Thor to save his brother, Morath, so that his soul could be sent to Sto-Vo-Kor.”

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Mateo Wilkes cornered Jim as he left his quarters ❖❖“ Bones and Sarek not there with him for once. The man wasn’t physically intimidating, but Jim had learned at an early age to be wary of anyone who held such hate and anger in his gaze.

“You listen to me Kirk.” Wilkes spoke harshly. “You don’t belong here and you’re certainly not worthy of the title of ambassador.” He poked Jim in the chest with a pointy finger and Jim barely restrained the urge to break the man’s wrist. If Sarek or Bones or even Warf saw the man trying to threaten him like this ❖❖“ trying to intimidate him and make him uncomfortable ❖❖“ he really didn’t want to know what their reaction would be. Apparently Mateo Wilkes wasn’t all that good at diplomatic insights either.

“Just, just stay out of my way.” Wilkes hissed and walked away. Jim watched him go ❖❖“ ignoring as the door next to his quarters hissed open and a puzzled Bones stepped out.

“Jim, you okay?”

He turned to look at Bones once Wilkes passed the corner. He ignored Sarek who frowned at him as he joined his mate.

“I’m fine.” Jim spoke. “Just really tired.”

Bones frowned as well, but nodded uncertainly. The last two days had been tiring for everyone. Jim tried to ignore the ominous feelings that Wilkes had inspired in him. Once the talks were over he would return to the Enterprise and Wilkes would be sent back to the Phoenix.

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Jim watched interestedly as the Klingon couple battled with fierce swords. Both swords were identical. They had a crescent shape with four sharp points. It looked as if the sword could also be used as a two-handed sword from the swipes both fighters used. Jim shared an incredulous look with Bones at the ferocity being displayed in front of them, but the clanging of metal soon drew his attention back the fight taking place. Warf chuckled as the female Klingon cut her opponent ❖❖“ drawing first blood. A roar echoed through the supporting faction of the woman.

“This is a wedding?” Jim asked to make sure. Warf looked at Jim’s incredulous face and laughed out loud.

“The couple have to face each other in combat to be found worthy of each other.” Warf began, his eyes drawn back to the fight. “They are battling with the bat’leth. It is known as the sword of honor. Though the bat’leth isn’t used much in open battle anymore, it is still a necessary item for ceremonial rites, boarding parties or when you want to challenge anyone’s power or authority. To not use it ❖❖“ to not fight ❖❖“ during the marriage ceremony would weaken the union in the eyes of all Klingons.”

It made a strange sort of sense, for a culture so dependent on combat and honor ❖❖“ Jim supposed. He watched as the female performed a set of complicated moves, which forced the

male on his knees. At the same moment that she held her sword to her fiancée's throat, the man swiveled his own sword until it was pointed at her stomach. Both would be able to deal their opponent a death blow in the position they were in ❖❖" though it seemed they had fought themselves into stalemate. From the approving roars that erupted, Jim thought it was one of the better outcomes of the fight. He really didn't want to think about a possible Klingon marital death toll. The couple stood and an elder fierce-looking Klingon stepped forward ❖❖" bashing his own bat'leth against the swords of the couple.

Warf leaned in and whispered.

"Turn on your translator. They will perform the following ceremony in old Klingon. But I think you would appreciate it. It starts with the retelling of what you humans would refer to as our creation myth."

Jim smiled at the warning and touched the earpiece Warf had supplied the diplomatic corps with, thus activating it. He turned to look at Bones to motion him to do the same. His best friend was staring at Jim though, looking thoughtful as his gaze travelled from Jim to Warf and back. Jim made a motion towards his ear and Bones nodded ❖❖" pressing his own earpiece. Satisfied, Jim turned to follow the proceedings. The elder Klingon spoke in a strong voice as the couple placed their swords on top of each other ❖❖" crossing them ❖❖" joining them. It looked strangely intimate despite being so forceful. Jim swallowed as he listened in fascination.

"With fire and steel did the gods forge the Klingon heart. So fiercely did it beat, so loud was the sound, that the gods cried out, 'On this day we have brought forth the strongest heart in all the heavens. None can stand before it without trembling at its strength.' But then the Klingon heart weakened, its steady rhythm faltered and the gods said, 'Why do you weaken so? We have made you the strongest in all of creation.'

And the heart said... 'I am alone.'

And the gods knew that they had erred. So they went back to their forge and brought forth another heart.

But the second heart beat stronger than the first, and the first was jealous of its power. Fortunately, the second heart was tempered by wisdom.

'If we join together, no force can stop us.'

And when the two hearts began to beat together, they filled the heavens with a terrible sound. For the first time, the gods knew fear. They tried to flee, but it was too late. The Klingon hearts destroyed the gods who created them and turned the heavens to ashes. To this very day, no one can oppose the beating of two Klingon hearts."

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Chapter 9 by vampiric_mcd

Jim shared a commiserating look with all of the humans and Vulcans present ❖❖" though he largely avoided Wilkes' gaze on principle. Jim wasn't going to bring attention to the man's problem with him ❖❖" but he wasn't going to cut him any slack that he hadn't deserved. Still, the arguing Klingons made negotiations very difficult. Especially since they were arguing fiercely amongst themselves. Several goblets had been knocked over or thrown across the room as things heated up.

From what Jim could gather, the discussion seemed to resolve around the upcoming election of one of the council members of the Klingon High Council. Since the Klingon that had died hadn't left a seemingly worthy successor ❖❖" there were opposing factions that tried to sway the vote that the family would hold to their side. It seemed that the three family members up for election each held distinctive views on politics ❖❖" and they would make either worthy allies or enemies

for those present here. Since most of the Klingon diplomats came from influential families. And though none of the three candidates for the position were present during the diplomatic talks, the issue still reverberated throughout the room.

Still, Jim could sort of understand the agitation. The Klingon Empire was governed by the High Council though it was effectively led by a Chancellor. Nonetheless, it was an important political position that could change the lives of any of the Klingons present here. He hoped that Warf wouldn't lose any standing if his favorite wasn't chosen. Though from Jim could gather " it seemed that Warf favored two out of the three candidates " only claiming one of the three to be completely unacceptable.

As another goblet flew through the air, Jim settled back into his chair and closed his eyes. He figured they would probably be a while. He knew that Bones would pinch him awake in an instant if they seemed to have a problem with him napping during their fight.

He gradually woke up to the sound of a low murmur. He shifted and frowned as a heavy blanket scrunched up. AS he opened his eyes, he met Warf's gaze who nodded at him " then turned to his own aides. Jim shifted to the side and looked at Bones, who rested against Sarek's side. Bones smiled at him.

"How long have I been out?" Jim asked, slightly awkward. It was hard to maintain a dignified air while cuddling down with a blanket in a well padded chair. Bones chuckled at his obvious discomfort with the situation.

"You were out long enough for Warf to go find you a blanket and for you to shame the arguing Klingons into a temporary truce. Apparently it's bad form to tire out a pregnant person when they're so near they delivery date. Or, you know, at all."

Jim blushed slightly, but he fingered the blanket and smiled. Bones frowned and looked a bit worriedly at Sarek, who was taking in Jim's grip on the fabric. Jim noticed neither. He rearranged the blanket around him and placed a hand on the swell of his stomach. The baby had been kicking continuously for the last few days.

*_*_*_*

Warf growled as one of his Klingon adversaries brought up the issue of the human rebellion movement. A minority of the Klingon diplomatic party had tried to broach the subject several times before, but it had been rebuffed by the Vulcan members each time. It didn't make it less painful to hear though. It didn't really surprise Kirk to see that the Klingons were concerned or at least interested in how their command structure tried to deal with the human rebellion " especially as the underground movement was supported by several of their allied federation races.

With the insights into the Klingon culture that he had been given these last few day, Jim figured that the oppression of humans by Vulcans must rankle on some level. While Klingons firmly believed in the survival of the fittest " the strongest? They were still a culture heavily based on honour. To do as the Vulcans had done to the humans " namely stab them in the back when there were very clear agreements and a supposed level of trust between them " as well as the manner in which they overpowered them... Jim supposed that the Vulcan's actions wouldn't be viewed as very honourable. Despite all of this, it still surprised him when one of the Klingons from the minority singled him out this time though.

"And what is your opinion on the matter of the human rebels, Ambassador Kirk? You are appointed the primary ambassador between your two species, are you not? Have you

considered negotiating with the human rebels at all? Or do you not feel you can conduct that dialogue with sufficient honour?" Marik asked smarmily, his eyes slicking towards Warf and Sarek ♦♦ then resting on him. Jim glared, but Warf spoke before either he or any of the Vulcans could intercede.

"This topic has not been deemed appropriate." Warf growled. "It would also serve you to hold a civil tongue when addressing ambassador Kirk." Warf pounded the table forcibly. Everyone held in their breath as the Klingon bared his teeth at his opponent. "We know ambassador Kirk speaks forthright about everything he concerns himself with. To insult him and pressure him on the matter is dishonourable. We are the ones who have asked him to join us during negotiations. To indulge us while he is so heavily pregnant, commends him. Do not disgrace our intentions by pointless posturing!"

Marik' nostrils flared wide open, but after a moment he nodded. He turned to face Jim and inclined his head.

"Forgive me my candid opinion, Ambassador Kirk."

Jim nodded in silent agreement. Once everyone busied themselves ♦♦ preparing for the next item on the list of things to be discussed ♦♦ Jim breathed a silent sigh of relief. He turned to Warf and smiled softly at him in thanks. Unaware of what happened behind him ♦♦ Bones looked at Sarek who once again was watching the interaction between Jim and Warf. Bones turned to look at Jim himself ♦♦ biting down absentmindedly on his lower lip.

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Chapter 10 by vampiric_mcd

The view from the hovercraft was beautiful ♦♦ Jim thought, absentmindedly cupping his stomach. The baby had been getting even more active than before. Jim wondered if the baby knew that they would be reunited with its sire by the end of the evening. He liked to think so. While he had missed Spock, and would be glad to be back on the Enterprise ♦♦ that didn't mean that he couldn't take in this marvellous view for a bit longer. Warf had brought their diplomatic party on a seemingly touristic attraction for their last day on his home planet ♦♦ all but Mateo Wilkes had taken him up on the invitation. It was a canyon similar to the Grand Canyon of Earth only far more vast than that had ever been. The hovercraft was escorted by several of Warf's cruisers ♦♦ patrolling the canyon in its entirety.

He looked down into the steep-sized gorge and marvelled at the overwhelming size as well as its intricate and colorful landscape. Like the Grand Canyon this Klingon canyon - the Havasupai Gorge ♦♦ was significant because of the thick sequence of ancient rocks that were beautifully preserved and exposed in the walls of the canyon. The rock layers attested to much if not most of the early geologic history of Ararrat Tiens. The canyon had been eroded by the most beautiful river that Jim had ever laid eyes upon. He could see several rapids and the water of the river itself was a beautiful mix of blue and green water from what Jim could see.

A hand on his shoulder startled Jim as he looked away from the beautiful landscape into the dark eyes of Warf himself. Jim smiled.

"You're right. The view really is amazing."

Warf nodded. "I had expected you to like it. Does it truly remind you of your earth's Grand Canyon?"

Jim had mentioned the seemingly similar geological formation when Warf had described the Havasupai Gorge. Jim nodded as he briefly glanced at the view again. A pang of homesickness and loss hit him as it sunk in that there was no Grand canyon left to visit ♦♦ to be in awe of. His children would never see earth.

"I have saddened you." Warf spoke. "That wasn't my intention when I suggested this outing."

"You haven't saddened me at all." Jim spoke. "I was just reminiscing about earth." He sat down on one of the lavish benches on the deck of the hovercraft. "Tell me Ambassador... Do you know why is it called the Havasupai Gorge?"

Warf settled down beside Jim "nodding at his question.

"It is named after the Havasupai themselves " the people of the blue-green water. They have lived alongside the river for as long as we can remember." He looked at Jim " his dark eyes warm and inviting. "Our geologists have discovered that the erosion of the Havasupai Gorge has been happening for the past 40 million years. It is one of the mosy magnificent sights as well geological treasures in all of the Empire." He finished proudly.

"It seems that Ararrat Tiens has a lot to be thankful for." Jim said, thinking back on the memorial, the gorge and its people that he had come to know during the past week. Warf placed a hand on Jim's shoulder and slid closer " which startled him a bit. The Klingon was sitting very close at this moment. Jim frowned.

"The people of Ararrat Tiens do have a lot to be thankful for. We are a lush planet with many important features. I hope you have enjoyed your stay on my homeworld, ambassador Kirk."

Jim paused for a moment but nodded.

"I have enjoyed it very much, though I will be equally as thankful to rejoin my husband and child on the Enterprise."

As he met Warf's gaze, he could see a flash of emotion he hadn't even thought to see in the Klingon's eyes " regret. The silence lasted for a moment between them " weighing more heavily than Jim had noticed before. HE hoped he hadn't offended Warf by saying anything inappropriate, though he couldn't really think of anything that he had said that could have been taken the wrong way.

"I had hoped that you might have considered Ararrat Tiens as a more permanent basis to stay on."

Jim jerked back in surprise " Warf's hand falling from Jim's shoulder to his arm. It was a motion Jim was suddenly very aware of.

"Ambassador... Warf... I ... I might be interpreting this the wrong way but..."

Warf shook his head, silencing him.

"I think you haven't misunderstood me at all. You and your child " your children " are very welcome here. You will always be welcome here. Should you ever need a more secure planet to reside on " to raise your children on " I would be most honoured if you should join me at my home. I am not a man who easily speaks of his emotions, but I hope that you are now aware of my feelings on some level."

Jim sighed.

"Warf... I am happily bonded to Spock. And what you are implying would amount to you declaring war on the Vulcan-human alliance." He whispered. "Even the fact that you proposed it to me just now, that's just dangerous. Our species need to stand strong together."

Warf growled. "Are you really Jim? Are you really happily bonded to the Vulcan? Didn't he force

you to submit to him ❖❖“ didn't he try to break your spirit and take away your freedom?”

Jim swallowed. He needed to be very careful in what he said and how he handled this. While there were diplomatic issues to consider, Jim also felt that Warf had become a true friend. He didn't want to jeopardize that.

“Spock has a lot of faults, I won't deny that.” He said. “I also won't deny that I have had my doubts about our forced bonding. But I do care for him ❖❖“ very much in fact. And he still remains the father of my child ❖❖“ of both my children. I consider you a dear friend and hope that you would consider me the same. But we shall always only be that ❖❖“ friends.”

Warf smiled sadly.

“I had not thought you to say anything different, though I had to try. Hope springs eternal as you Terrans often say.”

Jim took Warf's hand in his and squeezed.

“Friendship is another kind of love. I hope that you won't hold the difference against me?”

Warf shook his head firmly.

“I am honoured to be your friend.” He squeezed Jim's hand again. “Did you know that you are highly regarded by the Klingon people ❖❖“ by nearly all of the Klingon High Council?”

Jim made a surprised and inquiring noise. Because this was news to him. He didn't know that most of the Klingons could tell one diplomat from another ❖❖“ or that they were even particularly inclined to do so.

“Oh yes.” Warf chuckled. “Your heroic battle with the Romulan Nero has inspired several battle songs throughout the Empire already. You sought to attack and battle him when all others had either failed or would have retreated.” He said, referring to Spock's decision to join up with other Starfleet vessels instead of following Jim's suggestion of cutting Nero off where it counted. Jim had often wondered if those lost hours had had a more significant impact than anyone could really grasp. It was almost unbearable to consider that in another universe, Jim could have stopped Nero from destroying earth if he had rejoined the Enterprise an hour earlier ❖❖“ minutes earlier ❖❖“ seconds earlier.

“You are an admirable and honourable man, James Kirk.” Warf spoke. “I also have to thank you personally for ending Nero's life.” Warf looked outside the hovercraft at the breathtaking view. “My brother Cronon was one of the officers who served on one of the star ships that he destroyed near our border.” He sighed. “I miss him. I miss him very much. He was an honourable man as well. He died in combat at least. His place in Sto-Vo-Kor is secure. Not that I wouldn't have performed any quest necessary to assure him of that place.”

Jim sighed. Nero had taken so many lives ❖❖“ had impacted so very heavily on the universe and the people in it. He shook himself ❖❖“ readying himself to try and comfort Warf to the best of his abilities ❖❖“ to anyone's abilities in such matters ❖❖“ when a glint of motion caught his eye. He looked outside of the hovercraft ❖❖“ focussing on several cruisers that seemed to close in on the hovercraft and its accompanying cruisers.

“I didn't know that the patrolling cruisers would be relieved of duty.” Jim spoke. “I thought you said that they were to remain with the hovercraft at all times?” Warf frowned then turned to look at what Jim had spotted. He immediately sprung up once he spotted the cruisers that he had noticed moments earlier ❖❖“ startling Jim. He reached for his own intercom device, barking out something that made Jim's breath catch and his pulse race.

“Possible hostile cruisers closing in on our position ❖❖” go to evasive and defensive manoeuvres!”

They had but a moment before all hell broke loose as the foreign cruisers and what now appeared to be unknown shuttlecrafts came into weapon’s distance. The hovercraft turned forcibly, trying to evade the weapons’ fire. Jim spotted the enemy’s attack pattern and thought it seemed familiar. But from the moment one of the photon torpedoes that the enemy cruisers fired on them hit one of the lower decks ❖❖“ he didn’t have time to think or feel anything beyond coldblooded terror. In the midst of weapon’s fire, screaming as well shrieking metal ❖❖“ the hovercraft crashed down into the Havasupai Gorge.

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Chapter 11 by vampiric_mcd

Jim flitted in and out of consciousness without a seemingly pattern. Loud noises traded off with blessed darkness and whenever he did regain awareness it didn’t last long enough to say or do something ❖❖“ it was just enough to realize he was awake and wish he wasn’t ❖❖“ before blacking out again. He did know one thing though. There was something wrong.

Darkness.

Sound. Lights. Pain. Something heavy surrounding him ❖❖“ covering him.

“... not responding... not there... do if I can’t find him? Jim? Jim, can you hear me?”

Bones His mind whispered and he tried to groan.

Darkness descended once more.

An eternity later.

“Step aside doctor. We need to get both Ambassadors Warf and Kirk out of the debris as safely as possible.”

The gruff voice indicated that it was a Klingon. He forced his eyes open and a glimpse of bright light made his eyes water. There were still weapons being discharged. He shifted slightly and the metal shrieked around him as the sound of lasers hit this metal hull shaped around him. His eyes drifted close without him even knowing it. Everything turned dark again.

Another burst of sound while he was lifted ❖❖“ bodily lifted from where he had been laying. Mobile and able hands touched his face and body and Jim felt so very tired.

“Jim, oh my god, Jim. Just... just keep breathing you bastard. Keep breathing!”

Bones. He was glad that Bones wasn’t hurt. All Jim knew was that he himself was hurt and normally Bones would be too ❖❖“ normally they were always close together. Where had he been? On another deck with Sarek and Chekov and Kovu maybe. Where they alright? He didn’t know. Jim blinked slowly ❖❖“ feeling something warm sliding from his face and from his fingertips.

“Put him down! I need to stabilize him!”

“The rebels could still fire on this area. We need to bring him and the rest of the wounded to the nearest cave of the Havasupai settlement.”

“Please, just let me try and stop the bleeding first...”

Jim stopped from himself from digging deeper into his own mind ♠♠“ pausing for a moment. It was harder than he had expected. He needed to find something, but Bones was important too. He still remembered that much. All the rest seemed a bit blurred at the edges though. It was strange and mentally off-putting. All he really wanted was to go back to his search, but he owed it to Bones.

Everything that has made you into who you are now.

Bones never really asked for anything ♠♠“ not really. He would do it for him. So Jim mentally turned and reached for the memories that made him James Tiberius Kirk ♠♠“ all of them.

And the world exploded once more. Memories drowning him ♠♠“ some coming though more clearly than others ♠♠“ but all were present in an ever spiralling confusion. This was him. This was what had shaped him ♠♠“ broke him and remade him.

This was what it meant to be James Tiberius Kirk.

*_**

He is three and his aunt and uncle keep saying the same thing over and over again. Something that he would be told for the rest of his life. Something that he had learned to despise and cherish in the same amount.

“He’s the spitting image of George, isn’t he Pam?”

“You look just like your father, Jim.”

“Just like your father.”

“Like your father.”

“Father.”

“Father.”

“Father.”

He’s heard it all before.

*_**





His stepfather and mother are standing inside a church. He’s wearing uncomfortable clothing and there are heavy rings in his breast pocket. He doesn’t like Andy or the way he looks at him. Andy grips his shoulder too tight when he says “I do” to his mother ♠♠“ though Winona merely smiles brilliantly ♠♠“ first at Jim then at Andy. Jim doesn’t smile at all. His mother doesn’t notice.

*_**

He’s afraid at night ♠♠“ not of the dark but of the monsters he knows are real. When his bedroom door opens, Jim feels sick but knows that even vomiting won’t give him any reprieve.

His mother is on a six-month mission and won't be back for another six weeks at the very least. The smell of gin-tonic makes his stomach turn though. It always will.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

There are bruises on his arms. He has a split lip and two black eyes. When his mother comes home from another mission   "always another mission   " she doesn't even ask anymore. Andy always tells her the same thing.





Clumsy boy.

Ran into a door







Got into a fight he couldn't win.



At least the last one wasn't a total lie, Jim thinks as he watches Andy's scraped knuckles. He's learned better than to look at his mother.



~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

His mother is gone. Gone. Always gone. Another mission   " another life. He wonders if she even remembers that she has a son   " that she's left her son with the prick that hits her when she's planetside long enough for him to buy a case of gin. He wonders if she even cares anymore. He wonders if she knows about the rest of it.







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


There's a harsh hand gripping his hair and his mouth is filled. He can't think. He's choking and nobody cares   " except for being entertained. He's ages five to fifteen and he feels dead inside. There is a low murmur and the sound of cards and poker chips being placed on the table. Once the hand holding him in place   " choking him   " yanks his head back forcibly, warm wetness bursts over his face and hair. It's not long before another pair of hands tug him into a new direction. Another zipper being lower.

He can hear Andy and his friends arguing about whose been cheating and who earned the pot. If Andy loses, than Jim goes home with the winner. Or the winner spends the night. Andy has already raised the stakes with Jim's night in the last call. Andy isn't that much of a poker player though   " no matter how often his friends come over and play.

If Jim has to see another poker chip in his life again   " it will be too soon.









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


There is always a teacher who knows   " who sees. There are a lot who see Jim's intelligence   " his tests being off the charts   " and some dig deeper when they figure out that Jim doesn't really want to do anything with it. And some of them figure it out.

Andy has got a lot of clout with the government though. Andy's brother is one of the main candidates for the next election for governor of Iowa. There isn't much that nepotism won't fix   " and if that won't do the trick   " there are always deportations and other means to an end.





It doesn't surprise him that another teacher takes a bribe. He's lived it for most of his life. It does surprise him to see Mr Williams at Andy's next poker game. Maybe it shouldn't have. He's seen the way the man looks at him. He's gotten very good at interpreting those kind of looks.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Thirteen and he tries it on his own   " riding cock and being good at it   " loving the way he's split open for once   " even if he's being treated like a two dollar whore   " being pulled on that long cock. It makes him feel powerful when it otherwise makes him feel small.

When the man stands and lays him on his back on the pool table and pulls out   " come leaks unto the velvet. He can see at least two men in their cubicle, rubbing themselves through their slacks. He hooks his hands behind his knees and pulls them up to his chest   " looking at one of them.



"Clever little whore aren't you."

The man unzips and Jim smiles as he thrusts in   " skidding slightly on the table. The other man grabs one of his legs and bends it even more backwards   " making room for his friend to thrust more deeply.

"Harder." Jim gasps. The two men chuckle and laugh, and the one not buried inside him slaps his ass. Jim moans which makes the men laugh again.

Two more men come in and after taking in the sight, they close the door behind them. Jim looks at them and takes in the bulges in their trousers. He's going to have some fun with this for once and wets his lips.







~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

He doesn't really know why he does it. He just likes to see his teachers' faces when he aced all of his national tests. Maybe it was the fact that there might be an official investigation if there were too obvious irregularities. Jim has always been that   " an irregularity. He takes pride in it.

Jim smirks as he watches his mother, who has been recalled, as well as Andy listen to someone in a suit tell them that Jim really is a veritable little genius and needs to be cherished and protected and nourished.



He knows it won't last.





There have always been outstanding aptitude tests. They never helped his case any either. His



mother will stay planetside for a month maybe two   before the space fever gets her again   before Andy hits her again   and then Jim will be alone with monsters in the dark.

Again.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*



The fucker bought it with his poker winnings, so in reality it belongs to Jim. He drives the old-timer as fast as it can go   straight for the cliff. He's not really sure if he wants to go over with it or not. It would serve Andy right though.

It's only at the last veritable second that Jim decides. He jumps out and struggles for all he's worth   struggling to not fall to his death   to stay alive.



He didn't know he could still feel like that. He doesn't know if he has ever felt like that before. As the policeman stops and asks who he is. Jim answers with pride and determination   stretching his raw and bloody fingers.

He wonders if this is the most alive anyone can feel. He wonders how he can find out.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

After that it's bar brawl after sexual encounter after stupid no-win scenario's in quick succession. He hits Andy unconscious when he comes to his room on his fifteenth birthday. The fucker doesn't try it again, though he's still very generous with his fists. Jim leaves their so-called home at sixteen and makes it work for him   no matter what that implies. He's gotten good at surviving. Maybe he was always meant to live life like this. Maybe.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"We're going to try again." His mother says determinedly. She's holding hands with a much more sober looking Andy   one who doesn't exactly look at Jim. He doesn't look away either though. He's back in the house he despises and can't wait to leave again. He's also eighteen and he's being told the most ludicrous thing he's ever heard.

"I've gotten a permanent job offer from the Fleet on one of the outer colonies. I'd have to move there." She speaks cautiously but Jim can hear the wonder and excitement in her voice. He knows that the decision has already been made. He wonders how long her happiness will last once she realizes that she's going to be planetside all the time. He wonders if she has even considered that part yet, let alone the fact that she's going to try and make a life with the bastard that destroyed Jim's. Where was she the last few years? She didn't seem to care then.

"There will always be room for you of course." She says, sounding hopeful. Jim looks at their joined hands and feels sick.

“I’m happy where I am.” He grits out and slams his drink back before leaving “” before climbing onto his bike. He needs a bar and he needs it fast. He knows the cadets will be out tonight.

Maybe a hook-up or a bar brawl will do the trick “” maybe both.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Jim wonders about Pike and his expectations. It’s been a long while since anyone expected something worthwhile from him.

“I dare you to do better.”

Maybe he can. Maybe he will. Maybe.

Jim has got a decision to make. He doesn’t have to stay planetside if he doesn’t want to. He could dream for once and see them be fulfilled. The possibilities are endless and while they are exciting “” they scare the crap out of Jim as well. He looks at the star ship being built for a long time and he wonders.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

A blue eyed gaze and epic words.

“I might throw up on you.”

Jim doesn’t know why, but he loves this man already. It isn’t something he’s used to “” feeling comfortable with someone so fast or at all really “” especially when it’s a man for reasons he doesn’t really want to dwell upon. He knows his issues.

But he does feel comfortable with him. And Jim smiles, feeling a bit hopeful. Maybe he did make the right decision. He’s got something to prove at the very least. He didn’t leave his bike behind for nothing.

I’ll do it in three years, I know I will. Nothing or no one is going to stop me.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Despite the rush off other memories “” this one lingers the most.

Blue eyes. Epic words. Best friends.

Bones.

And then everything turned dark once more.

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Chapter 12 by vampiric_mcd

When he woke up again, Jim knew that he was in the Enterprise's sickbay. Nothing physically hurt anymore, but there was a yawning abyss inside of him. And Jim didn't need anyone to tell him to know what had happened.

He'd lost the baby.

He opened his eyes and found Bones sitting beside him, clutching his hand. His best friend looked tired and sad. Once he realised that Jim was awake, he squeezed his hand.

"I'm so very sorry Jim."

Jim closed his eyes and a tear slid down the side of his face.

*_**

He woke up again, not really sure when he'd fallen asleep. When he opened his eyes, he found Spock sitting beside his bed this time. He wasn't holding Jim's hand though, because both his hands were cradling something far more precious. Jim's heart thudded painfully in his chest.

A perfectly bundled baby was held so very tenderly by his husband and Jim's breath caught and tears welled up immediately. He sat up "propped by the pillows" ignoring the groggy feeling. Spock raised his gaze to meet his and Jim could see the grief there. He wondered how they were ever going to make it through this. If anyone truly could. If anyone wanted to.

Spock stood and carefully placed the baby into his arms. Jim cradled the baby gently and opened the cloth. He stared for a moment. Such perfection lost. How cruel could fate be. They were so close. He traced the high cheekbones softly and fingered the pointy ears. The baby's skin was smooth and pale and cold. Far too cold. Jim's breath hitched. He counted fingers and toes and found ten of each. Perfect. He gently rested the pads of his fingers against forevermore closed eyelids and wondered.

"They were blue." Spock whispered brokenly.

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Chapter 13 by vampiric_mcd

Several days later

There were many rites that were appropriate for an event like this. But Jim didn't want it to turn into a circus like everything else had in the last few years "not this. He couldn't and wouldn't bear it. He had merely looked at Vulcan members of the high council as they had all but infiltrated his quarters with Spock, trying to logically persuade them to adhere to protocol. They had all fallen silent one by one and left "Jim merely watching them. The Vulcan rites had been performed in absence of any crowd.

And now, here, there were only a handful of people present. The upper echelon of the Vulcan high council had remained "which included Sarek who was of course accompanied by a pale faced as well as silent Bones. Jim spared a thought for Bones' girl, but didn't move to say anything. Just as Bones hadn't said anything when entering the room. There wasn't anything

anyone could say to make it better. It wouldn't be all right " not for a long time " maybe not ever. Sulu, Scotty, Chekov and their mates were present as well. Finally Spock, George and Jim himself were there " as well as a small white casket.

George didn't really grasp the significance and implications of it all " beyond Jim being empty and alone in his own skin again " only without any sibling to show for it. So maybe George did understand it. Jim watched as his son clutched Jim's leg, with Spock's hand resting on his shoulder " giving visible comfort. Jim's eyes met Spock's gaze and he wondered how anyone could say a Vulcan didn't feel. Those dark eyes were filled with anguish and loss. Jim felt so very tired. A movement caused his eyes to leave Spock's and focus on the proceedings.

Bones stepped forward " clad in a black ensemble " holding an actual book version of the Bible. The book itself was old and seemingly dusty " though Jim knew that Bones would have been nothing but careful with it. He wondered where Bones got it from. There hadn't been a lot of books left on star ships " most of them that were left still to be found in the colonies. Most of their history " culture " literature was thankfully saved through databases. Using databases at times like these seemed wrong. It seemed cold " much colder than an actual book. He would have to thank Bones for his insight. He wasn't the religious type " but he did appreciate it.

Bones opened the book and cleared his throat.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

And Jim closed his eyes, his hand coming to rest on smooth wood. And he wondered what this one could have been like. He wondered who this child could have been. Another little version of Spock " or more like Jim himself " or perhaps a beautiful mix like George " or just someone unique. One hand came to rest on top of Spock's " on George's shoulder. His other hand remained slightly splayed on the wood and his breath hitched for a moment. He could wonder all he wanted to " but the potential wasn't there anymore. And it hurt more than anything he had ever faced. Jim didn't know if he was strong enough for this " but he had to try. He had a son and a husband and people that depended on him that he owed it to. But it already felt like the hardest thing he had ever done.

As Bones finished and stepped back " Sarek's arm automatically coming up around him " traditional earth music echoed hauntingly throughout the room. George sniffled slightly and Jim reached down to pick him up. Both legs wrapped themselves securely around his waist, as George rested his head against Jim's shoulder. Spock moved behind them and brought one arm around Jim's waist and the other around George. Jim ignored everyone but his son and husband " his eyes on that smooth surface. It was possible he might never stand the sight of polished white wood again. Such potential " such love " all snuffed out without a chance to even truly make a claim on this life " harsh though it might be.

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now, I see."

And Jim wondered.

The End.

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