

Homecoming

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Homecoming

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Winona waits for Jim to return to Earth after the Narada.

Notes

Written for reeby10 in the 2015 Everywoman exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

Winona wraps her arms around herself as she waits. According to the boards, the shuttle from the *Enterprise* should be arriving any minute now. Her fingers dig into her arms as she imagines seeing her son again, after everything that's happened. She wants so badly to just hold him, to take him into her arms and never let go.

She'd be lying if she said this is what she wanted for him. She still remembers that night three years ago, when he came home and told her he was joining Starfleet. Remembers how her heart sank and she pleaded with him not to go, to reconsider. Looking back she supposes he wanted her to be proud of him, but back then the only thought in her mind was of him dying out in space, just like George. That night ended with her in tears and him storming out, never to return.

All she's ever wanted is to protect him, and instead she ended up driving him away.

She is brought out of her thoughts by a voice. "Winona Kirk?"

She looks up. "Yes?" The man who has spoken is an elderly Vulcan, and her heart clenches as she remembers the images on the newsfeeds. "I'm sorry, have we met?"

If he weren't a Vulcan she'd swear he was amused by the question. "Not exactly. I am acquainted with your son."

Her heart speeds up. "You know Jim? Have you seen him? Is he okay?"

"I'm afraid I know little more than you do," the Vulcan replies. "However, I will say he seemed well the last time I saw him."

"Well, that's something," Winona mutters. She rubs her arms and adds, "How do you know him, anyway?"

He tilts his head as if considering. "It is... complicated."

She has to laugh at that. "Sounds like Jim."

The Vulcan is silent for a moment, before saying quietly, "He is a rather... extraordinary young man. Much like his father."

Winona's breath catches in her throat. "You knew George?"

"Briefly." He meets her eyes solemnly. "He was a good man."

Winona takes a deep breath, forcing down the ache in her chest. The pain of George's death has lessened over the years, but she isn't sure it'll ever be fully gone.

"Yes," she says. "He was."

The Vulcan's attention strays to the doorway where the *Enterprise* crew will emerge. She follows his gaze and sees that it's beginning to open.

"I should go," he says, and she turns back to look at him.

"You're not going to stay to greet them?"

He shakes his head. "I cannot. But it was... nice to meet you."

"You too," she says. He goes to leave, and she frowns as something occurs to her. "I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name."

He pauses briefly, studying her. "Spock," he says finally, then holds up his hand in a Vulcan salute. "Farewell, Winona Kirk."

She raises her own hand in reply, and he turns and walks away.

Winona watches for a few seconds, before her attention is caught by figures appearing in the doorway. The foremost figure is dressed in gold, a black duffle bag slung over one shoulder, and Winona's heart begins to pound. She watches as her son turns to the man beside him – dark hair, dressed in blue – and says something that causes him to laugh and the man in blue to scowl.

Jim raises his head, looking out over the crowd, and Winona manages a tentative smile as their eyes meet. A look of shock crosses his face, and his steps speed up until he is standing before her. "Mom?"

She doesn't know which of them moves first, but then he is in her arms, both of them clinging tightly. "I got him, Mom," he mumbles into her shoulder. "The guy who killed Dad. He's dead."

"I know," she says, fighting back tears. "He'd be proud of you. *I'm* proud of you." She loses the battle, and the tears spill down her cheeks. "Oh, Jimmy, I'm so sorry."

He pulls back enough to give her a wan smile, his own eyes wet. "It's okay, Mom. You were just trying to protect me. I get that now."

Out of the corner of her eye Winona can see friends and family of the *Enterprise* crew reuniting with one another. Even in the midst of tragedy, life goes on. It gives her hope.

She smiles back, rubbing at her eyes with her sleeve. "I missed you."

"Me too," Jim says softly.

He glances over his shoulder, then all around them. "I'd introduce you to my friends, but I guess they've gone." With a shrug, he sets off towards the exit, and Winona falls into step beside him.

"You can introduce me later," she suggests. She'd like to meet Jim's friends. There's so much she doesn't know about his life these past few years. She remembers the Vulcan from earlier and adds, "I think I already met one, actually. Said his name was Spock? Though how you became friends with a Vulcan at least five times your age is a mystery to me."

Jim stops walking for a moment, then shakes his head with a laugh and continues. "Trust me, it's a mystery to me too."

He doesn't seem inclined to say more, and she doesn't want to push it. She'll find out about this "Spock" eventually, she's sure.

Jim's safe, and he's here, and for now that's enough.

"So," she says, squeezing his arm. "Rumour has it you saved the world. Tell me everything."

Jim shrugs, but from the look in his eyes he's been waiting for her to ask. "Well, it started when I took the Kobayashi Maru test for the third time..."

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