

**Five times people caught a glimpse of James Kirk's tattoo and one time it was seen entirely**  
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## **Five times people caught a glimpse of James Kirk's tattoo and one time it was seen entirely**

by [Prue84](#)

### Summary

Five times people caught a glimpse of James Kirk's tattoo and one time it was seen entirely, the title says it all!

### Notes

Fanfiction betaed by lovely [Spockalicious](#) over at Livejournal.

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Despite being posted on my Livejournal on April 2012, the shot was originally written somewhere around December 2010. It had sat on my PC for quite some time initially because in December I tried to find a beta who, after many months of waiting, I understood she'd vanished on me.

Spockalicious offered herself when I hunted for a beta again in 2012 and, after lingering additional two months on my PC, finally I posted this fic. I'm the worst, I know.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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### **1. Gaila**

The boy is hot and shameless despite his human heritage, but Gaila knows that every species has individuals more open to sex, even in the more puritan societies. She is grateful she has found an open minded Earth man.

Amongst the cadets he is renowned for being a slut, womanizer and whore, but he hasn't had as many lovers as his reputation gives him; she is one of the few since the start of the third year to be able to put her hands on the golden boy. She isn't going to let him go very soon.

She notices the familiar dark, faded black sign poking out of the white boxers he is wearing; some kind of a coil shape circling the quadriceps but she can't give it proper attention because, as usual, he is already at work and...

Holy Mother, he's got a fucking *very talented* tongue and he knows how to use it!

As usual, she eventually forgets everything apart from her clit.

### **2. Nyota Uhura**

When James Kirk, of all people, peers out from under Gaila's bed, she sees red. The hick has the *gall* to stick with her *soon dead* roommate in their *no boys allowed* room!

She barks at him, ordering the insufferable guy *to leave*. She had the misfortune to meet him three years before in a bar to then find him in the recruit shuttle – what the hell? Was he stalking her and hoping to make her have a breakdown?

He appears ready to comply, though not so eagerly, and Nyota manages to send him to the door in bare feet with his clothes between his hands.

On the threshold, before he turns to say something she doesn't even bother to listen, she notices some type of tattoo on the back of his right thigh like a detailed fantasy tail almost all covered by the loose slips he wears. Before she can insult herself for "checking out" James Kirk – even if distractedly – she spares a moment for curiosity.

When he opens those lips again to be all suave and flatter her about her transmission interception, she forgets everything and shuts the door in his face. Hard.

### 3. Leonard H. McCoy

Jim is as obnoxious as ever when he jumps into Sickbay.

He has the same playful mood of a bored cat in search of a new master to bother and the very idea of having to suffer half an hour with the kid stuck there kind of makes Leonard feel the need to drink. Heavy.

Truth to be told, Jim doesn't whine as usual. He gingerly undresses to then hops on the biobed with the eagerness of a four year old brat who had just discovered that his doctor was cool. Which is creepy, by the way.

Off course Leonard doesn't listen to most of the stuff that leaves that indecent mouth during the tests nor does he let the Captain involve him in the kind of crazy shit the kid plots when there isn't a crisis up and running. The part of the checkup when he can stab the chatting parrot with some good hypospray and hears their fearless leader whine like an old lady is what he's looked forward every minute of his life since James Kirk entered his existence.

When Jim is free to dress again, Leonard is already wishing he could sneak away from the inevitable followup visit to take out his stash and whine aloud about his life in space; his ears are hurting and his brain's probably leaking because of too much bullshit hitting it in the last twenty something minutes.

So, when Jim turns his back to him and jumps here and there attempting to wear his pants without actually taking the proper time and equilibrium to do it successfully – claiming he has to run to harass their resident Vulcan on something – Leonard doesn't spare a glance at the fucking tattoo. He wonders all the time how Jim has been able to make it without dying from an allergy to the ink or something...

The kid would probably *beam* if some attention was given to a part of his body too near his ass; Leonard isn't eager to have the idiot going around with the King of Smug Grins plastered on his face.

### 4. Montgomery Scott

The place is filled with people half naked rubbing against each other with the music tempo. The beer is strangely good and the whisky decent, so Montgomery's not complaining, plus the company of the other senior officers at ease is pleasing; even Mr. Spock is a little bit loosened up, and that's a miracle to start with.

It's their first, well-deserved shore leave, and he personally intends to get boozed and perhaps find a willing lass to 'polish his warp core', so to speak.

Uhura, their sexy Communication Officer, is dancing with the Captain in what could be judged as probably the most luscious, publicly-safe way from here to Romulus, not giving a fuck about being too high on alcohol – the both of them, actually – and dressed in way too little for being the same Uhura who always swore aloud she would have never fallen for Kirk's *dubious* charms.

They move sinuously following the music, not bothered at all when their skin touches, her top exposing her beautiful, perfect curves and his arms left naked by the sleeveless black tight shirt.

They were a sight.

His eyes – like the gaze of everyone sitting at their senior officer's table, including Mr. Spock's strange, very territorial one – never leaves Nyota and the Captain, not even when they stop and reach the table laughing, thirsty and sweaty but still hot as two fucking celebrities.

When a blue-skinned girl approaches and leans over their fearless leader to murmur something against his ear, Montgomery already knows how it's going to end. After a chuckled comment from Kirk, she manages to steal him: the lad had got his lay.

It's when the Captain turns, his arm already on the girl's shoulder, that Montgomery sees the black ink on the pale skin where the material of the shirt had rolled up away from the band on the trousers. A... horn?

So... it seems the Captain has a tattoo in a very intimate place, judging by the spot where the ink started. Tattooing the butt wasn't to his tastes, especially a nice one like James Kirk's, but he guesses their Captain could even fill his whole lower body with elaborate things or girly flowers and still be the ladies' man he is.

### 5. Hikaru Sulu

The Captain is a total hellion on the mat and Hikaru's shoulder hurts as proof of the point.

Though James Kirk isn't made for the noble art of fencing – some ugly scratches during brief-lived practicing lessons are proof – it is however more than satisfying to engage in a routine, weekly sparring session with their brash Captain.

He wonders again which genius was behind the decision to provide officers aboard spaceships with tight pants – well, *tights* – instead of loose pants for physical recreational time in the gym.

The Captain's naked chest glistens from sweat and the pants hanging off his hips are distracting and always manage to make Hikaru lose concentration that leads to his ass being totally and very thoroughly handed to him.

As he turns to leave, Kirk doesn't bother to fix the pants that hang to his hips, probably thanks to some kind of magic. Hikaru's eyes are immediately drawn to that spot under the kidneys where black ink forms an upside down “v” shaped tattoo. Maybe, if he were lucky, this would finally be the time to see more...

The black standard briefs cover the pale skin and he can't help but cringe a little at that conjure. He is curious and he wants to know what kind of tattoo Kirk hides under the boxers but he can't really go and ask his Captain what's tattooed on his butt! He'd probably be kicked to brig for that!

He must acknowledge that the only way to discovery would be to invite Kirk for some *physical release* in bed, but he has already decided he likes his life as it is so he is never going to hit on the Captain. Both he and Kirk are professionals and it could drop awkward levels to zero the day after, but he doesn't want to piss Commander Spock off either by *daring* to bed Kirk; they all remember what happened the last time their Commander lost it and it's the same time their Captain had discovered the displeasure of asphyxiation at the hands of a pissed off Vulcan on the navigation console.

Kirk vanishes, heading to his quarters for a shower, and Hikaru can't help but sigh. The next week he *will manage* to undress the Captain a little during their sparring! He's sure the next time would be the right one!

## + 1. Spock

Jim is very pleasing to the eye, the casual gray shirt morbidly brings out the shape of a muscular chest and the familiar loose black pants sit low on the hips. Truth be told, the desk is in the way, but Spock is sure the Captain is wearing those particular pants as is usual when spending free time at his quarters.

Jim had invited him to enter and he had obliged, taking a place on the opposite side of the desk and sitting somewhat stiffly. The very presence of his friend, in that moment temporarily divested of signs of rank for some off duty deserved rest, was unsettling. Being near the human for most of his waking hours tired his control and lengthened the duration of the meditation sessions he needed to function at his maximum efficiency.

“Boring...” Jim sets aside the PADD with a characteristic swift of the wrist, “I was reading Lieutenant Shawn's report about the ion storm on Lan II. Glad you saved me, man.”

He allows a brow to arch at those words, unable to decide if he should be amused by the childish behavior his friend displays or express disapproval and reprimand the Captain for the lack of professionalism shown in that moment.

“So... What can I do for you?” asks Jim, lying back on the chair and looking utterly at ease and relaxed.

Spock considers some possibilities for the question; they all linger at the back of his head but he is used to brushing them away. It is *necessary* to avoid anything inadvertently slipping out of his lips, *mandatory*. It is neither professional nor proper for a First Officer, indeed ethically correct as a friend, to reply by stating he would like to start a romantic, monogamous relationship with his direct superior and, worse and even more shameful, that he was more than willing to have sexual intercourse even if not engaged.

“I would be amenable to a game of chess, Jim.” he replies quietly, able to not let the inner conflict show on his expression.

He sees an amused smile illuminate the mesmerizing blue human eyes – it is illogical, Jim should not be able to smile with his eyes – as pink lips bend in the shadow of a grin.

“Are you really eager to have your ass kicked, Spock?” One of the Captain's many alluring traits make its appearance: the usual glint of challenge.

“It is illogical to be ‘eager’ to be kicked as being kicked is not pleasing in the first place.” His voice sounds as blank as ever but his lips twitch conveying a little of his own amusement at the game. “Furthermore, as your winning rate is 49.02%, I fail to see why you should be so much confident in a victory. “

Jim leans forward, a mischievous light in his orbs.

“If I didn't know you, I'd swear you are sure you'll be able to kick *my* ass this time.”

He arches a brow at those words, his mind again reeling without the proper control a Vulcan should have. He would gladly perform very different actions on the Captain's refined rear; none of them consisted using his feet to strike it.

An “illogical.” leaves his lips as an automatic reply.

The more Jim talks about the fine parts of his well-toned body the more Spock feels uneasy. The reason was not because of the emotions the talking elicited – he had already dealt with them and came to terms with his unrequited and dangerous attraction for the Captain – but instead because he was aware he was imagining shameful things in front of the unaware object of his desires.

Spock watches his Captain rise and as his friend moves to the replicator to produce them both a drink, Spock peers at the firm, rounded bottom covered by the loose pants and he speaks before processing the words.

“There are many aboard the ship who would like to ‘peek under your pants’, as humans say.”

Jim turns abruptly, mouth slightly opened in a surprised ‘o’ and shocked, wide eyes. Only after witnessing that reaction, Spock processes what he had said and warmth promptly rises in his face to the very tips of his ears.

“Did you... Did you just say what I heard, Spock?” enquires a dumbstruck Captain. He has no choice but to save what he can whilst attempting not to make Jim suspicious – because if his friend started ‘smelling that something was off’, he would have eventually discovered all.

Spock braces himself, imperceptibly straightens and ensures his placid, detached mask is firmly in place.

“Does your hearing fail you, Captain? I would suggest a visit to doctor McCoy to make su–”

“You didn’t mean what you said, right?” Jim gazes at him with an unusual serious look, as if he *dares* him to say yes. Before he can process a reply, the human speaks again.

“Shouldn’t I be off-limits with my being the Captain and all that jazz?” asks his friend, genuinely confused, “and why are you even telling me that my officers want to get in my pants, by the way? Isn’t it barbarian when *you know* I haven’t had any since last shore leave?” The Captain’s voice in the end lowers and becomes a whine. He ensures not to point it out.

Spock considers the idea of others aboard the ship lusting over someone he couldn’t hope to have himself and feels jealousy rise in him. Part of him, however, is pleased that his friend had not had engaged in sexual congress in 1.15 months.

“I have not suggested they desire sexual intercourse, though some could be.” Spock doesn’t feel the need to specify he was the first among them. “I have only stated there could be a certain curiosity in your naked form.”

Jim blinks twice, surely torn between the shock of hearing his Vulcan First Officer talking about such things and the news itself.

“And you know this *how*?”

To reply he was one of these officers would have been detrimental for both their working and personal relationship, Spock decides, so he searches for a more detached answer.

“There are rumors about the presence of an inked drawing on your lower back.” he barely moves his head, forcing his gaze straight to not let his eyes wander lower than his friend’s shocked face. “Officers are becoming more and more curious of discovering if the rumors are true and what you could have drawn on your skin.”

Of this he is certain, he had noticed with his own eyes how Lieutenant Sulu *shamelessly* ‘checked out’ the Captain’s lower back after their usual sparring hour in the gym.

From the strict First Officer’s point of view, having a senior officer keeping such a secret endangered both the discipline and the professional behavior required from every officer on the ship, from the Ensign working in botany lab to the very head of the command chain. It was inexcusable for the Executive Officer to have certain distracting thoughts during duty, and only having the Vulcan ability to perform tasks simultaneously allowed him to not fail his job on the bridge.

From a more practical point of view, it would have been logical for the Captain to simply indulge his crew and tell them if and what tattoo he hid under the clothes, so everyone could get back to their duty.

“Spock...”

His own name spoken diverted his attention from such thoughts. His friend scratched his head, incredulity all over his face, “are you saying they’re, I don’t know, gambling on my tattoo?”

The tone implies the question is actually a joke and Spock doesn’t want to further embarrass his Captain.

“I would rather not answer...” he manages to reply. Not the truth, but not a blatant lie either: it is just the best he can say without compromising himself.

“Oh God...” Jim is back on his chair, “I can’t believe it. My crew plotting to see my naked butt. For a fucking tattoo!” He watches the Captain lean on the desk, as if deprived of all his strength.

“Pike will laugh his ass off when he’ll find out...”

Spock permits his friend to grumble to himself for a spare minute. This allows him time to secure control over his thoughts, dangerously

enticed by the hand trailing in golden hair not very far from him: he could see the lines of the knuckles.

"I admit I am curious myself..." he finds himself saying before he can even process what he is *exactly* saying. Suddenly he finds the room's temperature has increased to the point he considers it uncomfortable. Illogical, his body should be used to the extremes of Vulcan climate.

He considers the possibility of excusing himself and leaving but his Captain's head snaps up, his face an unreadable mask, and two blue orbs on Spock, reading him.

A moment later his friend's features relax visibly and the shadow of an amused smile makes its way onto the pink lips; a smile every sentient being should fear, usually, as it meant its owner was having the most illogical, dangerous *bad idea* ever conceived.

"Mr. Spock... Have you just not so subtly asked to have me naked?" The teasing tone does not fool him. He is going to quickly negate and—every sentient, coherent thought leaves his mind altogether as Jim rises from the chair, turns his back to him and, without so much as a shrug, lowers his pants and briefs, showing his naked form in all its glory.

He feels his eyes ready to leave their socket and his whole body is blocked, his muscles momentarily not able to communicate with his brain. Jim was in front of him, less than two meters between them, with his rear naked and exposed. In front of him. Very near his person. *Very dangerously* near his person.

His gaze roams, somewhat hungrily, over the revealed skin, taking in every line, every curve and even every little imperfection to be stored and fondly conserved in the memory for later. He barely registers Jim speaking about "those idiotic things you do when you hit eighteen" and explaining "never had the reason to really have it erased with laser" because, as far as Jim was concerned, he was actually more interested in the "what" than the "when" and "why".

Only after what seems like minutes, but his inner clock deems as 2.2 seconds, he fixes his attention on the main and only reason of the whole discussion.

Black faded ink. An elaborate tail on the back of the right thigh. The coil vanishing on the inner side of the quadriceps to then reappear on the other side, probably encircling the back of the leg. The sign of scales of a reptilian, and the body – provided of a row of dorsal spines – of what appeared to be an animal lasciviously climbing the right gluteus maximus, a paw with long claws set in the very center of the round muscle. The animal took shape on the upper part of the human's bottom, the body curving on the pink skin, the two forepaws covering part of the left cheek. The muzzle of what appeared to be a mythical animal of Earth's legends, a dragon without wings part of to eastern folklore, was resting on the lower part of the back and, immediately under the two back dimples, sharp teeth bared and a pair of whiskers swayed on the skin. On the very top of the tattoo there were the horns of the creature, the only part some mischievous officers and the entirety of the ship's senior crew had been able to catch a glimpse of.

So... This was the tattoo all were talking about. A tattoo covering half of his friend's *refined* bottom. The same refined bottom that had been shown by a James Kirk overly comfortable for someone who had just divested to let their First Officer examine an ink drawing on an intimate part of their body. If a part of him didn't like the idea of Jim being so open to shred his clothes in front of others, while another was pointing out that it was likely that the Captain deemed his second in command the only whom the human trusted in for such a gesture, he didn't mind. He was more interested in keeping his eyes firmly on the pale skin offered to him.

Too soon for his liking, his friend is covering his body again, removing such pleasing curves from sight and he barely manages to not whimper for being deprived of such show.

Then Jim turns, on his face a shadow of a grin that conveys how much amusement the man was feeling at the moment. Words didn't need to be spoken to know that the expression may as well be read as a "happy now?".

Spock is *far* from "happy"...

"I'd appreciate it if you did not take off your garments in front of other officers, Jim." He barely manages to find the control necessary not to hiss the words and keep his voice devoid of jealousy as best he can. "I'd prefer it if you did not showed this 'tattoo' to others."

Immediately blue eyes raise, piqued. And he knows he is defeated: there is the same teasing smile Jim gives him before checkmate.

"Jealous, Mr. Spock?"

Checkmate in two...

"I am merely stating that it would be illogically counterproductive for a Captain to show his naked form to his officers." Spock is aware he is engaging in the action of 'clutching at straws' but he cannot admit he is plagued by an emotion unfitting for a Vulcan – jealousy.

"Not to put you off, but I just showed the tattoo to one of my officers..." points out Jim, his smile widening further. "So..." the human then coquettes, not the least believing Spock's lie, "Nothing against showing it to people not part of the ship's crew then?"

Spock's brows raise and the bubble of jealousy boils in him. He is Vulcan, he prides himself for following Surak's teachings and employing control. But even the most diligent Vulcans have a break point, and he is far from perfect in restraining himself.

"I would rather you did not." he replies deadpan, not bothering to search for reasons about Starfleet officers decorum and the like.

Jim takes a pensive stance. Nothing good can come from such behavior...

“So basically, and correct me if I’m wrong, that’s the Spockian for ‘show it only to me from this time on’...?”

Checkmate. His king is utterly captured.

“Yes...” Spock admits at last, his voice clipped and lips tight in a hard line. He isn’t able to predict his friend’s reaction – as humans tend not to follow any logical pattern, particularly this one – so he waits.

“Well, Mr. Spock... If you wanted to get in my pants you just had to tell.” He stiffens at those words, but the Captain does not let him reply. “I will consider your suggestion...”

“Captain–”

”*Jim,*” comes the usual correction. “In the meantime we can work out the basics of getting together and making out.”

Spock blinks, shocked by the unexpected turn of events. In front of him Jim appears far too sure of himself, lips bent in a grin and innocence all over his face. He wonders... has he just been ‘bullied into’ a romantic relationship?

“But now, since you’ve been a naughty boy, you will read this report as punishment” a PADD is shown his way, “and then it will be *your job* to hush the rumor mill.”

He wants to complain, to point out how much the line is illogical, but he eventually decides it is a futile waste of time and resources; he instead relaxes a bit on the chair, takes the PADD in his hand. The Captain, Jim, has another similar device in front of him and Spock can enjoy the warm silence of sitting at his friend’s – and self proclaimed mate’s – desk, checking on reports and spending quite time together.

All of this started with a tattoo...

## End Notes

Originally posted on Livejournal on the date **19 April 2012**.

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