

You could be happy

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You could be happy

by [Prue84](#)

Summary

“It’s over, he thinks as one, single tear makes its way down his right cheek.”

Notes

This was the first Star Trek fanfiction I managed to end and be able to publish. It was written for [MedicatedManiac](#)’s art “You could be happy”, from where the title comes from. The art was originally located [here](#), but the author had deleted it so you can only read the comments at the archived page.

I should have it on my desktop but I won’t upload it anywhere, as the author surely had her reasons for delete it and I have to respect her decision.

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

It’s over, he thinks as one, single tear makes its way down his right cheek.

He hears the cracking of the screen, unable to withstand the strength of a Vulcan, and he’d cringe at the irony of the fact that the only times Spock lets himself go... that the only emotion he does show is anger, but his heart feels shattered and tired and *empty* and nothing matters anymore. He’s just numb and alone like never before.

He should feel hatred, he should be angry, he should... he should but he doesn’t.

He knows it isn’t Spock’s fault because, in the end, he’d never ask Spock to change as much as he’d never stop to leap without thinking and put himself in front of every danger just to protect his crew, no matter how many times Spock would ask him not to do so, so that’s all a moot point.

Nothing can set things right, nothing can fix *this*. Too little, too late.

This thing they have is rooted, doomed to break: better stop it, put an end to it before seeing it dying.

They have kept falling apart since the start, too clingy him, too detached Spock. But how it hurts to know he isn’t strong enough to accept Spock as he is, to cope with Vulcans’ way of relating with affection, to put love above else, to let it win and everything else be fucked.

But he needs more, something that Spock isn’t able or isn’t willing to give, and that’s the point, right? Both of them need something the other can’t give, Spock patience and he gestures. One needing slow pace, the other always forging ahead, a little but steady light against the brightest flame burning down everything.

He cannot fix it, he can’t pull the ace from his sleeve this time, he can’t bullshit his way and win. No thinking outside the box, no getting around the rules, no cheating. Just the plain, harsh, unforgiving no-win scenario he can’t beat, no matter how much he will kick and swear and... *cry*.

If only he tried to accept, if only Spock allowed himself... If only, if only.

'If only's' cannot save a ship doomed to fall from the start. Autodestruct it before it's too late, before too damage will be done, before everything will blow up with it.

He feels sick of himself and he knows putting an end to *this* won't help.

The hole in his chest hurts.

Will he ever be able to stitch back his heart's pieces?

* * * *

The screen under his fist cracks, tiny chips piercing his sensitive skin. But he feels numb, no pain from the injured hand, nothing.

Only black in front of him and it is perfect, that non-color. Non-color, not fitting in the colors, as him not fitting... fitting nowhere. No planet, no family, no love.

How it is that he keeps failing? Why he is not able to keep the person he cares for? Why is he unable to keep them, why does he stay still as they vanish?

First his mother, and now *Jim*...

His mother, her scared eyes when the rock vanished under her, him only able to watch as she fell with their planet and Jim, whom he never managed to grab from the start, drifting away from him like sand between his fingers, both unable to stay with him, willing to leave him behind, to leave him alone.

Why has he never learnt from his mother's death and his father's words? She never said he loved her, and he failed again with Jim, thinking – deluding himself – that a Vulcan could fulfill a human, that a human could be happy with his lack of emotions.

Jim does not understand, *cannot* understand how it feels to be torn inside, to have two parts that don't mesh together, never, to have two voices within fighting for everything you have to say or do. He cannot understand how a whisper from his human heart cannot win over the thunder of his inner Vulcan. He cannot understand that emotions run deep in a Vulcan, and that's why a Vulcan have to control them, to repress, to be as blank as possible.

Jim needs something else, Jim needs more, needs affection and gestures and sweet words and kisses shared.

He cannot give him them. He hates himself for that.

He wishes he could change to accommodate Jim's needs but he cannot disown his heritage: he is Vulcan, he cannot change, not even to fulfill the person he cares the most in the universe.

That why he is venting his frustration against the screen, not minding the damage to his hand.

Jim knows, Jim understands.

That is the reason why they are one no more.

And he still hates himself for being the sole responsible of their failure. For being the ultimate responsible of those words.

We can't go on like this, Spock... It's over.

End Notes

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