

Adjacent

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by [SLWalker](#)

Summary

(2270) - In another station on the multiversal dial, Scotty brings his otherself home with him.

Notes

Based on at least one layer of AU, maybe more. Makes more sense if you read Dara's Higher Power.

"So, uh-- I'll be bringin' someone home."

Scotty hadn't told him over comms that he was technically bringing home a version of *himself*. It wouldn't have made any difference in Corry's willingness to take in their unexpected guest, but he might've had something more eloquent to say than what he did.

After hugging the stuffing out of Scotty, he'd set his brother back down, wiped off the tears, and smiled apologetically at the newcomer, a sandy-haired, skinny fellow who looked their age. "Sorry, it's been-- awhile since he's been home. Anyway, hi, I'm Andrew Corrigan; mostly I'm Andy, except for when I'm Corry." He offered his hand. "Pick any, I answer to all of 'em."

The man looked tired, and there was something dinging in the back of Cor's mind about his appearance, but then he shook Corry's hand. "Nice tae finally meet yeh. I'm Montgomery Scott. Scotty, most o' the time, though I've answered tae others and that might get confusing."

Corry blinked once, twice, and then just said, *"Holy shit."*

Both Scotts said back, in perfect unison, "Aye, right??"

They had almost the same name, same birthday. Ostensibly the same mother and uncles.

But-- different middle names, appearances, accents. A stranger might think they even had different personalities, and partly that was true, but Corry suspected the differences were narrower than immediately observable.

Though-- he did smile in bemusement when the other Scotty (yeah, this was gonna get confusing) winced when Corry offered him tea in a hand-thrown mug that (his?) Scotty had bartered for back in '48 while he was moonlighting. It had Cor hauling out his great-grandmother's bone china, which made the man's eyes light up; Corry mentally shrugged and sat with his mug, while (not his?) Scotty cradled the teacup with the blue-printed nautical scenes.

"I'm nae sure where tae start, if yeh want me tae start," the man said, ruefully. Honestly, given the scope of it all, Corry wasn't sure either.

"You don't have to," Cor said, sitting across from him. "I mean-- you look beat. If you wanna drink tea and then crash, go for it."

It had been a couple hours since they'd gotten home; after the requisite hugs, introductions, excited teenagers and living arrangements were

sorted, (his) Scotty begged off to get a hot shower and then go to bed. Now, it was late enough that the only two still up were Corry and (the other) Scotty.

"Yer brother brings home some half-baked version of himself, and no curiosity?" the man asked, smiling some. Where (his) Scotty favored their(?) mother, this other Scotty looked a hell of a lot like Clara; no bad thing, but uncanny.

"Oh, I'm practically beside myself, but--" Cor shrugged a little, smiling back. "I wouldn't ask him before he's had time to rest. If you wanna volunteer, that's fine, but I'm not gonna push a tired man when there's tomorrow."

That smile became openly warm, then (not-his) Scotty nodded and rubbed at his brow with one hand. "I'd normally be tellin' yeh some manner o' story, maybe even a good one, but the past couple months-- I'm nae sure how tae feel about any of it yet."

Corry had spent the drive discussing practicalities with this Scotty; specifically pharmacies, medications and local hospitals. His artificial hand, which would need eventual maintenance. That he was from another *universe*. That-- he didn't have any Andrew Corrigan in his universe. It struck Corry as a mixed relief and sorrow: There was no version of him over there to mourn this Scotty.

But there had also been no version of him over there to *protect* this Scotty, either.

"Fortunately," Cor said, "you've got the space to work that out. Our home is yours for as long as you need or want it."

The other Scotty blew a short breath out. "I've heard that before. I dinnae ken how tae believe it."

It yanked on Corry's heart, adjacent to the space that belonged forever to his brother, and he knew in that moment that this Scotty was gonna be his Scotty, too. So, he offered his hand again and said, "I guess you'll just have to stick around and learn, then."

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