

## Abrukhausu magazine

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1159) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1159>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Alternate Original Series</a> , <a href="#">Mirror Universe</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">James T. Kirk (AOS Mirror)/Spock (AOS Mirror)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Spock (AOS Mirror)</a> , <a href="#">James T. Kirk (AOS Mirror)</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-06 Words: 3,080 Chapters: 1/1

## Abrukhausu magazine

by [Prue84](#)

### Summary

In a timeline where Surak reformed the Vulcan society with the concept of dominant and submissive, and where emotional Vulcan warriors are possessive of their bondmates, Spock has to do with a mate as unhinged as James T. Kirk.

They've recently "tied the bond" and they're currently the hottest topic of the Empire. And of Vulcan. The prestigious *Abrukhausu* magazine wants to interview Spock and feature a photo shoot with the Vulcan heir with his illustrious new submissive.

What could possibly go wrong?

### Notes

This fanfic was written in 2015. For some reasons, it was kept on stasis. I forced myself to pull this out of mothballs for January's theme at [Aosrenaissance](#) on Tumblr.

I will never be satisfied, and it's unlikely that holding this back for some more will fix this. So. Whatever. Un'beated.

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

---

"Absolutely not."

Spock was categorical, uncompromising. He considered the matter closed and, as abrukhausu of the couple, his word was law.

Jim wasn't one to meekly obey, never the nepik who willingly submitted control to his dominant mate.

Spock never wanted a passive submissive as lifemate and certainly wouldn't change his mind now but, from time to time, he came to understand why most of his peers searched for total submission from their spouses: it made mated life duller, but also comparatively simpler. A Vulcan's instinctive need to fight to assert dominance on the nepik would suffer, with a compliant nepik eager to please – or scared into complete obedience – but it certainly made it easier to impose any decision. With a mate as undisciplined and independent as his, on the other hand, it always took their spirits to clash in a heated war first, to force his unquestionable choice on Jim. His nepik most of the times shrugged any order off and did the same things he'd been previously forbidden to do anyway, uncaring of the consequences, but, at least today, nothing as similar could happen: what Spock refused to *consider* doing required his presence as well. *Especially* his presence.

This time he wouldn't let a pair of charming blue eyes and sinful lips sway his resolution.

He was prepared to fight.

He was ready.

Jim didn't make him wait much. He was quick to shift his mood from annoying spoiled nepik to talented seducer. Starting from the voice, suggestive and husky.

"Don't tell me you don't want to show everyone else that I'm yours..."

The most predictable of the counterarguments, always the first employed. Play with the natural possessiveness of a abrukhausu. It was one of Jim's favorite game. Spock had expected it. It was no trap he was going to fall into.

“No.”

Jim raised his brow in a challenging question. Requiring Spock to develop the previous statement.

“I do not need to: the bond is official so every single member of this Empire is already aware that you belong to me.”

Jim wore a collar to attest, every moment, that he was claimed. The very existence of a bond between them was renowned, news of their choice to link each other’s minds forever had made it to the headlines, their vacation on Vulcan to partake in the official bonding ceremony was the subject of tabloid’s covers for many weeks. There was no need for redundancy.

“Oh, come on...”

“No. And my decision is final. My *word* is final.”

Spock wasn’t going to repeat himself: he didn’t like to. Especially over matters that annoyed him.

“So you’re really going to do that interview and leave me out?”

There was outrage in Jim’s accusation but both knew that, despite acting was one of Jim’s qualities in which he excelled, the sentiment was fake at best.

“That is what I said.”

Spock knew the challenge had yet to be won so he didn’t delude himself that he had succeeded. He had made this mistake in the past, underestimating his mate’s stubbornness to get what he wanted and his inability to accept defeat, but he prided himself on being able to learn from his mistakes – unlike most of Vulcan abrukhausu – and he now knew one of the most dangerous facets of the force of nature named James Tiberius Kirk: never give up, even in front of a no-win scenario.

Jim had several strings to his bow. And one of Jim traits was that not only he never went down without a fight, but that he never retreated when he was outmatched and aware of his impending defeat. Outside their mated dynamics, this was a feature Spock appreciated and loved; when pointed towards their marital life it was an irritating hassle.

“Is this your last answer?”

“It is.”

“Your loss, Spock. Your loss.”

Jim moved closer, cloaked in a mantle of nonchalance, until their bodies were touching, the warmth of Jim’s higher temperature body seeping through Spock’s clothes, his enticing smell titillating his nostrils.

Jim’s arms went around Spock’s neck, skin against skin. The tang of hormones was intoxicating. Spock abrukhausu resolution faltered whenever Jim opted for this approach: a seductive nepik, with skills as advanced and honed as Jim’s, could not be resisted. Ko’mekh-il T’Pau’s words echoed in his mind: “the nepik is the true holder of the power within a family, if they only choose to embrace their inner power over the abrukhausu”.

Spock already knew that it was just a matter of time before he was overpowered, before he would surrender.

Lips brushed his ear, warm breath made the tip burn.

“Because if you agreed, then I’d...”

\*\*

At the time it felt right to agree with Jim and accept to change his mind on the prospect of his mate’s luring promise but, now that his head was clear and nepik pheromones weren’t clouding his judgment, Spock had to admit he made a mistake. A terrible mistake that he was going to pay dearly.

Not only he had to suffer through the sensation of the hands of a stranger on his scalp in an attempt to give him a so-called fashion touch that would agree with the photographer, for the embarrassment of his warrior self, but he was also forced to waste time on his looks. Vulcan warriors didn’t like to waste time on their looks: they were made for action, for combat, to conquer or to defend, not for appearance. *That* was the duty of a trophy nepik.

He was an abrukhausu.

A woman was applying the final touches to his hair. He didn’t care for what look she was trying to achieve, he didn’t care for the fingers carding through his locks. His attention was captured by something else. His territoriality was stirred by something else. His *aggressive* territoriality, nonetheless.

His eyes, like the one of a bird of prey, met the sensual body of his mate, only a layer of cotton covering his luring skin and a belt to keep the robe closed.

Soon that item would fall on the floor and with it every modesty. And with it Spock’s control.

His fingers hitched to reach out and tie that loose knot so tight that there would be the need of scissors for Jim to disrobe. His instincts cried to stop this nonsense when he still could and then drag Jim away so to show his nepik who between the two is the dominant. Who is the one

giving orders and who the one meant to obey them.

He didn't move. He accepted, he gave his word; he wasn't going to go back on it, it was too late. His honor demanded that he keep it, even if he didn't like its development.

Another woman was appointed to Jim's looks and was currently combing his mate's thick mane. Her hands flew in quick, skilled movements. She was the epitome of the high-profile hairstylist. If she – or anyone else present – felt a physical attraction of Captain Kirk, it didn't show. Everyone so far had been nothing but professional regarding Jim and his status of claimed nepik, and therefore Spock as his rightful claimer.

Spock's abrukhausu instincts still roared, at unease. For the first time since their private betrothal ceremony held on the USS Enterprise, Jim's neck was naked. *Exposed*. No mark to show that he belonged, that he was not to be courted or teased by others.

Any lingering, fading red spot Spock left him – and he had put much effort the night before to brand the neck with his mouth and teeth for this very appointment – had been covered with a light layer of foundation. *Because of aesthetics*, was the answer to his voiced concern. He hadn't been aware but, according to anyone on the set, red teeth marks didn't look good on a photo. Spock hadn't been of the same mind, as a neck peppered with signs of possession was just a pleasing addiction to the beauty and attractiveness of a nepik, but he had agreed to the masking operation for the sake of a civil collaboration.

And because Jim asked him. It was hard to be resolute and uncompromising every hours of every day, with a mate such as his.

If there was a detail even more irritating than the sight of his mate's neck as immaculate as it was the first time he claimed Jim's body with his own, was the fact that Jim was taking this all as an amusing variation to their bonded life. Something that, in his mind, was meant to spice up their relationship. A change to their routine. A mated life that was varied enough, with no need to spice it up.

From time to time, during their make up and dressing session, his nepik had sent him amused looks, eyes lit with enjoyment mixed with excited challenge. Such a cheekiness, to freely show amusement at his abrukhausu's expenses.

Something Spock intended to exact payment for. Although it filled his heart to see his mate so pleased and cheerful, for once free from the weights of command, it still wasn't a behavior a nepik should not be allowed to display – not outside the privacy of their intimate, private life.

The provoking sparkle in those eyes was... scorching, alighting the flames of Spock's senses.

His everything wanted to take Jim. He wanted to mark him. He wanted his mate to wear his smell, so that everyone would know that Captain Kirk belonged to someone. That Captain Kirk was *property* of S'chn T'gai Spock.

The makeup artist left, followed by her assistants, signaling that everything was ready from their side.

Spock met Jim's eyes. The knot on the belt was still there, hindering the cloth from unfolding like the petals of a flower: any second now fingers would let it loose.

He didn't want to.

He couldn't *allow* it.

He now would let everybody know that he changed his mind and the photographs were going to be picturing only him. The interview was his, the magazine was dedicated to the likes of him, so the excerpt would feature him and him only in the attached pictures.

Jim came to him. Hands found their natural place on his hips. Every sign of amusement had vanished, to be replaced by an affection that his nepik was careful to never show.

“Hey baby.”

It was a soft murmur but, in conjunction with the closeness, was all that Spock needed to calm down: his abrukhausu complaints were still there, lurking within him and awaiting to be soothed and silenced with pleasure reached inside his mate's body, but they were no more overwhelming. Possessiveness was sedated, curled in a corner like a sated snake.

James was his, he *belonged* body and katra. He was not more chocked by the need to *show* it.

Jim immediately answered to the mood change with a small smile, one meant only for him. Mischievousness made his way back to his blue eyes.

His face shifted closer, so the next words would not be heard by anyone else than them. This was private, an instant stolen for themselves.

“Bear with it like the strong alpha abrukhausu you are, and tonight I'll make sure you won't regret it.”

It was an alluring promise, one that Spock looked forward to see Jim kept.

“You better will.”

There was no real threat behind his words, but it was the kind of retort Jim expected: it was part of their daily banter, one that made an excited shiver run down his nepik's back.

After a last lingering glance, blue darkened with lust and expectation for what would happen once back in their rooms, Jim left him and followed the photographer's instructions as to place himself on the chair, how he was meant to sit. He didn't disrobe yet: his nepik was waiting for him to take his place at the table, so to be naked the shortest possible time. It was one of those rare occasions in which Jim showed, with subtle gestures, his love. Jim never had issues with nudity, as his pre-Academy job effectively proved, but he showed regard for his

abrukhausu feelings by remaining clothed to the last moment. It was such an affectionate demonstration of concern that was more worth than a "I love thee".

Spock would make sure to reward this thoughtfulness. After Jim fulfilled his side of the bargain.

Spock finally reached the table and sat on his intended chair. He would be the main focus of the picture, while Jim would be captured from an odd perspective that would hide most of his body. The photographer explained that, thanks to the angle, neither front and back of Jim's nudity would be visible. Spock nodded his agreement.

Both he and Jim received last instructions on what the photographer wanted to capture, their expression, their stances, and then he moved to the camera. Every assistant who wasn't necessary to aid him was ordered to leave.

It was time, then.

Jim was still standing.

His fingers untied the knot.

The robe fell from Jim's shoulders, revealing his sculpted arms and his smooth chest. The tattoo that formalized, black ink on golden skin, his eternal devotion to S'chn T'gai Spock as his slave stood proud.

Spock sense of pride swell every time he saw it, the knowledge that his wonderful mate had, on his own volition and without any prompting, marked himself as property of S'chn T'gai Spock with indelible pigments was source of rightful smugness.

It was unfortunate that the inked Vulcan script wouldn't be captured by the photo to be immortalized on a magazine cover, for every potential suitor to see.

They exchanged a private glance, his nepik searching any sign that could mean indecision or a last change of mind. Unnecessary, but the gesture was more than welcome. Another act of kindness that would be properly rewarded.

A small nod was all Spock needed, to convey his certainty in what they were about to do. He was fine now.

There was nothing to prove because Jim belonged to him, both by law and by heart. Jim had willingly submitted himself, for the time the gods would grant them, and they would forever be one, their katra entwined for eternity. The pictures they were about to shoot would but capture this.

The belt fell from Jim's hands and the robe opened on the rest of Jim's body. An assistant was quick to help him remove it from behind, eyes never once trying to steal a look in deference to Jim's status and Spock's very presence in front of them, always watching. She too was a woman: all the assistants for the shoot were female, since the celebrities with whom they were working were both males and committed in a same-sex bond.

It wasn't a request issued by Spock, to have an all-female crew, but the policy of the magazine, made by and aimed to Vulcans.

Jim took his place and allowed himself a last instant from them only: he reached out and touched the hand that was on the table as per the photographer's request. Not enough to be a Vulcan kiss, to brief to let their emotions mingle through the skin. Just a brushing of pads, but it warmed Spock more than any Human kiss would have.

Then Jim's soft smile vanished, to be replaced by the look of consumed diva that the public could admire on the posters of Captain Kirk that Starfleet released for their yearly recruitment campaign. His nepik knew how to strike a pose, an ability developed since his days as go-go boy, and shamelessly made love with the camera, if he deemed it worth to. It was like watching another Jim replace he caring submissive who had waited for permission before stripping: the one now fixing his left leg's position to show off his sculpted, inked muscles was another. Not a stranger, but just another facet of the complicate katra that was James Kirk.

His nepik would look perfect and gorgeous and unreachable like he had been the first time Spock had seen him, a proud wild le-matya unconcerned by the plenty of hungry eyes undressing him. Untouchable.

Everyone looking at the pictures would see someone who could never be tamed. Someone enticing every instinct to possess in an abrukhausu and to be possessed in a nepik.

Spock was not going to do an injustice to his mate by looking less than perfect as well, an unattainable abrukhausu who was going to be held only by one. He would be the abrukhausu every Vulcan would aspire to be. He would look as the abrukhausu anyone could desire, a dominant that could make other dominants wish to be dominated.

And, especially, an abrukhausu proud of his being the owner of the naked untamed le-matya sitting on the other side of the table.

Because he was. Very much.

They could be anyone they wanted to, nothing holding them, nothing a possessive and protective abrukhausu should fear.

Spock would have last dibs on every photo, in any case: any he would deem inappropriate or too revealing would be deleted with only a copy saved on his personal padd.

He wouldn't expect less, from the professional team that worked for the magazine known as *Abrukhausu*.

\*\*\*

*Abrukhausu, only for the alpha.*

*The magazine for the modern dominant male. Be your sexual preferences leaning toward females, males or in between, this is where you belong.*

*Advices for the young dominant who is about to embark on a life of domination and for the experienced looking to understand better his partners.*

*The best places to buy jewelry to dress your mate or the artisans where you can get the most comfortable collar. The latest trend for the accessory any nepik should own. Fashion designers with their column, to help you pick the right one for every occasion.*

*Our nepik experts answer to your every doubt on bonds and sex as seen by your other half, to help you know how a nepik feels and why their reactions most of the times are confusing and their signals conflicting.*

*Also, interviews with everybody's famous – and not – abrukhausu, coverage on the latest bonds and events that only a true alpha is worth to take part to!*

*Every month, on your padd.*



The two shoots from the magazine insert can be found at Tumblr - just click on the pic above to head to the post.

Definitions from [Vulcan Dictionary](#).

Nepik = submissive; inclined or willing to submit.

Abrukhausu = dominator; a person who dominates.

Originally published on the date **30 January 2023**.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!