

Odds Are

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1165) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1165>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: Alternate Original Series
Relationship:	Andrew "Corry" Corrigan (AOS)/Montgomery "Scotty" Scott (AOS)
Character:	Andrew "Corry" Corrigan (AOS) , Montgomery "Scotty" Scott (AOS)
Additional Tags:	Flirting , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Weekly Challenge: Pets and Companion Animals , Sexual Content
Language:	English
Series:	Part 17 of Stations on the Dial
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-13 Words: 700 Chapters: 1/1

Odds Are

by [SLWalker](#)

Summary

(2240) - It takes a bit of incentive to get a man on a horse. Luckily the salesman is adorable.

Notes

The first of what will hopefully be-- a few >> Christmas presents for Dara. As to whether the companion animal is the horse or Andy is anyone's guess. Anyway, this is based on a very charming AU adjacent to Higher Power where Scotty's father knows about him and is very involved with raising him, leading to a much healthier and happier little Scot. (And one with an equally happy boyfriend, too.)

"Yeh'll be fine, I swear it."

It was hard to deny the salesmanship of the guy trying to get him on a horse, Andy thought. Mostly because Scotty was channeling his most adorable look: Floppy hair shining in the sunlight in some color that could be ginger or blond or light brown, a beaming grin, wearing well-fitted jeans and Doc Martens and a t-shirt Andy had bought him that said *More lobsters, less assholes. A public service announcement from your friends in Maine.* His words were limned in laughter.

Pretty difficult to say no to a pitch delivered by someone so damn cute.

Or, Andy thought, not quite ruefully, *you're crazy about him and that's how you'll end up dead by equine today.*

They'd been dating for a few months, having met when Scotty had taken a rambling drive up the Eastern Seaboard. They'd run into each other purely on happenstance when Scotty had stopped in Damariscotta for a cup of coffee and some snacks at the bookstore, charmed by the downtown, and Andy was in there browsing for a gift; Scotty had sidled over to him, cup of coffee in hand, and had *Serious Opinions* on the book Andy had idly picked up to glance through, which he would find out in short order was written by one of Scotty's academic rivals and was allegedly wrong in so many ways that it was an affront to warp physics.

It had been a little surreal talking to a guy who had authored *whole chapters* of Andy's academy textbooks, but shop talk had vanished almost instantly in favor of flirtation. And one thing led to another, and another, which led to them spending pretty much the rest of that day together. Beyond the fact that Scotty was cute as hell -- and had a great accent -- he seemed to think Andy was worth getting to know better, too. So-- they also spent the next day hanging out. And then the next weekend. And then they were a couple, going from flirting to roaming to making out in the back of the skimmer, and now Scotty wanted him to ride a horse.

It was a beautiful day on a farm not too far north from Hadrian's Wall, with blue sky and huge white clouds dragging shadows over the meadow-slash-pasture. Over behind the garden wall outside of the modest house, Scotty's father and grandparents were having tea and sandwiches and probably snickering over Andy's predicament. In truth, Andy probably would have also been snickering about it, if he wasn't the one in it.

"You say that now, but all it takes is one moment where the horse decides to hate me and kills me stone dead," Andy said, smiling, tentatively petting the big beast's nose.

"I wouldnae let that happen," Scotty answered, giving him a nudge between the shoulders. "Come on, on with yeh. I promise I'll fix the sore spots later."

"Like kissing it better?" Andy couldn't resist asking, a tongue-in-cheek grin sneaking up on him, shimmying his ass as something of an advertisement.

Scotty wasted no time taking the bait. "Kissin' it. Rubbin' it." Scotty leaned out and glanced towards the house, no doubt making sure they were not being watched by his father and grandparents, before pressing up to Andy's back and nuzzling between his shoulders, adding, "Doin' other decidedly naughty things tae it."

"Provided I live, that *does* sound like incentive," Andy said, closing his eyes and sighing out in pleasure for the embrace. The horse's opinion was noted with a snort, but neither of them cared to hear that.

"Yeh'd best believe it," Scotty said, leaning up to kiss the back of Andy's neck before stepping back and swatting him on the ass, more noise than sting, making him jump. "So get a move on."

"Mm. Getting a move on now, aye aye, sir," Andy handed back, cheeky as he could, before taking a bracing breath and moving to mount the horse, even as he was looking forward to a different kind of mounting that might be happening later on.

(Given the way his boyfriend watched his backside as he did, he figured that his odds were pretty good.)

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