

Never and Always

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by [SLWalker](#)

Summary

(2239) - A week is a long time for a seventeen-year old rebel to resist the torture of Starfleet Intelligence, but Scotty has his reasons.

Notes

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There had come a point, he never knew when, where he had realized that he couldn't really feel there was a time before them. Literally, in the most factual sense, he could *remember* that there was a time like that. But it didn't *feel* like it. It felt like, once they were a part of his life, they had always been a part of it.

Would always be a part of it.

Should have always been a part of it.

They were eternal, in his mind; the weight of Joshua asleep on his shoulder as he paced, dead tired, the length of the engine room. It was the only way to get the baby to sleep, to walk with him and let the motion lull him off. Scotty never knew what lengths a human being would be willing to go to in order to try to comfort an inconsolable child before that. Before he had paced, his own head barely held up, back and forth in an endless walk. But the mere idea of putting the baby down and letting him cry was even more unfathomable than walking all night.

And so, he had walked.

Kayla was older, but had a whole different slew of issues. Their parents had been killed; the father immediately, the mother lingering for a few days until her body couldn't fight anymore and shut down. He didn't know either of them; the *Ci Bach* had just been another ship where the babies were transferred in order to get them to an orphanage.

Both babies knew they had lost something, something deep and important and life-long, and both of them had been a mess. Joshua didn't sleep without the warmth and pacing of an adult. Kayla was a wreck; one moment, clinging desperately to whoever showed her a smile and in the next, a mess of tears and fists and heartbreak and anger. Just a little toddler, she reacted to the loss of her parents with all of her heart, no stoicism or reason.

He put up with the fists (she could throw a mean punch, too), and the crying, and when she wanted held, he held her too, picking her up after her tears were exhausted and tucking her into bed.

And despite their heartbreak, even Joshua who was too young to think in words, they slowly came to settle into their new family. Kayla calmed, though she still sometimes had her moments where she lost it; Joshua started smiling again, and even eventually started sleeping somewhere other than on Scotty's shoulder. And even six months after they had appeared in his life, he could never fathom that they hadn't been a part of it before. There was a time. He didn't feel it, though.

They were never and always.

He wondered, in that week before it all ended, if they were all right. And knew that they weren't; that again they had to cope with losing someone they loved. But at least they had Jenna. She was practically their adoptive mother, just like he was practically their adoptive father. She could ease the grief, and soothe them, and be eternal for them.

In the worst moments, where he wanted to give in and let it end, in those moments where he was so hurt that he would have told George Kirk anything to end it, it was the certain knowledge that his family was safe that was the only thing that kept him from it.

The children had Jenna. She would protect them, love them, soothe them. Somewhere, they were all safe, and if he talked, they wouldn't be anymore.

And that was what allowed him to bare his teeth and hold on.

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