

Beyond Repair

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Spock returns from Gol.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 19
Prompt: "Please don't."

Jim Kirk was glad to be back in the chair after so many years stuck behind a desk, but he wished his first few hours back in command weren't spent waiting around for repairs to be completed. But he was back with his crew again— well, most of them, anyway. Scotty was down in Engineering, and Uhura, Chekov, and Sulu were on the bridge. Bones was pissed at him for getting him drafted, but he hoped he would be forgiven for that in time. The only one missing was—

The pneumatic hiss of the doors opened, and Uhura gasped, prompting Jim to turn to see what had surprised her. When he did, he froze, staring at the stern, black robed figure as if he were seeing a ghost.

"Spock," he choked out.

Spock met his eyes only briefly, before turning to Decker at the science station. "Commander, if I may?"

Decker looked at him confused for a moment. "If... Oh!" Understanding, he scrambled out of his chair, making way for Spock at the console.

Spock immediately tapped into the terminal to begin re-balancing the engines, a problem they have been having that prevented them from utilizing full warp capabilities. "I have been monitoring your communications with Starfleet command, Captain. I'm aware of your engine difficulties," he said in a flat, emotionless tone as he worked. "I offer my services as science officer. With all due respect, Commander," he nodded towards Decker.

Jim stared at Spock for a long moment. "I think it would be better to discuss this in my ready room, if you don't mind, Mr Spock," he said in a low, measured tone.

"Of course, Captain," Spock said, seeming unbothered by Jim's cold address.

Jim got up and walked briskly past Spock, leading him to the ready room. Uhura and Sulu exchanged a concerned glance as the two disappeared from the bridge.

The door closed behind them. "What are you doing here, Spock?" Jim asked, without turning around.

"I am here to offer my assistance—"

"Cut the crap, Spock," Jim said angrily, turning to glare sharply at Spock. "What do you mean to do, showing up here again after all these years? Have you purged all your emotions and now you can stand to be around me again, is that it?"

Spock's eyes softened. "I returned because I failed my Kolinahr, Jim," he said, all the steel in his voice suddenly dropped. "I could not purge my feelings for you."

Jim's heart twinged, but it was quickly over powered by vitriol. "Oh. Wonderful. So your plans didn't work out so you've come crawling back to me, then?"

"I made a mistake," Spock admitted. "I should never have left you."

"No," Jim agreed coldly. "You shouldn't have. And you shouldn't have come back, either."

"T'hy'la—"

Jim physically recoiled, as if he had been slapped. "Don't," he spat. He raised a hand to massage his temples, using the motion as an excuse to break eye contact with Spock. "Please don't."

There was a long silence, which Spock eventually broke with a quiet, "I'm sorry."

Jim let out a heavy sigh. "I'll be glad to have someone with your experience on board as my science officer," he decided. "But this—" He gestured at the two of them "—is over, Spock. You destroyed this the day you left, and there's nothing you can do now to fix it. Am I clear, Mr Spock?"

Spock stiffened under Jim's cold gaze. "Perfectly, Captain," he answered, the steel returning to his voice.

"Good. You're dismissed."

Spock turned and glided out of the room. The moment the doors hissed closed again, Jim collapsed into a chair and put his head in his hands, breath fast and shallow, heart thumping in his ears, and tears prickling at his eyes.

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