

The Way Things End

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The Way Things End

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Priorities change, and sometimes this is the way things end.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 25
Prompt: Alt - "I love you."

Nyota felt that something was off when Spock asked that she meet with him in his office. She had only ever visited Spock in his office while on duty, for work-related reasons. While off duty, they met up anywhere else. In one of their quarters, in a rec room, at the arboretum. But never in Spock's office.

She tried to puzzle out the reason for her being summoned. She was off duty, but perhaps Spock needed something from her and knew she wouldn't mind popping up to resolve it. Except she knew Spock wasn't currently on duty, either. Something was definitely off, and she felt an anxious anticipation that she hadn't felt since their first date.

She stopped outside the door to his office and took a deep breath, straightening her uniform and telling herself that everything was fine. She pressed the door chime to request entry before she could chicken out and walk away.

"Enter," Spock's voice said from within, and the door hissed open to admit her.

Posture straight and stiff, she stepped into his office, giving him a smile that she hoped didn't look as nervous as she felt. "You wanted to see me?" She asked.

Spock didn't look up from his hands, which were folded before him on his desk, but he nodded as the door whooshed closed. He gestured to the chair across the desk from him. "Please, sit down," he said, still not meeting her eyes. "There is something I wish to discuss with you."

Nyota sat down, folding her hands in her lap. "What is it?" She asked.

He didn't speak for a long moment, just stared down at his hands as if he were searching for what he wanted to say. With each passing second, Nyota became more and more convinced that something was very wrong.

Finally, he spoke. "Ambassador Spock has died."

Nyota's anxieties immediately ceased, replaced with a horrible melting sadness. "Oh, Spock," she said softly, reaching out to take his hands in hers. "I'm so sorry. That must be so painful. Are you okay?"

Spock didn't answer, but he gently removed his hands from hers. Nyota retracted her hands slowly, placing them back on her lap and feeling a little hurt at the rejection. But Spock probably just needed space. No doubt he was in enough emotional turmoil without her own feelings being thrown into the mix.

"What do you need?" Nyota asked. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

He shook his head, took a breath, and finally looked up at her. Nyota was taken aback. His face was more stony and closed off than it had ever

been over the course of their relationship. Even when his mother had died and his planet had been destroyed, he hadn't shut her out like this.

"Spock," she breathed. "What is it?"

"With the loss of Ambassador Spock, I can no longer be in two places at once," Spock said. "I can no longer neglect my duty to my species." He fell silent again.

"Okay," Nyota said, thinking. "So you want to go to New Vulcan?"

"Indeed."

"Wherever you go, I'll be there for you," she assured him. "If New Vulcan is where you need to be, then we'll make it work."

"New Vulcan would not be suitable for you," Spock said. "It would take you away from your career in Starfleet."

Nyota shook her head. "Spock, that doesn't *matter*—"

"It should," Spock stopped her. He looked her in the eyes, really looked her in the eyes, for the first time that day. "The logical action is to put an end to our relationship. Please understand that continuing this relationship would not be conducive with my duties to my species."

Nyota sat back in her chair, blinking in shock. Spock had called her here to break up with her? She had expected a lot of things, but this wasn't one of them. She was caught completely off guard. Quickly fighting to regain her composure, she gave Spock a shallow smile. "Of course," she said, working hard to keep her voice even. "Of course I understand, Spock."

Spock seemed to relax somewhat. "I do not wish to upset you, or cause you unhappiness, but—"

"No, *no*," Nyota cut him off. Her tone was filled with reassurance, but the reality was that she didn't want to hear it. She said what Spock needed to hear. "Spock, I'm happy to give you whatever you need. And if breaking up is what you need, then I'm fine with that. If you're happy, I'm happy. So don't worry about me. You just focus on what's really important."

"Thank you," Spock said, sounding relieved. "I was worried you would not understand."

"Of course I understand," she said. "Besides, we'd be better as friends anyways."

"I am glad we are on the same page," Spock said, and Nyota felt her heart twist painfully in her chest.

She got up, hoping Spock wouldn't see her trembling. "We'll, I've got to go. I have an appointment..."

"Of course," Spock said. "Don't let me keep you."

She turned towards the door, using her back as shield to hide her face. She was quickly losing her composure. She walked to the door, forcing herself not to run out of the office.

"I love you," she said over her shoulder before she could even think. She cringed at the reflex. "Sorry," she said quickly, and left the office into the open hallway.

When the door closed behind her she closed her eyes and put her hands to her face, breath hitching her throat. Her mind reeled, but surprisingly, her most prominent concern was getting back to her quarters without anyone seeing her. She couldn't hold her tears back any longer, and she couldn't stand to let anyone see her cry. She needed to get back to her quarters. The sooner, the better. So she wiped her face with her sleeves, entered the turbo-lift, and rode it to the deck that housed her quarters. Luckily, she was alone in the turbo-lift. She dabbed at her eyes frequently, as the tears kept coming no matter how much she tried to hold them at bay.

Her worst fear came alive when the turbo-lift doors opened on her deck, revealing Jim Kirk waiting there for the lift. He was looking down at his PADD, and for a split second she thought she could dart past unseen, but he looked up at the sound of the doors opening, and his face immediately turned to concern as he saw her watery eyes and running makeup.

"Hey, what's wrong—"

A sob bubbled in Nyota's throat at the sympathy in his voice, and she bolted from the turbo-lift and down the hall before it could all come out in front of him. She ran the rest of the way to her quarters, lifting a hand in a pathetic attempt to hide her face from a pair of officers she passed in the corridor.

She got to her quarters just in time for her to fall apart. She staggered to her couch as silent sobs wracked her body, and she curled up on the couch, grabbing a throw pillow to hug to her chest. She let herself cry.

It was hard for her not to berate herself for not having seen this coming. She should have known that this relationship wouldn't have worked in the long run. Stars, she even *expected* that it wouldn't work out in the long run. But that didn't mean she wasn't caught totally off guard by the break up. It didn't mean she was any less devastated.

She knew she would be okay. She just wished she could skip the part where she wasn't. When the tears momentarily ran dry, and her sobs ceased enough to let her breathe deep, calming breaths, she took out her PADD and sent a request to Doctor McCoy to take her off the roster for a few days, citing illness. She knew it would take a few days before she was able to face anyone again. Maybe more to be able to face Spock.

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