

More Than a Good Team

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1850) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1850>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: Alternate Original Series
Relationship:	James T. Kirk (AOS)/Spock (AOS)
Character:	James T. Kirk (AOS) , Spock (AOS)
Additional Tags:	Love Confessions
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-10-04 Words: 1,385 Chapters: 1/1

More Than a Good Team

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Jim breaks the news to Spock that he's accepting a promotion that would take him away from both the *Enterprise* and Spock.

Notes

Trektober Day 3
Prompt: "Promotion"

Jim was nervous as he waited for Spock to arrive at his quarters. Despite the fact that he was the one who had invited Spock for a game of chess, this was one meeting he desperately didn't want to have.

His door beeped at him, and he prompted it to open and admit Spock to his quarters. Jim forced a grin.

"Hey, Spock," he said in greeting.

Spock nodded back at him. "Jim." He entered the room easily. After five years of serving together, the two had grown accustomed to being in each others' presences and visiting each others' quarters.

"Have a seat," Jim said, gesturing to a chair as he stepped over to the synthesizer to procure drinks. It took them five years, but they had finally managed to program a decent replica of Spock's favourite variety of Vulcan tea. Jim selected a liquored tea for himself, instead of his regular chamomile. He was going to need the booze, even if it was only synthahol.

He brought the drinks over to the table and as he set them down he saw that Spock was already finished setting up the board.

Jim sat down, and tried to relax. He couldn't remember the last time he felt this tense about having to talk to Spock.

"I see you've given yourself white," Jim said, trying to sound jesting.

Spock raised an eyebrow. "It is my turn," he said, and moved a piece.

Jim made his move, but Spock didn't move to counter. His hands remained wrapped around his cup of tea, warming him. "Something is bothering you," he said after a pensive silence.

Jim stiffened, and tried to hide it with a smile. "What? No," he tried.

Spock just gave him a deadpan look that said 'we have been in each others' hair for five years, I *know* when something is up.'

Jim ignored the look. "It's your move," he said, sipping his tea and willing the synthehol to calm his nerves.

"Jim," Spock said sternly.

Jim sighed and rolled his eyes. "Well, our five year mission is ending in a week, so that probably has something to do with it, Spock," he said, regretting the sarcasm in his voice. He shrugged apologetically. "I'm just going to miss the *Enterprise*, and her crew, and all my friends."

Spock looked at him curiously. "It's only for a few months while the *Enterprise* undergoes a refit," he said. "And we've already been assigned

to her next mission."

"You've been assigned to her next mission," Jim corrected sombrely.

Spock's gaze narrowed and Jim looked down at his cup, unable to meet Spock's accusatory gaze.

"You told me you weren't going to accept that promotion," Spock said coolly, having puzzled together what was going on.

"Yeah, I did," Jim sighed. "But today I was going to tell you that I changed my mind."

"Why?" Spock asked.

Jim was silent for a moment. He didn't have a good answer. Well, he *did* have a good answer, but he wasn't about to tell it to Spock. "I don't know. I think I just need a change," he said instead, even though it was both weak and a lie.

Spock was about to say something, but Jim cut him off.

"I recommended you for captain," he blurted out quickly, desperate to move the conversation away from his reasons for accepting the promotion that would take him away from the *Enterprise*, and away from Spock. "You'd make a great captain, and you deserve command of the *Enterprise*." He chanced a look up at Spock.

The Vulcan's eyes were clouded over with something akin to anger. "I do not wish for my own command," he said. "I am quite comfortable in my current situation."

"Well," Jim said with a sigh, "I guess they can't force you to take a promotion. You'll just be second to another captain, then."

"I also do not wish to serve as second officer to another captain, Jim," Spock said.

Jim's heart twinged. "Nothing can last forever," he said. "You know that."

"Your reasoning for accepting this promotion is illogical," Spock said. He was ready to argue, and it was a fight Jim didn't want to have.

"Look, Spock," he said, rubbing his eyes, which suddenly felt very, very tired. "I have my reasons, I just don't really want to talk about them, okay?"

Spock's gaze was icy. He stood up, abandoning their chess game and half finished tea. "I have paperwork to do," he said, and turned on his heel for the door.

"Spock," Jim called after him, but the only response he got was the door hissing shut. Jim sighed and put his face in his hands.

His real reason for accepting the promotion was that he was falling in love with Spock. Dangerously in love. It was a godsend that this was happening at the end of the five year mission. Any earlier and he would have screwed this up already. His stupid feelings were a threat to the friendship he and Spock had formed over the past five years. A friendship that he valued too much to risk on something as trivial as romantic feelings. But he was getting so... love struck that it was only a matter of time before he slipped up and offended Spock into shutting him out. The promotion, which he did not want, was a way to get himself away from Spock before he did something stupid. It would take the *Enterprise* away from him. It would take Spock away from him. But having that friendship end on good terms was damn important to him.

Unfortunately, judging from Spock's stormy exit, their relationship wasn't going to end on a good note as Jim had hoped. He didn't realize Spock would feel so strongly about Jim leaving.

Jim sighed heavily, got up, and left his quarters. He buzzed Spock's door and was surprised when it opened. He stepped inside.

Spock was sitting at his desk, hunched over a PADD, and didn't look up at him as he entered.

"Hey," Jim said, leaning against the wall as the door shut behind him.

"What is it?" Spock asked, voice still cool.

"We need to talk."

"We just had a talk."

"We need to have a different talk."

Spock sighed and looked up at him. "Which talk would this be?"

Jim paused for a moment, not having an easy way into this conversation. "What are we?"

"What?" Spock asked.

Jim stayed quiet, he knew Spock had heard him. He'd figure it out.

Spock shook his head. "I don't understand—"

"You understand perfectly," Jim interrupted. "What are we, Spock? What am I to you?"

Spock gave him a long, hard look. "I was under the impression that you knew."

"Knew what?" Jim asked. When Spock looked down at his desk instead of answering, Jim pressed. "What was I supposed to know, Spock?"

Spock looked uncomfortable, and seemed to have a hard time finding words. "But I thought you were..."

"*What*, Spock?" Jim insisted, growing frustrated.

But Spock just sat in a fidgety, flustered silence, seemingly unable to say what needed to be said.

His reaction made Jim's frustration melt away. He hadn't ever seen Spock like this, and he felt guilt about being the cause of it. And then something clicked.

Jim walked over to where Spock sat, took him by the arm, and guided him to his feet so they were eye to eye. Jim put his hands on Spock's shoulders, perhaps to comfort him, but perhaps also to keep him from fleeing.

"Spock," Jim said. "We're a good team."

Spock nodded. "Yes. We are."

Jim took a breath. "But we're more than a good team, aren't we?"

"Yes," Spock said quietly. "We are."

Fuck it, Jim thought. His hands slid up Spock's shoulders to caress his face, and he pulled his first officer close. He kissed him with a desperateness that embarrassed him, but that embarrassment washed away when Spock returned the sentiment with the same enthusiasm.

When they broke apart, breathing heavily, Jim untangled himself from Spock's arms and turned for the door.

"Jim," Spock called after him. "Where are you going?"

"I have to call Admiral Nogura," Jim called over his shoulder. "I need to tell him I'm not accepting that promotion after all."

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