## What If We Could

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## What If We Could

by **IDICdreads** 

## Summary

Nurse Chapel returns to Spock's cabin with another bowl of Plomeek soup.

(Crossposting from AO3.)

## Notes

This is the first ever "shipfic" I've ever written. And it's not yo mama's average shipfic.

What If We Could is the title of a song off of Blue October's album Foiled.

She found him shivering, quaking in the corner.

It wasn't chill he was fighting. It was pain. It was fear. It was desperation. It was something...

...primal...

The tray she'd prepared filled with the therapeutic comfort he'd rejected from her yesterday, placed forgotten again on the desk in the main room.

Nutritional deficit was not the need consuming him right now. That was not the inferno he was desperate to extinguish.

Her hands to his cheek and neck, then to pushing his dampened bangs back from his fevered forehead...

...served in their cooling touch to only cause him to burn hotter in his desire...

The strangled whisper of her name leaving his lips, his inner repulsion towards intimate physical acts forfeited by his dire compulsion for carnal release. Trembling fingertips brushed the hands that sought to sooth the fire within him.

Searching, seeking, asking for salvation against the warring factions of himself, she grants him liberation. His fire becomes her fire, smoldering from faint flicker to consuming holocaust...

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