

Dating Advice

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Dating Advice

by [StarryEyes2000](#)

Summary

As McCoy begins dating again, Kirk and Spock are there to offer helpful advice - whether McCoy wants it or not.

“May I join you, Doctor?”

McCoy closed his eyes.

“Pretending I am a pointy-eared spirit will not hasten my departure unlike your imagined childhood closet demons,” Spock added in his regular monotone.

The doctor opened one eye. “That’s almost funny.”

“I would express gratitude; however, I believe your remark is not a compliment.”

McCoy opened his other eye. He sipped from the coffee cup he’d been nursing for the past hour. “Again, almost funny.”

“I endeavor to entertain.” The Vulcan gestured with his tray, “May I?”

“When has a refusal every stopped you?” was the cranky reply.

“I see your usual temperament is present. And body language clearly indicates company is desired despite your typical dance of refusing before acquiescence and then appreciation.”

“Dance?” McCoy echoed with curiosity. He thought, *That elfin goblin hooks me every time!*

Spock settled into the opposite chair at the mess hall table and arranged his breakfast dishes in precise order. “The curmudgeon choreography you wear as a mask. Which is securely in place this morning.” He scrutinized the room. “I conclude you are engaged in your usual pursuit?”

“I don’t stalk ...” McCoy started. *Damn, there I go again.*

“No, yet you consistently and conveniently arrange to be here during the lieutenant’s meal breaks. In the past ten days your paths have coincided here 28.746 times.”

The other man raised an eyebrow. “Is this ‘practice words that start with C day’ and I missed the memo?”

“Doctor, distraction is a child’s ploy.”

“28.746 times? How can a meal be less than one?”

“Twice you were called to Sickbay during dinner, I assigned those incidents a fraction of a whole thus reflecting your stymied intentions as well as your successful ones,” the Vulcan patiently explained.

“I’m just a busy physician looking for peace and trying to have a little breakfast.”

“You ordered a replicated meal 3.35 hours ago, making this?”

A huff preceded “Elevenses.”

“Very well, I shall indulge your fiction.”

“You are unusually loquacious and emotive this morning,” McCoy noted.

Jim joined the table and nodded in their direction. “Bones, Spock.”

“My night proved satisfactory,” Spock answered the doctor’s earlier observation.

“Wait, did I miss something?” The Captain examined his first officer and whistled softly. “You sly devil, you sweet talked Uhura didn’t you?”

“We came to a mutual understanding.” Spock paused. “Multiple times.”

Jim grinned like the proverbial Grinch and lightly punched the Vulcan’s shoulder. “Your delivery timing is improving as well.”

Spock’s face remained impassive. “In numerous ways, Captain.”

McCoy rolled his eyes.

Jim’s grin widened. “Well done.” He tilted his head in the lieutenant’s direction. “Go on Bones, stopping wandering around like a love-sick puppy and ask already.”

“If I were interested in the recent addition to our crew ...” he began emphasizing his first word.

Captain and first officer exchanged a knowing glance. Jim spoke for them both, “No one believes that line anymore Bones.”

The doctor continued, ignoring his friends, “I would be waiting for the right moment, the best moment.”

Jim wagged a finger at his CMO. “That’s your problem. You don’t wait for the moment; you make the moment. Take my advice. Walk over and tell the lieutenant that you want to ...”

A dry tone interrupted. “I’m unlikely to take dating tips from the man whose idea of a long-term relationship is staying through breakfast.”

Shrugging Jim replied, “Your loss.” He rubbed his chin. “Though I must admit I am in the middle of a rather long dry spell at the moment.”

“No one since the weekend?” McCoy asked sarcastically.

“Perhaps I can be of assistance,” Spock interjected.

“You?” the doctor asked with a skeptical look. “You?”

“I am, after all, the only one who did not sleep alone last night,” the Vulcan deadpanned.

Jim said, “I hate it when he’s right.”

“Apply logic, Leonard,” Spock counseled. “Approach and list your favorable qualities, those looked for in a mate. No. We are embracing rationality not fantasy. Throw yourself on the lieutenant’s mercy. Confess your attraction and directly request, no beg, for the deities’ assistance.”

“Everyone’s a comedian,” McCoy grumbled.

“You know in eighty years, the three of us likely will be sitting around this table having the same discussion,” Jim mused. He paused and continued with a faraway thoughtful expression, “Perhaps we are the loves of each other’s lives.”

“This is reasonable,” Spock said to his commander. “By then you will have copulated with nearly every being in explored space and many beyond this boundary. At that point, the good doctor and I may be the only remaining available conquests.”

Jim shook his head and pointed his thumb in the first officer’s direction. “What got into him this morning?”

“Intense mating after a protracted disagreement. I believe the technical term is make-up ...” Spock started.

McCoy pushed his chair back and stood. “The two of you are my long-term future? That settles it. I’m asking for a date.”

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