

Blue Jean Serenade

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by [SLWalker](#)

Summary

(2254) - A cuddle and a discussion on mattress size jumps tracks when Len hauls out the petnames.

"Have I mentioned that I really like your pillows?"

"Ye might've mentioned it, aye. Once or thrice."

"Pity the mattress is so small, though," Len added, chewing on a grin.

Scotty pried his eyes open and looked down to where Len had thrown a leg over his hip. "In fairness, most o' the things we do in this bed don't require a whole lotta space," he answered, before looking back up with a bit of mischief written in the line of his mouth, even if his eyebrow was up like he was daring Len to argue about it.

Len lost containment on his grin, but that was all right. He just took an absurd amount of post-coital, post-shower pleasure in the sensation of damp black hair sliding between his fingers, and the sweet way Scotty closed his eyes again at being petted. "True, but what if we decide to get more adventurous?"

"Suppose I'll come up with a bigger bed, then," Scotty said, walking his fingers back up Len's spine, seeking out knots on either side that he could work over.

He was magic with those hands, Len had found; a delightful discovery he'd made after a grueling day of crew physicals a couple weeks back. He barely had to complain before he had a Scotsman perched on his ass, giving him the best backrub of his whole damn life. He couldn't even be embarrassed about the noises he made during it, because it was just *that good*. He ended up falling asleep before it was over, missing a chance to make out with his new boyfriend; he woke up playing little spoon and got through the rest of the physicals with nary a twinge.

(He also thoroughly made up for missing out on the making out after their shifts ended.)

"Sounds like a plan, sweetheart," Len murmured back, on a slight delay, mentally wandering across their living arrangements; a bigger bed probably *wouldn't* be too bad an idea, and for more reasons than rollin' in the metaphorical hay together.

He turned his head and yawned into the pillow; when he was back out of it, Scotty was eying him with some good-natured bemusement. It was enough that Len wondered what was confusing about his agreement with the plan. "What's that look for?"

"Just didn't expect to be called that," Scotty said, though he didn't sound put out by it.

Len's eyebrows furrowed; they were still pretty early days, so-- yeah, that might actually have been the first time he hauled out a petname aloud. Though he'd certainly thought 'em; had been since before they were even together, for that matter. "You okay with that?" he asked, just to double-check.

"Aye, just didn't see it comin'."

"Cause I got a whole list." Len started grinning all over again there. "Doll."

"Doll," Scotty echoed, dubiously. "Not so sure about that one."

Len grinned even wider, tightening his leg over Scotty's hip. "No? How about *baby*?"

"Absolutely bloody *not*."

"Honey?"

"Ye're layin' *that* on a bit thick, here."

They'd already gotten off once, but even though it was gonna cut into their sleep time, Len was definitely not against going a second round. He knew he probably looked like the cat that ate the canary, and he couldn't resist drawling, "What's that, darlin'?"

The fact he could get Scotty blushing even after they'd gone at it like teenagers earlier charmed the hell out of him. "All right, Len, ye've made yer point."

"Oh, I'm not even a eighth of the way through the list," Len answered, stealing a quick kiss. "*Sugah*."

He was rewarded with Scotty taking him by the back of the head and kissing him back deep enough to very effectively shut him up, all that sharp and sweet coming to bear.

There ya go, beautiful, Len thought, trying not to smile himself back out of that kiss.

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