

Away from Earth Awhile

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Summary

Montgomery Scott is sitting across from Corry. But not the right one.

Notes

The multiverse has asked a sacrifice, putting people in the wrong universes. And everyone is left behind.

Scotty wasn't dead. Just trapped, forever, on the wrong side of two universes. Corry wished there was a door for him to fling himself into, to pry open with teeth and nails. He wondered if the man sitting across the room felt the same.

They didn't look alike, and it was the only vague detail his mind could muster. Captain Montgomery Scott, from a universe that *his* universe named by putting some numbers behind, didn't look like Scotty. He looked like Scotty's *sister*. That he was also Scott, and born in a universe that some other universe would egocentrically call a "distant alternate," was profoundly classified. But Corry was Scotty's next of kin. And where Scotty was concerned, Corry had never given a damn about any rule, much less the word "classified."

Corry jumped when he glanced up from his thoughts to find Scott glaring down at him. "Who the hell are yeh?" the man growled. "And why are yeh followin' me?"

Corry cleared his throat. "I'm Andrew Corrigan, Captain Scott" he said. And *oh*, there wasn't a flicker of recognition in those light eyes. And that hurt, where he half-believed in destiny and soulmates. But far worse was losing the hope that somewhere, in the wrong universe, another Andrew Corrigan was looking after his dark-eyed brother.

"You shouldnae know my name," Scott sighed, and sat heavily at the table. Corry had never even been to Glasgow until today, but had followed a man with a classified name to this pub. The Captain wasn't drunk. It didn't look like he had even been drinking. There was a still-life across the room—a sandwich and a padd on the table, an untouched pint. Just as Scotty would have left them before stepping out for a moment.

"Pub has a different name," Scott said, rubbing his face. "Same sandwiches though." It was disquieting to have a man he didn't know reading his mind. He continued: "I cannae remember the name I'm supposed tae be tellin' people. So ... I'm Scotty. Even if I'm not."

Maybe destiny existed after all, because if Scotty could read his mind, Corry could read his heart. There was *left behind*. And then there was *abandoned*. And *god*, Corry's heart howled. *Scotty was in the wrong universe!* Both of them.

"I'm Corry," he said urgently, leaning forward.

"And what are you tae him?" Scott asked. Suspicious. Hopeful.

"He is *everything* to me," Corry breathed, not quite answering the question. "Every word, for family, for love. Every one, in every language in every universe there's ever been, he's that."

The man blinked. "I hope he knows that."

“I’ve only told him a million times. I’ve got to tell him at least a million more,” Corry begged, as if this left-behind Captain could somehow send a message.

Scott folded his arms, considering something. “We didnae have a choice. I dinnae imagine it’s any comfort, but it was reality at stake. And we needed a Montgomery Scott standin’ in two places. Universe didnae care which was where. We both knew what was about tae happen ... Does he ever call yeh ‘Cor,’ laddie?”

“Ayuh,” Corry said in despair, because there was a weight of passed-along *last words*, of *goodbye* in that question.

“He asked me tae tell yeh ...” The man paused, and the silence sat. “Tae go ahead and buy that boat for him.” Scott grinned, his eyes bright with brilliance and mischief, and by god, *there he was*.

“It’s impossible,” Corry gasped. “They said the door can’t be opened again.”

Scott shrugged. “Oh, aye. So you’ve got tae give me another day tae work it out. He’s got a new boat, so reason tae have it open from his side already. But yeh’ve got tae give me a minute.” Corry gaped at him, dizzy with hope. “Come on. Have a beer with me, and then let’s solve these maths,” Scott continued, and stood to collect his food and padd of universe-breaking impossibilities.

“What’s waiting for you, on your side?” Corry managed when the lost copy of his brother returned.

Scotty patted his shoulder. “Nothing so grand as a new boat. But I left one or two things behind too, Andrew Corrigan.”

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