

Unexpected

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by [daraoakwise](#)

Summary

Scotty is always surprising. But Corry can hold his own.

He was, Corry concluded, woefully unprepared for this presentation. In fairness, priming a warp core was something few people were qualified for. And so, this Antimatter Engineering assignment was less about technique than planning.

Still. It was embarrassing. Because everyone knew Corry was dating the genius who *wrote the textbook* for this class. In fact, he had been with said genius when he prepared his notes. Which, he admitted, staring down at them now, was part of the problem. He was resigned to flunking when a voice called from the back of the room.

"Chief Corrigan, we have everything up tae temp and hands on th' equipment. What next, sir?" And his utter *bastard* of a boyfriend, who was supposed to be in Glasgow, grinned at him. Corry had been at the shipyard of Scott Enterprises last month when Scotty brought up the reactor of a brand-new star-yacht. And if he'd also had Corry spread naked on top of warp control and moaning obscenely, well ... the correct maneuvers were certainly unforgettable. So ... solid C+ in the reenactment, Corry decided, blushing through the rest of the presentation.

"I don't want to know, Cadet," Commander Jorgensen sighed while the rest of the class filed out, and then the professor turned to Corry's smirking boyfriend to shake his hand. "Doctor Scott, I didn't know you were in San Francisco," he said jovially to his young co-author.

Scotty shrugged. "Aye, Starfleet is trying tae steal another patent, and my attorneys are here tae stick it up their arses. If yeh have time, we can talk about the next edition of the textbook."

"You could just join Starfleet," the commander said wistfully.

"That ship has sailed, Sean," Scotty said flatly, and the commander winced, because Starfleet had cocked that up spectacularly. "Besides," Scotty continued, "I get my arse kissed a lot more this way."

"Any time you'd like," Corry muttered, still picking up from his presentation.

Commander Jorgensen shot him a sharp glance. "Nice mediocre work, Corrigan," he said witheringly, and turned back to their guest. "I'd be happy to talk, Doctor Scott. Tomorrow, lunch?"

"Aye, fair enough," Scotty said. The door swished closed, and they were alone.

Scotty was fidgeting, looking at the floor. "I thought yeh did brilliantly," he started seriously, but was stopped by Corry's lips.

"Hi," Corry said when they broke apart. "Also: what the hell are you doing here?"

Scotty sighed, and traced Corry's jaw. "I really am here tae tell Starfleet tae fuck off. Again. And I know yeh cannae take an evening off without leave, but I wanted tae see yer handsome face."

Corry turned his head to kiss Scotty's palm. "Maybe a little impulsive, love," he said, concerned, even if he was giddy about every unexpected moment with the love of his life.

But Scotty's health was shaky. Starfleet had detained him two months ago after a Klingon agent solicited Scotty's defection. Earth's finest immediately rejected them, but Starfleet still trampled his civil rights. Four days of interrogation, without meds, left Scotty sick and reeling.

He'd been in a *hospital* when he barely talked Corry out of resigning. Although Starfleet was belatedly apologetic, Corry was designing a wearable medpatch that could slow-release even high doses of psych meds over a week. Scotty didn't know Corry was working on it.

"I'm fine," Scotty soothed, and Corry let it be in favor of groping his usually long-distance boyfriend.

"It's your fault that I now get hard whenever anyone talks about antimatter initialization," Corry mock-complained, nuzzling his throat.

Scotty grinned and tilted his head back, thumb circling the evidence. "So I notice. Seems appropriate. Should I talk dirty? Whisper intae your ear about plasma injectors? Runaway reactions? Coupling harnesses?"

Corry growled and hip-pressed him into the utility closet behind them. "You show up unannounced and start that, your conduct is going to get unbecomed by an officer," he threatened, bracketing him against the wall.

"I have a meeting tae browbeat four admirals in a half hour," Scotty protested, although he didn't complain when Cor knelt in smooth coordination with dropping Scotty's trousers.

Corry grinned wickedly up at him, and Scotty groaned. "You want me to swallow, call first next time."

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