

Expected or Not

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by [SLWalker](#)

Summary

(2244) - What if things happened just a tiny bit differently, when Scotty took Cor's birthday presents to Vulcan?

Notes

I honestly don't know what you'd call these guys at this point. I'm just here, being enabled by DaraOakwise, who keeps on standing like a wee devil on my shoulder saying, "Do the thing." (In fairness, I'm doing the same thing to her.) Anyway, this is an AU of AotW, obviously, early enough in the whole arc that the guys are still pretty flexible insofar as to what the nature of their relationship would be. So, why not kissing?

The first thing Scotty said, after Corry kissed him, was a faint sounding, "I, uh-- I brought ye some soup...?"

It wasn't actually a question despite the upward lilt at the end, though it also didn't quite count as a statement. Maybe it was more of a stunned little *non sequitur*, which-- well, that was fair enough, Corry thought, because he was still reeling himself.

First, because Scotty was *here*, physically on Vulcan, still clinging to Corry's uniform shirt because he was halfway off his feet thanks to Cor tackle-hugging him. It had been a whole year and some change since the last time they saw one another in person, having parted ways in San Francisco so Corry could catch the transport to Vulcan and report on time; a year and a little more where they were just voices in the dark or occasionally a brief video connection.

Second, Corry was feeling punch-drunk because-- well, because he kissed Scotty. It hadn't actually been premeditated, it was just-- Corry almost knocked them both to the ground with that flying tackle-hug, and after some flailing they managed not to fall, but then when Cor went to talk, all his words tangled up in a complete bird's nest of joy and shock, so he just-- went ahead and used his mouth for kissing instead of talking.

He could have said, *I missed you*. It might've been a slight understatement. And he could have said, *I fall asleep listening to those voice letters you send; I don't even really hear what you're saying, I just hear your voice*. Because it was the truth. But instead, he'd just bypassed saying the both of those and about a million other things besides, and acted on them.

Which meant he now had his actual best friend staring up at him with wide, dark eyes, still literally dipped back in his arms, fair face flushed, hair mussed up, lips parted and--

And Corry thought *oh*.

His heart and guts were doing something complicated. He also was reasonably sure he wasn't supposed to be quite so aware of how close their bodies were. And there must have been something he should have been saying *now*, anyway -- maybe an explanation for why he just went and kissed Scotty instead of offering a 'hi' or something less charged, maybe an apology for just kissing his best friend instead of some more normal greeting, maybe even an attempt to paper over it and pretend it hadn't happened, or that it was just a one-off thing that couldn't ever happen again--

--but all he was able to manage was to huff a laugh, pull Scotty upright again and ask, "What kind of soup?"

(Later, after being admonished for being distracted during class, Corry would come to the tentative conclusion that someone who brought birthday presents *sixteen days* from Earth and who made you New England clam chowder on a jury-rigged stove in a freighter's engine room while working was someone who wasn't going to stop being your best friend just because of an unexpected first kiss.

He also came to the conclusion that their first kiss should not be their last, expected or not.)

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