

A Stolen Moment

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Summary

Jim and Spock try to find some time for themselves during a Starfleet event.

Notes

Written for reeby10 in the 2019 Trick or Treat exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

"I do not believe this is a good idea," Spock says, as Jim drags him along the hallway by his wrist.

"No one will miss us," Jim replies without slowing down. It's only a token protest, anyway. Spock could remove his wrist in half a second if he really objected to Jim's actions. "As long as we make it back for the speeches they'll be none the wiser."

He can tell without looking that Spock is giving him the eyebrow, but all he says is, "In that case, I estimate we have approximately twenty three minutes. I trust that is long enough for whatever you have planned?"

"Some of it, anyway," Jim says with a grin. They finally reach an alcove that he judges as sufficiently secluded, and he pulls Spock inside before kissing him fiercely. It takes a moment, but then Spock kisses back, hands running down Jim's sides. They haven't had much time for each other lately, and Jim can feel all the pent up emotion and frustration boiling over into the kiss, making it rough and desperate.

Jim has just slipped a hand up the back of Spock's shirt, fingers splaying over the warm skin, when Spock pulls away, his eyes wide. "Someone is coming," he whispers.

They hastily adjust their uniforms, trying to look like responsible Starfleet officers and not two people who snuck away from a diplomatic event to make out. Jim pastes on his best "I'm a responsible captain really" smile as footsteps approach, only to relax when it turns out to be Uhura.

"Really?" she asks, crossing her arms. "You couldn't wait an hour?"

"We had urgent business to discuss," Jim tells her.

She snorts, rolling her eyes. "Yeah, I'm sure. But I thought you'd want to know Gaila's hitting on your mom."

"My mom's here?" Jim asks, before the rest of that sentence catches up with him. "Wait, Gaila's what?"

"Are you surprised?"

Jim glances at Spock, running a hand through his hair. It's a good day when he and Spock can snatch five minutes together without something interrupting them, and today is obviously not a good day. "Guess I should go and rescue her."

"Didn't look like she needed rescuing," Uhura says, looking far too amused.

"We'll see," Jim mutters. He pushes past her, heading back to the party with quick strides.

This *clearly* isn't his day.

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