

Hot Chocolate

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Hot Chocolate

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Summary

On shore leave, Kirk gathers firewood in the cold, and Spock warms him up.

Notes

Written for snowynight in the 2017 Trick or Treat exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

If pressed, Spock would admit that he finds contentment in his work with Starfleet. It is his life, just as it is Kirk's, and neither of them would be satisfied with anything else. However, that does not mean that they do not also enjoy their occasional moments of leave, time when they can forget their roles on the ship and focus only on themselves.

The cottage they have rented is warm, a roaring fire heating the room to a temperature Kirk describes as 'toasty'. Currently he is resting against Spock's chest, occasionally turning a page in his book as Spock reads scientific journals on his PADD.

"It'll be getting dark soon," Kirk says suddenly, sitting up and setting his book aside. "I'd better get some more wood for the fire while I still can."

He stretches widely, then clasps Spock's hand briefly before rising from the couch and reaching for his coat.

"I will help you," Spock says, shifting to stand, but is stopped by a hand against his chest.

"No, you won't," Kirk says. "You need to rest your leg." He pats Spock's knee, still wrapped in a brace after a bad sprain on their last mission. "Besides, it'd be too cold for you even if you weren't injured."

He shrugs on his coat and presses a quick kiss to Spock's cheek. "I'll be back soon," he promises, then leaves, slamming the door behind him.

Spock considers his options for a moment, then pushes himself up onto his feet and makes his way slowly to the window. His knee twinges in pain at the movement, and he is forced to concede that Kirk may have had a point.

He can see the subject of his thoughts making his way across the ground outside the cottage, bundled up against the weather in gloves and a hat. A thin layer of frost covers the ground, and Kirk leaves a trail of footprints as he walks.

Spock watches until he is out of sight, before turning and making his way slowly to the kitchen. His intention is to take a full inventory of their supplies, but as he enters the room his attention is caught by a PADD on the table. A brief inspection shows it to be a recipe book.

Cooking is a skill that has managed to pass Spock by, but Kirk seems to have a passion for it. Spock recalls him saying once that things always tasted better when you made them yourself.

He studies the PADD thoughtfully. If he cannot assist Kirk with gathering firewood, perhaps there is something else he can do.

After going through all the recipes looking for something that is both simple enough for him to cook and producible with the ingredients they have, he has come up with a plan. All that remains is to carry it out.

* * *

Kirk enters the cottage gratefully, basking in the warmth as he shrugs off his coat. There's a pleasant smell in the air, and he follows his nose to the kitchen, where he finds Spock pouring something thick and brown into a mug.

"Jim," he says, without pausing. "Your timing is impeccable."

"I live to serve," Kirk replies. "What're you making?"

"I believe it is known as hot chocolate." Spock pours some of the liquid into a second mug and sets the saucepan down. "Please, try some."

"Don't mind if I do," Kirk says, picking up one of the mugs. Just the smell of it makes his mouth water, and he raises the mug to his lips and takes a sip.

The heat nearly burns his tongue, but it's worth it. "This is amazing," he says. "You made this?"

"Indeed," Spock replies. "I studied the recipes in your book. I thought you would appreciate something warm after your time outside."

Kirk grins as he takes another sip. "You're spoiling me."

"It is not a hardship," Spock replies. Kirk's chest goes all warm and fuzzy at the words, and he can't help but lean forwards and kiss Spock. Spock shifts, deepening the kiss, and Kirk's knee twinges in secondhand pain.

He pulls back, fingers stroking across Spock's cheek. "You should rest your leg," he says, at the same time as Spock says, "You are cold, Jim." There's a faint line of concern between his eyes.

Kirk smiles and drops his hand, shaking his head. "How about we go sit by the fire? That'll solve both problems."

"A logical suggestion," Spock agrees. He brushes his fingers across Kirk's, then picks up the other mug and gestures at the door. "After you."

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