

Hands

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by [daraoakwise](#)

Summary

Scotty stops by.

Notes

Fluffy fluffy fluff for Steff.

There was someone in his bed. And it was such a pleasant dream that he indulged it for a minute, until he abruptly jolted awake. *There was someone in his bed...!*

“Stop it,” Scotty murmured sleepily into his shoulder. “It’s 0500 and you’re nae on duty until 0800, *Lieutenant*.”

This wasn’t his bed. It was much too nice to be his lumpy shipboard rack. This was the ship’s *guest quarters*, he remembered giddily. With the queen sized bed, and the synthetic goose-down comforter, and the actual *water shower*. Which he had used and possibly abused last night, and was going to again this morning, possibly (who was he kidding—certainly) with his boyfriend pinned against the wall.

His boyfriend—Starfleet’s irksome and brilliant civilian engineering advisor and primary starship contractor—was slowly working through the fleet, dropping shiny new warp core components into everything. He was entirely outside the chain of command, but may as well have been an admiral with how he could make people jump. And if he’d come personally to the *Constitution* to get the job done, it was only because she was a fine and beautiful ship. It had nothing to do with the fact that Corry was stationed there, on a lonely nine-month patrol assignment.

They sometimes fought playfully about who got to hold whom, but as usual after months apart, were mostly just wrapped around one another. They octopused somewhat less after a few days back in each other’s lives, but that hadn’t happened in an annoyingly long time.

Scotty had found Corry’s hand and was lazily tracing his palm with his fingers, his eyes barely cracked open, just visible in the almost-complete dark. His touch put goosebumps up on Corry’s neck, and while normally Corry would have been reaching for any bit of skin to reciprocate, he basked for a few minutes in the heady bliss of his lover’s hands on his body.

“God, have yeh been sleeping on *rocks* since I last kissed yeh goodbye?” Scotty asked disapprovingly. “Yeh feel like I’m cuddling a bag of ropes. Or snakes. Roll over, I’ll do your back.”

And Corry should have objected, but his poor back *did* feel like a bag of snakes, and the biting kind at that. He rolled to his stomach with a groan. Still—“you can do whatever you’d like back there,” he offered roguishly.

Scotty snorted in amusement, and although he kicked a bare leg over Corry’s equally-bare hips, it was so he could put his thumbs into Corry’s knotted-up trapezius. And if both their dicks were interested by the proceedings, they could wait their turn. “Aye, well. Maybe after I get your spine bendable again,” Scotty said, and pressed some kisses to Corry’s neck in teasing apology and promise.

His lover was *good* at this. Possibly because exercise and bodywork were a very deliberate part of Scotty’s mental health regimen; he was on a zero-g massage table (one that Corry had invented—he was very proud of it) three days a week. And because he was the kind of man who absolutely delighted in learning, he had picked up a hell of a lot from the therapists. So Corry drifted in bliss, just breathing while Scotty’s hands flowed down the muscles of his neck, shoulders, spine, hips. Corry jumped a little when Scotty reached his apparently resistive glutes, which needed a sharp elbow and the other hand tracing, searching first and then pressing hard into a spot in his hip, to begin unraveling.

“Hard-ass,” Scotty teased him, but Corry could only manage a huff, rapidly going boneless. He was reasonably certain he fell asleep, because his next coherent thought was Scotty helping him roll back over and pillowing Corry’s head in his lap. The light was coming up gently, a program to simulate dawn that they absolutely did not have in the racks on the lower decks. And so he had a wonderful, if upside down, view of Scotty’s face, his eyes closed and brow crinkled in concentration.

And then Corry couldn’t keep his eyes open either because Scotty’s thumbs were at Corry’s temples, pausing, circling very gently, working out a strange feeling of sore thickness that Corry didn’t even know had been there, the edge of a tension headache releasing. Scotty’s fingers moved through his hair, tugging just a bit, deliberate, tendriling a tingle down Corry’s neck, before tracing hard across the joints of his skull. He drew a firm line from the back of his ears to the thick muscles near his throat, just over the great vessels. Then up, chin, jaw, cheekbones, nose, forehead, and Corry was fairly certain he couldn’t have moved his liquified self even if he tried.

He smiled, though, when Scotty trailed a finger down the center of his lips before leaning in for a sweet and lingering kiss. Then he slid out from under Corry and rolled him to his side so he could burrow contentedly into his back. “I have Chief Barry talked intae letting me borrow you today,” Scotty said after a moment.

“You need to borrow the *biomechanical* engineer?” Corry snorted. “I guarantee she saw right through you, Doctor Scott.”

He felt Scotty smile against the back of his neck. “Probably. I’m supposed tae be here three days. But the *Constitution* is a venerable lady, and may need some extra care.”

Corry turned in his arms. “Four days?” he asked, lips pursed in mock concern.

“Maybe five,” Scotty answered seriously with a regretful half-shrug.

“A shame,” Corry said leaning in, and finally got his hands on his lover for the first time all morning.

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