

Lobster Wars

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Lobster Wars

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Summary

(2246) - There were a lot of bad ways to wake up. He'd known a few in his day. But until now, Scotty had never, ever known that it was possible to wake up in a horror movie.

Notes

No actual lobsters were harmed in the making of this fic, though a couple fictional ones don't survive the fic itself. And while there is something of a debate even today about whether lobsters are capable of actually feeling pain (having no brain and about the same nervous system as a grasshopper), no fictional lobsters suffer in this fic, either. (I don't eat them and tend to think they can feel pain, but acknowledge that a Mainer who grew up surrounded by lobstermen might have a very different take on them.)

"AHHHHHH!!!"

There were a lot of bad ways to wake up. He'd known a few in his day. But until now, Scotty had never, ever known that it was possible to wake up in a horror movie.

Which was why he was in the corner of the living room, back to the wall, gasping.

It was also why Corry was on his ass on the living room floor, holding a very large, very living lobster, laughing so hard that tears were running down his face.

"What the hell was that?!" Scotty asked, once he managed to get enough air back to do so. His voice was still about a half-octave higher than usual. He didn't wonder how he got from the recliner to the corner. The end table laying on its side might have had something to do with it, though, as well as the messed up floor rug.

Corry was still laughing, as though he had just discovered the greatest joke in the universe. It was a whole minute before he answered, "We agreed we should make Mom and Dad dinner for their anniversary--" He broke there to laugh again, happily oblivious to the razor blades being glared at him. After another thirty seconds or so, he said, "I figured that you'd wanna meet the main course face-to-face."

Face-to-face was an understatement. Lobsters weren't exactly nature's most attractive addition to the food chain, regardless of their taste, and waking up with one centimeters from your nose was the stuff of nightmares.

"Ye're a real dirty bastard," Scotty said, not coming out of his corner. He could cook lobsters; he'd done it before. Usually, though, they were right out of the stasis storage box, right into the pot, and there wasn't a chance to get to know them on a personal level. Especially not a right-in-your-face personal level. "Didn't anyone ever tell ye not to play with yer food?!"

"Technically, I wasn't playing with my food," Corry pointed out, getting to his feet and holding the lobster in one hand, wiping his eyes with the other. He looked inordinately pleased with himself, too. "If you wanna argue semantics, I was playing with my parents' food."

"Still!" Scotty huffed out a breath, finally feeling like he wasn't about to climb up the wall. "This some kind o' Maine thing? Shovin' lobsters into someone's face to wake 'em up?"

"Nope! It's purely a crime of opportunity." Cor looked at the lobster, then, cooing at it tenderly, "You did really good, boy. I don't think I've ever seen anyone move that fast."

If it weren't for the fact that Corry was holding dinner, Scotty would have given strong consideration to showing just how fast he could move. Preferably involving fists. Or, at the very least, a good head-lock. But he didn't feel like getting any closer to that entirely spineless thing until he had no choice. And he didn't want to get too close to the lobster, either.

He didn't really have anything more he could say. It was a cowardly but elegant coup. Trying to save what was left of his dignity, he just gave Corry a wordless growl, then stalked off to go find coffee, get cleaned up and start the day in a more normal manner.

He did not, however, plan on forgetting this.

The lobsters were extremely fine specimens. There were two of them, sitting in some rather cold salt water inside of a large cooking dish, inside of an old lobster trap. Like kind of an obscene *'let's test drive this dish here'* thing. They were pretty calm, really.

"Stop lookin' at me like that," Scotty muttered, as he worked in the kitchen. "Everyone says ye can't feel pain. Besides, it'll be over in what, a few seconds?"

The lobsters, of course, didn't deign to respond in any way. He supposed that they were probably just looking at him because they followed movement and he was moving. But it still felt a bit accusatory. Or maybe pleading. This was much easier when you just pulled 'em out of a stasis box and they didn't even have time for whatever passed as their nervous systems to come back online before they landed in the boiling water. Let alone stare at you.

The clam chowder was already at the simmering stage, and being this close to the ocean, he'd made it all from scratch. Dessert was almost done; Scotty wasn't as handy at baking, but he could still make due, and had gone for something likewise traditional -- blueberry coffee cake, or a good attempt at it.

That really only left one thing to do. The time was ticking down.

He checked everything else again. For the fifth time. He knew he was stalling, but for some reason, the idea of tossing those two lobsters into the boiling water after spending a few hours in their company was really getting to him.

Corry was out getting the wine and coffee for this little anniversary gift. It had not taken him more than an hour to realize that Scotty was still a bit miffed about waking up that way, so he went out to get everything that wouldn't need to be done 'in house' and was apparently taking his good sweet time coming back.

"'We should make Mom and Dad dinner,' he says. 'Can you cook lobster?' he asks." Scotty sighed, looking at his two victims. "Lads--"

The lobsters looked back.

"Bloody hell."

"You phasered a lobster?!"

Scotty guiltily hid the phaser behind his back, once he got done jumping out of his skin.

Corry stood in the kitchen doorway, holding the wine bottle in one hand, and a grocery bag in the other. He looked thoroughly incredulous, too.

"I, uh... well, ye know--"

"You do realize they don't feel pain, right?" Corry still seemed to be a bit flabbergasted, though he got over it enough to set the wine and bag on the table. "They can't feel pain."

"I just stunned 'em," Scotty replied, setting the phaser on the counter and feeling a bit sheepish. "I mean, just in case."

The phaser was Corry's; it had been the one they'd had in the mold loft back in the Harland and Wolff shipyards in Belfast, that someone had stolen just because from Security. It was disabled previously, intentionally, but it had been nothing for Scotty to fix it. It had just enough juice in it to stun a pair of lobsters prior to throwing them in the pot. He wasn't sure he could have done it if he hadn't gone that route.

Now, his unwitting companions were quite dead and quite red, and Cor was looking somewhat amused. "I'm gonna take you lobster fishing someday. Really lobster fishing, on a commercial boat."

"Aye, well, ye're the one who wanted me to have a face-to-face, antenna-to-eyebrow meetin' with one, so..."

"I've only got myself to blame?" Corry chuckled, going over to sniff at the clam chowder on the stove and then finding himself shoved back before he could purloin any. "I guess it's okay, if it saves your conscience."

"So nice ye agree, there." It was a lot easier to toss them in after he'd phasered 'em, but even then it was a very solemn moment.

Cor shook his head, smiling a bit. "In fact, I think I'd probably be shocked if you'd just gleefully thrown them in there. C'mon, Mom and Dad are gonna be home any minute now, so we better finish this up."

There was some glee at throwing lobsters in the immediate future, though. Of course, Scotty did not tell Corry that. Once Aaron and Melinda got back from their trip to Florida via Boston, they'd had a hell of a fine dinner, and after they retired upstairs to bed, Corry decided to finish off what was left of the white wine that had gone with said dinner.

There was almost a full bottle there, and Scotty had no problem encouraging Cor to kill the rest of it. In fact, he was quite content drinking tea and pouring the glasses for his best friend, who didn't seem to really think twice that he was getting a bit tipsy, where Scotty was staying utterly sober.

White wine wasn't the single best thing to create a bad hangover, but it served its intended purpose. After the bottle was gone, Corry half-stumbled off to bed, and Scotty slipped out of the house like a bandit.

It was a long night to spend around South Bristol, especially since it was still winter, but he wanted to be at the co-op first thing when it opened. Sure, he'd have to try to catch up on his sleep later, but it was worth the sacrifice. Extremely worth it. It was even worth the insane amount of credits he had to spend in order to make this purchase in the off season.

He also called the cab from Augusta from the harbor master's office, timing it impeccably.

When he tapped lightly on the door, knowing the family schedule well enough to know Melinda would hear him and answer it, he was absolutely at the top of his game.

She opened the door, then frowned. "Were you out all night?"

"Aye, ma'am," he replied, and hoped that she wouldn't give him too much trouble. She had been less than happy with her son when he'd bragged about his unorthodox wakeup call yesterday, so it was a toss-up how she'd react to this.

She eyed him, then eyed what he was carrying. "Do I want to know what you're about to do with those canners?"

Scotty shook his head, slowly. "No, ma'am. I'm certain ye don't."

There was a long moment where she obviously debated on what the right course of action would be. And then she stepped out of the way, giving him a very serious warning, "No one better get hurt, Scotty."

"No, ma'am. That's why I left the bands on," he said, just as seriously.

It was a foregone conclusion that Corry was a bit hungover, just listening through the bathroom door at his zombie-like groan. The shower was running, and Scotty was glad that he'd timed this as well as he had -- his cab was waiting right outside so he could beat a retreat to Augusta, post haste, and by the time Cor got over what was about to happen to him, it'd be too late for any physical violence to come from it. At least, not unless Corry decided to chase Scotty all the way back into orbit.

Though, when this went down, Scotty wouldn't have been too surprised if that was exactly what ended up happening.

He crept into the bathroom, looking down fondly at the ten little, barely legal-sized lobsters in the box he was carrying. *Do me proud*, he thought, not daring to say it out loud.

And then, without a pause, he upended the box over the top of the shower curtain, dropped it, turned and ran like hell just as the first shrieks started.

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