

Small Spaces

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Small Spaces

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Kirk and Spock get trapped in the turbolift, and Spock reveals some painful memories from his past.

Notes

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"Deck five," Jim orders, before turning to Spock. "Chess tonight?"

Spock raises an eyebrow. "Are you truly referring to chess, or is that a euphemism?"

"Well, I actually did mean chess, but now that you mention it..."

"I shall be there at 2100."

Jim grins and is about to make a joke about beating the pants off him when the lights flicker and the lift suddenly shudders to a halt. "Oh, you've got to be kidding me. Computer, current location?"

"Current location: lift shaft between decks four and five."

"Open doors."

"Cannot comply with that order."

"Shit." Jim reaches for the intercom. "Kirk to engineering."

"Scott here, sir."

"We've got a problem with the bridge turbolift. It's stopped between floors, and the doors won't open."

He hears muffled cursing, followed by, "Aye, sir. I'll get right on it."

"Do you know how long it will be?" Spock puts in.

"Not until I know what the problem is, I'm afraid. If it's an easy fix it could be a few minutes. If not..."

"Very well," Jim says. "Keep us informed. Kirk out."

He sits down in a corner and stretches his legs out. "Guess we might as well get comfortable." When Spock doesn't reply immediately, he adds, "Spock?"

Spock finally looks up from where he's scrutinising the control panel, and Jim beckons him over. "Come sit down."

He expects Spock to make some comment about the cleanliness of the floor, but he complies without a word, sitting down cross-legged next to Jim.

"Hope this doesn't take too long," Jim says. "I still have a ton of paperwork from that last mission."

Again, Spock doesn't respond, and Jim looks over to see him staring at the turbolift doors as if trying to cut through them with the power of his mind. Every inch of him is radiating tension, and Jim frowns.

"Hey," he says, and Spock slowly turns to look at him. "Are you okay?"

Spock clears his throat, gaze straying once more to the doors. "I am fine."

"Yeah, don't take this the wrong way, but that's not very convincing." Jim moves closer, pressing his shoulder against Spock's and lacing their fingers together. "You don't have to do the whole stoic Vulcan act with me, y'know. I won't judge you."

This close, he picks up something very much like fear, which is borne out when Spock says, "I am not especially comfortable with small spaces."

"You're claustrophobic," Jim translates, and Spock gives a short nod. "How did I not know that?"

"I do not make a point of advertising it," Spock replies, a little sharply.

"No, I get that," Jim says. "I just mean I wish I'd known so I could have done something to help."

"There is little you could do," Spock replies. "It does not usually affect me. Only," his throat bobs, "when I know I cannot escape." He glances at Jim. "You will not tell anyone else?"

"Of course not," Jim promises, and Spock shifts, stretching out his legs and pressing himself more firmly against Jim's side.

They sit in silence for a few minutes, Spock's fingers clutched tightly around his, before Spock says, "It is curious."

"What?"

Spock swallows. "I know that we will not be trapped here forever. I know that the walls will not close in, and that we will not run out of air. I *know* this. And yet..."

"It doesn't help?"

Spock nods.

"Yeah, well, fears don't generally react well to logic." Jim sits back against the wall. "When I was a kid I was scared of the dark. Like, terrified. And it didn't matter how much I told myself that there was nothing there, that we had a security system, that even if something *was* there, all I had to do was yell and someone would come running, I was still scared."

"Did your fear have a precipitating incident?" Spock asks.

Jim scratches his head with his free hand. "I, uh. I don't think so? Just one of those things." He turns to look at Spock. "Did yours?"

"Yes. It occurred when I was a child." For a moment Jim wonders if he's going to continue, but then he says, "You are aware that the relationship between myself and my peers was... strained."

"Yeah." Jim nods. Spock doesn't talk about it often, but he knows a lot of the other Vulcans weren't exactly happy about the 'half-breed' encroaching on their turf. Because apparently bigotry is totally logical and not *completely dickish*. "What happened?"

"Several of my classmates did not like that I was at a higher attainment level than they were, and decided to teach me a lesson. They lured me to a storage room and," Spock's breath hitches, "locked me in a cupboard. By the time I was discovered by a member of the custodial staff I had been in there for over six hours."

"Those little assholes," Jim says as anger rushes through him. "How old were you?"

"Ten-point-four standard years."

Jim's heart aches as he imagines ten-year-old Spock stuck in that cupboard for hours, alone and terrified. "Please tell me they at least got punished for that."

Spock nods. "They were each made to write a 2000-word essay describing the dangerous and illogical nature of their actions. It is the standard punishment for Vulcan children."

An essay. Not much of a punishment for something that induced a lifelong phobia. From Spock's expression, he doesn't think so either. Jim doesn't really know what else to say, so he just squeezes Spock's hand and tries to project thoughts of comfort and support. At least he can remind Spock that he's not alone this time.

"Captain? Are you there?"

Jim jumps as Scotty's voice comes through the intercom. Untangling himself from Spock, he jumps up and hurries over. "Yeah, we're here. Any news?"

"We've discovered the problem, but it's going to take at least another twenty minutes."

Jim watches Spock carefully, seeing the way he goes tense at Scotty's words. "Understood. But if you can do it any quicker..."

"We'll try, sir. Scott out."

Jim returns to Spock, kneeling in front of him. "Are you going to be okay until then?"

"It appears I have little choice," Spock replies. He sounds calm, but his hands are clasped together so tightly that his knuckles have gone white.

"Hey," Jim says, taking Spock's hands in his. "I have an idea. How about we try taking your mind off it?" He begins massaging the palms with his thumbs before bringing one hand to his mouth and kissing the fingers.

Spock stares at him. "You are suggesting sexual activity as a form of distraction."

"It always works for me."

Spock considers that. "Very well. You may continue."

Jim grins, kissing Spock's fingers again before sucking two of them into his mouth. He runs his tongue over the digits, scraping the tips very gently with his teeth. He learned pretty early on the best ways to get Spock worked up, and when Spock's breath hitches again, he's pretty sure it isn't from fear.

He gives one last hard suck, then releases the fingers and shifts closer. He kisses up Spock's jaw to his ear, then bites down gently, feeling Spock shiver beneath him. His cock stirs, straining against his pants, but he ignores it. This isn't about him.

He slides a hand down Spock's body, cupping the hardness in his pants. "Gonna suck you," he murmurs into Spock's ear. "Make you feel so good."

He pulls back enough to look into Spock's eyes, which have darkened with arousal to the point they're almost black. "Jim," he breathes.

Jim smiles, then shifts backwards and unfastens Spock's pants. The erection that emerges is familiar by now, dark green and glistening with fluid from the Vulcan's internal sheath, and Jim barely hesitates before leaning down and taking it into his mouth.

He grips Spock's hips as he licks and sucks, using every trick he knows to drive Spock wild. He feels Spock's hands on his head, running through his hair, and he glances up to see Spock's eyes are closed, his head tilted back against the wall. One of Spock's fingers brushes against his temple and he gets a surge of second hand arousal, but no fear. His plan seems to be working.

He lowers his head, taking as much in as he can manage. "Jim," Spock murmurs, with just a hint of warning, and Jim knows he's getting close. He sucks hard and is rewarded with Spock's fingers tightening in his hair as he comes down his throat.

Jim swallows it all, then pulls off, moving to kiss Spock as Spock's now-soft penis begins to retract into his body. Spock's hands move to cup his ass before stroking at the front of his pants.

"You require satisfaction," Spock tells him, beginning to open his pants.

"You don't have to-" Jim cuts himself off as Spock's hand closes around his cock. "Oh. Kay."

One of the benefits of telepathy is that Spock knows *exactly* how to please him, and it isn't long before he's spilling into Spock's hand, pleasure rushing through him in a wave.

Spock strokes him through the aftershocks, then wipes his hand off on Jim's boxers before wrapping his arms around his back. Jim shifts closer, fingers reaching up to play with a pointed ear as Spock nuzzles affectionately into his shoulder.

After a few minutes he pulls away, hands cupping Spock's cheeks as he looks into his eyes. "How do you feel now?" he asks.

"Better," Spock replies. "Although I foresee issues should I try to apply this solution in the future."

Jim shrugs, grinning. "Guess you'll just have to make sure you're always trapped with me, then."

He gives Spock a quick kiss before moving away reluctantly. "Come on," he says. "Scotty should be done soon, and I don't think you want him to find us like this."

"That would be unfortunate," Spock agrees, and they set about making themselves presentable before settling down to wait.

It isn't long before Jim feels the familiar swoop of the lift beginning to move, and a few seconds later the doors slide open at deck five. Jim can see Spock's shoulders slump with relief as he steps out, but he doubts it's noticeable to anyone but him.

"Sorry about that," Scotty says, as he and Keenser emerge from a nearby Jefferies tube. "Minor power surge in the electrical coupling, but it's all fixed now. I hope you weren't in too much bother?"

Jim looks over at Spock in time to see a distinctly mischievous look in his eyes as he replies, "We did encounter a few minor issues, but fortunately the captain proved adept at... handling them."

"Oh, I don't know," Jim replies, clapping him on the shoulder with a grin. "I think you handled things pretty well yourself."