

A Debate On Courting Vulcan

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A Debate On Courting Vulcan

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Summary

Jim and Bones argue over whether they should add Spock to their relationship

Notes

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“So,” Jim said to his boyfriend one night as they sat in the Captain’s quarters. “You-“ he pointed to Bones “-have a crush on Spock. I-“ he jabbed a finger at himself “-also have a crush on Spock. The two of us-“ he gestured back and forth between them “-are dating.”

“So? What’s your point?”

“I think we should date him, so that we can have a whole threesome.”

Bones frowned. “I’m not sure...”

“Come on, you like him, I like him, we like each other, what's the problem?” Jim spread his hands to emphasize his point

“Well, I don’t know if he’d like us back. Besides, he’s a Vulcan, who knows if they do relationships in threes?”

Jim frowned. “So? There *are* some Humans who like more or less than two people at a time, so why not Vulcans that like two people at a time? Also, he’s half-Human - liking the both of us just might be one of the ways his humanity shows.”

“Well.” Bones leaned back in his chair. “He’s Vulcan in nearly every other aspect of his life, so I don’t see why this would be an exception. And didn’t you say that Uhura and Chapel asked him to be their third back when you all were under Pike’s command, and he rejected them?”

“They were and are far enough below him in rank that it would be unethical - quite frankly, I’m rather surprised that they asked him in the first place. We, on the other hand, are close enough that it wouldn’t be a problem. Why don’t we just ask him? I mean, Chapel and Uhura did that, and he still gets along with them well.”

“Well, as you pointed out, they’re a few levels below him in rank. They’re good friends, sure, but they don’t work together on a day to day basis. Meanwhile, we have to see him every day for the rest of this goddamn mission, and if he knows that we love him, things could get real awkward real fast.”

Jim shrugged. “C’mon, like you said, we already see each other every day. I don’t think a little awkward romantic tension is going to disrupt our relationship with him *that* much.”

“Nah, I think it can,” Bones replied with a shake of his head. “Back when I was stationed on the *Jupiter*, one of my friends turned down the advances of someone else on her shift. They became much cooler toward her as a result, she didn’t like that, they started fighting, and our CO eventually had to move them to separate shifts.”

“But Spock isn’t like that, you know that, Bones. He keeps his emotions in check and doesn’t allow them to influence his behavior.”

Bones snorted. “Yeah, until we come across the next weird space thing that causes him to lose his control. Which, one, is something that seems to happen every other Thursday at this point. And, two-“ he crossed his arms and leaned back “-‘not acting on his emotions’ means not acting on *any* of them - which would include dating us because he’s in love with us.”

“Well, Spock’s talked about his parents, hasn’t he? There must’ve been a reason for his dad to marry his mom.”

“Which is not necessarily love! Need I remind you that this whole conversation started because we know next to nothing about romancing Vulcans? Hell, we don’t even know if they have a *concept* of romance - lots of species don’t.”

“And there are lots of species that do, and most of them have *some* kind of concept of people who come together to start a life together.”

“Well, I don’t think that we can make any more progress on this discussion for now, but I think we’ll have to return to it at some point.”

They returned to the topic many times over the next week, rehashing the same points over and over and never coming to a satisfying conclusion.

After hearing Spock say that T’Pring was his wife, Jim thought that the question of whether or not Spock was willing to date him and Bones would be moot, and they could finally stop arguing about it.

By the end of the day, the question had become un-moot and they were back to arguing.

“Damnit, Jim!” Leonard grumbled. “Why did I agree to this harebrained idea of yours in the first place?”

“Because we’re both in love with Spock and don’t want him to die?” suggested Jim as Bones gave him a hypospray. “Ouch! I swear, you always push those in harder than necessary. And besides, why did you have that compound on you in the first place?”

“I had no idea what Vulcan weddings were like, so I prepared for the worst and brought a bit of everything. Which ended up saving your sorry ass, so why are you complaining?”

“Point taken,” muttered Jim, mostly in the hopes of avoiding another physical or verbal jab from Bones. Normally he didn’t mind much, but inadvertently getting oneself into a fight to the death took a lot out of you.

He lay silent for a few minutes before speaking up again. “I guess this means we know for certain that he’s single, huh?”

Bones sighed, obviously not a fan of having this conversation already. Still, he took the bait. “It also means that we know for certain that Vulcans only date in pairs. Even if he was interested, it would probably only be one of us!”

“Yes, well, I don’t see why we’d have any problems with-“

“Gentlemen,” came a voice from behind them. They jerked around to see Spock standing next to them. “Is there a problem?”

“Ah-“ “er-“ they stammered, then stared at each other for a few seconds, silently daring the other to answer Spock. Bones won, so Jim was the one to explain: “We were trying to figure out if you would be... interested in us.”

“Romantically?” was his response, accompanied by his signature eyebrow raise. They simply nodded.

“I would, in fact, be interested in joining your relationship.”

Jim and Bones looked back at each other. Jim smiled a little, and Bones gave him a quick glare before turning back and saying “Well, I suppose we’ll have to work out the details at some point, but for now I think you wanted to visit Jim?”

“You are correct, Doctor.”

“Oh, we’re dating. Call me Bones.”

“Very well, then...Bones.”

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