

What Comes Next

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by [SLWalker](#)

Summary

(2245) - A whole year after their first kiss, would there be a second?

Notes

Sequel to Expected or Not, part of the Stations on the Dial series. Canon divergent AU to the Arc of the Wolf, set off the normal timeline story Faithful.

The dry heat of Vulcan was just as merciless as the last time Scotty had been there a year before, but at least this time, he'd hailed a skimmer to take him to the VSA and didn't try walking.

This whole trip had been *months* in the making: coordinating transport (meaning he had to find one going to Vulcan right near Cor's graduation, then get himself a working position), coordinating *people* (Corry's parents, getting them a berth), all while making sure Cor didn't suspect in the meantime--

It had been a feat to pull off, but Scotty felt that the effort was likely to be worth it. Beyond the fact that Corry was coming home after two whole years stationed on Vulcan, beyond the fact it was going to be just a few days after his birthday, Scotty was looking forward to seeing Cor's pole-axed expression at this particular surprise.

And-- he figured it had to be payback for that kiss that he still hadn't decided what to do with.

A whole 'nother year had passed where they carried on business-as-currently-usual; limited comms on Cor's side because his study course took about every last fraction of energy to keep up, and Scotty recording long-winded voice messages because he knew Cor liked to fall asleep to them.

But over comms, they didn't bring up the kissing. Or anything romantic, for that matter. So, beyond the long year it had been since, there was a big question-mark parked right in the middle of its ending. And Scotty didn't know what the answer would end up being.

(But Corry's pole-axed look at him being there was definitely worth all the effort.)

"Oh my god, hi," Corry said, still looking teary-eyed, hands halfway up like he wanted nothing more than to reach out.

Scotty had left Cor in the care of his parents while he himself went and buttoned the *Millay* up to return to Earth, cargo and passengers having been offloaded; now they were underway, and he was just coming off-shift, running into Corry on his way back to his tiny cabin.

Despite all of his planning, Scotty had no idea what would happen; he'd done a fine job setting the surprise up, but not such a good one spinning it beyond that, in part because the status of his relationship to his best friend was very much in the air. So, even standing here now, everything between them felt decidedly liminal.

"Ye all right?" he asked, anticipation flitting around his midsection like a whole cloud of moths, as he rapidly tried to sort out *what comes next*.

Whether they should fall back to what they had before. Or-- whether they ought to see where things might go.

Cor nodded, something suspiciously like *hope* on his face. "Yeah, I just-- can I--?"

However that question might have ended, the answer probably would have still been *yes*; there weren't too many things Scotty could imagine Cor asking that would result in *no*, even accounting for more kissing.

But his mind still screeched to a halt, what with the way Cor kissed him this time.

If that first had been an impulse, Corry had clearly been thinking about a second since; Cor didn't even *hesitate*, just slid their mouths together, cradling the back of Scotty's head with one hand and the small of his back with the other, and kissed him with such heat and sweetness that Scotty was panting through his nose by the end, knees trembling and nerves singing.

"Hi, Wolf," Cor said again, still almost lip-to-lip, voice husky, "I can't believe you're here. You're amazing. And also, I missed you."

Scotty, whose entire romantic history involved a few crushes and one single short-term girlfriend, still managed a joking, "I'd never have guessed."

Cor laughed back, then asked, "Can I come in? Discuss some stuff?"

They'd lived together for a year, but this was something notably different; when Scotty nodded and Corry grinned and took his wrist, putting his palm to the door plate for him, pressed close to his back, he realized with a nervous little shiver that not all that discussion was going to be in words.

(And he was right.)

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