

FanFic

Stardate 2258.6 .

Lieutenant Spock was disquieted. He was annoyed at the disquiet, and was unhappy with being annoyed. He should not have to deal with these distracting emotions, and that bothered him. Being a Vulcan, he should not have emotions at all, but his half-human heritage had a horrible way of creeping up on him when he least wanted it. And that was disgruntling. But perhaps there was more at work here which he had not yet realized or admitted to himself. Something was wrong. And that troubled him.

Spock looked up from the device he was currently analyzing. Tomorrow the Enterprise will be going on a vital mission. There was a strange phenomenon that occurred on Earth in the early twenty first century that needs investigating. Mister Sulu will slingshot the Enterprise around the sun to throw the ship backwards in time to investigate the phenomenon. As science officer, Mister Spock was naturally going to be part of the away team that would investigate the phenomenon.

But there was a problem. Spock could feel it deep in his body; the Pon Farr was returning. Even now, he was starting to feel the hungry yearnings, but that was quite impossible. His last Pon Farr was not even four years ago; he should have seven before he had to endure this indignity again.

It took some experiments, some quick analysis of data and then he had a hypothesis. At the same ceremony where Spock was no longer bonded to T'Pol, he became bonded to his two close friends, Captain Kirk and Doctor McCoy. Their aid, assistance, and friendship on Vulcan changed Spock and now he was in cycle with them.

And they were human, from Earth. Which means that Spock's cycle of Pon Farr had switched from Vulcan years to the Earth equivalent, and he was going into Pon Farr much earlier than expected. To say it was problematic would be an understatement.

It was getting difficult for Mr. Spock to concentrate. Even as he tried to memorize data about life in Earth's early 21st century, his mind would slip toward thoughts of his best friends, Captain Kirk's rugged chest. Bones' rough good looks. He could feel his green blood pumping into his penis, making it harder and he just wanted to... NO!

Spock threw the computer console against the wall. He had to fight this. He knew he had to fight this. But how? Spock was up nearly half the night, tossing and turning in his bed, but he eventually had the solution. He would sneak into sick bay and procure the medicines he needed to suppress the Pon Farr. He had to be careful not to bump into Doctor McCoy. Spock was no longer sure he could control himself, or even if he wanted to.

The trip to Sick Bay was uneventful, but as Spock was trying to obtain the pharmaceuticals, Doctor McCoy walked in. "Why Mister Spock," Dr. McCoy said sleepily, "whatever are you

doing here at this hour? If I didn't know better, you were trying to raid my sick bay without my permission."

Spock was not normally at a loss for words, but all he could do was stammer as his friend walked closer. McCoy cocked an eyebrow, "Spock? Is something wrong? You are acting strangely..."

It was all Spock could do to keep from sweeping his friend into his arms, to kiss him gently on the lips, and to take him roughly here in sick bay. He could feel sweat building on his forehead. He could *smell* Dr. McCoy, so close and....

Spock ran, ran from sick bay and back to his room. The away mission was only a few hours away. Spock spent the time in deep meditation, practically praying for a solution to this deep yearning need. A solution that didn't involve fulfilling it. At least this time there would be no Stonn pitting him against his Captain. He could still remember standing over Jim with the lirpa, Jim's chest heaving in the Vulcan atmosphere. Even meditation was difficult at this time.

Bust soon enough, it was the next morning. Captain Kirk greeted his crew in the transporter room. Lieutenants Scott and Uhura looked pleased at going on an away mission. Mister Spock could see that Dr. McCoy remained suspicious and wanted to confer with the captain, but Jim waved him off. "Not now, Bones. We have less than two hours before whatever the event that we need to observe happens. Tell me after we beam down and get situation."

Kirk just waived off his chief medical officer and stepped on the transporter pad. The four officers followed suit. "Five to beam down Mister Kirby." The world shimmered, disappeared and came back into focus. Mr. Spock looked around. The air on Earth always seemed oppressive compared to his home planet of Vulcan.

As the rest of the landing party took out their tricorders, Kirk pulled out his communicator to try to contact the ship to let them know the beam down was a success. "Kirk to Enterprise." There was no answer. Kirk tried again.

"Captain," said Uhura, "I think there is something blocking the communicators."

"The tricorders aren't working either Captain," replied Mr. Spock. He had been trying for several minutes to get a routine diagnostic scan, but it was as if the tricorder was a lump of inert metal in his hands.

Scotty looked his over. "I believe that I can get them working, but I'm going to need help."

Captain Kirk looked over his crew. "Very Good. Scotty, Uhuru, Spock, get those tricorders and communicators working. Bones, come with me."

And with that, Captain Kirk and his medical officer walked over to the group of strangers who had just arrived.

Spock said to Mister Scott, "I believe we need to find certain materials before we can fix these tricorders." Scott replied, "aye, but I think they are being jammed by an external source. We will need to explore that more as well." Mr. Scott went on, but already Spock was thinking about his two friends walking away and how more than anything else he wished he could be with them.

The Others

Captain James T. Kirk: Your best friend. You are currently in Ponn Far and want – no *need* – to have sex with him soon or you will die!

Dr. Leonard "Bones" McCoy: The Chief Medical Officer of the Enterprise. He is also a close friend, although you have a prickly relationship. You are deeply in lust for him as well. Perhaps a threesome would be in order?

Lieutenant Uhura: The communications officer. She is quite competent, but you have seen how the Captain has been stealing glances at her lately. Jealousy is an emotion, and you normally wouldn't feel emotions, but the Pon Farr has gotten your head off kilter.

Montgomery "Scotty" Scott: The chief engineer. He is quite competent and wants to work on the tricorders. You should help him. You want to help him. But you have more pressing matters.

You haven't met the others yet, but here are some first impressions.

Buffy Summers: Beneath her façade, she has an air of smooth competence.

Alexander "Xander" LaVelle Harris: He seems like a nice enough kid. Again, there is more to him than would immediately meet the eye.

Willow Rosenberg: She is an academic of some kind.

Rupert Giles: He is also a researcher. His name seems familiar. If you had been able to do more research into early 21st century history, you might be able to place him.

Angel: An Angel is a mythological being who serves a higher power. He certainly seems to have abilities beyond normal humans. Also he is sparkling in the sunlight for some reason.

Professor Severus Snape: You are quite familiar with all major academies of learning in the 21st century and yet you have never heard of this Hogwarts. You are unsure of what to make of this Severus Snape.

Harry Potter: There is an odd dynamic going on regarding the children from Hogwarts. You are unsure what to make of it.

Hermione Granger: You can tell that she is very intelligent.

Ronald Weasley: Normally you would not notice or care about such a thing, but this young man has quite the package in his pants. Maybe he could discreetly assist you with your needs in this Pon Farr.

Draco Malfoy: He seems to be hiding a secret of some sort.

Mary Sue Johnson: Normally you are immune to the charms of feminine beauty, but just looking at her makes you ache to be inside her, exploring every area of her body. And then afterwards, you would love to have a conversation pitting your mind against her obviously highly developed one.

Skills and Stuff

Combat: Excellent

Research: Excellent

Magic: Horrible

Engineering: Excellent

Sex: Below Average

Pon Farr: If you do not have sex with someone – *anyone* – within the next two hours, you will die.

Mind Meld: You may perform the Vulcan Mind Meld. 2 Uses: ☐☐