

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER THEE

**A K/S story by Della Van Hise
(Writing as Alexis Fegan Black)**

I'd only been with the *Enterprise* about a month when we drew the assignment to open full diplomatic relations with Raleigh's World – a nasty little backwater planet tucked away in a sector of the galaxy that decent folk try to avoid. In simple terms, Raleigh's World was about as useful to the Federation as tits on a bull; but in the interest of maintaining the pose as Galactic Good Guys, the Federation Council couldn't very well ignore their plea for assistance.

Not being a diplomat and having no desire to fill my head with trivialities about every planet in the galaxy, I knew only what most Starfleet personnel knew about Raleigh's World: it was a place to avoid, the butt of a lot of jokes, and a no-man's-land when the suns went down at night. Located off the main trade routes, it was a hell-hole for worn-out spacemen who couldn't get a job with any respectable commercial firm. But its nearness to the Tholian Empire made it vulnerable to attack. So, no one was terribly surprised when the Raleighites bellowed out a cry for incorporation into Federation jurisdiction.

Personally, I would have preferred to avoid beaming down into that den of iniquity at all costs. But the fact that I was born on Larsillite and a natural shape-shifter and could assume the physical appearance of any humanoid being at any time caused me to be a prime candidate for the landing party. You see, Captain Kirk and Mister Spock have either the best or the worst reputation in the Starfleet, depending on who you talk to. Their doctor would tell you they're masters at getting themselves into tight situations and getting their asses torn up, their brains removed by women with a combined IQ of 25, and their consciousnesses transferred into machines, wandering amoebas or other nasty creatures. The P.R. man at the Starfleet Recruiting Depot would be the first to tell you that they're prime examples of Galactic Heroes, Wonderboys, Magicians.

"Captain James Kirk and Mister Spock have been in the service for over 10 years, and neither one of 'em's ever had so much as a scratch". That's what the recruiter was fond of saying.

As usual, the truth was somewhere in the middle. I didn't have to be on board the *Enterprise* for more than a day to realize that, and to realize that I liked both of the ship's commanding officers a great deal. Kirk was just a natural-born leader. Enlistees and Redshirts (like myself), had been known to follow our illustrious captain off a jagged cliff as if he played some magical pipe as he lured them to their deaths. And Spock.... Well, Spock was like no one I'd ever met before. He had the outward serenity of a huge, mossy stone that had existed since the dawn of Universal Time. Like a deep, still ocean – filled with mysteries beyond imagination, yet filled with dangers that had destroyed more than one love-struck yeoman who attempted to trespass into his dark depths.

One thing was obvious immediately: the captain and the first officer only had eyes for each other. Luckily, most of the crew knew it and respected it. Those who didn't weren't around long.

Enough digression. I mainly wanted to get the situation clearly defined before trying to elaborate on the strange happenings on Raleigh's World.

To make a long story short, we assumed orbit over the Council Chambers on Raleigh at approximately sunrise, their time. The landing party was to consist of Captain Kirk, Mister Spock, Federation Historian Giancarlo, Security Officer Lansing, and myself. Lansing and I were supposed to be sort of an honor guard – officially. But when Mister Spock had briefed us prior to beam-down, he'd made it clear that we were mainly there to protect the captain's ass. Spock was well aware of the fact that the Raleighites were sensualists. They weren't above orgies in the Council Chambers, or rape in the dark alleys of their cities. In plain, simple Standard, they were representatives of the depths to which humans could sink.

I noticed that our first officer couched his words carefully, yet his meaning was crystal clear. Lansing was the to be the trigger-man should any trouble erupt, and I was primarily there to draw the Raleighites attention away from Captain Kirk. Because of my ability to shape-shift, I could pose as the captain and lead any prospective hooligans on a merry chase should it become necessary. Or I could transform myself into a half-naked, full-breasted woman and draw their attention elsewhere while our captain made his escape through some other method.

It was plain in the beginning that Mister Spock had little respect and no trust for the people of Raleigh's World.

It turned out that he had good reason.

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Our landing party beamed down without incident around noon-time, proceeded to the Council Chambers with a full "honor escort" (actually a bunch of old men in dirty togas), and the proceedings for incorporating Raleigh's World into the Federation were under way within the hour.

Lansing and I mainly stood at attention behind Captain Kirk and Mister Spock throughout the long-winded discussions. Captain Kirk had made it clear while still on the *Enterprise* that he didn't expect the meeting to last more than a couple of planet-hours. It was, after all, already a given fact that Raleigh's World was being accepted into Federation domain and given all the benefits afforded to an affiliate. It was mainly a friendly chit-chat between Raleigh's old men and Starfleet's Finest.

Unfortunately, the captain's estimate had been somewhat unrealistic. The Old Men chattered incessantly, trying to sell Captain Kirk and an obviously uncomfortable Mister

Spock on the fact that Raleigh's World offered some of the best whorehouses in the galaxy. And while the Federation wouldn't step in and actively close them down, neither would they put them on an Officer's Visitor Map either.

When talk of the whorehouses finally subsided to a tolerable minimum, with Lansing and I chewing the insides of our mouths raw with the effort not to chuckle at Spock's squirming, the Old Men then started in on other topics which had obviously been discussed with the Federation High Council during the preceding weeks. It seemed that the entire council of Old Men had a cumulative IQ approaching zero, and the wording of the treaty was more than they could comprehend. They could talk at length about internal body massage and the sexual perversions of Raleigh's adolescents (perversions which were actively encouraged); but they couldn't comprehend much else.

By the time the sun was going down, Captain Kirk and Giancarlo had finally managed to make some sense to the old men, and the treaty was ready to be signed by both sides.

Unfortunately, the Old Men came to the unanimous decision that treaties were best signed on a full stomach. For over an hour, the captain's gut had been growling, and I have to admit that I was almost at the point of snatching up a bowl of plastic fruit that rested on the end of the long table.

I noticed that both Spock and the captain seemed hesitant to accept the dinner invitation the Old Men extended; but in the interests of diplomacy, it would have been impossible to refuse.

Within minutes of the Old Men giving the order to a scantily-clad woman who could have been no more than a girl, a huge banquet of food arrived at the Council Chambers, being served by a staff of servants wearing little more than shoes. The breasts of the women were full and completely bared, the only clothing they wore being a g-string type garment and leather thongs. The male servants were also noticeably under-dressed, with the same g-string attachment fitting snugly around their over-sized penises and testicles.

I thought once that Spock was going to either pass out or leave the room altogether. He kept trading glances with Kirk, and it didn't take a telepath to know he was trying to warn our captain about the possibility of the food being drugged.

The captain wasn't stupid; yet it was clear that he couldn't very well refuse to dine with the Raleighites and still have the treaty delivered to the Federation. He smiled knowingly at the Vulcan, then turned his attention back to the Old Men.

"With all due respect, Count Zarloch, our dietary requirements are considerably different from yours. Perhaps you could join us for dinner on board the *Enterprise*. Our computers can easily--"

"Such unnecessary worries, Captain Kirk," the ancient Count Zarloch replied in a thick accent. "Surely you must realize that your Federation Ambassador was kind enough to

provide our servants with a full run-down on the needs of our human and Vulcan guests. You may rest assured that the food has been prepared with the greatest care, for the delight of your palate and the nourishment of your body."

I saw the captain's chest fall at that. I also saw Spock come as close to grimacing as a Vulcan ever comes. The two traded glances again and, discreetly, Kirk shrugged.

Luckily, Lansing and I weren't invited to join in the feast. On Raleigh's World, it seemed, the very best aphrodisiacs were reserved for important guests.

The Raleighites were an odd people. They didn't want to actually hurt the captain or Mister Spock, nor did the Old Men have any particular desires to follow them to their beds. The aphrodisiacs were simply their way of having a grand old time on a Friday night. On Earth, two men meet and shake hands. On Raleigh's World, two men meet and exchange aphrodisiacs.

The bad thing was that the drugs took effect almost immediately, and there was no medicinal antidote in the known galaxy. And Captain Kirk steadfastly refused to allow me or Lansing to summon Doctor McCoy to the planet's surface. Later, I would learn that he simply didn't want the *Enterprise's* doctor put in the same peril that he, Mister Spock and Federation Historian Giancarlo were already in. He also didn't want to jeopardize the treaty. And, secretly, I think he was afraid of returning to the ship for fear of raping passing yeomen in the corridors.

The drug was a strong one; and when Lansing and I questioned the Old Men, not entirely through pleasant means, we learned that its effects would last a minimum of twelve hours.

By that time, the captain, Spock and Giancarlo were beyond caring. I felt sorriest for Spock. His face had turned an odd shade of deep green, his lips a dark olive, his pupils dilated with the drug. He kept speaking in Vulcan – words I didn't understand and which the universal translator couldn't decipher. Maybe they were slurred. I don't know. He seemed more worried about the captain than himself, though it was clear that he was suffering his own share of discomfort as well. It seemed to hit him the hardest, perhaps because of his Vulcan physiology. The Old Men claimed it was because of extended periods of sexual abstinence.

Whatever the reason, it became clear that it was up to me and Lansing to get the ship's officers and the Federation's historian out of the public eye. The Old Men were quick to oblige with sleeping quarters in a hotel just across the street from the Council Chambers, telling me to make certain that my "friends" enjoyed themselves for the evening.

It seemed to be their way. They honestly did want the captain, Mister Spock and historian Giancarlo to enjoy their visit on Raleigh's World. They just had damned peculiar methods of enforced entertainment.

It took some doing to get the three men out of the Council Chambers and safely into the hotel. The drug also had the unfortunate side-effect of causing extreme drowsiness before its other, more recreational attributes kicked in. But with a lot of wrestling, cursing and straining on our parts, we settled the three of them into adjoining suites at the hotel.

Since I'd specifically been briefed by Mister Spock not to leave the captain's side for any reason, I assigned myself to Kirk, leaving Lansing to deal with the somewhat less difficult Vulcan and Giancarlo. The three suites joined end to end, so it seemed unlikely that any real "situation" would arise that we couldn't handle.

With a little effort, I got the captain into the room, sat him down in a comfortable chair and, on his request, dimmed the lights. The drug did dilate the pupils, so any light was like staring into the sun.

For a long time, we just sat there in the darkness – he in a chair by the window, me on the floor nearest the main door. From time to time, he'd try to make small talk, though I could tell by the edge in his voice that he was hurting. I felt like an intruder and, had it not been for Spock's specific pre-beam-down instructions, I would've had the good manners to excuse myself so he could at least jerk off. I did disappear into the bathroom once or twice, careful to keep one ear trained on any possible danger, but I don't think the captain was one bit interested in his good right hand. I wondered why he didn't just send me off to keep an eye on Giancarlo or something. Finally, I asked.

"Captain, if you'd rather be... uh... alone, I could make myself scarce." I didn't want to sound like I was offering to give him whack time even though that was exactly what I was doing.

He just shook his head. "That's all right, Evan." By the light from the open window, I saw him smile just a little, almost wistfully. "Well, your first landing party with the *Enterprise* turned out to be quite... unusual," he said quietly.

I shrugged, not wanting him to be any more uncomfortable with me than was necessary. "So far, you haven't needed my services, Captain," I said, not knowing what I was expected to say. "That's about all any security officer could hope for."

That seemed to put him a little more at ease. I heard him yawn. "You tired?" he asked.

I blinked, not having really thought about it. "Uh..."

He chuckled lightly. "You've literally been on your feet for ten hours, Lieutenant," he said. "And since the door is code-locked to your voice-print or Lansing's, I see no reason for you to knock yourself out trying to protect me."

I started to protest, but he waved my words aside.

"Go ahead and get some sleep," he suggested, indicating the double bed against the far wall. "If I need anything, I'll wake you up."

There was no tactful way to ask him what he was feeling, if he would be all right if I took him up on the offer. When I thought about it, I was exhausted. I fumbled with my words, feeling awkward and out of place. "What about you, sir?" I managed. "Wouldn't you rather have the bed?" I wasn't about to offer to sleep with him, knowing the condition he was in. I also wouldn't have trusted myself not to take advantage of that condition should the offer be forthcoming. He was an attractive, charismatic man; and I had been bisexual for as long as I could remember. I just didn't want the temptation.

Luckily, he didn't seem the least bit interested in me. And I think he was just trying to maintain officer's protocol by not pitching me out in the corridor so he could slip through the adjoining door into Spock's private suite. Again, he shook his head.

"I'm not exactly sleepy, Lieutenant," he said, his meaning clear despite the vagueness of his words. "But you should get some rest."

"Captain, I—"

"That's an order, Evan," he said, his voice weary. Again, I saw him smile. "If trouble does come up, you'll be of no use to anyone if you pass out cold." He nodded toward the bed once more. "Get some sleep."

At that point, it seemed useless to argue. I just muttered a casual "Yes, sir," and sat on the edge of the bed. Somewhat reluctantly, I removed my boots, trousers and shirt; but under the circumstances, I thought it polite to leave my underwear and t-shirt on.

A few minutes later, I felt my body reaching toward its natural rhythm of sleep. Distantly, I was aware of the captain still sitting in the chair by the window. His eyes were fixed on the sparse lights of the city below and, without knowing how I knew, I realized he was thinking again of Spock.

I remembered nothing more for several hours.

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What nobody realized until it was too late was that the drug didn't take full effect for almost four hours. And when it did, the sexual need was almost as demanding as the ravages of the Vulcan pon farr or the spawning of the Regulan Madri Clansmen. Lansing later told me that Giancarlo fucked his fist until his cock was raw.

My first awareness of what the drug could do was when I awoke to the unmistakable sensation of a person's weight settling on the bed next to me. As was my habit, I'd rolled onto my stomach in my sleep, and before full awareness returned, I felt a bony knee pry my thighs apart.

That woke me up in a hurry, and as I took a deep, startled breath, I realized with a combination of horror and horror that the person kneeling between my thighs was the ship's Vulcan first officer. For a split second, I warred with common sense and reality. Common sense told me to get my ass out of that bed – literally and with great haste. But reality told me that I didn't have that option at that moment.

The fact of the matter was that Spock was beyond rational thought or even physical recognition. He must have thought I was Kirk. Or the drug didn't let him see the difference. In my "natural" state, I did bear some vague resemblance to the captain; and with emotion having little to do with the drug-induced rut, it scarcely seemed to matter. Captain Kirk was still slumped in the chair by the window, having been spared the first full effects of the drug due to the fact that he'd fallen into a fitful sleep. I could hear his breathing from across the room, the faint moans of restlessness which would – hopefully - awaken him shortly.

It happened too quickly for me to even think. My mouth opened to say something, though I have no idea what I might have said; but before I could utter the first word, the Vulcan's efficient hands had pulled my regulation briefs down and away. The thick, wide-headed cock which had apparently been lubricated with oil provided by the hotel pierced me in a single thrust, forcing my breath from my lungs and causing me to collapse heavily on the bed with my face buried in the pillow to stifle my unexpected scream.

It wasn't that it hurt. Not really. Not that much. I'd had sex with plenty of men before that night, and some as well-endowed as Mister Spock. I think I screamed in utter, unprecedented shock, knowing that I had been mistaken for someone else, knowing intuitively how very much Spock needed that "someone else". I also knew our captain and first officer had made love before, though I had the feeling it had been on maybe only one or two occasions. Their relationship was strong; it was also new. And I felt at that moment like an intruder in a paradise-under-construction.

At first, he just fucked me. There was no love in his movements, no affection in his touch. His hands rested on either side of my head, and his hips thrust with the uncontrolled motion of a man who had been too-long denied. His one goal was to ejaculate, and to my surprise, the drug allowed him to do that remarkably quickly. His heat spread inside me, lubricating me further, causing my own organ to swell in a natural reaction. My people were slightly telepathic – or, more precisely, empathic. I couldn't help but respond to the fever-heat of the man pistoning in and out of my body as if we were long-parted lovers.

What did surprise me somewhat was that his cock never softened after he came. Instead, it remained rock-hard, and began a slow, undulating motion inside me. I swear it actually massaged me internally and, for a moment, I found my self with an acute case of envy for Captain Kirk. I'd never felt anything like that sensation and, unable to control it, I found my body reacting almost instantly. My testicles felt full and ripe, and as the internal

stroking continued, my own organ swelled and throbbed against my belly, where it had been trapped.

Gritting my teeth to keep from crying out again, I came in silence, my muscles milking the silky-steel invader that had breached me in the night.

Spock also came again. This time, however, he sighed deeply, called out the captain's name, then collapsed heavily across my back.

He was unconscious.

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It took a full ten minutes of squirming, cursing and heaving before I was finally able to move the unconscious Vulcan off of me and settle him into the bed. A Vulcan's dead weight is twice that of a human's, and despite Spock's lean build, he was not a small man.

When I finally did manage to free myself from the warm avalanche of flesh, I slid off the bed, on the floor, on my knees. My entire body ached abominably, though I couldn't deny the strange and lingering satisfaction that had settled deep in my bones.

And yet, as I looked at the Vulcan on the bed, I realized that he wouldn't sleep for long. His erection stood stiff and straight, and even in the dim lighting, I could tell by the dark coloration that his need would soon drag his mind back to wakefulness. And, more than anything else, I didn't want to be standing in the middle of that room with my pants down to explain to him what had just happened. If he remembered it on his own, I'd deal with it then. But if the drug had induced a near-catatonia that would obliterate his memory, so much the better.

'Lieutenant, might I inquire as to why you are naked, and as to why your penis shows signs of ejaculate fluid'?

'Well, sir, aside from the fact that you just fucked me senseless, I have no explanation, Mister Spock, sir'.

No, I definitely didn't want to play out that scenario if I could avoid it.

Not knowing what else to do, I gathered up my clothes and tossed them in the general direction of the bathroom. Then, taking a deep breath, I made up my mind as to exactly what I had to do.

Moving with as much stealth as my sore muscles could manage, I crept across the room to where Captain Kirk remained collapsed in that deep-plush chair by the open window. His breathing was deep and even, indicating a more intense sleep, but it was clear to see by the thickening bulge in his pants that his rest would not last long. His hand rested tentatively in the waistband of the trousers, and I realized that only exhaustion could have

sent him to sleep in his condition. Rumor had it that he was a deep sleeper, and that Klingon phasers at full power couldn't awaken him once he finally did get to sleep.

I was banking on that very fact as I slipped my arms around him, scooped him up, and carried him to the bed. My back protested his dead weight, but the motivation was more than sufficient. Carefully, quietly, horrified that one or both of the ship's top officers would awaken, I laid him down at the Vulcan's side, drew the disheveled blanket up over both of them, then stood back and trembled for a full minute.

Then, knowing that nature would take some course of its own, I backed up into the bathroom, shut the door, and set the shower controls for almost intolerably hot.

I didn't feel dirty. I just felt a strange need to wash away the evidence before it seeped into my blood. I had no place with the captain and first officer of the *Enterprise*, other than to watch over them like some silent shepherd. And though I would have welcomed any physical relationship with either of them, it would have felt to me like the shepherd with the sheep. Wrong. Or just 'not right'.

I stayed in the bath for over an hour, and when I finally did emerge – sneaking stealthily on sock-feet back into the suite – the *Enterprise's* two top officers were entangled together like the errant branches of a clinging rose. By their position and their nudity, I knew they'd made love. By the peaceful expressions on their faces, I suspected they'd made love more than once. Spock's head rested on Kirk's shoulder, and the captain's arm was slung protectively over his first officer's chest. Their lips were slightly swollen from feverish kisses.

Knowing that the flock was safe, I took stock of the situation and decided what best to do. Seeing the open door back to Spock's suite, I slipped through it, closed the door except for a crack, and slumped down onto the small love-seat against the window. Lansing and Giancarlo would be in the suite on the opposite side of the room, and there seemed no real reason to intrude there. Lansing had never professed to any bisexual leanings, but if his compassion had gotten the better of him, I didn't particularly want to walk in on the two of them anymore than I wanted to disturb the captain and Mister Spock.

For the rest of the night, I stared out at the city below and listened to the caressing of flesh to flesh in the next room.

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"Lieutenant?"

I opened my eyes, then shut them quickly as the morning sunlight stabbed me to awareness. More tentatively, I peeked out from behind one hand. One disadvantage my people had was extremely sensitive optical nerves.

"Lieutenant?"

I nodded, took my hand away from my face, and looked up to find the captain and Mister Spock standing over me. My cheeks darkened, though I don't think either of them actually noticed.

"Morning," I managed, not knowing what else to say.

Captain Kirk grinned. "You ready to go home to the *Enterprise*, Lieutenant?"

I blinked, feeling somewhat uninformed. And more than a little confused. Both Captain Kirk and Mister Spock seemed remarkably unfazed by whatever it was that had happened the night before. And it was perfectly fine with me if that was the game they wanted to play. We just wouldn't talk about it.

I struggled to my feet. "What about the treaty?" I asked dumbly. "I thought we had to go back to the Council Chambers to-."

"The treaty was signed early this morning, Lieutenant," Spock interrupted when I ran out of words. "You seemed to be in need of sleep, and as the situation was easily handled by Mister Lansing, there seemed no need to awaken you."

I noticed that he was looking me up and down, almost the way a cop might search for evidence at the scene of a crime. I pretended supreme and sublime ignorance, and just smiled.

They both stared at me for a few moments longer, and I could almost feel each of them trying to latch onto some memory that wouldn't quite come forward.

When we beamed up, I headed straight for my quarters.

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It was about an hour after we left orbit of Raleigh's World that I was disturbed by the door buzzer. And without knowing how I knew, I sensed immediately who my visitor was to be.

"Come," I called, grateful to be sitting down when the door opened to confirm my suspicions. The ship's Vulcan first officer stepped into the room, looking considerably more refreshed than I'd seen him that morning, having showered and donned a clean uniform. His hair was still damp.

I started to stand up out of respect to a superior officer, but he quickly motioned me back down. I didn't argue, just sat there feeling like the cat that had fooled the canary into sitting on the tip of its tongue. It was an odd analogy, yet one that seemed strangely accurate at that moment. Despite the circumstances, I felt weirdly satisfied with myself –

not because I'd had the Vulcan in my bed, but because I had the common sense to know it would never happen again.

"Lieutenant," he began slowly, his hands clasped neatly behind his back, "I wished to commend you on your performance on the planet's surface."

I think my face must have gone white; for a split second, I thought he was referring to—. I dropped the ridiculous conclusion and managed to speak. "Thank you, sir," I managed, not knowing quite what to say. It wasn't often that Spock offered praise to anyone. I smiled. "I'm just glad we got the treaty signed with as little trouble as possible."

That seemed to satisfy him for a moment; he nodded curtly. Then, in an action that seemed somehow out of character for him, he sighed softly.

"I would not say that the landing party was completely without... incident, would you, Lieutenant?" he asked.

I blinked, wondering if he did remember after all. I decided to give up the game of evasion. "I'm not sure what you mean, sir," I said honestly.

His lips pressed together for a moment and, seeming to consider his words carefully, he took a step forward. "Raleigh's World is not entirely without its dangers, Lieutenant," he replied evasively. "I simply wished to say that you performed admirably in protecting Captain Kirk from any possible harm." He paused for a moment, gazed at me with some unreadable expression, then continued more slowly. "I am, however, at something of a loss to explain how it was that... you were... in my room and that I was..." His voice trailed off.

I could have let him squirm, but saw no reason to do so. And his unfinished question convinced me that he honestly didn't remember what had happened between the two of us – or, more precisely, between him and his imagined captain-lover.

I thought fast. "Around midnight, planet-time," I lied, "you came into the captain's suite and offered to stand guard while I got some sleep." I shrugged, wondering if he'd buy it. Then, knowing I had to complete the scenario, I added: "Captain Kirk had fallen asleep, and I have to admit that I was pretty close to sleeping on my feet. So... I ducked into your suite and fell asleep in the chair. Next thing I knew, you and the captain were ready to beam back up to the *Enterprise*."

He seemed to consider that for a long moment, then nodded once more. "I see," he commented, more to himself, I think, than to me. I waited. Finally, his head lifted, his eyes meeting mine. "Thank you, Lieutenant. That is all."

With that, he turned and strode out, back into the corridor and, quite possibly, back to the captain's quarters. I liked to think so anyway.

From time to time, when I let myself think about that night on Raleigh's World, I wonder if Spock really does remember and is just too embarrassed or guilt-ridden (not for me, but for his captain), to admit that he remembers. In the end, though, it really doesn't matter. Those two were together before they were born, and they'll be together long after their bodies are dust.

In the meantime, I'm more than content to be their protection, to watch over them in silent wonder. Captain Kirk still plays his invisible flute and lures Redshirts to their death on the jagged rocks or the airless sea. Someday, I may follow him there without knowing it. And Spock still maintains his stone-sentient tranquility, cool yet warm, surrounded by the mystique of his Vulcan aura.

I am their shepherd.

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