

Breaking the Cycle

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Breaking the Cycle

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

McCoy discovers he's not the only werewolf on the Enterprise.

Notes

Written for lynndyre in the 2015 Trick or Treat exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

It starts off like any other day. McCoy is in his office, trying to catch up on some of his mountains of paperwork, when Scotty walks in, one arm clutching protectively at his shoulder. McCoy immediately grabs his tricorder and hurries over.

"I was working in a Jeffries tube," Scotty explains as a greeting. "Lost my grip."

"And you landed on your shoulder?" McCoy asks, running his tricorder over the area.

Scotty shakes his head. "I wrenched it when I was trying to keep myself from falling."

McCoy nods, looking over his results. "Looks like you might have torn your rotator cuff. Take your shirt off and I'll take a closer look."

Carefully, both of them working together, they manage to get Scotty's shirt off. His shoulder is definitely bruised, but that's not what grabs McCoy's attention.

On Scotty's upper arm is a very familiar scar. A bite mark.

Scotty notices him looking. "Oh, tha's from a dog attack. Vicious bastard he was too."

McCoy shakes his head. "It's not from a dog." The bite is too big, but that's not how he knows. He meets Scotty's eyes, heart hammering in his chest. "How long?"

Scotty's gaze is wary. "I'm nae sure I know what you're getting at."

Taking a breath, McCoy steps away and pulls up the leg of his pants. There, on his leg, is a bite mark just like Scotty's.

"I was twenty-five," he says. "Should've known better than to go into the woods on a full moon."

He meets Scotty's gaze squarely, daring him to deny it. He doesn't.

"I was fourteen," Scotty says. "My parents were devastated. Convinced it was their fault." He glances at the bite again. "I'd already decided I was going to join Starfleet, but that gave me an extra push." He shrugs, wincing at the movement of his injured shoulder. "No moon in space."

"I know," McCoy says. It's why he joined up too.

With an effort, he shakes off the shock and begins treating Scotty's shoulder. "How long has it been?" he asks. "Since you've transformed?"

Scotty frowns, thinking. "Around twenty years now. But it's still there, you know? Deep down. I can feel it."

McCoy thinks of dark nights, waking up panting from a nightmare, and suppresses a shudder. "I know."

He finishes the treatment and asks Scotty to rotate his shoulder, checking that it moves easily. "You'll have to wear a sling for a day or two, to avoid straining it."

Scotty doesn't look enthusiastic at the idea, but he agrees. He pulls his shirt back on and sits patiently as McCoy fits him with a sling.

"Do you think we're the only ones?" McCoy asks, as he makes the final adjustments.

"On this ship? I think so," Scotty says. "But I could be wrong. We don't exactly advertise."

McCoy can't argue with that. Even Kirk doesn't know about his... affliction. Or Scotty's, he presumes. He makes a note to look out for suspicious bite marks in future physicals. No one should have to carry this burden alone.

He's grateful that he doesn't, anymore.

"Are you free tonight?" he asks. "We could have a drink, and talk some more."

Scotty nods slowly, and McCoy wonders if he's felt the same loneliness. "Aye, I'd like that." He pushes himself off the table and stands. "I'll bring the scotch."

With that, he goes back to work, and McCoy goes back to his office. Nothing has changed, and yet everything has.

Maybe he doesn't have to be alone.

He sits down in his chair and toggles the intercom. "McCoy to Kirk."

"Kirk here."

"Can you come to my office, Jim? And bring Spock. There's something I need to tell you."

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