Doctor Senses

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Summary

Doctor McCoy wakes up in the middle of the night with the distinct feeling that something is wrong. Not being one to ignore his 'doctor senses,' he goes to investigate.

Notes

Written for Fictober 2022
Day 30: "I know what this looks like."

Halloween time!

Doctor McCoy woke up, instantly knowing that it wasn't morning. He checked the time on the digital display on the wall. The glowing numbers that irritated his eyes declared that it was 03:32. Far too early to be waking up. He frowned. The only times he ever woke up in the night was when something was going wrong. But there were no odd sounds, and the *Enterprise* was moving through space as smoothly as ever. Deciding that nothing was out of the ordinary, Doctor McCoy tried to go back to sleep, but he just couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.

With a sigh, he got up and pulled a sweater over his head as he left his quarters, grumbling all the way but knowing that he wouldn't be able to sleep if he didn't solve this mystery. He stalked barefoot down the corridor towards the turbo-lift, that particular feeling getting stronger as he went. Rounding the bend, he crossed paths with Spock who was reading something on his PADD as he walked.

"Spock, what the hell are you doing out here at this hour?" He grumbled at him irritably.

Spock stopped and raised an eyebrow at him. He took stock of the Doctor, who was walking around barefoot in a sweater and flannel pajamas, and generally looking like a zombie. "I believe I should be the one asking *you* that question," he said.

"Ugh," McCoy answered, and continued on his way to the turbo-lift. "I don't have time for this, my doctor senses are tingling."

Spock opened his mouth to ask about these so-called 'doctor senses,' but stopped himself. McCoy was already disappearing around the bend, moving like a man on a mission. Spock shrugged inwardly, and continued reading as he strolled back to his quarters.

McCoy stepped out of the turbo-lift onto C deck and opened the door to the officers' mess, where he was sure the odd feeling was leading him. He frowned. The lights were off in the room. Thinking he was just imagining things after all, he turned to leave, but stopped when he heard a sound from the back of the mess hall. Something had crinkled. He held very still, listening intently.

He heard sounds that exactly mimicked the sound of a raccoon going through a trashcan and finding something good to eat. He paused, wondering if maybe Jim had snuck another targ on board and accidentally let it loose on the ship. He wondered briefly if he should call security, but ultimately decided that whatever it was probably wasn't worth calling for backup over. He flipped on the lights, and stared.

When the lights turned on, Chekov froze in place, hunched over a giant pile of replicated Halloween candy, with what seemed like an ungodly number of discarded candy wrappers littered around him. He and Doctor McCoy stared at each other in stunned silence, before Chekov swallowed whatever he had been eating, and said, "I… I know what this looks like."

The Doctor snapped out of his trance, but stayed in the doorway. "Hazarding a guess here, but does this-" he said, waving a hand nebulously in Chekov's direction, "-happen to be *exactly* what it looks like?"

Chekov looked around at the sugary debris surrounding him, then sighed. "Yeah…"

Doctor McCoy put a hand to his head in exasperation, grumbling to himself, "I can't believe I woke up for this." Then, addressing Chekov, he said, "Alright Chekov, I'll see you bright and early in the morning, then." He waved a hand lazily as he turned and left the mess.

"Bright and early?" Chekov repeated to himself, confused. The Doctor stuck an arm back into the room and shut off the light.

The next morning, at precisely 05:58, Chekov stumbled into sickbay, where he was surprised to see that McCoy was waiting there for him.

"I've been expecting you," the Doctor said, clearly amused by Chekov's sorry state.

Hunched over and looking like he stayed up all night eating junk food, Chekov groaned. "I think I'm going to die."

"Oh, don't be so dramatic," McCoy rolled his eyes, but smiled. "You'll just feel like shit all day. This is why we don't eat a dumpster-load of Halloween candy in one night."

Chekov laid down on the floor, still clutching at his stomach. "Why didn't you stop me?" He groaned.

"Because you never would have learned if I did," McCoy said bluntly, then handed Chekov a small bottle of something pink. "Here, drink this, it'll make you feel better."

Chekov drank the contents of the bottle quickly, and Doctor McCoy left Chekov to lay on the floor in agony for a few minutes as he got some work done. He came back to find Chekov still dying in the middle of the floor.

McCoy sighed, and crouched down to pat Chekov on the shoulder. "Alright, I'll get you off the roster for today. But just this once, you hear?"

Chekov nodded. "Thank you, Doctor," he mumbled.

"Yeah, yeah," McCoy said, grabbing Chekov by the arms to haul him to his feet. "Let's get you up, you're a tripping hazard."

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