

Recovery

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Recovery

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Jim wakes up from a two-week long medically induced coma after being revived to find that he isn't the only one needing to recover from his death.

Notes

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Canon Major Character Undeath. xD

Jim woke slowly from a heavy sleep. He felt terrible, like his insides had dried out and his organs had shrivelled up. Every muscle in his body ached. Even his very bones seemed to ache. He wondered if he had been struck by a train.

No, he wasn't hit by a train. He remembered now. He had died painfully of radiation poisoning in the warp core, sacrificing himself to save everyone else on board the failing ship. He woke up once before, after his friends brute-forced a miracle and brought him back from the dead. He had felt like shit then, too.

Opening his eyes required more effort than Jim expected. His eyelids were so, so heavy, and the bright overhead fluorescent lights weren't exactly welcoming. But after a few minutes of adjusting to the light, he managed to keep his eyelids open in a squint, blue irises darting around the room to gain his bearings.

The first thing he noticed was that he was in a different place than he was the last time he woke up. He was certainly not on board the *Enterprise* anymore. If he had to hazard a guess, he was in a hospital on Earth. Probably at Starfleet Medical. The second thing he noticed was that he was not alone in the room. Sitting in a chair to his left was Spock, slumped uncharacteristically in his seat, head dipped down, sleeping. He looked rather haggard, at least by Spock's standards. He sported dark bags under his eyes, and his hair was in disarray. Jim wondered how long he had been sitting there.

As if he could feel Jim's eyes on him, Spock woke with a start, head jerking up. He blinked in confusion for a brief moment before meeting Jim's eyes. "You're awake," he said, seeming surprised.

Jim smiled weakly. "Yup. How long was I out?"

"Two weeks," Spock replied. "Doctor McCoy put you in a medically induced coma shortly after your revival, to spare you the worst of the recovery process. You've since been transferred to Starfleet Medical."

Jim winced. With how awful he felt now, he couldn't imagine what kind of pain he had missed out on during his induced coma. He voiced this to Spock, adding, "I feel like I'm still dying."

Spock nodded. "You weren't expected to wake up yet." He blinked, dazed for a moment, then shook his head as if to wake himself up. He reached over and pressed the call button at Jim's bedside, having just remembered that he should really have summoned a doctor the moment he realized that Jim had woken up.

Bones must have been close by, because he practically materialized in the doorway a second later, looking worried.

"He's awake," Spock told him, and relief crossed Bones' face.

Stepping into the room, Bones examined Jim's vitals, which were on display above the bio-bed. "You aren't supposed to be awake yet," he said to Jim once he was satisfied that everything was in order.

"So I've heard," Jim said.

"How do you feel?" When Jim just gave him a *'how do you think'* look, Bones shook his head. "I'll put you back under-

"Can I stay awake?" Jim blurted abruptly. Responding to the curious looks from both Bones and Spock, he added, "I hate waking up from that. It feels like I'm coming back from the dead all over again."

Bones and Spock exchanged a brief glance across the bio-bed. Returning his attention to Jim, Bones nodded, though somewhat reluctantly. "Alright. I'll pump you full of pain meds to help you out, though."

Relieved that he wouldn't be unconscious for the next couple of weeks, Jim relaxed. "Thanks, Bones."

"It's going to be a long road to recovery," Bones said as he started changing out Jim's IV bags. "Turns out when you get blasted with that much radiation, your bones start to break down, and your organs and muscles take a beating. So there are a lot of repairs to be done, and they won't be quick. You're going to be feeling like shit for a while, yet."

"Sounds like it'll be fun," Jim said, trying to sound cheerful. He did cheer up considerably when the pain medications started dripping into his veins.

Bones nodded at the IV stand, satisfied. "Get some rest, Jim. You're going to need all the sleep you can get." He gave Spock a look. "You too, Spock. You can't keep sleeping in a chair."

Spock's shoulders stiffened. "I will stay here," he said, coldly. From the defensive tone he took, Jim gathered that this wasn't the first time Spock and Bones have had this conversation.

Bones rolled his eyes and propped his hands on his hips. "Dammit Spock, you need proper rest. Sitting in a chair is *not* proper rest. Go home. You can come back tomorrow." Spock glared at him, clearly having no intention of going anywhere. "Jim isn't the only one in this room who looks like shit, Spock," Bones snapped. "I'll give you half an hour, if you aren't out of here by then I'll have security drag you out." He spun on his heel and left the room, grumbling under his breath.

Spock's glare lingered on the empty doorway, only breaking away when Jim spoke. "How long have you been here?"

Spock's gaze dropped to his hands. "I haven't left the hospital since you were transferred," he admitted.

Jim raised his eyebrows. "Don't tell me you've been in this room all this time."

Spock was silent for a moment. "I have left your side a few times, but only briefly, and only when Nyota was available to watch over you."

"Why?" Jim asked.

Spock sighed. "My reasoning is... illogical."

"That's okay."

"I worry that something should happen to you while I'm not here," Spock admitted.

Jim blinked. "But I'm fine, Spock. I mean, we're in a state of the art facility. I'm in good hands. Nothing bad is going to happen to me."

"I told you it was illogical," Spock muttered.

There was a long silence. Jim couldn't help but notice something unusual in Spock's eyes and shrouding his face. "Spock, are you okay?" He asked, concerned.

Spock met his eyes, but only briefly before turning his eyes down again. "No. I don't think I am," he said quietly.

"Tell me what's wrong," Jim said gently.

Spock shook his head. "You are ill. It would be unfair for me to burden you at this time."

Jim frowned at him. "Spock, come on. You've been here for me for weeks. Let me help you."

Spock sighed, and explained. "When you died, I felt like my soul had been torn out. I had never imagined that so much pain could result from a severed bond, the empty space it left behind... It felt like I was drowning."

Jim blinked. "You never told me we had a bond," he said softly. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Spock looked up at him, and Jim was shocked to see that his face was wet. "Because I didn't know," Spock said in a whisper. "I didn't know until you were taken from me."

"Oh, Spock..." Jim breathed. "I'm sorry." There was another long silence before Jim asked, "So, the bond... is it still gone?"

Spock shook his head. "No. But it is weak. I cannot feel it if I stray too far from you."

"That's why you haven't left," Jim said, understanding. "Why you don't want to leave."

"I can't tolerate the emptiness of being separated from you," Spock said, voice cracking.

Jim found himself blinking back tears of his own. His heart ached for Spock. Jim was the one who died and was on the long, difficult road to recovery, yet Spock looked like he had been through hell and back. "Bones is right," Jim said. "You need some real rest."

Spock gave him a sharp look. "I am not leaving-"

"I'm not saying you have to," Jim interrupted, stopping Spock in his tracks. With what took too much effort and hurt too much, Jim scooted himself away from Spock, creating a small but empty space beside him. He patted the bio-bed lightly. When Spock hesitated, Jim pointed out, "Bones can't kick you out if you're technically doing what he told you to do."

Gratefully, Spock crawled onto the bio-bed with Jim. His body sighed as it was finally allowed to lay down. "Jim, I..." Spock started, but found that he wasn't able to continue, anxiety and exhaustion closing in on him.

Jim smiled at him, and twined his fingers through Spock's. "I love you too, Spock."

When Bones returned a half hour later, he fully expected to have to sic hospital security on Spock. But his heart softened at the unexpected sight of Jim and Spock passed out on the bio-bed, clinging to each other. Well, he certainly couldn't kick Spock out now. "Lights, ten percent," Bones said quietly. The lights dimmed, and he left his friends to get some much needed sleep.

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