

## Broken

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1273) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1273>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: The Original Series</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universes (General)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Rose Reilly</a> , <a href="#">Edward Hawthorn</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Weekly Challenge: Sink or Swim</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Star Trek Tkon: Prologue</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">Weekly Writing Challenges</a>
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-14 Words: 695 Chapters: 1/1

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by [trekfan](#)

### Summary

2244: Eight months after the death of her mother and her resignation from Starfleet, Rose Reilly finds herself far away from that life, but still too close to her problems.

He wasn't sure if he was stupid, brave, desperate, or out of his mind. He could come up with half-a-dozen diagnoses for himself right now, but instead he was standing on the doorstep of someone who didn't want to see anyone. As a doctor, he was taught to accept the choices of his patients, even if they were ill-advised — but this was getting out of hand.

He had to do *something*.

He took a steadying breath and rang the doorbell.

Seconds passed, then a minute, then two, and finally after nearly five of him standing there the door opened. He was immediately greeted with the smell of a house that hadn't been aired out in quite a while, the stink of stale alcohol, and dim lighting. The owner of the home stood before him, her red hair disheveled, her blue eyes strained, and her face contorted in disappointment.

"You're not my delivery man," she mumbled as she held the door-frame to steady herself. She blinked a few times and he could see her trying to remember his name. "You're the doctor ... uh ... Hawk? Halsey?"

"Hawthorn," he gently corrected. "Ed Hawthorn. Miss Reilly, may I come in for just a minute? I have something I'd like to ask."

She gripped the door-frame harder as she tried to stand straight, but just ended up leaning against it. "No." She turned to leave, lost her balance, and fell-forward into the house, stumbling over something before crashing herself into the bottle-laden couch, the sound of glass crunching beneath her.

That was good enough an excuse for him to enter. "Are you all right?"

The door shut behind him and the light levels fell dark.

"Shit ... fuck off! I'm fine!"

"Computer, set lights to fifty percent." The house computer obliged and the darkened home grew less dark. Ed took a moment to scan the living room and found himself pitying the woman; the couch wasn't the only place covered in empty bottles.

Reilly covered her eyes, turning her head away. "What the hell?"

"I need to see if I'm going to patch you up," he told her. He knelt down beside her and grimaced at her right arm, which was covered in shards of broken glass and blood — she had used it to brace herself when she fell. The glass was in there deep. "We need to get you back to my infirmary."

She used her left arm to swing at him and he easily dodged it. "I don't want any help, just go!"

She swung her left arm at him again and he caught it this time, gripping it firmly. "Uncooperative patients are my least favorite people, especially ones that ignore life-threatening injuries. You're bleeding out and I need to get all that glass out of you before you're too far gone. Do you understand?"

She didn't try to fight back, but rather relaxed and leaned back. "Fine. Whatever. I'm already gone anyway."

*She 's given up. Fuck.*

He shook his head. "You're still here. Now, do you have a medkit around? I can stabilize things until we get you to the infirmary if you do."

She stared at her bleeding arm and pointed at the nearby cabinet.

He walked over to it, opened it, and found the medkit — blessedly untouched — but also found broken holoframes. Most of them weren't functioning, but one — Reilly with another older woman, whom she bore quite a resemblance to — still worked. He made a mental note about that and returned to Reilly with the medkit.

She glared him as he stabilized her arm. "Why are you here?"

He scanned her right arm and gave a little nod. "You're stabilized. Should only take a few hours at the infirmary to fix you up." He closed the tricorder and put it back into the medkit. "As for why I'm here ..." He sighed. "The colony needs your help."

She laughed darkly. "My help?"

"There are Orion pirates attacking our trade convoys. Starfleet has done nothing ... we're not a priority." He met her eyes. "We need someone to lead a militia, to defend us."

"You're crazy. I'm done."

He locked his eyes with her's. "Are you sure?"

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