

Not the Bees

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Summary

Chekov gets attacked by bees.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 9
Prompt: Bees

Chekov grumbled as he climbed the tree. "Do *this*, Chekov, do *that*, Chekov," he complained under his breath. "How about doing these things yourselves for once?"

Being on the away team always seemed like it would be fun. And it was, unless you were the designated collector of samples. Already, Chekov had been sent into a creepy damp cave, had been made to wade out into a scummy pond, and now here he was, shimmying up a tree. It was all about collecting samples. Samples, samples, samples. Some trickling water from inside the cave, some of the scum from the middle of the pond (and it had to be from the *middle!* As if it were any different than the scum around the edges...), and now, he was being sent up a tree to retrieve a sample of moss high up in the branches.

Reaching the patch of moss, Chekov went about finding a good enough footing that he could work with both hands free. He planted one foot on one branch, the other foot finding another that was near level, and settled his weight on it. He heard an immediate crunch, and he fell as the second branch broke beneath him. When he hit the ground, cursing but uninjured, he noticed the branch he broke wasn't a branch at all. It was a large greyish mass, constructed of a papery material, and... *buzzing?*

Oh, fuck. Chekov leapt to his feet and bolted, getting only a short head start ahead of the bees, which angrily burst forth from their destroyed home, locking on to him as the perpetrator and rushing to exact their revenge.

For a few seconds, Chekov was successful in his escape. But his full out sprint was no match for the speed of the angry bees, which quickly overtook him and swarmed him as he ran. He screamed and swatted as he began to feel sharp pinches all over his body as the bees attacked, hundreds all at once. The cloud of bees swarming his face distracted him, and he tripped on something, landing flat on his face. Now that he was stationary, the bees were able to attack him more vigorously, all at once. Hundreds of stings a second, over every inch of his body as he screamed out in pain. He choked as bees crawled into his mouth, inflicting their pain all the way. Eventually the fiery pain was too much, and Chekov fell into unconsciousness.

He woke up in sickbay, groaning. He was acutely aware of each of the thousands of lightning hot pinpricks covering his body, his skin an angry mess of swollen red lumps. His face was so puffy he could barely open his eyes.

"You're lucky, Chekov," said Doctor McCoy, leaning over him. "With this many stings, you could have died."

The pain was excruciating. Chekov wished he *had* died. He tried to voice this sentiment, but his lips and the insides of his cheeks were too swollen and painful for him to speak.

Doctor McCoy frowned. "How about we knock you out for a while?"

Chekov barely managed a nod, and didn't even feel the hypo press into his neck. But soon he felt the sweet release of dreamless unconsciousness beckoning, and he gladly went to it.

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