

## In Self Defence

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## In Self Defence

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Hikaru reflects on killing a man.

### Notes

FebuWhump Day 10  
Prompt: Killing in Self-Defence

Hikaru stared at the ceiling of his quarters. He hadn't slept, and he was scheduled for duty in only two hours from now. He didn't dare sleep. He worried he would dream— be forced to relive what had happened that day. Or maybe he'd dream of something worse.

Even closing his eyes brought up the memory, in immaculate detail. He was part of the landing party, checking in on a colony that hadn't been heard from in months. The colonists were alive, but they were sick— it made them paranoid and irrational. Violent.

One of them had surprised Hikaru, lunging out at him from around a corner, knocking him to the ground. Hikaru remembers seeing the knife glinting in the sunlight as the colonist raised it above his head. He remembers thinking only of Demora and Ben in that moment, how he couldn't die on them like this. He drew his phaser and fired.

The colonist seized as if shocked, then slowly and horrifically disintegrated.

Hikaru's first reaction was one of relief that he was still alive. His second reaction was of horror. His phaser was *always* set to stun. Always. He wasn't a killer, he wasn't a soldier. There were always better ways to solve problems than killing. He never had his phaser set to lethal parameters. But this time, it was.

As the scene finished replaying itself for the hundredth time while he stared at the ceiling, Hikaru turned to his bedside table and retrieved the framed photo that resided there. In the dim lighting he examined the picture of his daughter, grinning at him through the camera lens.

How could he face her, now that he was a killer? Could he even trust himself to hold his daughter with the same hands that had killed a sick, but innocent man? How would their relationship change, when Demora learned that her daddy was a murderer?

Tears prickled at his eyes. He had done it in self defence, but it still felt so wrong. Did that colonist have a family too? Did he steal away the life of some little girl's father? A little girl just like his own?

"I'm sorry," he whispered into the darkness. "I didn't mean to." Whether he was addressing the dead colonist, Demora, or the imaginary daughter of the man he killed, he wasn't sure.

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