

If You Die I'll Kill You

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If You Die I'll Kill You

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Scotty is gravely wounded in the field and Nyota's calls for help go unanswered.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 12
Prompt: Semi-Conscious

"Hey, you need to stay awake, okay?" Nyota said when she noticed Scotty's eyes fluttering closed. She shook his shoulder lightly, and he blinked up at her, eyes unseeing.

"M'tryin'," he answered, groggily. But his eyelids were heavy, and he was having trouble keeping them open. Nyota had bandaged up the gaping hole in his side well, but there was only so much her field dressing could do.

"You're doing good." Nyota squeezed his hand, trying to encourage him. She checked the makeshift bandages for any leakage, and was pleased to see that blood hadn't seeped through the most recent layer. Yet.

Sitting back on her heels, Nyota opened her communicator, trying to hail the *Enterprise*. She had been trying to get into contact with the ship every five minutes for the past hour, trying to get medical attention for Scotty, but something was interfering with her signal. She also tried comming Christine Chapel, their mission medic who they had been separated from, but whatever was blocking shore-to-ship communication was blocking shore-to-shore, too.

"Scotty," Nyota said sharply when she put her communicator away to see that his eyes had closed again.

"Hm?" He opened his eyes tiredly.

"You have to stay awake," she repeated to him. She felt like a parrot, but she didn't think Scotty remembered one moment to the next.

"Alright," Scotty answered, speech slurred. He had lost a lot of blood. Consciousness was not an easy thing at the moment. "Need to go for help," he said after a long moment.

Nyota shook her head. "You're not in any condition to go anywhere," she told him, patiently. She started to worry that he was getting delirious.

"No," he said, turning his head to look at her, eyes clearer. Nyota realized he was more conscious than he had been for the last while.

"You need to go for help," Scotty said. "There'll be signal from higher ground." His breathing was laboured from the effort of speaking, and it took time for him to recover.

Nyota weighed the options. She could go find a spot that gave her the signal to call for support... but that would mean leaving Scotty by himself. She worried that if she wasn't there to keep him awake, he would slip away and never wake up again.

"I can't just leave you here alone," Nyota said. "There'll be a search party. I'm sure they'll be here in no time."

Scotty shook his head in minute movements, too exhausted for anything more vigorous. "Search will take too long," he told her. "Running out of time."

Nyota winced. As the time went by, it had been harder and harder to keep Scotty awake. She may have done a decent job at field dressing, but she was no doctor. Scotty needed medical attention, and fast, if he was going to live. And getting that medical attention meant she would have to trust him not to die out in the middle of this field while she went for help.

"Okay," she said, reluctant but resigned. "I'll go. But stay awake, okay? If you die, I'll kill you."

A breathy laugh came from Scotty, accompanied by a grimace. "Don't make me laugh," he said, putting a hand to the bandages in his side and trying not to laugh more.

Nyota gave a small smile. "Sorry," she said, patting him on the arm. "But seriously. Don't die. I'll be back soon."

"Higher elevation," Scotty reminded her.

"Got it," she answered as she stood. She gave him one last worried look before turning on her heel and taking long, quick strides towards the nearest hill.

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