Beaten and Bruised

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Spock finds Nyota beaten up in an alleyway.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 15
Prompt: "Who Did This to You?"

Spock walked down the empty street. Popular with the Academy students for its bars and clubs, it was needless to say that this place wasn't really Spock's scene. However, taking this street was part of the shortest route from campus to the apartment complex where he resided. Additionally, it wasn't particularly busy at 0400 hours, after all the bars had closed. The street was quiet and occupied only by a handful of drunk students stumbling their way home.

His brisk walk halted suddenly as his sensitive hearing caught a small noise. He paused, waiting to hear if it would occur again. A muffled hiccoughing came from the alleyway. Frowning, Spock went to the mouth of the alley that he thought the sound was coming from to investigate. While this place was off campus, this was an area mostly frequented by academy students, and as Spock was an instructor, he felt it was his duty to make sure whoever was in the alleyway wasn't in need of assistance.

They alley was dark, but Spock's keen vision picked out a huddled form on the ground, leaned against the wall of one of the buildings and hugging her knees to her chest, crying into them. As Spock approached, his heart leapt with recognition.

"Nyota?" He called out, quickening his pace. When he reached her he crouched down in front of her, gently placing his hands on her shoulders.

Reluctantly, she looked up at him, and gave him a slight, fake smile. "Hi," she said hoarsely, and wiped at her eyes with the back of her hands.

Her makeup was smudged, her eye-liner running down her cheeks, but Spock noticed that under all that, bruises were forming. Her mouth and chin were crusted with blood that trailed down from her nose, and bloody finger tracks swept some of the rusty crimson across her cheeks. On closer inspection, one of her hands was cut up around the knuckles, and her dress was torn. Her bare arms sported scratches and the beginnings of bruises, and were covered in little bumps from the cold.

Spock felt a flicker of anger ignite inside him at the sight of his battered friend. For a long moment, he couldn't say anything.

Nyota sniffed, still wiping at her eyes. "Yeah," she said, agreeing with his silent assessment. "Pretty bad, isn't it?"

Spock looked around the alleyway for a possible perpetrator, but the alley was empty aside from the two of them. Spock reflected that if he came across whoever had done this, right here and now, he would probably be unable to stop himself from beating them to within an inch of their life.

He turned back to Nyota. "Who did this to you?" He asked, his voice coming out harsher and more demanding than he had intended.

But Nyota just shook her head, busying herself with wiping at her face. Spock realized that she felt ashamed, and was trying to conceal her face from him.

Taking her wrists in his hands and gently prying her hands from her face, Spock repeated his question, forcing his voice to be gentler this time. "Nyota, who did this?"

Hiccoughing, her face crumpled and she again shook her head, more vigorously this time.

"You don't know who it was?" Spock asked. He thought for a second, then added, "or do you not want to tell me?"

"Does it matter?" Nyota asked weakly.

"Yes," Spock said, gently. "If I know who did this, I can arrange for them to answer for what they've done to you. Tell me what you know."

After a moment of hesitation, Nyota shook her head again. "I just want to go home," she whispered.

Spock wanted to press her for answers, but he held his tongue. She had gone through enough for one night. Perhaps she would tell him what had transpired after she had gotten some rest. So after a moment of fighting himself, Spock nodded, stood, and helped Nyota to her feet.

"Thanks," she muttered. She stood stiffly, and hugged herself, shivering in the cool breeze.

Spock took off his jacket and wrapped it around her, covering her bare arms to provide her with some warmth. "I'll escort you back to your dormitory," he said.

"No, it's okay," Nyota said quickly, shaking her head. "I just want to be alone right now."

Spock protested. "It wouldn't be wise for you to walk home unaccompanied at this hour—"

"Please, Spock," Nyota said, sounding tired and deflated. "I need to be alone."

After a long moment of hesitation, Spock sighed, and nodded. "Very well," he said. "Travel safely."

Nyota nodded, and walked out of the alley with Spock trailing behind her. She turned back towards campus and walked quickly down the street, head down and barefoot. She carried her high heeled shoes in one hand, and clutched Spock's coat tightly around her with the other. Spock couldn't help but notice the slight limp in her gait.

Spock watched as she walked to the end of the street and disappeared. He waited a minute more, then started walking in the direction of campus. She wanted to be alone, but that didn't mean he couldn't follow her at a distance, and make sure she arrived at her dorm without any issues.

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