

A Cruel Kind of Weakness

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Jim Kirk wakes up in sickbay.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 18
Prompt: Too Weak to Move

Jim woke up slowly, gradually becoming aware that every bone in his body ached as if he were hit by a truck. Maybe he *had* been hit by a truck, he thought as the familiar ceiling of sickbay revealed itself to him through his bleary vision. The beeping and subtle whirring of machines confirmed his location.

He couldn't remember what had happened to him to land him in sickbay this time. He searched his memory for the last thing he could remember, but so much of it was just an incomprehensible blur, and thinking too hard amplified the pain in his head.

The more conscious he became, the more pain Jim felt. Every muscle felt torn, and every bone felt broken, though he hoped that wasn't really the case. The pain in his head grew more intense behind his eyes, and there was a painful cramping somewhere in his gut. And over all of that, he felt desperately thirsty, his mouth and throat paper-dry.

He could hear the sounds of all of his monitors and whatever machines Bones had hooked him up to, but as his awareness grew, Jim could start to make out the sounds of footsteps and hushed voices. Nothing concerning, just the regular din of sickbay. But from the sound of it, nobody had noticed that he was awake. He tried to turn his head to the side to see who was nearby— he needed a glass of water to relieve the awful feeling that his insides had completely shrivelled up. He needed medicine to relieve his ever-increasing pain. But he couldn't move his head even a little bit. He tried raising an arm, but couldn't lift it at all, either. It wasn't even because of the pain. It was like he had no energy to move whatsoever. A terrible feeling of weakness fell over him like a blanket. He tried to lift a finger, and even that was unachievable. He was so weak, he was effectively paralyzed. He was lucky he could even blink, and even then, his eyelids were so, so heavy.

The pain deepened with each passing minute, and his throat and mouth were so dry that breathing made their linings feel like they were cracking and tearing. He tried to call out to whoever was nearby, but no sound came, and the effort left him short of breath. His eyes blurred as the pain intensified so much that his eyes began to tear up.

He couldn't move, and he couldn't speak. He tried to fall back asleep for some respite, but it was an impossible task without anything to numb the full-bodied pain that tortured him. He felt as if he would die if he didn't receive painkillers and water soon. But all he could do was hope that someone would walk by and see that his eyes were open, that he was conscious and desperately in pain. He silently pleaded that someone would come and put him back under. But as the minutes passed, each one feeling like hours, nobody came to his rescue.

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