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Character:	[Hikaru Sulu (AOS)](#), [Pavel Chekov (AOS)](#), [Leonard "Bones" McCoy (AOS)](#)
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In a Flash

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Hikaru gets struck by lightning.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 20
Prompt: Alt - Lightning Strike

Hikaru crouched down in front a wide plant that sporting a giant, cone shaped flower. He rested his forearms on his knees as he held his tricorder up to it, studying the analysis with keen interest and recording data about his new discovery.

The sky had gone from sunny to overcast in the hour they had been there, and dark clouds loomed in the distance, drawing closer. Webs of lightning flickered from the clouds.

"The storm is getting close," Pavel said nervously as he watched the sky, counting the seconds between the jagged forks of electricity and the growling thunder that followed. "I think that maybe it is time to return to the ship?" It was a question more than suggestion.

Analysis and scans complete, Hikaru stood, and looked past Pavel at the nearing storm. "Just a few more minutes," he decided. "We've got time for a few more plants." He flashed Pavel a confident smile, but Pavel just turned to watch the approaching storm front anxiously.

Hikaru walked up the hill, remembering seeing a strange vine-like plant that he wanted to study. Pavel trailed behind slowly, jumping at the flashes of light and grimacing at the thunder as it grew louder.

Hikaru spotted the plant near the top of the hill, and was heading towards it when suddenly, his vision became a flood of white, and everything stopped. A searing jolt seized him as electricity rocketed through his body. To him, it felt like minutes. To Pavel, the lightning strike only lasted a split second, violently punching Hikaru into the ground.

Pavel yelped and jumped back, his hands instinctively going to his ears at the enormously loud crash. He could feel the static in the air, and he wanted to turn around and flee down the hill. But it only took him a second to recover, and he rushed to aid his crumpled friend.

"Hikaru!" Pavel shouted. His knees hit the ground hard, but he didn't care. His friend's clothing was singed and smoking, and a small flame had sparked. He quickly patted it out, and shook his Hikaru by the shoulder. But he was unresponsive. Pavel hoped he wasn't dead. Thinking fast, he pulled out his communicator and hailed the *Enterprise.*

"Enterprise, medical emergency, two to beam up!" He spoke quickly, but made sure to carefully enunciate the words 'medical emergency.' There was no time to have to repeat himself.

"Aye, beaming up," Scotty's voice said, and promptly, the familiar particle swirl encased Pavel and Hikaru, whisking them off the planet.

"Good God—" Doctor McCoy exclaimed, leaping back as two figures— one crouched and one prone —materialized in his sickbay. But he quickly composed himself, and recognizing a severe injury, immediately got to work.

"What happened to him?" Doctor McCoy asked as he dropped down next to Pavel. "It looks like he's been—"

"Lightning strike," Pavel said quickly. "It happened so fast—"

"Help me get him onto a bio-bed," McCoy demanded. The two of them hoisted Hikaru onto a bio-bed, and McCoy got to work. "Go wait outside," he told Pavel.

"But—"

"Go," he said more forcefully. "I need you out of my way."

Reluctantly, Pavel left, and waited outside sickbay, pacing anxiously.

When Hikaru awake, his vision was flooded with white. A different kind of white. He groaned as he recognized he was staring into the bright lights of sickbay's ceiling.

"Good, you're awake," Doctor McCoy said from somewhere nearby, sounding relieved. "How do you feel?"

Hikaru closed his eyes against the harsh lights. "Sore," he croaked. "Sore all over. My head hurts. What happened to me?"

"You got struck by lightning," McCoy said. "You're lucky it didn't kill you. Open your eyes." He pulled Hikaru's eyes open one at a time with his fingers, shining a bright light into them and ignoring Hikaru's protests. He continued to work, poking and prodding.

Uncomfortable, Hikaru squirmed. But something felt wrong. Heart beating in his throat at the suspicion, he tried to wiggle his toes. "Doc," he said hoarsely. "I can't feel my legs."

McCoy stopped what he was doing and grimaced. He took a tricorder and traced it down Hikaru's prone form, frown deepening. "Your nerves are completely fried from the waist down," he said grimly. "You're paralyzed."

Hikaru stared at the ceiling for a long time, mind racing. "Can you fix it?" He asked, not sounding very hopeful.

Doctor McCoy sighed. "It's not impossible. But it won't be easy. We can grow you new, healthy nerves, which takes a long time and hurts like hell. And if it works— which it might not —then you have to learn how to walk all over again. Years of physical therapy."

Hikaru was relieved that at least there was a chance to regain his legs, but his heart sunk at the long, painful process ahead. He just hoped it would work.

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