

## Because I Care

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by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Bones buys time for Jim and Spock to escape.

### Notes

FebuWhump Day 24

Prompt: "I'm doing this because I care about you."

Their footsteps were loud as their feet pounded against the metallic floor, the rubber soles of their boots squealing as they turned corners as fast as they could, trying to stay ahead of their pursuers and their phaser fire.

"How much further?" Bones asked, panting hard as he ran.

"Approximately three hundred meters," Spock answered, not bothering to come up with a more accurate figure. "Left," he directed at the next crossroads, and the three of them tore around another corner.

This base they had infiltrated was a literal labyrinth— whether as a strange aesthetic choice or as a tactical decision to keep infiltrators from escaping with stolen secrets, nobody knew. But they were infiltrators, they had stolen secrets, and the only reason they hadn't found themselves trapped in a dead end was because of Spock's eidetic memory.

A beam of energy flew over their heads, leaving a black mark as it ended its trajectory in a wall.

"They're gaining on us," Jim shouted out the obvious.

"Turn right," Spock said, suddenly rerouting them. It wouldn't be the most direct path, but the corner would provide some cover from the phaser fire.

"Do you think we can lose them?" Jim asked him, breathing hard.

"I am attempting to do so," Spock said, referencing his mental map. "Left here."

They darted through the halls, turning down different corridors in a somewhat erratic pattern in an attempt to throw their pursuers off their trail. It seemed to be working, as they were gaining ground.

But the three skidded to a halt when they turned a corner just in time to see several doors along the straightaway close in front of them. Someone had grown wise and decided to put the place in lock-down.

"Shit," Bones said. "Do we double back?"

Spock shook his head and ran up to the door, pulling its control panel from the wall and getting to work on rewiring the door to coax it open again. "They will have also closed the doors back in the direction we came from, too."

"But we're trapped *here*-"

The door hissed open, and they sprinted towards the next one to repeat the process. As Spock worked at opening it, they could hear the

echoing sounds of running footsteps getting closer and closer.

"We aren't going to get through all these doors before they catch up to us," Jim said.

Spock's mouth was pressed into a firm line. He couldn't dispute that observation. He just continued to work on the door as the footsteps got close and closer.

"Shit," Bones said under his breath. Making a decision, he ran back to the door they had just opened.

"Bones!" Jim shouted after him. "What are you doing?"

Ignoring him, Bones passed through the open door, and started messing with the control panel. He needed to close this thing.

Understanding what he was trying to do, Jim bolted towards him. "Bones, no!" He nearly made it to the door when the door whooshed shut in his face. He pounded on the door with his fists. "Bones!"

Spock appeared at Jim's side and got to work on rewiring the door from their side. But he was greeted with a sparking mess when he pulled back the control panel.

"He's fried the controls," Spock said hoarsely.

"I'm buying you idiots time, don't waste it!" Bones shouted through the closed door. "I'll hold them off for as long as I can, you guys get out of here."

"Bones, no!" Jim protested, banging desperately on the door, though there was nothing anyone could do to open it now.

"Doctor, you can't—"

"Shut up, Spock. I'm doing this because I care about you two," Bones shouted. "So don't let me die for nothing. *Go!*"

Even through the door, they could hear the footsteps of a small army rounding the corner. Bones shot off the first phaser rounds, and Jim and Spock exchanged a conflicted and devastated look. Knowing that there was nothing they could do, they turned and fled.

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