Help Them

by spacedogfromspace

Summary

Two visiting dignitaries are the victims of a horrific transporter accident.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 26
Prompt: "Help Them"

"The dignitaries are ready for beam-up," Spock said as he got confirmation on his PADD from the visiting party.

"Excellent," Kirk answered, turning to Scotty. "Bring our guests aboard, Mr Scott."

"Aye, Captain," Scotty said from behind the transporter controls. "Energizing."

As they waited, Doctor McCoy tugged at his dress uniform, grumbling.

"Bones, stop fidgeting," Kirk said.

"These damned dress uniforms drive me up the wall," McCoy complained. "It's like they're designed to be a sensory hell."

"You only have to wear it for a little while," Kirk assured him. "Put on a good front for our guests, will you?"

"Fine," McCoy grumbled, crossing his arms to keep from pulling at the fabric of his uniform.

The particle beam they were all accustomed to began to materialize two humanoid forms. But suddenly, they faded away again.

"Scotty, what's happening?" Kirk asked. Spock immediately rushed to the transporter controls to assist him.

"I— I've lost my lock on them mid-transfer," Scotty said in disbelief. "I don't know what happened."

"Try to get them back," Spock said, getting to work beside Scotty. Scotty put his head down, hands flying over the controls, trying to retrieve the lost dignitaries.

The particle beams rematerialized, and for a moment they all felt relief at the sight of two people materializing again. But that relief was short-lived, because as soon as the dignitaries had materialized enough, the screams began.

Particle beam fading, the two visitors dropped to the ground, shrieking in unimaginable pain. The cause was obvious. They had materialized with parts of their bodies missing.

"They've been spliced!" Scotty shouted, mortified.

Kirk and McCoy ran up to the transporter pad to their aid, but it quickly became apparent that their injuries were extremely severe. One of them was missing their body from the waist down, entrails hanging out from where their body ended just above where their pelvis used to be. The other one had nearly been vivisected, missing their left arm and leg and a good portion of their torso. Their agonized shrieks gurgled in their throats as foamy blood rose up and spilled from their mouths.

Kirk looked desperately at McCoy, who was standing frozen, staring at the two dying dignitaries. "Bones, help them!" He pleaded.

McCoy looked at him, eyes widened in shock and horror, and he threw his hands up helplessly. "I can't!" He admitted. "What am I supposed to do, Jim? Look at them, they're already dead." His voice broke. He couldn't stand not being able to help these poor people. All they could do was watch as the screaming dissipated, and the strained gurgling noises eventually ceased.

It didn't take long for them to die, but to everyone in that room, it felt like hours. When all became still, nobody moved or spoke, as if they were holding a moment of silence for the dead.

"Captain," Spock said quietly, being the first to break the silence. "Their ship wishes to know if they have arrived safely."

Kirk closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Of course, this would be a relations disaster. But that didn't matter. What mattered was that two people had died horrific deaths, and it was up to Kirk to inform their people of what had happened.

"I'll speak to them from my ready room," Kirk said, and left the room. Everyone else was left to deal with the mess, but none of them envied Kirk.

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