

Every Thorn Has Its Rose

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1523) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1523>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Borderlines
Character:	Leonard "Bones" McCoy , Ensemble Cast - BAN , John Harriman
Additional Tags:	Medical Trauma , The Lost Era (2293 - 2364) , Deltans , Weekly Challenge: Smell the Roses
Language:	English
Series:	Part 17 of Borderlines: Missing Scenes and Preludes
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-15 Words: 684 Chapters: 1/1

Every Thorn Has Its Rose

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

A grievously wounded young woman discovers roses everywhere among expected thorns.

Notes

Author's Note: The idea of 'captains with less than three years' seniority' is my little homage in Starfleet for the Napoleonic Era Royal Navy and the huge amount of fiction written by Forester, Pope, Kent, and O'Brian, among others that I've enjoyed for decades. A post-captain in that organization was one who commanded a ship of more than 20 guns or so, rated as at least sixth-rate postships/frigates, up to first-rate ships of the line (100 guns or more). When epaulettes first appeared for RN officers 'after being dismissed as 'too French', in the 1790s, a single example on the left shoulder was for a master and commander, one on the right shoulder was for a post-captain of less than three years' seniority, and on both shoulders, with no stars, was for a post-captain, with more than three years' seniority. (At least until the system changed a few years later in the early 1800s).

I'll stop nerding out, now.

January 2296

Chandra winces as her head shifts. She stares at Captain John Harriman sitting next to her sickbay bed. Leonard McCoy stares daggers at Harriman, as she keeps her head still.

Harriman notices her discomfort; he gets up and pours her some water, as she'd been reaching for the pitcher. He extends the straw and brings it to her lips. She sips gratefully, until she has her fill and her throat is no longer dry.

She notices that Doctor McCoy's eyebrows are up in his hairline; she shoots him a look that hopefully tells him to stop hovering.

The pain on the right side of her head lessens into a dull ache under the heavy bandaging where the bat'leth had sliced through her skin and her skull before scoring her brain. McCoy had been one who had worked to repair the injury.

That pain is nothing compared to the crushing grief in her heart. Grief at the loss of one love, irretrievably, and another who might as well be dead, as he'd left for parts unknown while she had been unconscious.

She closes her eyes as she feels the slight tickle in her mind. She can't identify the sensation, but there is some familiarity to it.

Chandra turns her eyes back to Harriman. His face is grave as he studies her, but with a great deal of sympathy in his eyes.

"So are you here to tell me that you're going to court-martial me? For disobeying your order and going after the remnants of the 17th's squadron, once I found out they were on Vostus?"

He says nothing for a moment. "There are those who think that I should," he says quietly. He looks at her, directly into her eyes.

Meaning, your daddy, the admiral? she thinks, but doesn't say. Although it couldn't hurt her more than what he was possibly about to do.

"Then why did you listen to Agon and Theelia? Why did you come help us?"

He lets a slight smile come over his face. “Because they were so charming and persuasive?” he replies, the snark evident in his tone.

Chandra snorts. Her skull cries out. “Well, I’m glad that you did. Even with the backup from Intelligence and others, we probably weren’t getting out of there.”

He says nothing.

“So is your father coming after me?”

His eyes flash, but they calm just as fast. “He may be coming after me. Or trying to teach me a lesson. I’m being relieved pending an inquiry,” he says. “Plus I think he has set his sights on others involved.”

She closes her eyes. She probably knows who that will be. The Andorian engineer, Agon and Deltan navigator, Theelia, who had gotten married against the letter of a Starfleet oath.

He rises, checking his chronometer.

“I guess I need a lawyer?”

He grins. “I don’t know. Do you?” He drops two metallic objects on the table next to the water pitcher, then turns and exits.

Her eyes fall on two triple-barred pieces of metal, with one arrowhead at the end. She breathes out, a sob coming into her voice.

The insignia of a full captain, albeit one with less than three years’ seniority.

She stares at the door. McCoy walks over and looks at the insignia.

“Not what I thought I’d get from him,” she says.

“Oh, there’s more, Chan,” he says. “You’re going to be taking over the 17th. What’s more, Harriman went against his daddy. He’s recommended you for the Medal of Honor, Kaylin for the Starfleet Cross in Gold, and Siobhan for the Silver Palm with jewel.”

She continues to stare at the insignia. Finally she lifts her eyes and gazes at the now-dead roses someone had brought in for her.

Her eyes fall on the thorns, which seem to be the most prominent part left.

The tickle comes into her head again. *Harriman’s not so bad*, says a voice in her head.

The voice of T’Varilyn, as clear as day.

That’s right. You’re stuck with a part of me, babe. Just like Croft is.

She’d found the roses.

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