

Perception

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1860) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1860>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Alternate Original Series
Relationship:	James T. Kirk (AOS)/Spock (AOS) , Nyota Uhura (AOS) & Spock
Character:	Spock (AOS) , Nyota Uhura (AOS) , James T. Kirk (AOS) , Leonard "Bones" McCoy (AOS)
Additional Tags:	Major Character Injury
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-10-06 Words: 1,749 Chapters: 1/1

Perception

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

Jim is in surgery after sustaining life threatening injuries, and Spock waits to see if he will live or die.

Notes

Trektober Day 6
Prompt: "Surgery"

Spock paced anxiously in the corridor outside medbay. His internal clock wasn't working. It would tell him an hour had passed, but if he checked the digital display on his comm, he would discover that only a few minutes had gone by. The waiting was agony.

The away mission hadn't gone as planned. The locals— a pre-warp civilization with relatively primitive technology —had been friendly, until Spock's disguise slipped. Being superstitious people, the locals associated his pointed ears with the devil. Gunpowder powered firearms were drawn and fired at him. But none of the bullets hit *him*. Multiple had hit Jim, who had stepped in front of him.

They were lucky. Spock was able to drag Jim out of sight of the locals for just long enough to get a beam up. Any further delay, and Jim probably would have bled out. But even with their luck, Jim was on thin ice. He had bullets lodged inside him that needed removal, damaged organs that needed to be fixed, and blood loss to mitigate.

At this very moment, Doctor McCoy was doing his best. Spock knew Jim was in capable hands. But that fact failed to calm his nerves. And the longer the procedure went on without him getting any news, the more anxious he felt.

"Spock."

The voice made him jump. He hadn't been aware of anyone else entering this section of the corridor. He turned to see Nyota standing there.

"Sorry," she said softly. "I didn't mean to startle you."

"It wasn't your fault," Spock assured her. "What do you need?"

Nyota shook her head. "Nothing. I came to check on you," she explained. "How are you doing?"

Spock's lips drew into a thin line and his gaze landed on medbay's double doors. "Poorly," he admitted under his breath.

"Oh, Spock," she said, a look of sadness coming over his face. "We're all worried about him."

"If he dies it will be because of me," Spock said.

"Spock," Nyota said. "That's not true. You know that."

"I—"

"You're emotionally compromised. Logic and sense have been thrown out the window. I know you think it's your fault right now, but trust me, it's not."

Spock sighed, and reached up to pinch the bridge of his nose. His head hurt. "You're right, but that fact isn't making me feel any better about this."

"I know."

"I..." Spock started, then tried again. "Jim..." He couldn't form the words. Not out loud, at least.

Nyota smiled sadly. "I know," she said. "You love him."

Spock gave her a look that was a blend of confusion and astonishment.

"Oh, come on, Spock," she laughed weakly. "You two are obvious."

"Us... two?" Spock asked, looking to her for clarification.

Nyota snorted. "Oh, don't tell me you don't know about his feelings for you."

Spock gave her a blank look. "I don't think you're—"

"Spock, he took a bullet— multiple bullets —for you when he *knew* you would have a much better chance of surviving that than he would," Nyota pointed out. "Of course he loves you."

Spock looked towards the medbay doors again, staring dumbly at them.

"Hey," Nyota said, touching Spock's arm to bring his attention back to her. "You've been out here for hours and you're covered in blood. Why don't you go up to your quarters and grab a shower and a fresh uniform? Make some tea. It'll make you feel better."

Spock shook his head. "I have to be here when—"

"Spock," Nyota stopped him, a sternness in her voice now. "You pacing out here all stressed and dishevelled isn't going to help Jim one way or the other. You know you're the first one on Leonard's call list for when he actually has something to report on Jim's condition. And besides... you're scaring the crew. They don't know what to make of a crazed-looking Vulcan pacing the halls."

Spock raised an eyebrow at that.

"No, really," she said. "People have been turning around when they see you, opting for a detour. Haven't you noticed that nobody has passed you in the last three hours?"

Spock had nothing to say to that, but he looked down at his uniform. If the fabric was at all representative of the rest of him, then he looked like a mess.

"Come on, Spock," Nyota said, and she started towards the turbo-lifts.

Spock hesitated for a moment, landing a lingering glance on the medbay doors. Then he took a breath and followed Nyota.

She walked with him to his quarters, probably to make sure that he actually went inside, and then Spock was alone. He did as he was instructed, taking a shower and switching to a fresh uniform. He hated to admit it, but he did feel better now that he wasn't crusty with someone else's blood. He made tea— just from the synthesizer, he didn't want to spend the time brewing it manually, and sat down at the small table where he and Jim played chess almost nightly. He thought about what Nyota had said.

His feelings for Jim were apparently obvious. He hoped that Nyota was just particularly perceptive. Otherwise the whole crew might have picked up on it. He cringed at the rumours he could imagine going around.

And apparently, Jim's feelings for him were equally obvious. To Nyota, and possibly everyone else, except for Spock. Spock hadn't thought for a second that Jim reciprocated any of his feelings. Of course, Jim was affectionate with him, but he was just like that. Right?

But the more Spock thought about it, the more he realized that Nyota was right.

The hand holding his mug of tea shook, rippling the golden liquid within. He didn't think it could be possible, but now he was even more terrified that Jim wouldn't survive.

He jumped, sloshing some tea over the table when his comm panel crackled to life.

"Spock, you there?" It was Doctor McCoy's voice.

Spock sat frozen for a moment, unsure if he wanted to respond. To respond was to learn of Jim's fate. To not respond was like Schrodinger's thought experiment involving a cat in a box. Right now, Jim was simultaneously alive and dead. Was it better to continue not knowing, or to know for a fact that Jim was dead? Spock couldn't decide.

"Spock?" McCoy's voice came again, snapping Spock out of his thoughts.

He got up and quickly crossed to the comm panel on the wall, tapping it. "Spock here," he said. His voice came out shaky.

"Well," McCoy said with a sigh. "I had to pull all the stops on this one, but it looks like he's gonna make it out of this one after all. Not going to lie, I had my doubts."

Spock's entire body sagged with relief and he was surprised to find himself stifling a sob. He leaned against the wall, debilitated by relief at the

news. Jim wasn't dead. Jim was going to be fine.

"Spock? You there?"

Spock realized that McCoy had been trying to talk to him. He composed himself and answered.

"My apologies," he said. "I didn't hear you."

"I said you can come down here," McCoy said. "He's out, and probably will be for a few hours, but I figured you might want to see him anyways."

"Thank you, Doctor. I'll be right down."

Spock left his quarters, heading for the turbo-lift. He ran into Nyota as she was coming back up from somewhere below.

"Nyota—" Spock started, but was stopped by the grin on Nyota's face.

"I know, I heard," she said, and pulled Spock into a hug.

Spock accepted it, and even wrapped his arms around her in response. He had really needed a hug, he realized.

When they separated, Nyota grinned up at him. "I'm so glad he's going to be okay. And I'm glad for you, too."

Spock smiled faintly at her, and she let him past into the turbo-lift.

Despite being told that Jim would be okay, Spock's heart still sank when he entered medbay and saw the state that he was in. He had never seen Jim so pale, and so full of tubes.

"Hey," McCoy said.

Spock turned to him. "He's going to be okay?" He asked, wanting the reassurance.

McCoy nodded. "Yeah, he's just going to be a sorry sight for a while. But he's in the clear."

"Thank you," Spock said.

"It's my job," McCoy shrugged, then gestured to the chair beside Jim's bio-bed. "Stay as long as you want. Let me know if you need anything." He turned to leave, off to his office or to see other patients.

"Leonard," Spock said, stopping him.

McCoy looked back at him.

"Thank you," Spock repeated quietly.

McCoy shook his head and left.

Spock sat down at Jim's bedside, watching the faint rising and falling of his chest, listening to the quiet beeps and clicks of the equipment that was hooked up to him. Spock reached out and took Jim's limp hand in his. It was warm. That warmth meant everything.

The ship's artificial night had fallen by the time Jim stirred. The lights in medbay had lowered to twenty percent, and it was quiet as Jim's eyes blinked groggily open. He groaned as he came too.

"Jim," Spock said softly.

Jim turned his head, and smiled weakly. "Hey, Spock."

Spock was surprised to feel a faint flash of anger. "Don't do that again," he told Jim, sternly.

Jim chuckled. "No promises."

"This isn't a joke, Jim," Spock said. "Please."

The smile faded from Jim's face as he realized that Spock was not only serious, but rather distressed. "Sorry," he said.

They were silent for a long moment. Jim squeezed Spock's hand gently, looking for forgiveness.

"You know," Jim said, a mischievous smile appearing on his face. "I think I did it because letting the locals see your green blood would violate the prime directive," he joked.

Spock rolled his eyes. With his free hand, Spock reached out and caressed Jim's pale face, and with only a moments hesitation, he leaned forward and kissed him.

When he drew back, Jim smiled. A flush had crept into his face, making him look healthier. "I've been waiting for you to do that," he said.

"You could have said something."

Jim chuckled. "I thought that's what I've been doing all this time."

"Apparently I'm not very perceptive when it comes to these things."

"That's okay," Jim said. "It's part of why I love you."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!