

## Waiting It Out

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by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

Chris comes down with a bug. Una helps.

### Notes

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Una stops dead as she enters her and Chris's shared bathroom, taking in the sight of him slumped by the toilet, his face pale.

She sighs and fills a glass of water before kneeling down next to him. "Guess the bug finally caught up with you?" She isn't surprised; any kind of contagious illness spreads like wildfire on a starship, and since Chris's job means interacting with basically everyone, it was only a matter of time before he went down with it.

Chris accepts the glass with a soft huff. "What gave it away?" He eyes the water warily before steeling himself and taking a sip. This latest virus isn't dangerous, thankfully, but it's definitely unpleasant, the major symptoms being fever and vomiting. Or so she's heard.

He sets the glass aside and scrubs a hand over his face, leaning back against the wall. "Started feeling bad a couple of hours ago. Fortunately it was close enough to the end of my shift that I could finish up and get back here before it hit fully."

He grimaces and swallows unsteadily, pressing the back of his hand against his mouth before pulling himself up to lean over the toilet. "You should go," he tells her. "Don't want to get you sick too."

"When have you ever known me to get sick?" she asks, and he shrugs.

"First time for everything," he says, before lurching forward and vomiting into the bowl. She hesitates, then reaches out to lay a hand on his back, steadying him as he heaves and retches.

Finally he sits back, looking even paler than before, and she rises, dampening a washcloth at the sink and handing it to him so he can wipe his face. "Have you seen M'Benga?"

Chris shakes his head. "He's got enough to deal with. Half the ship's down with this bug, some of them in much worse shape than me." He pauses, swallowing, before continuing, "It's supposed to just be a twenty-four hour thing anyway. All I have to do is wait it out."

That's Chris, she thinks, always more concerned for other people than himself. She studies him for a few seconds, then sits down next to him, settling in against the wall.

He blinks at her. "What are you doing?"

"Waiting it out," she tells him.

"You don't have to."

"I know," she replies, handing him the discarded glass of water. "But you'd do the same for me."

He stares at her a moment longer, then relaxes against her, their shoulders pressing together. "Yeah," he says. "I would. Not that you need it,

you probably have the best immune system in Starfleet."

She smiles a little. "You never know," she says. "Like you said, there's a first time for everything."

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