

## Sick Day

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## Sick Day

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### Summary

Saavik becomes ill, and Spock takes care of her.

### Notes

Written for Katherine in the 2018 Chocolate Box exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

In the time Before, as Saavik always thinks of it, to be weak was to court death. If you were ill or injured your only option was to pick yourself up and soldier through it as best you could, lest someone take advantage of your weakness. So when she awakens one day with a headache bad enough to make her stomach churn she ignores it and goes about her day as usual.

Spock has made them both oatmeal for breakfast, and she shovels it down greedily, taking care to use the spoon he has provided even though her hands would be faster. Spock seems to care a great deal about small things like that that make no difference, but she is willing to go along with his demands as long as he keeps providing her with food and shelter. It is an equitable trade, and Saavik understands trade, even though she does not fully understand what Spock gets out of all this.

After breakfast comes her lessons. The things Spock wants her to learn are mostly boring and useless, but she makes an effort because if she is good he teaches her other things like how to make the food machine give her ice cream. Saavik likes ice cream, even though she doesn't quite believe Spock when he says the machine actually *makes* food.

Almost as good as the ice cream is when he plays music for her. She has watched and watched, and she still doesn't understand how he can make sounds like that just by touching some strings. He has promised that if she keeps doing well in her lessons he will teach her how to play too. She thinks she'd like that.

Today, however, even the prospect of Spock playing for her cannot keep her attention on her work. She does her best, but it feels like her thoughts are slowed somehow, and it takes all her strength not to just snap and throw her pencil across the room.

"Saavik?" Spock asks, and she turns to look at him. "Are you well?"

"Yes," Saavik replies instantly.

Spock's eyebrows draw together. "I will understand if you wish to take a break."

Saavik wishes he would just say what he means. "I am fine," she says.

But when she turns back to her reading the letters seem to swim across the page, making her feel dizzy. Black spots begin to appear in her vision and she shakes her head and concentrates harder, pushing past the pain in her head.

"Saavik," Spock says again, but he sounds very far away. The table comes up to meet her and she knows no more.

\* \* \*

When awareness returns she is lying on something soft, the pain in her head now more of a pounding than a roar. Instinctively she scrambles upright, eyes darting around for anything that might harm her. All she sees is Spock, sitting in a chair by her bed.

"You are safe, Saavik-kam," Spock tells her. "Try to remain calm. You are still weak from the fever."

Reassured by Spock's presence, Saavik allows herself to fall back onto the bed. "Fever?"

"Indeed. And a very high one. I had to consult a healer." He leans forward in his chair, studying her. "Why did you not tell me you were ill?"

Saavik frowns at him. How to explain? "I... did not think of it."

Spock reaches out slowly and lays a hand on her shoulder. "You are not alone any more, Saavik," he says. "And as long as I can prevent it I will not allow any harm to come to you."

His touch grounds her, and she nods. "I know." She has never trusted anyone before, but she supposes this must be what it feels like. "I will remember."

Spock grips her shoulder briefly before removing his hand. "Rest now," he says. "We shall resume your lessons when you have recovered."

Saavik can feel tiredness rising, threatening to drag her back into the dark, but she isn't ready to give in just yet. "Can you... would you play for me?"

Spock's expression warms, the way it does when she has pleased him. "Of course."

She falls asleep to the sound of his playing, the music washing over her making her feel calm and safe. She still doesn't know what made Spock decide to help her, but she's very glad that he did.

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