

Till Death Do Us Part

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Till Death Do Us Part

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Summary

Hugh realises he isn't married anymore.

Notes

Written for tptigger in the [Fandom Gift Basket](#) fest.

Takes place sometime in season 3 (I haven't seen season 4).

Like all Starfleet medical personnel, Hugh has a list of things that need to be done 'when I get a minute' that only ever seems to grow longer with time. Down time is in short supply in sickbay, and there's a lot of stuff that gets shoved to the side in favour of dealing with the latest shipwide catastrophe.

Today, however, seems to be something of a lull, and so he decides to take the opportunity to go through the medical records, making changes and updates and deleting those crewmembers they left behind in the past.

The dozenth or so record he comes to is Paul's, and he smiles faintly as he scrolls down, eyes skimming over the list of past injuries and allergies and known conditions. The whole tardigrade mess has several thousand words just to itself; even now there's a lot they still don't know about it. But Paul seems healthy, and happy, and so Hugh tries not to worry too much about the after-effects.

He scrolls down some more, his own name catching his eye.

Next of kin: Hugh Culber

Relationship to patient: Partner.

Hugh reads it again, feeling something twist in his chest. *Partner*. It isn't as if he didn't know his death would have had legal effects as well as emotional ones, but it's only seeing it there on the screen, laid out in black and white, that it really hits him.

I'm not married anymore.

He closes Paul's record and moves on to the next, but the thought keeps coming back to him. In all the chaos of deciding to stay with *Discovery*, Paul being injured, coming to the future, they've never really talked about their relationship; what it means, where it's going. He was so relieved that Paul was okay that he let himself fall into pretending everything is like it was Before, and it isn't.

And he doesn't know how to feel about that.

*

He brings it up to Paul that night, as they're getting ready for bed. "Does it bother you that we're not married anymore?"

Paul reaches over to take his hand, his expression soft. "It's just admin," he says. "We're together. That's enough for me."

"But do you want us to be married?" Hugh presses, unwilling to let it go.

Paul goes still, studying him. "Is this theoretical, or are you asking?"

"A little of both?" Hugh tries, but then he remembers how much it hurt to see that box on Paul's medical records and makes a decision. "I'm asking."

Paul smiles, his face lighting up. "Then I'm saying yes."

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