

Nervous Tics

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Summary

Weyoun 6 is Bashir's latest patient.

“You have a nervous habit of touching the space just behind your right ear,” says Bashir. “Why is that?”

Weyoun 6 doesn't answer. The only sound is the chirp of medical equipment and the rustle of uniforms as Bashir's assistants pass through the halls, covering the doctor's regular appointments. Bashir raises his eyebrows, waiting for a response, but Weyoun won't meet his eyes. Slowly, the clone's hand falls to his side, no longer touching the space behind his ear.

“It's where your implant used to be,” Bashir notes.

When Weyoun still doesn't speak, Bashir's large, probing eyes drop to his PADD. He lets the seconds pass in silence, pretending to be totally absorbed with Weyoun's medical file. In reality he's watching Weyoun's body language through his eyelashes. The way his shoulders shift and he wrings his hands; the constant pulse of tension in his muscles and darting of his eyes. Only when the fidgeting ceases a little does Bashir speak.

“Have you been keeping your appointments with Ezri?” he asks in a gentle murmur.

At that, Weyoun stirs. “*Compulsive therapy* seems a touch out of line with Federation values,” he says archly, picking at his cuticles.

“Actually, I agree,” says Bashir. He taps his signature onto Weyoun's medical file. “But it's not my station, and if Commander Sisko wants to make mental healthcare part of your requirements for asylum...”

Weyoun's hand twitches. He stops himself before he can touch the place behind his ear again. Still, Bashir gives him a too-knowing look and sets the PADD aside.

“The implant's gone, Weyoun,” he says gently.

Weyoun scoffs, but the words follow him off the examination table and out of the med-suite. He can still hear Bashir's soft voice hours later. When he rubs his ears, the pressure of his palms against his eardrum warps and turns into a recognizable pattern. Those words, over and over again, as if the Founders have written it into his DNA just to taunt him:

The implant's gone.

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