

Drinking Games

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Drinking Games

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Summary

Weyoun doesn't appreciate art, but he's always had a fondness for games.

Damar's eyes sweep over the pile of junk currently amassed in Weyoun's quarters. It's not the worst he's ever seen it, and Damar isn't one to judge: he had to leap over piles of empty kanar bottles to get out of bed this morning. He stops at what used to be a dining table, studying the clutter there: a child's handheld game system, the plastic casing cracked and stained; a deck of worn, creased cards from an unfamiliar system; chess pieces, dabo tokens, and draughts chips. Damar flicks one of the chips into the air and catches it in his palm.

"You like games," he says flatly.

Across the room, Weyoun glances up briefly from his comm station and eyes Damar like he might steal some of this junk. "I do," he says. There's a smooth veneer over his voice, but Damar can hear the barely-concealed enthusiasm underneath. "The games developed by any given species can tell you quite a bit about their culture. As a diplomat, it's my duty to—"

"Oh, you don't find them fun, then?" says Damar blandly. "Your interest in them is purely intellectual?"

A muscle twitches in Weyoun's cheek. His eyes track the draughts chip as Damar tosses it back down to the table.

"I do find them fun," says Weyoun primly, folding his hands.

Damar nods. He pops open the bottle of kanar and puts the mouth to his lips. But he doesn't drink. After a moment of thought he lowers it and studies Weyoun instead.

"I know a game we can play," he says.

Weyoun tries to scowl, but it's not convincing – he can't hide the spark that flares up in his eyes. He gestures for Damar to join him, and after maneuvering his way around various mazes full of junk, Damar takes a seat. His knee brushes against Weyoun's, a flash of alien, un-Cardassian heat against his skin.

Weyoun wrinkles his nose. He peers down at the bottle Damar is offering him, his eyebrows furrowed.

"It's a drinking game," says Damar.

"Of course it is," Weyoun mutters, crossing his arms. "You know the Vorta are genetically immune to intoxication?"

Damar takes a sip, his eyes hooded, his gaze fixed to Weyoun's lips. He sees the moment when Weyoun's throat tightens and he looks away.

"What are the rules?" Weyoun asks.

"Drink first for luck, and then I'll tell you," says Damar.

"That just means you haven't thought of any yet," Weyoun says. Still, he gestures for Damar to pass the bottle. The glass still glistens on the rim, where Damar's lips touched it just a moment ago. Weyoun stares at it through his eyelashes, the violet glow of his eyes hidden. He looks strange like this, with his eyes half-closed. They cast a purple shadow on his cheekbones, so subtle that in the dark light it looks just like a bruise. Then his lips part and he kisses the bottle right where Damar did, a transfer of touch through still-warm glass. For both

of them, it tastes like alcohol, and Weyoun's face pinches as he swallows. He pushes the kanar back to Damar with a grimace.

"Scared of germs?" Damar asks, his voice hoarse.

"My genetic code has evolved beyond the threat of Cardassian germs," says Weyoun loftily. His foot shifts, kicking lightly against Damar's boot and then resting there. The heat, even through the leather of their shoes, is unbearable. Eyes glistening, already flushed from the warmth of the drink, Weyoun murmurs, "Tell me the rules. I want to play."

Damar just grins.

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