

## Music

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1300) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1300>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Deep Space Nine</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Odo &amp; Weyoun 9</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Weyoun 9</a> , <a href="#">Odo</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Humor</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of <a href="#">Weyoun Ficlets</a>
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-02 Words: 562 Chapters: 1/1

## Music

by [jamaharon](#)

### Summary

Rehabilitating Weyoun is a noble pursuit. It's also without a doubt the most annoying trial Odo has ever put himself through.

Or: Weyoun 9 asks if he can listen to ASMR while he sleeps.

“Do you mind if I play a recording while I sleep?” asked Weyoun.

Odo glanced up from the ship controls. He wanted to say ‘no’, but he’d been trying for so long to get Weyoun 9 to break his genetic programming that he couldn’t. “What kind of recording?” he asked instead. “Music?”

“Not exactly,” said Weyoun with a smile. He kneaded his fingertips. “Think of it as a sort of ... noise machine.”

Odo considered it. He’d heard of species, humans in particular, who employed noise machines to sleep. Thunderstorms and humming engines. He jerked his chin in a nod and watched as Weyoun enthusiastically bounded over to his bunk in the back. What benefit would a Vorta get out of noise machines? Or was he just copying a practice he’d observed in some other species? He tended to do that—

Weyoun clicked the button on a handheld noise machine and snuggled back into bed. There was a click, a whirl of the recording disc, and then a familiar voice said, “*Good work, Weyoun...good work, Weyoun...good work, Weyoun...*”

Odo swiveled in his chair. “Is that ... me?” he said.

Weyoun poked his head out from the bunk, eyes wide.

“Did you record me?” said Odo.

“Oh, I record everything,” said Weyoun earnestly. “I hope you don’t mind. As you can tell, I edited out any mission-sensitive details and kept to the basics.”

“*Good work, Weyoun...good work, Weyoun...*”

“What is this?” said Odo. “Some sort of ... affirmation tape?”

“Think of it as a ... benediction,” said Weyoun, closing his eyes. Odo got to his feet and crossed the room. He turned the noise machine off with one finger.

“Weyoun,” he said flatly.

Weyoun reluctantly opened his eyes again. “You don’t like it,” he said.

Odo repressed the urge to sigh. “It isn’t about whether I like it or not,” he said (though for the record he in fact hated it intensely). “It’s about...” He floundered. “Is this ... normal for Vorta?”

Weyoun’s forehead creased. He lowered his eyes, holding the blanket to his chin. “In truth, no,” he admitted. “But I’m sure that’s only because few Vorta are lucky enough to receive a Founder’s blessing, as I have.” He coughed politely, and hidden in that cough was something that sounded like, “Multiple times.”

“So it’s abnormal,” said Odo bluntly.

Weyoun widened his eyes. He had an uncanny ability to make his purple irises sparkle when he was pleading with Odo. “But if it *is* abnormal, then surely it’s something to encourage,” he said. “After all, your stated goal is to coax me away from my genetic engineering and toward a more ... defective state.”

Odo thinned his lips. “Are you trying to manipulate me?” he asked.

Weyoun bowed his head subserviently. “I would never think to manipulate a god,” he said. After a beat or two, he sneaked a glance at Odo.

“Don’t record me again,” said Odo, voice flat.

“As you wish, Founder.” Weyoun shifted uncomfortably. “Do I ... still have your permission to play the recording while I sleep?”

The very thought made Odo’s skin crawl. He studied Weyoun with a sigh and turned on his heel. “You can play it tonight,” he grumbled.

As for tomorrow ... he’d have to talk to Ezri first. Maybe it had some psychological benefit for him. Maybe not. But either way, his pet Vorta was clearly mentally unwell.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!