

never knew a world so bright

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never knew a world so bright

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Summary

But Garak had shown up. Garak was sitting on his couch. Garak was watching a movie with him.

That, more than anything, was enough to still his mind.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

For the fact that Julian was rather tired most evenings, despite what could be considered a fairly ideal physique, he did not oppose a good rest with an old movie and something sweet to eat. This was more than anything a well-kept secret, usually because he thought most people didn't seem to consider he actually spent any time in his quarters. Only fair, he supposed. He was supremely busy with his duties the first few weeks after his arrival; there was so many injuries that in the chaos had gone untreated and as a result, allowed to get exponentially worse. Among the resulting rush to fix as many issues as possible as *quickly* as possible, Julian had neglected his own comforts and wants for quite some time.

But now it was evening, his shift was over, and he'd retreated to his quarters with an old film in the queue.

Julian scooted on the couch, adjusting his seating for the tenth time as he felt out the cushion beneath him, trying to judge the optimal location for the most fluffiness. It was going rather well, all things considered; he'd spent five days progressively trying out every single spot on his bed before he found the best location and superior position for what was easily the best sleep.

But on the eleventh jiggle, the door pinged softly. Julian seized moving, tilting his head briefly as thoughts flew by until they settled on the correct solution. Only then did he rise, a small smile growing, and opened the door. "Garak. I thought you wouldn't show up," he said, rising a challenging eyebrow.

"My dear doctor, I wouldn't miss for the world," Garak said, stepping inside and closing the door behind him. He gave the room a cursory glance—Julian was willing to bet he was cataloging the potential dangers and escape routes (not that there were many, his quarters were slightly bigger than others due to his status, but it was still fundamentally not very big)—and Julian was content to leave him to it, returning to his couch and sitting down precisely where he last was. He frowned slightly as he scooted an centimeter to the left, then back to his original position.

There.

Perfect.

Garak asked, "What are we watching?" as he sat, prim and proper as always. He clasped his hands in his lap, and Julian found himself sitting straighter just from the association.

"*Date Night at Corrian Station*," Julian answered, picking up the bowl of popcorn and placing it in his lap. He smiled at Garak when the cardassian rose an eyebrow, plainly asking without asking for an explanation. "It's an action/adventure about a date night going disastrously wrong at Corrian Station. They accidentally break space-time and have to work against time to set everything right before humanity winds up living in the same era as dinosaurs."

"Ah," Garak said, injecting so much judgment into that single sound that Julian nearly felt second-hand shame.

Julian tossed that worry to the wayside and, once he'd judged that Garak was as comfortable as he was ever going to be, he turned on the film. The room darkened, the screen lighting up, music swelling as the studio credits appeared one after another—the movie was almost ancient. Julian popped a few popcorns into his mouth, the crunch was loud in the dark room, and he glanced at Garak again.

Couldn't help it.

Garak showing up wasn't entirely out of the realm of possibility—but he hadn't so far. Julian was perhaps more taken to fancies than was wise, was perhaps a rather perpetual daydreamer, perhaps fond of things that were unlikely to happen in reality. And there was a safety in that, wasn't there? It was safe to ask Jadzia out; she wouldn't reject him with anything but poise, recognizing the fallacy of his actions in his eyes. Likewise, it was safe to ask Garak to do things like this, because Garak would never do anything that could jeopardize... well, whatever it was he was doing.

But Garak had shown up. Garak was sitting on his couch. Garak was watching a movie with him.

That, more than anything, was enough to still his mind.

An hour into the movie, and Julian had possibly spent more time watching Garak than the movie. It was not an unexpected outcome, and anyway he had the entire movie memorized down to the tiniest sighs. Though only watching out of the corner of his eyes most time, he was never lost, nor did he ever feel the need to pay it proper attention.

Besides, watching Garak was far more fascinating.

It was in the movement of his eyes, perhaps. Or the way his hands flexed when the characters did something stupid for the sake of plot. Or how he tilted his head after he ate a piece of popcorn and he didn't instantly hate it. Maybe, even, it was in the awareness Julian had that Garak was watching him, too.

Maybe it was everything all at once.

The darkness blanketed them into a world of their own, lowering the constant battering on Julian's senses into something tolerable, something ignorable, and he wondered if it was the same for Garak. Getting accurate information on cardassians had proven to be an exercise in frustration, and Garak was as unforthcoming as the slew of useless documents Julian received from the cardassian embassy every time he asked for more information, just something tiny, just a starting point.

"Are you distracted, doctor?"

"Perhaps."

Julian slumped theatrically against the backrest and sighed, eyelids lowering somewhat. Garak's gaze had a distinctive weight, a mellowness that was deceptive in its inattentiveness. Still, it was enough to raise goosebumps.

"Would you prefer to watch something else?"

"No, it's my favorite."

Garak rose an eyebrow. "And yet something else has stolen your attention?"

"Ah, but my dear Garak, I am only human."

Garak stared at him for just a second too long, deigning to give him that long sought after attention, and Julian soaked up every scrap up it like he was starving. He watched, as Garak looked away first and refocused on the movie, as Garak stilled, his every sense doubtlessly directed outward. It was admittedly a bit flattering, to have so much of Garak's focus, and yet for Garak to attempt to hide it so.

Perhaps, just maybe, they were both holding back.

But that would only be fair.

End Notes

not sure how i feel about this. i've never written these characters before and i'm not entirely sure what happened to the characterizations. also, ow. my rheumatism is not happy about this fic lol.

all my links are on my carrd: itshoodwinked.carrd.co

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