

## Hey, Jules

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## Hey, Jules

by [Planxty](#)

### Summary

After returning from 2024, Julian finds camaraderie with an agent from the Department of Temporal Investigations.

### Notes

I headcanon that the DTI is kinda like the TVA, that alternate timelines exist alongside one another, and that DTI agents can go from one to another as work requires.

“Keep your wrist straight, Miles, that should help a bit. Like this.” Julian demonstrated the optimal dart-throwing technique, but made the slightest adjustment to hit just to the left of the bullseye.

“It looks as though you’re not on your top game tonight,” Miles teased. “Nervous about all of these DTI investigations?”

“Not nearly as nervous as Sisko, I’m sure.”

“Oh?” Miles threw another dart. Julian’s advice seemed to help his accuracy. “Why’s that?”

“Never mind.”

“Doctor Bashir?” An unfamiliar female voice called from behind, and both Julian and Miles turned to look. The woman was tall with tan skin and dark wavy hair streaked with gray. She wore a DTI uniform. “I’d like to talk.”

Julian offered her a polite smile. “Our meeting is scheduled for tomorrow morning, can it possibly wait until then?”

“This is a personal matter. I only need a minute of your time.”

He looked back to Miles. “I’ll be right back.”

The woman from the DTI led him to a table in a quieter corner. They were removed from the main crowd, but one could hardly call any part of Quark’s could be considered private or secluded.

“So, what’s on your mind, Agent...?”

“For now just call me Maya.”

“Right. Maya.”

“Does your friend know you’ve been letting him win?”

Julian tilted his head. How could she have known? “I haven’t been letting him win. Miles is an exceptional player.”

“I’ve been watching you. Even when you try to miss your precision is impeccable.”

“Is this really what you wanted to talk about?” His tone was defensive now. “The way I choose to play a simple game with my friend?”

Maya remained calm and collected. “No, but it’s related.” She leaned in closer and spoke barely above a whisper. “Julian. I know what you are, and I’m like you.”

He leaned back with a look of wide-eyed shock on his face. “I’m sorry, Maya, I don’t have any idea what you’re talking about.” He had to play coy, to say the wrong thing would be an admission of guilt.

“I know what’s at stake for you, so I’ve been trying to manage my expectations, but if you’d like to talk to someone who knows what it’s like to live in a world that hates you for the very DNA in your cells, I have a bottle of Romulan ale in my quarters.”

“You’d like me to come to your quarters?” Her offer was tempting, but too risky to consider.

“Don’t get any ideas, Julian, I just want to talk.” Maya stood up and leaned close to whisper a few parting words. “Biologically we’re cousins.”

Julian left Quark’s with no intention of speaking to this woman again if not on DTI business, but her final words haunted him. Cousins. He had so many questions, but couldn’t think of a way to ask them without incriminating himself. This could all be an elaborate scheme to tease a confession out of him, but he craved what Maya offered. The life of a secret augment was a lonely one, with unique challenges that no one else would understand, that he could never share.

He paused outside the door to Maya’s quarters and took a deep breath. It wasn’t too late to turn back, but his curiosity got the better of him and he rang the chime.

“Come in,” Maya called from the inside, and the door opened.

Julian stepped inside to see Maya sitting at the table with a bottle of Romulan ale and two glasses ready for them. She did not rise to greet him.

“I knew you’d show up,” she said as she began to pour the ale.

“Some future knowledge the DTI is privy to?” Julian teased before he joined Maya at the table.

“No, just a very strong hunch.” She took a sip of ale, and Julian sipped his, a tiny sip. He metabolized alcohol much faster than a normal human, but still couldn’t run the risk of becoming intoxicated and loose-lipped.

“Well.” Julian clasped his hands and placed them on the table in a business-like fashion. “You said you know what I am, so I suppose the most logical question is what exactly do you think I am?”

“We’re in private, Julian, there’s no need to be cagey, and I’m no threat. I’m an Augment too.”

She had been hinting at it from the start, but to hear it said so plainly felt like an attack. His little secret that he planned on taking to the grave, and Maya spoke it out loud with no shame or hesitation. Julian took a breath to brace himself. “That’s a very bold accusation. I’m curious what led you to believe that.”

“I’ve seen the records from Adigeon Prime.”

Julian shook his head. There was no use in denying it, with that specific detail she proved that she had her evidence and that whether he confessed or not it wouldn’t make a difference. He picked up his glass and took a long drink. He needed it. “Maya, if anyone finds out, I’m ruined.”

“I have nothing to gain from ruining your life. All I want is companionship from someone whose life might be like mine.”

Julian sighed and reached up to scratch the back of his neck. “You said we’re like cousins. I take it this means our modifications made us genetically very similar?”

“Close, but not quite.” Maya took another drink. “I was never modified. I inherited my enhancements from my father in the same way that I inherited my hair and eyes from my mother. My father...” She paused to consider her words. “My father was considered a masterpiece of genetic engineering. Parts of his genetic profile are still used as a template to this day.”

“I’m beginning to get an idea of who he might have been, and I can only hope I’m dead wrong.” His voice was soft but had a bitter bite in it.

“You’re not.”

Julian leaned back in his seat and curled one hand into a tight fist. He closed his eyes and let a long breath in and out. “So you’re telling me that my parents had the DNA of Khan Noonien Singh put into my body?”

“Julian. “ Maya reached out to take his hand, but he pulled away. “I’m sure they didn’t know. If they did...”

“You don’t know my parents.”

“But I do know about having terrible parents.”

For a moment, Julian studied her in silence. He tried to bury his rage, this new information would better be processed on his own time, and he found that he had so many more questions. He remembered learning in history lessons about Khan’s return and his death via the Genesis Device, but that was about one hundred years ago

“I take it your enhancements have slowed the effect of aging.”

Maya smiled and shook her head. “Maybe, but I haven’t actually lived long enough to find out. I’m not from this time. I’m not even from this

timeline.”

Julian tilted his head and had a perplexed look on his face, but he didn't press for any further explanations. He had learned from the Academy that the Department of Temporal Investigations was a complicated organization that dealt with complicated issues in a complicated way. More questions were bound to cause more confusion.

“Well, that would offer an explanation for many of my questions.” Julian held his glass but did not take another sip, and he looked away. An awkward silence passed between them. “I'm not sure, though, how much we have in common as far as life experience goes. You were born an Augment. I started life as a child with developmental delays and parents who couldn't accept me as I was.”

Maya held her glass and looked down as she swirled the contents. When she looked back up, there was pain in her eyes. “I was born half-Augment. The first half of my life I was made to feel defective, but there's more than that. There's the feeling that your brain runs too hot and never slows down, being treated like a freak over something that you had no say in...”

“Second guessing the legitimacy of your accomplishments.”

“And especially devastated by failure.”

“Constantly fighting off boredom...” He took a long sip of his ale. “How do you manage it?”

Maya shook her head. “To be honest, I'm not the person to ask for life advice, and I haven't had to be very secretive. The DTI overlooks certain things because it takes a rare person who excels both at adventuring through time and endless bureaucracy.”

Julian finished the rest of his drink. “Well, I did appreciate this conversation regardless. I'll see you in the morning, to talk about the Bell Riots, and maybe we can spend more time together.”

Maya smiled and rose to her feet. “I'm going to be very busy tomorrow, but I might be able to find the time to sit down and have a drink.”

There was a slight mischievous twinkle in Julian's eye. “Are you speaking literally or figuratively?”

Maya smirked. “You'll never find out.”

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