

Forgiveness

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1637) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1637>.

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| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Gen |
| Fandom: | Star Trek: Deep Space Nine , Children of Ceti Alpha V |
| Character: | Julian Bashir , Maya Noonien-Singh |
| Additional Tags: | Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Time Travel , Genetic Engineering , Weekly Challenge: Amnesty |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 19 of Maya drabbles and ficlets |
| Collections: | Weekly Writing Challenges |
| Stats: | Published: 2024-06-23 Words: 699 Chapters: 1/1 |

Forgiveness

by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Julian's secret is out, and he confides in someone with a similar experience.

Notes

Takes place after "Hey, Jules."

Julian felt as though his life had been ripped away from him, even though he had lost nothing. His secret was out, his father would answer for his crimes, he would face no consequences himself, and yet it didn't seem fair. No matter how strained their relationship was, that was still his father. These were his father's crimes, but Julian still felt responsible and that it wasn't right for him to carry on as if nothing would happen.

He sat at his desk in the infirmary and hunched over to stare at the blank screen on the computer console. Every muscle in his body was tense and tight as he considered his options but felt helpless, overwhelmed, and unable to process a single thought. It had crossed his mind to write his resignation letter, but he at least had enough self-awareness to know he was not in the headspace for such a sudden move.

There was someone who could help, a kindred spirit he met a few years ago but kept at arm's length for fear of opening up. He stared at the blank screen a few moments longer, still hesitating as he worked up the courage to put in a comm to the Department of Temporal Investigations.

A man in a gray DTI uniform appeared on screen. "This is Agent Carmack from the Department of Temporal Investigations," he began. "How can I help you?"

"I'm Doctor Julian Bashir from Deep Space Nine." His heart raced, and he already began to regret this. "I need to speak with the agent who was here to inquire about my involvement with the Bell Riots. Her name is Maya Noonien-Singh."

"That was two years ago. Do you have more information relevant to the investigation?"

Julian scratched the back of his neck. "Well, no, actually. It's a personal matter. I didn't know how to contact her." Or if he could contact her at all, she had said she wasn't even from this timeline.

"I'm sorry, Doctor Bashir. I can only permit Agent Noonien-Singh to be contacted for official DTI business."

"I understand," Julian answered with a soft sigh. "Thank you for your time, anyway."

He got through the rest of his shift with his head in a haze and the feeling like he was swimming in mud, and when he returned to his quarters he was eager for some quiet time alone. Maybe one day he could sort out his thoughts with a long conversation with Miles, Garak, or Jadzia, but he wasn't ready yet.

A jolt went down his spine when the door opened and he saw that the lights were on and that someone was inside. He recognized her instantly, even though she looked quite a bit older.

"Maya? How did you...?"

“Don’t worry about it. I’m breaking all sorts of protocol because I’m in the mood for asking for forgiveness rather than permission.”

“But Carmack said you couldn’t talk.”

“Carmack said a lot of things. I thought this was important.”

Julian sat down and hung his head. “So, you heard about what happened?”

Maya sat beside him and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. Still, Julian did not look up. “No, I haven’t heard anything, but based on our last conversation, I had a feeling it might be important and to do with our...common ground.”

“Well, you’re right about that. I’ve been found out. Nothing’s going to happen to me, but it still hurts. I feel so...exposed.”

Maya nodded and sat in silence for a moment. “It might feel raw and catastrophic now, but in time I think you’ll find that this won’t change as much of your life as you fear.”

Finally Julian looked up. “You make it seem like you know my future.”

“No, I don’t, and if I did I wouldn’t tell you. I’m speaking from experience. I had to work to prove that I could be trusted to live a regular life, but you’ve already proved it.”

Julian leaned back and craned his neck to stare up at this ceiling. “I didn’t ask for any of this.”

“Neither did I, Julian.” Maya stood up. “I should go. I wasn’t meant to be here.”

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