

## the beast of empok nor: an extremely filthy dream interlude

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## the beast of empok nor: an extremely filthy dream interlude

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### Summary

Garak says, “My dear doctor, even with your prodigious talents, I have my doubts.”

### Notes

Set between chapters 2 and 3 of *the beast of empok nor*, more or less. Alien sex with a healthy dose of size kink. You're welcome.

The dreams begin the night that Julian gets back to Deep Space Nine. He lies down in a bed that barely feels like his own, closes his eyes, and sees Garak in front of him, in his old room on Empok Nor. Garak is naked—they both are—and Garak is sucking Julian's cock. His tongue is a little rougher than a human's on the delicate skin and the heat of his mouth is almost painful. It has Julian squirming, but Garak holds him casually in place on the bed with one big hand. When Garak shifts in place, Julian can see his cock, thick and hard and huge. Garak pulls off—the loss is somewhere between relief and agony—and says, “My dear doctor, even with your prodigious talents, I have my doubts.”

“Just—let me,” Julian pants. Garak releases his hips and lets him thrust up into empty air once or twice as Garak climbs onto the bed next to him. Julian settles between his legs and can't help the thrill that runs through him at the size of Garak's cock up close. It shouldn't be surprising, given that Garak is nearly two and a half meters tall. The head alone nearly fills his mouth. He tries to take too much of it in his mouth at once and chokes a little—Garak's fingers tighten in his hair—before he manages to adjust enough to take a bit more. Garak is restless beneath his hands, tugging at his hair without pushing his head down. There's some dangerous thrill running through Julian as he imagines what might happen if Garak did, if Garak thrust into his throat without regard for Julian's comfort.

“Enough,” Garak says at last, his voice choked, and pulls out of Julian's mouth. He pushes Julian down onto his stomach and Julian's legs fall open automatically. There's a jar of oil at the bedside, and Julian's breath catches when Garak spreads his cheeks with one hand and pours a splash of it directly onto his hole. He's clenching around nothing, hips almost frantic, until Garak presses the tip of his finger against his rim, testing. “I think you're overestimating your abilities, Doctor,” he says, and Julian feels the slow stretch as his finger slides inside to the first knuckle.

“Keep—going—” If he has to be coherent enough to tell Garak yes every time, he'll never fit Garak's cock inside him. “Garak—”

Garak withdraws his finger, tugging at Julian's rim as he does, and then brings it back slippery with more oil. It's been a long time for Julian, and Garak's fingers are thick and he's going mad just from this. Garak works his finger in slowly, in and out, and Julian is aching hard. When he tries to push back onto Garak's finger, Garak closes his free hand gently around his balls—not squeezing, but a warning—and Julian tries to swallow back the noise in his throat. “Don't be impatient,” Garak tells him, and he's faster with the second finger. The stretch of it leaves Julian gasping for breath, his cock almost painfully hard, and when Garak starts to fuck him with two fingers, it's as much as the last cock he took (*a visitor from the Gamma quadrant, in his docked shuttle*) and his vision is going blurry around the edges.

Garak does it until his fingers slide in and out easily and Julian begs him, “Garak—it's enough, just fuck me—”

There's something dark and delighted in Garak's laugh. “Oh, no, Doctor,” he says, and the next time he pushes his fingers in it's three of them, opening Julian further even as Julian tightens around him. Julian can't help the way he jolts at that, at the moan when Garak spreads his fingers just a little and splashes more oil to slick the way. This, Julian thinks, is going to ruin him for sex with anyone else. Garak's fingers are thick inside him and they hit just right, building a rhythm—and then Garak's hand moves from his balls to the base of his cock and locks tight around it. Julian wants to scream—he's so close to coming on Garak's fingers, would have come by now but for Garak stopping him—and

Garak keeps fucking his fingers in and out anyway, until Julian is clutching frantically at the sheets and trying to drag air into his lungs. He feels desperately fucked open and Garak hasn't even stretched Julian enough to take his cock.

In the dream, it feels like Garak does it endlessly before Julian begins begging in earnest. "Please—please—" His voice is wrecked, unrecognizable, as though Garak really had fucked his throat, and he's shaking now.

"If you insist," Garak says, and pulls his fingers out. Julian feels empty without them but he hears Garak slick his cock with oil—the wet noise of it makes Julian shiver—before rolling Julian over onto his back and lifting his hips a little. Julian's cock bobs untouched as Garak presses the head of his cock against Julian's rim and Julian spreads his legs as wide as he can and rolls his hips to try to get Garak inside.

The noise that it punches out of him as Garak slowly pushes the head of his cock in is incredible. He yells at the sheer size of it, and it sends another shiver through him to think that they're alone on Empok Nor, that no one can hear him. Garak could do anything he wanted and Julian would just—take it and take it and beg for more. The stretch is almost unbearable and Garak is slow but inexorable, inching forward into him. It's hard to breathe, as though Garak's cock has filled him so completely that there's no room left for anything else. He's never had anyone—or anything—so big inside him and his brain is fizzing at the unreality of it. Garak's eyes are very bright and Julian can see his chest heaving too, and he can only imagine the restraint it must take not to thrust in at once.

When Garak is finally all the way in, Julian's legs wrapped around his hips, he stills. "Go on," he says.

"What?" Garak's body blocks out the light above them and Julian is just trying to breathe steadily and failing.

"I want to see you come." Garak is perfectly motionless now, buried inside Julian, and he looks at Julian as though this is obvious. "I want to feel you come with me inside you." When Julian still stares at him in a daze, Garak takes him by the wrist and presses his hand to his own cock. "Go on," he says, and his eyes are fixed on Julian.

Julian feels like he's been taken apart and there's something slow and molten rolling through his veins. He lets his fingers slide down his cock, then behind his balls, to rub the place where Garak is stretching him further open than he's ever been. It makes him a little dizzy to feel it with his fingers, and when he strokes at the base of Garak's cock, Garak's cock twitches inside him and Garak hisses. Julian returns to his own cock, already slick and messy, and he's uncoordinated as he wraps his fingers around it, his entire body oversensitive. Garak pinches one of his nipples as Julian starts to stroke his cock and it drags another strangled noise out of him. Garak is huge inside him, pinning him in place, and still Julian's hips try to work him deeper as Julian's hand speeds up. Garak pinches the other nipple too, tugging at them a little, and Julian yells and comes. He tries to clench around Garak as he does, but Garak's cock is thick and unyielding inside him and Julian's yell lasts as Garak pulls out a little and thrusts back in. The feeling goes on and on and Julian realizes that he's still stroking himself, hand slick with his own come, as Garak fucks him. Every time Garak thrusts in it knocks the wind out of him, and in the dream his own cock never quite softens. He comes again, back arching as the world goes briefly dark around him, and Garak makes a desperate kind of noise as he does and grabs Julian's hips in a bruising grip to hold him at just the right angle. Julian's entire body is shaking and he scrambles for anything to hold on to—he ends up clutching frantically at Garak's hands on his hips.

When Garak comes, his hands tighten even harder on Julian's skin before releasing, and Julian feels Garak flooding into him. Garak leans down and presses his mouth to Julian's, something between a kiss and a shared breath, as he slowly slides out. Julian knows that he's a mess, his own come on his chest and Garak's dripping out of him, stretched wider than he's ever been, and he grabs Garak's shoulder to pull him back down into a real kiss—

And then he wakes up on Deep Space Nine to messy sheets and a strange feeling in his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

He finds himself back in the dream the next night.

In the dream, it's the morning after and Julian has just woken in bed with Garak. Garak is hard, rubbing his cock between Julian's legs, the fat head of it bumping against Julian's balls with insistent pressure. Julian is still come-dumb and sloppy when Garak slides two fingers back inside him. He turns his face into the pillow to stifle the noise that Garak drags out of him when Garak's fingers find the right spot. Garak pulls the orgasm out of him just like that, two fingers pressing rhythmically as Julian shudders and cries out. He's barely finished when Garak rolls him onto his stomach and then pulls his hips up to bring Julian onto his knees. Maybe in reality he would object, but in this dream he loves to feel the strength in Garak's arms every time Garak manhandles him.

Instead of thrusting inside, Garak fucks between Julian's cheeks, gripping them tight. Julian can only begin to imagine the bruises that his fingers would leave, if this were real. His rim is sensitive after last night and every stroke of Garak's cock across it sends a pleasure-pain zing up his spine. "Hold yourself open." Garak says abruptly, and Julian's thighs shake with the effort of keeping himself propped up while spreading his cheeks wide. "Your fingers too," Garak says, his voice choked the way it used to be when he was losing control, and Julian is blushing dark red as he slides two fingers into his ass to obey. After the girth of Garak's fingers, Julian's fingers slide in easily. The hot slick head of Garak's cock bumps against his fingers over and over again and he realizes that Garak must have pressed the head of his cock to Julian's hole as he strokes himself. It feels filthier than anything else they've done, somehow, knowing that Garak is watching as he does this. Then Garak does thrust the head of his cock in past Julian's rim and Julian tightens against it instinctively as Garak comes inside him again. Garak keeps going, pushing a little further in with each spurt, until he's buried all the way back inside Julian, still hard. Julian is breathtakingly full again, pliant and incapable of moving.

Julian wonders, wildly, if Garak is going to keep him like this in his dreams, stretched out and filled, ready whenever dream-Garak wants him. It's an absurd thought that makes him try to tighten around Garak again anyway, and in the dream there's no discomfort beyond the constant feeling that his blood is on fire, that it's burning away all of his conscious self until there will be nothing left but this. The way they fit together, the way that Garak holds Julian tight against the ridges of his chest. The rough edges of his blunted claws stroke across Julian's nipples, unbearable in the best way, and Julian groans at the feeling and then chokes on his breath when Garak's cock twitches inside him. "Stay on Empok Nor," Garak says, guttural, into his ear. "Promise me that you'll stay here."

“Garak—” Julian starts, because even in the dream he knows that he can’t, and Garak hooks his hands beneath Julian’s thighs and lifts him just high enough that Garak has room to start moving again, to start a rhythm that Julian thinks is melting his bones. Garak has him locked in place, the ridges on Garak’s chest rubbing almost raw into Julian’s back as he thrusts in, and Julian is impossibly hard again, his cock throbbing in time with Garak’s movements.

When he tries to touch himself, Garak growls, “Stay,” so Julian reaches back to find Garak’s head instead, to trace the shape of his face, and as Garak’s breathing grows even more ragged, Julian twists and tilts his head to kiss Garak. The noise Garak makes as he comes is like nothing Julian’s ever heard from him before, and the thought that he drew *that* from Garak has him coming desperately around the massive shape of Garak’s cock. “Stay,” Garak says again, and it barely sounds like a word anymore.

“I can’t,” Julian tells him, and when Garak releases him, it leaves him feeling strangely empty.

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