

On The Outside, Looking In

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/510) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/510>.

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Multi |
| Fandom: | Star Trek: Deep Space Nine |
| Relationship: | Jadzia Dax/Worf , Jadzia Dax/Julian Bashir , Julian Bashir/Worf , Julian Bashir/Jadzia Dax/Worf |
| Character: | Julian Bashir , Jadzia Dax , Worf |
| Additional Tags: | Unrequited Love , Fantasizing , Angst , Blood , Injury |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2023-07-02 Words: 459 Chapters: 1/1 |

On The Outside, Looking In

by [nostalgia](#)

Summary

It's difficult to remain professional when he's fixing up Worf and Jadzia after their... sessions.

Notes

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

It's difficult to remain professional when he's fixing up Worf and Jadzia after their... sessions. He knows exactly how they got injured (Worf alone might exercise some measure of discretion, but Jadzia – or more likely Dax – has never been subtle about such activities), and the mental images that present themselves are clear and enticing. Which leaves Julian to patch them back together while assailed by tantalising thoughts and fighting off an erection with those unwanted gifts from Adigeon Prime.

Jadzia perches bruised and bleeding on a biobed in the infirmary, swinging her legs casually as Julian moves around her, medical instruments in hand and his mind wandering dangerously. On her shoulder he studies the imprint of Worf's teeth, and he imagines those teeth sinking into his own skin, preferably while he is pressed between their bodies in the marital bed.

She notices him staring. "That can stay," she says, with a small smile. Julian nods – it'll be hidden by her uniform and the injury is unlikely to leave any significant scar. He moves on to more serious damage, to tasks where the need for medical skill might distract him from erotic daydreams.

He finds them both attractive, and of course he'd have jumped into bed with with Jadzia in a heartbeat before Worf arrived if she had let him. With enough alcohol in him he might have the courage to ask if he could join them, but Jadzia resisted his advances for years and Worf doesn't even like him. If it's a threesome he's after he'd probably have better luck with the O'Briens (and that's not an unpleasant notion either).

So he keeps these thoughts to himself, stores away the fantasies for when he's alone in his quarters, unable to sleep and in need of release. He's good with his hands, after all.

He finishes his work, slightly breathless despite his augmentations. Jadzia redresses and says, "Thanks." She's smiling, but the wicked gleam in her eye isn't for him. He turns his head and sees her husband hovering nearby, uninvited but far more welcome than he realises. Julian thinks, again, of lying between them naked and half-feverish with need. They could hurt him as much as they wanted, and he'd take it very, very willingly.

He smiles at Worf, who looks unimpressed. Unfortunately, it isn't mutual.

Jadzia touches Julian's shoulder as they leave, a token of gratitude and nothing more. He makes himself smile, and doesn't make any of the suggestive remarks that present themselves to him. He lets them go without asking if he might join them even just once. There's no point asking for something that you know you're never going to get.

He drags his thoughts away from the couple, and returns to less evocative tasks.

End Notes

People on tumblr were talking about Julian/Worf, and thus.

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