

Soldier or Musician

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/630) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/630>.

Rating: [General Audiences](#)
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Category: [M/M](#)
Fandom: [Star Trek: Discovery](#)
Relationship: [Hugh Culber/Paul Stamets](#)
Character: [Sylvia Tilly](#), [Paul Stamets](#), [Hugh Culber](#)
Additional Tags: [Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence](#)
Language: English
Stats: Published: 2017-11-10 Words: 722 Chapters: 1/1

Soldier or Musician

by [Pixie](#)

Summary

Tilly seeks dating advice from a reluctant source

Sylvia Tilly has a conundrum.

Andie Cornwell Lorca is very much her type. You know. *Brash*. The kind of woman who can drink you under the table and still have the highest score on the tactical field exam the next morning.

But then she met Andie's brother, Tim, and he writes his own songs! And he's too pretty for words, like a cherub, but then he gets this look in his eyes and you know he'd get you out of any trouble came your way.

"I don't understand."

Tilly makes a face. *Isn't it obvious?* "I can't date both of them! I have to choose."

Stamets opens his mouth to answer, but honestly, what can he possibly say? If he wasn't physically strapped to the biobed he would have escaped at the beginning of this story. He absolutely and unequivocally does not want to hear anything whatsoever about the cadet's fantasy relationships with *both* the captain's children.

But here she is, face all scrunched up, waiting expectantly for his wisdom. Or a response, at least.

"Well." She perks up, practically bouncing in place. "You probably shouldn't date them both at once, but I don't see why you couldn't... give them each a try." He grimaces as soon as he's said it, and shoots daggers in the direction of his husband across the room. Hugh had told Sylvia he needed some cheering up during his post-surgery stay in sickbay. And now he's doubled over in laughter watching the result.

"Dating both siblings?" She shakes her head. "That's gotta be some kind of taboo."

"So is dating the captain's kid," snaps Stamets. But she just shrugs.

"I don't think so." She cocks her head. And she's bouncing again. "But. You bring up a good point."

"What?" Stamets stammers. He's having trouble following this conversation and it's nothing to do with the head injury.

"I can't choose Timmy," she explains. "Because he'd be Timmy Tilly if we get married and that's a lot."

"Uh. Okay." He frowns, knowing he'll regret asking but. "What if you took his name?"

"Why would I do that?" Tilly stares wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the very idea. "Then I can't be Captain Tilly."

"You could both keep your names," suggests Dr. Culber, with a wink to his better half.

Sylvia mouths *Oh*, and nods, with a very serious expression, as if this is a new idea she's never imagined. Paul sends his husband an exasperated look that tells him to *please stop encouraging her!* Hugh grins. Honestly, this is the most fun he's had in months.

"But then which should I choose?" she asks, turning to both in turn, bounce, bounce, bounce.

"I don't think it's up to us..." Stamets answers.

"I'm taking a poll," she argues. "What does your gut say?"

"That I should definitely not share an opinion on this."

Tilly rolls her eyes. "Fine. What does your *heart* say?"

Hugh and Paul share a look over her head. She's not going to leave until they answer.

"Andie," says Culber.

"Timmy," says Stamets.

"*Aaarrgh*," says Tilly. But with a wave in thanks she bounces away.

"Don't ever do that to me again" Paul says, laying back in the biobed. The half hour conversation was more exhausting than the entire rest of the day. "Ever."

"You did great," Hugh admonishes. "She's good for you."

"We are never having children."

"She's not a child."

"Close enough." He purses his lips. "You really think Andie?"

"You really think Timmy?" Hugh counters.

"Timmy is safe. Andie is trouble." He's not sure when he decided to have an opinion and he really hopes no one is listening to this, and sending it on up to the captain. Or the admiral, which is probably worse.

"What makes you think Sylvia is interested in safety?"

Stamets presses his fingers to the bridge of his nose. Culber glances up at the readings and reaches for a hypospray.

"Get some rest," he tells his lover as he presses the hypospray to his neck.

"Hugh?"

"Yeah?"

Paul feels himself drifting off, but he has this sudden urge to know. "Am I..." Safe? Trouble? Losing his mind? He can't quite finish the thought.

"You," Hugh says, leaning in to brush his lips. "Are exactly who I want you to be."

Paul would say thank you, but he's already asleep.

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