

Five Things That Might Have Happened To Julian Bashir (If Anyone Had Asked)

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by [nostalgia](#)

Summary

Besides, it's only sex.

i.

He slides against skin and sighs his contentment. Never, ever, ever has he felt this good.

He evades the afterglow, stumbling back into his clothes in the darkness. Not his style, after all, to have anything left to say. He likes to think of himself as the quiet type, emotionally.

He leaves discreetly, for all appearances emerging from a house call. A nod to someone he vaguely knows, a momentary smile to convince himself that he is happy. An elegant slut, he contrives to look smug and well-fucked.

Everyone should know that he is enjoying himself out here, that he has settled in and made his mark. And as the weeks turn into months, the sterile rooms will begin to feel like home and he will become territorial about his space at the bar.

All of these people, and he would refer to none of them as 'friend.' Which is perfectly alright, and exactly the way it should be. Exactly the way he wants it.

One of the Bajoran nurses smiles shyly as he walks back into the infirmary.

Oh yes, he's going to like this frontier medicine...

ii.

He slides against scales and sighs his contentment. Never, ever, ever has he felt this good. By now he is the soul of discretion, and inter-species intercourse is becoming something of a personal fascination. Not that he indulges quite so often these days, if numbers have to matter. (And they do, oh, they do...)

Not that he is monogamous, which frankly went out with the dinosaurs and, anyway, isn't really his style, is it? Garak murmurs alien endearments and slides an arm across glistening human skin, which Julian, of course, is unimpressed by. There is no doubt in his mind that this is just another temporary dalliance. No doubt whatsoever. He plays to type, and he's accepted as the station slut.

There's the thrill here of doing something wrong, something verging on perversion. The occupation may be over, but the wounds are still there, and rubbing salt into cuts is never wise. A psychologist might see release, the need to break the rules after spending so long stepping carefully along the accepted paths, but Julian Bashir learned long ago not to second-guess himself.

Besides, it's only sex.

iii.

If only for reasons of hygiene, Julian always swallows. Miles looks a bit surprised, but isn't one to comment because, of course, this isn't really happening. It's just that, well, the wife's away, and he doesn't want to cheat on her, but...

Miles is totally, unquestionably in love with Keiko. And Julian is a slut.

"Look," he'd said, "if it's bothering you that much... just consider it... an unorthodox treatment." Because, of course, he sucks off all his patients, and it's not that Miles is special. (That's the lie, stick to it.)

"Did you and Garak ever... you know?" Miles is quick to recover his wits and his uniform, and Julian finds that this hurts more than he'd expected.

"Does it matter?"

"I suppose not. I mean, I always assumed you did. Not that I thought about..."

"Whatever."

On the way home he becomes convinced that the gravity is playing up again -- he doesn't usually feel this heavy.

iv.

"We're genetically enhanced, we do everything fast."

Sarina, who is still shy after all these months in a place called home, looks at the table as the blood races to her cheeks. It's cruel, he knows, but he bites back a smile regardless. Not that it matters; she owes him far too much to complain about these little lapses into torture. And she's still trying to talk him into a visit to Earth to see the other mutants. Sarina won't complain; Sarina is the perfect woman.

The two of them will sit at this table, drink with non-mutual friends, and leave sober as they metabolise the alcohol far too quickly. Afterwards, when they go to bed, she will make a precisely-observed series of movements and noises, the ones that she has learned will make him happy.

In the morning, there will be a dozen ready excuses to delay the trip to Earth, and Julian will go about his work before returning to a home-cooked meal at 17.36 precisely.

The cycle will repeat until one of them starts caring.

v.

"You never learn," says Ezri, as she drags her nails across his chest. Pain subsides into endorphins, but he knows not to show any reaction. Ezri is very, very strict about these things.

His wrists are on fire, but he can't help straining against the bonds. Ezri, dear sweet little Ezri, smiles and digs her nails in deeper.

"Beg," she tells him, and he responds without hesitation. This is what he needs, and the pain is no more than he deserves. She moves down his body, torments him with her tongue as he begs, begs, begs...

"Tell me," she says, her lips grazing the skin across his hips, "about everyone you've ever loved..."

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