Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: Discovery
Relationship:	Hugh Culber/Paul Stamets
Character:	Hugh Culber, Paul Stamets
Additional Tags:	Romance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-08-12 Words: 462 Chapters: 1/1

Together

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

It figures, Hugh will think later, that despite barely leaving sickbay for days, he still manages to miss the moment Paul wakes up.

Notes

Written before season 3 (and subsequently Jossed). Originally posted on AO3.

It figures, Hugh will think later, that despite barely leaving sickbay for days, he still manages to miss the moment Paul wakes up.

He's hurrying back after a quick break to shower and eat, when he hears Tilly's voice coming from the privacy screen around Paul's bed. He smiles a little as he approaches – apparently the fact that Paul can't respond hasn't affected her tendency to ramble – before a cry of, "What do you mean you *lost* Michael?!" stops him in his tracks.

That's Paul's voice.

He takes a shaky breath and steps forwards as Tilly's voice grows nervous, her words running together. "Oh, oh my God, you're awake. I, uh, I should tell Doctor Culber, uh-"

"Hugh's here?" Paul interrupts, before his voice grows cold. "That's impossible. He said he was staying on the *Enterprise*."

Hugh's chest aches at the words. He knew Paul wasn't exactly coherent when they last spoke, but the idea that he doesn't remember, that he's in there now, injured and in pain and *convinced that Hugh abandoned him* is unbearable.

He doesn't remember pushing through the privacy screen, but then Paul is there, pale and scowling and still so beautiful.

"Hi," he says, and Paul's eyes go very wide.

"Hugh," he breathes. "You're here."

"Um, I'll just-" Tilly mumbles, and Hugh glances over in time to see her make a quick exit.

Paul doesn't seem to notice, his gaze fixed on Hugh. "You're here," he says again, a little brokenly. "I thought you left."

"I came back," Hugh tells him. "You were pretty out of it, though, I guess you don't remember?" He picks up a tricorder and begins running scans, reassuring himself that Paul really is okay.

"I thought I dreamed it."

"You dream about me?" Hugh can't help but tease, and a faint flush spreads across Paul's cheeks. He glances back down at the tricorder and adds, "You're healing well. Should be out of here in a few days."

"And what then?" Paul asks, still watching him. "What do you- I mean, where do we go from here?"

"I don't know," Hugh admits. "But I do know that I..." He hesitates, but continues firmly, "...I love you, and I want to work on it. Together." He swallows and adds, "If that's what you want."

"It is," Paul tells him, a smile spreading across his face. "It really really is."

He reaches out, finding Hugh's hand and holding it tightly. Hugh brushes a thumb over his knuckles, feeling a little like a piece of himself has settled into place.

"Did we really lose Michael?" Paul asks suddenly, and Hugh gives a huff of laughter.

"Don't worry," he says. "We'll find her."

Right now it feels like anything is possible, just as long as they're together.