

The Matter At Hand

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by [nostalgia](#)

Summary

For the past six months Julian has ignored any number of warnings that Garak is dangerous, but there has been the occasional element of risk to their couplings and this time it's the risk of being caught in the act.

Garak pushes Julian up against the wall of the infirmary, in the sectioned-off area where surgery is performed. Julian is held in place by strong, solid hands and he draws in a surprised breath, trapped between the Cardassian and the wall.

Garak fusses with Julian's uniform. "This fabric really is remarkably uninspiring." He shakes his head, tutting. "Utility over aesthetics, as usual. How very Federation." He runs a hand down Julian's side, then presses it against his groin, rubbing him through his trousers.

"Really?" says Julian, surprised and slightly scandalised. "Here?"

Garak tilts his head back slightly. "And why not?"

Indeed, why not? For the past six months Julian has ignored any number of warnings that Garak is dangerous, but there has been the occasional element of risk to their couplings and this time it's the risk of being caught in the act.

"If someone were to walk in -"

"They won't."

"How can you possibly know that?"

"I don't. Now be quiet before you attract unwanted attention."

Julian does as he's told, keeping silent as Garak unfastens his trousers and takes him in hand. He closes his eyes.

"At least have the good manners to look at me while I'm doing this."

Apologetic, he complies. Garak's skin is cool against his own, the hand callused by... Julian realises that it's probably better not to think about that, because it's unlikely to have been the usual tasks of a tailor.

Garak strokes him more firmly, more quickly, and Julian moans.

"Shush." And then Garak's free hand is over his mouth, and Julian thinks unbidden of how easily a person can be suffocated.

He isn't *afraid* of Garak, but he's aware that he probably should be. The Obsidian Order do not recruit their operatives on the basis of *being nice*.

But the danger adds excitement to their encounters, an intoxicating element that Julian finds himself unable to resist.

As now, for instance, with his heart beating rapidly in his chest as the hand in his trousers brings him to the edge and beyond. An undignified whimper escapes him as he comes, muffled by the hand that covers his mouth.

Garak lets go, and Julian slumps against the wall, dazed.

He mutters, "Thank you," because what else is there to say?

“I hope you won’t mind if leave you to clean up, I have a *lot* of hemming to do this afternoon.” Garak doesn’t wait for a response, instead leaning in and kissing Julian with a tenderness that this meeting has otherwise lacked. It’s surprising, but then everything about Garak is surprising.

Julian watches Garak leave, and then begins the task of tidying up.

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