

Garak's Very Special Gift

Story: Garak's Very Special Gift

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*Summary: Garak decides to have a baby or babies. *Chapter 1*: Garak's Very Special Gift*

Spies cannot have babies. Garak is no longer one. Some people thought that he still was, but that, at his perspective, was not true. Not true at all, even though his perspective was always stained with biases and contradictions. Even still, it wasn't true, because his perspective had been shedding the truth all the time, especially when it was biased and contradictory. So, this was the truth: Elim Garak the "tailor" was no longer a spy, and he was sharing a maleficent, or magnificent partnership with - an okay guy.

Even he couldn't say that the guy was good or even fine, because he wasn't. He was - okay. Not bad, not bad at all, but not good either. His partner was suffering a severe symptom of a lack of affection. It was weird that he was suffering from that kind of emotional status, because he actually was being loved by a lot of people. He should be happy with tons of affection floating into him everyday, but he wasn't. He never felt unhappy, but that didn't mean that he was happy; he was just - okay. And the fact made him an okay guy, not a good guy, nor a fine guy.

Garak always wondered why his partner is so- okay. And one day, he found, at least in his point of view, the reason of his partner being only okay. It was his family.

He figured it out when they were having a usual conversation with a usual lunch. Garak chit chatted, and Bashir listened. Garak, just like every other days, started a very thoughtful, and sincere lie. And the lie was about his childhood with his happy family. He lied about lovely flowers that he grew with his dad and sisters. He lied about the reason he felt lazy whenever his turn to water the flower came. And there, unlike usual days, Bashir opened his lips, his pretty lips, in Garak's perspective, and in his perspective only.

"Actually, I personally envy you, Garak. I've never had a family."

Garak didn't understand why he "personally" envied him, because, who doesn't? Everybody's personal when they feel envious. It was almost ridiculous! But he didn't spit the thought out. Instead, he said,

"I thought you had a family, Doctor. I personally remember that I've met your parents the other day, weren't they your family?"

"No, they weren't, I mean, yes, they are,"

Babbled Bashir. Garak opened both his eyes wide and blinked them for times.

"I suppose I'm confused, Doctor."

"What I'm trying to say is that I've never had a proper family. I hope I could take part in one,"

Sighed Bashir.

"You mean that you want to participate as a productive family member of a proper family. Don't worry too much, consider the Federation as your family,"

said Garak, and he grabbed a bite of his gagh. He didn't like the food, but he pretended to like it when Bashir enjoys a meal with the menu. So, there came an idea of having a baby, or babies. Luckily, thanks to his former career, he didn't have to go to infirmary to be a father. He felt adrenaline bursting underneath his cold skin with excitement.

After lunch, he had 5 minutes of deep & careful consideration, and after that, Garak finally decided to have a baby, or babies. If he was an ordinary Cardassian, he would have visited the infirmary and consulted the doctor.

Fortunately, he wasn't an ordinary cardassian, and he'd earned some meaningful knowledge from a minor research that he did before, when he was working for his own people. At that time he thought that the research had nothing to do with him, but apparently, it wasn't. He was so happy that he finally found a real usefulness of his former career. He would be able to make his partner father their babies without mentioning him before! He planned to inform him on his birthday as a birthday gift. He could give the finest present ever: a proper family. With the family, his man will find a way to be happy, he thought. He was okay with him being okay, but he would be happier if he himself is happy. And who knows, happy Bashir would look cuter with his happy smile on his face.

What's left was to know how many family members did he want. Instead of guessing, Garak decided to directly ask to his dear partner. And he said,

"I don't know, but 4 could be nice, just like the O'Briens. But who knows? Oh, duty calls."

And he left away. Who knows, who knows WHAT? So, he decided to have 3 children just in case that his partner was to say larger the better.

He successfully hid his pregnancy to his partner, but that surely wasn't an easy work to accomplish; his partner was a doctor. But the important part is that he did it. And here they are, looking at the eggs-their babies to be.

Bashir stood stunned holding 3 eggs which are only handful big.

"Be careful, Doctor, our babies are extremely fragile."

Bashir couldn't interpretate what he was listening, even with his genetically enhanced brain. So, he called out the computer.

"Computer, freeze program,"

But it didn't work.

"Computer, end the program, whatever is playing."

Grack smiled at him and said,

"Doctor, you may believe it. It's no illusion, they are your children, our children."

"What?"

Bashir grumped his face with confusion. What does he mean by our children? And there said Garak touching his face so intimately,

"Doctor, don't be alarmed. You were the one who always wanted a proper family. Now you can consider yourself as a member of one."

Bashir looked up at his lovely and murderly partner with love and furiosity. He tried to say something out but he failed, because tears started coming out of his big stupid-smart almond eyes. Instead, he chose to glare softly at Garak saying,

"You're welcome."