



# Help, I Accidentally Adopted My God

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine · Not Rated · 1110 words

*by Arukir*

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# Help, I Accidentally Adopted My God

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Fandom: Star Trek: Deep Space Nine Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

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*What if the Federation won and took all the Founders, Vorta, and Jem'Hadar prisoner? What if Weyoun 9 escaped with a baby changeling in tow? What if Weyoun had to deal with losing everything he'd ever known, being on the run, and raising a god all at once?*

*(Countdown until I reach 200 fics posted: 1...*

Weyoun called the baby 'holy one' when he first met her, and now she thinks that's her name. There is absolutely nothing he can do to fix this.

## Chapter 1: Hungry

Weyoun 9 opened his eyes, only to find that he couldn't see anything. He inwardly sighed. "Good morning to you too, Holly. If it's not too much of a disturbance, I was wondering if you might consider getting off my face?"

"Papa silly." The goopy blob slid off his face with something almost but not quite like a giggle, her words distorted and bubbling.

Weyoun sat up, not bothering to correct the use of 'papa'. He'd given up that fight already. He stretched in the broom closet-esque room that he called his own, tail flicking irritably as he squinted at the timekeeper glowing dimly in the wall. A full hour before he was supposed to be up.

"Was there something you required, Holly One?" He asked as pleasantly as he could, unwilling to let his annoyance at yet more lost sleep show, despite being kept up most the night by the same being keeping him up now.

"Hungry." Holly burbled, rolling around on his blanket, mimicking its dull blue color. Her abilities were progressing, though Weyoun didn't know near enough about Changeling infancy to judge whether it was quick progress or slow progress.

Weyoun felt his face grow tight. "Founders don't need food, Holly." He said evenly. How did one accuse their god of lying?

"Hug hungry." Holly clarified, climbing up his arm. "Hold Holly?"

"'Hug hungry'?" Weyoun asked, wondering if it was inappropriate to laugh at a god. "Well, I... I suppose I can fix that."

He was sure it was blasphemous to cuddle with a god, but the only one around to punish him for it was the one asking him to do so. He tentatively laid back down, pulling the baby changeling close. He felt her relax against him.

"Papa warm..." Holly muttered, body going slightly more liquid as she drifted off to sleep.

"Sleep well, my Founder." Weyoun whispered, closing his eyes. Perhaps he could catch a bit more sleep before his shift on the cargo ship he now called home began.

None of the Weyouns before him would've ever thought this would be their fate. The Dominion defeated, him in hiding as a menial worker in a broken down cargo hauler, taking care of a baby Founder who didn't quite understand that he was her slave — what would they think if they saw how far they would fall, how many rules they would break?

Weyoun 9 didn't know. He felt and heard Holly rippling next to him in her sleep; he was laying so close to a God with too little fear, not nearly enough reverence, and far too much comfort. A small, treacherous part of him decided that it didn't matter what his past selves or even the Founders themselves would think — he wouldn't trade his time with this child for anything.

## Chapter 2: Ninth Of His Line

I avoided posting this because it's not the same quality as chapter 1, but you know what screw it, I like this. I'm including some plot notes at the end, since I'm most likely not writing any more chapters for a long, long time.

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Odo did it on purpose to give the Vorta back their strength and freedom without taking away their heightened intelligence and cunning, though Weyoun won't figure this out for some time.

It goes without saying that Weyoun 9 was not like the Weyouns that came before him. He was a runaway, with no Dominion to expand and only one god to serve — a god who seemed more interested in trying to see how far up the wall she could climb than in giving him any sort of command. He was not bereft of purpose, however, as he was also the only Weyoun to be beholden to a non-Dominion captain. His menial cleaning and maintenance tasks were demeaning, but at least he was being told what to do.

But Weyoun was different in other ways, more interesting ways, ways that should've been utterly impossible. He had sharp claws in his fingers, mild venom in his fangs, new strength in his body; his mind felt clearer, less obsessive, more questioning; he saw beauty, heard music, tasted the truly terrible things the Targstomp's cook dared to call food — somehow, Weyoun 9 had been reverted, at least partially, to what his species had been long ago. Before the Founders had gotten to them. Before even Weyoun 1's time.

He was scared when he first realized what had happened; would he lose the intelligence and skills gifted to him by the Founders? Would he become little more than an animal? But, no, his higher functions were still mostly intact. Perhaps he was a tad more emotional, a bit less wary, but he was still the trained and cunning ambassador he'd been for nearly all his lives. He was still scared, though.

He heard chatter here and there, just enough to piece together that *something* had made the computers glitch on all the newest clones, turned the Federation-captured Vorta into these mix-and-matched half-wild reverts. No one he spoke to seemed to know how or why or if it would keep happening, and the crew tended to get annoyed if he dug too deep (he was hardly the only criminal on board, after all, and his crewmates grew paranoid suspicious easily).

He was so different, but he was still Weyoun, still a Vorta.

He did his best to sew the number 9 into the neck of the simple robe the captain had given him, having never gotten the chance to receive a proper identifying collar. He

kept his hair and tail as neat as he could, though his time and tools were limited (he shuddered at the memory of the mess that was Weyoun 6's grooming routine).

He walked straight-backed and at an even pace at first, though quickly learned his slightly-altered skeletal structure now preferred a partially bent, somewhat hoppy sort of walk. Despite his best efforts, he hardly looked the way a proper, well-trained Vorta should.

He risked the company of H'jrel, the Klingon pilot, just to play the basic games they had on board. The man was violent and quite possibly a ex-warlord, but he was jovial and good enough at kadis-kot to keep Weyoun entertained.

Weyoun was polite and humble when speaking to others, though his biting comments behind their backs made Nilar — the Andorian comms officer who was 'definitely not a smuggler' — snort with laughter.

He asked a million questions about things large and small, unfazed by lack of answers or requests (demands) to shut up. He talked and he wondered and he was perhaps not the best at knowing what was appropriate to say when. In his defense, he was an ambassador, not a— oh actually that was a horrible defense, wasn't it? An ambassador who doesn't have the foggiest idea how to properly conduct himself outside of work? What an oversight on the part of the Founders that programmed him...

...what in the Link did he just think?

— end of "Help, I Accidentally Adopted My God" —