

A New Type of Life

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24888673) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24888673>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: Deep Space Nine
Relationship:	Nog/Jake Sisko
Characters:	Jake Sisko , Nog (Star Trek) , Quark (Star Trek) , Kira Nerys , Ezri Dax , Julian Bashir
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon , Spoilers , established relationships - Freeform , Husbands , Sharing a Bed , Kissing , Soft Husbands , Nog is my gay son , Moving On , Jake is a writer , Jake is whipped , Bad Poetry
Language:	English
Series:	Part 28 of Pride Month 2020
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-28 Words: 1,599 Chapters: 1/1

A New Type of Life

by [Donteatthefootcream](#)

Summary

Nog is assigned to a new starship, meaning they would no longer be living on Deep Space Nine. Sometimes making sacrifices makes a couple stronger.

When Nog was offered the new position on the new starship, a starship that was *only* asking officers with high potential to join the crew, Jake and Nog were both over the moon about it. This would be a huge step in Nog's Starfleet career and would open many new opportunities for him. How could they not be happy? Yet, then it sank in. This was a nine month mission, permitting everything to go to plan, which means they would not be living on DS9 for nearly a year. No more visitors from the Gamma Quadrant or witnessing nonsense at Quark's. It was a big decision for them to make as a couple. Nog didn't want to leave Jake, but Jake wasn't going to let Nog turn down the offer either. What kind of person would be?

Living through the Dominion War, losing his father, and eventually getting married matured Nog and Jake as people. They were becoming adults much quicker than they thought. It's crazy that they used to be two delinquents who spent time pranking others and getting scolded by Odo. Now, Nog is a celebrated Starfleet officer while Jake's name is becoming more known in the writing community.

"Nog, you're going to take the position," Jake ordered, "Just take me with you!"

Nog sighed, putting down the padd. "Jake, this is a big decision. This is *nine* months we're talking about. A scientific mission in space. This is no vacation or assignment on a civilized planet. If we were to leave that means we're leaving Deep Space Nine. Are we ready for that? Are you?"

"Am I? Nog, you've lived here since you were five! Are you?"

Nog shrugged. "I went to Starfleet for a year and I made it. Besides, I knew this day was bound to come. I wasn't going to stay here forever, Jake. Neither were you."

Jake pulled out the chair, climbing into it. "Nog, I want you to take that position. And I want to go with you." Jake threw up his hands, "Think about the writing ideas I could get over those nine months! We're not splitting up, Nog."

Nog looked at Jake for a moment, waiting for Jake's face to break. It didn't. "Okay. If you're sure."

Jake leaned across the table, kissing Nog. "I'm sure."

Quark threw them a going away party. Jake had a great time, spending the last night on the station with the few original crew that were left. Kira, Ezri, Julian, and Quark. Nog joyfully went over the ship's mission, explaining every destination that was planned. He also bragged about his role on the ship. He would be Chief Engineer, becoming a Lieutenant Commander earlier that year. Quark tried to look disappointed, but Jake knew that Quark wouldn't have thrown a party if he was disappointed. Quark was proud of Nog. Everyone knew it, they're not sure why Quark continues to act as if he isn't. They've accepted it as a joke at this point. Why would Quark buy root beer solely for Nog if he wasn't? He's not exactly slick.

"It feels like everyone is leaving," Julian said sadly.

"Aw don't worry!" Jake assured him, patting his shoulder. "We'll be back before you know it!"

"With newly discovered star formations and possible life forms!" Nog added.

"We all knew this day would come, our two youngest moving on with their lives, but damn, we were *not* prepared," Ezri commented, pouting.

Julian placed an arm around her in comfort.

"Yeah, but he's going to knock them dead!" Kira exclaimed cheerfully, giving Nog a small hug around the shoulders. "But, you better not mess with Jake while I'm not around!"

"Of course not!" Nog replied with a smile.

Kira took a seat, giving Jake a sad smile. “Your dad would be proud of you, ya know? Growing up.”

Jake stirred his drink, distancing himself from the conversation. “Yeah, I know. You’ll let me know if he comes back while I’m going, right?”

“First think I’ll do, Jake. You have my word.”

Quark came over, putting a giant bowl of tube grubs in front of Nog. He looked up at his uncle in surprise, but accepted it without complaint. Jake would like the whole Ferengi cuisine better if it didn’t move. There’s something too weird about it. He’s tried the food for Nog’s sake once. It didn’t go well.

“It’s on the house,” Quark told Nog, “Think of it as a goodbye gift.”

Nog smiled at Quark. “Thanks, Uncle Quark.”

He simply nodded and then walked around the table to stand beside Jake. He tried to loom over him, but Jake’s height made it very difficult.

“Just because I won’t be around anymore to supervise, does not mean you mistreat my nephew in any way over the next nine months.”

Jake shifted in his chair, displaying a fake doubt. “I don’t know, Quark. He can be quite annoying.”

Nog glared at him, his fork right outside his mouth. “Look who’s talking. The overgrown tree. If anyone is going to be a nuisance, it’s you.”

Julian chuckled. “Yeah, they sound married alright.”

The table laughed, Quark squeezing Nog's shoulder with affection. Jake turned his attention to Nog, grinning at him. He was sure they would be fine, and they would be.

The first night on the ship was different. The movement of the ship, contrasting with the stillness DS9 had. Nog hadn't seemed that fazed, having slept on ships much more often than Jake has in a long time. Jake knew this because as he held Nog as he slept, his breathing was steady and peaceful. He never woke up unexpectedly multiple times per night. Jake was nearly awake the entire night.

Jake quickly became the gossip on the ship. The Chief Engineer's husband. Captain Sisko and the Emissary of the Prophet's son. Jake found it quite annoying, being more famous for his relations rather than his own accomplishments. Every now and then someone would talk to him about his stories, but he heard more about Nog or his father. Nonetheless, it made him smile. Made him think of all the great things his father did. Or let him know how much Nog was adored. It made Jake happy.

"Anything from Kira?" Nog asked Jake a month into their new home.

Jake was drinking his orange juice. "Nah."

Nog held his ear cleaner behind his back, leaning down to kiss Jake's cheek. "Sorry."

"At this point, I'm sort of expecting for him to never come back."

"Don't say that."

Jake frowned. "How's the ship, Chief Engineer? All in working order?"

Nog smiled at the obvious deflection. “We shouldn’t be crashing any time soon. As long as nobody attacks us. And even then, with me in charge, this ship will not be falling apart.”

“My husband, the saving grace on this ship.”

Nog unconsciously pushed out his chest with pride. Jake laughed, abandoning his orange juice completely to kiss Nog. He thought he could get away with making Nog late to his post, having his way with him for as long as possible. Ever since Nog moved up in the world, his responsibilities had changed, which had left Jake in the dust sometimes. But he couldn’t complain. He *wanted* Nog to be happy.

“Yellow alert!” The computer warned, echoing through the entire ship.

Nog pulled away reluctantly. “Gotta go.”

“Yeah, I know. I’ll be waiting here for you, and you better come back in one piece.”

Nog chuckled, departing with a mock salut and practically running out of their quarters. Jake smiled and returned to his orange juice. He thought about how he would continue his day. Ever since finally getting together with Nog, he’s been tempted to write some sort of love story. One that wasn’t expected or wanted at first. He’d dedicate it to Nog too, of course.

Four months passed and Jake finally got somewhat situated on the ship. He got out of his writer’s block, starting to write down the daily missions on the ship from Nog’s perspective. He even started thinking up that story for Nog. And when the days are boring or he can’t come up with the story, he writes stupid poems for Nog. Some romantic, some utter trash that have no purpose except for making Nog smile.

“This is absolute crap, ya know that?” Nog laughed, throwing the padd at Jake.

Jake went along with it, “You don’t like me comparing your wit to your sharp teeth? Or, the blue of your eyes to the Risa oceans? Damn, tough crowd!”

“No, I didn’t. Incredibly unoriginal. A solid three of ten.”

“Three out of ten?! It hurts, Nog. Right here-” He points to his heart, “-My heart.”

“Your heart hurts? Think of mine having to read that garbage!”

Jake laughed, getting off of the couch to kiss Nog in the quarter’s chair. If Nog ended up pulling Jake into his lap, he certainly didn’t complain.

Nog was laying on his side in bed, writing some sort of report on the ship. Jake was spooning him like always, entangling his legs with Nog’s and nuzzling his face into the back of Nog’s neck. He heard Nog mutter something under his breath, cursing some sort of error on the padd.

Jake squeezed Nog tighter. “I love you, Nog. No matter what.”

Nog tensed in Jake’s hold. “I love you too, but what brought that on?”

Nog felt Jake smile against his neck. “I don’t know. You’re just cute, I guess.”

Jake kept smiling as Nog huffed in annoyance, going back to his padd.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!