



When Gods Go To War

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine · Original Work · Koraz · Not Rated · 807 words

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Fandom: Star Trek: Deep Space Nine, Original Work, Koraz Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Weyoun (Star Trek) & Original Character(s)

Characters: Weyoun (Star Trek), Original Male Character(s), Original Characters, Eric "Hattrick" Starborn (Koraz)

Tags: Gods, Worship, Religious Discussion, Eric is using language Weyoun understands, The first 'God' Eric mentions is the Spirit Of Life which is the closest thing his people have to a , Eric's other 'Gods' are more a cult he was forced to join, It's complicated but basically he gave into the brainwashing out of spite, "Your conditioning works. I worship you. You accomplished exactly what you set out to do, now watch as I destroy you any-ways, because that's how stupid you are", But none of that's all that relevant to this fic..., Overtagging is fun!, I WILL MAKE THAT A TAG one of these days..., My 159th fic overall!, yay!, Correction: 259th fic, Oops
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Weyoun has an interesting conversation with a captive.

Happy New Years, everybody! I hope you had a great year and have a truly excellent next one! Enjoy my last fic of 2025 :)

In my head, this is Weyoun Four and then Five. The idea of being able to choose a side when your Gods are at odds is part of what sparks Six's decision to follow Odo.

"Why do you worship your Gods?" the captive boy asked. He wasn't of any species that the Dominion could identify, but he mostly resembled a human.

"They created me," Weyoun answered. It was a half-answer, if that, but he was far too busy to go into the whole thing.

"Ah." The boy went quiet for a bit, and for that Weyoun was grateful. Eventually, he spoke again. "My people's God created us, and we do not worship. Though, I suppose things must be different when your God is in prison."

"Prison?" Weyoun stopped his work, turning to blink at the boy. He was of course aware that many were capable of deluding themselves into worshipping false Gods, but the amount of delusion required to consider a criminal your God baffled him.

"He's a kind being but, heh, he wasn't always that way," the boy explained. "He messed up, so he was punished."

"He cannot be a God, then," Weyoun told him. Perhaps this was a chance to convert someone to the Founders' holy cause! "Gods do not make mistakes."

The boy gave him a pitying look. "You really believe that, don't you? Mr. Weyoun, do you know how bored a God would get if they were truly perfect?"

"Gods are above such things as boredom," Weyoun told him. He startled back as the boy burst into sudden, borderline manic laughter.

"I-I'm sorry," the boy panted, visibly calming himself down. He giggled. "I'm so sorry, but — *above boredom*? My good sir, beings that don't get bored *don't bother* creating lesser creatures like us. Why would they? We exist to entertain, or because they just wanted to see if they could. We are art, we are thought experiments, we are toys. We are what they focus on when they're *mentally clawing themselves to pieces* sort of bored."

Weyoun paused, at that. It... wasn't entirely a bad argument. And he couldn't remember the Founders ever actually *saying* they didn't get bored, so...

"A fair point, I'll concede," Weyoun allowed with a tip of his head. The boy grinned. "Still, true Gods do not make mistakes, for making a mistake *on purpose* would not be a real mistake in the first place." Weyoun was very proud of that logic, especially as he added,

"Which of course means that your supposed God cannot be a real God if he went to prison, because what could possibly be entertaining about that?"

The boy laughed again, far louder and longer than last time. "Okay, 1 — of course being imprisoned is fun, why else would I be here?"

Weyoun tried to remind him that he was a captive that was of course there entirely against his will, but the boy just spoke louder. "And 2 — I said *my people's* God, he isn't mine. He... he was, once." The boy grew silent, looking troubled for the first time since he had been locked in the cell.

"If you're looking for new Gods," Weyoun offered, feeling a small pang of sympathy for the kid, "the Founders accept anyone willing to see their light."

"I have Gods," the boy said dully. "They did not create me and I do not like them. But they command and I obey, for what else can I do? My people love Life, and so they serve him as they can. I have known people who fear their Gods terribly, and thus serve as demanded. I was conditioned to worship my Gods, I was not given a choice in the matter, and I will do so no matter how I hate them."

"So I ask you again, sir: why do you worship your Gods?"

Weyoun didn't answer. He turned back to his work and both wrote the conversation off as finished.

Later, a different Weyoun would meet a cackling boy that couldn't be the one his predecessor spoke to because he watched him die, executed for going against the Founders.

But he is the same, maybe in the same way that this Weyoun is the same as the last, or maybe far moreso.

Either way, Weyoun sighs and quietly answers, at last, "I worship them because I am meant to. I cannot imagine not doing so."

And the boy grins at him again. "I burn my Gods' temples and plot for them to burn in turn. I must worship, but why can one not rebel and worship at once?"

"Because that's not how that works!" Weyoun hissed, frustrated. "Blasphemy isn't—"

"That's the fun of having more than one God, good sir," the boy interrupted, "blasphemy to one can be worship to another. The truly faithful can't choose their Gods, yet they *must* choose when those Gods go to war."

— end of "When Gods Go To War" —