Primum Non Nocere

by Andraste

Summary

Dr. Franklin learns more than he really wanted to know about Londo Mollari's sex life.

Notes

There is a Russian translation of the story available right here on the AO3.

After four years on B5, Stephen Franklin was used to tough patients. He'd always liked a challenge, and the constant stream of new species with new medical problems and translation issues kept his life more than interesting enough. Most of the time, he even preferred dealing with the health crises of transients to taking care of his more regular patients. Ambassador Londo Mollari was a long way from being the worst case Franklin had to cope with. At least he didn't make a habit of eating things he couldn't digest, unlike certain other Centauri diplomats.

"Really, doctor, how long must this tiresome prodding continue? Now is not a good time."

On the other hand, that didn't make him a pleasure to deal with.

"Londo, you had a heart attack less than two months ago. There's no telling what could happen if your health isn't properly monitored."

Londo had actually made an excellent recovery – as a species the Centauri were a whole lot tougher than they looked – but that didn't mean Franklin was going to let him get away with skipping his check ups, even if examining him meant hunting him down in his own quarters.

"I have a very important meeting with the Gaim ambassador that cannot be put off any longer."
Londo wasn't as notorious for rescheduling business to gamble or frequent the station's strip joint as he had been a few years ago, but he'd never hesitated to stand up the rest of the station's ambassadors when it suited him. He could damn well take a few moments to listen to his doctor.

"This will only take ten minutes. It's been three weeks since your last examination, and I'm not going anywhere until you let me at least listen to your chest." Franklin sat down on one of the room's over-embroidered couches and crossed his arms.

Londo regarded him with apparent incredulity. "You mean to tell me that I'll have to get you thrown out?"

"Go ahead and call security, but I'd like to see you explain to Garibaldi that you're accusing me of attempting to assault you with a stethoscope."

And just like that, Londo laughed, his mood shifting in a moment. "You are a very stubborn man, Doctor Franklin." It didn't sound like an insult.

"You would know, Londo. Now please take off your shirt."

"Well, if I must ..."

Franklin was surprised that he hesitated – he'd never been shy before, although Centauri men were never exactly casual about removing their clothing. As he stripped off his coat and waistcoat and unbuttoned his shirt, though, the doctor saw why he'd been so reluctant. His pale skin was scattered all over with fresh bruises, and his shoulder bore a nasty bite mark, inflamed with an obvious infection. Franklin didn't need to dig out any dental charts to make an educated guess about who had left that.

Standing up, he examined it more closely, just to make sure. "This was made by a Narn."

"One Narn in particular, as I'm sure you can tell," Londo said ruefully. "I am afraid he doesn't know his own strength sometimes."

"If somebody hurt you –" he started.

"G'Kar did not attack me. We were – well, do I need to paint you a picture?"

Even given their history, and the history of their respective planets, Franklin wasn't shocked. He'd seen it all in his travels through space as well as working here, and Londo and G'Kar had just finally lived up to every insinuation that had been made about them since the Narn arrived on the station. When Franklin had watched them together while Londo was stuck in his hospital bed, he'd started to wonder if there was something more to it than jokes, and was even a little pleased that his instincts had been right. He wished both of them all the best ... but that didn't mean he'd let this go.

"That doesn't make it OK for him to leave bruises all over you. Londo, I haven't forgotten that he put you in med bay a few years ago."

"There has been – how do you put it? – a lot of water going under the bridge since then," he said, looking uncomfortable. "I know it's ridiculous, behaving this way at my age, but it's hardly your problem."

Franklin decided to try another tack. The damage had probably been accidental, after all. "Look, I happen to know that G'Kar has plenty of experience interacting with people who aren't as robust
as your average Narn. I don't think he's going to think less of you if you ask him to go easy."

"I do not need anyone to 'go easy' on me – and if I did, it still wouldn't be any of your business."

Londo started to put on his shirt again. "Now, I think it is time that you left." This time he meant it.

"Of course it's my business, you're my patient. More than that, I've known both of you for years now, and I want to make sure that everything is alright with you."

"What are you intending to do? Call Mr. Garibaldi and have him lock G'Kar up?"

"If you needed me to do that, then I would." Of course, he had doctor-patient confidentially to consider, but there was no need to point that out to Londo.

"I do not need anybody to protect me, especially not from something I have no desire to be protected from."

"Wait," Franklin said, as another possibility started to dawn on him, "are you saying that you asked him to do this to you?" It certainly wouldn't be the first time Franklin had heard a patient injured during ill-advised interspecies sexual adventures insisting that they had instigated the whole thing.

Londo waved a hand dismissively. "I merely object to being handled like a crystal vase."

Suddenly, the whole situation made a lot more sense. Of course Londo Mollari was so pigheaded that he'd interpret consideration as condescension, and of course he'd been able to goad G'Kar into handling him more roughly.

"So did ending up covered in bruises this one time prove your manliness, or are we going to have this conversation again?" Insulting Londo probably wasn't the smartest way to handle this, but the sheer dumb pride involved grated on him. Franklin had to deal with people who were sick and injured through no fault of their own day in and day out.

"Whatever I do in my private life, I will not be asking your permission first."

"I'm not saying you shouldn't have your fun – just think things through," Franklin said. "That bite, for example, is infected." It wasn't surprising, given the variety of bacteria that lived in the mouth of your average Narn. "I'll need to give you some antibiotic cream to put on it, and it would be better if G'Kar avoided breaking the skin in future." It was probably just as well that there weren't any sexually transmitted infections that could pass between Centauri and Narn – at least, none Franklin recalled off the top of his head. He probably should check up on that.

"I will –"

Whatever Londo was starting to say was interrupted by a ring at the door. Franklin's first thought was that the Gaim ambassador was running a little early, but then the door opened and G'Kar came in without waiting to be asked. "Mollari, I needed to –" G'Kar took in the scene – Londo with his shirt still half-off and Franklin holding his stethoscope – and stopped. "Am I interrupting?"

"Actually, I'm glad that you're here," Franklin said. "There's something we need to talk about."

"No, there is not," Londo said firmly.

"Ah," G'Kar said, apparently realising what they were at odds about. "I see." He turned to Franklin. "For once, I am forced to agree with him," G'Kar said. "Whatever you may think, there
is no need for you to be concerned. I have already told him that this will not happen again."

"It is none of his business whether it happens again or not!" Londo said.

"It certainly is mine, however, and I said this morning –"

"If you two are going to fight, I will call Garibaldi," Franklin said.

"Go ahead! Why not arrange a special council meeting while you're about it?" Londo said, reaching for his waistcoat. Franklin had obviously missed his window for the chest exam, not that he'd be able to record a reliable resting heart-rate with Londo in this mood.

"I imagine that Mr. Garibaldi's response would be quite entertaining," G'Kar said, "but it isn't necessary to bother him. We're not having a fight."

Londo opened his mouth, as if to disagree, but stopped himself. "And since we are not fighting, there is no reason at all for you to stay."

Franklin looked from one to the other as they glared at each other. Getting in the middle of a domestic argument was always a pain in the ass. Apparently he didn't need to worry about G'Kar hurting Londo – if he hadn't snapped and strangled him already, he must have the patience of a saint.

"Alright, I'll let you work it out. But Londo, I want to see you tomorrow in med bay. Don't think you're getting out of regular appointments."

"He will be there," G'Kar said. Londo frowned at him, but didn't disagree out loud. Franklin estimated the odds that he'd actually show up tomorrow at five to one, but he'd catch up with him sooner or later.

Leaving Londo's quarters, Franklin almost ran right into the Gaim ambassador. "I don't think Ambassador Mollari can see you right now," he said.

"Is he unwell?" the Gaim asked, translator not conveying any concern or irritation at the cancellation.

"Something came up – domestic affairs."

However Londo and G'Kar were going to resolve their dispute, they probably didn't want to be interrupted. If they'd managed to keep their affair out of station gossip, they must want it to be private. Franklin couldn't blame them. As he rode the transport tube back to med bay, he decided that it was just as well he was bound by a vow of doctor-patient confidentiality. Michael probably wouldn't have believed the story anyway.

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