

## Shrine by Xanthe



Story archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/shrine/>

### Story Notes:

This ficlet was written specially as a present for the lovely Bluespirit :-)



This story is now available as part of an anthology of my stories published in zine form under the title Breaking the Rules from: <http://www.agentwithstyle.com/>

### **Shrine: n. 1. a place of worship hallowed by association with a sacred person or object**

Rodney didn't believe in God. He preferred to focus his attention on what he could see, hear, taste, smell and touch, and sometimes, during the course of his work, it was necessary to really concentrate on all five of those senses, without distraction.

"Uh...Rodney...how long is this going to take?" John asked.

"Ssh. Ssh. Sssh!" Rodney snapped irritably. "Can't you see I'm working?"

John's sigh was loud and audible. Rodney ignored it and returned to his task. His nimble

fingers gently stroked the leather, enjoying the feel of the soft, black fabric under his skin. This required all his concentration and he went about his task slowly, carefully, paying attention to every small detail. The leather was warmer than he'd been expecting, having been heated by close proximity to the human body it was currently nestled against. Rodney slid his fingers under the black strap and worked it free. He noted that the leather was worn from frequent use where the buckle fastened and he stroked a couple of stray fibres away, humming softly to himself as he worked.

"Anytime today would be good," John muttered.

"Some things can't be hurried, Colonel. Even someone as impatient as you should recognise that," Rodney retorted.

"\*I'm\* impatient? Me?" John protested. "My god, I've never met a more impatient man than you. I can't believe you just said that."

"I'm not impatient – I'm just quick," Rodney told him, his fingers carefully prising the leather belt and accompanying holster away from John's thigh.

"Not right now you're not," John retorted.

Rodney didn't reply. He was too busy raising the newly released thigh holster to his nose and inhaling the smell of warm, John-scented leather.

"Ugh. That's just so...oh, whatever," John sighed.

Rodney ignored him. He placed the thigh holster on the nightstand and then gazed at the smorgasbord laid out on the bed in front of him, wondering what to delight his senses with next. His gaze settled on the tight, slinky black shirt with the teasing glimpse of chest hair peeking out from beneath. He straddled John's upper torso and placed his fingers on the cool zip fastening of his lover's shirt.

"Okay. So you were just teasing me down there. Now you're coming up here," John muttered. "I suppose that at least puts you within kissing distance but you could have taken care of business while you were down there." He nodded in the direction of the erection currently tenting the front of his pants but Rodney shook his head, his eyes transfixed by the little zip that was currently taunting him.

"You have no idea how often I've looked at this little bastard and wanted to do...this..." Rodney took the zip between thumb and forefinger and slowly, slowly, ever so slowly, drew it down as far as it would go, revealing..."Oh god," Rodney moaned, feeling his own erection swell even more in his pants.

"What now?" John sighed.

Rodney lowered his head and touched the tip of his nose to the newly revealed dog tags as they lay nestled in his lover's dark chest hair. He liked the little chinking sound they made as

he nudged them and the cool feel of the metal under his nose - and most of all he liked the way they gleamed against John's pale skin. Those dog tags got to be where Rodney wanted to be every minute of every day – pressed against John's naked flesh. Rodney shivered and placed his mouth reverently on the little patch of flesh that the dog tags had vacated, enjoying the faintly metallic scent that soon disappeared to be replaced by the salty, musky taste that was pure John.

John sighed, but this time it was a sigh of pleasure. He sank back into the bed and his hands came to rest on Rodney's ass. Rodney wriggled his ass, shaking them off.

"No touching," he said.

"Oh come ON, Rodney," John growled, his arousal sounding in his voice.

"Not yet," Rodney told him reprovingly. "You said we could do things my way, remember."

"I made that promise under duress!" John protested.

"I know." Rodney sounded kind of smug.

"You were blowing me!" John continued.

"I was," Rodney grinned, remembering.

"In the puddle jumper," John added.

"Yeah." Rodney's grin broadened.

"While I was flying it!" John said. "You were under the damn console on your knees. I was flying and coming at the same time. I'd have promised you anything right then as you damn well know!"

"I do." Rodney nodded solemnly. "It was perhaps a little unfair of me to exact that promise from you at that precise moment in time but if you will have weaknesses then you must expect me to exploit them."

"I thought you were my boyfriend not my blackmailer," John groused.

"I'm perfectly capable of being both at the same time," Rodney retorted. "Now...back to business." He glanced down at the tight fabric covering his lover's chest. Under the dim Atlantean lights the fabric looked ever so slightly shiny, stretched over the two little mounds of aroused flesh on his lover's chest. "Hmm...these are perky." Rodney ghosted his fingers over John's nipples and his lover gave another growl.

"You can talk," he muttered. "Yours stand to attention the minute I walk into the room."

"My nipples are indeed highly responsive to visual stimulation," Rodney told him, nodding.

"But yours...are more subtle. I have to actually sit on top of you and stroke them to get a reaction. Feels good huh?" His fingers didn't stop moving over John's nipples as he spoke and he could feel them harden even more under the slinky black fabric that was covering them. "Time to lose the shirt I fear," Rodney said regretfully.

"About damn time," John said. "There's a distinct lack of nakedness in this room, Rodney!"

"Ssh. I'm busy," Rodney replied, shifting backwards so that he was straddled over John's waist now. He gently tugged the shirt out of his lover's pants and slowly slid it up John's body, enjoying the way it glided over his lover's skin, pooling into little ripples, revealing acres of toned, hard flesh. Rodney dipped his head and licked a pathway up the skin he had just uncovered, and John moaned and bucked up slightly beneath him, partially dislodging him.

"Naughty," Rodney told him, regaining his position straddling his lover's body. "I'm allowed to do what I like to you remember?"

"When I agreed to that I had no idea it would involve torture!" John complained. Rodney raised an eyebrow.

"So far I've removed your thigh holster, unzipped your shirt and licked your stomach. Pray tell exactly how this can be considered torture?" he invited, with a quizzical look in John's direction.

"It's a slow torture, devised by one of the most cunning and devious minds in the Pegasus galaxy," John moaned. Rodney grinned and then ducked his head and ran his warm tongue over one of John's newly exposed nipples. John gasped out loud and Rodney held him down and licked his nipples like a kitten, lapping at them with his tongue, roving from one to the other, gently teasing them into hard peaks. He could feel John beneath his thighs, squirming in ecstasy.

Rodney finished his work and then sat up. John lay there, beneath him, looking like he was going to pass out if Rodney didn't move things along. Rodney grinned. He'd never had a lover pass out on him before; it would be a novel experience. He certainly had no intention of moving things along any time soon. He was enjoying his devotions far too much.

"Arms up," Rodney ordered. He shifted his knees a fraction to allow John to move his arms and then swiftly removed his lover's shirt and threw it on the floor, leaving John naked from the waist up...and leaving his hair endearingly dishevelled.

"Ah. Oh dear." Rodney shook his head sadly. "It's no use. I was going to go back down and take that hard cock of yours in my mouth but now I've seen that..." He gave a regretful sigh. "I'm afraid I'm going to be waylaid."

"Why? WHY?" John demanded. "What was wrong with the going down and the mouth thing? Where else is there that you have to be right now?"

"Here." Rodney shifted forward, planted his hands on either side of John's head, and then leaned in close...and sniffed John's hair.

"WHAT?" John exclaimed.

"Mmmm," Rodney inhaled.

"You're kidding me right?" John growled, trying to wriggle away, but Rodney had him firmly pinned down between his knees. Strangely, for a man who could only run to save his life and was crap at hand to hand combat, Rodney was peculiarly strong. Of course most of John's blood had ebbed away into the enormous erection he was currently sporting so that might have explained his inability to break free.

"Nope," Rodney said, burying his nose in John's dark hair. "It was looking all mussed up and delicious. I had no choice," he said, with a tragic sigh. John gave a sigh of his own and sank back down in the bed again, allowing Rodney to continue unopposed. Rodney caressed his lover's hair with his fingers, running them lightly over John's scalp, and John started to zone out. He looked as boneless as a plate of jello by the time Rodney finally finished playing with his hair. Rodney grinned down at him.

"So, how's the torture going?" he asked. "Still suffering?"

"You're a sadist," John muttered. Rodney considered that and then smiled happily to himself.

"Very probably," he replied. He trailed the tips of his fingers over John's chest, brushing ever so lightly, loving the way John's breath hitched and gasped as Rodney's fingers touched the sensitised skin. "Mmm. I think you're almost ready now," he said.

"You think?" John growled. "Next time you blow me in the jumper I'm going to put duct tape over my own mouth to stop me promising you \*anything\*, ever again."

"Ooh, duct tape - kinky!" Rodney grinned. "Although of course nobody actually said there would be another time in the puddle jumper."

"Rodney!" John's voice held a sharp note of complaint. Rodney ignored it. His fingers were now slowly undoing his lover's pants, and he was humming to himself as he worked, intent on the task.

"If I was undressing myself I'd have been done half an hour ago!" John growled.

"Mmm, but if you were undressing yourself it wouldn't have been half as much fun," Rodney replied serenely. "Now shift your ass." He slid his fingers under John's boxers and pulled them down as John raised his hips. "Ah...is this what's been bothering you?" Rodney asked in a faux innocent tone, as John's enormous erection bobbed into view.

"I can easily get you back for this," John told him, with a faintly malicious grin.

"Really?" Rodney sounded doubtful. "I'm the cunning and devious one, remember."

"You think I can't be cunning and devious? I could whisper in your ear during a briefing..." Rodney paused, his fingers poised in mid-air, remembering how hard he had got last time John had done that to him – and his lover hadn't even whispered anything dirty! But just the gossamer touch of John's breath on his ear had almost been enough to make him come there and then. "Or I could fasten my thigh holster...ever so slowly...just as we're about to gate offworld," John told him, warming to his theme. "In front of everyone," John added. Rodney swallowed hard, his own erection swelling even more as he fantasised about that. It would be excruciating and embarrassing...and oh so hot. The thrill of seeing John's fingers caress the leather holster, and the knowledge that Rodney couldn't do anything about his arousal because they were just about to gate offworld...combined with the utter torment of having to swallow said arousal back down because people were watching. "Or...I could play with my dog tags while you're trying to work," John grinned.

"Oh god." Rodney closed his eyes, remembering the last time John had done that. Radek had been in the middle of explaining some complicated thingummy and John had been leaning against the wall, his long index finger sliding over the cool metal of his dog tags, absently, without the slightest idea of what it was doing to the contents of Rodney's boxer shorts. "Okay, okay! I give in!" he capitulated, undressing John the rest of the way with much more haste than he'd hitherto shown.

Then he paused, and just gazed at his lover, spread out before him, naked and beautiful. John's dark hair was even more mussed up than ever from where Rodney had played with it, and it stood out in a shock against the white pillow. John's naked flesh was firm and inviting, his nipples still glistening slightly from where Rodney had sucked on them. And John's cock...John's hard cock was standing out proud, dark and pulsing and utterly beautiful. Rodney swallowed, hard, as he surveyed the utterly luscious sight in front of him.

Rodney knelt in silent reflection of what was in front of him for several long seconds, and then he bent his head, abased himself before the shrine that was his lover's body, and took John whole into his mouth, almost laughing out loud as John roared with delight and bucked up against him. Rodney loved the way his own mouth felt when it was stretched around John's hard, powerful length. He loved the way his lover's body smelled, warm and musky and heady with arousal, and he loved the way John's beautiful cock tasted as it slid between his lips, back and forth, back and forth, making all Rodney's nerve endings tingle. Most of all, though, he loved the way John called out his name, in a low, loving growl of pure pleasure as he came, his hand tangled in Rodney's hair.

Rodney didn't believe in God, but he was very familiar with the concept of worship.

**The End**

**Friendly feedback much appreciated**

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