

Slick

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Slick

by [Rae](#)

Summary

Written for Pornapalooza II for the prompt: Zach's pulled a muscle in his back, so Chris comes over to oil him up and rub him down....

Notes

Banner by [norfolkdumpling](#). Thanks to [annadraper](#) for giving this a look. All remaining mistakes are mine.

And a huge thanks for the awesome [beederiffic](#) for cheerleading the hell out of this story. I wouldn't have finished this if not for her kind and lolarious words.

Chris cracked open a sleep-encrusted eyelid and peered at the clock on the nightstand. It took a moment for the 6:38 to register as an actual time but when it did, he glared for a moment before rolling onto his back and scrubbing at his face. It was too early for any sane person to be up, but then the Quinto's had never been considered sane. As if to prove his point, he could hear Joe puttering around in the kitchen. He knew it was Joe because Zach was moaning loudly in the shower and sounding more and more pornographic by the second.

Chris groaned loudly and pushed himself up and out of bed. He wouldn't be sleeping if he stayed there any longer and he refused to accommodate his dick's needs this morning. Pulling on a crumbled pair of sweats from the floor, Chris staggered into Joe's cramped living room and collapsed onto a barstool set at the divider between it and the kitchen. He grunted his approval when a fresh coffee appeared before him and huddled around the cup to absorb the caffeine through his pores.

A particularly loud moan filtered through the bathroom door and Chris shared an eye-roll with Joe.

"It sounds like we were too hard on him yesterday."

"You think?" Chris attempted a small sip of the hot liquid but ended up snorting into the mug at another groan that was followed quickly by a suspicious thud. "Seriously? I've watched porn with less moaning."

"In case you forgot, Zach is not exactly athletic. Forcing him to play football may have been a bit unwise."

Chris remembered the look on Zach's face when he caught the ball for the first time. He'd stood there in shock until a huge, goofy grin had spread over his face. A grin that quickly morphed into a gasp of surprise when Chris tackled him to the ground.

Chris also remembered how Zach had felt spread out beneath him, wiggling and arching against him in his attempts to push Chris's heavy body off of his own thin, lanky frame. His cock twitched and Chris swiveled his chair until he was covered by the bar and smirked up at Joe.

"I think it was awesome. I've never heard a grown man actually say 'meep' before."

"Yeah, well. Zach's unique." Joe said, waving a hand through the air as if that somehow described Zach, and turned to fill up a travel mug with fresh coffee before grabbing his camera case off the small dinette table. "I've got a shoot today, a christening."

Chris nodded at Joe's obvious enthusiasm. A gig was a gig and Chris knew any paying job was another step forward toward the Quinto's combined goal of relocating to California. Chris felt it hard to contain his excitement at the prospect of having them so much closer.

"You guys have any big plans for today? Last day in the 'Burgh and all."

"I think we're mostly just hanging out. Dinner at your ma's tonight, though."

“Of course. She’d skin us both if we didn’t bring you by to graze at her table before you leave us for all that damn sunshine.”

“Now, don’t be jealous, Joe. You’ll get there eventually.”

“Damn straight. Hey,” Joe picked up a green bottle and tossed it at Chris who nearly fumbled the catch in his not-quite-awake state. “Help Zach with that will ya? It’s what Missy always uses on me when I overdo it at the gym, and it is amazing. Should help Zach man up a bit and feel less like a punching bag.”

Chris stared at the bright orange label before raising wide eyes to Joe.

“You want me to give Zach a massage?”

Joe shrugged. “Well, it’s the least you can do seeing as it was you landing on him repeatedly that put Zach in need of a massage in the first place.”

Chris glanced at the innocent looking bottle, then back at Joe. His mind had stuttered at the image it had conjured of Zach naked and spread out beneath him, his skin glistening as Chris slid slick hands over-

A deep moan from the bathroom jolted Chris from his fantasy and this time he did fumble the bottle, which clattered loudly against the counter-top.

“We. We’re not. That’s not the kind of friends we are, Joe. I don’t think Zach would want me to- To, um.” Chris pointed at the bottle and turned wide, panic-stricken eyes on Joe who simply crossed his arms and stared back with an all too knowing look. “What?”

“Okay, let’s just pretend for a second that you haven’t spent the last three months ogling my brother’s ass.” Joe cut off Chris’ token protest by jabbing a finger at his face. “No. I know ogling when I see it and you could single-handedly solve Pennsylvania’s drought problem with the amount of drool you produce when you stare at Zach. But, we’re pretending that I don’t know about that because I don’t have to live with you after tomorrow afternoon. I do have to live with Zach, however.”

Christ, Chris had thought he’d hidden his crush better than that. Panic flared through him at the thought of Joe and Zach snickering about him behind his back but he quickly pushed the thought aside. They weren’t those kind of people and Zach definitely wouldn’t mock him for his feelings. He’d give that sympathetic look, wrap Chris in a warm hug and quietly let him down, because Zach was not interested in Chris. Would never be interested in Chris and he’d have to live with that. And it would be a lot easier to live with that without ever having to come out to Zach, so Joe’s words were terrifying in a world-ending, apocalyptic kind of way.

He couldn’t deny what was apparently obvious but he could downplay its significance. Zach was hot, a little lust was reasonable in this circumstance. Nobody, and Chris meant nobody, had to know about the feelings riding shotgun along with the totally understandable desire.

“And? So?”

“And, ever since you guys started this pen-pal thing it’s been ‘Chris this’ and ‘Chris that’. It was cute at first, you know? I mean, he’s never really had a close friend before. He has friends. Lots of them, but they’re all surface friends. They don’t get the deep stuff that Zach carries around. Jesus, man, he talks to you about our dad. He doesn’t even talk to me about him. He came out to you before he told ma or me. And that’s all great, Chris. It’s awesome, and I’m a little envious of how close you two are. But I swear to God if I have to watch him moping over you for another year I swear that I’ll kill him. So, offer the massage, see how things progress and get it the fuck out of your systems so I can not hear about it anymore.”

“First, okay. Yes. I find Zach attractive. But I’m not going to act on it. No, Joe. Listen. He’s my best friend. He’s my oldest friend. I want to keep him. I don’t want to screw anything up between us. God, I couldn’t imagine not having him in my life. So, thanks for the pep-talk and all, but I’m not gonna make a pass at Zach to make your life easier.”

“That’s what you think I was saying? Jesus. I don’t-”

The sudden silence from the shower halted Joe’s words and he resorted to glaring and pointing at the bottle before sweeping from the apartment.

Chris stared at the closed door for a long moment before he turned his eyes back to that damned bottle. Okay. Sure, he’d spent the better part of the summer fantasizing about Zach but that was only because he looked so good. The boy had changed a lot after three years of college. The taming of his eyebrows alone had done wonders for Zach’s looks. Add to that the fact that Zach no longer wore clothes four sizes too large and seemed a bit more comfortable with himself and it was no wonder that Chris had noticed.

It was a shock, too. Chris hadn’t had a chance to acclimate to the new Zach before arriving in Pittsburgh at the start of the summer. Chris had every school photo of Zach’s since sixth grade, as well as some family photos. But since Zach had started college he hadn’t had time to send any new shots and Joe had stopped practicing on Zach and had moved on to actual paying jobs. So, no. There had been no forewarning at all.

And this was the first time they’d had the chance to actually visit each other. There was the summer Chris broke his leg, the summer Zach got into that acting camp, then Joe had the car accident and Katie got married. There had always been something that kept them from actually seeing each other so that the anticipation had built and built until they’d nearly asphyxiated each other at the gate when Chris had finally, finally arrived.

And now Joe was suggesting that Chris throw all that history away because Chris couldn’t control his dick. Um, no. Chris would pass. He loved Zach too much to piss on their friendship like that. With a disgusted huff, Chris pushed the bottle and watched it slide across the counter and slip off the edge to land with a little bounce next to a set of hairy feet.

Chris felt his eyes widen as his gaze traveled up hairy calves and boney knees and white terry cloth that was the only covering on a very naked Zach. A very naked, and slightly damp Zach. Chris swallowed roughly and jerked his gaze up to Zach’s face.

“Hey.”

“Hey. I ah...I thought I heard Joe out here.”

Chris kept his eyes fixed on Zach’s face and tried to will down his erection.

“Yeah. He just left. Some photo-shoot or something.”

Zach pushed at the bottle with his toe and tried and failed to look at Chris.

“Oh. Yeah. The christening.”

“Yeah. There’s coffee.”

“Thank God.”

Chris averted his eyes as Zach bent to retrieve the massage oil from the floor but the loud groan Zach released brought them back and they settled on Zach’s mottled flesh.

“Holy shit, dude! Did I do that?”

“Yes, Urkel. You most certainly did. Feel bad. Feel very, very bad.” Zach supported his bent frame with a hand on his lower back and ever-so-slowly raised himself back into a vertical position. “Jesus, I hurt.”

Chris’ hands hovered over the yellow and green and blue blotches that speckled Zach’s body and he realized that he’d moved next to Zach without knowing it. With a curse, Chris stepped back and retreated to the coffee pot to pour a cup for Zach.

“I do feel bad. Why didn’t you say something yesterday?” Chris set the cup in front of Zach who was now perched carefully on a barstool.

“I did! I said ‘get the fuck off me fucker, you weigh a ton’ and also ‘ow’. That last one was repeated a lot.”

“I’m so sorry.”

Zach chose to ignore his apology and instead shook the bottle of oil at Chris.

“What’s this?”

Chris shrugged and picked up his forgotten coffee and held it up in front of him like a shield. A shitty, minuscule shield.

“Joe.”

“What?”

With a frustrated sigh, Chris set his cup down and deflected the best way he could.

“Joe thought a massage would help you in your delicate condition since your porn shower didn’t seem to do the trick.” He fought back his satisfied smirk as Zach’s face took on a decidedly rosier hue.

“Um, I thought you’d still be sleeping.”

“Who could sleep through that?”

“Whatever. When’s Joe getting back?”

“Dunno.”

“Then how the hell is this supposed to help me?” Zach shook the bottle again, a little more forcefully this time and winced with the effort.

And now Chris felt really bad because Zach was truly hurting and it was Chris’ fault. The rest was Chris’ problem and he could and would push it aside to help Zach out. It was the least he could do.

“He suggested that I give you the massage.”

Chris really hadn’t thought that Zach would be capable of moving so fast in his current state, but one second he was sitting right there and the next he was across the room struggling into one of his too-small t-shirts.

“Yeah. Um. No. I’m good. Don’t worry about it.” Zach fought the material but it clung to his still-damp skin and he ended up a wriggling, tangled mess. Chris laughed at the sight even as he went over to help.

“Jesus! Would you stop? Damn it.” Chris dodged a flailing hand and finally just grabbed the twisted hem and roughly pulled it off over Zach’s head.

Zach made a grab for his shirt only to wince at the sudden movement.

“Yeah. Come on.” Chris turned and made for Zach’s bedroom. The bedroom that had been surrendered to Chris upon his arrival while Zach slept on the lumpy second-hand couch which probably hadn’t helped Zach’s back at all.

“Chris, this isn’t a good idea.”

“Sure it is. Trust me. It’s not like I’m gonna jump you or anything.”

“I’m aware of that.”

“So, come on. Let me help.” Chris took a firm hold of Zach’s hand and towed him along behind him before releasing him to allow Zach to settle on his bed. Chris watched Zach stretch out and wiggle into a comfortable position. All that skin laid out like a banquet held Chris’ attention for far too long.

“If you’ve changed your mind, that’s fine. You don’t have to-umf. Chris? What the fuck?”

“What? This, um. This is how it’s done.” Chris said from his perch astride Zach’s backside. He didn’t really remember making the decision let alone the move to clamber atop Zach, but

he had. And now that he was there he would be damned if he'd move. It was comfortable and the view was even better from this new position.

"And did you learn this from watching porn?" Zach tried to sound derisive but Chris could hear the underlying amusement.

"I'll have you know that porn is very informative."

"Oh yeah?"

"Of course. For instance, were you aware that if you help your new neighbor move in that you will get a gratitude blow job in return?"

"Oh my God. You're completely ridiculous." Zach snorted into his pillow but relaxed beneath him so Chris claimed it as a victory.

"Where does it hurt the worst?" Chris unscrewed the lid and poured a small amount into his palm before settling the bottle between his knee and Zach's side to keep it upright.

"Lower back and my left shoulder feels like you dislocated it."

"I didn't dislocate your shoulder. Could you be any more of a baby?"

"You don't know that! You could have."

"You do not have a dislocated shoulder. You've been using it for half a day. It's probably just strained."

"You didn't mention that you'd switched majors from English to Medicine."

"Would you shut up and freaking relax already. This is supposed to be a stress reliever."

"Then maybe you should shut up if you want me to relax."

"Fine."

"Good."

Silence settled over them as Chris slid his hands over Zach's back, digging into knotted muscle and gliding gently over tender bruises. He worked the oil into Zach's shoulders until he felt the tension drain away as Zach sunk further into the mattress.

With a shift of his body, Chris raised himself up, tightened his legs and dragged his hands down Zach's spine to press his palms into the small of Zach's back and was rewarded with a deep moan.

Zach stiffened and Chris froze in position, hovering above Zach's ass as his cock practically danced in response to the sound his hands wrought from Zach.

"Maybe-" Zach cleared his throat and tried again. "Maybe silence isn't so great."

“What do you want me to say?” Chris leaned his weight forward, slid his hands roughly back up Zach’s spine and dropped his hips down to settle along the terry cloth covered ass that he ached to get his hands and other appendages on. At the release of another moan his hips canted against that alluring mound and Chris let loose a moan of his own.

“Chris?”

“Um. Sorry?”

“You don’t sound sorry.”

“Um...” Chris ground his semi down again. Now that he knew how good it felt he couldn’t seem to stop himself.

“Christopher!”

“You’re right. Not sorry. You have an amazing ass. You can’t just display that thing in your tight jeans and expect me not to notice.”

“You’re straight! You told me you were straight.”

“Did I?”

“Okay, no. But it was implied. What with all the Kim’s and Bethany’s and-”

“Steve.”

“Your roommate? The gay, Republican whistler? Oh my God! I did not need to know that.”

“And that’s why I didn’t say anything. I didn’t want you to lose respect for me.”

Zach propped himself up to stare incredulously over his shoulder at Chris. “You think I respect you?”

“Asshole.” Chris shoved him back down into the pillow and continued to work his hands over Zach’s tense flesh.

“Why didn’t you tell me? I mean, you should have told me.” Zach’s voice was quiet, hurt.

“I don’t know. I just...I was messing around. It felt good and it was new and exciting. I didn’t think it was a thing. Not like with you, you know? It wasn’t really a part of my real life, just my college life. A flash in the pan.”

“Oh.”

Chris heard disappointment in that ‘oh’ and ran his arms up over Zach’s shoulders and down his arms until their fingers interlocked and he could whisper into Zach’s ear.

“I know differently now, though.”

“What do you mean?”

“Zach. I’ve been trying to not think about this, about you since I stepped off that plane. I don’t want to ruin us. I don’t want to lose you. I can’t lose you. But this is more than Steve. You are so much more.”

Zach’s hips arched up at that confession and Chris couldn’t stop himself from grinding down and moaning into Zach’s ear.

“Chris.” Zach’s voice left him on a breathless moan, his ass alternating between grinding back on Chris’ erection and rubbing down into the mattress. “I’ve never bottomed before.”

“Okay. Whatever you want. Anything.”

“I want to do it. I mean, I want to, with you.” Zach admitted quickly, his face darkening by the second.

Chris smirked into Zach’s neck and had to be an asshole because that’s just how they operated.

“Are you telling me you want me to be your first?”

“God, you’d be perfect if you’d just shut the hell up.”

“You love me.”

“Yeah. Shit. I think I do.”

With a choked off moan, Chris shoved a hand into his pants to strangle his cock to prevent himself from shooting his load and giving Zach mocking ammunition for the rest of his life. “You can’t say things like that. Jesus. I’m shaking.”

“Fuck me, Chris. I want you to be my first.”

“I hate you. I really, fucking hate you.” Chris cursed while nuzzling into Zach’s shoulder joint and mouthing a wet kiss into the skin.

Zach just pressed up to dislodge Chris and pulled off the towel to reveal two perfect ass cheeks, a smug smile on his lips.

“No you don’t. You love me.

“Shut it and get on your knees.”

“Bossy. I like it.”

Chris slipped backward quickly and ducked down to bite the cheek rising off the bed.

“Fuck!”

“Your ass. You have no idea.” Chris grabbed hold with both hands and squeezed, loving the feel of Zach’s ass in his grip.

“Yeah?” Zach questioned, a little breathless.

“Oh yeah. I’ve tried to imagine it. How it would feel, how it would taste.”

“Taste? Really?”

“Mmmhmm.” To demonstrate Chris pulled Zach’s cheeks apart and licked along the exposed crack, wringing a mewl of surprise from Zach. “God, so good.”

“Is this, um, did you do this with-”

“No. It would have been gross.”

“And it’s not with me?”

“Nope.”

“Okay.”

Chris blew across Zach’s hole and grinned at the shiver it sent through Zach before Chris leaned low to mouth at the underside of Zach’s sack.

“Yeah. Mmm.”

“You taste so good, Zach. So much better than I imagined. Fuck.” Chris ran his tongue across Zach’s perineum, along his crack and around his hole before closing his mouth to suckle it enthusiastically.

At the sensation, Zach let loose a litany of unintelligible garble and Chris hummed with satisfaction, biting down on a few stray hairs and tugging just to watch Zach squirm.

“The things I want to do to you. With you.” Chris mumbled into Zach’s ass, rubbing his bristled jaw along the sensitive flesh.

Then Zach was half-turned with a hand wrapped around Chris’s head, fingers fisted in Chris’s short hair to pull him up into a crushing kiss. It’s fierce and demanding, Zach’s tongue surging into his mouth to sweep across the inner terrain as if to pull his taste from Chris. It ended all too soon and Chris was left blinking at a blushing Zach.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know why I did that.”

“Yeah you do.” Chris growled and slid a hand into Zach’s hair to guide their mouths back together. It’s softer the second time, a caress of lips and a sharing of breath that said everything they were still too scared to voice aloud. “Zach.”

“God, Chris. You don’t know.”

“What? Tell me.” Chris nibbled his way across Zach’s smooth jaw line, down his neck to suck on the pulse point that throbbed below his lips. Zach’s arm tightened around him as he pushed his body against Chris’ hungry mouth.

“Wanted this. Wanted you. So long.”

“How long?”

“Since Kimber.”

Chris’ mind stuttered at that and he pulled back to stare at Zach in shock.

“That was years ago.”

Zach met his gaze and nodded, his hand clenching around Chris’ neck to hold him as though he feared his words would make Chris bolt. “Two years, seven months.”

“But...”

“I didn’t know that I wanted you, but when you called and told me I got hard. And then I got mad. Really mad. At you. I kinda figured it out after a while. Does it freak you out?”

“What? The fact that telling you about losing my virginity was the catalyst for you finding me sexually attractive?”

“Yeah. That.”

Chris had to think it over for a moment because yeah, it did kinda freak him out. Not the why but the what. Zach had wanted him for a lot longer than Chris had wanted Zach, and Chris had never had a clue. Fuck. No wonder Joe was so eager for them to figure shit out. But, what he needed to decide was whether or not it mattered.

He looked down into worried brown eyes and had his answer.

“No. It doesn’t freak me out.”

Zach’s face lit up with a relieved smile before he darted forward to nip at Chris’ chin.

“Okay. You wanna lick my ass some more?”

“Jesus!” Chris huffed his laugh into Zach’s chest and bit playfully at a nipple while he was there. “Yeah. I really do.”

“Okay, lets do that.”

Chris settled behind Zach again and rubbed his cheek along the dimples above that perfect ass. It felt amazing to be able to do this. His concerns and fears weren’t gone but they were momentarily smothered under the scent and taste of Zach.

He wrought moans and cries with his tongue, circling Zach’s quivering hole before dipping past that tight muscle to breach Zach for the first time. He moaned into the flesh and flicked his tongue against the tight walls. He laved that ass until Zach was a quaking, desperate mess.

“God damn it, Chris! Fingers! Fingers, now. I need more. Nnngh.”

Chris felt dazed as he reached for the oil that had tipped and spilled onto the bed.

“I spilled the oil.”

“I don’t care, Chris!”

“Okay, damn.”

He slid a slick finger into Zach, that virgin ass grabbing at his digit, making Chris’ cock jerk in anticipation. He worked up to three quickly, Zach moaning and rocking back on Chris’s fingers as they brushed across his prostrate.

“I’m ready. I feel ready. Chris, please. Do it now.”

“Fuck. Stop begging or I’m gonna come right the fuck now!”

“Nnngh. Just do it. DO IT!”

Chris retrieved a condom from the nightstand, made quick work of sliding it on and then he was pressing the head of his cock against Zach’s stretched, oiled hole and began to slide in. He froze at a particularly low moan and smoothed a hand over Zach’s back.

“You okay?”

“Yes. I think. Yeah. I’m good. Just go slow.”

Chris inched in excruciatingly slowly, sweat beading up and rolling down his forehead as he fought the instinct to bury himself within Zach. He would make this good for Zach. He would make it memorable. He would make it worth repeating.

He felt his balls rest against Zach’s ass and let out the breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. He caressed Zach’s body to soothe the tremors shaking his thin frame and because he couldn’t resist touching that glistening flesh now that it was permissible.

“How you doing?”

“Good.”

“How’s it feel? Still okay?”

“It’s weird. I feel full but not, you know.”

“Jury still out?”

“I don’t know. Do something.”

Chris pulled back an inch before sinking back in.

“Oh. Yeah. Do that. That’s good.”

Chris settled into a shallow rhythm, pulling out further when Zach began meeting his thrusts.

“Harder.”

“You sure?”

“Yes. Fuck. Come on, Chris.”

Chris pulled nearly all the way out and slammed back with ball slapping force, his eyes crossing at the sensation.

“More. Mmmm.”

“So good, Zach. Oh my God.”

The sounds of grunts and slapping flesh filled the room and it took only a few powerhouse thrusts to send Zach face-first into the mattress, arms useless jelly at his sides. Chris tightened his hold on Zach’s hips and continued to hammer into him, hitting Zach’s prostate with every stroke. Zach keened out a high-pitched, desperate cry, flailed about to find something to hold on to and came on an especially hard thrust with Chris’ name on his lips.

Zach stilled, clenching like a vise around Chris’ cock and the sudden combination of unbearable tightness and the sound of Zach gasping his name brought Chris to his own mind-stalling orgasm. He rolled to the side and collapsed with a grunt. Several minutes passed in sated exhausted before he was able to dispose of the condom and final form words.

“We just had sex.”

“Yeah we did.”

Chris’s eyes popped open to see the dopey grin on Zach’s face matched the smug tone he’d just used.

“You don’t regret it?”

Zach’s own eyes snapped open at that and suddenly he was no longer a puddle of sex-contented flesh but a tense mass of uncertainty.

“Why? Do you? Oh my god. You do, don’t you?”

“No! Zach, no. I don’t. I’m just worried.” Chris turned on his side and stroked a hand over Zach’s flank to reassure and calm.

“About what? Did you not like it? Was I bad? What?”

“Where does this leave us? Our friendship?”

“Oh. Um. We’re good. This doesn’t have to change anything. It, ah, doesn’t have to mean anything.”

“Of course it does! What are you even saying? Did it not mean anything to you?”

“It did. I just, you know, don’t want you to feel weird. I’m not going to pressure you or anything. If this was just a sex thing, that’s fine. You know. If that’s what it was.” Zach plucked at the fuzz balls on the incredibly old bedspread and avoided eye contact. The sight damn near broke Chris’ heart.

“It wasn’t. It’s not. Zach, I wouldn’t do that. Not with you.”

“Then what was it?”

“I don’t know! That’s why I was asking you.”

“Okay.” Zach said, finally meeting Chris’ eyes. “What do you want it to be?”

“Everything.”

“...”

“No. Wait. That didn’t come out right. I just. You’re my best friend. I can’t not have you in my life, and if sex screws that up I’ll never forgive myself. I don’t want to lose you over this.”

Chris wondered if he was even coherent because he had rushed to get it all out and had heard the words tumbling from his mouth but they hadn’t really registered to him. But if he were to judge by the smile on Zach’s face he’d have to assume that some of it made sense.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“We won’t screw it up.” Zach said and he planted a kiss on Chris’ forehead.

“So...no more sex?”

“Oh, we’re having more sex. Lots and lots of sex. We’re just not going to let it ruin anything. I love you. You’re my best friend. We’re stronger than that. No matter what happens.”

“Yeah?”

“Yep.”

“You’re a fucking sap, you know that?”

That earned Chris a slap to his forehead before Zach pushed him away to aim a sudden glare at him.

“And you owe me a bedspread.”

“You said you didn’t care.”

“Changed my mind, asshole.”

“Change it back.”

“Nope.”

Chris draped himself across Zach’s body and stared down at him with fluttering lashes.

“I’ll blow you if you do.”

Zach just crossed his arms under his head and said, “I think you’ll blow me anyway.”

“God damn it! I am not buying you a new Scooby Doo bedspread. Where would I even-no. I refuse. I am an adult.”

“I’ll blow you if you do.”

Chris smirked at that. “I think you’ll blow me anyway.”

“Do you now?”

Chris stared at Zach’s suddenly expressionless face and couldn’t tell if he was joking or being serious. Fuck, but he was a good actor.

“God damn it! Fine.”

He let himself be pulled in by Zach’s arms and hummed contentedly as a hand slipped through his sweat-matted hair.

“See? Nothing’s changed. You’re still my bitch.”

“I hate you.”

Chris felt Zach press his lips against his scalp and heard him murmur a quiet, ‘me too’ before he succumbed to the feeling of Zach surrounding him and drifted off to sleep.

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