

Wild, Wild Young Men

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/536) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/536>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: The Next Generation
Relationship:	Worf/William Riker
Character:	Worf , William Riker
Additional Tags:	Ficlet
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-05-01 Words: 536 Chapters: 1/1

Wild, Wild Young Men

by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

Worf and Riker go hunting.

The beast was coming for them, and the *Enterprise* was nowhere near to help.

Riker ducked with a yelp, his handmade spear splintering beneath the beast's mighty claws. By instinct, Riker bowled backward, letting his momentum carry him out of danger — and newly off-balance, the beast stumbled, left its right flank open, and gave Worf the space he needed to attack. Riker did a backward somersault — and was still shaking the stars out of his eyes when he saw the flash of silver, the roar of outrage, and—

“Did you get it?” he asked.

Worf's frustrated growl was his only answer. Dancing out of reach of the beast's razor-sharp claws, Riker snatched his broken spear from the ground. The pointy end was barely large enough to fit in his hand now; the longer, more handy section was splintered and useless. Unless...

“Worf, distract it!” Riker said.

“A Klingon does not serve as *distraction*,” Worf growled, jabbing at the beast's furry sides.

“Well, hit it in the gut, then,” said Riker impatiently. “Make it bend over.”

Worf gave him a suspicious look, but like a true warrior, he kept attacking and dodging even as he let Riker know he had his doubts about this plan. An elbow to the ribs, the flat side of the blade against its spine, a sharp glancing blow to the beast's stomach, and—

As it bent over, Riker leapt forward and jabbed the splintered spear into the beast's left eye. And then its other left eye. And then two of its three right-hand eyes, before Worf joined him by putting a bat'leth through the beast's chest and the wretched thing finally slumped to the ground. Riker's chest rose and fell in great heaving breaths as Worf slapped him on the shoulder, each of them surveying their fallen predator.

“An honorable kill,” Worf decided, and something in Riker's chest glowed at that. He twirled his gore-stained spear in one hand as Worf dipped his fingers into the beast's eye sockets (ew) and cupped Riker's cheek with his other hand. Their eyes burned into each other as Worf raised his hand, fingers dripping with blood, and smeared a broad swath of red across Riker's forehead. His touch was hot, his face so close that Riker could feel Worf's breath on his lips.

“This,” said Worf in a low rumble, “is how a young Klingon warrior is baptized when he makes his first kill.”

“Oh?” said Riker, trying to sound casual even as his heart pounded.

Worf hummed, his eyes darting across Riker's face. “Usually the Klingon warrior is much younger than you,” he allowed. “Four or five years old, at the most—”

“Okay,” said Riker sourly. He took a seat on a nearby rock, arms resting on his knees, and after a moment, Worf joined him. They surveyed their kill with pride. On the horizon, a setting sun turned the forest a shade of purple, the leaves gold instead of green, and Worf's arm brushed Riker's, and adrenaline — or maybe not just adrenaline — still had Riker's head spinning. He let out a slow, shaky breath and leaned into Worf's touch.

“This was fun,” he said, eyeing the beast’s corpse.

“An excellent honeymoon,” Worf agreed.

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