

Worf's Warlike Battle of the Arms

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Worf's Warlike Battle of the Arms

by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

Worf is hosting an arm-wrestling contest.

Riker is eager to partake.

Worf's Warlike Battle of the Arms was in full swing. Not in Ten-Forward – Guinan wouldn't allow it. But he'd set up shop in one of the shipboard combat arenas, aka Holodeck Three, where pseudo-Roman suits of armor were a necessity and the reek of male sweat filled the air.

Right now, Worf sat at a small, flat table, the perfect surface area for arm-wrestling, with a helmet covering his forehead ridges and a chestplate weighing down his frame. His arms were bare, a sheen of sweat showing on his biceps as he flexed.

"Next," he rumbled.

The line of officers shifted. Some of them were nursing dislocated shoulders. Others were sitting with their backs against the coliseum wall, waiting for Nurse Tonma to see to their wounds. From the back of the line, a tall figure made his way forward.

"You are not in dress code, Commander," said Worf, bristling.

Will Riker grinned down at him, dressed in an immaculate Starfleet uniform. "I didn't realize there was a dress code," he said cheerfully. "I just came from the bridge."

His feigned aura of amicability could not hide the whiff of adrenaline coming from his pores, nor the tension in his jaw, nor the masculine spark in his eyes. Worf huffed through his nostrils and squared his shoulders. Commander Riker was physically the biggest of the men he'd wrestled today, and the only one who showed up for Worf's Klingon calisthenics in the morning. They had fought each other many times; Riker would be a most satisfying, and formidable foe.

So Worf held out his hand, eyes glinting, and Riker wrapped his fingers around Worf's with a hard grin. Standing next to the table and sweating nervously, Barclay checked his stopwatch.

"Three...two...one..."

Worf bared his teeth. Riker settled in with a comfortable roll of the shoulders, his thumb rubbing a gentle circle on Worf's knuckles.

"Go!" Barclay said.

It was a feat of strength, and nothing got Worf's blood racing like a feat of strength. Will should know: he'd been sparring with the guy every morning for three years now, and he'd noticed at least two dozen quickly-hidden erections during that time. Just this week, when Worf pinned him – both of them sweating and blood-streaked, Will's hair mussed, their chests heaving and their stomachs touching and Worf's knee between his legs – he'd felt it, the telltale hardness pressing up against him. Just for a moment, and then Worf backed away.

Will squeezed Worf's hand tight and locked his elbow.

He wasn't going to win, most likely. There were rumors (unproven) that Klingon strength made humans look like defenseless babies. That didn't quite align with Will's experience on the Pagh, but he'd been hurled across the combat arena by Worf enough times to give it some credence. So why was he joining an arm wrestling contest when he knew he'd lose?

Why, for the pleasure of holding Worf's hand, of course.

And the sight of his biceps straining, sweat dripping down his nose beneath that Roman helmet, bare legs giving off excess waves of body heat beneath the table. Will let his foot slide forward until he found Worf's calf – that skirt, that Roman skirt, whose idea was that? Why did that count as manly enough for a Klingon when the dress uniform was too feminine? Aw, who cares – Will wasn't gonna look a gift horse in the mouth. He strained against Worf's hand, and all the while, he gently moved his foot up Worf's bare leg, just the lightest, teasing touch, until he reached the bare inner thigh – the weight of the armored skirt – the heat racketing up a notch–

Will rubbed his thumb against Worf's knuckle one more time. He flashed a flirty grin, the kind designed to knock men and women alike off-balance, to steal the strength from their limbs and leave them weak at the knees.

And–

Worf slammed Commander Riker's hand to the table so hard the wooden surface cracked in two.

“Time!” Barclay called, stopping the watch. “Two minutes, ten seconds!” He leaned down close to Riker, who lay groaning on the coliseum floor. “That's a new record, Commander – no one has ever lasted that long against Worf!”

Riker just massaged his broken hand and grimaced in pain. His eyes flicked open just briefly as Worf stepped over him, hands raised in a victory pose. Riker's gaze danced straight up Worf's legs and under his skirt, looking vaguely starry-eyed and flushed around the cheeks, and muttered, “*Two!*” to himself, sounding dazed. Barclay scuttled backwards to avoid the lieutenant's victory march.

“Who dares challenge me now?” Worf roared. The medic rushed in to heal Commander Riker's hand. “I am undefeated! Champion of all!”

Nurse Tonma helped Riker sit up and aimed the regenerator at his broken bones. Pale-faced, but weirdly triumphant, Riker flashed a grin at Barclay.

“I believe you're next,” he said.

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