

A Matter of Timing

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/693) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/693>.

Rating: [Explicit](#)
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Category: [M/M](#)
Fandom: [Star Trek: Discovery](#)
Relationship: [Ash Tyler | Voq/Christopher Pike](#)
Character: [Ash Tyler | Voq](#), [Christopher Pike](#)
Additional Tags: [Porn Without Plot](#), [Shower Sex](#), [Hand Jobs](#), [Shore Leave](#)
Language: English
Stats: Published: 2023-07-17 Words: 770 Chapters: 1/1

A Matter of Timing

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Summary

Chris teases Ash, and Ash teases him right back.

Notes

Written for Pameluke in the 2022 Battleship exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

Ash wakes to the feeling of lips on his shoulder and a hand trailing down his chest. Chris is pressed against his back, their legs tangling together, and Ash shifts into his touch as Chris's hand slides lower, fingers brushing into the hair above his cock.

"Good morning," Chris murmurs. "Sleep well?"

Any response Ash could have made is derailed by Chris's hand closing around him. Chris strokes him slowly, coaxing him to full hardness, then pulls away abruptly and swings his legs over the edge of the bed. "Wow, look at the time," he says. "I'd better go shower."

"Are you kidding me?" Ash demands as he sits up. "You're going to leave me like this?"

"I'm just making sure we're not late," Chris says, but there's a hint of amusement in his eyes. He disappears into the bathroom, and Ash stares after him for a moment before pushing back the covers in determination.

Chris is just stepping into the shower as Ash enters the bathroom. Ash follows him into the cubicle, grateful that the showers here are bigger than standard starship ones.

"If you're worried about being late, we should shower together," he says. "Saves time."

"Makes sense," Chris agrees with a smile, reaching past him to slide the door shut. He doesn't look at all surprised by this turn of events, and Ash is pretty certain that this was his plan all along.

He presses Chris back against the wall, kissing him fiercely as the water pours down on them. Chris kisses back, hands gripping at Ash's back, and Ash thrusts against him, their cocks rubbing together.

Chris gasps, shifting closer, and Ash pulls out of his grip and steps back, reaching out to get a handful of soap from the dispenser.

"You're... actually showering," Chris says as Ash begins washing himself down.

Ash raises an eyebrow. "You were expecting something else?" He lets his eyes flick over Chris's body and hard cock before meeting his gaze again. "Like you said, we don't want to be late. Right?"

Chris narrows his eyes, but seems to realise when he's beaten. "Right," he agrees, reaching for the dispenser. "Of course."

They shower quickly, barely taking their eyes off each other. Ash makes sure to linger a little as he runs a soapy hand over his cock, enjoying the way Chris's eyes darken at the sight. Chris gets him back by bending over to wash his legs and feet, giving Ash a perfect view of his ass. Ash almost reaches out to touch, but he's committed to this game they're playing, and he'll be damned if he gives in first.

He drags his gaze away as Chris straightens up, but the faint smirk on Chris's face tells him his staring hasn't gone unnoticed.

"I could wash your back?" Ash blurts, because he has to say something. "If you want."

Chris studies him for a few seconds before nodding, a slow smile crossing his face. "That'd be nice." He turns away and Ash very determinedly does not go back to staring at his ass.

He runs his hands over Chris's back in long strokes, enjoying the feeling of muscular flesh under his palms. Gradually he moves lower, until he's skimming the edge of Chris's cleft. He slips his fingers down, brushing over Chris's hole, and Chris gives a huff of what might be laughter. "We *definitely* don't have time for that."

Ash pulls his fingers back and rests his hands on Chris's hips, leaning in to nip gently at his ear. "So what do we have time for?"

Chris makes an inarticulate noise and turns in Ash's arms, pushing him against the wall and kissing him fiercely. Their soapy hands slip downwards, and Ash almost groans at the feeling of Chris's hand closing around his cock. With all the teasing, it doesn't take long before they're both close, breathing heavy and hands moving desperately against each other.

Ash breaks first, pleasure washing over him as he spills himself into Chris's hand, but Chris is just a few seconds behind him, his cry of "Ash" buried in Ash's shoulder. They stand there a moment, holding each other, before pulling away and letting the water rinse them clean.

"Do you think we saved enough time?" Ash asks as Chris reaches out to turn off the shower.

"Oh, definitely," Chris says with a laugh. "In fact, depending on how fast we eat breakfast, there might even be time for round two."

A shiver goes down Ash's spine at the thought. "Then I guess we'd better get moving," he says, and reaches for a towel.

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