

## Klingon Snowcones

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## Klingon Snowcones

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### Summary

Riker and Worf share a mission in the snow.

### Notes

Written for stonehuelann in the 2022 Worfriker Secret Santa!

“Do you like snow, Mr. Worf?” Riker called, shouting to be heard over the winter wind.

Worf stomped some warmth into his feet. “I have trained for three months to ensure my fighting strategy is at its optimal peak for an arctic mission,” he replied.

“So that’s a yes?”

Worf showed his teeth in a Klingon battle-grimace and met Riker’s eyes ... and instantly regretted it, his stomach flipping. The cold wind ruffled Riker’s hair and burnt his cheeks; the sun reflecting off the snow obviously hurt Riker’s pale eyes, because he was squinting against the sunlight, a twist of the features that made his eyes crinkle at the corners and sparkle more than usual. The wind whipped fat, fluffy flakes of snow into Worf’s face, onto his lips, and he couldn’t possibly miss the way Riker’s gaze slid downward to watch those snowflakes melt.

“Did it ever snow in Minsk?” Riker asked. “I heard the climate control over there keeps some of the cities warm year-round.”

“It snowed,” said Worf shortly. He turned his gaze to the gray sky. “I fought many battles and shed much blood in the snows of Minsk.”

“Schoolyard fights?” Riker asked. “I had my fair share of those, too. But I’m a lover, not a fighter.”

Worf whipped his head around to see if Riker was joking. But he was always smiling that same impish smile, so it was impossible to tell. How undignified for a Klingon, to admit to a preference for peace ... but it suited Riker, he supposed. Or at least, it sat on his skin easily, at odds with the young Worf who stood on a playground, trembling with adrenaline, knuckles split. His classmates had teased him by calling that bloody snow a ‘Klingon snowcone.’ They hadn’t understood the thrill of a good fight.

But Riker understood. If he fought Riker now — if he tackled him at the waist and plowed him into the snow drifts, if his knuckles crashed against Riker’s iron jaw — the quick pant of hot breath on his skin, the tension of Riker’s stomach against his, the twist of limbs, fresh bruises, stinging scrapes, fingers twisting in his hair — Riker would fight back. Riker would enjoy it. And he’d probably kiss the blood away from Worf’s knuckles when they were done.

Worf cleared his throat.

“We should get moving,” he said firmly.

Riker nodded. He led the way, sure-footed in the snow drifts, with his eyes on the horizon and his shoulders back. He’d had the quartermaster whip him up a thick leather jacket lined with sherpa, and snow pants that whispered as he walked. He should have looked strange out of uniform. Most Starfleet officers did. But Riker looked at home.

“You grew up in Alaska,” said Worf in a flat grumble. Instantly he felt stupid. Such pointless observations were beneath a Klingon. But Riker just glanced over his shoulder, cheeks flushed from the cold, and gave Worf a look of startled delight.

“Valdez,” he said. “A fishing village.”

Worf grunted. He’d fulfilled his social obligation for small talk. Most people now would let the conversation die, but Riker adjusted his pace until he and Worf were walking side by side, their shoulders brushing every now and then for a jolt of warmth.

“I always loved the snow,” said Riker cheerfully. “Ice-fishing. Cold winter hikes. Camping — you know, learning how to make snow shelters, stuff like that.”

“And the fighting?” Worf asked, his blood quickening.

“Oh, the fighting. That was mostly on the playground, really. But nothing stings worse than some kid pinning you down and rubbing your face in the snow.”

“Indeed,” said Worf darkly. He distinctly remembered a dishonorable defeat he’d suffered as an eight-year-old. Snow was especially harsh on a Klingon’s sensitive ridges. But he’d paid his attackers back in full, and at the end of the day, the blood on the snow was human-red, not Klingon-pink.

“You look more cheerful,” Riker commented, studying Worf’s face. “That winter wind’s waking you up, I guess.”

Or the memory of adrenaline, of a hard-won fight. Worf allowed himself a deep breath, the cool air frosting his lungs. “Invigorating,” he said, and he watched Riker’s pupils grow deep and black. He stepped a little closer as they pushed through the snow drifts. His shoulder bumped against Worf’s, the leather soft as butter and Riker’s body throwing off heat underneath. Their elbows brushed, their forearms touching all the way down to the wrists. If they hadn’t shoved their hands into their pockets, maybe their fingers would touch — a quick accident, a spark of warmth, fire in the blood.

Worf cleared his throat, eyes shining. “We should spar,” he said firmly. “When we get to the village.”

Voice husky, already looking wrecked, Riker said, “I couldn’t agree more.”

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