

Ridges

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Ridges

by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

Riker's always wondered what a Klingon dick looks like. And now he's stationed at a urinal with Worf right beside him.

What better time to ask?

It was so hard not to peek.

Of course, Riker was a gentleman. He'd never peeked at a urinal in his life, and he certainly wasn't going to peek now. But the off-bridge washroom had only two urinals, which meant that if two guys happened to take a leak at the same time, they all but had to stand shoulder-to-shoulder ... and if one of those guys was Riker, and the other was Worf...

Riker deliberately cast his gaze up to the ceiling.

"You know," he said, "I always wondered how the Klingon anatomy differs from my own."

The splash of urine in the cubicle next to him trickled to a stop, and suddenly the washroom was totally silent — which only served to highlight the fact that Riker had been sitting here with his dick in his hand for the past forty seconds, doing absolutely fuck-all. Embarrassed, he tucked himself back into his trousers.

"Forget I said anything," he said, avoiding Worf's gaze. He turned on his heel, his hand outstretched for the soap bar built into the wall, the weight of Worf's dark eyes pinning him between the shoulders.

"You may look," said Worf levelly.

Riker froze. He glanced over his shoulder, eyebrows raised.

"I too was curious about human anatomy once," Worf said, still facing the cubicle.

"Well, it's natural to be curious," said Riker, perhaps a bit too eagerly. His hands were twitching at his sides. "We serve on a science vessel, after all."

"Indeed," said Worf with a grave inclination of the chin. There was a wagging motion of the elbows as he shook himself off, a movement that clenched Riker's stomach and turned his mouth dry. He fought desperately to keep his face neutral as Worf squared his shoulders and turned around.

...And Riker fell to his knees.

"Wow," he breathed, Worf's cock perfectly level with his eyes.

Worf made a rumbling noise that sounded an awful lot like approval.

"I mean, these ridges..." Riker lifted a hand by instinct and then faltered, letting it drop. "Wow."

Worf shifted his feet. His cock was half-hard, the base of it resting between his thumb and forefinger. Long and thick and almost noble-looking, it arced just slightly to the left, the glans flushed purple with Klingon blood. Gentle ridges rippled across it from base to head, some thick and others narrow, some cresting up like hilltops and others so subtle Riker almost didn't notice them at first. He could feel a hot flush settling on his cheeks, a new tightness in his trousers, and he couldn't do anything to combat it.

“Can I...?” he asked almost timidly, lifting his hand again.

Worf hesitated. His expression was unreadable in and of itself — his features were perfectly composed. But his eyes flashed, the darkness there a little more liquid and malleable than Riker was used to, with a heat he’d seen before when they were sparring. Then Worf nodded, just once, and a thrill shot through Riker so violently that his fingers trembled.

He started at the base. Just the tip of his index finger, the soft pad resting against a ridge half-covered by Worf’s thumb. Their fingers brushed against each other — warm skin, a flush of heat, a quick tight swallow against a dry throat. The ridges themselves were hard, the flesh that covered them soft as velvet. And Riker’s fingertips tingled as he dragged them up to the head of Worf’s cock, slowly tracing the patterns built into Worf’s skin.

Worf, goddamn him, didn’t so much as twitch. Riker, meanwhile, was so hard he thought he might come untouched, just from exploring Worf’s cock with his hand. He pressed his thighs together and pushed a dry tongue between his lips, trying to soothe the cracked skin there.

“Can I...?” he asked again, his voice breaking. Lips parted, he stared up at Worf through his eyelashes, and he knew how he looked — cheeks flushed, hair a little mussed, all that desire, all that neediness, shining in his wide eyes. Just like he could see it in Worf, so much more buttoned-up, so much tension in his shoulders, holding back the urge to grab Riker by the hair and thrust straight into his mouth, to choke him, to—

The bathroom door slid open behind them.

“Oh,” said Lieutenant Barclay, freezing where he stood. Behind him, the open doors led out to the bridge, where Troi had turned in her seat to watch with a raised eyebrow. Quickly, Worf buttoned himself back into his trousers. He was out the door before the red-faced Lieutenant Barclay could even form an apology...

...and Riker was still kneeling on the washroom floor with the outline of his cock fully visible through his trousers, and a wet stain of precum on his thigh.

Fucking Barclay.

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