

Don't Move

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by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Chris wants to try something new in bed.

Notes

Written for borrowedphrases in the 2020 Nice Things Flash exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

Ash presses closer, one hand sliding down Chris's body to his hip before drifting lower. He's surprised when Chris stops him, capturing the wandering hand and entwining their fingers.

"I'd like to try something new tonight," he says. "If that's okay."

Ash knows he could say no, that Chris won't hold it against him. He's never pushed, never asked for more than Ash can give. Ash trusts him.

"What did you have in mind?" he asks, and a smile spreads across Chris's face.

He kisses Ash briefly before taking hold of Ash's hands and moving them above his head. Ash raises an eyebrow but goes with it, assuming all will become clear.

Chris holds Ash's hands against the pillow for a moment, then pulls away, running his thumbs over Ash's wrists as he does so. "Don't move."

Ash considers ignoring him, but he's still curious about where Chris is going with this, so he leaves his hands where they are and waits.

He shivers a little as Chris makes his way down his body, mapping it out with fingers and lips. It's different to their usual hurried encounters, and Ash is painfully hard by the time Chris finally reaches his cock, licking from base to tip before taking it into his mouth.

One of the things Ash has learned over the past weeks is that Chris is *really good* at sucking cock. Everything fades away except for the feeling of Chris's mouth on him, and Ash instinctively reaches down to bury his hands in Chris's hair.

He's barely touched him, however, before Chris pulls away, leaving Ash unsatisfied and exposed. "I told you not to move."

Ash's mind is still clouded with need, and it takes him a second to understand the words.

"Really?" he demands, giving Chris an incredulous look. "You're going to punish me?"

"That depends," Chris says. "Have you learned your lesson?" His eyes are dark with desire, but as Ash watches he can see Chris's expression start to change, become uncertain. It hits Ash, then, how easy it would be to stop this, and how much he doesn't want to.

"I was careless," he says, pulling his hands back above his head. "It won't happen again." He meets Chris's eyes and gives a short nod, hoping he'll understand. *I want this. We're okay.*

Chris smiles, warm and just a tiny bit relieved. "Good," he says. "I think that calls for a reward."

Ash grips at the pillow in anticipation, and Chris lowers his head and gets back to work.

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