

## Human Touch

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/862) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/862>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: Discovery</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Ash Tyler   Voq/Christopher Pike</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Ash Tyler   Voq</a> , <a href="#">Christopher Pike</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Sparring</a> , <a href="#">Pre-Slash</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-08-26 Words: 517 Chapters: 1/1

## Human Touch

by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

Ash suggests a sparring match and gets more than he bargained for.

### Notes

Written in 2019 for the prompt: *UST while sparring*. Originally posted on AO3.

Ash takes another swing at the practice dummy, part of him relishing the pain in his knuckles as they make contact. He pauses for a moment to catch his breath, glaring at the dummy. He'd hoped this would make him feel better, make it easier to sleep, but it isn't working.

"Want some company?"

Ash only just manages to avoid jumping at the words. Turning, he sees Pike standing just inside the doorway. He's dressed similarly to Ash, in workout clothes, a faint smile on his face.

Ash frowns at him. "I thought the door was locked."

"Not to the captain." The words are said simply – an explanation, Ash thinks, rather than an attempt to assert authority. Pike's smile fades into a look of uncertainty as he adds, "If you want, I can leave, I just thought-"

"No," Ash interrupts, surprising himself. "Company sounds good." It's not like people are exactly lining up to spend time with him, after all.

He glances around, gaze falling on the mats in the corner. "Do you want to try sparring?"

"Sure," Pike replies, before smiling and adding, "If you think you can take me."

Ash rolls his eyes, but can't keep one corner of his mouth from curving upwards. It's different between them, now they're not constantly trying to one-up each other. Pike isn't Lorca, or even Leland. He's a good person, someone Ash could come to like. (Someone he already likes, if he's being honest.)

"I guess we'll find out," he says.

They make their way over to the mats and spend a few seconds sizing each other up, looking for potential weaknesses. Ash moves first, lunging forwards only for Pike to twist out of the way. They circle each other for a few minutes, occasionally landing blows, before Pike gets close enough to hook a leg around Ash's, sending them both to the floor. There's a gleam of triumph in his eyes as he stares down at Ash. "Do you yield?"

"You wish," Ash replies. Pike might think he has the upper hand, but Ash is stronger than him, and it's the work of a moment to flip them over so he's on top.

He grips Pike's wrists, holding them against the mat, and raises an eyebrow. "You were saying?"

Pike struggles, trying to throw him off, but Ash has him firmly pinned. It hits him suddenly how close they are, how easy it would be to lean down and-

"All right!" Pike says with a laugh, breaking Ash's train of thought. "I yield! You win."

Ash scrambles off him hastily, shocked by the direction of his thoughts. "I should go," he says. "It's getting late."

It's not even 2200, but Pike doesn't argue with him. "Okay, but feel free to seek me out if you ever want a rematch."

"I'll think about it," Ash promises. He has the feeling he's not going to be able to *stop* thinking about it. "Good night."

"Sleep well," Pike replies with a smile, and Ash leaves, heading back towards his quarters with quick strides.

*This, he thinks, could be a problem.*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!