Not Your Toy

by TheBlackMagister

Summary

Rick's on the receiving end of Shane's "affection", and he's very well had enough.

Notes

part 1/4 of . something. something shane/rick/negan related

Shane Walsh is the biggest asshole Rick’s ever had the displeasure to meet.

He’s an even bigger asshole than his boss, Rick thinks savagely, resisting the urge to rip up the papers Shane had thrown at him as if he was some pet. Which says something, considering just how much of an asshole Negan is. Rick scowls down at the sheets in his hands. Blah, blah blah, blah blah. He just can’t be bothered to read all of it, he’s so pissed off.
He just wishes there was something he could do about it. He’s complained before, to the higher ups, but it serves no purpose. They never do anything about Shane’s behavior – as far as Rick can tell, they don’t even say anything to him. Rick supposes it’s because he makes them money like no other, so he can act however the hell he wants. But he targets Rick, Rick knows he does – he’s always polite and courteous to the others working on Rick’s floor, always respectful. Except to Rick. Rick, he likes to yank around like a dog on a leash, likes to treat him like a particularly nasty garbage can. It would take more than both hands for Rick to count the number of times he’s gone home in tears.

When the time comes to go home today Rick’s more than glad. He’s exhausted; Shane works him harder than any of the others in his office, and every time he goes home he feels like he could sleep for a month. He hates that he had to take this stupid job, but he’s a single dad, and his kids needed support, and he couldn’t do that on the measly salary he’d been making back home.

He almost recoils when he realizes Shane’s in the elevator he has to take. He won’t be intimidated or bullied out of the goddamn elevator, for fuck’s sake, though, so he steps in stiffly and stays about as far away from Shane as he can. Shane says nothing to him; which is a shock, but he guesses Shane’s as tired as he is. He decides not to question it.

He finds himself relaxing as the elevator rumbles and shakes its way down. Not much longer now before he gets home; he’ll see his kids, be able to put in a movie and have Carl curl up next to him on the couch, Judith in his lap-

A sudden jerk of the elevator nearly throws him to the floor. He staggers into the wall, grimacing at the screech, and slowly the elevator shudders to a halt. He exchanges a wary glance with Shane – for once, they’re in this together – then approaches the panel. He presses the 1st floor button again, and when nothing happens, he hits the door open button. Still nothing. He scowls at the doors.

“Stupid elevators,” Shane mutters from behind him. “Third time this week one of ‘em has broken down.”

“Well, then,” Rick says, pressing the call button, “maybe they’ll get around to us faster, then.”

Shane scoffs. “You’re fucking naive if you think that, Grimes. Could be here for hours.”

Rick stiffens a little, tries not to get riled up. “I’m not naive,” He says evenly, “I like to think the best of people.”

“That makes you naive. Christ, Rick, number one rule of the city is you can’t trust people to be their best. If you do – then you’re more stupid than I thought.”

Rick rounds on Shane, months’ worth of anger rising in his chest. He’s not sure where the sudden adrenaline comes from – the insult wasn’t even that bad this time – but the next thing he’s aware of he’s got Shane against the wall of the elevator by the collar of Shane’s loose white button-up. The only reason he gets away with this, he thinks, is because it catches Shane off guard, so while Shane’s taller, more muscular, he’s surprised enough by Rick’s sudden outburst that Rick can put him on the defensive.

“I am so tired,” Rick hisses, giving a shove against Shane’s throat for good measure, “of you treating me like a dog. I’m not an idiot, and I’m not a child, and if you treat me like one again I will not hesitate to knock you on your self-righteous ass.”

Shane stares at Rick in disbelief, for once appearing at a complete loss for words. Then he lets out a wheezy sort of laugh, shaking his head, and Rick growls.
“What’s so funny?”

“Look at you, trying to be all alpha and shit.” Shane finally seems to come to himself and shoves Rick off, then brushed off the collar of his shirt, acting as if Rick had dirtied it or some shit. “Is that all you have to say to me?”

Rick has no idea why he punches Shane in the face. He knows he shouldn’t – and that he’ll probably get fired afterwards - but damn, it feels good. Shane recoils away from him, hissing in pain, and he only has a second to enjoy it before Shane’s returning the favor, catching him square in the jaw hard enough to send him into the elevator doors, and then to the floor. The hit leaves him dizzy and disoriented, unable to keep the room from spinning. Then Shane’s grabbing his tie – black and blue plaid, a Christmas gift from Carl – and yanking him to his knees by his throat, holding the end high in the air until he thinks he might choke right then and there.

“You don’t ever do that shit again, do you understand me, Grimes?” Shane snarls at him, brown eyes alight with anger. “You pull this kind of shit ever again, and I will fucking cut out your tongue and feed it to you. Do you understand me, boy?”

Rick manages to choke out a yes, I’m sorry, I understand, I can’t breathe, please. Shane loosens the pull around his throat finally and he sucks in a shaky inhale, then another. Shane lets go of the tie after a moment, only to shove his chest with one well-polished boot, and this time when he’s laid out on the floor he doesn’t get back up.

Tears sting the corners of his eyes as he stares at the ceiling. He just doesn’t understand. He doesn’t get why Shane has to be so cruel to him all the time, why it’s only him, why Shane seems to hate him. The next breath he takes lets itself out as a sob and he closes his eyes hard, trying to keep the tears from falling.

“God damn it, Rick,” Shane mutters from the corner, quietly moving over to look down at Rick, obviously discontented with Rick’s sudden emotions. “Come on, don’t be such a baby about this.”

“Why do you hate me?” Rick says, trying to keep the sobs to a minimum. He’s full blown crying now, but he hasn’t bothered to sit up, and the tears slip down his temples into his hairline. Shane frowns a little.

“I don’t hate you, Rick.”

“Then why?” Rick’s all but begging, and he knows he sounds pathetic, but he just can’t help it. “Why do you treat me that way? I know you don’t do it to anybody else, it’s just me, so why?”

Shane lets out a breath, brows pulling together. “Listen. You’re our best worker, okay? You do more in a day than the rest of those idiots do in a week. The point of it is, we can’t let you get soft like them. I let up on you, your productivity goes down eventually, when you get relaxed. And that can’t happen.”

“So I work better than everyone else, and I get punished for it?” Rick finally drags himself into a sitting position, and the tears are starting to slow a little now, but he hiccups, wiping at his eyes pitifully. Shane snorts.

“Now you’re gettin’ it. That’s just the way the city is, Rick. You can’t get weak, see?”

“That doesn’t.. that doesn’t make sense.” Rick hiccups again, pulling his legs up to his chest. “I don’t see why you have to be so mean about it, anyway.”

“Part of that is.. part of that’s me, I’ll tell you that much.” Shane shifts; he won’t look at Rick, even
when Rick’s shocked blue gaze snaps up to his face. “I can’t help it. You’re adorable when you get all riled up like that.”

“You.. like me,” Rick says tentatively, and Shane flinches a little, as if Rick had slapped him.

“No! I mean – you work well, and it’s fun to mess with you, and, you know, you turn that really specific shade of pink when I say somethin’ that pisses you off, but – I mean – I don’t like you, Rick. Not like that.”

Rick stares up at him, wiping away tears left clinging to his eyelashes. “That’s.. awfully defensive, Shane.”

Shane grasps his chin, pressing two fingers over his mouth to shut him up. “I told you what’s what, Rick. Anything else is your imagination. You understand?”

Rick’s eyes flicks back and forth between Shane’s brown ones, but he won’t meet Rick’s gaze. Slowly – just to try out a theory – Rick lets his mouth open just a little, Shane’s index finger slipping just in his parted lips. Shane’s breath hitches, but he doesn’t pull away. Whelp – that’s that theory.

“What are you, six?” Rick breathes, leaning back a little, unsure if he’s interested or disgusted. “You harass me because you like me?”

“Don’t be stupid. It ain’t like that, Rick.” Shane scowls at him, pulling both hands away. “It really isn’t.”

“Then explain it to me.” Rick catches one hand as it draws back, leads it back to his lips. “Tell me what it’s like, Shane.”

Shane breathes in shakily, watching Rick’s mouth carefully wrap around two fingers. He says nothing, just rubs over Rick’s tongue. Rick hums, sucking softly on the digits, blue eyes peering curiously up at Shane, and after a moment Shane huffs.

“Christ,” Shane mutters finally, looking away. “You even know what the hell you’re doin’?”

“No, not really.” Rick pulls back with a soft pop, one strand of saliva trailing from the tips of Shane’s fingers to his full lower lip. “You could show me.”

Shane inhales sharply. “Rick..”

“I will make you a deal,” Rick murmurs, still slowly mouthing along Shane’s fingers, an idea beginning to form in the back of his mind. “You stop bein’ an asshole to me.. I suck you off.”


“Promise me,” Rick says, pulling back a little bit. “I’m not doin’ anything for you until you swear you won’t bully me anymore.”

“Yeah, yeah, I swear,” Shane says gruffly. Rick quirks an eyebrow.

“Say it, Walsh.”
“I won’t be a dick to you anymore, I swear.” Shane scowls down at him, brows pulling together. Rick makes a pleased hum, letting go of Shane’s hand in favor of popping open the button on Shane’s pants.

“You promise?” He checks, peeking up at Shane. Shane sighs reluctantly.

“Yes, Rick, I promise, I swear, whatever. I’ll stop being an ass. So blow me before the maintenance people get here, will you?”

“Okay, okay.” Rick bites his lower lip, unzipping Shane’s jeans. “Better do it quick, then, huh? We’ve been in here a while.”

“Workers don’t give a shit, we got time. Just. Not too much time.”

Rick snorts in disbelief. Shane’s never really had much patience, with anybody; and Rick can’t fault that. He’s kind of impatient, too, but for a different reason – he just sort of wants to be done already. Carefully he draws Shane’s cock out; it’s warm and thick, giving a light throb in his hand. Shane’s not completely hard, not yet, but it’s getting there.

“Well?” Shane says, not unkindly, when Rick hesitates. “You backin’ out now, Rick?”

Heat flares in Rick’s cheeks and he forces himself to lean forward. He could back out – and maybe he should – but he doesn’t dwell on the should. Instead he licks a broad stripe up the underside, earning another throb and a low groan from Shane’s throat.

“Gotta admit, Rick, it’s been a while since I got laid,” Shane mutters, shifting a little and resting his hand on the back of Rick’s head as Rick carefully sucks on the tip, blue eyes peeking shyly up at him. “I’ve had my eye on you for a while now.. I don’t multitask very well.”

Rick snorts, pulling back for a moment. “No shit,” He mumbles, peering up at Shane. “I would have never guessed.”

Shane grins, and slowly Rick leans back and wraps his lips around the head. Shane’s precum is salty on his tongue, and he almost flinches, just from the sheer oddity of it. He slips his mouth further down, trying to adjust himself to the feeling, and Shane’s grip tightens on his curls.

“Don’t be shy, Rick,” Shane murmurs encouragingly. “It won’t eat you.”

Rick reflects for a moment about how Shane could possibly be so condescending without even trying. Still; he knows Shane doesn’t mean it that way, so he pushes down the feeling and instead carefully swallows down more of Shane’s cock with each quick downward bob of his head. Rick’s jaw aches a little already, and his knees absolutely despise the hard elevator floor, and Christ, how do girls do this?

“That’s good,” Shane breathes, head tilting back. “That’s good, baby, you’re doing good.. fuck, Rick..”

Rick listens to Shane’s soft, breathless praise, lets it sink into his stomach and warm him. He’s hardly ever heard one nice word out of Shane’s mouth, not towards him anyway, and all the warmth and pleasure in Shane’s tone makes him feel good. Makes him want to hear more.

Shane’s not pushy or anything; he seems to prefer running his hands through Rick’s curls, caressing and soothing, more guiding than controlling. Rick doesn’t mind. This is nerve-racking enough as it is, and anyway, he’s never been the biggest fan of being ordered around.
Rick glances up from under his eyelashes to catch Shane’s expression. Shane’s watching him, brown eyes dark, making soft little pants and groans of pleasure; for some reason it’s this that turns Rick on the most, and he whines involuntarily, eyes slipping shut.

“Shit,” Shane mutters, hips jerking a little at the vibration. “Dear God, Rick. Hard to believe you’ve never done this before.”

Rick’s a little too focused on not gagging to respond. He wraps one hand around the base to keep himself leveled, letting his tongue trail the underside and over the tip – he’s running with what he knows he enjoys, and it’s a relief that Shane appreciates it all the same.

“Christ, Rick..” Shane’s grip tightens on his hair, and he coughs when Shane thrusts forward.

“Fuck.”

He figures it’s best to hold still and let Shane do all the work. He works on keeping his throat relaxed to take each stuttered thrust into it, left hand curled into a fist around his thumb to try and stifle his gag reflex; Shane’s just using his mouth now, one hand on the wall, the other on the back of his head, holding him still.

Then Shane pauses abruptly, pulling back. Rick coughs at the retreat, frowning up at the other man, but Shane’s not looking at him anymore. Instead he’s staring at the door, almost warily, but whoever’s outside passes by without bothering them. As soon as it’s quiet again Shane lets out a breath, running a hand through his dark hair. Rick moves to kneel again, but Shane puts a gentle hand on his upper arm to stop him. He frowns a little, confused.

“We didn’t finish,” He points out, and Shane laughs softly, cupping a hand around the side of his neck.

“I know.”

Shane kisses him, then, slow and tentative and soft. He stiffens, reaching up, but unsure of what he’s going to do – if he wants to push Shane back, or pull in closer. Finally he relaxes, sinking into it, eyes shutting, and after a moment of tentative kissing Shane’s hands wander to his ass.

“I think,” Shane murmurs into the kiss, backing Rick up against the wall of the elevator, “I have a lot to make up for.”

“How you gonna do that?” Rick replies, pulling back a little. Shane grins wolfishly down at him, a sort of expression that gives Rick chills. Then, slowly, Shane kisses down his neck, his chest – unbuttoning his shirt – and he finds himself squirming under the kisses, winding his hands through Shane’s wavy hair. He can’t stop himself from making pitiful little sounds of pleasure, head tilting back, and Shane chuckles against his skin. Asshole.

“I love how sensitive you are,” Shane murmurs against his stomach, hands smoothing down his sides to his pants. “I’m gonna make you scream, baby.”

Rick whines, peeking down as Shane tugs his pants around his ankles. He’s almost embarrassed that he’s so desperately hard; but Shane just hums, kissing up along the bulge in his boxer-briefs. There’s a damp spot spreading rapidly across the front, and when Shane’s tongue runs over it he moans involuntarily. Then he immediately claps a hand over his mouth, remembering too late they can’t be too loud.
“Don’t worry about that, baby,” Shane purrs, glancing up at him. “Even if someone hears.. they’ll know well enough to leave us alone.”

Rick nods a little, cheeks flushing. Slowly – almost agonizingly, and definitely teasingly – Shane draws his underwear down. Shane makes a pleased sound as Rick’s cock jumps at the chance to be free, and Rick shudders, plush pink lips falling open.

“God, you’re delicious,” Shane says, kissing up the side of his dick, inducing a pitiful little keen. “See, this is how I’ve wanted you the whole time.”

“May-maybe you could have just asked,” Rick mumbles back. “’stead of.. bein’ an asshole to me.”

“Ah.. listen, Rick.” Shane pauses for a moment to look up at him, brown gaze suddenly serious. “I don’t like liking people. I would much have rathered you pushed me away instead of seducing me.”

Rick stares at him uncertainly as he punctuates the words by wrapping his lips around the head of Rick’s cock. Rick’s breathing goes uneven and his legs shake; Shane’s good, obviously well-practiced. Christ.

“Shane,” He whines, reaching down to grip uncertainly at Shane’s hair. “Ah – fuck..”

Shane hums, and the vibrations make Rick arch off the wall; Shane swallows him to the base, head bobbing evenly, and he’s forced to bite his own fist to stifle a cry, desperately throwing his head back against the wall. Shane’s mouth is warm, and wet, and tight, and it’s absolute heaven to Rick. Shane may have said he’d gone a while without getting laid, but Rick assumes he’d meant a few months, tops. Rick’s gone without for a couple of years now, so every touch makes him feel weak, like he could reach his peak at any time.

Finally Shane pulls off, still stroking up and down Rick's length, and kisses along Rick's hips and inner thighs, easing Rick's clothes off of his ankle to lift his leg over one shoulder. The cool air is almost too much on his sensitive skin and Rick all but sobs, rocking desperately into Shane’s touch. He’s burning – it’s been ages since anyone but himself has touched him like this, and Shane’s talented enough to make him feel close so soon.

“So good for me, baby,” Shane murmurs, kissing down his thigh, in the crook of his hip. “Let me ask you somethin’, Rick. You ever been fucked before?”

Rick shakes his head, a little dazed. A wicked grin turns the corners of Shane’s mouth.

“No?” Shane muses, carefully beginning to kiss closer to his ass. “Lemme ask another question. You ever fingered yourself or anything like that?”

“N-no.” Rick's breath catches a little, and he tilts his head back, trying to calm himself down. He distract’s himself, thinking about how soft Shane’s hands are, how warm they are on his thighs and hips, but Shane’s mouth is too overwhelming, trailing down to his hole.

“Rick,” Shane says, voice teasing. “Relax for me, baby. I ain’t gonna hurt you.”

Rick tries to relax, focusing on his breathing. Then Shane’s lips press to his entrance, nice and slow and warm, and he arches, slapping his hands over his mouth to stifle a yelp. Shane forces him to keep his leg up, one palm tucked in the crook of his knee, licking and kissing and teasing him open until he’s shaking so bad he thinks he’s going to collapse. His eyes roll to the ceiling, but only for a second before they close. Every nerve down there seems to be on fire, made worse with Shane’s mouth, and he falters in his attempt to keep his voice down.
“Shane,” He gasps, arching off the wall. “Shane, Shane, ah-”

Shane hums contentedly, nuzzling further between Rick’s thighs. Apparently Rick’s not the only one getting off on this. Rick finds himself rocking down involuntarily, almost unable to form coherent sentences, because Shane’s worked one finger into him now, pushing and crooking and curling inside him. Rick’s still trying hard to be quiet, but it’s not working, it’s too good – Shane’s found his sweet spot, and he’s seeing stars. Another digit pushing in has him weak at the knees, crying out and gripping hard at Shane’s hair, and he can hear Shane chuckle.

He thinks he’s speaking. He can’t tell. They could probably be walked in on right now, Rick wouldn’t care; he’s in heaven. His legs shake and he’s close, oh so achingly close, Shane’s so good-

Shane pulls back at the last minute and smirks up at him when he whines pitifully at the loss. He’s light-headed and dizzy, beginning to slide down the wall, and Shane catches him, helps him stay upright. Slowly Shane kisses back up his stomach, his chest, and nuzzles into his neck, sucking and kissing at his skin. Shane’s still holding his leg up, at about waist height, and he can feel Shane’s aching hard-on against his own. He tilts his head to give Shane access to more skin; Shane takes the opportunity, biting and sucking in dark hickies.

“So gorgeous,” Shane says huskily, lips trailing his throat and shoulders. “Fuck, Rick. If you don’t want me to fuck you, you gotta say so now.”

“God, just. Just do it fast.” Rick responds, and Shane catches him in a rough kiss for just a moment before turning him and leaning him against the wall. He’s definitely exposed now; but he’s so desperate to cum he doesn’t care, he just needs it now. Shane leans over him, holding his wrists above his head with one hand. Then he feels the tip of Shane’s dick against his entrance, aligned just so, and he lets out a breathy whine. The edges of his opened shirt brush his thighs and make him shudder, makes him rock back halfway, and Shane grunts, grip tightening on him to keep him still.

“You ready, baby?” Shane mutters against Rick’s shoulder, and Rick nods. Slowly, almost too slowly, Shane begins to push in. The breach drags a ragged gasp from Rick’s chest and he bows his head, gritting his teeth, and Shane kisses just behind his ear in apology.

“Shane.” He bites his lower lip, nearly hard enough to bruise. It stings, just enough to make him cringe. Shane eases in a little further, but he pauses when Rick whines in discomfort.

“Does it hurt?” Shane says softly, free hand reaching to hold him around the hips. He takes a few shaky breaths.

“Yeah,” He whispers back. His voice shakes. Shane kisses his temple, sweet and soft.

“Do you need me to stop?”

“I don’t.” Rick takes in a ragged gasp, fists curling, “I don’t want to.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, baby.” Shane kisses along the back of his neck now, hand rubbing his belly. “I didn’t ask what you wanted. I asked what you need.” Rick hesitates a little, then shakes his head.

“Keep – keep going.”

“You tell me if you need to stop,” Shane says, and Rick nods. Then Shane pushes forward again; Rick’s pretty lips fall open in a gutted whine, and he squirms a little under Shane’s grip. He aches, in his stomach and back and legs, discomfort radiating from the intrusion, and even though he knows Shane’s trying to be gentle with him, it doesn’t make it any more comfortable.
“Fuck, Shane,” He mumbles, tilting his forehead against the wall. “God. ‘s so thick.”

“You sure you can take it, Rick?” Shane says gently. “I don’t gotta go all the way in.”

“I can do it, just. Just. Don’t go so slow, please. Just get it over with.”

Shane hesitates for a moment. Rick lets out a breath and gives a pathetic little squirm, trying to urge him to just fucking put the rest of it in already, and after a pause Shane sighs into his shoulder. He feels more than hears the apology Shane mutters against his skin, because then Shane’s shoved all the way in until their hips press together, and the split inside has dragged a ragged, helpless cry from his chest. Slowly Shane kisses along the sides of his neck, his jaw, caresses his hips and back, trying to help him relax. He chokes out a sob, fists curling.

“So deep,” He whimpers, sounding about as wrecked as he feels. “Oh, Christ, Shane, so big.”

“You’re taking it so well, Rick,” Shane murmurs, kissing along the shell of his ear. “You’re doing so good. You’re so good, Rick.”

Rick makes a pitiful sound. Shane doesn’t for a moment stop lavishing kisses on his skin, hand smoothing down his thighs and stomach, and he melts under the attention, slowly beginning to relax. After a few moments Shane pulls back a little, encouraging a gasp out of Rick with it.

It takes a few slow, shallow thrusts, but after letting Rick adjust Shane manages to find a rhythm to settle into. He’s panting softly against Rick’s spine, free hand fastened to Rick’s waist, and Rick can tell that he’s being careful, forcing himself to go slow. Rick’s grateful for that, at least. Every movement makes his insides feel like they’re burning, aching and stretching around Shane’s cock, and he feels almost like he’s going to be sick from the pressure.

Eventually Rick manages to relax, at least enough to start to push back into each thrust. Shane groans softly, head bowing until his forehead rests on the back of Rick’s neck. The reception encourages quicker, harder thrusts, and it’s not long before Rick’s opened under him, rocking back, making pitiful whimpers and moans as he writhes under Shane’s grip on his wrists. It’s good, Rick feels good, too good - and he makes sure Shane knows it.

“Shane,” He throws his head back, mouth falling open in a pleased moan, “Shane, Shane.”

“I’m here, baby,” Shane pants into the crook of his neck. “I’ve got you, I’m here. Just take it, baby, just fucking take it.”

“It’s good, it’s good.” Rick arches as Shane hits his prostate, and, taking the hint, Shane aims for it with each thrust. “Oh – Shane, please, I can’t, I’m gonna cum.”

“Shh, I know, shh.” Shane kisses just between his shoulders, hand reaching up to grip his tie. “Shh, I’m here, baby. You can take it, just take it.”

“You’re breaking me, ‘m breaking, ah-” Rick half-sobs, pulling a little, but Shane’s got a good hold on his tie and moving away only tightens it around his throat. “I can’t, Shane, ’s too good, too deep, fuck-!”

“Cum for me, Rick,” Shane says roughly, fucking into him harder, deeper, making him rock with the force. “Just cum. Let me hear you, baby, come on. I know you like this, Rick, I know you like being fucked out of your mind, just let it go. Just let go, Rick, just enjoy my cock in you, honey.”

Rick’s head is spinning, both from the shockwaves radiating up his spine from Shane pounding his prostate and from the lack of oxygen. He feels dizzy, and his heart is pounding, and he’s going to
fucking snap like a twig if Shane keeps going – his nerves are on fire, and he can feel tears clinging to his jaw, and oh, God, he can’t take it. He makes a sound that's part sob, part yelp, fucking himself back onto Shane's warm cock.

"Now, Rick," Shane snarls, not a request but an order, and Rick falls apart right there, shoulders shaking as he spills onto the floor. Shane doesn’t stop, instead fucking him rougher, and he sobs, pulling against Shane’s hold on his wrists.

"Shane," He slurs, unsure as to what he’s even begging for. “I can’t. Too much, I can’t. So intense.”

“Yes you can, baby, I know you can. Just a little longer, Rick, just hang on for me. Just take it, honey, I'm there, I'm almost there.”

Rick jerks again, hips stuttering as he pushes back. He’s so sensitive inside – he’s just going to die if Shane doesn’t stop – but he doesn’t want Shane to stop. The realization sends a jolt through his stomach and his shoulders give a shake, knees almost giving way.

“I’m close,” Shane pants, giving his tie another rough tug that makes him sob again. “I’m gonna, oh, Christ, Rick.”

Rick shudders as warmth floods into him. His shoulders, his legs are shaking, he just knows he’s going to collapse as soon as Shane pulls out. Shane stays on him for a few moments, breath hot on his shoulder through his shirt, before withdrawing. Rick staggers when Shane lets him go and finds himself on the floor, shaking uncontrollably, warmth trickling down the inside of his leg.

“Rick,” Shane says, and his voice is raspy, kneeling in front of Rick. “Baby, look at me.”

Rick lifts his head dazedly, blue eyes unfocused. Shane cups his face, thumbs his cheekbone, and Rick leans into the touch, eyes shutting. He lets Shane help him up and somehow manages to get his pants and underwear up again. He feels dirty, now. Sticky. His fingers shake so much he can’t button his shirt, and Shane’s forced to help him redo them all. He can’t even be upset about that.

He has no idea how much longer they’re in there, because he’s leaning into Shane’s chest the whole time with his eyes closed, Shane stroking his hair and back soothingly. Eventually he hears somebody opening the door, and he reluctantly allows Shane to help him out. He knows he wouldn’t be able to do it on his own. When he finally finds himself outside, Shane walks him to his car, and he leans on the door.

“I’ll see you Monday,” Shane says mildly, and Rick only half-attempts to glare at him. “Maybe you should.. give me a call, sometime. We can do this again.”

“Sure, maybe.” Rick’s interrupted by a yawn, and he rubs tiredly at his eyes. “Gotta stick to that promise, though.. stop bein’ an asshole to me.”

“Yeah, alright.” Shane flashes him a grin. “I’ll stop bein’ a dick and you can suck mine.”

“Yeah, whatever.” Rick sighs, pulling open the car door; too exhausted to deal with the fact he's gotten himself in deeper in this - whatever they are - than he'd intended. “See you, Shane.”

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