Tread Lightly And Carry A Big Stick

by Perfica

Summary

Rodney's a brilliant man and he has a brilliant plan.

"What would it take for you to have sex with me?" Rodney asked one sunny afternoon.

"What?" John said, coughing into his cup.

"You're going to make me repeat myself before I've started my lunchtime coffee?"

"Fair enough," John replied, holding up his hands in appeasement. "Top or bottom?"

"What?" Rodney said, pushing John's empty tray to one side as he dug into his own lunch.

"Who's going to be on the top? Will I be the giver or the givee?"

"I don't care. Whatever."

"Are there blowjobs involved?" John asked, slinging one arm over the back of his chair. The commissary was practically empty - both he and Rodney seemed to have been caught up in paperwork and were stuck with the exciting fare of pre-packaged sandwiches and packets of crushed cookies.

"Possibly?" Rodney said as his forehead scrunched. "Probably? Okay, let's go with yes. Yes, there will be blowjobs involved."

"Do I have to swallow?" John asked.

"Hey! I'm trying to eat here!"
"You're the one who brought it up; just answer the damn question."

"Yes, you have to swallow. If you spit it on the floor I might slip on it later. I will, of course, do the same for you," Rodney said magnanimously.

"Okay, so, sex with you. Might have to fuck you, might have to let you fuck me. Blowjobs are pretty much compulsory." John popped a segment of orange into his mouth and chewed thoughtfully. "One hundred and fifty gallons of bourbon. Twenty million dollars. Two blindfolds. One gag."

Rodney's face was unamused as he took a bite of his sandwich, a bite of his celery, then another bite of his sandwich. "You're not funny," he said around the mouthful of food.

"We'd have to have been stranded on an alien planet for . . . say, eight-and-three-quarter years. We'd have to be the only two people alive."

"What are you going to do with all your millions if you're stuck on a planet with me, genius?"

"We'd be rescued eventually," John replied smugly. "There also needs to be total absence of indigenous life; small furry animals and birds included."

"Oh, nice," Rodney smirked.

"I'd had to have lost both arms and the trees would have to be covered in really, really scratchy bark."

"Rutting; a new low. Anything else?"

John sucked a drop of juice off his thumb. "Not that I can think of at the moment. You want me to write you up a list?"

"I don't think you're taking this seriously."

"What gave it away?"

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John was putting away his socks so when his room signalled someone at the door, he was glad for the distraction.

"Good evening," Rodney said, a sad bunch of mainland flowers wilting in his hand.

John raised an eyebrow.

"I was wondering, if you weren't doing anything," Rodney said, craning his neck to look over John's shoulder, "would you like to join me for dinner?"

John stuck out his hand. "Hi, I'm Lieutenant Colonel John Sheppard, military leader of this base."

Rodney scowled at John's outstretched hand.

"I believe you're looking for Katie Brown," John continued blithely, using the same hand to direct Rodney's attention down the empty corridor. "She's got red hair, works in Botany and, oh yeah, she's female."

"Been there, done that," Rodney complained. "There're only so many moral dilemmas I can be subjected to over dinner. I get heartburn when I'm forced to be polite while eating." He shook the
flowers in John's face. "Here, take them. They've got a limited shelf-life and I think the pollen is doing funny things to my skin."

"Have a nice night, Rodney," John said, backing into his room.

"I've got chocolate for dessert. It's Swiss!"

The door thumped closed between them.

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John was in his office when Rodney burst into the room.

"There you are," he said, leaning over his knees and panting. "The Daedalus just arrived. Word on the street is that they've got Brokeback Mountain."

"Word on the street?" John mouthed.

Rodney continued breathlessly. "I can get a copy for a private screening if I organize a foot rub for Captain Tudor, which I'm pretty sure I can pull off if I trick Scottsdale into betting against the results of an experiment I ran three weeks ago. I've found the last packet of unpopped popcorn on base and I've snuck three tubes of lube out of the infirmary. You in?"

John grit his teeth so hard he felt the tendons in his jaw twitch.

"Oh, hey," Rodney said, finally realizing there was another person in the room. "Tell me honestly, Cadman - would you lose respect for me if I were a homosexual?"

"More than I already have?" Laura replied.

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" Didn't you see it? " Rodney asked over dinner. "He was totally into me."

"I'm afraid I did not," Teyla said.

"Oh yeah, he wanted me bad," Rodney said, biting into a dinner roll, crumbs tumbling victoriously down his shirt. "He couldn't stop staring at my ass and he was blatant about it. I'm very good at picking up on those sorts of cues. I've already got working gaydar and I haven't even jerked another guy off."

"He wasn't staring at your ass, McKay," John said, choking. Ronon hit him hard on the back again, and John nodded his thanks, eyes watering. "He didn't do anything but be polite to you."

"Perhaps Rodney is correct, John," Teyla said, brow creasing. "The Riterou display no prejudice against couples of the same sex."

"Ha!" Rodney said, jabbing the air with his fork. "Told you."

"Didn't want you," John said moodily. "Wasn't staring."

"He was staring at something," Ronon interjected. "I thought it was your pack."

"More proof. If Ronon picked up on it, then something funny was definitely going on."

John turned in his seat. "Ronon, buddy, don't encourage him. He'll only start on you next."
Ronon shrugged with one shoulder. "I don't mind. He's got a nice ass."

John's eyes widened, Rodney's mouth dropped open and Teyla snickered behind her hand.

"But . . . what . . . seriously?" Rodney squeaked.

Ronon's face broke into a huge smile. "No, just kidding. I've got my eyes on another set of curves."

Teyla rose to her feet. "Good evening, John, Rodney." She pierced Ronon with a look. "I will be in my quarters meditating, if anyone wishes to find me."

Ronon bared his teeth, straightened his shoulders and pushed away from the table. "Later," he said to John and Rodney, eyes following Teyla's back as she walked away. "Don't bother me; I'll be busy."

Rodney clutched John's wrist and whispered excitedly in his ear. "Did you hear that? I'm in with a chance."

"Have you always been this clueless or is it something you've worked on? 'Cause I don't understand how someone so theory smart can be so practical stupid."

"Have you seen Ronon's shoulders? I'd totally hit that."

John scowled and pulled his wrist out from Rodney's grip. "You would not hit that. You wouldn't know what to do with that. Ronon's straight; the evidence is pretty incontrovertible."

"I think we have a connection. He was very sympathetic to me when we stuck on the Hive ship. He hugged me after I didn't Ascend."

"That's because you healed his scars."

"Obligation can be the road to hot lovin'."

"Rodney, where do you think Ronon just went? Notice how he didn't want to be disturbed? Did you see the way he and Teyla were looking at each other? We should celebrate our friends' happiness and leave it at that."

Rodney stared at John's mouth with soulful eyes. "You're right. Good for them. Say, how do you feel about a double wedding?"

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"So Heightmeyer thinks it's totally plausible that I've been repressing my homosexual tendencies up until now. She said there's been many cases of men embracing their inner gay when they're older."

John concentrated on the open window. He wished really, really hard that a seagull-like bird would fly into the room and peck at his ears so he wouldn't have to listen.

"Then she downloaded some books onto my hard drive," Rodney said, turning the computer screen and pushing it towards John's face. "It's got diagrams and everything. Check out that position - you think we could do it if we fast for twelve hours?"

John fantasized that the faux-seagull had moved its pecking from his ears to his eyes.

Elizbeth cleared her throat. "Gentlemen? I'd like to start the meeting."

"I really wish I hadn't heard that," Lorne said.
John grimaced. "You and me both."

"Your plan is - how shall I put it? - absurd," Zelenka said.

"It's a brilliant plan." Rodney's voice was muffled beneath the console. "I'm a brilliant man. This is my plan. Ergo, brilliant."

"No man will believe you have switched sides so easily," Zelenka said as he switched around a row of crystals. "Colonel, touch here, please?"

"Blowjobs, Radek," Rodney said, thumping metal against metal. "No man would turn down the prospect of a blowjob."

"From someone who has never given one before? Most men have more respect for the safety of their...how you say?"


"Oh my god," John said, head falling forward and narrowly avoiding a joystick in the eye. "Can we just fix the jumper? I want to fly out to the middle of the ocean and drown myself."

Rodney slid out, ending up flat on his back between John's feet. "Very funny, Colonel."

"Rodney," John said, peering down between his knees at Rodney's glowing, sweaty face. "Let it go. You're not gay. I'm not gay. We're never going to date each other. Find another woman."

"You were going to date?" Zelenka asked. "There was the potential for dating?"

"No," John snapped at exactly the same time as Rodney said, "Yes."

Zelenka's head swivelled between them. "Ah, miscommunication. Very common behaviour between potential lovers. I have observed it in many romantic comedies from America."

Rodney beamed. "See!"

John rose to his feet with great composure. "I'm not dating you, McKay."

"Not yet."

"Not ever."

"Homophobe."

"Stalker."

"You're just playing hard to get."

"You're just delusional."

Zelenka cleared his throat. "If I may, Rodney - Colonel, if you do not wish to date McKay," and here he broke off to chuckle for a few seconds, "perhaps you would recommend one whom he might approach instead? If you would limit yourself to the Pegasus galaxy, his chances are greatly improved."
"I don't want anyone else," Rodney pouted. "Why go for a gay Marine or scientist when you can bag a queer Colonel? I'm a very important man; I deserve a partner that's my equal in status."

"That was a wonderfully back-handed compliment," Zelenka said.

"I heard," John growled. "Listen, Rodney. You're not so good with the dating thing, okay? I've watched you around women and your technique sucks. I don't see why it'll be any different with men but hell, at this stage, I'm about willing to do anything to get you off my back."

Rodney licked his lips.

"That was just an expression," John said, hitching up his pants.

"You are very good with women, Colonel," Zelenka said as he discreetly wiped away tears of laughter. "Your techniques are, judging by past experience, extremely successful. Perhaps if you taught Rodney your moves - "

"Stop right there," John said, pointing.

"That's a great idea," Rodney said, rising to his knees. John scrambled backwards until he hit his head on the archway. "You're ridiculously good at getting people into the sack. Teach me and I'll never bother you again."

"Promise?"

"Oh yeah," Rodney said, moving forward until his knees crashed into John's feet. "Cross my heart and hope to die." He gazed up at John with guileless blue eyes.

John swallowed.

"Is like mouse caught in gaze of snake," Zelenka said admiringly.

John cleared his throat. "All right. Come past my quarters tonight. One lesson, McKay, that's all you're getting."

"That's all I'll need," Rodney said, bouncing to his feet.

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John fiddled with the gauzy curtains in his room, releasing the ties and making sure they hung straight. He lit the last of the 'Help Rodney Ascend' candles and pushed a stack of golfing magazines under his bed.

He surveyed the room with his hands on his hips. Right. He was ready. Mission 'Make Rodney Capable Of Attracting And Keeping A Sentient Being' was a go.

Rodney appeared sans bouquet but his hands behind his back made John raise an eyebrow. Rodney showed him empty palms as he entered the room. "Just me, Colonel. No flowers, no chocolate, no stealth lube. I'm on my best behavior."

John nodded warily and gestured for Rodney to sit down on the couch. Rodney fusssed on his feet and, the moment John sat on his bed, joined him. Their thighs were touching but John made a point of ignoring Rodney's less than subtle body language.

"You're wearing aftershave," John accused.
"I'm practicing for a date," Rodney said. "I wear aftershave on dates. Want to get a closer smell?" He leant over, inflating his lungs and pushing the triangle of skin and chest hair at the top of his open shirt in John's face.

"I know what aftershave smells like," John scowled, shoving him away. "And is that a new shirt?"

"It's my lucky blue shirt," Rodney said, waggling his eyebrows. "Every time I've worn it - "

"I get the picture."

"So," Rodney said, rubbing his hands together briskly. "Where do we start?"

John moved back, pulling his legs up on the bed and leaning against the blank wall beneath his Johnny Cash poster.

"Well, setting the right mood is a good place to start. If your date feels comfortable, they'll let you know how much they appreciate the effort."

"Your room looks very nice," Rodney said. "Are they the same curtains you had last time I was here?"

"Sometimes," John continued, talking over him, "it's a good idea to know what sort of music they like. You want something playing during dinner - helps keep the conversation going if you get stuck on something to say."

"Let me guess; country music? The Best of Johnny Cash?"

"He's a classic!"

"And how many rodeo clowns have you dated in the past, Colonel? Obviously, all the blood in your body that used to go to your brain is now flowing to your bulging biceps."

"Bulging?"

"I know all this, John," Rodney said, twisting around to face him. He put his weight on one hand, right near John's hip. "I'm fine with the getting, it's the keeping I'm not so good at. I've wooed with classical music, fine wines and stunning settings. I've worked out a way of using Ancient tech to put on a fireworks display that you wouldn't believe."

"Fireworks?" John gulped.

Rodney leant in. "For my English major girlfriend I memorized swathes of erotic poetry. For my veterinary nurse girlfriend I adopted a cat. I can get them, John. How do I keep them?"

"Well," John said, voice uncharacteristically timid. "You've got to work out from the beginning if they want to be kept."

"I'll be good," Rodney whispered, dipping his head and nuzzling John's neck. "From this point on, I'll never forget your birthday. I'm already on the lookout for big space guns to impress you and I'll do my best not to embarrass you in public anymore than I normally would." He slid down the bed, unerringly managing to find John's nipples through his shirt and biting down. John shivered and his hands gingerly landed on Rodney's shoulders.

"I'll be faithful and I'll never intentionally hurt you emotionally. And I'll be gentle," Rodney said, gripping John's hipbones with his large hands and effortlessly pulling him down the bed until John
was flat on his back. "I'll be very, very careful and I won't hurt you." His fingers made quick work of opening John's pants. "I'll be the best boyfriend you ever had."

"You'll be the first boyfriend I ever had," John said, shivering again as Rodney exhaled over his exposed groin.

"We could teach each other," Rodney said as he licked John's balls and kissed the shaft. John whimpered; Rodney really didn't have a clue about what he was doing down there but it felt so good. "We could learn so many new things together. Don't you want to be an intrepid explorer?"

"That's the worst line I've ever heard," John gasped as Rodney found the head of his cock and started sucking on it - arrhythmic, too hard, too soft; fuck, Rodney was crap at this - John got his hand around the shaft and jerked himself off in Rodney's mouth while Rodney moaned and slobbered around their joined fingers and tried to keep talking then pulled off, spitting to one side and complaining about the taste.

"And I've heard a lot of lines," John wheezed, body twitching with aftershocks.

"Just wait until I start reciting poetry to you," Rodney said as he slid up the bed, pressing down on John's body with the heavy hard heat of his own, opening John's mouth with a slow sticky slide of tongue.

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