Breaking Through Barriers
by siluria

Summary

Riddick won't let a locked door or a sharp knife stand in the way of what he wants.

Notes

For smallfandomfest on livejournal, the prompt was "If I wanted you dead, you would be."

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Riddick found it easy enough to let himself into Vaako’s chambers. There hadn’t been a lock Riddick couldn’t best, and on this bucket of bolts there was nowhere left that he hadn’t yet explored. It had taken some time to finally get the better of Vaako’s security, and whilst gaining entry to his personal chambers was one less challenge to keep him occupied, there was still the ongoing battle towards gaining some ground with the man himself.

He knew Vaako was still dirt side, after Riddick had sent him there to ensure the fleet was ready for departure and that all non-essential personnel were in cryo. Riddick was taking the opportunity to learn as much as he could about his Second, because he wasn’t getting anything from the man himself.

Dame Vaako’s touch had been erased from the chambers as quickly as Riddick had snuffed out that life when she’d tried to force her touch on him. He ran his fingertips along the edge of what once appeared to be a dresser, the mirrored back was no longer there, and Riddick could guess what happened to it as his sharp eyes spied tiny shards of glass in the gloom that had clearly been missed when the cleaning staff had been in. Riddick imagined a room heavy with the cloying scent of poisons, or whatever substances Dame Vaako had used to entrap her prey and disguise the smell of...
death. It seemed to Riddick’s enhanced senses that all Necro’s smelt of death, a by-product of the purification process maybe, or simply that they spent too much time around it to ever be free of it; all Necro’s it would seem, except his Second.

Riddick couldn’t say when he first noticed the changes in Vaako, but once he had noticed, it was all he could do to not be caught cataloguing them. The color returning to pale skin, the purification marks fading on his neck, his hair growing out from where it had once been shaved. Eyes that once were blacked out with hate and anger, now started to shine with other emotions, although Riddick was still learning to read their expressions.

He checked with the Purifiers to see who hadn’t been turning up to the sessions, and while Vaako’s name wasn’t the only one on the list, Riddick did pay attention to when he’d last shown up – before Riddick inherited the damn ghost army. The question was why he hadn’t gone to those sessions that were there to remind Necromongers of their faith. He could understand Vaako not having the time when he was chasing Riddick from one end of the black to the other, then having to initiate a non-Necromonger First Marshal and deal with all the regime changes that came along with it. Then there were the attacks for his position, and keeping the fleet in the air. It all took time and effort, Riddick appreciated that, but it had been months since things had settled down into some sort of routine – or as routine as Riddick’s patience and boredom allowed things to get. The attacks had dwindled on both of them and Riddick was bored enough to want to start shaking things up a bit. Seemed working out his Second was a good a way to pass the time as any, and if Riddick had his way, then he’d be doing that working out with the benefit of no clothing. A man could only go so long without.

Riddick had found Vaako’s weapons stash, and was going to admit only to himself that he’d coveted a few of the blades, running a finger along their sharp serrated edges with just enough pressure exerted to draw blood. He wanted to be there to see how Vaako reacted to the dark smears of red maring the surface of his pristine weaponry.

When Riddick heard heavy steps pause at the door to Vaako’s chambers, he stepped back into the shadows. The door slid open, allowing Vaako entry. His fist collided solidly with the switch bringing light to the room and Riddick pressed further against the wall, chasing the limited shadows. He kept his breathing low as Vaako started to strip his armor. The lightweight metal wasn’t as intimidating as the full battle armor, but it still added bulk that Riddick refused to carry on his own body. Vaako stacked the armor against the wall, and peeled the scaled undershirt from his body. Riddick shifted to better appreciate the view of wide shoulders tapering to a narrow waist, he smirked and licked his lips.

The knife came out of nowhere, but embedded itself in the wall mere inches from where Riddick’s head was. He chuckled, deep and throaty, before he edged into the dim light where Vaako would be able to see him clearly. He reached back over his shoulder and pulled the blade from the wall, tossing it in his hand to feel for the weight and balance, his eyes raking over Vaako’s body from bottom to top as he advanced. In his scrutiny he could see Vaako curl his fingers into fists, see the lines of his body as muscles tensed, and as his gaze reached his face Riddick watched as his eyes narrowed and darkened. Vaako was expecting a fight.

Riddick allowed a smile to spread slowly across his face as he stepped forward. He hefted the blade, tossing it until the sharp edge pressed into his palm as he wound his fingers around it. With a flick of his wrist, the blade was flung across the room, the tip sticking into the surface of what was once Dame Vaako’s dresser. Vaako’s gaze never moved from Riddick’s silver eyes. He stayed routed to his spot as Riddick stopped directly in front of him. The expanse of bared skin was too much of a temptation for Riddick, and he reached a hand out, curling it round Vaako’s side, his thumb stroking the pale skin. His other hand skimmed up the bared chest, over solid muscle until
he could grab a handful of hair. He pulled until Vaako had to tilt his head and Riddick leaned in, pressing his nose to Vaako’s neck, breathing in the heavy musk.

"If I wanted you dead, you would be," Riddick growled the words against Vaako’s ear, close enough that his lips brushed against skin.

Riddick felt one of Vaako’s hands trail up his side and grinned into his Second’s neck as he bit the pale skin stretched out before him. Vaako’s hand brushed his chest as Riddick licked the length of that pale neck from shoulder to ear.

Vaako suddenly shoved with the hand against his chest, slamming Riddick back against the wall. Riddick wasn’t certain where the knife had been hidden, but he felt the sharp edge as it pressed against his neck.

Vaako leaned in, mirroring Riddick’s pose from moments earlier as he whispered into the Lord Marshal’s ear. “I could say the same thing.”

Riddick felt the blade move away from his neck, and Vaako took a step back, his body clearly poised ready to defend himself. “Looks like we’re on the same page then,” Riddick said huskily, a smirk pulling at his lips as he closed the gap between them again until he could feel the heat radiating from the other man. His fingers lightly brushed against the knuckles of Vaako’s hand still gripping the handle of the blade.

Vaako stared at him, his features impassive. “If you don’t want me dead, then what is it you do want, Riddick?”

Riddick smirked. “No, Lord Marshal?”

Vaako’s eyes flashed a warning. “You’ve crossed the line into my territory, your position stays outside my door. So I’ll ask you again what it is you want of me.”

“Ain’t it obvious?”

Vaako’s jaw clenched. “There are many people on this ship alone that would drop to their knees for you, my wife was among them. Why would you think I would do that when I already have my rank?”

“Maybe I want to drop to my knees for you, did you think of that?” he growled the words out as he closed what little gap remained between them. He lightly pushed away Vaako’s hand and the knife he was still gripping, pressing the palm of his other hand to the front of Vaako’s pants.

“You going to use the blade, Vaako?” Riddick asked, his voice low, barely a whisper. He could feel the tendons of Vaako’s wrist flex against his fingers, Riddick remaining wary in case the man decided to attack. He smiled when Vaako threw the blade away, the point of the knife digging into the dresser beside the one Riddick had imbedded.

“You going to get down on your knees, Riddick?” Vaako’s tone matched the one Riddick had just used. Riddick wrapped a hand round Vaako’s slim hip, digging his fingertips deep enough into pale skin so that he would be able to enjoy the sight of the bruises later. He moved his other hand away from Vaako’s crotch only to where he could loosen his pants.

Riddick smirked and let his knees sink to the floor. “Yeah, I am.”
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