Rating: Explicit
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Category: M/M
Fandom: Stargate Atlantis
Relationship: Ronon Dex/John Sheppard
Character: Rodney McKay, Sam Carter, Teyla Emmagan
Additional Tags: food!sex, Sex in the mess hall, Bottom Ronon, Top John, Birthday Presents, Birthday Sex, Rating: NC17
Stats: Published: 2014-01-04 Words: 4604

Food for thought.

by millygal

Summary

John sneaks a special birthday gift into Atlantis for Ronon's birthday...

Notes

wings128 and I made a deal, "You write SGA fic, I'll write SPN" Here's my end of the bargain ;)

Her prompt - For my John/Ronon fic I would like a nice PWP where John orders a real cheesecake from Earth for Ronon's birthday. Mess hall about 2am after their late night sparing, when the place is deserted, John gives Ronon his first taste of real cheesecake from off his fingers. Table sex, Ronon bottoming.

Twenty four hours in quarantine lock down would be absolute torture for most people.

Rodney Mckay isn't most people.

Mckay's idea of bliss; No Zelenka asking constantly and consistently irritating questions that the Czech scientist should technically already know the answers to. No Ronon making fun of him in ways he sometimes doesn't even understand but seem to make the rest of the team roll around in fits of giggles. And definitely no Samantha Carter flaunting the fact that not only is she beautiful and well out of Rodney's reach, but flashing her intellect in front of every Tom, Dick and Harry, making it patently obvious he isn't the smartest person in Atlantis anymore.
Rodney's not exactly known for his touchy feely side either. If he can avoid a physical show of congratulation then he will. There's nothing a heartfelt thumbs up can't cure.

So having spent the last day and night in his own little corner of the universe, coming back along the Intergalactic Bridge to be met with six foot two's worth of dark haired, heavily armed CO practically bouncing into his arms is something of a shock to his already unsettled system.

John sees Mckay's ident' flash across the screens and barely let's the shield drop before he's dragging the irritated looking brainiac onto the Gate ramp, "Did you get it?"

Rodney spots Teyla leaning against the Gate Room steps and raises a perplexed eyebrow before nodding in Sheppard’s direction, "How long has he been like this?"

The Athosian beauty gives Rodney her best ‘exasperated mother’ impression whilst cradling her stomach and smirking, "Approximately three hours after you left Doctor Mckay.”

Rodney sighs heavily, shakes his head and navigates his way round Sheppard who's now attempting to pry the burlap sack full of return mail from his teammate’s hands, “Will you act your age, not your shoe size Colonel Sheppard. Keep that up and I’ll eat it myself.”

John's head snaps up and he raises his hands in surrender before offering Rodney his best, 'I can charm the birds out of the trees' smile, "You wouldn't!"

Teyla's soft , "How sweet" coupled with Rodney's smug, "Try me." would usually force a scathing one liner from John's smirking lips but he can't bring himself to start a verbal game of 'catch me if you can' when he can just see the sharp edges of a box poking through the thick itchy material clutched in Mckay’s hands, ‘Seriously Doc’, just because you technically answer to Colonel Carter, doesn’t mean I can’t have you cleaning latrines with your face for the next week. Hand it over!”

Rodney’s shocked expression goes a little way to soothing John’s impatience until he hears Teyla’s stage whispered reply, “Rodney, they do not have latrines in Atlantis.”

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Finally having convinced Rodney he'd look god awful in maintenance worker blue, John clutches his prize to his chest and tries to come up with a suitable hiding place before Ronon comes striding round the corner and ruins the whole thing.

He's been dying to introduce his partner to this particular Earth treat since they started bringing food back to their quarters.

The amount of times he's had to muck in and do his own laundry since he and Ronon started sharing a bed is getting beyond a joke, but scrubbing Wittaker's Caramel Milk chocolate stains out of his sheets is a small price to pay for being able to smear the honey coloured sweetness along the Specialist's taut and twitching thighs as he begs for release.

Still trying to figure out where to stash the gift, John comes up with an idea that he knows will either get him teased mercilessly for the next month or have the entire crew knowing he's knocking boots with the Satedan warrior.

He can’t risk Ronon finding it before tonight and he’s certainly not going to leave it where some new recruit can take a bite out of it. That really only leaves one place cold enough to stop the crumbly, mouth watering mascarpone cheese from melting into a puddle of goo. John's not sure even his ample charms will let him get away with hiding food in Doctor Keller's blood's fridge.
Oh well, in for a penny...

So intent on his destination is he that John comes barrelling round the corner to the med-lab straight into a fast moving Samantha Carter speeding along in the opposite direction.

Slamming into her shoulder, nearly flattening the blonde and almost crushing the New York cheesecake clutched tightly between his fingers, John hollers and stumbles backwards in order to save the box full of fun clasped against his chest, "Jesus Christ, you trying to...Oh, sorry Colonel Carter, didn't see you there."

"Evidently," shaking her head, using the banister to steady herself, Sam takes a quick mental inventory before tilting her head and motioning at the box in Sheppard's hands, "Mckay didn't get hungry on the return trip then?"

John hears his own startled snort and clamps down on the urge to blush, "Did Mckay take out an add in the 'Atlantis Times' or something. What part of keep it to yourself does that guy not understand!"

Sam offers up a wry smile and reaches out towards the box still cradled against Sheppard's chest, "You know Rodney's incapable of keeping a secret, unless it involves his year's supply of smoked turkey sandwich roll, which by the way is stashed in the third floor store's cupboard, just in case you fancy giving him an aneurysm."

John reluctantly allows Sam to lift the lid an inch, lean down and inhale deeply before snatching it away, scowling and mumbling under his breath about bloody big mouthed Doctors, "Don't suppose you'd consider building a latrine just so I can make him scrub it with a toothbrush?"

Sam laughs and let's Sheppard tug the box away before leaning close and lowering her voice, "Wasn't just Rodney, Ronon mentioned his birthday was coming up, something about usually going out and killing a wraith as a part of the festivities and I put two and two together."

John screws up his face and mutters to himself before squaring his shoulders and looking Sam in the eye, "How exactly did you get from 'Sheppard requested a food package' to 'Sheppard is doing something sneaky for Ronon's birthday' and exactly who says this is for Chewie's birthday?"

Sam tries to hide her amused smirk but judging by the look on Sheppard's face, she's doing a bloody poor job of it, "Calm down John. It's not like I haven't known about you and Ronon for a while. Kind of a dead give away when laundry services mentioned you'd started doing your own washing and Ronon's quarters are never slept in."

This time John can't halt the slowly seeping heat from flaring up his neck and along his cheeks and he has to make a concerted effort not to tuck tail and run in the opposite direction, "You...I...how many people know?"

"Apart from house keeping you mean?" Sam chuckles and pats Sheppard on the shoulder, "Just me and your team. Actually I'm fairly sure they've been running a book on how long it would take you two to finally get off your asses and do something about the, what was it Keller called it, baking hot unresolved sexual tension."

John shakes his head and laughs before nodding at Sam, "Any chance we could make space in that latrine cleaning crew for a few more bodies?"

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Ronon will never admit this to anyone, under pain of death would he own up to being winded and
struggling during a sparring session with John, but his exhaustion coupled with the way the light plays across Sheppard's sweat slicked bare chest as he twists and winds himself around the gym is causing the taller man to stumble a little more than usual, "Been practicing without me?"

John watches Ronon's chest and shoulders heave and can't help the jolt of pride shooting along his nerves, "Nah, s'not the same sparring with anyone else, Teyla always kicks my ass."

Ronon rounds on John, bringing his staff down underneath the other man's knees, knocking him to the floor, "I always kick your ass."

John waits a beat before bending his back into an almost unnatural position and flipping onto the balls of his feet, "I let you kick my ass, she takes it by force."

Ronon can't stop the flow of images John's words conjure up and he finds himself alternately fighting off waves of white hot jealousy and undulating lust, "Well there's an interesting thought."

John circles Ronon, keeping one eye on the tip of his staff, "Do I detect a note of jealousy in there big guy?"

The blow that Ronon lands to the back of John's head is probably a little harder than necessary, but he doesn't like the smug tone in his partner's voice, "Don't get used to it."

John shakes his head trying to centre his vision.

Wiping a hand along his hairline, palm coming away bloody, John smirks and spins his own staff before manoeuvring along the edge of the mat and tapping Ronon on the shoulder, "Don't get your leathers in a bunch, she's not my type."

Ronon ducks under the staff still resting at his shoulder and hooks an arm round John's waist, landing him flat on his back with a thud before straddling his chest, "What, tanned, toned, tight muscles that could make your eyes water not your type!"

John squirms beneath Ronon, latches on to his thighs, digs his nails in and flips their positions, "Yeah, course, forgetting for a moment that she's almost ready to pop," Ronon's eyes darken and John hastens to reassure the usually self assured man, "Just not her tight muscles."

Ronon looks up at John through thick black lashes, letting his eyes roam the soft expanse of skin, lightly dusted with dark downy hair he can feel itching against his cheek every time he lets his mind wander. Even in the middle of an operation, all he has to do is inhale Sheppard's unique scent and he's transported to another time, where they're naked and sweating, cleaving to each other in the inky darkness of their room.

John feels Ronon's heart beat kick up a gear, pounding against his flesh, as his cock twitches and lengthens in his already too tight combats.

When will he learn to wear less constricting clothing during their daily sparring sessions?

Deciding that they're going to miss out on his well planned surprise if he doesn't put an end to this now, John reluctantly allows Ronon space to move as he stands and offers his hand, "Come on Chewie, got a surprise for you."

Ronon growls low and menacing as John peels himself away and weighs up his options; he could take out his legs and pin his partner to the mat, but the light in Sheppard's eyes will not be dimmed and something tells him he's going to enjoy whatever the older man's got up his sleeve, "Surprise? Why!"
John shakes his head and tisks, "Birthdays, where I come from, get celebrated."

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John leads Ronon into the mess hall by hand, having already wrapped a piece of cloth around his suspicious lover's eyes, "Careful, last thing we need right now is a visit from Doc K."

Ronon grumbles low in his throat and feels his way with the tip of a toe, "If you didn't find it so amusing to blind me I wouldn't be such a liability. Is the blindfold completely necessary John?"

John chuckles at Ronon's frustration and squeezes his hand, "It's an earth tradition; making sure the surprisee can't see the surpriser's efforts until the opportune moment. Stop being such a baby!"

Ronon's about to tug his hand out of John's out of spite when they come to a stop and he feels the air around them shift and change.

John steps up beside Ronon, clasps the piece of cloth covering his eyes and reveals the room to his partner, "Happy Birthday Chewie."

Ronon's vision is momentarily shaken as his eyes become accustomed to the flickering light in the room, "John, I...Why?"

John opens his arms wide and smiles, knowing that Ronon will appreciate the daft grin plastered across his face, "Like I said, we celebrate birthdays where I come from. Thought you might enjoy a little alone time in a room that doesn't threaten to break every time you stretch."

Ronon takes in the soft light emanating from the many candles placed around the space, giving off a defuse glow that highlights the spark in John's eyes, "This is..I don't do...thank you."

John knows Ronon's not exactly the romantic type, but they've been at this for long enough now that he wants to make sure the lines are clearly drawn.

He wants Ronon, but more than that, he wants to keep Ronon and if that means making an ass of himself by playing the soft soppy guy, he'll do it, because the Specialist that dropped into their lives has come to mean more to him than he ever could have imagined, "Welcome, always."

Ronon scans the area, automatically listening for foreign sounds. When he finds none he allows himself to relax and take in his surroundings; In the centre of the room is one table, laid out with plates and cutlery and an intriguing looking piece of food he's never seen before, "What's that?"

John chuckles and leads Ronon towards the table, "That, my friend, is a New York Cheesecake. Ordered by me, delivered by Mckay."

Ronon snorts and folds himself onto the seat in front of him, "Mckay? Mckay managed to bring a piece of food back from Earth and didn't get ravenous on the return journey!"

John lowers himself down on the opposite side of the table, "I threatened a fortnights worth of training the new recruits in off world etiquette. He knew I'd follow through on it."

Ronon laughs, a deep booming sound that fills the usually chock full of bodies room until the vibrations bounce back against the walls, making John grin wide.

Ronon can smell the sweetness wafting from the chilled treat in front of him, "This is a...cheesecake? Cheese, isn't that savoury?"

John reaches towards the dessert, dipping his fingers into the middle, scooping out a chunk and
offering it to Ronon, "Try it..."

Eyebrows raised in confusion, Ronon leans forward and engulfs John's fingers in his warm, slick mouth.

The first taste is a burst of sourness followed swiftly by the sweetness of biscuit disintegrating against his tongue and he can't hold back the appreciative moan as he cleans Sheppard's fingers of any trace of his birthday present, "What the fuck is that?"

John smirks and scoops another finger full of cheesecake, "I see you've embraced the Earth habit of swearing..."

"I've had a great teacher!" Ronon devours the soft, scratchy, treat dripping from John's fingers, committing the mingling of flavours to memory; a sour tang chased by an almost too sweet to withstand explosion of sugar coupled with the salty burn of John's flesh, "Next time someone takes a trip 'home' we're placing an order!"

John watches Ronon's lips curving against his knuckles, feels his tongue wrap the tips of his fingers and can't stop his very visceral reaction to the enjoyment on that honey hued face; Eye's closed, lashes brushing defined cheeks, Ronon is, not to sound too chick-flick, a master piece, beautiful.

John wonders idly if the rest of Ronon's people had his particular allure; that slow seeping warmth, the sense of home he's come to associate with the man from Sateda.

The image of Ronon's lost family forces a sour taste up his throat and onto his tongue and John wants nothing to taint the evening for either of them so concentrates on the way his partner's eyelashes flutter lazily against his soft skin, the heat engulfing his fingers.

Ronon is so close to jumping the table but knows he'll end up pinning John to the wall and he wants to give the other man something else, a gift of his own.

John's obvious happiness at his lover's enjoyment is still new, something to be treasured. Memories made for running his fingers through, to call upon when his losses seem too great, "John..."

Lieutenant Colonel John Sheppard has seen things no one from Earth could possibly understand, galaxies and worlds too strange and beautiful for words, horrors and atrocities he hoped never to find, and still he's shocked and amazed to be transported to a place inside himself he never knew existed.

His body quickly follows his mind into a cradle of sensation that forces all other thoughts and feelings from his head. He loses all understanding of the 'Where' simply focusing on the 'Who'.

As Ronon suckles his fingers, licks all traces of cream and crumbs from his hand, John's heart beats so hard he fears it will crack a rib, punch a hole in his chest.

The heat in Ronon's gaze grazes the edges of John's senses until he can see nothing but the golden shades of taut toned skin laid bare for him to explore and conquer.

The timbre of Ronon's voice weaves itself into his consciousness until the only thing he understands is the electricity coursing along his veins.

Sod the cheesecake, he'll order more.

As John sweeps the sweet treat to one side and clambers across the table, Ronon offers up a smug
knowing grin. He alone understands the look in his partner's eyes, the want and need he usually hides so well.

The feeling of surrendering himself to the strength Sheppard keeps in check a lot of the time is a release of sorts. He no longer has to be the warrior, the protector. In John's arms he can let go, "Please."

That one simple word, whispered low and with reverence, is so full of emotion it takes John by surprise. Until recently he didn't know whether Ronon was just killing time with him, using him as a distraction from the daily hardships they face, but the look in those shadowed eyes is enough to convince him of their very real connection.

Ronon finds himself shoved roughly against the edge of the table, corners digging sharply into his ribs, John's nails gouging half moon marks into his shoulders, but the pain is always well worth the pay off, "John, I..."

He finds himself unable to articulate what he wants, he's never been a wordy man. Actions always speak louder so he twists in John's arms, grips the edge of the table and arches his back.

Baring himself to Sheppard, offering himself like this is another act of submission that he doesn't think his partner truly understands yet, but allowing him to take what Ronon so desperately wants him to have will cement John's place in his life.

Someone of Ronon's position, of his rank, would never deign to give of himself like this unless the other person is worthy of receiving the gift. It is the ultimate, the only show of loyalty and trust he truly understands.

John watches the curve of Ronon's spine as he arches towards him and knows this is more than the other man has been willing to lose for a long time, always so guarded, never at ease. Allowing this, giving this is...

Change in the men of Sateda is very rare and not easily adjusted to. Once he takes what's being offered John know's there's no going back, for either of them.

Ronon hear's John suck down a ragged breath and thinks perhaps it's all starting to sink in, to make sense at last.

All Ronon wants is John and he's showing that the only way he knows how, "Please."

The silence around them breaks with Ronon's repeated plea and John's body moves of it's own accord, hands reaching out, fingers fumbling with the laces at the other man's waist.

Ronon wiggles his ass and laughs, knowing that John's level of hand eye coordination is slipping with every laboured breath, with every touch of heated flesh against soft leather.

"Do I have to do everything?" sliding his fingers along John's wrists, Ronon tugs at the fly of his trousers, exposing his now weeping cock to the cool air of the mess hall. An illicit thrill slides down his spine; they could be caught, any one could walk in on them.

John's own cock is painfully hard, pressed against the seam of his trousers and slick with pre-come, and he wants nothing more than to sink into Ronon but can't take his eyes off the taller man's back, the way his muscles bunch and twist with every breath, the curve of his ass as he presses himself backwards, "Beautiful."

John struggles with his trousers as Ronon watches him over his shoulder, eyes sparkling, small smile curving his lips.
Ronon slips his leathers all the way down his legs, lifting his feet out before spreading his thighs, exposing his tight ring of muscles to John's hungry gaze.

John sheds the last of his clothing before sinking to his knees, gripping Ronon's ass cheeks in trembling hands and running the tip of his tongue along the outside of the muscles twitching in front of his face.

Ronon's knees almost buckle at the first touch of John's warm mouth. He leans further back, easing the way for Sheppard's questing tongue and digs his nails into the top of the table, scraping distinct lines in the surface, "Fuck!"

John chuckles against Ronon, allowing the vibrations to travel along his tongue until he feels the flesh in his hands jump and tauten.

Lapping at Ronon's tight hole, John runs his hands down his partner's inner thighs, relishing the feel of such strength at his fingertips.

Ronon presses himself onto John's tongue, grinds into the mouth now slick with saliva, before reaching down and taking hold of his thick dripping shaft, "John...want you inside me, now."

Crawling up Ronon's thighs, John reaches between his lover's legs and peels long fingers away from hard flesh before fist ing his impressive cock, gathering a palm full of pre-come.

As John's hand comes away slick and wet, Ronon growls and tries to follow his fingers until the hand at his hip squeezes once, urging him to still.

"Easy Chewie."

John palms his own cock a couple of times, adding his own slick saltiness to the sticky liquid coating his hand before sliding two fingers against Ronon's laved hole.

Circling Ronon's muscles, gently breaching his walls, John crooks his fingers and twists his wrist, opening the taller man up with soft but quick thrusts.

Ronon braces himself against the table and bares down into John's hand, effectively fucking himself wide open and ready.

Groaning low in his throat, John watches Ronon's body allow him access as his knuckles bang up against the swiftly slackening muscles now grasping his fingers, "Have you ever..."

Ronon concentrates on the heat forcing its way along his muscles, burning, leaving invisible marks that will show themselves whenever he tries to sit down for the next few days. Leaning his forehead against the table top he nods and grunts, "Once, long time ago."

John splays his hand against Ronon's spine and presses down, forcing the other man to arch slightly forward before starting to scissor his fingers.

Knowing this isn't a first for Ronon makes it easier for John to speed up his movements without feeling guilty about the pain he knows will be mingling in with the pleasure his fingers are creating.

Withdrawing his fingers and gripping the base of his jumping cock, John settles his weeping tip at Ronon's opening, "You sure about this Chewie? We don't have to..."

Ronon hears the respect in John's question and can't clamp down on the upsurge of a familiar
emotion he isn't willing to vocalise just yet. Instead he allows the knowledge of it to seep into his limbs as he grinds himself against John's cock, "John, *fuck me* already will you!"

Laughing quietly, John commits the image of Ronon bottoming for him in the mess hall to memory. Every time Mckay eats a sandwich at this table he will now be able to grin wide and know that he's getting his own back for all those smug comments at his and Ronon's expense, "Yes sir."

Ronon widens his stance, slides himself against John's tip as he feels hands encircling his hips, nails digging into soft flesh slick with sweat.

John surges forward, breaching Ronon's muscles in one swift thrust before bottoming out and leaning his forehead against the broad shoulders he's become so fond of, "Fucking hell Ronon. Tight, so fucking tight."

Ronon's head is swimming, his body is clenching around John's thick cock buried deep inside him and he wants nothing more than to grind himself into his lover's lap but knows that John will move when he's ready, when he's had his fill of simply being surrounded.

John takes a deep breath and begins to move his hips, small thrusts that nail Ronon's sweet spot every time he twists his body at just the right angle.

The searing heat and grasping tightness of Ronon's fabulous ass is almost too much, he feels his cock swelling within the body being offered to him and he realises that he's never felt quite so complete as he does right now. He could happily spend the rest of his life buried inside the Satedan warrior, listening to the way his breathing hitches as his thigh muscles twitch and his shoulders stretch and roll.

Ronon's whole body is on fire, electric jolts of sensation snapping along his nerves making his eyes swim and his heart beat like a drum. John's hands are clenching against his hips and he knows he'll have bruises, relishes the idea of being marked by the man who understands him better than he ever thought any one would again.

As Ronon and John rock together against the table, the legs squeal and protest across the floor, scraping lines into the tiles that will be visible to anyone who takes the time to notice.

The idea of someone seeing the evidence of their activities and putting two and two together has Ronon's cock weeping, thick opaque spurts of pre-come leaking down the side of his shaft and onto the floor. He tries to take himself in hand as John wraps his fingers around his cock and pumps his fist in time to the now rough erratic rhythm of his hips.

The pressure building at the base of John's spine is only offset by Ronon's moans of appreciation and pleasure at being filled, being taken and Sheppard can't hold off the orgasm threatening to rip through him any longer, "Ronon, I'm gonna, Christ I'm gonna..."

Ronon slams himself back into John, taking him as deep as he can before slipping his fingers between the ones now gripping his cock almost painfully, "Come for me, John, I wanna feel you filling me up, feel you dripping down my thighs...I...Oh *fuck*!"

Ronon's scream fills his ears and the heat surrounding him grips and squeezes, milking him of all he has to give before falling languidly against his lover's sweat soaked back, "Bloody hell Chewie, if this is how you react to cheesecake, wait until you try double chocolate cherry gateau!"

Ronon shifts and shoves John backwards, laughing loudly as his bare ass lands in the remains of
his crushed birthday gift.

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