

Potential

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Summary

Tyr gets tired of being alone. A first season fic, set shortly after Double Helix.

Notes

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Tyr Anasazi, last surviving member of the Kodiak Pride, stared out the window of his quarters on the last High Guard battleship, Andromeda Ascendant. Perhaps there was some deeper meaning there, both of them the last of their kind, but the Nietzschean neither knew nor cared.

He was surrounded by ease and luxury such as few people in the galaxies ever saw in these times, a way of life that his captain Dylan Hunt both took for granted and tried to bring back to the rest of the shattered Commonwealth. His own quarters were comfortable, though sparsely furnished by his own preference, and he couldn't help comparing them to the Nietzschean colony he'd betrayed and to the cramped quarters the survivors were doubtless sharing now.

Despite them being Orca, maybe he should have thrown his lot in with his own people. As his wife, Freya would eventually have followed him when he had gathered enough people to found a new pride. He could have recreated the Kodiak Pride. But he hadn't. Why?

It was certainly not loyalty to Dylan's dream of a reborn Commonwealth. While Tyr could not help but admit that it would improve the lives of everyone, it would make no difference to his own survival, which was his prime concern. So why had he chosen the crew of the Andromeda over his own species?

There were no acceptable women here. Trance wasn't even human, and she was dismayingly cheerful. Beka Valentine, while an able captain or first officer, was not acceptable breeding material for a Nietzschean. Not to mention that she and Dylan were dancing around each other in ways that the rest of them were supposed not to notice.

There weren't even any potential lovers. The Magog was beyond consideration, Dylan was considered her own personal property by both Beka and the ship herself, and Harper.... Harper. Certainly not the physical equal of a Nietzschean, the Earth-bred man was attractive in his own way and had a first-class intellect.

Tyr considered the matter with interest. Seamus Harper had potential as a lover. He would be no challenge to Tyr's status as alpha male, and he might make an excellent bedmate once properly trained to please his alpha.

"Rommie! How am I supposed to fix these circuits when you keep moving my tools?" His head and torso buried in a service opening, Seamus Harper flailed around with one hand, trying to locate his wayward instruments and hoping that the AI would either hand it over or give him a little direction in his searching.

He couldn't back up and look, because that would mean letting go of the conduits he'd spent the past half hour wrestling together, and that would mean repeating the whole damn process again... not something he wanted to think about.

"C'mon, Rommie!" Damnit, she'd been in the room a few minutes ago; if she'd left, then he was really up the creek without an oar. Harper had just about given up hope of finding his spanner when it was miraculously plunked down in his hand. "Thank you, beautiful!"

Dragging his hand back in the small space alongside him, Harper set to work connecting the severed junction, his hands steady though his body was bouncing slightly as he hummed.

"Oh yeah, am I good or am I good?" Asking this question, he backed out of the opening, expecting to see the ship's AI standing there. Instead he found Tyr Anasazi.

"Coming to offer to help?" the engineer quipped, pushing himself to his feet and adjusting his tool belt. "'Cause don't think I don't remember what happened the last time I let you near the circuit boards outside the mess. If I never see a bowl of bean soup again, it'll be too soon!"

Tyr let Harper know why he was there when he grabbed the smaller man by his shoulders, pulled him against his body, lowered his head, and gave him the most thorough kiss of his life. The Nietzschean's mobile tongue explored every inch of his mouth, teasing the nerve-rich surfaces. He released Harper long before he wanted to, remembering the human's smaller lung capacity and consequently greater need for air, but he kept his grip on his shoulders.

"I did not come here to help with circuit boards."

"Uhh, no, I guess not." Blinking and attempting to re-route his brain cells, Harper finally shook himself out of whatever dream he had to have been having considering the fact that he was somehow thinking that Tyr kissed him!

No way, there was just no way. A Nietzschean's first imperative was reproduction, and while he was many things, Seamus Harper wasn't a brood mare. Harper licked his lips, detecting a flavor there that wasn't his own, and he looked at Tyr more closely. Okay, maybe he had kissed him. Now the question was, why?

"You been chewing on some of Trance's plants or something?" he asked, not even bothering to try to break out of the larger man's hold. It was pointless, and besides, he bruised easily.

"That could have an adverse effect on my genes," was the instant response. Considering the Nietzschean's reaction to any form of radiation, that answer could have been anticipated. Taking pity on the confusion clear on Harper's face, Tyr continued.

"I want you to be my lover."

"Oh please, pull the other one, why don't you." Harper's lips curled up in an expression of disbelief, and he snorted out a laugh. "Hey, I know half the ladies in the galaxy are lining up for a taste of me, but somehow I don't think you fall into that category. Sorry, better luck next time."

Grinning, he made to take a step back from the other man, huffing out an impatient breath when Tyr didn't release him. "What? No one ever turned you down before?"

"Have you ever known me to joke?" Tyr asked with a perfectly straight face. "It is no light thing for a Nietzschean male to choose his lover. That is second only to the choice of wife to sire children. I have chosen you, Seamus Harper. I would like a serious reply."

Wait a minute - Tyr didn't joke, about anything. That made the situation even more bizarre.

"So if I say yes, what? We just gonna drop and go for it right here, and if I say no, you splatter me all over the hallway? How about some details here? Just what does a Nietzschean define a lover as? A fuck buddy or something more?"

"A lover is... usually a permanent relationship. It can be broken off by either party, but that is rare. Usually, only death will break it. And the relationship is exclusive. Except for procreation with a Nietzschean female, you will be my only lover."

For the second time in as many minutes, the impossible happened; Seamus Harper was struck speechless. Agile mind whirling as he attempted to process just what Tyr said, he stared up at the taller man, noting the barely visible glint of hunger in the Nietzschean's chocolate-brown eyes.

"Permanent? Like in forever? Whoa, that's a big step..." But then Mama Harper didn't raise any fools, and her son Seamus was way ahead of the pack when it came to brains, especially considering the variety of fantasies he'd had about the other man since they'd met.

Beka and Trance were his shipmates; it was too close to family to even consider. The Rev... Harper shuddered inwardly. He was a good person but no way! Dylan was a Greek God but so focused on his quest of restoring the Commonwealth that he didn't even notice how his own ship felt about him.

Tyr was here, larger than life, and, from all accounts, he was going to be there for a long time to come. Tilting his head to the side and grinning, he slid a hand up under the warm metal of Tyr's chainmail shirt, feeling the even hotter flesh beneath it.

"Why not? Could be a hell of a lot of fun, that's for sure." Flipping his hand around, Harper tugged at the meshwork, pulling Tyr down far enough to initiate a kiss of his own this time, giving back as good as he'd gotten, enjoying this one even more because he was ready for it.

Once the kiss broke off, Tyr held Harper away slightly. "So you are accepting?" Tyr wanted a clear response before he carried his mate off to his quarters and claimed him for the first time. He could feel his body hardening at the thoughts of what they would do together.

Deep brown eyes ran over the shorter man, imagining him without the clothes, naked and waiting in his bed, and Tyr growled softly. He wanted him now.

"Hey, sustained abstinence isn't my thing, and if I take you up on this, it looks like that won't be a problem." Harper grinned cheekily, sobering a bit when he heard the soft growl rumble through Tyr's broad chest. "Yeah, I'm accepting, long as this doesn't include anything about me being your property or any crap like that." He slid his hand up higher under the steel, rubbing his thumb over Tyr's nipple, feeling the flat circle tighten and peak under his touch, making his own body tighten in response.

Tyr growled softly, pulling the engineer more tightly against his body. "Not property, but you are my mate. If you can't accept that, tell me now. Because I'll kill anyone who touches my mate." His hands ran possessively over the other man, and if Harper refused now, the Nietzschean didn't know what he would do. In his mind, Seamus was already his mate.

"Don't ya think that's a little extreme? I mean, I know I'm irresistible and all but... killing people for it?" The engineer winked and rubbed against Tyr's body, visibly impressed by the hard bulge he felt in the other man's pants.

"Don't worry, I'll warn 'em away. Don't want Dylan to have to lock you in the brig for genocide or something."

"This is no joke, Harper," Tyr growled warningly. "If I take you tonight, you will be my mate." Despite his frustration with the other man's attitude, his body responded to Seamus' willing movements. "There will be no others."

There was another quip on the tip of Seamus' tongue, but the look in Tyr's dark eyes stilled it there. "Okay. You want to play it that way, I can deal with that. Just don't think I'm going to give in on everything so easily."

He studied Tyr's expression long enough to make sure he was understood, then grinned. "Besides, who says you'll be taking me?"

Tyr snorted. "The fact that I'm alpha." He eyed Harper closely, and a slight smile tugged at his lips. "Though I could be convinced to switch occasionally." He petted Seamus' crotch. "Seems like you have enough here to keep me happy."

He tossed Seamus over his shoulder and started toward his quarters with his new mate, wanting to claim him.

"Hey, ya mind?" Harper laughed, squirming to try and find a position where Tyr's shoulder wasn't digging into his stomach or his hip. "This isn't the head I really want all my blood rushing to if you get my drift!"

He glanced down, then decided that maybe this position wasn't so bad. It did give him a first rate view of Tyr's ass rolling and flexing as he walked and since he was here... Humming in appreciation, Harper slid his hands around, cupping his soon to be lover's asscheeks and kneading the toned flesh.

Tyr had to chuckle at that reply. "Would you rather have the blood here?" He managed to maintain a serious tone as he worked a hand under Harper to fondle his cock, even as he enjoyed the other man's hands on his body.

Smiling wickedly since no one could see him, he turned his head and nipped at Seamus' ass, making sure to hold him tightly. He wouldn't want to drop him.

"Yes," Harper answered, jumping and yelping when he felt Tyr's teeth close on his ass. He grabbed the back of the larger man's pants and yanked the waistband up in retaliation.

"If you're hungry, you're going the wrong way for the mess area," he offered, snickering when he heard the Nietzschean's answering growl.

The bigger man sighed, shaking his head. If he'd wanted a nice, obedient mate, he'd certainly chosen the wrong man. Then again, he was pretty sure that Seamus Harper would be worth

the effort. "I'm going exactly the right way to sate the hunger I have. Though after the long abstinence, it will take some time to completely fulfill it."

Snaking a hand around Tyr's hip, Harper rubbed his palm over the hot bulge in the other man's pants, trying not to squirm too much at the thought of getting his hands on Tyr's naked flesh.

"So, mind telling me just how long it has been for you, big guy?" he asked, continuing his petting and teasing.

Tyr stiffened, his expression closing. "Since Freya. Since I betrayed my own kind for this ship and crew."

Uh-oh, bad move, Seamus.

Mind racing for a way to lighten the mood again, Harper lightened his touch to a teasing caress. "Well, since they were trying to kill us at the time, I really can't feel too sorry about that."

Shaking off his mood - after all, it was past and couldn't be changed - Tyr stroked Seamus again. "No, I cannot truly regret it. I survived, and I found my mate. And now I intend to claim my mate." He stalked through the doorway of his quarters and set Seamus back on his feet.

Hot eyes raked over the slighter man, and a hungry smile curved his lips.

Harper returned the feral smile with a cocky grin. Hooking his fingers in his tool belt, he undid the catch, letting the weight drop to the floor behind his feet. "Works for me," he murmured, dropping his outer shirt on top of the tools, his eyes still locked with Tyr's. This time he'd give in gracefully, but next time they'd see just who claimed who.

Never breaking the eye contact, the Nietzschean pulled off his chainmail shirt, pulled off his boots and pushed down the tight leather pants. Then, he slowly unfastened the leather forearm sheaths, baring his spikes to Harper's view. Naked, he slowly paced toward his mate, nostrils flaring as he took in his scent, then raised an arm to brush the still-lowered spikes lightly over his throat.

Aroused so much that even his loose pants felt tight, Harper stood still, avidly watching as each bit of Tyr's honed body was revealed to his hungry gaze. The man was... "fucking amazing."

A quiver ran through the younger man's body as he felt the brush of the trio of spikes across his neck, and he swallowed, the movement causing his Adam's apple to brush against them harder. "This some kind of ritual or something?" he asked, fighting the urge to move back a step and get away from what could be very deadly weapons.

"No," Tyr replied in a growl, "it's just fun. Tell me that it doesn't arouse you, Seamus. Tell me you don't like knowing that I could kill you but will pleasure you instead." He lowered his head, ripping Harper's undershirt off to bare his chest and nibbling on a nipple.

A stronger shudder ripped through Harper's body, and he groaned out a yes, the word lost in the sharp sound of fabric tearing. "Hey, I liked that shirt," he rasped, his back arching into the sharp nip, his hands scrabbling over Tyr's shoulders, fisting in the long braids and tugging him up for another kiss.

"I like you without that shirt," Tyr growled, returning the kiss hungrily, then returning to his explorations of his mate's body. He teased the other man into ever greater arousal, leaving marks of possession scattered over his body, marking him with his own scent in a way that another Nietzschean alpha would recognize. Harper was his! Growling again, he tugged at Seamus' pants. "If you want to keep these, I suggest you get rid of them. Now."

"Pants. Gone. Right." Hands scrabbling at his pants, Harper had them down and off in a second. "Better?" he asked, regaining some of his equilibrium since Tyr wasn't touching him as he did that.

Sliding in a circle around the larger man, the engineer whistled appreciatively. "Damn, I thought you were fine before, but now..." He trailed a hand over Tyr's back, then across his arm, before stopping in front of him again.

Tyr looked amused. "I am Nietzschean. Genetically enhanced, superior, I'm sure you've heard of us?" he teased. He moved the final step that brought him flush against the other man, their bodies pressed together from head to toe. Both cocks stiffened more, rubbing between them.

"I want to be inside you," Tyr murmured between deep, hungry kisses.

"Ha ha, sense of humor too," Harper answered, gasping as his cock slid against Tyr's thigh and hip and the taller man's prodded his abdomen.

"And inside me is good." He paused to tickle the roof of Tyr's mouth with his tongue. "Very good. Got a bed in here?" He wound a leg around the larger man, pushing upwards to bend his knee around the hard thigh.

Tyr effortlessly picked up the engineer, who wrapped his other leg around his waist for balance. "This large, flat surface would be the bed," he announced as he lowered them to the mattress, Seamus beneath him. He reached into the nightstand, withdrawing a small container of lubricant. Staring into wide blue eyes, he coated one finger and slowly worked it inside Harper.

When the other man was squirming on the invading digit, Tyr added another, and another, wanting his mate to be fully prepared for him. His fingers rubbed teasingly over Harper's prostate again and again, arousing him still more.

"Tyr, aw man, come on!" Harper twisted, trying to get Tyr's fingers in deeper. One hand slid between them circling and tightening around the larger man's erection, tensing the slightest bit at the thought of getting that inside him. Damn, genetically enhanced indeed!

Only when he was satisfied that Harper was prepared enough to take him without excessive pain did Tyr remove his fingers and position himself at his lover's opening. Even then, he still

teased some, rubbing the head of his cock against the loosened, sensitive muscle. One arm was around Seamus' shoulders, his spikes brushing lightly against his throat and his jack.

Patience never being one of his strong points, Harper managed a very credible version of Tyr's growl as his hands tightened on the other man's back. He knew there was no way that he was going to force Tyr to do anything he didn't want to, but right now they both definitely had the same goal in mind.

The engineer was getting ready to protest the delay in a more vocal manner when his whole body jerked as if he'd been jolted by electricity. Ever since getting the jack implanted in his neck, the skin there had been ultra sensitive, and when Tyr's spikes hit it... Harper jumped again, arching his now rock-hard cock against Tyr's stomach, a high keening coming out of his strained vocal chords.

"If you don't fuck me now, there's going to be hell to pay!" he snarled, surging up while pulling Tyr's face down so that they were nose to nose.

"You seem to be confused about who's the alpha here," Tyr rumbled, his teeth nipping at Seamus' lower lip. He laughed at the growl of frustration his mate made and suddenly pushed inside him to the hilt, then stilled again.

"Better?" he asked, laughter clear in his voice. Yes, Seamus was definitely going to be a worthy mate.

It took Harper a minute to answer. While the discomfort at Tyr's abrupt entrance hadn't crossed the line to pain per se, it had been a close thing, and he panted, breathing in short gasps until his body slowly relaxed, accepting the larger man.

"Getting there." The answer was accompanied by a small grin, one that grew as he shifted experimentally under Tyr. "Oh yeah, lots better now." Rocking his hips in an invitation for the other man to move, Harper nipped at the underside of Tyr's jaw, feeling the prickle of the Nietzschean's neatly trimmed facial hair against his skin.

"And don't worry, I'm not confused at all about that," he added mysteriously.

Tyr's eyes narrowed, but he really didn't want to get into a long discussion just then, so he let it slide. Instead, he concentrated on making his mate wail with pleasure, driving into him, sometimes hard and fast, sometimes long and slow, driving him to the edge and keeping him there. He raised Seamus' legs to his shoulders, opening him still more, sliding a fraction deeper.

Remembering how beautifully Harper had reacted earlier, Tyr braced one hand near the other man's head, allowing his spikes to rub against Seamus' neck, of course on the same side as his jack.

"Oh yeah, there..." Harper's vocalizations were punctuated by soft grunts and gasps as Tyr powered into him, and needy whines as the larger man denied him his climax time after time. Unable to move much because of his position, he whined, clenching his muscles around the

thick length impaling him. Snaking an arm between their bodies, Harper closed his hand around his erection.

He'd just gotten into the rhythm of their movements when Tyr got him on the neck again with his spikes, and the world went white as Harper came harder than he ever had before in his life.

Tyr knew the moment that Harper passed out, and a smug grin curved his lips. The man had definitely been claimed. He slowed down again, lazily stroking in and out of his mate until Seamus' eyes opened again. He lowered his head to take the other man's mouth, loving the sounds he made when he realized that Tyr hadn't come and was still driving into him.

"I told you," he murmured, licking at the sensitive skin around Harper's jack, "I'm a Nietzschean. We're only just getting started."

Blue eyes opened wider, and Harper couldn't stop the full body shiver that ran through him at both Tyr's actions and words. "I'm gonna die from this," he muttered, not looking at all upset by the prospect. "But what a way to go."

"Hardly. I intend to enjoy you for years to come. And for hours today." His hips continued moving gently back and forth, then he rolled to his back, supporting Harper upright above him. "Ride me, Seamus. I want to watch you pleasure yourself on me."

Back arching at the sensations brought about by the change in position, Harper sucked in a breath, letting it out slowly before giving Tyr a sensual smile. Pushing up slightly with his thighs, he held himself there, waiting to see if Tyr was going to move or not. When the other man remained still, Harper rested his hands on Tyr's broad chest, balancing himself as he began moving in earnest, both for his own pleasure and Tyr's.

Tyr took advantage of his freedom of movement to explore every available inch Seamus' body with his hands, spikes rubbing lightly against him whenever possible. "That's it, Seamus, ride me hard. Take what you want," he urged in a husky voice.

Harper paused at the apex on his movement, cocking his head to the side, then grinning. "I like the sound of that," he murmured, catching Tyr's nipples between his fingers then pinching them as he drove downward, feeling Tyr slam into him, raking over his prostate and causing his cock to twitch slightly.

Reaching out, he snagged the larger man's hand and pulled it to his cock, arching an eyebrow at Tyr's amused expression. "Well you did say for me to take what I want," Harper grinned, pushing up into that strong palm, then back onto the spike filling him.

"A quick learner. An excellent survival trait," Tyr murmured approvingly. Brown eyes fastened onto blue as his hips began to rise slightly with each downward thrust of Seamus' body, and his hand gripped his lover's cock and began to stroke it.

"What? You think Nietzscheans are the only ones who're good survivors?" Harper's shaft was beginning to come back to life again, and he purred as the pressure of Tyr's hand worked to bring him back to full erection far sooner than he would have guessed possible.

Catching the larger man's other hand, he brought it up to his lips, slowly sucking each finger into his mouth, fellating them as if they were another part of his anatomy. Harper's fingers traced patterns around the bony protuberances extending from Tyr's forearm, scratching his blunt fingernails against the base of them and feeling a shudder pass through Tyr's body as he did so.

"Clearly not." Tyr couldn't tear his eyes away from where his finger disappeared into Seamus' sucking mouth. The human was an even better choice for a mate than he could have dreamed. Even now, having come so recently, he was stirring again within the Nietzschean's hand, riding him, and sucking eagerly on his fingers. Tyr congratulated himself on seeing past the exterior to what lay beneath.

His fingers teased the shaft he held, and he enjoyed the sounds of pleasure Harper made in response.

"Good thing." Harper leaned back, letting Tyr's fingers slip from his lips, sucking one of his own into his mouth before reaching behind him to slide a digit into the valley between the larger man's asscheeks. "Cause otherwise I was gonna be seriously pissed that you didn't appreciate me for the fine specimen of humanity that I am."

Tyr's growled out laugh and the tightening of his hand around Harper's cock made the engineer grin even as he continued to rock his hips up and down, waiting until his erection was hard and throbbing before he spoke again. "But ya know, I really don't think you're taking what I said before seriously..."

Squeezing his internal muscles tight around the thick shaft filling him, Harper leaned in and kissed Tyr hard before making a quick move. Propelling himself up and back, he landed between the other man's thighs, his finger crooking to tease Tyr's prostate even as he snagged the lube, waving it in the air with his free hand. "Only fair I have you too, big man."

Tyr grinned, pleased that his lover was strong enough to demand what he wanted. "And you think I would object? Lovers should be equals, as much as possible, Harper." His hips rose, taking the finger deeper inside himself as he tightened around it. "So take me if you can," he demanded hotly.

"If?" Harper tilted his head, arching his eyebrows at the same time that he pulled back just enough to add another finger, his eyes darkening at the thought of how that pressure would feel around him. "Oh ye of little faith!"

Pushing up on his knees, the engineer leaned in, kissing his new lover with unrestrained delight even as he slicked up his own cock with the lube. "And I suppose I can lower myself to be your equal - for now." Snickering, Harper hooked his arms under Tyr's thighs and pressed inward, wondering if the top was going to blow off his head at the amazing feeling of being inside the Nietzschean.

"Lowering yourself would be good." The big Nietzschean's growl was all the warning Harper got before two hands curved over his buttocks and yanked him down, driving him into Tyr to the root. A rumbling purr of satisfaction escaped the bigger man, and his hips rose, seemingly trying to draw Seamus in farther.

"Very good," he repeated huskily, raising his head to feed on his human lover's mouth hungrily.

Harper laughed, the sound high and breathless to his own ears. "And raising myself too?"

Pushing back against the breadth of Tyr's palms, Harper let his body dictate his actions, rocking back and forth even as he slid a hand between them and circled Tyr's cock, hoping to bring the larger man off as he came this time.

Tyr bit back a groan, his legs spreading a fraction wider. His eyes met Harper's, and he smiled. His body rose to Harper's touch, meeting every thrust, and a growl of pleasure rumbled through him as the smaller man worked his cock, increasing his pleasure. He could feel his balls rising and tightening as his climax approached, and he clamped down around his lover, wanting to bring him with him.

"Ya know," Harper gasped, each inward thrust accompanied by a low groan as he tried to stave off his impending climax. "For an alpha, you're a damn good bottom boy." His laughter dissolved into a moan as he felt his body tighten and the first spurts of seed against his palm as Tyr came too.

"Tactics," Tyr replied smugly as he suddenly flipped them over so his weight pinned Harper to the bed. "And for our mutual pleasure," he purred, stroking Harper's shoulders. Definitely a worthy lover, he mused, smiling. To think he'd almost overlooked the human as insignificant. He shook his head slightly, then kissed Seamus lingeringly.

Once they'd broken apart again, Harper grinned up at Tyr as he ran his hands up and down the larger man's back. "Tactics, eh? Okay, I'll buy that one." His smirk said he didn't at all. "But the pleasure thing... Oh yeah, you kept up with me, I have to give you points for that."

Tyr stared blankly at him for a long moment before he finally burst into laughter. "I wasn't aware we were keeping score," he said when the last chuckles had died away. "You are a very interesting human. I look forward to learning more about you."

He shifted slightly to the side, moving some of his weight off of Harper and allowing him more room to breathe. His hands lazily petted his mate's body. He could feel his own seed drying on his back where Harper's stroking hands had smeared it, and he smiled faintly.

One moment the two men were lying nestled together in the bed, and the next Tyr was standing beside the bed with his somewhat dazed mate in his arms. Smirking at Seamus' expression, Tyr strode over to the inner room, coming to a halt beside the shower. He let Harper slide to his feet, still held tightly against his side, as he turned on the shower and set it to a temperature he thought the human would find comfortable.

"Hey, you ever heard of letting a guy lounge around in post-coital bliss?" Harper griped - something that didn't last long when the heated water hit his skin and Tyr began washing him. "Okay, this works too."

Managing to twist an arm to get some of the soap himself, Harper then began working a lather up on Tyr's broad chest, admiring the contrast of the white foam and the dark skin

beneath it. "So I'm interesting, eh? Don't know whether to be flattered or annoyed, cause if you thought I was boring before..." He trailed off menacingly, poking Tyr in the belly when he looked amused.

"I don't think anyone would ever call you boring, Harper," Tyr responded dryly, running his hands over his mate's body. Touching Seamus and feeling the other man touch him was having a predictable effect on his body, and he moved closer, pinning the blond against the shower wall. He pressed his erection against Harper's belly while he lowered his head to lick the puckered flesh around his implant, big hands curving over Seamus' buttocks.

"Damn right," Harper laughed, the sound turning into a purr when Tyr's hands and mouth began moving over him again. "And if they did, they'd be lying."

He sighed, leaning his head against the shower wall, shuddering as Tyr teased the tender skin around his jack. "Oh... fuck... keep that up, and I could come just from that." Arching forward, he rubbed the smooth skin of his stomach against the larger man's cock, one leg rising up to wrap around Tyr's thigh.

"Really?" Tyr asked with amusement clear in his voice. "And then again when I take you? How very interesting." He began to lick the tender skin around the implant in earnest, his teeth occasionally scraping the ridge of flesh encircling the jack.

"You planning on letting me eat or drink anything in between all this fucking?" Harper asked, only half-kidding. At this pace, he'd be a dried up husk come morning, and as pleasant as getting there might be, it was not how he wanted to spend the rest of his life!

The engineer would have kept up this line of reasoning, but Tyr's attention to the skin around his jack caused his brain to shut down. Harper moaned, shuddering as the pleasure and slight pain combined to leave him trembling, his hands clenched around Tyr's arms, his hips gyrating as he ground his cock against the Nietzschean.

"That comes next," Tyr purred, the tip of his tongue now tracing the outer edge of the implant. "But we have some things to take care of first. You said something about coming from just this?" he murmured, blowing on the damp flesh.

"D-damn...should have known you'd take that as a challenge," Harper groaned, his head falling back and to the side, giving Tyr full access to the side of his neck. Each pass of the other man's tongue over the junction of skin and metal sent sparks of fire flashing through him. The warm water of the shower beat at his back, running down the crack of his ass, teasing the still tender flesh much as Tyr's hands and body were teasing the rest of him. "Need...hard...bite..."

"A Nietzschean takes everything as a challenge." Tyr bit down on the raised skin and pulled Harper harder against him at the same time, then curved his hands over the human's buttocks to raise him up while he feasted on the sensitive area. He held the blond still, not letting him rub or get any other stimulation aside from Tyr's mouth on his neck.

Normally, that would have been the perfect opening for a wisecrack, but all Harper could do was moan, his legs growing weaker as the layers of stimulation built. "Fuck! Tyr!" he wailed

when the larger man bit him again, his toes scrabbling for purchase on the slick floor before he painted both their stomachs with the heat of his seed, his fingers digging into the hard muscle of Tyr's back.

Going limp, his head rolling forward to rest against Tyr's shoulder, Harper managed to dredge up a tiny residual of energy. "Remind me to challenge you more often," he chuckled before sighing, in a state of total bliss.

"It will be my pleasure," Tyr purred, easily lifting Harper and lowering him onto his erection, the human still loose from their earlier play as well as his climax. Ignoring the faint mewl of exhausted protest, Tyr raised and lowered Harper on his cock, then pressed his back against the wall of the shower enclosure to thrust into him.

Whimpering softly, Harper leaned his head back against the wall and closed his eyes. Tremors of pleasure were still coursing through his body, so all he could do was to hang onto Tyr's shoulders and ride out the waves as the larger man powered into him, growling under his breath.

Tyr pounded into his smaller lover, his control shredded by the sight of Harper totally submissive to him for the moment, and he latched onto the blond's mouth, his tongue plunging inside to claim this part of him as well. He growled, arm spikes lightly scraping against Harper's back and sides, pulling back slightly to let Harper breathe, his lower lip caught between Tyr's teeth as the Nietzschean tugged sensually. Finally, he couldn't hold back any longer, and he bit down on Harper's shoulder as he came, shaking, momentarily slightly weak-kneed.

Pain registered in Harper's shoulder and sides, but he couldn't bring himself to complain at that moment, he just felt too good. He had recovered enough by then to grin at Tyr, winding his hands in the other man's hair to tug his head up. "Told you I'd wear you out," he smirked, kissing the Nietzschean hard before he could respond.

Tyr growled again, but he was feeling too contented to try very hard to intimidate his irrepressible lover. He turned the water off and stepped out, still holding Harper in his arms, not even setting him down when they stood under the heaters to dry off. He carried Harper back to the bed, smiling faintly at the way the engineer looked with his hair standing on end.

"I think we could use something to eat," he suggested, reclining comfortably on the bed, Harper draped over him.

"Aside from each other?" Harper asked, winking. He pushed up onto his elbows, trailing one finger over the larger man's broad chest before leaning in and nipping at the hard muscle. "Food sounds really good, you're gonna have to keep up your energy if you want to keep up with me."

One dark eyebrow rose, and the smug smirk on the Nietzschean's face made it clear that he wasn't worried. "Indeed," he snorted. "Regardless, unless we want rather more attention than is comfortable from our shipmates, we should dress so we can go get something." He smiled faintly as he imagined the others' reactions if he and Harper were to stroll around the ship naked and aroused.

Harper glanced around the room, then met Tyr's raised eyebrow with one of his own. "You leave anything of my clothes for me to wear?" Grumbling faintly, he slid off the other man and the bed, landing on the floor and muttering curses at the chill floor beneath his bare feet.

Finding his clothes, Harper dragged them on, all except for his t-shirt which hadn't survived Tyr's handling. "Man, I liked that one too, it was vintage!"

Now that the show was over, Tyr stood up, stretched, stepped into his leather pants and boots and was ready to go. "You look better without it," he said, eyeing the bare chest under the loose shirt, then reaching out to pet him. "Are you comfortable with this? It would be difficult but not impossible to keep it secret."

Unable to help himself, Harper leaned into Tyr's touch, almost purring as he did so. "Well, I'm a little tender, but otherwise..." Unable to maintain a serious expression any longer, the engineer gave into laughter and leaned against Tyr's chest until he could breathe again.

"I'm cool, what about you? Think Dylan's going to look at us cross-eyed now? I know Beka, Trance and Rev won't care, but Rommie... Shit!" Wondering if the AI had checked on either of their locations in the last couple of hours, he glanced around Tyr's room, frowning slightly.

Hearing her name, Rommie flickered into visibility in the room, smirking at the two men. "Very impressive, Harper. I never knew you had it in you."

Tyr almost choked trying not to laugh at the comment and the expression on Harper's face. "He didn't until just a little while ago," he replied with a straight face. "But it will be again soon."

Harper fought down the urge to hide his face in his hands and sink to the floor, curl up in a ball and hide. "Jealous that you weren't the one on the receiving end of some prime Harper lovin', Rommie doll?" he asked jauntily, sliding an arm around Tyr's waist and grabbing his ass.

The AI looked perplexed, then shook her head and blinked out again, leaving the two men alone. "Was it something I said?" he asked innocently.

Tyr only shook his head, chuckling. "Of course not," he replied, then kissed Harper hard. "Food, human. Even Nietzscheans need some nourishment occasionally." He turned Harper toward the doorway and urged him on with a slight push. It would be interesting to see how the others reacted. Especially Trance. He'd sometimes wondered if there was something developing between Harper and her, and now he wondered if Harper realized that he was not going to share.

"Why do I think you're going to enjoy this?" Harper asked, looking over his shoulder, both eyebrows arched upward. Tyr just laughed again and gave him a light push to get them moving toward the mess.

When they entered the room, Beka looked up from the schematics she was studying and nodded, then looked away before snapping her eyes back up, studying them narrowly. "Well,

that's two down," Harper muttered, waiting to see what the reaction would be from the rest of the crew.

Deciding to get this over with, Tyr looked around, checking that everyone was there, then pulled Harper to him and kissed him hard. In the dead silence, Tyr looked at Harper inquisitively. "What would you like?"

"You." The answer was out before Harper could even think about what he said, and he shrugged, grinning, before coming up with a totally ludicrous suggestion as to what to eat given what they had in stock.

"It looks like you had the first one already," Trance giggled, beaming at the two men before holding out a hand palm up to Dylan, Beka and Rev, bouncing in her seat when the grumbling trio paid up.

Tyr eyed the others, debating, then decided that he did want to know. "Were you betting whether we'd end up together or when?" He ignored the strange sound from Harper, waiting for the reply.

"When," Rev replied, never having doubted it.

"If," Dylan said with a glare. He'd never believed that Tyr would accept Harper, but at least this would eliminate the competition with Beka.

"I wasn't gambling," Trance giggled. "I never gamble." With a final smirk at the others, she subsided, watching the two men.

Tyr smiled faintly, moving away to get some food, picking up something for Harper as well since he'd noticed that left to himself, the engineer tended to avoid the more nutritious foods that his health required.

Giving up glaring at the others, Harper wrinkled his nose at the array of wholesome, natural foods Tyr plunked down in front of him. "What is this?" he asked, shoving the plate away as if it held something contagious.

"Carrots, parsnips, Vedran roots, broccoli, and Perseid tomatoes," Trance supplied helpfully, pointing out each one with her fork. "You'd know that if you ate more of them."

"There's a reason I don't know what they are. I don't like them." Chin set resolutely, Harper crossed his arms over his chest, glancing over at Dylan and Beka's plates, hoping they had something more edible on them.

Tyr leaned forward and whispered in Harper's ear, making him blush scarlet. Sitting back, he smiled smugly when Harper picked up a carrot and bit into it. He ignored the curious expression on Beka's face, having no intention of telling them that he'd told Harper that he liked the flavor vegetables gave his semen. Judging by Trance's grin, though, her hearing was better than he'd suspected.

Lifting the disgustingly healthy looking vegetable toward his mouth to take another bite, Harper paused and turned his head to look at Tyr sharply. "How would you know that when you haven't even tasted it yet?" he asked sweetly, biting down on the crunchy carrot with a vengeance.

"Past experience with other people," Tyr replied smugly. Seeing Harper's eyes narrow, he added, "The Nietzschean sense of taste is superior as well. And I happen to like vegetables. Perhaps there's something not inimical to humanoid life that you enjoy the flavor of?" he suggested.

"Sparky Cola. Beer." Noting that neither of those changed Tyr's expectant expression, Harper shook his head before leaning closer. "You. Oh wait, that doesn't qualify, does it?"

"No," Tyr replied dryly, "I think you might require something with a bit more nutritional value, intriguing though your last suggestion may be. That's something we'll want to explore in more detail... after you eat something good for you." He smiled toothily, arms crossed, clearly prepared to stay there until Harper did what he wanted.

Giving the rest of his ship-mates his best pathetic look earned Harper no sympathy, and he sighed heartily. "The things a guy has to do to get laid..."

Trance opened her mouth, and he raised a finger warningly. "Not a word about that, got it?"

"About what, Harper?" she asked, giggling and winking at Beka, who was smothering a smile of her own.

Tyr sighed and shook his head. Humans -- and apparently purple beings -- had far too much prurient interest in others' love lives. Watching Harper's slow progress, he resorted to bribery. "If you finish that, you can pick what we do later... or choose the beverage of your choice," he added, shuddering slightly at the thought of the sickly sweet Sparky Cola. Nietzscheans were designed to ingest almost anything, but that pushed the boundaries.

"Well thank you, Mr. Big Shot," Harper snorted but dug into the rest of his vegetables with a gusto only slightly belied by the faces he made with each bite. Once he was done, he held the plate up for everyone's inspection. "See? I ate them. Happy?"

Tyr leaned forward, curled one hand around the nape of Harper's neck, and pulled him into a deep, wet, claiming kiss. He didn't release the engineer until he had remapped every single inch of Harper's mouth and the blond was panting for breath, blue eyes dazed. "Very happy," he said calmly, only the heat of his gaze belying his cool exterior... at least so long as he didn't have to stand up.

"Uhhh..." Catching his breath, Harper blinked, then glanced downward before smiling. "I can see that. Care to share the joy around?"

"Not particularly, no," Tyr replied dryly. "I think you're more than able to handle it all on your own." Deciding that Harper was likely to continue playing to their audience as long as Tyr would stay, the big Nietzschean stood up, his erection clearly visible through the tight leather pants. "Care to join me?" he counter-offered, smiling faintly.

Eyeing the appealing bulge that was now pretty much in line with his eyes, Harper shrugged. "I dunno. Those vegetables were so damn good I may stay and have seconds..."

"Well, if you prefer," Tyr shrugged in turn, heading for the door. "Perhaps I'll just start without you then..."

Harper moved so quickly he almost fell on the floor as he climbed over the bench. "Oh no, you won't! No starting anything unless I'm there, buddy. Got it?" Half-staggering, half-running after the Nietzschean, Harper caught up to Tyr, grabbing a hold of the larger man and managing to yank him around and down for a kiss - though he had the feeling that Tyr allowed him to do it.

Somehow managing to prevent the smug smirk from making its way to his face, Tyr responded to the kiss whole-heartedly, his arms going around Seamus to raise him up to his level, and he resumed his course toward his room as they seemingly tried to swallow each other.

Squirming so that he could wind his legs around Tyr's waist, Harper finally pulled back, out of breath once again. His hard on was rubbing against Tyr's flat belly with every step they took, and he wondered if he was going to come in his pants before they got somewhere private. "Asshole," he growled, glaring up into Tyr's dark eyes. "You did that on purpose. Now get us out of this hallway now!"

"I always do everything on purpose," Tyr admitted matter-of-factly. "And if you haven't noticed, I am getting us out of this hallway. We're almost at my room, and once we get there..." His voice trailed off suggestively, and he licked his lips as he eyed the blond.

"Going to give me something to get the taste of those damn vegetables out of my mouth?" Harper suggested. He managed to unbalance himself slightly so that each step Tyr took rubbed his cock harder against his lover's belly, the slight friction provided by the small chain mail rings even through the cloth of his pants enough of a turn on to make his cock spill drops of pre-come and dampen the fabric.

"I did say you could have the beverage of your choice... that cola you like so much or me," Tyr reminded him, noticing Harper's repositioning and assisting by curving his hands under Harper's ass to press him more tightly against his own body. He would be grateful to get out of these damnably tight pants and inside Harper's even tighter body, and thank the progenitors, there was the door to his room!

That was no choice at all, and the moment they were out of the hallway and in Tyr's room, Harper was wiggling out of Tyr's arms and to the floor. Nimble fingers undoing, then pulling opening the fastenings on Tyr's pants, Harper let his hands roam, stroking and exposing the smooth flesh of the other man's cock to his hungry gaze.

"That, Tyr-babe, is no choice at all. Get on the bed, I'm thirsty!" That said, Harper proceeded to strip out of his own clothes, tossing them around in wild abandon and tapping his foot impatiently when Tyr was too slow to comply with his demand.

"Demanding, aren't you?" the Nietzschean laughed, slowly stripping off his clothing and neatly folding and putting it away, knowing it was frustrating the human. "You need to learn to wait for your prey to come to you," he teased even as he sprawled on the bed, his arousal plain to see.

"What prey?" Harper snorted. "I want sex, not a jungle hunt!" Shaking his head at Tyr's way of turning everything into a matter of survival or a competition, he crawled onto the bed, eyeing the feast laid out before him. "Though eating you does sound like a good idea..."

Starting at Tyr's left foot, Harper nibbled and licked and tasted his way up his lover's leg, stopping short of his groin before moving to the right leg to repeat the same treatment. "Mmmm, lots better than vegetables," he murmured. "Almost better than chocolate."

His eyebrows rising almost to his hairline, Tyr wasn't sure whether to be complimented or insulted. "Only almost?" he questioned, hips rising slightly in search of the warm mouth that had been so close only moments before. "I'll have to work on that." He watched Harper feast on him, and the sight only fueled his arousal, making him more eager for his mate. His erection twitched and slapped against his belly, anxious for Harper to touch it.

Hearing Tyr's indignation, Harper chuckled. "So far anyway. I'll let you know if you surpass it. It's a big challenge though." Looking up at Tyr for a moment, blue eyes sparkling with mirth, Harper nibbled the thinner skin on the inside of his lover's thigh before moving up again, tasting Tyr's stomach and the hollows to the inside of his hipbones, but still ignoring the jutting erection that so blatantly demanded his attention.

"You, Seamus Harper, are a tease," Tyr stated, fingers getting a grip on the surprisingly soft, spiky blond hair and tugging Harper's mouth toward where he wanted it. "You said something about wanting drink me?" he reminded, one leg restlessly rubbing along the outside of Harper's.

"And you, Tyr Anasazi, member of the Kodiak Pride, are too impatient for your own good." Harper gave into the increasing pressure on his head and flicked his tongue across the head of Tyr's cock. He had to fight to keep from moaning and diving in for another, more thorough taste. "I want to drink you after I taste you all over. And there's a lot of you to taste, don't ya know."

Eyes sparkling with amusement at Harper's attempts to take charge, the Nietzschean lay back, arms folded behind his head, and smiled. "Go ahead, then," he invited, knowing exactly what he looked like, stretched out against the pale sheets. "I'm all yours."

"Damn right you are!" Harper growled, wondering if his aching cock would ever forgive him for making it wait so long when all it wanted was to be rubbed up against the miles of hard, warm flesh there before him.

Taking a deep breath and muttering, "Down, boy," Harper continued his explorations, discovering the flat plains of Tyr's stomach, the indentation of his navel, the hills of his ribs and the tiny mountains of his nipples. The last, he stayed at for quite a while, mapping and re-mapping the tight peaks until he could almost feel the tension coming off of Tyr in waves.

Tyr wanted nothing more than to grab Harper, flip him over, and drive into him, claiming him until neither of them could move, but he forced himself to lie still. Seemingly sprawled at ease, his hands were actually clenched into fists behind his head, every muscle was rock hard with tension, and he was so aroused he was practically quivering.

"I don't think anything's going down any time soon," he growled in response to Harper's muttered comment.

"Wasn't talking to you," Harper muttered in between strokes of his tongue and nips of his teeth. "You just stay right like you are until I'm good and ready for you, got it?"

With that, he made it up to Tyr's neck, nibbling the tender flesh at the base of his ear, then in along his jawline.

The Nietzschean growled, his arousal spiking with every teasing move Harper made. "Then get ready. I am." He arched upward, pressing his straining erection against his lover in illustration. He'd never imagined how torturous it could be to force himself to lie still while Harper slowly drove him insane with lust.

Chuckling quietly, Harper raked his teeth over the prominent bulge of Tyr's Adam's apple, feeling it move beneath his mouth as his lover swallowed. "I didn't mean ready that way, Tyr old chap. If that was the case, I'd be in you or riding you already. I meant mentally ready, and that might take a while."

Narrowed brown eyes fixed dangerously on the teasing human. "Am I to take that to mean that there are times when you don't want me?" he demanded, knowing full well what Harper actually meant. "If that's so, it seems I will have to try harder to convince you that we belong together." He remained still despite his immense arousal, wanting to see what Harper would do next.

"Could do that." Harper bit back a smile as he flicked his tongue along one of Tyr's collarbones. "Bribes work well too y'know. Good beer, good food, maybe some fine looking women... Anything along those lines."

"Women?" Tyr snarled and suddenly flipped them over, the big Nietzschean now pinning his lover to the bed with his body weight. "As a point of interest, little man, it's never wise to discuss others you might want while in my bed!" Determined to wipe the very idea of other lovers from Harper's mind, Tyr mounted a sensual campaign, licking, biting, sucking, stroking, pinching, and petting every inch of the blond's body.

"Wha-oohhh yeah..." Harper's exclamation changed into a drawn out groan as Tyr turned the tables - as well as his body - switching from being the seducee to the seducer in one quick move. "Didn't - oh shit, there - mean that I wanted them, just - Fuck! - that they'd be nice scenery."

Tyr growled around the hard cock in his mouth, pulling back to glare down at the squirming engineer. "Concentrate on the scenery you have or it might move elsewhere," he rumbled, rising up onto his knees, hands still busily arousing and tormenting Harper.

On the verge of outrage, Harper shook his head and began to laugh, though it changed to moans somewhere about the time Tyr's hand circled his cock. "Man, you aren't scenery, you're a whole damn vista," he gasped, squirming so that he could wrap his arms around Tyr's neck, pulling on the larger man until he leaned in for a kiss. "Acres and acres to explore."

Laughing as well, Tyr curled a hand around the back of Harper's neck, giving him additional support as he kissed him thoroughly. His fingers delved between the taut cheeks, finding the tight opening and pushing inside. Stroking deep within his lover, Tyr set out to drive the human mad with lust.

Whimpering, whining, and thrashing around as much as his position allowed him, Harper cursed at his lover in a variety of languages including some words he'd made up himself. "Fucking oneupsmanship, will you just fuck me already!"

"I don't think you'd be very happy later if I didn't stop for lube first," Tyr pointed, then hooked a finger over Harper's prostate. While the echoes of the engineer's cry were still bouncing around the room, he picked up the small container from the drawer of the bedside table, slicked himself, and pushed inside the tight, clinging channel.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, get the grease gun and get to work," Harper snarked before giving a full body shudder when Tyr entered him with little warning. "Oh yeah, gonna be feeling that for days," he purred. "And liking it."

"Which will remind you who you belong to," Tyr rumbled, lowering his head to bite sharply at the hard nipple, tugging the rigid nubbin. "I'll keep you too exhausted to look at anyone else." He rammed forward, then drew back till only the head remained inside his lover, hovering there teasingly.

"Not even Rommie?" the engineer asked before yelping when Tyr bit him again. "Okay, okay, no ogling anyone but the big, sexy, sadistic Nietzschean, okay? Happy now? I know I will be if you'd do something!" Worming a hand between them, Harper circled his own cock, deciding that if Tyr wasn't going to give him a hand here, he was just going to have to make due himself.

Sitting upright again, Tyr gripped Harper's hips to keep him from being pushed away, then began to thrust into him, only his hips moving. "That's it, Seamus, do yourself, let me see you make yourself come," he rasped, eyes fixed on the hand curled around Harper's erection.

Groaning, Harper tilted his head up to lock gazes with Tyr, focusing all his attention on the other man as he stroked his own cock, feathering light touches over the head then sliding a firmer stroke down his whole length. Each time Tyr thrust inward, he shuddered, his ass clenching down around his lover's cock, even after all his protesting, wanting to delay the inevitable as long as possible.

Slowly, the muscles in his abdomen drawn into taut relief, Tyr leaned forward over Harper until he could kiss him. Hips still moving lazily, he too tried to draw this out, to make it last as long as human and Nietzschean endurance could make it. "I love you," he whispered so quietly it was almost inaudible.

Blinking, Harper gave a pained laugh and his hand stilled on his aching erection as, for the moment, he was distracted from it. "Man, all the blood is definitely rushing to the other head because I thought I just heard you say..." The expression in Tyr's dark eyes told Harper that, despite the lack of blood to his brain, his hearing had been just fine.

"Love?" he squeaked. "Oh man, that's bad, everyone the Harper loves has bad things happen to them. Don't do it, it's bad karma, it's... too late." Helpless, he managed to sit up by tightening the arm he had around Tyr's neck. "Don't you fucking... love you too," he muttered, holding on as tightly as possible.

Now moving harder, unable to hold back any longer, Tyr freed one hand to wrap the arm around Harper, pulling him closer. "Never going to let you go," he growled. "Mine!" He practically roared the last word as he came, claiming his lover once again.

The shift in position slammed Tyr's cock against Harper's prostate, and that combined with the forceful declaration of possession tipped Harper over the edge. Hot semen pulsed between them even as he felt Tyr coming within him, and even then his hold didn't loosen. "Never," he whispered, continuing to kiss Tyr until he finally had to collapse back onto the bed.

Tyr sprawled atop his lover, holding him tightly until the gasps reminded him that Harper had to breathe. Maintaining his grip on the smaller man, he rolled to one side, ending up with Harper lying on him, the blond head tucked under his chin.

"I meant what I said," he said quietly, slowly stroking the other man's back. "I love you."

"Not that I'm complaining about that fact or anything, and I know the Harper is eminently lovable, but didn't that happen really fast?" Harper rested his arms on Tyr's broad chest and looked down at him, his fingers playing with one of Tyr's braids.

"Should say for both of us I suppose."

Tyr looked almost sheepish. "Not really. I've been... interested... since I first met you, but I tried to ignore it. I should have known better than to think that anything to do with you could be ignored," he finished dryly.

Harper smirked, then leaned in to brush a gentle kiss across Tyr's lips. "Damn straight, and damn glad you got smart. I - I wouldn't have had the guts to do it."

"You're braver than you give yourself credit for," Tyr replied, still stroking Harper's back. "You survived growing up on Earth exceedingly well, and I think you would rise to any challenge. But I think we shall do well together," he said consideringly. Even had there been anyone else on the ship he would have considered as a mate, he thought he still would have chosen Harper.

"Doubt I'll be rising to any 'challenge' for a while," Harper answered by way of deflecting the conversation to other topics. "Not without some rest anyway."

"And I think a shower would be best before that rest," Tyr pointed out, making a face as the cooling seed between them slowly dried and grew itchy. "And then in the morning... or a few hours... we can see what you're up to."

Harper groaned. "Why do you have this obsession with moving when all I want to do is lie here in my enjoyable blessed out state? Is being immaculate part of the genetic code?"

Faced with cleaning up or enjoying a warm, sated bundle of Harper in his arms, Tyr made the obvious choice. "Go to sleep, Seamus. We can clean up in the morning."

Sighing happily, Harper sprawled out on top of Tyr, his eyes already closing. "Knew you were smart as well as gorgeous," he muttered.

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