

## The Ride

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# The Ride

by [Kayljay](#)

## Summary

John takes Alex for a ride.

## Notes

The idea from this story came from the JAG ep "Back in the Saddle" (Season Nine) with Harm on a beautiful old red Indian motorcycle, a picture of Robert Patrick done up as James Dean sent to me by my muse Rachelle, (which had the Eagles song "James Dean" running through my head for about four days) and some hot and angsty WIP D/K fic (Poke, poke, Ms. B) Stir together with some praise from Rachelle, and this is what my mind came up with. (And it's always in the gutter)



**Banner by heart\_cries**

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Where the hell was he? Alex hated to wait, especially exposed like this on the sidewalk. But when his lover had called him and made his request in that voice reserved only for him, how could he say no?

The thrum of a well-tuned motorcycle engine caught his attention.

No way.

The red Indian cycle pulled up to the curb and stopped. Alex watched as his lover pulled off his helmet and raked fingers through his hair and grinned at Alex's amazement. Blue eyes sparkled.

"Wanna ride?" John Doggett said.

They were out of town before Alex was aware of more than the vibration of the cycle beneath him and John wrapped in his arms. He was perfectly content to breathe in the scent of his lover mixed with leather. It was one of the few times the combination had occurred outside the bedroom.

He felt the rumble of John's laughter beneath his chin and squeezed the other man tighter. The bastard knew exactly what he was doing to him, even if he didn't have the obvious evidence of a hard-on pressed against his ass.

When the bike rumbled off concrete and on to a dirt road, Alex finally gave attention to their surroundings. Autumn sunlight caught the golds and reds of the leaves. He squeezed John's shoulder to get his attention, but his lover only nodded. Okay, he got it. Be patient.

Yeah, right.

Even as the thought ran through his head, John slowed the bike to a crawl and turned down a barely visible trail through the trees. At its end, the trees thinned, leaving only a broad expanse of grass overlooking a river.

When Alex didn't move, John slid off the bike, pulled off his helmet and looked back.

"We're here."

"Where exactly are we?"

John put his hands on his hips and smirked.

"You mean you weren't paying attention?"

Alex tore his helmet off and climbed off the bike stalking toward his lover.

"You know damn well I wasn't." He pulled his lover's lips down to him, drinking him in. When he finally pulled away, the smirk on John's face was gone.

"Goddamn, Lex, I missed you."

"Then why are you still dressed? Or did you bring me out here for a picnic?"

"No," he growled, sending a shiver through Alex.

He watched as Doggett let the leather jacket slide off his shoulders. He blinked when Alex made no move to approach. "You

going to make me do this myself?"

Alex nodded, watching as the other man hesitated, smiling to himself as the silver-blue eyes went darker.

The white tee shirt was dragged over his head and dropped on top of the jacket. Alex watched, spellbound as John slowly undid his belt. The heavy silver buckle landed with a thud. Alex stared at the belt for a long second, debating before looking back up into John's startled eyes.

"Not today," he whispered and watched as some of the tension released from John's shoulders.

Amazing. It was if the man could read his mind, see his vision of John kneeling before him, flinching at every strike of the belt. But he was a patient man. That John had called him today, brought him here, it was more than enough.

John's hands trembled slightly as he unfastened the fly of the well-worn jeans. Smiling at Alex's gasp as his cock struggled free of the restraint. Before he could push the denim down, Alex strode up to him, fell to his knees and yanked the pants down around his ankles and took his cock into his mouth.

John rocked back on his heels with a gasp at the assault, but Alex's strong hands gripped his waist and steadied him.

His fingers slid through Alex's hair, over his nape and gripped his shoulders. He wanted so much just to let go, but he had other ideas and coming down Alex's throat was not one of them.

"Lex," he husked, pushing gently against his shoulders.

With a little growl, the younger man pulled away, looking none too happy about the interruption.

John stepped back, giving his lover's hair a caress before walking back over to the bike.

Alex watched him walk away, arousal fed by the sight of those long legs and tight ass.

"What are you doing?" he asked quietly.

He didn't answer, didn't look at Alex as he straddled the end of the seat, bent at the waist and clutched the handlebars.

Alex's breath left him in a rush. God, what a picture, that long lean body spread over the machine, ready for his taking. He got

to his feet, approaching with caution, afraid that he was dreaming.

Fingers trailed over the heaving rib cage.

"Lex." It was a desperate whisper. "Please."

Usually Alex had the patience of ten men when it came to seducing his lover, but this time it was John's seduction, the bike, the leather, their journey here had been part of the foreplay. He was long past the need for more arousal.

As he undressed, John lifted his head, laying a cheek against his arm to watch.

"Wear the jacket?" he asked when Alex was naked.

He hesitated, sure he had heard wrong, but he slid into the leather.

John's eyes bored into him, then slid closed.

"Fuck me, Lex," he husked.

Alex trailed his fingers down John's body as he walked to the back of the bike. Straddling the rear tire, he was amazed to see the seat was the perfect height. Bending, he stroked the hard thighs, thumbs opening John for a kiss.

"I like the way you think, Dog," he breathed before he applied lips and tongue to him.

Alex watched over the rise of John's ass as his head was flung back.

"Lex--shit--no!" John tried to struggle away, but his hips were held still by Alex's fingers.

"You getting bashful on me, John?" Alex breathed against the pucker.

"God, no!" he laughed painfully even as a tremor shook down his body. Narrowed eyes peered over his shoulder. "I want to come with you in me, Lex."

"But I was in you, Dog," he teased, relaxing.

"Son of a-- fuck me damnit, or I swear to god--"

"What, John?" When he didn't answer, Alex flicked his tongue. "You'll get dressed? Get yourself off?"

"This will work just as well with you over the seat, Krycek."

Alex had never let a bottom goad him into anything, but John was so far removed from anything in his experience. The man could top him.

But Alex had never let him and John had never asked, even hinted, until now. The idea was seductive.

And impossible.

John was still watching him when he opened his eyes.

"Lex?" There was genuine concern in that voice.

He let a slow smile spread across his face. "Yes, I do like the way you think, Dog," and without warning, plunged into him, twisting his hips until there was no space between them, then fitted his chest to John's back.

As he pressed his lips next to John's ear he could hear the curses breathed from those stubborn lips as he desperately held on to his control.

"You hate that I can do this to you, don't you?" Alex whispered.

"No," he ground out, eyes opening to meet Alex's, "I fucking hate it that I can't do it to you." He twisted enough to brush a kiss across Alex's open mouth. "Now fuck me."

Alex snapped his mouth shut, but it didn't stop his lower lip from quivering.

He didn't know, Alex realized. He'd been so busy keeping the older man from seeing how hard he'd fallen, John had no idea it had ceased to be just sex a long time ago.

So without lifting away from John's back, he took slow short strokes into him, caressing his chest, playing with his nipples.

When John tried to move against him, Alex screwed him motionless into the seat and viciously pinched a nipple to focus the older man.

"Uh uh," he growled, "you spread yourself on this seat for me so I could take what I wanted. Don't worry, Dog, you'll get it hard and fast when I'm good and ready."

"Damn you, Alex."

"Oh lover, didn't I warn you the first time I was no good, that I'd drag you down in the gutter with me? Now lie there and take it."

He managed to keep the slow pace a few minutes longer, but he wanted John to come with him moving fast and hard.

"So good, " he purred, "Hang on tight, Dog, I'm ready for the real ride."

The first penetration shook John and the bike. Alex gasped as John's muscles locked around him as they steadied the bike.

"Oh fuck, Dog, that feels so good."

The heat and tightness seduced him away from reality. John's shout told him he found his prostate. He angled higher so the ridge on his cock flicked it with every pass.

Each thrust tore another cry from John's throat, deepening the rasp of that sandpaper voice until the cries merged and John shook and bucked beneath him.

The grip around his cock grew incredibly impossibly tighter and as much as he wanted to hold on to watch John come, his body gave him no choice as the orgasm bent him double.

He blinked. His head was pillowed between John's shoulder blades, and he could still feel the aftershocks of his lover's orgasm.

Sliding his arms around John's chest and waist, Alex helped him stand and steady the bike before sliding them backward off the seat until John could lean against it with shaking arms and legs.

After a few minutes, John trailed a finger through his seed spattered across the seat. He took a taste then offered some to Alex, who pulled it from his fingers with his lips.

"Well and truly christened now," John husked, smiling softly, giving Alex his profile. "I thought my balls would petrify before I got you on this baby."

"Huh?"

"I bought the bike right before you left town."

Alex gaped. That had been three weeks ago.

"You haven't gotten off in three weeks?"



John shook his head.

Alex pulled away and turned the man in his arms. "I'm sorry, don't get me wrong, I'm flattered, but ?"

John's grin turned wicked, "I figured you'd appreciate my sacrifice properly."

Alex flashed a wicked smile back and gave John a long kiss before stepping away and crouching on his heels.

Jade eyes watched John through thick lashes as Alex's tongue flicked out, cleaning the seat.

John moved on legs he was afraid were going to buckle any second and ran his knuckles down Alex's spine. When the younger man rocked on the balls of his feet John splayed his fingers to steady him.

When the last of John's seed was gone, Alex twisted on the balls of his feet and fell to his knees with a groan. He let his eyes take long leisurely stroll up John's body.

John's hands cupped his head and pulled his ass off his heels. Alex reached up and met his mouth, but when he tried to pull John to the ground, he resisted, pulled away.

Opening his mouth to protest, he closed it when John lifted the seat and pulled out a blanket roll.

He watched John move as he unrolled the blanket. Nestled in the folds was lube, a towel and some wet wipes. John pushed these to one corner, crouched and did a little tuck roll to land face up on the blanket. He was already half hard again, lazy grin on his face.

"No objections to that blow job now, I assume?" Alex asked, breathing the words over John's groin.

"Well, if that's all you're up for old man," John drawled.

That drawl slid right into his ears and straight to his cock, effectively slowing word comprehension to a crawl. It was the wicked glint in those eyes that told him he had missed something.

"Wha-- Old? I was letting *you* off easy."

John rose to his elbows and whispered quietly between the inches that separated them. "Yeah, but I'm making up for lost time. I doubt it's me who's going to wear out first."

Alex laughed quietly, answering the barb by nuzzling his nose against his lover's cock, lifting only his gaze to watch him.

No more smug smile. His eyes were narrowed and hungry.

Damn, no wonder he couldn't leave this man alone. Alex never had to wonder how aroused John was. He could read it in those gas flame blue eyes, hear it in his uninhibited groans and pleas.

John Doggett had laid himself completely bare before him, Alex suddenly realized. Kept himself like a monk for three weeks for Alex's pleasure, while sacrificing his own.

No. John don't, his mind screamed, don't love me. Don't.

"Too late." The words were whispered above his head. "It was too late a long time ago, Lex."

Alex felt John's fingers comb through his hair.

No, this had to stop, he wouldn't hurt this man. Shaking off the stroking fingers, he sat back on his heels, giving John his best rent-boy grin. "I know it's been good sex--"

"Don't you dare," John growled.

Alex was on his back in an instant, pinned by John's body weight, wrists shackled in his long fingers.

And then John's lips smashed over his, but not before Alex saw the silver-blue heat in his eyes.

Alex struggled under the kiss. Every time John came up for a breath Alex tried to speak, but was given no time.

By the time John surrendered his lips, Alex was in no condition to protest at all. He could only let John devour him as he nipped and bit, kissed and licked his way down his body until only his groin was untouched.

So John's mouth engulfing his cock and a well-lubed finger sliding in to massage his prostate was no surprise.

Lulled by the sweetness of the pleasure, Alex barely registered the discomfort of John sliding his cock past the tight ring of muscle.

It was John's soft plaintive cry that slammed the realization home half a second before John buried himself.

"John--" Eyes wide, Alex watched his lover's face as he wielded something far more dangerous than gun or knife. Those couldn't begin to do the damage to the facade Alex had constructed since childhood. Every thrust tore away each carefully painted canvas, assassin, thug, rent-boy, until only a blank bright white one vibrated.

"John!"

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Peace. Alex pulled in a breath and let it out on a contented sigh.

"Lex?"

He gave the fingers holding his a squeeze but said nothing, merely let a smile curl the corners of his mouth.

How had he forgotten?

Nothing was more important than this.

Nothing.

He opened his eyes and watched John catch his breath at what he saw there.

"Love you, John Doggett."

xxxxx fin xxxxx

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