

## Rub His Feet

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# Rub His Feet

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## Summary

Methos's feet are naked. Duncan's libido takes notice.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Rub her feet.

*The Notebooks of Lazarus Long*

Methos's feet were naked.

The rest of him was decently clothed in the baggy jeans and sweater that the older Immortal favoured, and he was briskly toweling his hair dry as he emerged from the bathroom, steam billowing behind him. Duncan should have been thinking about his empty water tank and the hot shower he wasn't going to get for a while, but he wasn't. Instead, he was staring at Methos's feet.

Which - were naked.

Duncan hardly heard Methos's non-stop monologue about his flight from London, lost luggage, security hurdles, interminable taxi ride, and the bliss of Duncan's hot water supply. He was too busy staring at the surprisingly naked flesh before him.

He couldn't really say why they fascinated him so much. Maybe it was because the older Immortal was nearly always covered with clothes, head to toe, and usually shapeless clothes at that. Maybe it was because those feet were as long and elegant as the man himself. Maybe it was because he had always been entranced by a well-formed foot. Or maybe there had been a hallucinogenic in the bottle of scotch Methos had given him as a Christmas present.

"Mac? Hello?" Methos snapped his fingers in front of Duncan's face.

Duncan blinked. "What?"

Methos rolled his eyes and sat down on the other end of the couch. "I just asked what you wanted to do tonight. We could go out to eat - my treat. Or we could drop by Joe's - his email said they're playing a couple of sets tonight.

Or - "

Duncan reached down and swung Methos's legs up onto the couch. Methos flailed for balance as he was tipped back against the other armrest.

"Or we could just stay in," he finished, a little breathless but obviously trying to play it casual. "Watch a silly holiday movie on television, order in food, make more inroads on that Scotch you've been drinking..."

Duncan half-turned on the couch so he could cradle Methos's right foot in his lap. The skin was slightly cool to his touch and he cupped the foot between his hands, gently warming it. Methos made a small sound of protest and tried to extract his foot, but Duncan firmed his hold on it.

"Mac? Is something wrong?" Methos asked, peering down his long legs as if trying to figure out what Duncan was looking at.

Duncan didn't reply, too fascinated by the elegant appendage he held in his hands. He cradled the heel in the palm of his left hand as his right shaped the length of the foot, stroking and warming the skin. His foot wasn't small, like Tessa's, but it was perfectly shaped and uniquely suited to the older Immortal. Duncan tilted the foot up a bit and gently began massaging the heel.

Methos groaned and his head fell back against the armrest. "God, that feels good! If I'd known you were so good at this, I'd have asked you to rub my feet years ago."

By now Methos's foot felt warmer and the tendons looser, so Duncan firmed his massage on the heel, pressing just hard enough to wring another moan of pleasure from the other man. He moved down the foot and, reaching the instep, was careful to press firm enough not to tickle but not hard enough to hurt. Then he moved to the toes, rubbing each one and tugging carefully to loosen the joints. Not that they seemed tense at the moment.

Neither did Methos as he slouched further down into the couch. "Bloody hell, that feels...ohhhhh. I don't care why you're doing this, just - don't stop."

Duncan had no intention of stopping. He rubbed the sides, caressing them, stroking from heel to toe and back, pausing to massage any place that didn't feel as relaxed as the rest. He didn't stop until the skin felt as warm and supple as buttery leather. Then he shifted a little more on the couch, bending over the captive foot and blowing warm breaths over the top of the foot.

"Mac - Jesus - " Methos's foot seemed to tense in his hands and Duncan went back to caressing it reassuringly. Methos groaned then said, his voice sounding breathless, "Duncan - if this is going where I *think* this is going - I'm not saying no, just - are you sure?"

Duncan looked up, meeting Methos's eyes, smiled, then bent over and kissed his ankle and flicked his tongue over the skin there. The taste went to his head - and parts further south - and Duncan couldn't resist the urge to alternate kisses and licks to the rest, working his way from ankle to toes.

Methos moaned and wriggled, his other leg falling off the couch as he spread his legs to ease the swelling at his crotch. "You bloody tease."

"I'm not teasing," Duncan said, nipping at Methos's toes. They were as lean and elegant as the rest of his foot, and Duncan didn't even try to resist drawing the biggest toe into his mouth. His tongue wrapped around it, reveling in the warmth and a taste that was uniquely Methos. He popped it out of his mouth and kissed it, then drew it back into his mouth and sucked hard. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Methos fumble for a hand-hold on the back of the couch while his other hand pressed down hard on his crotch.

"God - Mac!"

Intoxicated by his success, he moved to the other toes, one at a time, kissing and sucking each and then pulling the smaller ones in together. Methos's back arched nearly off the couch as he shouted out Duncan's name and then collapsed in a limp heap. Duncan's stroking

became slower, gentler, as his mouth moved to the side of the foot and he gently licked the skin there.

Methos shuddered and sighed, releasing his death grip on the back of the couch. "Duncan MacLeod, you have the most...bloody awful timing. Why didn't you do that *years* ago?"

Duncan lifted his head and met Methos's eyes. "Are you complaining?"

Methos's lips quirked. "Always, but in this case - only if you don't plan on doing that again."

In reply, Duncan lifted the other foot onto his lap and licked a stripe across the instep. Methos shuddered and his head dropped back against the arm of the couch. "You're trying to kill me, aren't you?"

"Maybe."

Methos groaned and draped his arm over his eyes, then peered out under it for a moment. "Just to clarify things for me - you *are* interested in other parts of me than my feet?"

Duncan grinned at him. "Guess you'll just have to stick around long enough to find out."

Methos sat up and leaned over to kiss Duncan briefly. "I can do that." He flopped back down on the couch and then waved his hand in the direction of his still-captive foot. "Carry on."

"Pain in the ass," Duncan muttered, then turned his attention back towards his prize and began again.

The End

## End Notes

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