

Morning After

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Morning After

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Summary

Garrus wakes up after his first night with Shepard.

- Translation into Русский available: [Restricted Work] by [fandom_MassEffect](#), [MilvaBarring](#)

When Garrus half-awakes to something soft, moving under his arm and cheek, the naked stomach of his Commander is *not* his first guess. But as he blinks into consciousness, he starts to remember. The hair is the first clue. It triggers strange, tickly sensations over the carapace on his face when he yawns, and he recalls that Shepard has that thing growing *everywhere*. He opens an eye and lets it graze lazily on the pale landscape of Shepard's body. More memories surge forward, stirring something warm and deep inside him. He inches his head upstream until he catches the alien heartbeat, drumming into his healthy ear: a weird cut-time meter going ta-dam, ta-dam, ta-dam, ta-dam, and as the rhythm accelerates and the flat chest starts heaving with a growing amplitude, Garrus recalls the regular beat of their lovemaking. That does it. He lifts himself up on an elbow, finds that their legs are already conveniently entangled, and rolls his hips into Shepard's thigh with a hot exhale.

"Morning," Shepard mumbles, smacking his tongue. Garrus replies with a slow rumble, watching Shepard's face as it frowns, then yawns, and finally starts fluttering its long eyelashes. Oh yes. His human has hair growing even out of his *eyes*.

Those eyes. Sometimes, staring at them is like looking at the moon reflected in a deep well – and realizing it's a cloudy night. Sometimes, it's like looking down the barrels of a loaded double rifle – and realizing what a privilege it is to feel the safest exactly in their sights. The half-dark of the loft makes them black and glossy like wet obsidian, which only amplifies their capacity for being indecipherable. But damn, they are irresistible. Everything about him —

"What?" says Shepard, thin pale lips curling into a smile. His hand crawls over Garrus' back and scratches his nape. Before he can think himself out of it, Garrus props up and rubs his forehead against Shepard's. He has no idea if the human understands the gesture, and frankly, he doesn't care, not right now. What he wants is to elicit a chuckle from that face that's really ought to laugh more often because it's so young and playful when it does. So he draws his talons up Shepard's side, watching the muscles tremble under the teasing touch, firing in a neat, continuous sequence. He tries to get into the armpit but Shepard presses tight, eyes sparkling. The talons end up on his chest and Garrus wonders if he can do something with that.

"Nipple," he says, brushing the brown nub with the back of his finger.

"Nipple," Shepard confirms with a grin, but it's not the ticklish kind of grin and that gets Garrus' attention. He rubs the nub again, observing Shepard's eyes, and catches a lustful glint.

"You like this?"

Shepard's shrug says, *if you're curious enough, you'll find out for yourself*. So Garrus experiments by pinching the nipple between his fingertips and yeah, *hell* yeah, it's hot. The nub hardens and Shepard's eyes roll back before he closes them, drawing a deep breath.

"I thought only females had those," Garrus drawls, playing. The nipple can be stroked, pinched, and now that it's standing erect, twisted. Shepard doesn't seem to mind any of these

attentions; in fact, the smile widens, the flat teeth bite into the lower lip and when Garrus glances down, he sees that his human is sporting a full erection. “Apparently not,” he answers his own question.

“Yeah, yeah. Keep talking, smartass.”

That gives Garrus an entirely different idea, though, and while holding one nipple in his fingers, he tastes the other. An almost turian-like rumble emanates from Shepard’s throat, which probably means it feels good, so Garrus gives it another go, coaxing the funny little thing into stiffening, and then drawing his tongue over its flat top. Shepard’s breathing is getting stronger, and when his tongue darts out to wet his lips, Garrus tries to catch it with his mouth. His jaw snaps closed with a vicious click, *this* close to biting, but that doesn’t give his human even a token start. On the contrary. Shepard leans forward, pulls on his collar, and kisses him.

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Kissing has got to be one of the greatest asari inventions ever, but it was a human, this human, who converted Garrus into liking it, then loving it, then craving for it and finally becoming irreversibly addicted – all in the space of one encounter. Shepard’s lips feel like pure bliss on his mouth: warm, moist, nimble. Supple. The way they close around his mandibles, the way they encircle his tongue and pull it in, the way they press into his own with a desperate, bruising urgency – it’s a whole language of desire and passion that Garrus is only beginning to learn. But he doesn’t care about that either, right now; what he wants is to impose his own tempo, one to follow the movement of his fingers, still pinching one nipple. Shepard lets out a shuddery sigh that travels directly from Garrus’ ear to the tip of his cock, ready and coated and barely held back.

It is just as he thinks this that Shepard slips a cold, dry hand between his legs and runs a thumb right over his slit. *Fuck*, that feels good. All those fingers... they’re playing him like an instrument and before he knows it, he’s unplated, sliding into Shepard’s hand. He leaves the nipple, lets his talon etch a straight line down Shepard’s torso, hard enough to draw a quiet moan between those wet, trembling lips before his fingers close around Shepard’s swollen cock. Then he bites on the other nipple, pulls it with his teeth, and the moan he gets for *that* is anything but quiet.

“You like this,” he whispers. It’s no longer a question, and the dull flame in Shepard’s eyes is the only answer.

It’s strange, holding this smooth, dry cock, but he’s an apt pupil and he’s already figured out what works and what doesn’t. Shepard has been equally quick in mastering his own anatomy, which is perhaps not something to wonder about as there are still fewer differences between the two of them than between them and the females of their respective species. They both like a firm grip, full-length motion and a steady, vigorous pace. They both like lubrication too, and now Shepard tugs at him until Garrus is more or less on top of him, and their hands entangle, coated in his juices, gliding up and down together.

Heat is spreading through his body in wave after delicious wave with every stroke. “Yeah...” he’s breathing out. “Oh yeah.”

Shepard pulls him into another kiss, fingers digging into the nerve plexus just under the crest, and Garrus *melts* when their tongues meet again. His hips shoot forward, driving his cock over the entire length of Shepard's. Garrus swallows a husky groan, then breaks the kiss. He rests his head atop Shepard's, locking his eyes, and starts fucking his cock through their hands. Spirits, that's hot. Maddening! To watch those eyes lose their sharpness, to feel that chest heaving, to hear that voice whimper – it's so hot it *blinds* him, *deafens* him. He lets go. Lets his hips move at their natural frequency. Lets all thoughts evaporate. He doesn't even notice his face slipping into the crook of Shepard's neck, nor his teeth sinking into the soft flesh, because when Shepard cries out, it is a cry of ultimate pleasure, and it sends Garrus right over the edge, into a fit of blissful, breathless spasms.

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In the time it takes for the beat of Shepard's heart to slow down from a crazed thud-thud-thud-thud back to the regular ta-dam, ta-dam, ta-dam, ta-dam, they have recovered, lying in a lazy heap of haphazardly entwined limbs, just breathing. Sleep beckons again. Dreamlike thoughts ghost through his mind, thin visions veiling his half-open eyes. For some reason, he thinks of home. Not the controlled chaos of Cipritine, millions of sky-cars cluttering the airways between the gleaming spires and the artificial rain-clouds. No. He thinks of the mountains. Playful gurgle of a nearby stream, carried on a gentle breeze, air that smells of yellow and green. Patches of sun caressing his face through restless foliage. Moments of striking, complete silence. Peace.

Garrus smiles to himself. Spirits, it's been ages since he was this relaxed. There's a warm hand cradling the back of his head, and another, stroking a slow pattern along his waist. He perches up and searches his friend's eyes. Whatever it is he's feeling right now – this calm absence of any wants – it's reflected there, in the dark depths, and it's still as indecipherable as always.

The smile fades as he surveys the situation. There are imprints of his teeth in Shepard's shoulder. He runs a finger over the marks, trying to take in and memorize as much of the scene and the emotion.

When he glances up, Shepard is studying him.

"You like that?" Shepard says, flexing the shoulder just a bit to indicate the bite.

Garrus thinks for a second. Then he replies with a shrug that says, *stick around for long enough, and you'll see for yourself*.

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