

Stuck!

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Figure Skating RPS

Pairing: Johnny Weir/Evan Lysacek

Rating: NC17/18

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, the real people in it are used without their permission and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of any of them. I do not believe any of this happened, is likely to happen or should happen it is simply a story created around known facts about those involved.

Warnings: explicit sex

Summary: Johnny's medication runs out at entirely the wrong time when he happens to be trapped with Evan Lysacek of all people. He isn't sure things could get any worse.

Author's Notes: Okay, so the first day of <lj comm="mmom"> is here and it's time for smut :). This year I have decided to do creature fic every day and today Johnny and Evan get the treatment. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 4,425

Johnny was having a bad day. Firstly he had gone down to the event in the hotel and someone had walked off with his bag. If someone had stolen it they were in for a letdown because a) it was a knock off and b) the sum total of the contents was a couple of Kleenex and his medication. He'd left everything of value in the safe in his room, because he didn't want to carry much. The issue he had was that he needed his medication; he had to take it at the same time every day, give or take an hour, and he was very practiced at finding an excuse or excusing himself to pop the pill, but when his bag had gone missing he hadn't been able to.

He'd stayed at the event as long as he could, but had given himself time to get back to his room, where he had the rest of the pills, before his time limit was up. That had not really gone to plan either when he had been descended on by a film crew and then some fans and his time limit had come and gone by the time he finally got away. When he stepped into the elevator, he had only one thing on his mind, which was why he didn't notice the person who had stepped on before him.

To anyone checking, his pills would come up as herbal and totally innocuous; for him they kept him sane. The contents were just simple herbs, but in a combination and with a magical kick that meant he could lead a perfectly normal life as a human being rather than something out of a top shelf novel.

"I didn't think I was boring enough to be ignored," a familiar voice dragged him out of his thoughts as he stared at the numbers above the door impatiently.

"Shit," he said, nearly jumping out of his skin.

"Wow, you're jumpier than usual," his companion said and he turned to glare at the other skater.

He had to have royally pissed off some deity or something because the last person he wanted to see was Evan 'I have a gold medal, did you know?' Lysacek.

"I just ran the gauntlet of crazy fans," Johnny said, pretending to be perfectly calm; "you startled me. How can you be so tall and skulk in corners like that?"

Evan just gave him a look which either meant Evan didn't know how to reply to that or Evan didn't deem the question worthy of his time. Johnny never had figured out which expression meant what when it came to Evan and he did not like to assume in case he was wrong. Underestimating people was not something Johnny cared to do. Deciding that in his current state it was probably better to not duel it out with Evan, he pressed the button for his floor and hoped Evan would leave it there.

"Nice party," Evan said, seemingly needing to talk for some reason Johnny could not fathom; it wasn't as if they got on these days.

"Yeah," Johnny said, even though he thought it had been particularly dull.

All he wanted was to get to his room where he could take a pill and relax. He might even come back down and talk to some more fans, because that was always fun, even with the slightly crazy ones. You couldn't be a raving individualist and not enjoy other people who were the same way. Everything was going fine until the lights flickered once and then there was a grinding noise that did not sound good.

"You have to be fucking kidding," he said loudly as the elevator shuddered to a halt. "Whatever I did," he said looking at the ceiling, "I apologise. This cannot be happening."

"Calm down," Evan said, leaning past Johnny and pushing his floor button again; "it's probably just a temporary glitch."

Just as Evan said that the lights flickered out and a second later the emergency lighting blinked on.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Johnny said and closed his eyes and prayed.

"Shit," Evan appeared to agree with him for once.

Johnny reached for the emergency call point and pressed the button, but he wasn't overly surprised when nothing happened. If there was a power outage for some reason the whole electrical system of the elevator would be out. When he

turned, he was glad to see Evan already had his mobile phone out. Johnny's was upstairs in his room; he hadn't really expected to need it since Tara had been at the dinner and the only other person likely to call him that evening was his mom.

"It's Evan," Evan said into his phone, clearly having reached the person he was going for; "I'm stuck in one of the elevators, can you find out what's going on?"

There was no point pretending he wasn't interested, so Johnny just looked at Evan as the other skater waited for his source of information to respond.

"She's going to call back," Evan said and shut off his phone.

Johnny found himself looking at the long elegant sweep of Evan's fingers as the other man handled the phone and wanted to kick himself in the head. His mind was already wandering, which was a very bad sign; he needed his medication and he needed it right away.

"This day cannot get any worse," Johnny moaned and banged his head against the wall.

"Well you could be in here alone," Evan pointed out, which under normal circumstances would be true.

"Actually," he said, a little more acidly than he had intended, "that would be much better right now."

Evan looked offended.

"You really are a jerk aren't you," Evan said, sounding annoyed.

"I didn't mean it like that," Johnny replied, not really wanting to have a pissed off cell mate as it were; "it's about me, not you."

That just made Evan appear confused.

"Just forget it, okay," Johnny said, shaking his head and doing his best to drag his eyes off of Evan; "I wasn't trying to insult you, for once, I'm just having a bit of a freak out."

That mollified Evan somewhat from what Johnny could tell since he wasn't managing the not looking too well.

"Don't like confined spaces?" Evan asked and sounded almost sympathetic.

"Something like that," Johnny replied and snuck another glance at the way Evan's black shirt was clinging nicely to the skater's abs.

He was in such trouble, he really was.

They waited in awkward silence for a while and Johnny had never been so glad to hear someone's phone go off as when Evan's began to play some mournful tune. Evan seemed just as pleased and immediately put it to his ear.

"Well when will that be?" Evan asked after a moment. "Shit! Yeah, thanks."

It didn't sound promising.

"There's been a total electrical failure in this shaft, nothing's working, not even the surveillance camera," Evan said as he slipped his phone back into his pocket; "they've called an engineer, but it's going to be at least half an hour."

Johnny swore colourfully in several different languages and then sat down and put his head in his hands, for once heedless to whether the carpet was clean.

"Hey," Evan said gently, "it's okay; they'll have us out soon. Just try not to lose it."

At that Johnny laughed; he was so screwed. He looked at his watch and he was over an hour late; it wouldn't be long before the symptoms started showing.

"You might not be so calm if you knew what I know," he said, doing his best to think of unsexy thoughts.

"What are you talking about?" Evan asked almost instantly.

Johnny thought about just shutting up and not saying anything, but he really didn't want Evan freaking out as well.

"I need my medication," he said, being vague, "and if I don't get it very soon you're going to see a side of me you never imagined."

Evan frowned at him at that.

"Medication?" Evan asked looking worried.

"Yes, medication," Johnny replied, since at least it gave him something to concentrate on, "I've been taking it ever since I hit puberty. It's herbal and perfectly legal, so don't look so worried. Without it I get, ummm, hormonal."

For a moment Evan remained vaguely confused and then he appeared horrified.

"Tell me you're not going to freak out like my sister when she was pregnant," Evan said, sounding really scared.

Johnny actually found himself laughing; it appeared there was one thing at least that Evan Lysacek was afraid of.

"If I was," he pointed out, "that would be entirely the wrong thing to say."

Evan looked aghast as that piece of information sunk in.

"Evan," Johnny said before his companion could lose it rather than him, "how about we pretend we can do the comfortable silence thing rather than the uncomfortable one and I'll do my very best to hold it together and hope they get us out of here, okay?"

It wasn't ideal, but Evan appeared scared enough to agree and stepped to the other side of the car and leant against the back corner. They managed a good fifteen minutes like that as Johnny did his very best not to look at Evan and not think about how delicious his companion was beginning to appear to him and then Evan's cell went off again.

"You're kidding," was the response to this call. "There's no way they can get us out quicker?"

Johnny decided that praying might be a good idea.

"No, I'm not alone," Evan replied to whoever he happened to be talking to.

Evan's eyes flickered to him.

"Johnny Weir," Evan said and actually appeared to be blushing.

Someone on the other end of the phone seemed to be talking very rapidly and Evan was getting redder.

"Just get us out," Evan said shortly and cut off the caller.

Johnny looked at his companion for an explanation.

"The engineer has had a look," Evan said, shrugging apologetically, "it's going to be at least another half an hour as the minimum."

That kind of snapped Johnny's resolve; he had been hanging on and sitting on every instinct in his body, but he was only human, or rather he wasn't and he only had so much will power. He came to his feet in one smooth move, eyes roving over Evan from head to feet and back again.

"Evan," he said, voice thick with need, "I'm sorry, I'm really, really sorry, but I can't control myself anymore. Please don't hate me."

Evan backed right into his corner from where he had stood up straight to answer his phone.

"Johnny," Evan said and sounded just a little nervous, "are you eyes ... glowing?"

Johnny smiled and breathed in, taking in Evan's scent and Evan's pheromones.

"Probably," he replied, stepping up to Evan so they were almost touching.

His parents had known their son was not normal when he had hit puberty early and started having very strange episodes. Luckily for him they were well aware of the non-human genes in the family line and had taken him to see a specialist right away. Incubus traits were not common; they rarely bred true when they were as diluted as his family's were, but he had been one of the lucky few. He was not a full incubus, he did not need sex to survive, but his instincts could get the better of him if he didn't take his medication. Sex gave him more energy than food ever could; it was great stuff.

"How?" Evan sounded confused and a little afraid.

"Genetics," Johnny said, more interested in feeling Evan's body heat reaching out to him.

He didn't touch yet, he wanted to, but he knew as soon as he did all bets were off, so he just enjoyed the closeness.

"What are you doing?" Evan asked, seemingly trying to back through the wall.

"Enjoying you," Johnny replied, letting the other skater seep into his senses.

For a moment he closed his eyes before opening them again and looking Evan directly in the eyes.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Johnny purred, but he could see the fear in Evan's gaze and it finally got through to him.

Pushing himself backwards using the wall he backed himself into the opposite corner and closed his eyes.

"Oh god, what am I doing?" he voiced his own confusion.

This was not who he was, not who he tried to be; he definitely did not molest people in elevators, especially not people who mostly hated him. The moment he denied his need he felt it surge, trying to make him give in and the raw desire and want took his breath away. He slid down the wall until his backside hit the floor and then he rocked gently, trying to make the need go away.

"Johnny," Evan's voice eventually broke the monotony of his own harsh breathing, "are you okay?"

It seemed that without him being in Evan's face he wasn't really frightening anymore. He heard Evan move and opened his eyes to see Evan taking a step towards him.

"Stay over there!" he said very loudly and very firmly.

There was only four feet between them, but it was better than nothing.

"I ..." Johnny didn't know how to explain; "just don't come near me, please."

Evan returned to having his back against the wall.

"You're not human are you?" Evan finally said after some more silence and made Johnny look up, because normal people tended to freak out when they said things like that.

The funny thing was, Evan didn't look overly freaked anymore, in fact he looked surprisingly calm.

"You don't sound so shocked," Johnny said, using the unusualness of the situation to distract himself just a little bit.

"Got a second cousin with Fae blood," Evan said, sounding surprisingly sympathetic and shocking the hell out of Johnny.

Most people had no idea the world was not such a straightforward mundane kind of place and that's the way the majority of the more unusual population liked it.

"What are you?" was the obvious question that came next.

"Incubus," Johnny decided that he owed Evan that much; "diluted, but still there. The pills keep me normal."

He groaned and rocked forward as the need tried to overcome him again.

"Is it really bad?" Evan asked hesitantly.

"No, Lysacek," Johnny snapped, "I sit on the floor and rock for the hell of it."

He regretted it as soon as he said it because, really, Evan was only trying to be nice in a very, unhelpful Evan kind of way, but Johnny was not in the mood.

"Wow, you get bitchy when you're horny," was Evan's next comment and managed to make Johnny laugh, because that was really not something he ever expected to hear Evan say.

Laughing at least distracted him for a few moments.

"Keep it up and you might make it out of here unmolested," he said, trying to keep his eyes firmly on the floor and away from Evan.

"I'm bigger than you," Evan pointed out, not unreasonably.

Clearly Evan didn't know a lot about Incubi.

"And I have pheromones that could make George W. Bush stick his arse in the air and beg for it," Johnny replied, doing his very best to keep himself under control, "and when I'm not on my meds I'm about four times stronger than you. Since they wore off about fifteen minutes ago, pray I have more self control than I think I do."

Evan made no comment to that and Johnny went back to rocking and trying to think of anything that was not sex and definitely not Lysacek related.

"If you're stronger off your meds," Evan finally began to talk again about five minutes later, seemingly unable to stand the silence, "couldn't you wipe the floor with the rest of us if you didn't take them."

Johnny snorted a laugh at that one.

"You'd be more likely to find me in a closet sucking off one of the judges than skating for them," he replied, lacing his fingers through his hair and breathing through his mouth to limit the wonderful scent coming from Evan reaching his nose. "When my incubus gets out of the box its only interested in one thing. Besides which, I don't cheat."

"I didn't say you did," Evan replied and Johnny actually believed him, "I just wanted something to talk about."

It was really beginning to get a little beyond a joke.

"Don't suppose you'd be interested in a quick blow job would you?" he asked kind of desperately.

He was willing to do just about anything to get his hands on Evan and that included begging.

"Sorry," he apologised, getting hold of himself again, "forget I said that."

His limbs were beginning to shake; he was literally like a junkie who needed a fix. He heard Evan pulling out his phone and dialling, but he did not dare look up.

"It's Evan," his companion said as soon as the call was answered, "any E.T.A.?"

Evan shut off the phone without saying anything else.

"Well?" Johnny asked, since it gave him something to do at least.

"No change," Evan replied and Johnny just moaned, trying to stop his misery from overflowing.

It was like putting a starving man in front of a buffet he wasn't allowed to eat.

"Johnny," Evan said after a little while, "what happens in here stays in here, right?"

For that Johnny had to look up and he instantly wished he hadn't, because Evan was kind of glowing in his vision, which basically meant he was really about to lose it.

"Yes," he said tightly, not sure where this conversation was going.

"Then what if I said okay?" Evan asked, looking more than a little nervous.

Johnny didn't quite know how to answer and it took every scrap of will power he had not to jump Evan there and then.

"Why would you do that for me?" he asked, truly not understanding.

"Let's just say I've always been curious," Evan replied, fidgeting in his corner.

That confused Johnny even more.

"About blowjobs?" he asked, pretty sure that Evan's love life had not been that vanilla, after all he had dated Tanith.

"About you," Evan replied and Johnny caught on.

He just about managed to sit on the urge to crow; 'I knew it', thinking that that was unlikely to help matters. Seemed he wasn't the only one with a little U.S.T. running around his blood stream.

"You're sure?" Johnny asked, since it seemed like the right thing to do even if he was praying for deliverance every second. "Once I start I won't be able to stop."

Evan nodded.

"I'm sure," was the short response.

That was about all Johnny needed to throw caution to the wind and let his incubus out. With the shackles off, his power released at full blast and Evan actually stumbled, pupils dilating almost instantly.

"Holy fuck," Evan said in a dazed, needy tone.

"Told you I had pheromones from hell," Johnny purred, climbing onto his knees and crawling the short distance to Evan.

There wasn't much point in standing up when what he wanted was right at his current eye level. However interested Evan might or might not have been before Johnny had let his other side out, Evan was now fully hard and straining against his pants and Johnny was not in the mood to waste time. Releasing Evan's belt and fly, he pulled Evan's cock from his underwear and just let himself look at it for a while.

Locker rooms tended to be places where skaters got naked and Johnny had caught a glimpse or two of Evan's cock on occasion, but he had never been up close and personal and he was not disappointed. Funny what you could hide in a skating costume if you wore the right underwear. When Evan kind of whimpered, which Johnny took to be Evan's way of begging, he finally stopped admiring and went in for a taste. Evan's fingers were white on the railing along the back of the elevator and he was breathing harshly and Johnny had to admit that nothing tasted quite so good as strung out male as he ran his tongue up the underside and over the tip of Evan's cock. The way Evan moaned in the back of his throat made Johnny smile.

This was better than even his active imagination had been able to guess; Evan was responding so beautifully. He thought he should reward that beauty and ever so slowly he formed his lips into an O and slid them over the tip of Evan's dick. Evan's knees trembled and when Johnny kept going, sliding Evan's cock all the way in, Evan's knees almost gave out; it was a gratifying response. One major advantage of being part sex demon was being very good at sex, any sex in fact, and Johnny had had the art of deep throating down since he was sixteen. Evan seemed to appreciate it.

When it came to the humble blowjob, Johnny knew many, many tricks and he aimed to blow Evan's mind, after all he didn't want the other skater thinking he was an inadequate incubus. What he really needed, what he desired was Evan's orgasm when Evan would give off the most incredible set of chemicals known to man. Of course the better the orgasm the better the rush he got in return, so if he took his time it was all the better for both of them. With that in mind, he began to employ the skills he had that very few people ever had a chance to see

and very shortly he was holding Evan up, because Evan's legs were barely functioning at all.

He paid particular attention to the underside of the head of Evan's cock when he realised that Evan was particularly sensitive there and he had the other skater making the most interesting noises when he used the very tip of his tongue to run down the slit.

It was also very useful that he could tell when Evan was about to go, because it meant he could bring him back from the edge several times just to build up the need in the other man. The first time Evan swore at him, the second time he swore some more, the third time he whimpered quite a lot and the fourth time he almost looked on the verge of begging. When the fifth time came round, Johnny was not surprised when Evan actually did beg and, since he wasn't a complete bastard, Johnny relented.

Hollowing his cheeks, he sucked hard, pushing the tip of Evan's cock in the back of his throat and Evan came almost instantly. The look on Evan's face as Johnny looked up at him through his eyelashes was half shock and half bliss and Evan's mouth just spewed nonsense and sounds that spoke of deep seated pleasure, which were only backed up by the chemical hit that soaked into Johnny's system. He swallowed everything Evan had to give, physical and chemical and milked him for every last drop of both until Evan was nothing but a quivering wreck of muscle and endorphins.

Then, and only then did Johnny gently help Evan sit down on the floor and carefully tuck him back into his underwear and pants. Evan was so out of it he didn't even seem to realise what was going on and Johnny felt very pleased with himself, sitting down next to the blissed out man while enjoying his own high. At first he just felt a little drunk and happy, but as it began to seep further into his system he began to feel the revitalising effect as it made his cells tingle and his nerves sing with energy. His thoughts began to spin and he giggled just because he felt like it, then he started to hum to himself and eventually began singing Gaga, because it was fun.

When he looked at Evan, it seemed Evan had almost regained his senses and was staring at him as if he had lost his mind.

"I might have forgotten to mention sex is a bit like an OD of caffeine for me," he said and grinned. "I apologise for anything I may say or do before they let us out."

Evan clearly wasn't sure whether to be afraid or not.

"Are you going to sing the entire time?" Evan asked in a rather anxious tone.

"No clue," Johnny replied cheerfully.

He really was feeling good.

"Caffeine makes you sing?" Evan asked as if needing clarification.

"Well not really," he replied while trying to remember how to hum the first line to one of Adam Lambert's songs; "that's what my mum always says it's like, but Galina banned me from sex before competitions because she says I'm like a three year old on speed."

Now Evan really did look scared.

====

The elevator doors opened and Johnny surged to his feet, all but bouncing out of the car at the people who were standing there waiting for them.

"Thank you," he said brightly, giving the startled engineer a hug, "we were about to go insane."

Evan managed to back up this statement by looking incredibly relieved to be released from their prison.

"Thank you, Evan," Johnny said, waving at the other skater, "you stopped me completely losing it. If you want to do it again sometime, give me a call."

He meant it too and he knew Evan would pick up on his meaning even if everyone else thought he had completely snapped. Then he bounced off down the hall; he really couldn't help it. When he glanced back, Evan had gone a lovely shade of pink.

"Is he on something?" he heard someone ask Evan.

"Just endorphins," Evan replied in his usual monotone; "doesn't like closed in spaces."

That was more of a cover than Johnny had hoped for and he made his way to his room by taking the stairs to the next floor two at a time and just hoped that if he took his medication he could get some sleep in the next millennium. At least he would be stunning in training in the morning even if he couldn't do a whole routine to save his life.

The End