**No Hands Below The Waist** by [picascribit](https://m.fanfiction.net/u/1178165/)

 [TV](https://m.fanfiction.net/tv/) » [Schitt's Creek](https://m.fanfiction.net/tv/Schitt-s-Creek/) Rated: M, English, Romance & Humor, [David R., Patrick B.], Words: 2k+, Favs: 5, Published: Jul 18, 2019

David was still not sure how it had happened. Patrick wasn't even his type. OK, so he was all right in an unassuming, slightly nerdy, definitely-heterosexual way, but when it came to men, David's tastes had always run to self-assured guys who looked like well-toned lumberjacks, or drama-prone artistic types like himself. Patrick was nothing like that. He was something else entirely.

Patrick hadn't even really registered with David at first. Just some guy at Ray's, helping him sort out the paperwork for the general store. But Patrick had pursued him, capturing David's attention, wooing him in a sweet, clumsy way, with his knowledge of business and finance, and his general *niceness*. That was different, too.

And now, here they were, alone together at last, in Stevie's apartment. Just the two of them, a bottle of whiskey, and the fading embarrassment of an unexpected confrontation with David's last romantic disaster. David could think of few worse ways to start off his first night of privacy with Patrick. He would be having a capital-D Discussion with Stevie about *that* later, for sure. For now, though, he put it aside, focusing instead on the surprising man who had somehow won him over.

"Are we still taking things slow?" he asked, tasting the whiskey on Patrick's lips as they reclined on Stevie's bed.

Patrick drew back a little, lips pressed together as if he were thinking hard about what to say. A wave of anxiety washed over David. What if Patrick had decided he didn't want this, after all?

"It's — I still think it's a good idea," said Patrick slowly. "I know privacy's been hard to come by, but I don't want to rush things, just because we finally got some alone time. There's just a lot going on right now for me, and I need some time to get used to it before I try adding anything else to the mix. Does that make sense?"

"Sure," said David, poking at the bedspread, trying to hide his disappointment. "Like I said, take all the time you need."

David wasn't used to taking things slowly. He had always been impulsive. When he wanted something, he wanted it *now*. If gratification of his desires was not immediately forthcoming, he usually either got annoyed, or quickly became bored, and went off in pursuit of the next shiny object. Only David didn't feel that way about taking things slowly with Patrick. He already knew Patrick was worth waiting for.

"Hey." Patrick lifted David's chin, forcing him to look him in the eye, and kissed him. "It's not that I don't *want* to do all those things with you. I do. I'm just not quite ready to take that step yet."

David immediately felt better. He kissed Patrick in return. "I know. It's really OK. I don't mean to be pushy or anything."

"I know you don't," said Patrick with a smile, wrapping an arm around David and pulling him close for another, much more involved kiss, that went on for a long time.

"So …" said David a moment later, slightly out of breath, "how are we defining 'things' and 'slowly'?"

"'Slowly' means when I'm ready, you'll be the first to know. And as for 'things' —" Patrick's cheeks flushed a delightful shade of red. "Let's just say … for tonight, pants stay on, and no hands below the waist. All right?"

David cocked his head, a smile curling the corner of his mouth. "I can work with that. Come here."

He pulled Patrick down onto the bed facing him for a long, slow kiss, his hands meandering over Patrick's back. Patrick returned the kiss eagerly, arms around David. This was something they both enjoyed, and it was nice to finally have the time in which to do it properly, without worrying someone might walk in at any moment. No one but Stevie had a key to this apartment. If she returned even a minute sooner than she had promised David, he would just have to murder her, which would put a serious crimp in their friendship.

David had been looking forward to finally having a chance to give Patrick the attention he deserved. It had taken Patrick three decades to realize he was gay. That was a lot of lost time to make up for, and he had chosen David for his first step outside the closet. After a lifetime of avoiding responsibility whenever and wherever possible, here, at last, was one responsibility that David took to heart. He had had enough bad experiences and ill-advised hook-ups in his life that he wanted, with every fiber of his being, to make sure all of Patrick's *firsts* with him were as good as David could make them.

He squirmed closer to Patrick, and slid a hand up his back, under his sweater, tugging his shirt out of his waistband. Patrick was entirely too tucked-in for David's tastes. In answer, Patrick sat up and pulled the sweater off over his head, giving David a lazy smile that made him melt.

"It's a little warm in here, don't you think?" said Patrick.

David scrambled up, tugging his own sweater off, with a little help from Patrick. His hands went to the buttons of Patrick's shirt, and he hesitated. Maybe that was too fast. They had all night, and he didn't want them to bump up against Patrick's boundaries too quickly.

"Do you want to do that, or should I?" asked Patrick, amused.

"I think I can manage," said David, making a decision.

He slowly unbuttoned the top two buttons of Patrick's shirt, looking into his eyes, then very deliberately ducked his head and dragged his tongue along the curve of Patrick's collarbone. Patrick inhaled sharply, hands tightening on David's arms.

David drew back, judging the effect this act had on his boyfriend. Just because they wouldn't be having sex tonight did not mean David couldn't do his best to turn Patrick on and drive him wild. There was plenty he could try that fell within the boundaries Patrick had set. David was pleased to see that Patrick was flushed, eyes slightly unfocused. It was a good start.

"You'd think no one had ever done that to you before," he teased, low and sultry.

Patrick swallowed. "You know, I'm not sure anyone ever has."

"That's a shame."

David slid his hands up Patrick's chest, fingers splayed, and flicked open a third button, spreading Patrick's collar open wide, and gave his other collarbone the same treatment, slower this time. When he reached the end of it, he nibbled and nuzzled his way up the side of Patrick's neck, and gently tugged his earlobe between his teeth. His hands slid under Patrick's untucked shirt, fingers trailing lightly up his back. Patrick shivered.

"You can touch me, you know," David whispered. "I want you to touch me."

Patrick made a soft, sighing sound. His hands went to David's waist, fingers lightly — almost ticklishly — caressing his sides under his shirt. It was David's turn to shiver.

"*Mmmm*, that's nice."

He finished unbuttoning Patrick's shirt and pushed it back on his shoulders, admiring his chest, and wondering how Patrick would respond to having his nipples sucked. Instead of rushing in that direction, David captured Patrick's mouth for another kiss, and pulled him back down onto the bed, half on top of him. The kiss seemed to embolden Patrick. The touch of his hands on David's sides firmed, and he slid a palm up David's chest under his teeshirt to grip his shoulder. The weight of Patrick on his chest felt good. David wanted him to pin his arms to the bed and do a thousand filthy things to him.

Patrick broke the kiss to nuzzle David's throat. "Maybe I should give *you* a hickey this time," he said in a low murmur that sent another delicious shiver down David's spine.

"I th-thought hickeys were unprofessional."

"Mm, doesn't seem like we're being very 'professional' right now, are we?"

"Suppose not — *oh!*"

David broke off with a gasp as Patrick pushed his teeshirt up out of the way, and planted a hot, sucking bite on his chest, just above his right nipple. When he had finished, Patrick blew on the spot and rubbed his lips over David's chest hair, before drawing back to admire his work. He looked equal parts embarrassed, pleased with himself, and sexy as hell.

This was completely unfair. David was supposed to be the one seducing *him*, not vice versa. How had he lost the upper hand?

David tugged at the hem of Patrick's shirt. "Take this off. It's spoiling the view."

As Patrick complied, David pulled his own teeshirt the rest of the way off. When Patrick kissed him again, it came with the utterly sensuous feel of Patrick's bare skin against his own. *This* was what David had been yearning for for weeks. This closeness. It was all David could do not to writhe with pleasure under him.

Their lips wandered, tasting and nibbling at necks, throats, shoulders. The feel of Patrick's hot, open mouth on his neck was doing very unhelpful things to other parts of David's anatomy. Lost in sensation, a sound that could only be described as a moan escaped David's lips.

Patrick stilled. For an instant, David feared things had gone too far, and Patrick was about to back off. Then, very deliberately, the tip of Patrick's tongue teased the sensitive spot just below David's ear. This time, the involuntary sound David made was more like a whimper.

Patrick pulled back, looking at him, an odd expression on his face.

David swallowed. "W-what?" he panted.

"Nothing," murmured Patrick. "I just haven't seen you like this before."

"Well, get used to it," said David, trying to summon up some of his usual swagger. "This is what you do to me."

Something moved in the depths of Patrick's eyes. He bent his head to kiss the corner of David's jaw. "I like that I can do this to you."

David redirected Patrick's mouth to his own. "You can do anything you like to me, you know."

Patrick's kiss was hungry this time, and David surrendered to it joyfully. He settled his back more firmly on the bed, his arms wrapped tight around Patrick, pulling him closer. Patrick shifted with him, and suddenly he was lying fully on top of David. Almost instinctively, David moved his legs apart to allow Patrick to settle between them. It felt good. Too good. David struggled to hold still, when all he wanted in the world was to thrust his hips up against Patrick's. They were supposed to be taking things *slow*. This did not feel slow.

Even though there was no way Patrick could have missed David's almost painful erection straining against his jeans, he did not break off the kiss. David closed his eyes, willing himself motionless with all his might. *Oh God!* Patrick was as hard as he was. And then — had David imagined it in his lust-addled state, or had Patrick's hips *rocked* against his? He swallowed another whimper, unconscious of his fingers digging into the muscles of Patrick's back.

There. Again. Patrick's hips had definitely moved that time. A small, experimental nudge.

David broke the kiss. "Are you trying to kill me?" he gasped. He was so close to coming, he could almost taste it.

Patrick's eyes were dark and unfocused. "David, I —" he panted. "I think I maybe … uh … miscalculated."

If David had been in any frame of mind to notice, he might have been impressed by Patrick's ability to wield a five-syllable word in his current state. As it was ….

David gritted his teeth, fighting against orgasm. It was a fight he was all but certain he would lose, but this had definitely *not* been on the agenda for tonight.

"*Oh, fuck*," mumbled Patrick, hips suddenly bucking against David's.

David made a helpless, strangled sound, eyes rolling back, clinging tightly to Patrick, as wave after wave of intense climax shuddered through him.

They lay limp and panting for a long moment, before David summoned up the manual dexterity and linguistic ability to squeeze Patrick's sweaty shoulder and rasp, "Hey. You OK?"

Patrick rolled onto his back, covering his face with his hands. "I'm fucking embarrassed, is what I am," he said in a muffled voice.

David turned toward him, alarmed. "I'm sorry. I guess I should have stopped us, before —"

"No." Patrick shook his head, face still covered. "S'my fault. I got carried away."

"Is that … such a bad thing?" David asked hesitantly.

"It is when I humiliate myself in front of someone I want to impress," he sighed, taking his hands away from his red face. "I'm supposed to be an adult, with self-control."

David's shoulders sagged with disappointment. He had failed to give Patrick the perfect first experience he had intended. "So … you didn't enjoy it."

A startled huff of laughter escaped Patrick's lips. "I didn't say that. If anything, I enjoyed it a little too much."

A spark of hope flared in David's chest. He found Patrick's hand, and laced their fingers together. "It wasn't all bad, then?"

Patrick turned toward him, squeezing his hand. "None of it was bad, David. It was amazing, except the part where I didn't know my own limits. *You* were amazing."

He kissed David softly on the mouth.

David relaxed. "It *was* amazing," he agreed. "And you have nothing to be embarrassed about. *I'm* supposed to be the worldly, experienced one. I have no business coming in my pants like a teenager."

Patrick bit back a smile. "I guess we both got a little carried away."

"Yeah. Are you *sure* you're OK? I didn't mean to freak you out or anything."

"I'm fine." Patrick's smile faded, replaced by a more thoughtful expression. "I just — I've never wanted anyone this much before. I guess I wasn't prepared for that."

"Lucky me," David grinned, kissing him.

When Patrick was in the bathroom, and David had finished cleaning up as best he could from the box of tissues beside the bed, he lay back against the pillows, thinking, *Have* I *ever wanted someone this much before?*

That was a little scary to think about. He had lost count of his flings and flirtations. He had even — briefly — fancied himself in love once or twice, and imagined his heart dashed to pieces on numerous occasions. But he could not remember ever having felt such a bone-deep yearning for someone before.

Maybe it wasn't Patrick. Maybe it was just this "taking things slowly" business heightening the excitement and anticipation, drawing out the thrill of conquest and seduction. Maybe David was bored, living in a small town with few prospects, and Patrick was just some guy he happened to meet at the right moment. Maybe it would all flame out in a few weeks.

The thought gave David a hollow, panicky feeling in his chest, and he pushed it away.

When Patrick returned from the bathroom, smiling self-consciously at him, warmth bloomed in place of the hollowness, and David reached for Patrick's hand, pulling him down onto the bed and into his arms.

Boredom and the thrill of the chase did not explain how good and how *right* David felt when he was with Patrick. It did not explain his feelings of fondness when Patrick nerded out over a spreadsheet, explaining, eyes aglow, what all the numbers meant. It did not explain the joy he felt when he thought of Rose Apothecary as *their* business. It did not explain the uncharacteristically dopey way he smiled sometimes when Patrick looked at him, or texted him, or wandered through his thoughts. It did not explain how important it was to him that he do right by this wonderful, surprising man, to make him happy, to keep whatever this thing was between them working for as long as humanly possible.

David smiled and turned his head to kiss Patrick's forehead. Nestled against David's side, head resting on his shoulder, arm wrapped comfortably around his chest, Patrick sighed with contentment, already more than half asleep. David pulled a blanket over them and flicked off the bedside lamp, closing his eyes. He could figure it out later. For now, it was enough just to have it.