

Be My Valentine

Keigo x Jirou

Von greensilverserpent

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"Atobe-buchou." Jirou said softly, watching his captain with troubled eyes. "Yes?" The other boy asked, not looking up from the schedules he worked on. "Are we going to see each other on Sunday?" "We do not practise on Sundays." Came the curt reply, signalling Atobe wanted to know why he wanted to meet without having to ask. "It's just..." Jirou paused, how was he going to get his point across without revealing the real cause? "I sort of wanted to... hang out." This made Atobe look up with a frown but then he smiled. "Would you like to come over for lunch then?" Jirou knew Atobe would never make such an exception for anyone else, not on the only day in the week he had to himself. His face instantly lit with happiness. "Hai."

Sunday couldn't arrive soon enough. Jirou was already counting the hours, now he thought about counting the minutes just to give himself something to do. Even sleeping was out of the question as it simply wouldn't happen! When Sunday finally arrived Jirou was an hour early. So much for making a good impression. A servant brought him to Atobe's room but his buchou was nowhere to be seen. Jirou resisted the urge to sigh. It was his own fault that he was early not Atobe's. But then the silver-haired heir made his entrance and what an entrance! Dressed completely in white he looked almost like an angel. And there was that smile again. The smile that seemed to be only for Jirou, the one no one else ever got to see. "Jirou." "Atobe-buchou." The other boy laughed softly. "I think you can drop the honorific now. I'm sure you had a very good reason for requesting a visit on this particular day." Jirou blushed. "I wanted to..." No, he couldn't ask. He just couldn't. Extremely disappointed in himself, he averted his gaze but was unprepared when a finger tipped his chin up, making him meet the other's eyes once more. "What did you want?" Atobe's voice had never been so mesmerizing, his eyes had never held so much warmth and his touch had never been more welcome. Jirou took a deep breath, trying to weigh the words he should use but the sentences rushed out of him with words that already lay on his tongue. "I've wanted you since the first day I laid eyes on you. Will you be my boyfriend?" Only then did he realize that, even though he had finally been able to ask, he had never had any proof that Atobe was actually gay. Oh shit. At the slight

widening of his eyes Atobe chuckled softly but did not release his chin. "It took you a long time to ask, did it not?" Jirou only nodded, not sure where this conversation was heading. "What did I do the first time you saw me?" Jirou blushed. "You were training in the sun and the light broke into little rainbows when droplets of water dripped from your skin..." Before he could continue Atobe took his mouth in a passionate kiss. Jirou moaned, melting into the other's arms. When it ended and he was able to think again Atobe had maneuvered them to the couch. "Would you also like a verbal answer?" The heir asked, amusement colouring his voice. When Jirou nodded eagerly he continued. "Ore-sama will be your boyfriend but only if you take better care of yourself." When Jirou looked confused he relented with a smile. "You look like you haven't slept in days. While I'm sure I know the reason for that ore-sama wants his normal, sleepy Jirou back. The one that gets hyper during a match and sleeps the rest of the time through." Jirou laughed. "I'm sure I will be able to sleep now..." And before he could say anything else the younger boy did what he had been told. The stress of the last few days finally leaving him, he laid his head on his boyfriend's lap and fell instantly to sleep.

"Why?" Jirou inquired softly, not bothering to lift his head from where it was burried against Keigo's neck. "Why what?" His boyfriend asked, a frown replacing the smile that had been there just a moment before. "If you wanted me as well, why did you wait until I asked you?" Keigo sighed. "When I ask someone out, they tend to say yes just because I'm rich." "I would never do that." Jirou growled, making Keigo chuckle at the obvious protectiveness in his tone. "Until today I didn't know for sure." He replied with a smile, which widened when Jirou huffed, then proceeded to kiss him breathless before saying smugly, "Now you do."