

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Cuddling

With their legs entangled and arms around each other's torsos, heartbeat to heartbeat, Masaru felt nothing but content. His fingers played with the hem of Yosuke's t-shirt, every now and then revealing the skin on his side, and the temptation to just run his hand over it was very big. He was almost sure Yosuke wouldn't mind, but what he was not sure of was how far this would go, and that was what he was scared of.

"You can touch me if you want" said the younger one in the most innocent and shy tone, as if he could read his mind. But Masaru shook his head. "No, it's alright."

"But you want to, don't you?"

"I..." Well, he would lie if he said he didn't. But..

"I don't want to scare you away."

Yosuke snorted. "I'm not the one running away all the time" he scoffed. The blond frowned.

"Alright, then.. would it be alright if I touched *you*?"

Masaru immediately flushed at that, but nodded hesitantly. Yosuke then slowly (shyly) lifted Masaru's shirt up and placed his hand on his side, let it just sit there, getting damp.

"S-see? Not scary at all...."

"You're sweating."

"Shut up!"