

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Hope we don't get caught kiss

"This should do."

You could really sense how unsure Yosuke was actually being about this, so Masaru gave him a reassuring nod. This particular spot behind the gym seemed pretty abandoned, but should any of the students decide to want to use the gym during recess, they were pretty screwed. Masaru was an unregistered visitor, and if anyone of the students caught them here they would definitely fuck them over. Because, frankly, Yosuke wasn't exactly popular at school. Not in a positive sense, at least. He leaned against the wall, hands in the pockets of his gakuran blazer, and eyed his boyfriend.

"So..."

Masaru looked up.

"So?"

"Wanna eat lunch?"

"Like your cliché shoujou-manga high school couple?"

"Yeah, well..." Yosuke fumbled with his fingers, outside the pockets now.

"That's kinda what you do during lunch break, you know..."

Masaru sighed. "I thought we came here for a different reason." The tips of Yosuke's ears turned the same shade as his hair.

"I know..."

Since his mother prohibited any contact to Masa, meeting up became kind of a challenge. They occasionally managed to walk to or from school together when it didn't interfere with Masaru's shifts, but now they hadn't seen each other for a *whole freaking week*, so this was kind of an emergency.

Without any other word Masaru stepped in front of his boyfriend, cupped his face between his hands, and placed the lightest, most chaste kiss ever onto his lips. Yosuke sighed.

"Man... I needed that."

"Yeah."

He pressed their lips back together, one, two, five times, and for a moment nothing else mattered. Yosuke's hands went up to hold onto the other's back, maybe press him a little closer, when suddenly there were voices nearby and quickly drawing nearer. He almost jumped out of his skin.

"Fuck-" He grabbed Masaru by the wrist and dragged him around the corner behind the bushes and they ducked as low as possible, not even daring to breathe.

Of course these dumb asshole jocks decided to get extra volleyball practice on this exact day of all days in the year, for god's sake.

As soon as the group of boys had gone out of sight, Yosuke let out the breath he was holding.

"God..." He leaned into the other's shoulder to soothe his still adrenaline-seeping pulse. Not that Masaru was any better. He raked his hand through red strands, eyes closed.

"So..."

"... so?"

"Wanna eat lunch now?"