

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Holding hands

Rough, calloused, and bearing a few tiny scars. Fingernails that are way too short. Kinda plump.

But very warm and reassuring around his own. Calming and comforting. Careful and gentle and hesitant.

Perfect.

Those were the things he would describe Masaru's hands with if asked. Touching every knuckle of every five fingers on each hand, tracing the fine lines on his palms, he inspected them with a swelling heart.

"What are you doing."

"Looking at your hands."

A snort. "Yeah, I can see that. But why?"

Yosuke shrugged, not looking away from Masaru's hands for one second.

"I love holding your hands."

Masaru said nothing to that. He instead interlaced all of their fingers and held their hands tightly to his chest.

Yosuke's smile could not be brighter.