

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Tired kiss	2
Tending an injury	3
Cuddling	4
Reunion kiss	5
Morning kiss	7
Good Night kiss (1)	8
Sweet kiss (2)	9
First kiss	10
First time	11
Torture (tw: missbrauch (light))	12
Naughty kiss	13
Promise (1)	14
Sorry kiss (2)	15
Hope we don't get caught kiss	18
Lonely	20
Holding hands	21
Getting caught	22
Christmas	23
Christmas pt2	25
Crybaby (tw: missbrauch)	26
Pretty (tw: missbrauch)	27
Turnabout	28

Tired kiss

When Masaru came back from a late shift, Yosuke was barely even still awake - which was very understandable at two hours past midnight. It wasn't before he heard the soft click of the front door falling back into the lock and someone rummaging in the hall (*and bumping into the one piece of furniture in there because he refused to turn on the light*), that the redhead realised what was happening, and moments later the very cold body of his boyfriend slipped into the shared bed, and Yosuke yelped.

"Oh my god, warn me, idiot" he complained, but wrapped his arms around Masaru and moved them up and down his back to warm him up.

"Shut up, I'm tired" was the short reply. Masaru snuggled closer into the warmth of the redhead, and the latter just smiled, before sloppily kissing him half on the upper lip and half on the cheek, before both drowsed off into sleep.

Tending an injury

"I *told* you he was too strong to beath him without the drug."

"Worth it, though."

Yosuke snuffled (what Masaru had also told him not to do), but the blood soon began trickling down his chin again and he had a hard time catching it with his tissue. Masaru sighed while he tended the wound on his boyfriend's arm.

"You're a dumbass."

"For wiping that asshole across the street for calling you a fag? No. He *deserved* that." Masaru sighed again, but said nothing. Yosuke kept talking. "He was also insulting me, you know. By saying 'nobody would fuck your dirty faggy ass'. Because I-" Masaru slapped his hand on Yosuke's mouth.

"Oh my god, sh-shut up."

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!"

Reunion kiss

They had been locked up in different places for a different amount of time, but it was equally agonizing for both of them. Yosuke did get out a few years earlier, but wasn't allowed to visit his old complice, for various reasons (one of which was that Masaru wasn't allowed visitors other than blood-related family).

The remaining five years Yosuke spent thinking about his first boyfriend ever way too much, then less and less, until he occasionally forgot the date on which Masaru was supposed to get out. He was thirty-five, so he had a lot of other things to care about, mind you. While a lot of stuff happened and he did have a few flings, he did not really feel more than a faint attraction that also never lasted longer than a month toward any of those people. It was nice to have someone to care about you, but he couldn't really give that feeling back to them. He figured he must have still been in love with Masaru, which was weird, since they hadn't talked or even seen each other in fifteen years. And when he thought of him it was without that throb of his heart, or bugs in his stomach, but more like a "I guess he exists" kind of feeling. Quite indifferent. Which in return made him sad, because back then he loved him so much, it was almost disgusting.

It was Masaru's brother who called Yosuke on The Day, asking him if he still wanted to come with him. Yosuke did have made other plans that day, because frankly, he had forgotten. But he quickly cancelled his lunch date with his sister and mother, suddenly more eager than he had been the last years with anything involving Masaru.

He walked in circles while waiting for Akio to pick him up, and his neighbour eyed him suspiciously. Soon Akio finally arrived and Yosuke climbed onto the passenger seat, finding himself smiling the whole ride. When they stopped in the parking lot, Akio spoke for the first time since they had set off.

"He will probably be rather indifferent toward you, please don't be upset."

For some reason, this scared the younger one, which was ridiculous, since he himself had felt that kind of indifference the last few years toward Masaru as well. A lot (a lot!) of time had passed after all, and they were fourty now. Not those clumsy, stupid teenagers that felt every emotion too intensely. It probably hadn't even been real love. An overwhelming attraction to a person that was actually friendly for a change. At most. They got out of the car.

The two men had to wait in the visitor room for a while, and Yosuke couldn't help but still feel very nervous. When the door opened he almost fell off his chair. In came an officer, followed by a tall, darkhaired man, with a very wrinkled face. Akio stood up, greeted and thanked the officer and embraced the man. Yosuke's eyes widened. That... that was Masaru!? He watched the brothers talk for a minute before Masaru noticed the fourth person in the room, still sitting on his chair, and threw a shocked glance at his brother, then a scared one. There, just for a fraction of a moment, Yosuke saw that same eighteen year old boy with the sad eyes and timid but endearing behaviour, and got up from his seat, walking straight toward the group, and ended up facing Masaru for the first time in twenty years.

He looked tired. Yosuke was tired, too.

He was fourty. They were old. Not necessarily wise, but old and very, very tired. Of waiting. Yosuke stood up on his toes (that bastard had grown a bunch), closed his eyes and pressed his lips on Masaru's. They were dry and chapped. He didn't care. He

moved his lips against the other's, felt two hands cupping his head, smiles against the lips, hearts beating, legs weakening, chest clenching. He loved him. He loved him so much, for more than twenty years of his life, and that had never changed. He loved him. And he was loved. Tears rolled down his cheeks, but he didn't care. He loved him so much. And he finally got him back.

Morning kiss

It was the morning after the first night in their first shared apartment, and it came way too soon. They had slept on the mattress on the floor, because the bed was far from ready, but they didn't want to spend the night on the wooden ground.

Yosuke woke up, reluctantly, and pushed his face back into the cushion before he decided it belonged pressed against Masaru's chest. He was still asleep, since he always slept longer, but Yosuke didn't mind that. He planted cheeky kisses on the skin beneath him, travelling up to Masa's throat and chin. The blond eventually spoke, slurredly.

"I hate you so much." Despite that he pulled his boyfriend up to place a lazy kiss on his lips, and Yosuke replied "I love you, too."

Good Night kiss (1)

His left hand laid lightly against the other's face, the right one clasping his fist. He looked at him, faces just centimetres apart, laying halfway on top of his chest. A steady beep. It drove him crazy.

Yosuke tried his hardest not to cry, and it was a real fucking challenge. Seeing Masaru this weak teared him apart from inside, and the naked walls were crushing him. Beep. He was still there.

The useless flowers on the sidetable that his parents had sent were rotting away, barely being held together, and if you would just do as much as breathe in their direction they would dissolve into dust. Yosuke suddenly was very careful with his touch. Beep. Still there, still there.

"Don't make that face. I'm sorry."

Yosuke wanted to punch him, but considering the state Masaru was in, this would be a very bad idea.

"You sound terrible." He sounded too weak and hoarse for someone who was barely mid-twenty, full of life and full of love. Beep.

A weak chuckle rolled out of Masaru's throat, how could he laugh at that, how could he be so calm in this situation. It's like he had known and was prepared. Yosuke laid his forehead down on Masaru's chest, clenching his teeth.

"I hate this."

"I know." Beep.

Masaru sighed. "I'm tired." Yosuke looked up, scared.

"Then... then sleep" he said, reluctantly. "I will be right here when you wake up." He tried his best to muster up a smile. Masaru smiled back. Beep.

"B-But not without a Good Night kiss!"

"Okay."

Yosuke leaned down again, pressing his lips on the other's, very lightly at first, then more firmly. He never wanted to stop.

Beep.

"Good night" he said with a weak smile. "I will be right here... if you wake up."

But he didn't.

Sweet kiss (2)

It was the middle of the night when Yosuke woke up with a clenched chest and sweat-soaked shirt. He was extremely grateful to have woken up. He hadn't dreamt this bad in forever.

He turned around to find Masaru lying next to him, fast asleep, and breathing peacefully. Thank god he breathed.

"What's the matter?" And he was not asleep, apparently.

"Oh shit, did I wake you up?"

"Well, you were not exactly sleeping like an angel, anyone would have woken up from that." Shit.

"I'm sorry, I... had a bad dream. In which you... died.." Suddenly Yosuke felt the tears prickling in the corners of his eyes and before he knew it he was sobbing like a baby. This startled Masaru and he quickly scooted over to him to squeeze their bodies together and press a kiss to his forehead.

"It... it's alright, see? I'm here."

He buried his face into the red strands and ran his hand across the smaller one's back soothingly. "I'm here", he whispered.

When Yosuke had calmed down from his crying fit a few minutes later he looked up, to find Masaru had fallen asleep again, but still holding him tightly against him. He smiled, angled his face up further and placed a small kiss against his jaw.

First kiss

"I... I am so sorry."

He sat there on the rim of that bathtub, a crying and sobbing mess (not to mention his body covered in bruises), like a picture of misery, and he hated himself. He hated himself so much for not being able to stop crying like a fucking baby. For having those disgusting feelings for that clueless boy. For being what he was. God damn it, someone make it stop.

Yosuke had noticed his outbreak and knelted in front of him, embracing him (touching him), not even questioning him. No. No, that was wrong. Masaru pushed him away, almost panicking. He couldn't touch him, it was a rule they've made, and for a good reason.

"..no... no don't," he squeezed out between sobs. Yosuke watched him silently, quizzically.

"It... it's alright. Please calm down.."

He took Masaru's hands in his own, to soothe him, probably, but all it did was the exact opposite. Fresh tears rolled down his face, and he kept apologising for not being able to stop, he tried to stop, he swore, but it didn't work, he really, really tried. Yosuke still held his hands, squeezed them reassuringly, and Masaru looked up. Great, now he cried, too. It was all his fault, god *damn*, he hated himself.

"Everything's alright, really.."

No. No, it literally wasn't, Yosuke needed to understand this, but he couldn't get the words out. He felt a pair of lips pressing against his forehead, and he wanted to die. Don't. Don't do this to me, or to yourself. He needed to understand.

Masaru squeezed his eyes shut, his hands around Yosuke's, and some words out:

"I tried to un-love you..... but it didn't work... I'm so sorry.."

For a moment there was silence, save for Masaru's violent sobbing. He hated himself more than ever. Now he had burdened Yosuke with his pathetic feelings, and he probably hated him now, too, and was utterly disgusted by him. Masaru wanted to punch himself in the face.

"Wait, are you..." The blond braced himself.

He hadn't noticed he had kept clinging to Yosuke's hands until now, and then he was pulled towards him and the next thing he knew was that feeling of soft, warm lips on his own, the taste of salt and blood (his own), and the heartbeat in his throat. He didn't even manage to close his eyes or to respond in any way, too overwhelmed by what was happening. Soon (too soon) Yosuke pulled away and smiled like an idiot.

"Me... me, too. Really."

First time

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Torture (tw: missbrauch (light))

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Naughty kiss

Oh no, oh what a huge dorko. Who even sleeps like that.

After quite literally barging into his bedroom, Masaru made sure to close the door as quietly as possible now. Couldn't risk to wake his boyfriend up before managing to snap a photo of his impossible sleeping position at the desk; Head propped up on his hand, the other still holding a pencil, upper body hovering over a textbook and an assortment of notes. He seemed to have been doing his homework, like he'd promised. What a good boy.

He still fell asleep while Masaru was gone for his evening shift. The result of stubbornly insisting to keep his boyfriend company during night shifts, which ended with pulling all-nighters on school days. He'd been so sleep-deprived lately, and frequently just came over to nap in Masaru's bed (*"It's way more comfortable than my own bed!"*). Why he didn't just lay down in it today when he was obviously this tired was beyond Masaru, though.

Anyway, he took a few quiet steps over to the desk and whipped out his mobile phone. Perfect blackmailing material right here.

After he'd satisfied his urge, though, he was lost of what to do next. Should he wake him up? This was really not a position to sleep comfortably in. He raised his hand, but then decided against lightly shaking Yosuke's shoulder to wake him. Not yet. Masaru crouched down and watched him a little while longer, and the more time passed the more irresistible became the desire to kiss his stupid, pretty sleeping face. Without thinking about how he would probably wake him up with this, he did just that. Sneakily putting a small kiss in the corner of his mouth. Which immediately curved up into a grin.

"Creep."

Masaru jumped to his feet with a beet red face.

"What the fuck, you were awake?!"

Yosuke stretched his arms. "Yeah, just rested my eyes a little bit." He turned in his chair and continued to grin like the huge asshole he was.

"Ohh, I hate you so much" Masaru claimed, climbing onto his bed and burying his face in the sheets.

"That's not true."

"Shut up!"

Promise (1)

Fuck him. Honestly, just- well, not actually, since that was not an option as of now. Anyway, he could go to hell. Or back to his creepy ex, for all he cared.

Yosuke threw his school bag into the corner of his bedroom after banging doors and ignoring concerned words and glances from his family on his way up here.

Whatever, he didn't really need him, he could manage on his own. He flopped down on his bed, face first into his cushion.

Which smelled like him.

God fucking damn it.

He pushed it on the floor before it made recent memories resurface in his mind and made a mental note to change his bed sheets later. Or rather make his mother do it. Oh, she will be just delighted to hear the news. Her son was now a little bit less of a disgrace again! If only he would do a better job at school now, too!

Yosuke barely remembered what kind of homework he had to do, which was a shame, because he might have actually done them today. He had promised to him to at least try to be a good student, but that promise flew out the window now. Why the heck should he keep this promise when Masaru hadn't kept his.

Fumbling his phone out his pocket, he had already forgotten what he'd left on the screen before he had shut it off. Being greeted by *that* text message made Yosuke's stomach churn. That this motherfucker didn't even have the guts to tell him personally probably ticked him off the most. What a fucking coward. His phone joined the cushion on the floor.

Now with nothing left to distract himself, Yosuke turned on his back and just stared at the ceiling. He should have turned his radio on, or something.

It was okay. His kisses sucked anyway. He snored sometimes, and his hands were always way too rough on his skin, even though Yosuke told him to use lotion. He wasn't really a cuddler and always jerked away when Yo did as much as stand a little bit too close to him in public. It was a miracle he had let him touch him in this very room when his family was home. Which had been just a week ago. On this bed. Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.

His body went hot and cold, and he wanted to vomit. With weak arms Yosuke picked up the cushion from the floor and pressed it tightly against his body, inhaled the scent and let the tears soak the fabric.

He would probably not change the sheets for a while.

Sorry kiss (2)

When Yosuke got a new text message that afternoon he didn't think much of it. It happened, occasionally, but they were always coming from family members and usually only when he was out and they wondered if he would even come back the same night or if his brother could take his share of dinner today.

But he wasn't out (with whom, anyway), so with a puzzled look on his face he checked the message and almost fell off his chair when he saw who had sent it.

"From: Masa

Can I talk to you tonight"

What even did he want to talk about. Why he just dumped him like a used tissue a month ago and then never talked to him again? Yosuke was still pretty salty about that to be quite honest, and he wasn't sure he wouldn't beat the shit out of him if they'd meet. He contemplated replying at all, that jerk didn't deserve it, but he wanted to give him a chance. One chance.

"From: Yosuke

About what"

The next message took quite a while and Yosuke thought Masa had chickened out.

"From: Masa

Us"

Alright, his heart might have clenched at that, just a little bit. So Masa wanted to clear things up, apparently. Well then, he would let him have that. Yosuke typed in his agreement and they settled for a place to meet later. A moment after that he regretted giving in so easily, just kind of running back to him as soon as he snipped his fingers. For all he knew he could just want to cut the ties permanently and get rid of him forever. Damn, that was probably the reason. Yosuke, why are you so dumb and gullible.

His phone's screen lit up with another text message.

"From: Masa

Thank you"

His ears turned red.

At seven in the evening Yosuke showed up at the bridge they had agreed to meet up.

Could have been two or twenty minutes later than seven, who knew.

Masa was already there, sitting on a bench, and he looked quite... fidgety? He must have waited for quite some time. Well, served him right.

Yosuke walked up to him, not sitting down, though.

"Hi."

Masa stood up instead.

"... hi."

A pause. Yosuke got impatient already.

"So, what did you want?" he asked in a demanding tone. He would not have this beating around the bush today.

"I, um..." He hesitated. Fuck this.

"Do you want to talk now or not, because I sure as hell got other things to do, and-"

"I'm sorry."

"- I don't... what"

Yosuke was a little taken off guard by that, and he just stared for a moment before he found his words again.

"'Sorry'? You put me through what quite literally classifies as the worst month of my entire life, and all you got to say is a lame 'sorry'?! No, dude, fuck that."

He was already turning around when a strong hand grabbed his arm and forced him around to face the other.

"You didn't even let me talk."

"Well, then *talk*!" He was glad they were basically in the middle of nowhere right now, because he was already yelling at him.

"You... you mean a lot to me, you know."

Yosuke frowned at that.

"Don't believe me, alright." Masa ran a hand through his hair (it was shorter than before, not much, but Yosuke noticed) and let it rest at his forehead.

"I do... I mean, I want to be with you, and the past month was hell for me, as well,-"

"Then why the fuck did you break up with me?" This didn't make any sense, this guy was contradicting himself back and forth. The grip on his arm got tighter.

"I... wanted to protect you."

"From what?!"

Masaru let out a shaky breath.

"The Reds... have been tracking me down, and if they'd found out I was still involved with you, they would have come for you first."

Oh.. That... "That's bullshit. We have taken care of them back at their headquarters, there is no-"

"Do you even have any idea of how dangerous those fuckers are."

Masaru let go of his arm to pull down the collar of his shirt covering his chest to reveal what looked like a burn wound.

Wait.

"Oh my god, what happened to your tattoo?!"

"They dropped acid on it." He let go of the fabric, putting his fists in the pockets of his pants.

"I'm done with them now."

Silence. Yosuke looked at the ground, feeling the strong urge to hug him, but he couldn't move a muscle. He didn't notice the tears streaming down his face until Masaru wiped at them with his thumb.

"It's okay. I'm sorry."

Yosuke's lip trembled, and he wanted to say so many things, that no, *he* was sorry, and that he wanted to be with him, too, that he loved him, and that Masa still deserved a punch in the guts for not reaching out for help. But nothing came out his throrat, other than violent sobs.

Masaru hesitantly pulled him into his arms, petting his head with slow strokes for what felt like an eternity. By the time he calmed down, Masa's shirt was soaked with tears and snot, and he pulled away slightly, but Yosuke was quick to close the distance again with his lips on his, pulling him into a deep, and very salty kiss.

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?"

Lonely

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

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.

Getting caught

There were never customers in the ungodly hours between 3 and 4:30 in the morning. People were home in their beds sleeping (or, well, home at least). It has been like this from the first night he'd worked at this convenience store. And, of course, the *one time* Masaru actually happened to do something other than flipping through the same boring magazine and being on alert at 3:51 today, one lost fuckhead had the audacity to come in and disturb... well....

"Ah, shitfuck-"

The little bells at the door rang and made him almost bite his own tongue.

"What, no" Yosuke complained as Masaru slithered away from his grasp. "Fuck that asshole."

"I'd rather fuck somebody else."

"Stupid, I know, god!" He did let go of his boyfriend, though, after pecking him on the lips one more time.

Masaru quickly re-buttoned his shirt before leaving the back room for the storefront. He was about to voice an apology to the customer, but the shady man in a huge coat was shuffling through some ero magazines on the other side of the store and seemed... otherwise occupied. Masaru was about to lose his mind, raging boner still pressing against the front of his trousers, and this guy had no fucking decency or shame.

He'd stayed in the store for at least twenty minutes and ended up buying **nothing**, that fuckface. Masa waited for a few seconds, making sure nobody else would come in, then left for the back room. He found Yosuke fast asleep on the couch and, with a sigh, went to the toilet instead.

Christmas

Hands in pockets, shoulders hunched, scarf pulled up to the nose, and a gloomy expression. That was the sight Yosuke was greeted with when he finally arrived at their meeting spot.

"You're late."

"I know! I'm sorry!"

Yosuke threw himself at his boyfriend first thing when he was in reach.

"My mom insisted on playing games all evening, so I couldn't sneak out."

God, this woman. It was almost as if she had known about their plans for tonight so she did her best to passively interfere. She probably did know. But she should also know her son enough to expect him to do what he wants, anyway.

"You wanna get your present?" Yosuke had a cheeky smile on his face.

"I said I don't want a fucking present!"

"You want this one, though!"

Without hesitation he pulled Masaru's face down and into a very misplaced kiss. He pulled away just slightly.

"That was awful."

"Well, do it better, then!"

Reluctantly Masaru put his hands around the other's cheeks, and they lingered there for a moment. A lot of people were rushing past them, descending into the underground station Yosuke had just emerged from. Masaru took his hands back and spoke up again.

"Let's go somewhere else-"

"Attention. Next train is the last train for today. I repeat: The next train is the last train for today.." The mechanical voice from the speakers spoke its announcement and made Masa's heart drop.

"You should probably catch that."

His gaze fell to the ground. Well, that was it for Christmas, then. At least they had seen each other for a few minutes.

"No, dude, fuck that."

"What?"

Yosuke clinged closer to Masaru, tightening his grip around his torso. He rested his forehead against the other's shoulder, not even thinking about letting go.

"I want to spend Christmas with you, and not just a tiny fraction of it! Fuck 'last train', my family had me the whole damn day, it's your turn now."

Some giddy warmth spread in Masaru's body and his arms trembled, but found their way around the smaller body.

"Are you sure?"

A smile formed on Yosuke's lips. "Yeah."

He put a light kiss on Masaru's jaw. Another one on the corner of his lips followed.

"Yosuke.."

"What?! It's dark, nobody can see!"

"No, I mean.."

Masaru leaned in and gave him a kiss on the lips, full and square.

"That's how you do it."

Christmas pt2

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Crybaby (tw: missbrauch)

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Pretty (tw: missbrauch)

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Turnabout

"Masa."

No.

"Masa, look at me."

No.

With his arm over half his face he tried to disconnect from the situation at hand. If he can't see or hear, he might actually enjoy it.

"Come on, love." *Don't call me that.*

Kenta stopped his movements and gently touched Masaru's arm, which flinched at the contact.

A sigh.

He tried again and carefully removed the limb from the other's face, smiling down at him.

"That's better" he whispered and placed a kiss on Masa's wrist, palm, knuckles.

"We can stop." He pulled himself out and sat up. "If you don't like it, we can stop."

"Why?!" As if that had ever stopped him before. Given, Masaru, the hormone-driven teenager that he was, did like getting off. But that did not mean he particularly *loved* doing it. With him.

"I want you to enjoy this."

"Since when do you care about that."

Kenta chuckled. "Oh, you have no idea."

He got up from the bed and left for the bathroom.

"I mean, you *can* join me in the shower if you want" he said with a wink before closing the door behind him. Masaru got a strange feeling in his stomach.