

Is your sister home

Von Toshi

"Open your mouth, Ryuu!"

But Ryuu kept it shut, didn't even dare to let any noise get through.

Noya stared at him, expectantly.

"Come on!"

No response.

"Ryuu! You're no fun, man."

The smaller one sat up, still straddling his boyfriend's hips beneath him, though, and crossed his arms.

"Why won't you let me kiss you!"

"I do!" Ryuu managed, finally. "But not when you're trying to eat my face!"

"But that's kinda how you do it! I mean, not the eating part. The part where you suck at each other's lips and stuff."

Oh god, why did he have to be so blunt about it. Ryunosuke hid his face behind his arm.

"Come on" Noya repeated. His hands found their way to Ryuu's chest (he could feel his heart beating against his ribcage), slowly worming their way up to his shoulders again and gently pushing his arm away.

"It's fun, promise"

Ryuu idly wondered how he could be so sure about that (they were each other's firsts after all), but did not complain when his boyfriend grabbed his face and pressed a chaste kiss on his lips.

"Ok?"

"Fine."

Without any other word, Noya immediately went for his upper lip - again -, sucking it into his mouth and Ryuu was sure this should feel a lot nicer and not as sloppy as it did.

Without warning Noya pushed his tongue between his lips, trying to coax his mouth open and they were at the exact same point as just a few moments ago. It was weird, and new, and very wet, but Ryuu complied, hesitantly, and opened his mouth, only to be greeted by a very enthusiastic and warm tip of Noya's tongue and he yelped, breaking away, but the other was quick to react and hold his face in place. No backing out now! He got a few seconds to recollect himself, before Noya claimed his lips again, running his tongue across Ryuu's upper lip, then sliding inside again, earning him a small sigh. After the third try it wasn't half bad, and Noya seemed to finally get the hang of it, too. Instead of mindlessly forcing himself onto (and into) the other, he had slowed down a little and he seemed to be more comfortable with the whole

ordeal, too.

As Noya's hands began massaging his scalp, Ryuu's head began swimming and if asked he couldn't answer how and when his fingertips had sneaked into the legs of Noya's shorts. Or when the others' had lifted his shirt up to his chin.

".. is your sister home?"

"... no."