

# a new branch

Von Toshi

## i wanted to write a kiss

His heart was beating up his throat whenever they were this close, when he could feel the heat radiating off his body, take in his smell, and the one from his detergent. Masaru's fingers lingered on the other's upper arms and almost gripping too tight when he felt a familiar pair of lips brush his own lightly, and he took a sharp breath.

"You're funny."

"What, how?"

"You're still like this, like how it was the first time we kissed."

Masaru frowned and instead of replying pressed their lips together again, more forceful this time. He felt the other smiling.

"Stop, it's not funny."

Masaru seized his whole mouth now, lightly sucking on his upper lip and sneaking in his tongue, touching teeth and gums. His hands, neglected until now, reached up to the other's ears and jaw, holding, caressing.

His heart felt like it would burst in his chest. He loved that boy so much, it was almost unbearable.

He smiled at him when they parted. Masaru smiled back.