It's time for Len to break out of his comfort zone and try new things.

With his new blue dildo and his mystery crush invading his thoughts, Len definitely is in for the ride of his life.

Len was finally alone.

With the two lovebirds, Oliver and Fukase, finally out on a date, and Piko, bless him, out shopping for essentials, Len could finally have some time to himself in their shared condo.

Well, that wasn’t exactly true. The others usually left him alone if he requested for them to, but with all three often home when he was, Len never had a chance to do anything like….this.

The boy was eighteen now, and far from being a child. Well, to himself at least. People like Miku, despite being only two years older than him, still treated him like a child. He couldn’t blame them though. He was still pretty short for his age. The blonde was definitely cautious about measuring his height against his sister’s. He swore that she’s grown a few centimeters taller than him in the past few years.
Masturbation shouldn't be such a scary topic to Len. After all, he was an adult, and it was normal for people his age to do such things. He was just scared that one of his roommates would hear him. God forbid he get teased by Fukase on his habits.

The red haired male would be the death of him someday, with his constant jokes about his longer hair and choice of dress. The man wore fucking skirts most of the time, so why was he cracking jokes?!

Len was laying upside down on his bed, legs propped up against the headboard, and feet touching the wall the bed leaned against. His golden locks were sprawled out on the sheets behind him.

The boy had his head tilted back as he glared at the thing that stressed him out the most:

A thick, blue dildo that he had bought a few weeks prior just laid there on the bed, antagonizing him.

“Stop being such a fucking chicken, Kagamine. Just use me like I know you want to,” he imagined it saying. The blonde huffed and ran a hand through his hair, a habit he had when he started getting anxious.

“Fine, fine,” he imagined again. “Just pretend I’m not a blue dildo, ‘kay? Pretend I’m actually him.”

Len through his hands up into the air, exasperated, “Why the fuck am I imagining a talking fucking dildo?!” He slumped down onto his ruffled bedspread. “I’m going crazy…"

Sighing, Len twisted himself back into an upright position. Enough was enough. He knew that he should just face his fears, and get on with it. Len was pent up, mentally and sexually.

With him being around a lot of the time, who knew when Len would get a chance to do something like this again. Not to mention his roommates, too.

With shaky hands, Len yanked open his bedside drawer and pulled out a plastic bag. He shut the drawer and set the bag down on the bed. He untied the flimsy handles and dumped out the contents.

Inside were three things: Banana flavored lube, another sex toy, this one essentially being a vibrator, and bright pink condoms. These things all gifts that his older sister, Rin, thought would be appropriate to get for his eighteenth birthday.

He had never used any of them before. Hell, he had never really even touched himself very intimately, a few jerk-offs in the shower when he was sixteen being the only exception. Toys like vibrators and dildos were foreign to him and his body.

When he had asked Oliver about it, the small boy told him that they did wonders, and that one of them should definitely be the first of his sex toys. With Fuck-ass in the room, the little, red-haired bitch decided it would be a wonderful time to tease Len like he always did, which resulted in the blonde cursing him out and then storming from the room.

Still trembling, Len began stripping off his clothing. First went the shirt, and then his shorts. When it came down to him being just in his boxers, Len became a bit hesitant. His heart felt like it was pounding out of his chest. Taking a deep breath, he finally shrugged them off of himself.

Len didn’t know why he was so nervous, it was just him after all. Maybe it was the fact that his mind kept circling around him for the millionth time that evening.

Gathering up his courage, Len placed the four items by his side, the condoms being put on the face
of the drawer they came from. The vibrator, dildo, and lube were still sitting on the bed.

Len arranged his pillows in a comfortable position and then laid back. He licked his chapped lips, biting the inside of his cheek.

He should have stolen some of the alcohol Fukase had stored in his bedroom. He could definitely use some of that liquid courage right about now.

Forgetting the alcohol, Len spread his legs apart slightly, and began hesitantly touching himself.

He started with his nipples, light pink and erect from the cooler air in his bedroom. Deft fingers toyed with one of the pebbled buds. Len bit his lip. The sensation was foreign; not bad, but not overwhelmingly good. It was pleasurable pain that had the boy’s cock twitching slightly.

His other hand drifted down his abdomen and to his flaccid member. Pale fingers wrapped around his length, slowly pumping it so that it stood tall against his stomach.

Len was panting slightly by now, his eyes closed and eyebrows furrowed slightly from the newfound pleasure he was feeling. His hips rolled up slightly to meet his hand in its strokes up and down his cock.

He felt good.

The blonde couldn’t figure out why he didn’t do this sooner. As of now, he wasn’t making much noise, so maybe if he just stuck to this while the others were there, he could get away with it.

*Up, down. Up, down;* faster his hand went. With a few more pumps, Len unraveled in his hand. A true virgin at heart.

He lay there on the bed, panting as he tried to open his eyes. He hadn’t even added any of the toys, or even fingered himself, and he was already like this.

‘Again,’ he thought.

This time, his hands went to work on prepping his virgin hole for the blue dildo. One hand held his legs apart, while the other worked apart his entrance with nimble fingers.

Len only had one finger in, but it still felt amazing once the initial stinging sensation faded. He stayed at one for a while to make sure he was properly prepared, before slipping in a second finger. Len moaned wantonly at how easily it went in.

The blonde thrusted them in and out, going deeper and deeper until he got to his bottom knuckles. He began scissoring himself, getting ready for a third finger to enter. Len’s back arched slightly off the bed, and his mouth was agape as pleasured sounds escaped his mouth.

Finally, a third finger was added, and Len desperately hurried up the stretching process. The fingers were alright, but he wanted something *bigger* inside of him.

When he felt he’d had enough, Len took his fingers out and reached for the banana flavored lube. He popped the top off and squirted some onto his fingers. He rubbed them together to warm it up a bit before applying it to his loosened entrance. The boy squirted some more onto his hand before lathering up the dildo with the thick substance, and aligning the head of it to his hole.

Len’s face contorted with pleasure as the toy went in smoothly, like butter. His chest rose and fell dramatically with his pants, and he pushed it in all the way to the hilt.
“Shit, shit, shit...oh my god!” He moaned, taking a moment to steady himself before starting to pump the thick toy in and out of himself.

His free hand traveled up to his hair, running his fingers through the blonde locks and tugging. Len imagined that it was him doing this to him. Him thrusting into him with that thick cock. Him looking into his eyes as he whispered sweet nothings into his ear. Len tugging on his hair, lightly colored and soft like the blonde’s. Him pounding into him instead of the toy, and him--

“Piko!”

Len chanted his name like a broken record as he continued pleasuring himself. He reached around for the vibrator, hand gripping it tightly when he found it. Dazed, he switched and on, practically melting into the bed as it made contact with his neglected cock.

“Fuck! Piko-mmm...yes! Ah- yes, yes, yes!” He mewled, circling his dripping tip with the vibrator. He worked the dildo into himself faster, stomach knotting as he came closer and closer to his climax.

It was when Len dipped the vibrator down to his sacs that he came hard with a shout of Piko’s name. His eyes were glassy and unfocused as he came down from his pleasured-high. Len felt sated, but he wasn’t done. Not even close.

For better access, Len got onto his knees, ass high in the air and cheek squished into the pillows, facing the door. The blonde took the dildo into his hand again, not even hesitating as he sunk the toy deep into his canal.

He started his fast pace again, other hand pumping his member. Len was only at it for about ten minutes before he was leaking pre-come onto the covers like a faucet.

“Piko, Piko, Piko, Piko!” Len moaned. He was so caught up in his own pleasure that he didn’t even hear the front door shutting. Or the footsteps coming closer to his bedroom, and certainly not his door opening.

“Len, I got the--” Len froze on the spot, cheeks burning bright red. “--book you asked for…” Piko’s expression was one of pure shock. Len couldn’t tell whether it was from catching one of his roommates masturbating, or if it was the fact that he caught Len moaning his name.

Though, when Len saw the undeniable tent in Piko’s leggings--the boy liked to grip the hem of his dress-like clothing piece when he was nervous, resulting in the article being pulled up enough so that Len could see his groin--he couldn’t help but hope.

Gone was the hesitant Len as the blonde smirked, gesturing Piko with a ‘come hither’ crook of his finger.

Len didn’t think he had ever seen Piko move so fast in his life.

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The blue, black, and white clothing of Piko had been long abandoned, the boy having favored to go stark naked rather than fully clothed.
The light haired male was straddling Len, fingers caressing the blonde’s face. “What if I told Fukase about this? He would tease you to no end.”

“He would tease you too,” Len protested.

Piko shook his head, blonde, almost white hair swishing against his pale skin. “Nuh-uh! Fukase likes me more.”

“And why’s that?”

“Cause I didn’t do anything to piss him off,” Piko smirked.

“How was I supposed to know him and Oliver were having sex when I walked in?!”

Len’s reaction caused them both to dissolve into laughter. When Piko caught him in the middle of his alone time, Len thought that the older male would be disgusted. Oh, how wrong he was.

Piko made sweet love to him many times after, and Len’s every desire was fulfilled in those moments. As much as he loved the sex, Len loved the aftercare Piko was giving him after. He made sure that Len was alright, even offering to go get pain medication if he so needed it.

Of course, Len denied, having told Piko that this was the best he felt in a long time. That led to this moment, where they just enjoyed talking to each other. Both boys admitted to having liked each other for a long time, and agreed to having a date together the next Friday.

Both boys were also too caught up in each other to notice the sound of a certain British boy, and his boyfriend coming into the condo. Piko practically fell off of Len’s lap when the door flung open, and Len rushed to cover himself with a pillow, ears flushing red.

All he saw was Oliver’s traumatized face when Fukase’s laughter rang out throughout the condo. “I’m so sorry!” The British blonde squealed as Len’s expression turned murderous.

“Oliver!”

Piko wondered why he put up with all of them as he watched his new lover chase Oliver around the room, naked, with Fukase yelling through his laughter, “Remember Len, the first step to any murder is to have fun and be yourself!”

“Fuck-ass I swear to god!”

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