Trash-happy Havoc

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Trash-happy Havoc

by Makoto (TheTacticianMagician)

Summary

NSFW shorts and oneshots. Tags will be added accordingly with each chapter. HPA-focused, mostly DR1.
Chapter sheet guide (check for the right page).
Latest chapter:
► Komaegi (x1.5), Komahinaegi (x1.5) - omorashi, watersports, threesome

Notes

Short 1 | Lowered | 1.486 w
► Hinaegi (+ Kamukura/Naegi): "Everyone's sexual relief" scenario, vague personality dividing, blowjob

「Wherein sexual hope surges seem to actually be a thing」
Hinata doesn't know how everyone agreed to it; maybe the same way he did. Losing control and being given it back. And then it's like, *well this isn't that bad*.

And the rest of the foundation, did they even know of this? The Remnants of Despair getting rehabilitated were Naegi's responsibility, so even if they know it's likely they wouldn't want to do anything about it. As long as it's kept in secret. Even more secret than them having been despair is.

He doesn't know if that - sexually favouring each of them in any moment that they might break - was more courageous, unhinged, a genuine happy-all-around thing or if it was out of desperation. Hinata doesn't think anyone would just subject themselves to this, especially personally so, but he doesn't know what to say of the mind of a man who looked at his empty red eyes and thought, *I can save him*.

There's no fathoming that.

But he's lacked any strength to fight it and doesn't anymore. In the times when Hajime feels a loss of balance, feels pinpricks of pain inside his head, sees any strand of his darkening and growing-flowing hair out of the edge of his vision, he seeks out the Hope.

And he is always thankful that most of his spiky hair is still around at these times - if more than his side were to droop and go ink-black, he'd be too obvious, and anyone would know what he was headed to do.

He's thankful there's no one else there in his office this time, as well.

Just Makoto's presence and gaze seems to instinctually recoil some of the despair gathering in him. The luckster takes note of him, his closing the door, the black staining half his fringe and draping over his face. Those lime green eyes widen almost immediately.

His breath shortens a little, but Hinata-Kamukura-Hinata knows it's not from fear. In any of their first times he'd have thought so, he did even, but now he knows better.

As he loosens his tie the headmaster is already on the floor, so eager, almost cute like that. He isn't going to ask who he had to fuck or get on his knees for today; he knows that Naegi prefers that this moment, at least, be just them. Actual friends and not just some whorish leader that resorts to sex to keep the Remnants of Despair as tight and well-off as possible.

With the simple motions of unbuckling his belt, Makoto is already crawling to him, eyes a bit dark. The Izuru in him is more level, thinks coolly, *He probably isn't this wanton or desperate with the others*. It makes Hajime, as himself, blush.

Only the experience of previous times allows the following smoothness, the quick unbuttoning and unzipping and how Naegi's breath is already on him even through underwear, immediately kissing up and down his soft cock when he pulls his pants down his thighs and exposes himself.

Hinata's breath hitches. He used to feel guilt, the second, third time (because the first he was Izuru,
and could care little for the small man choking on his dick) but now it's much harder for that emotion to come through when Naegi goes down on him so lovingly and hungrily. The unluckster looks alright now, clothed, not like a couple previous times where he'd been marked and bruised or still cleaning cum from his face or very notably loose from being fucked earlier in the afternoon. It almost looks like a normal encounter, like maybe they're actual lovers going through a normal session.

Makoto licks widely across his hardening cock, rubbing his inner thigh with a thumb, pacing it a little better even though Hajime knows he could've thrust all the way into his mouth and he would've taken it. He was alright with it like this. It was already heavenly, just like that, the licking and rubbing and kissing, from his head down to his sac, where he does not hesitate to suck half of it between his lips.

With a hefty groan, Hinata curls his fingers into the light brown hair, and Naegi buries his face tighter against his crotch in response. The ball is released after a second-eternity with a lewd slick noise, and Naegi treats his other piece to the same while squeezing his firm buttock with a similarly firm grip.

Hajime is panting a little by the time the man draws away with a gasp, and he tucks the long black strand that's hovering over his vision behind his ear to see him better.

A sight like this has grown to become more familiar than he'd initially like to admit, but there's nothing to not like now, between wet kisses to his tip and fingers tracing his veins, a small call of "Hajime" past his lips as a reminder to his actual self, in a loving - though husky - voice.

It wasn't necessarily a true call, but Hinata answers in a questioning hum still, giving him his attention; this grounds him, it's a connection, reaches him inside like the sensual touches are doing outside.

Makoto has answer- he leans back, more or less looking up at him, and opens his mouth invitingly, tongue peeking out just enough. Asking for him to put it in.

Hinata felt a cold-hot wave surge through his body, twitching at the sight. It almost knocked out his breath. He could do nothing if not cave, comply - he roughly grips Naegi's ahoge in a way he knows he loves and slides inside his mouth, letting out a stuttering moan at the sensation, at the same time he feels a pleasurable whimper vibrate around his length.

The headmaster is much better now at this, tongue stifling against the hard flesh whenever he isn't sucking, easing deeper and deeper and making Hajime tremble at the slide of his tip against the back of his throat and Makoto's nose breathing hot directly against his crotch.

Hinata lets go of his ahoge and grips other parts of his hair instead, so he won't completely lose focus. It gives a small twitch in the sudden neglect, and Naegi slowly draws back, inching the cock off of him until he rests the tip perfectly around his lips, swirling the tongue around the head and pitching Hinata's breath into a loud moan.

There's no resistance, just sync as less-Izuru-more-Hajime thrusts back in, hot and wet then cool and wet and hot back again, trying to stifle his noises. Naegi takes it willingly, full practice and a half over that with legitimate want, bracing his stance on the ground to take the motion of the man's hips and roll with it.

It's good for Hinata to be able to forget why he's come here, or the prickling incoming sizzling gloom, or that the small man in front of him has probably had half a dozen different cocks on him
this past month - and get lost in the mouth taking all his centimeters and all his precum, in the moss-
dew reflection that sometimes opens up at him and warms him up further.

He's lost the ratio of the moans he's managed to keep back from the ones he's let out, but volume is
winning as he increases his pace, just as he's winning over the claim of Kamukura.

Makoto's hair is a mess and his lips are swollen but he remains attached to Hajime as if he were a
part of him, occasionally making noises against the hot pulsing dick plunging into him. The taller
man has no plans to hold back, doesn't fight the rocketing climax as it creeps onto him.

With a half shout, Hinata grips his scalp tighter, but doesn't force him still as he throbs with finality
and spends himself into the heated mouth - he's buzzing and not-quite-here and doesn't know if this
is enough to fully get himself back, but the swerve and spark of orgasm lighting all his nerves keeps
him from thinking for that held moment.

Lightheaded (how much of it is from the climax and how much is from his hair shrinking back, he
wouldn't know) and panting, he completely loosens his fingers from the fluffy hair under his palms.
Looking exerted himself, Makoto takes his time swallowing all of the cum, then gently lapping at the
softening length as he slides it out of his mouth. Gods, he's cute. It makes Hajime flush even despite
all of- that.

Hinata kneels down to his level and gives gentle caresses to his face.

"You're a good man, Naegi." Good boy.

The luckster leans against the hands, absentmindedly licking his lips, a lopsided smile gracing them
soon after. How many of them remember to thank him, to make sure he's alright? Hajime doesn't ask,
but he still wonders. Worries.

He leads Naegi to the couch for cuddles, because that's something he can always do.
Kirigiri was a bit more eager about this than she'd like to admit, and watched her boyfriend's hair stand on end and ahoge jolt upwards at the suggestion, chiming a bell of triumph for her already.

He's so easy to fluster, almost as much as he was before they started the relationship. Naegi pulled at his collar a bit, face flushed. She's never gone down on him, they haven't tried that yet. He hasn't really given it thought, either. His heart is mouse-fast and he moistens his lips, "Now?"

She's surprised that he would just cede to that possibility, and the concept runs hot through all of her. To do something like this almost unplanned... "Yes. Would you like me to?"

Kyōko's eyes bely her excitement, energy passing onto him with just that contact; he's nervous, but replies, "Yes..."

Soon his back is against the wall and she pecks his lips, fleeting, before delivering similar kisses down his neck and chest, feeling his wild heartbeat even through the shirt, until she kneels in front of him.

Sending a look upwards as if to warn him, Kirigiri palmed his crotch, hearing his breath hitch. She was very much looking forward to this. And this time, she wouldn't tease him relentlessly first (admittedly, she was a bit too eager to do so as well).

His pants undone, she hooked her fingers around the hem of both them and his boxers, pulling them down to his ankles - he gasped a little at that, but spread his legs more appropriately to aid her.

Having his package eye-level with her felt different, way different in a way she couldn't quite describe. Kyōko wrapped her fingers around the base of her boyfriend's cock, and it gave a slight twitch, fabric against sensitive skin. She glanced at Naegi, and he was red-faced, unable to maintain any eye contact before looking away. He was almost shivering. She wondered if his excitement level was coming to match hers.

Eyeing the not-at-all-daunting length in front of her and feeling a sheen of heat down her neck, the
detective maneuvered him just slightly and went for broke, licking a stripe up the base of his half-hard length and feeling him nearly jump against her tongue.

Before she could potentially lose the bravery impulse, Kirigiri opened her mouth at the tip and took him inside her, suckling to secure him in.

A strangled, desperate noise echoed out of Naegi and she felt a small twitch inside her mouth; her victorious sensation lasted for about a second before she felt him grip her hair strongly, painfully so, and she winced at the hurting flare across her scalp as the luckster suddenly pulled her completely off of his length. Was something wrong-?

Her wince faded from her face as soon as it came, being replaced with wide-eyed attention as she saw a yellow-tinted liquid begin to leak out from her partner's cock. She backed away some as the thin leak soon became a stream. But she couldn't see better as Naegi's hands immediately flew down to his crotch, pressing and attempting to cover himself.

Makoto Naegi was... peeing. He'd just started peeing.

His hands did nothing to abate the liquid that poured messily down between his legs, and Kyouko snapped her focus from it with the noted whine and held-back sob from the boy in front of her.

She felt a little painful curl in her heart to look up and see the brunet's face gleaming with fresh tears.

"I-I got so nervous, I-" His voice was earning a noticeable pitch as he struggled. "D-don't look at me." He pleaded.

Kyōko's hand came up to cup her chin in one of her thoughtful stances, though she wasn't thinking hard right now. Makoto was still peeing, likely unable to control it, soaking up the pants that were caught around his ankles, leaking through the fingers in his hands.

She said nothing for now, not wanting to aggravate the delicate situation, so she simply stood up, stepping towards his side and caressing his hair.

"Sorry," he hiccuped when his flow abated and there was only dripping from his covering hands.

"You don't have to apologize."

"Of course I do! I-I just-"

"Makoto, that's alright." She insisted, cooing his first name to try and comfort him further about her
trust. "I made you really nervous. I should have been slower for your first time."

He sniffled, breath still shaky. "T-there's no way even a-another nervous guy would have done something like t-that."

Kyōko pressed her lips gently against his. "This isn't about anyone else... it's about you, Naegi. And that's a part of you. You got so nervous you lost control of your bladder. And I'm okay with that, really. I don't want you to feel so humiliated." She gently combed her fingers through his hair. "You trusted me enough to tell me of your deepest secret, didn't you? I would never betray that trust by making fun of you." With a careful nudge, she let the boy bury his face in her shoulder, catching the movement of his ahoge drooping entirely.

With her other hand, Kyōko gently pulled at his wrists, so she could be closer to him without him trying to cover any shame. Makoto gasped softly as she pressed close, even taking his wet hand and wrapping it around her back—despite him being pretty gross right now.

She stood like so, slowly trying to soothe him. At least until his tears dried a bit, until his breath could calm. The smell and the wetness were far from her priority.

"Sorry for ruining that." He muttered lowly a couple minutes later, and thought of adding that he'd understand if she never wanted to give him head again, but considering how enthusiastic she was with the approach at first, that was pretty unlikely.

Though usually ever burying down her body's predisposition to emote, Kirigiri allowed herself a click of the tongue, in successful practice of becoming looser around him. "That didn't feel too bad for you though, right? It was still a release."

Kyōko felt his head turning some, as if wanting to look away from her even if she couldn't see his face from this angle to begin with. "W-well. There's the bit of relief but everything else..."

"Then it's not too 'ruined'." She drew away from him, expression as understanding as she could muster, and made him look. "We have time. We can try this any other day. It's fine." She pecked the tip of his nose. "I'll say this. I don't think any less of you for wetting yourself, Makoto. That's one of the least aggravating faults one could have."

"Kyōko..."

"And I won't feel discouraged from sex with you because of that. Or sleeping with you. It doesn't... bother me as much." That was a weird thought, and it did surprise her, but it rang true. If it was
Makoto, she didn't mind how more prospect to accidents he might be. Unlike many of the events spurred on by his bad luck, this was something she could help make him feel better about.

He had that look to him of when he couldn't fully understand her, but his face softened nonetheless. "Thank you, Kyōko... I-I swear I. I'll try harder next time. Even if I have to take more bathroom bre-
"

His sentence was cut short by a kiss. When Kirigiri drew away, she placed her clean pointer to his lips instead, gazing at him intently. "Don't worry so much." She felt inclined to say something like 'you can wet yourself anytime' but that'd just sound weird. That's not how she wants to convey things. "I won't be mad even if it happens again." That was better at least.

Naegi slumped a bit on her, embarrassed at the thought this could happen again. "T... thank you." The detective supported more of his weight as she leaned back, kicking the soaked trousers and underwear on the floor aside.

To have him vulnerable like this with her, short and pressed to her and ashamed and naked from the waist down, made her feel even more fond of him. Made her feel glad she could protect him like this.

It didn't mean she could resist a little teasing. "That wasn't the way I intended to make you lose control... though, I do have to say it was pretty cute."

Naegi groan-whined and buried his face tighter into her neck.
Raining on cloud nine - Komaegi

Naegi was... a good guy.

Too much of a good guy. Kind of a mat, actually. He had a hard time saying no, and being in a position of leadership, there was quite the amount of people ready to ask things of him.

Taking care of an institution was not comparable to taking care of a dog or a little sister (which was half a lie because honestly Komaru ended up being the one taking care of him most of the time); it was more often than not an all-day every day ordeal.

Makoto thought he was doing a fairly good job for his age. Most of the time. At least managing to avoid spilling water, soup, juice and tears on the important papers since he started out counted, right? And his morning alarm not bugging out 80% of the time, and getting meeting or rendezvous hours wrong only three times, that was... okay, right?

And forgetting things so often that Kirigiri and Togami and Aoi had to ask him as a side note each time if he remembered and even Teruteru has had to step out of the kitchen to remind him he was supposed to be somewhere else that one day.

Recalling all of this, he heaved a sigh, shifting distractedly as he was handed the stack of papers he requested that had been sent out with a missing last-moment information.

He just... wasn't really that cut out for this.

There was the weight of having far too many tasks to do without rest, and there was the weight of having far too many tasks to do without rest, one that was currently settling heavily in his bladder and raising up his concern levels.

Usually, Naegi would remember to relieve himself in the mornings before having to set out for work, but today was another bugged alarm day and he was already running late. His shirt was still backwards and a chug of water followed by munching mintyfresh candy had been his substitute for brushing teeth.
It wouldn't be as concerning but he was running errands and favors that weren't even all necessarily attached to his position. And there was that helping of water and later on, coffee. And he hadn't gone since last evening and his bladder was not big nor strong, and desperation had started catching up hard and fast to him. With the added nervousness, even worse.

The unluckster tried to concentrate on the current task, which were these paper-pamphlets that were already meant to have been sent out to the students if not for someone catching an important tidbit of missing information just today. So he was now adding said information by hand and pen to each paper, absolutely not willing to shoulder the extra editing and printing cost and times that would likely just push the distribution even further back.

He definitely did not try to think of how unbearably full he was, how his thighs were pressed together, how he just wanted to get up and find a bathroom.

There was something else he should have been doing now, so he was instead favouring this task, and could not afford a break. The amount of daring projects and fuckups he'd done in his small time in this position made him feel extra pressured. And there was a meeting not too long from now, from two to three hours in.

It's not like there wouldn't be any time for him to take a break. If he could do these quickly, he should have enough of a window. Even as the stretch of his bladder began to almost hurt, he believed in that. His luck hadn't been too bad today, so maybe he'd be safe to actually trust his thoughts.

... Maybe.

Naegi still holds onto hope when he finishes the paper editing and has someone come back to distribute them; even though the weight he can feel in his abdomen every time he moves is worrisome. But it was time to get to his other task so he could catch up with it.

With power comes responsibility right? That saying didn't exactly apply to the situation but nevertheless...

Some focus was maintained, he managed to push most thoughts of the coffee settling in his bladder away in favour of how happy he was when the foundation managed to go forward, but a new notification distracted him. Did something happen?

He read over the mail with bated breath, and an odd noise that ended in a whine rose out of his throat.

It said that the meeting location had been rethought and was not fully decided yet, and that he should await a new email pointing at the location then immediately go there.

Makoto tried to fight back the panic. His current working room was a potential locale for the meeting, and needed to be tidied up if that was the case; if he went out to the bathroom he could miss the notification timing and end up late; his hands braced his temples and he tried to take a moment to calm down, to not think of how badly he needed to pee.

Deep breaths. If he could finish this early he would have plenty of time. Back to work.
Of course, a situation like this could only grow worse, and as time went by he squeezed his thighs together, had considerably more trouble focusing, was gripping the mouse tighter than he needed to and was being visited by unwanted mental images of himself in front of a toilet and memories of embarrassing past accidents, which made his bladder ache in more different ways than should be possible.

He was fighting back an urge by reaching into his pocket and trying to grasp his length when a quick knock at the door sounded and someone opened it.

Komaeda's unmistakable cloud of hair leans in, and upon seeing the other luckster alone in the room, he smiled and walked inside, closing the door behind him.

"Hey, Makoto." Is the fairet's sweet greeting as he approaches.

"H-hey." Naegi responds, internally damning the lilt of his voice, that stutter. He tries to be subtle in taking his hand off his pocket and crossing his legs instead. "How are you today, Nagito?"

Nagito stops briefly, looking him over, and the brunet prays he doesn't notice. "Today has been favorable... though it seems that wasn't the case for you?"

"Ah, no, it's... just work. Lots of it. My alarm skipped out again." Makoto tries to say, and it's thankfully not so strained. His legs cross a width stronger, a tried knot at the mouth of a water balloon.

Komaeda gently scoots a chair to sit by his side, and his all-observing eyes are unnerving in a situation like this, as beautiful as they usually look.

"This isn't sickness again, right? Would you like me to get some water?"

Maybe it's the way his eyes widen a fraction, the way his thighs clamp tighter together that dawns a look of realization on the fairet and he mutters, "Ah. Do you just really need the bathroom?"

He's such a bad liar that even when he doesn't quite lie people still see way through him.

Naegi doesn't say anything, keeps his eyes on his partner's for a moment before looking away, face darkening red.

He misses the way Nagito distractedly moistens his lips, swallows down nervous inhibitions. "Didn't they give you a break?"

"No..." Makoto answers, and begins to regret, to think maybe he's been stupid and should have sneaked off for a few minutes at least. "It's, um. It'll be alright." The anxiety is absolutely not helping in fighting off the urge. "There'll be a call to a meeting for me, and if it's somewhere else I can pass by a bathroom on the way there." The reminder that where he is right now still had 50% chances of being the actual meeting place, which meant he couldn't move, was not a good one.

Komaeda makes a noncommittal sound of agreement, and watches as his partner tries to get back to work.

"Are you close to finishing that?"
"Not yet."

The silence is paced with bursts of uneven typing and the brunet's strained breathing. Nagito feels his blood run pleasantly at the sight he's allowed to take, Makoto shifting restlessly and emanating heat and his crossed legs uncross and he presses his thighs together instead, maybe trying to keep some kind of composure. And he can see that the shorter boy is having far too much difficulty with what he's doing - trying to do, really.

The longer this keeps up and he unabashedly stares, the longer Naegi takes to type, the worse the squirming gets. And the hotter Nagito ends up feeling, as well.

Maybe if it were most of the others, they could have trusted his words and wished him (ironically) luck, but Komaeda knew at least an extra sixty chapters about him, and just knew Makoto would end up having an accident if he kept up like this. It wouldn't be the first time he'd pay witness to it either.

Nagito isn't particularly opposed to his partner humiliating himself like that - his loins very much agree with it, in fact - but he thinks this is a good time for a favour.

He leans in closer to the youth, lets his breath tickle his ear. "You should get some relief before you get summoned to the meeting."

Komaeda should definitely not be talking to him about relief right now. Naegi huffed in discomfort, trying to fist the head of his dick through his pants. "I... told you, if I can finish this, or before the meeting..."

He looks like he would have trouble even standing up at this point. Which is fine for the fairet - his plan didn't require him to move. "It'll be quick. You won't have to get up."

The darker blush that spreads to the edges of Makoto's face is delightful. "W-w-what?"

"Look. Do you honestly think you can hold it? And if your meeting is here?" Nagito replies, because it's honestly too easy to visualize him losing it when that actually starts. But also because they're alone, and he wants this, doesn't want to miss it and leave when he's like this.

The brunet seems to actually try to think about it, and it's almost amusing with the way he's squirming desperately. "I... I don't know." He mutters, knows he can't bluff and that his partner knows it even better.

"Do you trust me, Makoto?" Komaeda says, softer, rubs the shorter boy's arm.

There's anticipation and unnerve boiling inside Naegi, and his teeth grit with the aching need as he massages himself- he's rarely able to say no, especially to his partner, and any way out is dangerously tempting. "I do."

He had already been hardly able to focus on anything while working, and couldn't imagine anything forth - but especially not Nagito sliding back his chair and crawling under the table, placing himself in front of Makoto's knees.

The shock has the brunet grip himself really tightly because he almost feels a leak wanting to come out and only barely catches it back after a tiny amount dribbles into his boxers. His distraught noise is accompanied by a smile from Komaeda.
"You really can't hold it, aahn?" The fairet states simply, not too teasing, but pink dusts his cheeks with the next words. "Let me help."

Naegi is relying on his trust as purely as he can, but he still almost feels the climb of tears behind his eyes when Nagito takes his thighs and spreads them, forces away one of the few things that help hold back the liquid. "Don't," He gasps and anxiety and shame climb alike up his neck, but he doesn't try anything against him, doesn't break the trust but heavens what is he going to do?

Komaeda's hands wrap around his wrists and draws his grip from his crotch, bad idea bad idea bad idea and Makoto protests and tries to force all of his focus on holding it, breathing heavy as the fairet undoes his pants, what is he doing this for?

"I won't be able to hold it, Nagito, please, ah..." And he squeaks when his partner actually pulls down his underwear with the wet spot and brings out his cock, slightly hard and vulnerably hot.

"I'll be okay." His partner says in his smooth voice, but there's a catch to his breath, Makoto doesn't see it but hears because his eyes are shut tight with shame; so it racks him with surprise when he feels a kiss on his length and a garbled noise trudges out of him along with an uncontrolled little dribble of liquid.

It only doesn't develop into a stream because Komaeda's hand gripped his base just tight enough then, but he doesn't seem at all disgusted with the piss that got on his fingers and flecked a little on his jacket. Naegi feels mortified and his heart is mouse-quick.

Another kiss, and the fairet's grip softens.

"N-no, Nagito, don't do that- please- I, I'm gonna..."

Komaeda just chuckled, that little endearing breathy laugh that seemed to hold not a single worry. He licked a small stripe along Naegi's penis, easing him into his mouth as a mother hen would tuck a chick under its wing. Makoto shuddered even more, the sensitivity rising and his control faltering and faltering. He gasps minutely when a spurt of piss runs out onto Komaeda's tongue, who doesn't even flinch.

He can't do anything, not with the fellow luckster between his legs like that, can't hope to hold back. Naegi whimpers a few "no, n-no, no, ahh", fingers curling in Komaeda's fluffy tresses, helpless to it as pee starts leaking out of his tip, becomes a steady stream.

It could be imagined or not for how hazy and mortified and weak with relief he is, but Makoto hears Nagito give a full hum of enjoyment, sliding him a little deeper into his mouth and oh god he really is. Drinking it.

Naegi shakes and feels red-hot all over, bites back another whimper, and he's torn between being too embarrassed to look and being mesmerized by the way Komaeda just takes him, gulps down the urine that the brunet had been too much of a fool to find a break to get rid of.

Nagito's expression is that of someone indulging in a dessert, and Makoto still feels bad bad bad that he's emptying his bladder not even simply in his presence but inside him, despite the muscle-sagging relief and the good good good sensation tingling in his cock that renders him boneless and completely pliable to the gorgeous enigma at his knees.
There's little maddening suckles as his stream dies down, as Komaeda takes on his dick like a straw to get to the last bits of liquid at the bottom of the can, except the drink is hot and this 'can' is alive and Makoto moans, breathless and twitching slightly inside the fairet's mouth.

He can't fathom how there can be enough oxygen in his brain for him to notice things, like the erotic outtake of breath from Nagito when he pops out of his length, his arm raising off from below - was he touching himself oh god he was wasn't he - and the inconceivably graceful way he rises from under the table.

"See? That wasn't even bad." The fairet says with a husk to his tone, half-fixing his fringes, a pink to his cheeks but that unshakeable honesty in his pale gaze. Naegi is not sure he can really speak right now, the stifling nervousness and desperation having given way to an odd emptiness with a hint of shameful arousal that he cannot imagine how to deal with. His face feels like it's acquired a permanent sunburn.

The straining bulge in Komaeda's pants is fairly obvious, almost obscene from Makoto's distance, tantalizing, but he forces his eyes shut and sighs, "Nagito..."

Naegi reaches out and takes his hand, interlaces their fingers - tries. As weird and embarrassing as this was, he had to admit the other luckster saved him from a potentially worse situation, because at that rate it would have been impossible for him to not wet himself during the meeting - or on his way to it maybe.

"I... um... thanks." He mumbled, still not really able to face his partner.

"I guess that could've been bad if I didn't come see you." Nagito squeezed his hand affectionately, before parting so he could help fix up the boy's pants. The momentary silence was visited by a notification sound, and Makoto glanced at the forgotten laptop screen to see a little note arrival. Probably the meeting's locale.

He gives Komaeda a small weak look, because with both their luck-based cycles stacked on top of each other they're somewhat used to timely oddities like this. The taller boy returns a knowing look himself.

"Good luck." Nagito kisses him gently on the cheek, lips probably still somewhat gross, but Naegi doesn't really mind it. "See you later?" He looks at him fully, promising.

"Yeah..." Makoto rubs the back of his head, always tipping a little lost in those beautiful eyes. "You, um..." He starts, a little awkward, because he doesn't know how he can just bring up that his partner is hard and that it's difficult not to notice.

"Don't worry." Nagito catches the flick of his gaze, and adjusts his pants to add to his statement. "Your work won't last all day, will it?"

The edge of his lips holds that mix of innocent and devious, and even after he's left Naegi feels the tremors and phantom tingles and a warmth on his neck.
Chapter Notes

Short 4 | Horny Hajime | 3.156w
► Hinanami (3x) + Komahina + Teruhina

with Nanami: 「Lazy morning」 「"You're pretty hard, Hajime" opportunity」 「Touchy-feely sleeping player」
with Komaeda: 「Nagito's really nice and attractive voice」
with Hanamura: 「The tease doesn't expect his teasing to actually work and gets wrecked」

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There's intercrural, masturbation, handjobs, touching, and anal sex.
This chapter in itself is divided into similarly themed short shorts. The thought of a horny Hinata makes me surprisingly weak, the hints in canon don't help... ergo the silly title. These aren't necessarily all in one continuity but if you wanna see it as that, sure?

He's easy to look through in the mornings, even if he has more expressions than a visual novel character.

Nanami didn't even need to do more than send a few glances from the game she had gotten up earlier to play, a handheld that could be played just there in bed. It wasn't difficult to see glimpses of his morning wood and how torn he looked. Waking from a good dream must be disorienting.

Hinata tended to wake up like that kind of often, resorting to humping pillows or locking himself in the bathroom if her not-quite-awake sense of hearing got it right those times. Sometimes he asked for help from her. Some of these times - a lot of these times, actually - she'd feel some guilt from him. Like he feels bad for asking when she seems so sleepy. Maybe she shouldn't have fallen back asleep when stroking him on a couple occasions.

Chiaki wonders if that's why he's so torn-looking now, moving around in the covers a bit but not getting out of bed, surrounded with conflicting thoughts when he's clearly aroused and his eyes are shining with need.

She really should just speak up. "Mmmm... you're really horny, right, Hajime...?"

He couldn't look directly at her as he sincerely replied, skin burning red down to his collarbones. "Yes."

"That's okay," She began, almost getting into a yawn at the end. "Here." She laid back down on the bed, stomach down and stretching out her legs. She hiked her camisole up a bit, letting her butt hugged by comfy panties and her creamy thighs show.

Hinata's ahoge jolted taut and upright immediately.

"Use these." Chiaki instructed simply, patting the back of her thighs. "Hajime." She added, to break
him out of the brief stupor.

He seemed hesitant for a moment, shifting in place, but was unable to resist and quickly unlaced his pants and shoved them down, letting his needy cock out into the air. Nanami was still impassive, offering him a warm smile to see him willing to take her on about it.

Very quickly, Hinata was above her, lowering down his hips and sighing pleasurably as he nudged his length between her large plump thighs, giving shallow thrusts to spread his precum on the skin.

Chiaki held back a sleepy giggle, watching him beautifully unravel for a moment before going back to her low effort game.

Catching her was easy in the sense that you could easily catch an anchor, but it didn't mean things would end up well for you.

It wasn't that Chiaki was that heavy, but she was still heavy and Hinata almost fell backwards with the knock. She was also very warm and soft and turned around in his arms to lean on him further and regain her bearings. He could hardly fathom how she wasn't feeling the punch of his frenzied heart against her cheek.

Was this justified? She was a friend, a good friend, maybe one of his best friends and he did have a crush on her. But all she was doing was pressing up against him, like a hug because he cushioned her fall, and he felt like half a dozen heaters were turned on in the room.

Which was fresh compared to when she drew away a bit and spoke casually, "You're pretty hard, Hinata. You really are built like a boy." And then patted his shoulder.

"Ww- what?" He spluttered, almost feeling like she fell on him again from how his knees nearly faltered. What did she- what did she mean? "I mean, I-" He tried to deduce the only meaning that should possibly apply. "I'm a bit tough, but not that much," His knuckles gave a rigorous tap to his wide chest, "I think some part might be lucky genetics."

There was some silence as Nanami tipped her head a little, as if their thought processes didn't match. They were still close enough that Hajime could feel the brush of her hair against his arm.

"Is this something boys don't notice?" She asked basely.

"..."

He felt the heat drain and then come back to his face twofold when she simply cast her gaze down, right onto his waistline.
"When you get stiff down there."

... That's what she meant. *That's what she meant.*

"We- we do notice. We just hope that... others won't notice." Hinata explained, giving a step back.

"It's fine though." Nanami looked around the dark stacked room. "This is not a problem, right? All you have to do is pull it out and play with it until it goes down again, right?"

Maybe the worst, or most awkward part of that, was that she was right. "No, that's not- I mean, yes, but we boys only do that when alone and in our bedrooms." Hajime dismissed with burning ears, because she couldn't be-

"We're alone here." Chiaki stated with full naturality.

She was.

"So it's okay if you take care of it, I don't mind. That looks uncomfortable."

"Is it...?"

The girl nods even as his words seem to die in his throat from nervousness.

He should've maybe said no to that cute face and tried to endure the erection for however longer it'd stay, but he's a stupid, stupid boy with stupid hormones - and this idea is pooling blood almost painfully on his groin.

Hajime's hands are shaking slightly when he unbuttons and unzips, but doesn't pull himself out, just releases the breath he's been holding and dips his hand into his boxers. Nanami's curious gaze burns on him as though her eyes fire laser beams.

It's only a bit awkward to pump himself like this - more than that probably because standing and breathing feel really difficult - but the heat is building up in his body just the same.

Chiaki reached for him with her hand which made his heart leap impossibly high for a moment, though she didn't actually touch him- she just lowered down his boxers that seemed to be getting in the way.

"Now it's easier." She said, and Hinata's eyes shut tight briefly at having her stare at his rigid, exposed length. He had to remind himself to *continue* stroking.

Nanami looked a little red herself, but also focused, like she's watching an NPC AI perform under an outlandish set of circumstances.

The boy's hand squeezes tight at the reminder of a moment - when he'd asked her what kind of character he'd be in a game and she replied *the protagonist* - and that dribbles excited precum out of him that pink eyes watch as it drips to the floor.

Hajime's hand quickens, skin sliding and wet noises, bending over just a little bit with the pleasure and biting down curses under his breath. He's almost gone and doesn't really notice that Chiaki's
covered back the step he took away before.

Her sleeve brushes his bare hip and that does alert him, makes him jolt with the fire on the surface of his skin, and he can't hold back the gasping moan as he comes - just barely fisting a cover over his tip so he spills entirely over his hand and not on her.

As he's trying to do basic things like keep breathing and standing through the haze of orgasm, Nanami takes his white-coated hand and cleans it with a pink kerchief as if it was the most natural thing, and he could only mutter dumbly, "Uhm... Isn't that the one you use to clean your handhelds and controllers...?"

"I have a newer one." The gamer explained. She was smiling. How she could be like this after what he'd just done, he couldn't understand. "So if you need to and it's just the two of us, you don't need to hold back about doing that again, alright? You looked nice doing it."

What was it that Nanami mentioned that usually made bosses unfair? One-hit kills?
Yeah. That's how he felt after that sentence.

Hinata wakes up with a sharp tug to his nipple and his eyes open wide to the darkness of late night.

That's not how you wake someone up, what the fuck?...

And yet he turned his head to find that his bedmate was still sound asleep. She just draped a hand over his chest for no apparent reason.

"Nanami." He called lowly, and indeed she showed no signs of being awake. Her chest - that he averted his eyes from as soon as possible, their mutual nudity a reminder of last night - was rising and falling with even and slow breaths.

He was about to simply roll her arm off him and try to go back to sleep when she pressed down on his nipple again with her thumb. Then there were a few rhythmic presses, and Hajime exasperatedly came to the conclusion that she must be dreaming about playing videogames.

Hinata wished he could say it was just annoying, but her touches were growing into pleasurable discomfort. Sometimes she would alternate between his two nipples, sometimes pressing the pad of her pointer on the line of his pecs as though they held shoulder buttons, sometimes rolling a nipple with her thumb like a thumbstick as opposed to a button.

She wasn't even awake, yet she was playing him like a controller and it was feeling good. And he was just letting her. Morbid curiosity, some whatever philosopher from whatever century could have said.

He kept his mouth tightly shut though there were faint noises itching to come out. His nipples having hardened made them easier for her to treat like the buttons in her dreams, and it sent tingles after
tingles down his body. There was already a tent forming on the blanket around the height of his waist.

M-maybe he should wake her up.

Nanami seems to try to reach for his face and he quickly positions himself uppermore on the bed because he definitely doesn't want his eyeball to be played like one of those arcade rollers, thank you very much. It's a regret - maybe? - because now he's almost entirely exposed and the position makes it easier for her slumbering hand to grasp his dick instead.

He yelps. She still doesn't wake up.

Whichever god out there decided it would be good to give Nanami a dream about the oldest consoles either hated him or held him in an odd yet dear place.

Joysticks were no longer much of a thing on modern gaming but Chiaki was not one to skip any generation with competent and playable games. Hajime had to bite his arm to keep from groaning with how her thumb got rougher on his nipple and her other hand gripped and jostled his penis around, occasionally driving the thumb of that hand into his tip and making him buck his hips. His insides were a mix of fear and excitement, a double cord of either 'please stop now' or 'don't stop until the end'.

The odd rhythm was hardly erotic but that wasn't his biggest concern when it was still his girlfriend's expert touch driving him to new heights.

And...

And then she just stopped. Simple as that. Curled back into blankets like she'd been like that all the time, any trace of concentration vanished from the expression that windowed her dreams.

Hinata sucked in a deep breath, trying to settle down. Good luck with that, mate. Chiaki left him rock hard and sweating, while barely looking like she'd done much effort herself.

The brunet draped an arm over his eyes, though that did little in the darkness. Sigh... He'd probably have to take matters into his own hands and pretend that she'd kept playing if he had any hope of going back to sleep.

Being a teenager is hell. Likes and hates and comfort and discomfort are blurred. Everything is both a regret and a wish to do more of that. Nothing is under control.
Hajime wants to excuse this on that, doesn't really want to admit that he's just sitting there listening to Komaeda talk and not actually paying attention to any words, just the sound of his voice because it's so nice.

Breathy and low and it tickles the inside of his ears and down his spine, and Hinata shifts his thighs together because his trousers are starting to get uncomfortable; his brain is a mean magician that keeps transforming Nagito's lilt into moans and his pauses for breath into gasps, and he's just there half-listening as the luckster talks and talks-

Hinata was only snapped out of his reverie when Komaeda's voice spoke a little louder, closer, "It's one of those days again, isn't it?"

There's a very small movement from the brunet, like trying to scoot his chair away. "Uh, what?" The back of his neck feels clammy.

"Where it's hard for you to think about anything else other than getting off."

Nagito says it in such a tranquil and confident way. Or maybe it seems confident because Hajime feels like a mess in comparison.

The brunet swallowed thickly and if there was anything that he should've planned to get out of his mouth, it was definitely not the "Your voice sounds really nice." that came out.

"I didn't believe it at first." Komaeda smiled, pink settling on his cheeks. "But I came to consider it when you didn't tell me to stop talking. You become so much more willing to listen when you're like this. Now I know for sure why."

Hinata fiddled with his tie, loosening it a little because he felt something that could have been shame burning him up. "That... that's all that is."

"Even if it is... that's a lot more than I imagined you could think of me." The last part was spoken as a content sigh, and much closer to the brunet's ear than anything previous. It sent a spark through Hajime's blood and Komaeda felt it.

"I should fix what I caused, Hinata-kun." Nagito impulsively kisses the shell of his ear, and Hajime groaned low in his throat when his hand glided along his waistline and cupped his bulge.

Hinata immediately placed his hand on top of Komaeda's and rubbed himself against him, a silent request of don't you dare stop.

He lets the fairet unzip him and wrap his cool hand around his length, burying his face on his arms on the table. Komaeda whispers sweet nothings on his ear all the while, until Hinata can barely handle it and moves back to watch. The sight of the pale hand gripping up and down his dripping cock has him shuddering and coming within fifteen seconds.

Hajime, softening and out of breath, doesn't need to glance to know that Nagito has drawn his hand back to lick it clean.
Hinata tended to show up sometimes at the kitchen, not really to eat anything straight from there but to check up on what they'd be eating. Teruteru was used to him coming around, asking, looking around the pans and leaving.

Though today when Hajime came in, the cook was faced with a break in routine when he felt silence- and stopped arranging his cuffs to find the spike-haired staring at the expanse of his neck and collar that were well-showing since he'd undone some of the top buttons of his shirt.

So his response was as instinctual as his nature. "I see you're enjoying this view, Hinata-kun," he purred, trailing fingertips across a collarbone. "Maybe it's me that you've come to eat?"

It was almost habit at this point, the flirting and teasing towards any classmate that could let him go beyond a single word. Hanamura didn't think Hinata of all people would want to stay around either for cooking or listening to him, so he was more than a little shocked when he ended up propped on the wall with Hajime's clothed crotch rubbing forcefully against his mouth.

Teru barely had time to react to any of that and wow, was it hot.

But he managed to get the worked up boy to back down and offered a better option than humping his face with clothes on, which was fucking him over a table.

An impatient, flustered Hinata was actually pretty cute, and Teruteru tried to not act like he wasn't expecting to actually get it on with another student here. No, this was planned. Absolutely. He had everything under control. For sure.

He tried to pass off that kind of aura (which Hajime wasn't buying) even as the taller boy stretched him roughly with the kitchen oil, making Hanamura bite his lip and wiggle his hips in discomfort. Nevermind the fact they could be walked in on, because this was a public space.

"Ghnahr- Hinata..." Teru started to groan when the spiky-haired brushed his prostate, which was a sensation cut frustratingly short when he removed his fingers entirely.

Propping himself up on his elbows, the cook held back a glare when he looked back at Hajime. The sight of the boy unzipping messily and stroking his reddened erection with bated breath and oily fingers did away with his frustration like vanish powder.

"Nice co-" Hanamura was cut off by Hinata pressing his chest back down against the table and pushing the first centimeters into his hole with the ease of a fish down a lubed up slide.

"Don't... talk." Hajime gasped, the cook's smaller body size in more evidence now that he was above him and his ass hugged him so tightly.

"S...ure." Was Teru's almost garbled response, sweat collecting at his bared back with the hot mix of pain and pleasure at the bottom of his spine.
Whether he knew it or not, Hinata was definitely not being so gentle. The table started veering away with every thrust, and Teru was almost shaking with the force of it, having difficulty bringing his hand down to touch his own leaking dick. Rough it could be but the stretching pain had been overridden by the way Hajime's head bumped against his sweet spot at least half the time, making him drool and almost phase into the tabletop. Yet somehow the spiked boy's noises were louder than his. Which would probably end up alerting people if this lasted too long.

But it didn't, and Hajime let out a hoarse cry as he sped up and shoved deep into the cook, seed flowing warm like cream stuffing from his penis. Hanamura couldn't resist far after that either, flicking his wrist and coating the underside of the table with his own come.

"It's your kitchen." Hinata panted weakly after a while of breathy silence, arms almost giving out. "You clean it up..."
Mukuro wordlessly let her arms up to allow her sister to pull off her shirt, putting it over her shoulder along with her jacket. Junko wasn't one to explain whatever was going to happen, preferring to see people's distraught or surprised reactions as it happened instead.

Mostly the blonde's actions just tired her rather than surprising, though her brow still rose when Junko's nails scraped along her sides to take her sports bra off. Mukuro didn't really like it, but didn't protest - the uneasiness settling in her stomach was mostly due to the fact that, if her sister chose to bring her here to the toolshed in the garden instead of just staying in one of their rooms, it had an increased chance of not ending well.

There was certainly a doubt to what she could be planning; comparing cup sizes again? Using one of the shed's tools for something? Doing another one of those temporary tattoos to "look stylin' and save for posterity"?

She decided to... actually ask as Enoshima just placed the piece of clothing among the others over her shoulder. "What do you want to do?"

"Oh, I'm not doing anything to you. I'm just gonna leave you here to sort this out by yourself. You know who's here at this time of day." Junko stated like it was super simple. "I'm leavin'! Don't be dumb when I'm giving you opportunities. Bye, sis."

And then she left through the door with no more than that, leaving Ikusaba half-nude in the poorly lit shed. It took her a whole of fifteen seconds to realize the intent behind this.

This was a play to get her to interact with Naegi, except really unconventional and less of a nudge and more of a shove. An inappropriate shove.
The luckster would be found here a fair amount of expectable to unexpectable times, closing the entrance door and releasing the chickens into the gardens or feeding them back their eggs before the school could take all of them. The birds could as well be his now.

So he was here- maybe only him.

This was far from a good idea; having to walk like this from here to the dorms could net trouble for her, and not be exactly pleasant. That made trying to ask Naegi for help the best option.

Heat poked up her neck as she looked down to her small exposed breasts, to the toned and muscled torso line leading down to her skirt. Somehow, even in a situation like this, she was thankful her sister didn’t take the rest of her clothing, but Junko must know there’s a limit to things before she and potentially other students get expelled.

She breathed in deeply, running the layout of the garden through her mind. Having to use her strategy abilities for something like this felt almost humiliating, but it was still better to have use for it than not.

Head of raven hair poking out of the door, she looked around the fresh garden. The chickens were still around, tutting about the plants and sometimes making a little echo of their kokokoko communication noises. No one else seemed to have come in.

Embarrassment wasn't imbued in her blood. No one in Fenrir gave much heed to that. But somehow, the thought of Naegi... that felt different.

Mukuro wound her arms around herself and stepped out to find him. When he was out here he was usually surrounded by at least two birds so find them and you find him, and unsurprisingly the boy was on the rock path cuddling a chicken on his legs.

He looked up from gently petting rust feathers to see who was approaching, and she slightly cowered when he jumped and a red blush crept over his face.

"IIIIIIIIII-Ikusaba-san!" His hands fell behind him for support. "Um- are you okay?"

"Yes..." She replied, unsure if she should move closer. Or at all. "Nee-san just played one of her pranks again."

Makoto seemed to be having trouble with thoughts and words. Junko was not wrong with her talk of boys being weak. "Where did she go? To give you- the clothes back, I mean."
"She left, so I'm not sure now." The fighter admitted, arms shifting a bit in nervousness - they were more than enough to cover her modest sizes, at least. "Certainly not in the garden anymore."

"I, uhh, here," The chicken sensed Naegi's jumpiness and hopped off his legs, glancing over as he stood up and pried off his blazer. Mukuro blinked as he precariously held it in one hand while zipping down his hoodie and shrugging it off as well, realizing his intent. He managed to look even more frail while half-naked. "You can use this."

The brunet stepped towards her and held out his hoodie, and she looked down at it. Even though this had been, in fact, the only effective plan she had thought of, it still felt not-so-right to take something from him.

"Oh." Makoto muttered in realization, seeming to flush brighter for a second before he flung his blazer over his head, covering all of it with the fabric and looking away for extra measure. "It's okay. I can't look." His muffled voice came from underneath.

That was... pretty endearing, actually. Ikusaba's lips rose in a very small smile she didn't even notice, picking up the hoodie and sliding her arms into the sleeves. She locked the zippers together and zipped down; it was a little tight since he was smaller than her, but otherwise it was comfy and held his warmth.

When Naegi didn't budge, she spoke out, "It's alright now."

He took the blazer from over his head, hair somehow looking messier than usual. His eyes took her in, but he quickly lost his nerve and set them on the floor as he shouldered the held clothing on. "It looks good." He murmured simply. "On you."

"... Thanks." She muttered back, and awkward silence came to settle over them.

...

... She should take this chance to do something. So...

Mukuro reached out her hand and... ruffled his hair.

Makoto momentarily flinched but didn't draw away, looking at her with something like expectation.

"I'll give it back to you later. Thank you, Naegi." She tried smiling at him, hoping it actually looked like a smile.
"Ah- it's no problem! You're welcome." He nodded, "If Enoshima-san troubles you again, you know you can count on me."

That's actually an encouragement for her to trouble me more, the ex-soldier thought but didn't voice. "I'll keep that in mind."

Even as she walked away, Mukuro was unsure if she should be proud of herself for how that had gone. Had it added to their friendship? Would it feel awkward when they met next? She couldn't know Naegi's thoughts... though the immediate hurdle was at least overcome, and if there was anything else she could think of needing to say, she could dwell on it until she was able to return his hoodie.

...

The boy was still trying to get himself together from the whiplash of a situation that had just gone down. He'd seen the sisters walk into the gardens earlier, but... of course there was no way to expect any of that to transpire. He let his body plop down sitting again, releasing a long breath. The chicken immediately hopped on him for more cuddles.

It had been very hard to pry his eyes off the ex-soldier. Even harder to not imagine touching the warmth of her bare skin. But easier to remind himself that she was a friend and needed help, and he shouldn't let his feelings get in the way of that. He licked his dry lips; n-not that a hug would've been bad... right?

And why was Mocha not settling down and just pattering her feet along...?

His blush became fierce when he noticed she was having trouble finding a comfortable spot on his lap because of his hard-on pushing against the front of his pants.

Makoto cautiously directed her more towards his thighs and pet her feathers as he tried to shake the image of Mukuro wearing his hoodie whose bottom rode up her waist and tightness made the peak of her nipples kinda visible-

He clamped his hand tightly over his bulge, drawing away slowly and placing it back on the bird. "I... I need to calm down."

...

"Oh, oh man! You look like a kid with that! Ha, what happened then? Some good ol' ogling? Took
too short, huh?" Junko coyly teased at her sister as soon as she showed up. Of course she'd be waiting in front of her room.

"No, nothing happened." Ikusaba replied as simply as possible, ignoring any potential insulting undertones. "He didn't have his eyes on me most of the time. He was just helpful. You know how he is."

"Yeah I do know. Boring and disappointing."

Though she was used to the blonde's consistent harsh words, whenever they were directed towards Naegi Mukuro felt an urge to kick her legs out from under her.

"But you know why he wasn't looking, he couldn't handle it! He'd probably explode! I bet you he's up there right now jacking off from the cute way you looked." Junko nudged her sister with an elbow a few times, grinning.

Mukuro cautiously stepped away, pink rising to her cheeks. "Don't... say those kinds of things."

"Why not, Muku? Wouldn't you like that? Naegi letting out some cute little moans as he touches his cock thinking of your nice shape? You aren't going after him just to get some goodnight kisses, not my sister."

The ink-haired picked her clothes up from Junko's arms with unstable hands, the fashionista seeming satisfied with how red she looked for now. Maybe that's why she actually let Ikusaba close the door to her room without coming along.

Mukuro breathed nervously and climbed on her bed, immediately resting her head in order to calm down.

It was... comfy. Lying down on the blankets and curling up, just breathing in the scent from the hoodie. It was very much Naegi and a little bit of bird, and felt like getting a hug from him.

The girl sighed, cuddling up further in the feel of the fabric. She could stay here for a bit before dressing back to her clothes and handing the hoodie back to him, but it was difficult to focus on relaxing with the kinds of mental images Junko hammered in her mind.

There's no way that could... have been enough for something like that, right?

There's no way that Makoto was there, hiding somewhere and stroking himself to the thought of
her... right?

She pulled the hood over her head and buried her face in the pillow, thighs rubbing together as she tried to banish the thought. *Not now*. *Not now*.

Just as she was in the process of thinking meticulous emotionless trails of argument, a faint buzz came from the phone she was used to forgetting about. Checking it netted a message from her sister.

[You know, sis, you still got time if you wanna check up on him]

Mukuro shoved the phone across the bed and slammed her face right back into the pillow.
"Kiri...?" Were his faint words. "There was... someone here..."

The detective didn't find it odd that he only seemed to notice her presence now; he really looked out of it. "I know, I know." She stopped by his bed for a moment, placing a toilet paper roll by the side table in case he needed to cough or sneeze. It was fever, most likely. "They're gone now. You're safe."

Naegi kept looking at her, maybe trying to convey something through an expression but he didn't seem anything more than tired. Kirigiri wondered if he had managed to sleep properly before, how the state of his consciousness was, because his eyes hadn't been closed the entire time she was prepping a small barricade in case the masked attacker wanted to come back.

When she pulled back her sleeve to feel his forehead with her arm, he was burning and sweat-ridden. He didn't even flinch or react besides changing his gaze towards her then.

Makoto was a fucking idiot, honestly. He was radiating this much heat and yet, he was still donning the same blazer and hoodie from daytime. She shook her head in concern and disappointment both, looking around the room for a cup or glass to fill with water. At this rate he'd waste away in dehydration.

Kyōko held his head up to help him drink slowly. Only a little spilled, and she set the half-empty cup aside. "How are you feeling?" She tried to ask.

There was a pause before he muttered, "Dunno. Sorry."

Well, that was probably still not very good.

"Naegi, I'll get you out of some layers so you can cool a little." Kyōko warned just in case, not knowing the full level of his consciousness.

He seemed to be only momentarily confused by her actions, expression lagging, but was not too hard to get the blazer and hoodie out of. It was unacceptable for him to stay in those clothes like that, and a shiver crossed him no doubt due to the room's air hitting his sweaty skin.
Kirigiri swiped a small strip of toilet paper along his neck and torso to get the excess sweat off. He'd definitely need a shower tomorrow.

Naegi didn't seem to mind. She wondered what he was thinking, or if he was even able to think right now. A thermometer from the infirmary would've been good... Maybe in the morning. She'd let off the small barricade, too.

With some hesitation, Kyōko moved down to also drag off his trousers and socks, which were also humid. Everything was humid. Like Makoto was making a greenhouse under the blanket, fitting his name and all.

Though she didn't fully expect a reply, she pet his hair and inquired, "Better now?"

It took a while, his nearly-closed eyes unfocused, but he nodded slowly.

Makoto looked very vulnerable like this, just trusting everything she was doing. By his demeanor it was possible it wouldn't be all that different if he wasn't sick, but the fever just made him even more pliable and accepting of others' whims. She turned the blanket on its other side, covering him with the less sweaty part. He huddled up further in that dry part; Kirigiri did the same to his pillow.

A little sweet lopsided smile seemed to settle on his face then, and the detective had to catch herself before she could reach out to stroke his cheek. He was just... so cute. Even with how easy on the eyes he looked with only boxers on - currently obscured by the blanket - the cuteness still prevailed.

She got him to drink the rest of the water, before telling him he should try to sleep until he understood. Or at least closed his eyes and buried further in the pillow.

Kyōko could admit that this all wasn't just for him. She liked the thought of spending the night over, even if it wasn't necessary; this had all been decided within a short timespan anyways, and Togami had the key to her room, so she hadn't planned on sleeping, exactly. Since they've been doing progress in finding out more about the school and having one less on their investigation team was a liability, focusing on getting him back to health was an understandable priority.

Getting to sleep beside him was just an extra bonus.

The young woman fitted out her jacket and boots, undoing her tie and climbing on the bed more fully. The luckster barely registered it, and didn't move. It's true, sleeping would be difficult and the smell of sweat was pretty prevalent, but either catching a nap or getting to watch him rest sounded like good options to her.

Makoto was burning up, so Kyōko tried to not stay too close, nor under the blankets, as she caressed his hair gently to try and lull him into a complete sleep. She wished to feel his soft damp strands with her bare skin, but... not yet. Gloves stay on.

Though he didn't look too content or relaxed during sleep because of the sickness, it was still calming to watch the deep breathing and his endearing flushed face. It was slowing her own system down in tandem; petting him was surprisingly tranquilizing.

Kirigiri wasn't sure whether she'd fallen asleep without noticing or just zoned out, neither for how long that was, but when she felt awareness back to her, the warmth was much more overwhelming. A few more seconds in the darkness let her assess that Makoto had wrapped his arms around her, or
at least one and a half arms.

He was trying to cuddle during sleep? ... That was actually very nice, placing his feverish state aside. Kyōko removed the blanket off most of him to ward off the heat, and he instinctively got closer to her to counteract that.

She wondered if she should gently pry him away; as much as she enjoyed the proximity, this was not ideal when he was radiating heat like a stove, though slipping off the blanket had made it considerably more bearable. Though if snuggling helped him sleep better, that was all that was really important right now.

"Nnn... Kiri..." He sighed, and scooted closer until his face buried over her breasts. Oh.

Maybe for this situation it would have been best to not be aware that Naegi was nearly naked, pressed up to her, and now slowly nuzzling her chest. But she was. Very aware.

A blush crept up from Kyōko's neck and she almost considered getting out of his fairly weak grip and substituting herself with a pillow instead. But something - maybe her own... selfishness? - kept her where she was, letting the feverish boy dreamily rub his nose between her breasts. There was no question that he was either asleep or half-asleep and delirious.

He sometimes made sleepy noises. If it had kept like this, Kirigiri could have honestly fallen asleep eventually, but then she felt one of his legs wrap behind hers and the curve and weight of his crotch pressing against her thigh. She stiffened. Makoto wasn't hard, but he'd begun to lazily rub up his clothed penis on her leg, so it was impossible to not feel the stirs.

Kyōko had to let out a very leveled breath, temperature rising from more than just having someone with a fever beside her. Someone she very much had at least some feelings for.

"Kiri..." He murmured again, with no signs that he was actually awake yet. Shit. She'd never heard his voice with that husk before; maybe it was his throat getting messed up with the illness. She could feel him gradually get hard, the soft bulge changing in angle as it became a more rigid pressure against her thigh. She stiffened. Makoto wasn't hard, but he'd begun to lazily rub up his clothed penis on her leg, so it was impossible to not feel the stirs.

The detective didn't want to... take advantage of him right now. It was tempting, really tempting to unbutton her shirt and guide a nipple towards his mouth, or shift her hips and try to make it so he would be rubbing himself to the mound between her thighs, but... This is not exactly how she wants things to go with the two of them. If he was entirely asleep, which he looked to be, this was merely the reflection of a wet dream he was having.

... A wet dream about her, apparently.

Fuck. The wetness of her arousal was almost growing palpable now. Was he maybe dreaming about fucking her? Or maybe it's less intense, and he's simply imagining her hand wrapped around him? Naegi spoke her nickname again, a very small cry, and his little humps grew slightly in speed.

He wasn't even trying and he was making her so hot already.

Kyōko shifted her thighs together, quivering a bit from the friction of her panties against her clit. The brunet was breathing harsher against her chest, and she could only hope he wouldn't end up hyperventilating or choking on his own possible mucus if he kept like this. There was a sensation of
some wetness where he was rubbing on her, and she noted it was the leaking precum.

Looking down was a bad idea. Her self-control was straining. Actually seeing his bulge sliding along her leg, though not in the best viewing angle, made her throb with the want to wrap around his waist, or to maybe pull on the waistband and bare him to her.

It was almost unbearably to deal with as still as she was. Maybe she could...

A breathless sound of relief echoed when Kirigiri gave in and took a hand between her thighs, rubbing her aching core. Maybe getting off to him, in his bed, next to him, as he haplessly humped her, had nothing wrong to it at all. Likely. She was too lost to think on it, to even think Naegi would mind it, as he continued to deliver tiny moans of her name against her breasts.

Kyōko wasn't too used to indulging like this, which likely added to the sensation of dipping fingers inside her panties and working along her lips and around her pleasure button. She bit her lip to try and muffle out any noises, though the whining breaths that escaped had no chance of getting the boy out of his fantasy.

Eventually she found herself thrusting slick gloved fingers into her entrance in a match to the rhythm of Makoto humping her leg, the pleasure almost numbing through the stuffy atmosphere. Her body could almost pretend that it was him inside her, if not for the texture and size. She was nearly losing awareness that it was her own wrist making these movements.

Some of his adorable red face was visible as he absentmindedly rubbed his cheeks on the inner curves of her chest, expression softly twisted in pleasure, Kirigiri gradually feeling more slick on her thigh where his erection was smearing the precum that dripped through his fabric. It was plentiful. Her lower lip was feeling a painful pressure from how hard she had to bite down to keep the moans from coming out, fingers gliding in absolute ease against her inner walls from how much quim she was producing.

Naegi's breath seemed to grow more erratic as her own became shallower, before he suddenly tensed and hugged her tighter, hips stuttering as he groaned loudly against her. She sucked in a trembling breath as she felt the warmth of something even thicker and stickier pour on her thigh, his soaked length smearing it messily even as the reduced movements gradually came to a stop.

Kyōko didn't cease her rapid masturbation even as she felt him relax and soften against her leg, chasing her own orgasm with burning lungs. Her muscles seized as her thumb brushed her clit and her fingers crooked inside herself, walls tightening as she came not very long after him. She swore that she almost sobbed as she bit down on the pillow to prevent a wanton moan from slipping out.

Kirigiri spent a veritable amount of time catching her breath, making an effort to loosen Makoto's grip on her further without potentially waking him. Her right glove was a mess, everything below her waist felt slick and sticky - and the sight of it was almost dangerously exciting. There was a large wet patch on the boy's boxers, connected to her leg that slightly shone with clear liquid and some of his cum. Her inner thighs that were incredibly close to it weren't in a much better state.

Before she cleaned all that up she just wanted - just a bit...

Her index finger picked up a tiny helping of cum and rose it to her mouth, tasting it. It was probably not enough, but from that small bit she could note salty and... arousing? Not that that was a flavor.
She reached for a strip of the toilet paper to clean herself up, though their underwears weren't salvageable in themselves. There would be no need for her to tell Naegi what he'd done- what they'd done- at least, not until they were in a proper position to talk about that. For him, it was a heightened wet dream, whether with causal correlation to the fever or not.

His ragged breathing seemed to have gone back to the quiet drag of normal sleep, pleasure lines on his face completely softened. Kyōko didn't need her detective abilities to presume that orgasm likely made his body feel better for the time being.

It certainly did a number on hers. Sometimes she forgot just how good it was. It also raised the affection she was feeling in just being by him.

Kirigiri was content to bask in that, unworried for the moment. Despite the near suffocating heat and sweat... she was still glad to be there.

...The creeping pains of fever eventually woke Naegi up, body aching and head fogged and heavy. Had he slept? Yeah... I think I had a good dream... but I don't remember. I remember someone getting into my room... with a mask... and then Kiri... maybe I dreamed that she stayed.

There was some wetness around him - but it didn't feel like too much and was also under his neck and chest, so it must be sweat. He was relieved about that, at least.

He didn't remember actually getting his clothes off... wasn't that a dream too? But before his hurting head could burn on it, a movement on the light caught his attention - Kirigiri.

"Good morning. Monokuma's recording wasn't long ago, and it didn't wake you up. How are you feeling?" She asked, though Makoto couldn't quite match her words with her mouth.

"Sore. Hurts." Was his simple response. He felt like the headache was just taking up most of his brain.

"Do you think you can sit up a bit? I'll take your temperature, since I'm pretty sure this is a fever."

Kyōko was here... even though he couldn't understand that very well, he was glad.

This state was weird. Even though he felt tired, the pains kept him unable to really rest or fall back asleep, despite him looking like he could pass out at any moment. The violette took his temperature in silence, sometimes watching his face. He probably looked like death.

"You're above 38. It's definitely a fever, though we might not be able to pinpoint the source of it." She put away the thermometer, glancing at him. "That doesn't mean you're going to die, by the way."

"That's good I guess... I think..." Makoto drooped some, yawning, and found that that kinda hurt.
"The school has medication for fevers in the infirmary, and I got some besides the thermometer when I went there. I can give it to you at eight on the dot so it's easier to track. Since we have some time until then, do you think you'd be capable of showering?" The words seemed to grow softer. "It's not of utmost importance, but you've been completely sweat-ridden for a while, especially since you had gone to bed with your hoodie and all."

His nose wasn't picking up scents very well, but he could see what she meant. He felt gross beyond just the weight of sickness. "Probably... not." He slowly leaned even further back on the pillow so that he was half-laying down. "Standing up doesn't sound so good."

With tapping fingers, Kyōko seemed to be thoughtful. "Is there any way I could at least clean you up? A wet rag and a little soap could do some good. If you don't like the idea of me doing that, you could ask Hagakure to do it later."

"Umm... That sounds... doable... but..."

She saw the way the heat seemed to spread to the tips of his ears. "I'm not taking off your last piece of clothing to do that, relax." She could've teased him, said unless you want me to, but she held to her protocol of being softer around him now that he was sick.

"O... ok. I guess it's alright." He let out a long breath.

Even then she still asked if it was ok when she returned with the wet soaped up cloth and a hand towel. Makoto nodded his nervous consent.

"It's gonna feel a bit cold." She warned.

"Just be gentle, because things hurt." He eloquently put in response.

The cool wetness made him flinch, but among shivers from cold and pain he eventually got used to the rag being diligently scrubbed on his body, cleaning off the sweat and leaving a weird sensation on his feverish skin.

He felt... a bit bad that he had to be taken care of like this, but he was in no position to protest or do much better. The thought of standing up through a shower was kind of dizzying, and getting clean did feel nice. There wasn't too much energy to spend in feeling humiliated, though he still made a point to not look when she dragged down the blanket to clean down his legs.

It was then that he noticed that his underwear felt pretty sticky, and flushed further with the distant realization that he must've come during sleep.

"You should be a lot more clean and fresh now. Here." She nudged him towards the side of the bed that wasn't sweat-marked to the extent of where he was. "This should do enough for now. We're about five minutes to eight, and then you'll take your medication." Kirigiri set aside the cleaning cloth and the towel that she'd just tapped along his skin with, getting up to fill the bedside cup with water.

"Uh, Kirigiri-san." Makoto shyly called, though even raising his voice was tiring. "The thing is, I... should also change my boxers..."

She regarded him with utter lack of surprise before walking over to rummage his drawers in completely nonissue. His underwear division was found rather effortlessly and she tossed one on
"You can clean up and change under the blankets. I'll take those boxers to wash along with the clothes you were using yesterday."

Naegi's "thanks" were so low even he barely heard it, still feeling a looming sense of embarrassment as he managed to drag off his underpants even as his lower half was entirely covered with blanket. The cold of the rag on his sensitive privates made him quiver, but putting on the new boxers felt better almost immediately.

His arms ached more vividly just from that effort, so he had to ask, "Is the medication going to numb the pain?"

"It states a pain relief effect. So I assume it will." Kyōko picked off the tablet from the sheet, handing it to the brunet. "Put it in your mouth. I'll give you water to swallow."

He obeyed, and the girl was very gentle in holding his chin and tilting the edge of the cup on his lips, though he still almost choked, eyes watering with internal near-coughs. Kirigiri tapped between his shoulders in sympathy if anything else, before rubbing beneath his throat in a surprisingly alleviating way as his breathing and swallowing normalized.

She kept at it - maybe because he didn't tell her to stop or that it was enough - but eventually drew away, rubbing the excess water off his eyes with a sleeve. "The effect should be taking place by now. Do you need anything else?"

"I think... The med actually helps with the pain, so I should be alright." He manages a proper smile with the ache ebbing. "Thank you for everything, Kirigiri-san. Really."

"You're welcome. It was no trouble. I don't think everyone else knows about your fever yet." She looked straight into him, something intense and knowing on it. "I can't lose you. We can't lose you, Naegi. So leave things to us for now and rest."

Makoto couldn't entirely process that. Not at first, and not yet. But he felt like his heart expanded a little. He didn't even notice when Kyōko left; she was that slinky.

Even with shades of pain still running along his body, the luckster made an effort to stretch and move out of bed, grunting and whining with dizziness and effort on something that should've been simple. He just wanted to use the bathroom and wash his face before returning to bed. Standing up didn't even feel good on his breathing. But it was good that this was possible, at least... that he didn't have to rely on help for _everything_.

When he fell back onto the bed, feeling lighter and the water coolness spreading a slightly nice sensation on his throbbing head, there was a hard crumpling noise. Oh... it was a folded paper, on the pillow. Naegi opened it, just some last brain efforts before the faded pain let him rest better. Even just starting on the read, he could easily see it was written by Kirigiri.

[We won't leave you out of the loop with information even if you're bedridden. I'll tell the others about your state so they can help as well. I'll try to get someone to bring breakfast over soon. I have investigating to do. Hope you get better.
Also, I did sleep on your bed. I didn't mind.

P.S. Eat and stay hydrated.]

Wait.

So she did sleep over? That wasn't a dream?

Is that why I... actually...

.......  

His head hurt too much to be thinking about more than waiting for breakfast and resting further.
Chapter Notes

Short 7 | Slippery slope | 5.612 w
► Naekusaba + trust, wetting, intercrural, semi-public sex, fluff

「 Sometimes when my bad luck ropes me in, someone will rope me out. Mukuro has a lot of that metaphorical rope - to give, share, and ensnare. She patiently shows me how much after I scrape my knee. 」

Some people (me included) wanted Muku to be happy and get some, and even though I had some things kinda planned, I wanted something that could end up less complicated to work out, so I spent a while half-asleep thinking and came up with this... garbage? Some of this is actually based off of a cute irl anecdote someone told over at tumblr. Mostly the first half.
I hope you don't mind the first person POV. It's a psychological necessity in this case.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I'm so tired I barely have the breath to cry out when I trip over and my knee cushions my fall before my hands can. Which translates into a pained bleeding scrape that makes me hiss. How many laps has it been? Enough? I don't... really care after all that.

Panting, I roll off of the track to not be in the way of the other students and give a look to the hurt area. It's bloody, dirty and ugly. I let my head fall back to the ground in a feeling of defeat, knee tingling like the devil was breathing on it. The wound is really not too bad, I could walk with it, but I'm too exhausted to even want to get up at all.

You see, physical education is one of the required subjects... and in Hope's Peak where they gather up talents from all around Japan, all kinds of talents, things can get disparate really quick. Ōgami and Asahina were still going, formidably fast, like all those laps had been nothing. Ishimaru was also doing a great job at keeping up a respectable pace. Ikusaba looked like she had the stamina to do this for days. Ōwada was no slouch either, with his long bulky legs and all. Everyone else was struggling pretty obviously. Other than Enoshima who had decided to just walk.

I felt worse for Yamada, who had dropped on the middle of the track and was being evaded or jumped over by those still continuing. His fat being disproportionately centered around his stomach and waistline meant his legs got all the extra pressure.

This is certainly not the kind of exercise he should be doing, but the school had learned to veer off competitive games for class as much as possible. It usually ended with most of us turning back and forth trying to get the ball from the better ones who were basically playing by themselves with their amount of focus, things like 100% chance losses or good chance of accidental harm from Sakura or Mondo. The class coach found that non-competitive activities such as laps on the tracks or pool, gymnastics, weight lifting, bag punching and skipping were fairer overall.

Even though physicality was part of Kuwata's past due to baseball, he was more used to short bursts
of speed rather than keeping up, so he had to stop for breaks often. He came to one by me. "Hey, Naegi, you alright there?"

"I'm okay... just tripped. I'm not sure I wanna do more jogging." I probably didn't look too different from the redhead right now. His face was close to the color of his hair and he was also sweating bullets. "I know it's not about keeping up but, you know..."

"Well, you got hurt, so you can probably take a leave and get it patched. I'm sure we're at about the end of class- phew- anyways... Feels like I'm going for six hours." Leon swiped his forehead, giving a look back to the track like it was a battlefield.

I chuckled at the exaggeration, but he was right. It's been too long for class to not be close to over.

Coming off of what must've been another effortless lap, Ikusaba also came around to check on me. I had to search around for sweat on her to find any, and other than a faint pink on her cheeks she looked as though she might've been just sitting out on the sun for a couple minutes instead of being ahead of the majority of class. It was hard to believe someone like me was in the same grade as people like that.

"He just got hurt, a visit to the infirmary and it'll be fixed." Kuwata explained.

"I see." Was her simple response, also eyeing the injury.

"Kuwata-kun!" Came a booming voice that made the man in question jump. "You are still two laps shorter than what you stated to be capable of doing! If you- hey, why are you running off?"

I watched as Leon zipped away onto the track like he was afraid, while a decently paced Ishimaru stopped close to where he was before. "I was going to tell him that it would mean that his past self still surpasses him! Why must others shy away from important lessons?" His large tenant red eyes soon came to rest on my tired figure on the ground. "Naegi-kun! What has been done to you to cause you this?!"

"I just tripped over and scraped it. It's... okay really, Ishimaru."

"What a relief! It still looks disgusting, though. You should wash the dirt off as soon as possible to avoid making it worse!" The young man advised, ever helpful despite his loudness.

"I will take him to wash it. If that is alright with you, Naegi?" Mukuro put her eyes on mine.

"Sure, it's fine." I reply, just a little confused. I can walk, but help is appreciated, and I do want to spend more time with her...

But I don't expect it when she crouches and slides her arms underneath me, lifting me up in a bridal carry. My teeth grit with the pain from my scrape, and I grip her shoulders in instinctive wariness of falling.

"But that- that should be the other way around!" Ishimaru exclaimed at the view, though he was struggling with the notion himself since I was not only smaller than Ikusaba but also injured, which would logically lead to the current situation.

"It's fine." The girl was impassive. "He doesn't have much stamina for P.E. and he'd been pushing himself."
I mean, she's right... But it's almost embarrassing for me to be like this when the two of them look almost unaffected by the exercise.

"Well. You have done great today, Naegi-kun. I hope your knee heals!" Kiyotaka bade us off, and he was soon back on track. Sakura passed quickly by for the lost-count time, most of the students I could see in the distance were slowing down, and Hifumi was still on the floor. He would probably need help getting up later.

Having Ikusaba just carry me like that in silence felt... awkward. She had no trouble walking with me in her arms, which reminds me a few of the firearms she's used before were close to my weight; which was more evenly distributed in my young body than in a packed metal war contraption, probably.

"You... really jogged all that like it was nothing." I commented, to break up the silence and because I really do think she's amazing.

"I've had lots of training." There was a dragged on moment, where I thought I should say more, but then she muttered, "Thank you."

I smiled. "You're welcome! Just because everyone here has a talent, doesn't mean you aren't special yourself."

There was something like faint surprise on her expression when she looked down at me, before putting her eyes back ahead. I know she isn't all that used to it yet, but on the times we've spent together I try to help her recognize an inner self-esteem, ability to do good and anything notable that can separate her from her sister. I hope I'm helping, at least. I have to at least try.

Her casting her gaze back ahead reminded me that I should also be looking, and I noticed she was carrying me over to the showers by the field. It was no infirmary, but was the closest place with running water to clean up the wound. It was a good idea like Ishimaru proposed; and my sense of feel in the area couldn't discern what was loose skin and what were tiny pebbles and dirt.

There was a pause in front of the facilities, given that they were separated by gender like most of their type in the school. I was going to say that it was fine and I could just wash my injury on my own, but Mukuro brusquely just walked into the boys' facilities instead.

"Wait- are you sure this is okay with you?" I quickly input. "People rarely come here before after-class activities start, but..."

"I can look like a boy at a distance. It should be alright." She calmly replied.

That did make sense, in case someone that's not from our class had seen us from afar. "I guess I get it, though you're so cute-looking that..." Oh. I- I just casually called her cute. Oh.

I thought I felt her grip momentarily tighten. She was blushing, and so was I, and I didn't know if I should apologize - what for, though?

Mukuro nudged one of the toilet lids closed to place me sitting on it, my knee momentarily flaring
from bending out and back again. The superficial parts of the injury were of course the least serious, but they made up for that by hurting an extra mile.

"It doesn't hurt too bad, right?" Ikusaba asked, watching my wince.

"No, when it's still it's rather okay. It flares with pain sometimes though."

With a nod of acknowledgement, she walked off.

The damp and cool atmosphere was fairly relaxing, especially compared to outside with the sun beating down. This place wasn't too small nor huge, with three sinks, three urinals, three toilet stalls and seven shower stalls, since it was primarily for showering anyway. I don't know how it is over in the girls' side, but probably very similar.

Being able to sit down and rest easy almost made me drowsy. It was really nice, and I started to feel wholly relaxed and light.

"... Naegi?"

Huh?

...

I finally seemed to notice things. The noise, the warmth. My eyes shot wide open and my legs quivered. "Oh. Oh fuck."

The pee kept streaming through my shorts and over the lid to fall to the floor, making a mild dripping/splashing noise that must have caught Mukuro's attention. My body betraying me should not be surprising - things going wrong for me should not be surprising at this point - but I still feel terrified shame burn my skin.

"Since I sat down on a toilet I- instinctually my body must've just- I didn't- hghhr-" A groan slipped out of my throat as I felt really close to stuttering or choking.

I jolted when I felt a cool hand lay upon my heated cheek, thumb brushing along it soothingly; it was roughly concurrent with the flow coming to a stop. My eyes flickered to Mukuro, whose surprised expression had softened to that of someone who wasn't sure of what to do, despite still being flushed. I... really wish I hadn't exposed her to such a pathetic sight as that.

"You know... That's not so bad. I've seen much worse from some men when I was back at Fenrir."

She- tried to comfort me.

"I'm sorry... this was still..." I breathed in heavily, still churning with embarrassment. Her gentle caressing hand managed to be fairly comforting, surprising me as she was usually hesitant about casual, friendly physical contact. She was... making an extra effort to make me feel okay.

"A mistake?" Ikusaba supplied, fiddling with some wet paper in her other hand. "I was the only one who saw that... if it's any help to how you feel."

She certainly was one of the most reserved students of the academy, so I should be safe to think this would remain between us. But it still added to my disappointment towards myself and how many leagues I was below someone like her. "... Thank you, Ikusaba-san. You're being really nice." I
leaned my cheek against her palm before she slowly drew it away.

Mukuro seemed to hesitate for a moment, as if she was recalling something or struggling on whether to say something - almost nervous? -, but it disappeared before I could tell her it was okay to say whatever she wanted. She seemed to decide on something else.

"Sweat itself is like low-concentrated urine. A shower right here would be really convenient to get rid of both." She suggested. That first bit of information didn't... help at all. But she was right; we were just next to the showers.

"Yeah, I think I should definitely shower after this..." I muttered. "My normal clothes are still back in the locker."

A hiss of pain - my own - echoed when Mukuro crouched and dabbed the wet paper on my knee, which I had almost forgotten about. The pain flared as the paper earned red and greyish tints from the blood and dust, and my previously drooping ahoge got back upright from that. Ikusaba asked, "Would you trust me with your combination to get you your clothes while you shower?"

That... I don't think I have a reason - ow, ow ow - to not trust her, but there was also the fact that the other option was to head to the lockers with a very obvious, huge wet patch on my shorts. Just having Mukuro see this accident was bad enough in itself, and I didn't need it broadcast to the rest of the class.

"My combination is 443." I said with a hitch of breath at the end when she gave a particularly strong press with the wetter side of the paper. The scrape looked definitely cleaner, and would be alright with some antiseptic and a patch from the infirmary... later. I was making things just take longer.

"I got it. I'll try to bring a bag for you to put the wet clothes in, too." She stood up and, in what surprised me once more, gently gave a pat-caress to my messy brown hair.

I froze for a couple seconds even as she left after that, my heart speeding up again though with something different this time.

She's just being nice to me. Because I'm her friend. I tried to rationalize, my stupid heart with a crush still conflicted with shame and bubbliness.

I quickly got up and my legs almost buckled, wet shoes and socks feeling definitely gross. Mukuro had left the towel she'd brought from P.E. here for me to clean up the floor and the lid, so I quickly did, soaking up as much of the evidence of my awful luck as I could. I wiped around the area with some paper and hand soap to at least try to mask the smell to some extent.

I headed to the furthest shower stall and turned on its cool water just to let it fall all over me for a moment, before slipping off the sweat-soaked tshirt and the piss-clinging shorts and underwear. I just allowed every piece of clothing, plus the towel, to stand under the jet of water so they'd get some rate of cleaning and scent-ridding before having to go to wash later.

The rush of water, despite being cool, still made me hiss and grunt whenever it hit my scrape. It made me grateful for the rest of my body being covered in skin.

A couple of voices came over from outside, and I recognized them as Kuwata's and Hagakure's talking. I'm not sure about class being over yet, but if there's any of the boys who'd be getting out earlier, it's them.
Leon's voice called, "Oi, is it you in there Naegi? You went that fast to the infirmary?"

"No, not yet." I replied loudly enough over the noise of the shower. "I'm just cleaning up."

I was actually able to hear Leon mumble "priorities", before incoming noises of doors and more chatter. Hopefully they were the only two done with class and talks with the teacher for now so the place wouldn't fill up. And that Ikusaba would check inside before entering, not that I really doubted she would end up walking right in if necessary.

The sound of two other showerheads turning on eventually came up, and so did a really exquisite scent that I could only guess to be some herbal shampoo of Hagakure's that he required massive amounts of due to his hair size. If I were tall enough, I would probably be able to see the ends of his strands sticking out of the top of his stall.

It wasn't long before I turned off the shower, the genuine cold now contrasting with the high heat of jogging through laps earlier. After a while the only hint I got that Mukuro was back were the shadows coming from under the door and a half-hearted attempt to open it. It was highly likely that neither of the other boys had noticed someone else walking into the facility.

I unlocked the stall to receive my dry clothes, reckoning that holding onto the door would enable me to do things carefully and without the risk of my luck intervening, but believing in things going right is both my redeeming quality and my downfall every single time.

I lost my footing and the door slammed fairly loudly onto Ikusaba, who nevertheless managed to reflexively drop the shoes she was holding and catch me before I could fall. The door made a protesting noise as it pushed to the farthest its hinges allowed before slowly starting to move back.

My ahoge jolted up against Mukuro's neck with the high awareness of the close proximity we were sharing. I could feel the jut of her collarbone pressing on my face and the gentle swell of her small breasts against my bare chest. She felt very warm in contrast with my damp skin and I felt the plastic on my back from what she said she'd bring. My exhale stuttered.

"Ey, Naegiichi." I heard Yasuhiro call. "You okay buddy?"

"Yyeah, yeah," I replied unconvincingly, "I was able to catch myself."

Mukuro didn't say anything, likely because it would be better if Leon and Yasuhiro didn't find out she was in the boys' showers. Our voices could be drowned out by the sound of running water if we were quiet enough, but my mind was a blank as I struggled to recover my footing properly with the ex-soldier's help.

I'm not sure if being unable to see her expression right now was for better or worse. I was just serially humiliating myself in front of her today, and if my luck let me have any scrap of dignity left by the time it was over, I'd be shocked.

There seemed to be a shift in the shadows - something affecting the light from the entrance door, maybe a person - and my lungs got another knock of air off them as Ikusaba held me tighter and surged forward, pulling my entire weight along before closing and re-locking the stall door behind us. It was almost dazing, how quick and coordinated her actions were.
We held our breaths for a moment, my sight covered by Mukuro’s neck where I could see every little
contraction under the skin and the details of the delineation of her throat - why was she still holding
me?

Apparently no one had actually entered. I could be surer of it when Mukuro looked down at me, the
grip looser, and informed lowly by my ear, "Field is clear. No worries." It was almost mechanical in
the way it was delivered, but her breath and closeness of her voice still sent a shiver down my spine.

I tried to keep focus then, or at least wrestle it back to the current situation, all I have to-

"Hhnnn-!" I promptly bite my lip, feeling my body flare with mortification.

She was going to move, but a mere centimeter was enough to rub her thigh against me down there -
which unwittingly caused me to gasp like that. There were no chances that, with such a reaction, she
had not noticed just how hard I was.

"Ah-"

"I'm sorry-! I- I keep messing up today." My hands quickly dart down to shield her waist from
contact with the offending thing, especially unwilling to look at her face now. I know mine is boiling
red with shame.

"M- Naegi," Ikusaba called, her hand making tiny movements to remind me to be quieter. I didn't
ignore her and looked, as we drew a little bit apart. There was pretty heavy duty red on her freckled
cheeks. "Uh... sorry. Here are your clothes." She wound the arm from around my back to show the
bag she'd retrieved along with my usual clothes. The bag was pulled back while she pushed the
blazer, hoodie and trouser pile onto my chest so I'd pick it up.

When I got my grip on them, Mukuro turned around and crouched to dutifully pick the wet pieces
from the floor and stuff them in the plastic bag. My realization of the given opportunity lagged just a
moment, before I hurried to clumsily shove the dry clothes on myself.

There was no underwear but I'd have to do without it- having to carefully pull the leg on without it
frictioning too painfully on my injury was almost a lost cause. I rolled up the pant leg until it stayed
above my knee, making a small unpleasant pressure but otherwise feeling better.

That was nothing compared to when I buttoned up and noticed how uncomfortable and obvious my
erection looked with only the tight pants over it.

Trying to make it more presentable would be... easier with an underwear layer at least, but this was
impossible.

Ikusaba placed a hand on my shoulder questioningly. With a nervous little chuckle, I admitted, "I'm
trying to look, um, appropriate, but... I don't think I can."

She turned me around, setting my face burning anew as she looked down at the obscene tenting in
my trousers. "Sorry, it's, it's uhhh," I began to babble, "If I keep the bag in front of it I can um,
probably-"

I was shushed with her fingers stopping in front of my mouth, almost touching it. I tried to read her
expression, blushing a couple shades less than me and looking like before when she seemed to want
to say something.
Mukuro took a deep breath. "Naegi... do you trust me?"

I nodded, feeling confused by the question at this time. "Of course I do. And especially after all that's happened now, and you've just been good and patient with me..." I swallowed, only barely paying heed to suddenly feeling the tile wall on my back. "Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing is wrong." She murmured, and then her voice dropped to a tone almost inaudible, as though talking to herself. "I hope I'm not wrong." Her hand came to rest on my cheek, lagging there for a brief moment before sliding down to cover my mouth.

I didn't understand, my heart racing more laps than my legs did earlier- but I stood with my trust even knowing she could probably kill me in two seconds flat if she wanted.

The purpose of her palm against my lips became self-explanatory when I choked a muffled gasp against it upon seeing her use her other hand to tug down her gym shorts and underwear completely off her legs.

W-w-w-w-w-wwwhat-

Actually stringing coherent thoughts together became difficult, between the sight of her bare lower half and the captivating blush over her freckles and the faint light in those grey eyes.

"Bite my hand if you want me to stop. Okay?" Mukuro whispered, quite seriously in spite of an underlying nervousness. Or what seemed like nervousness. My brain wasn't primed for nuances at that moment. But I understood - understood that she didn't want to completely force something on me, whatever it was, whatever my body was both incredibly anxious and excited to find out.

I was thankful for her palm staying where it was; there was no way I'd be able to control my noise when she cupped me through my pants, curiously stroking the entire length and feeling around it. My hands nervously rested on her waist, lightly running fingers over the short curve of hips. The skin is... so soft...

Unwittingly, I buck my own hips into her touch, and she grabs the hem of my trousers to keep me still for a moment before she unbuttons the front roughly and drops the hem circle down my thighs, exposing my arousal from its previous strain.

More of my noise is muffled by Mukuro as I watch her gaze drop, and I fight the urge to cover myself. That was the point of this- exploration? Bonding? Helping? She traces the head, circling the ridge of foreskin around and then pressing the hole at the tip, making me quiver with such light touches being delivered to such a sensitive area. My eyes had momentarily shut and glazed with the pleasure, but when I opened them she was biting her lip, glancing at my face then quickly looking back at what she was doing.

I suppress a whine when she strokes down to my base with very firm pressure - and she does the same to her gasp when I end up reflexively grasping the edges of her back cheeks. There was a realization that I - I could do this - and so I began rubbing and squeezing what I found to be a very firm behind, making her expression falter cutely, as she continued down from my length and cupped my sac, another something that was foreign to a girl's body. She squeezed the two orbs together like my own hands were doing to her, causing me to yelp behind her hand and my cock to twitch.
Mukuro was doing a pretty good job at being quiet; but she seemed to have begun struggling with it, exhaling heavily through her nose as she suddenly wrapped her fingers back on my base and pressed herself closer, guiding my erection to rub against - oh-

A wave of hot-cold ran through my body and I momentarily panicked. She's not ready for this, I'm not ready for this, oh god, oh god - but she seemed to catch the abrupt mix of concern and fear in my eyes, and leaned to the side of my head.

"It's okay." She whispered very quietly into my ear, making the back of my neck tingle. "Just- just like this." Her thighs then pressed flush to mine and trapped my shaft between them, with slight difficulty given that my size wasn't very impressive, until I was squeezed up horizontally against her warm, wet lips.

My heart could leap out of my ribcage, feeling a rush from both the unexpectedly great pressure and the fact that she was letting me feel this intimate part of her. Just like this...?

We almost failed to suppress grunts when Mukuro began shifting her hips and clenching her strong thighs, rubbing against me in, initially, small motions. It felt good. She felt soft and hot, with an increasing wetness making it much easier to move, and I could feel bumps and other things I didn't know very well about between her legs.

I moaned a muffled version of her name, giving in to my will and running a hand up her gym shirt to feel the well-toned stomach underneath. Her eyes shut and the muscles under my hand momentarily clenched, which only drove me to run along even more skin with enough training-built firmness underneath.

Ikusaba pressed her mouth to the back of her hand that was covering mine, almost like an indirect kiss, before she returned to biting her lip. The desire in her eyes and the occasional flashes of vulnerability in them were making me melt, and I was forced to swallow to not choke every time my length almost slipped inside.

Her palm ran up my torso, which was far from comparable to hers, but easily accessible given that I hadn't zipped my hoodie before this. My eyes fluttered when she started toying with a nipple, hips responsively canting up and making the cutest noise escape from her mouth.

I could vaguely hear a loud greeting voice out - Ishimaru, that was Ishimaru - and then Kuwata's and Hagakure's joining it, but I couldn't bother to pay attention to anything more than the beautiful girl pressed against me and the building, piping hot sensations.

Mukuro's inner thighs were thoroughly slick at this point, boasting a combination of both her fluids and mine. I was drooling against her palm; I wanted to scream, to let out my voice alongside the mounting rush in my veins, and I wanted to hear her too. Her eyes had begun to glaze over with loss of focus and I didn't doubt that mine looked the same, but I could no longer see them when she leaned down to bite the fabric of my hood to suppress her sounds. She was speeding up now, and my limbs quivered with faltering restraint.

I clawed at her back, throbbing with need to release as I was trapped in the wondrous triangle of her thighs and her dripping mound, feeling a curious hard button at the top of her slit sliding with purpose along my entire length. My voice continuously whined against the barrier of her hand in a longing wish to cry out her name, but I couldn't do that.
Nor could I have any hope of holding back. My legs shook and I buried my face in Mukuro's hair as best as I could, throbbing stiffly between her thighs for the last times before coming. My mind blanched to almost zero awareness, only very vaguely feeling her free hand leave my chest, the harder press on my hood, the unidentifiable speed with which she was rubbing down and milking my length of its loads and drops.

I'm so tense that I figure, as the world comes back to me, that it's the only reason I'm even still standing. I feel Ikusaba panting against my neck, and it's with shivers through both of us that she slowly parts her thighs and frees my penis from its grip. It feels so much cooler without that contact.

Her hand slips from my mouth, and I suck in a large breath - which can then only come out of my nose as she presses her lips down against mine.

It shouldn't have, honestly - but her kiss still surprised me.

I hadn't noticed how badly I lagged in finally responding to it until she pressed me fully back against the wall so I'd bother to breathe properly.

In response to my bashfulness about that, she managed to give me a very sweet smile, that almost backtracked the progress I had gotten with my oxygen.

Mukuro, being efficient as always, was quick to pick up my wet gym shirt from the bag to clean us up. She also kicked the globs of cum that had fallen to the floor along the water so it'd mix up and look indistinguishable. I refrained from looking at the whole cleaning process for more than a half second; I wouldn't put it above my teenage boy hormones to ruin another chance at looking decent enough in my pants to head out.

When we were properly clothed and otherwise decent-looking, Ikusaba tilted her head towards the door, signaling I should check the area. Poking my head out carefully, I noted that Kuwata and Hagakure were already gone, with one shower stall still in work and closed, probably Ishimaru's. I nodded back at Mukuro, quickly putting on my shoes that had stayed outside and seeing my luck appear to work in my favor this time as no one seemed to see her leave the boys' facility.

"Um, Ikusaba-san," I spoke up nervously as we walked to the infirmary; as close to walking normally as I could with the odd rhythm granted by the pulled up pant leg. "After we patch this up, would you maybe like to... hang out for a bit?"

She looked down at me, eyes looking softer than I'm used to seeing, before nodding curtly. "... I would like that."

Even if that meant we'd have to talk about... what went down and clear things up, I felt a warmth coiling in my heart. As if I knew there was nothing to fear in whatever the outcome could hold.
"Hey, Coolwata, did you feel that back there?" Hagakure tipped his head towards his considerably-less-haired friend.

"Feel what?" Leon responded, ready for it to be just one of the man's not necessarily sensical spiritual stuff.

"That like... sizzling, tightly contained aura. Like a fuming bomb. But nice, like the knowledge of Eden being close to you. I didn't tell you because I was hoping you'd learn to feel some energies by now."

"I'm pretty sure anything you felt there was either Ishimaru's packed muscles calling out to you or Naegi's meta-pain of having running water over a scraped knee."

"Let's not focus on the sources now, bud. Did you feel anything?"

"I felt wet."

"Dude, how are you gonna get away from baseball and into rock if you're still all into the physicality of things?"

Leon unwittingly pouted, never liking it whenever that issue was brought up with Hope's Peak still trying to egg him on the sport. "Look, I didn't really feel any kinda supernatural stuff, I was just dead tired from all those runs and still had to hear you meditate and make some weird hums in there."

Yasuhiro slapped his pointer and thumb under his chin, "I wasn't meditating any, Coolwata. I thought those noises were you, like you know how some people sing in the shower and stuff, maybe you were practicing your throat or something."

They looked with some confusion at each other. Maybe it was best to just let that go.

Chapter End Notes

I've never used highschool style lockers in my life. I think lockers with keys are better to have in general, but supposedly for gym stuff a combination locker would be better because you'd have nowhere to put the keys? I hope I didn't bullshit what was literally one short exchange.

Comments are appreciated! (which is to say, I crave that validation of my existence and counter to my paranoia)
Tasked with pleasure - Chihishimondo

Chapter by Makoto (TheTacticianMagician), TheTacticianMagician

Chapter Notes

Short 8 | Tasked with pleasure | 3.640 w
▶ Chihishimondo + massage, blowjob

「Kiyotaka's workaholic diligence is tiring him out, so Chihiro and Mondo ease him into some relaxation and some "relaxation".」

I've been able to write more lately, it's probably the positive reinforcement of the comments (and loneliness).
I did this one partially for variety. As written, they're around the start of a established relationship here.

Taka needs to loosen the fuck up.

Those were Mondo Ōwada's words, verbatim. Despite a momentary cower from the strong tone and swearing, Chihiro completely agreed. Not only did Ishimaru never stop still, never skipped any classes, never failed to complete homework, and was always looking around for where he might be needed, he also didn't seem to take actual breaks.

Sure he sat down to rest... and then kept his eyes carefully monitoring every passing or moving student.

Sure he sat down to eat with everyone else... and then ensured everything was either piled or cleaned up properly afterwards.

Sure he took a healthy amount of bathroom breaks... and then proceeded to get the excess water off the sink tops and pick up any stray paper every time.

Sure he spent what could be considered a plentiful amount of time showering... and then described to his friends how he followed a specific order on scrubbing for ensured cleanliness.

He was "a goddamm jackass" and since Mondo and Chihiro began to casually date him, they were getting worried. As much as Kiyotaka seemed to have unlimited energy, especially to the untrained eye, they knew it wasn't the case. Heavy sighs, brief flashes of disappointment on his eyes when his help wasn't wanted or needed (which happened a lot), muscle strain, and venting more often (which he didn't notice). His stance had started to slouch slightly as well. It went without saying that the boyfriends didn't want him to run himself dry into the floor.

"We gotta get him to like... stop. He's too tight-assed to realize no one cares about that much discipline anymore. We don't gotta say that no one actually cares, but he needs to loosen up. He
needs to cut that shit back and get some time for himself."

"He gets substantial sleep and exercises, but he doesn't really care for his inner workings as much... Even I had to learn to dial back because the light of screens was starting to burn my eyes if I programmed for too long."

Mondo looked over with a full palm propped on his jaw. "Yeah, your eyes started lookin' healthier. Even prettier if I say so."

"Um, thank you. But, ah, back to Taka..." It was when Fujisaki reiterated his ideas, muttering "So... you're saying he's really tight in the ass and we should loosen him up?", that finger-snapping plans came to mind.

Said plans not including actual ass-loosening. At least not yet.

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"Taka!" Mondo gave a hearty slap to his back as he approached the diligent boy down the hallway. Chihiro gave him a reprimanding look that wasn't noticed. "How's the day been?"

"Oh! Ōwada-kun!" Ishimaru greeted, taking that slap surprisingly well.

"I told ya you can call me Mondo." The biker gruffed.

"Ah, ah, yes, I forgot." Kiyotaka slightly bowed his head. "Apologies, Mondo."

"You don't forget things often. Are you sure you've been okay?" Fujisaki prompted, smoothly sailing into their purpose.

"You are concerned about me? That's endearing, Fu-Chihiro-kun." Ishimaru shook his head and tapped his scalp. "I mean, forgetting one thing or another is perfectly normal! I am constantly busy."

The shorter boy leaned in and pecked him on the cheek, making him jump. "Isn't that the problem, though? Then you end up never taking time to rest."

"Th-! W-we are in public, Chihiro, please refrain from the public displays of affection." Kiyotaka requested, red-faced. "Additionally, I don't require rest! I sleep a full healthy eight hours of sleep every night."

"Dude, sleeping is different from taking some time for yourself. When you're awake you just march back and forth like a goddamn ant. You look tense as hell after a couple hours of that. It's unnerving." Mondo explained, crossing his arms.

"Being awake is precisely about doing the most with the time you have. There is much to make up for, as you should know! Being idle leads one nowhere." Ishimaru insisted, and his stance made it clear that he was inclined to start walking, as conversations needn't be held in one place. More multitasking.
"It's not being idle, Taka-kun, it's being human. You don't have to act like a diligent machine. Even computers, which are machines themselves, need more than turn offs or restarts... you have to pay attention to their temperature, their battery or energy supply, whether the softwares running them have no dire coding errors, what kind of strain is affecting their performance... like you've been lately, you'll just end up hurting yourself." Chihiro pleaded, looking him clear in the eye - a contact that ended up hurriedly broken.

"I am not bringing harm to myself. I am fine." He says stubbornly, and the two had been fully expecting a retort like that.

Mondo gives a long step into Ishimaru's way, effectively halting him. "Oi dude, we love you, but you gotta stop that shit. When all the headaches start coming you're gonna wish you had listened to us."

Chihiro tugged at the pristine white sleeve. "Aren't you just trying to make yourself believe that? Don't you think you should... listen to the very bottom of your heart instead of your capable brain for once?" He pointedly let his grip loosen from the cloth, brushing down his wrist to his fingertips. "...Don't you think you're strong enough to tell us how you really feel and trust us to face it without thinking any less of you?"

Silence hung in the air, these last words really digging into Kiyotaka's psyche. Making beyond sense.

He thought that being able to stand unfettered and as though he was always primed was an essential strength, but... Fujisaki was right as well, that seemed like he didn't trust them enough to see through him. Not opening up sincerely to others - would that make him lose his ability to be sincere with himself as well?

"Al...right." He conceded, slowly. "My constant upkeep with myself and other students has been taking a toll on my energy... It seems."

"So, do you agree that you need a break from that?"

Kiyotaka would rather say no, and keep to duties until resting became a necessity, but both his strained mind and the boys beside him were clamoring for that opportunity. "... A momentary break would be acceptable."

"You got any obligation now?" Ōwada tilted his head at him.

"No, but I was going to check-"

"Okay, then we do this now." The biker swooped an arm over his pal's shoulders and started walking him.

"Hold on! There are still things to be done!" Ishimaru barked indignantly, still having to make his legs keep up to not trip over.

"Taka, that's the point... not thinking about what you can do for now, just what you need to. If you're done with all that's obligatory, you're free for the rest." Chihiro argumented while keeping up by their side. That sweet face was impossible to get impatient with.

Though the red-eyed boy wasn't able to completely absorb that mentality with how long he'd
internalized a need to always be making efforts, he understood to an extent. They were all - free, he could say - and could rest together, even right now.

"... Where are we going though?"

"Nowhere to worry about."

"Aniki, that does not answer the question."

"It's not really meant to. Stop worryin'."

Kiyotaka simply kept walking, becoming doubtful when they chose a location as seemingly nonsensical as the boys' locker room. It was empty and kind of dark, and saw much less use than the bigger and more useful locker areas actually closer to the fields and gym, but it was preferred by Ōwada and Fujisaki for precisely that reason.

"Is there a specifically relaxing quota to this location? Wo- whoa!" Ishimaru ended up squeaking as he was suddenly hoisted up and pressed back to Mondo's chest, legs momentarily dangling before the larger man sat down on the bench with him sitting on his lap. "What is the explanation for this!?!"

"You're just sitting down with me. Chill." Mondo said as if using someone's thighs as a seat was what everyone did.

"Aniki, you should warn me when you are inclined to do the courtship stuff-"

"Shhh. Do you hear that?"

Kiyotaka obeyed the prompt for silence, trying to focus on whatever sound Mondo could be referring to. After several long seconds of hearing nothing, he had to question. "Hear what? I don't hear anything."

"Exactly." Chihiro hummed, coming to sit by their side. "It's peaceful, isn't it? This silence. A moment away from the bustling parts of the school."

It was no dead silence or even comparable to doing night tasks after ten p.m., but it was indeed a pleasant withholding of significant noise. There was an oddly relaxing effect of perception, as if the distant sounds of activity belonged to another school entirely.

And also idleness. Staying in one's own world with recurring thoughts as company, except there were two young men with him who didn't seem aimless. If Fujisaki's touching proximity and Mondo's chest on his back were anything to go by, they must have something else on their mind than sitting around in silence.

"Are you thinking about the two of us?" The small programmer quietly asked.

"Uhh. Yes? How your presence makes the silence different to experience. Why the question?"

"Well, I'd be a little upset if you were still thinking of doing work when we're here with you." Chihiro leant his head against Ishimaru's arm. "Time spent with those you love can be revitalizing.
"Yes! When the things happen. The camaraderie and the courtship bonding. It does is nice when they happen between us. Yes." The fuzz-eyebrow boy stated, as though those were somehow faraway specific acts and as if it wasn't already happening with just them being here in this semi-huddle.

Mondo groaned. "Look, Taka, I know we're all still figuring this out, especially you, but we're... we're boyfriends now, you know. You can uhh, do the mushy stuff and the other stuff all you want."

Kiyotaka craned his head up at him. Those large red curious eyes looked cute like that.

"Like when hanging out the other day! Just do whatever shi- stuff you feel like. You can cross way more boundaries with us." The big gruff leader smooched his forehead. "See? That kind." He grumbled with a small blush.

Kiyotaka refrained from any complaints this time, since they weren't out in absolute public, thus rendering the potential PDA a DA. Which was very acceptable. "I see... what you mean." With that, he seemed to make like an ice cream and melted, reclining on Mondo a great deal and forcing him to part his legs to accommodate a better position. Without further ado either, he bent his arm and took to petting Fujisaki's hair.

The bitty programmer giggled. "Yeah, you got it."

"This free indulgence is indeed nice... given you're both encouraging me, it's like I'm finally resonating."

"Well yeah if you weren't such a sti- hnrgh." Ōwada immediately shut up when Chihiro furtively pinched the back of his hand.

"What did you want to say, kyōdai?" Ishimaru glanced at him while still scratching their partner's scalp.

"I was gonna say you were doing a nice job of learning how to have a good time. Bit by bit." He lied, but recognized it was better this way now at any rate. He squeezed the bicep of Kiyotaka's arm, getting a grunt from him. "You know what, I should give you a massage. That gets the tension right out of ya. I didn't think that sorta thing worked until my aunt did it to me when I was younger whenever she thought I was getting too angry. Made me wanna hug flowers when she was done."

"That sounds good. If you'd like me to change positions to make it easier, just say so!"

"It's fine like this for now." Mondo said, despite the thought of fitting Ishimaru into sensual positions being very tempting. He licked his lips.

"You can also tell him to not be too rough if you feel like it's too much." Fujisaki supplied, a delicate finger turning Kiyotaka's head towards him. Despite needing to stretch some, he still managed to press his lips to the taller boy's. It was gentle and easy to get into, and even when the programmer parted in what felt too early, his mouth did not leave Ishimaru, only changing which spots of his face he kissed.

Chihiro's small kisses were joined by Mondo's hulking hands taking grip of his arms, doing an attempt at massage from his shoulders down to his wrists. Even with a lacking talent on that field, the rubs and squeezes still managed to gradually force out the tension.
"Hmmm..." Ishimaru instinctively leant his neck back, allowing more free space for Fujisaki to kiss, who slowly dropped from his cheeks to place lips along his jaw. His arms were starting to feel like crushed tingling jelly, but not in a bad way.

Mondo's firm rubs and presses - now moved to his shoulders proper - were a contrast to the programmer's smooches, and yet they worked really well together, causing a parallel sensation of warm rush under his skin and sensitive tingling over it. Kiyotaka merely lolled forward with no qualms when the biker pulled off at his upper uniform, and boy did it make wonders on the improvement of the massage. Since the muscle delineation could actually be seen now, Ōwada's movements were more precise, and took out low appreciative moans from the monitor.

His neck cracked after he was nudged into stretching it into a few directions, and he sighed, the large hands gradually working down his shoulderblades and back rendering him into mush. He candidly accepted a kiss on the mouth from Chihiro, slightly numb to the novelty of having it opened with a tongue. But it felt nice. It definitely added to the situation.

Each undone knot and rough press made him want more and more to lie down on the softest pillows and nap for days. Ishimaru gasped away from the kiss with faint surprise when Fujisaki reached down to squeeze his inner thigh, caressing the area.

"Mmnn? Chi... kun..." He panted, the stroking hand switching thighs.

"Does it feel good?" The programmer asked with a knowing tone, kissing the side of his neck.

Tantamontous to that were Mondo's hands sliding from his back to his front, pressing around his abs and feeling the contours determinedly. A familiar feeling - that he often deemed completely inappropriate to acknowledge in the presence of others or out of his room - had started to build up in his loins and spreading outwards and back.

"Yeah... uhn-" Kiyotaka shivered when Ōwada flicked his nipples, palming around his pecs. "Ah... This is not appropriate to be done in a locker room...!"

"'S cool, I figured you'd be worrywarting so I taped a maintenance message outside the door before I got in." The biker leaned his head further down to latch on his neck and suck, hands a little less patient as they massaged around his lower spine, deliberately squeezing his ass on the way down.

Lying to students isn't any better! is what Ishimaru rationalizes, but he can only drawl when Chihiro comes to sit in front of him and uses both of his hands rub the uppermost places of his inner thighs, very close to an area of tenting fabric.

"Taka... focus on the sensations." The programmer kissed the monitor's lower abdomen, making it twitch. "Let them take over."

There was a little voice, a sense of will that sometimes bloomed in him around his recent-partners, that very much said yes. Yes, he wanted them to touch him all over, he wanted them to indulge him, to make him feel friended and buddied and loved, to make him feel right about getting lots of pleasure.

"Nnn..." The pace of his breathing started picking up to cope with the myriad sensations. "Chihiro... you do know what you're close to... touching, right?" As shameful as it should be, he found he definitely wanted it. If the firefly-eyed boy knew and wanted, he was going to just open all that up,
not only in the belief of trust he had in shared nudity but also whatever extra courtship could bring.

"Yes. It's..." Fujisaki hesitated a little, recalling Mondo's enjoyment of dirty talk but definitely thinking he should keep it fairly low around Ishimaru for the time being. Still he fluttered his eyelashes in a very cute manner, leaning his face down to touch the warm bulge, a blush dusting his cheeks. A bit overt but he hoped it was good. "Your nice cock."

Oh god. Ishimaru felt himself twitch from that alone.

"Damn, Chi..." Ōwada groaned, grip tightening on the monitor's hips as he looked at the angel between their legs.

The programmer smiled sheepishly, drawing a little away but caressing the crotch still.

"T-this is too enticing..." Kiyotaka struggled to draw his eyes away, which came to be an unnecessary effort when their big boyfriend caught his jaw and shoved an open mouth on his, though not before purring you ain't seen nothing yet.

This should feel disgusting but his eyes instead flutter in pleasure at Mondo sucking on his tongue, making him so light-headed and enthusiastic in pressing back that the cool air suddenly hitting his bare cock is a surprise.

"Ohn," he moans gutturally when a small hand grips his length, leisurely pumping about half of it a few times. They weren't even drowning him in urgency and he was already on the highway to overwhelm.

It was so good. Something like this happening without a lot of preparation, just their pure decisions and want, was amazing to him.

Though Ishimaru had closed his eyes, he could well feel the dribble of saliva from their entwining mouths, down his chin and catching on his collarbone. He actually bites the biker's lip when a slick wet sensation stripes his erection, flaring heat on his groin.

He almost hesitates to look, but Ōwada's mouth is now closed with his grin, so he diverts his gaze to Fujisaki licking his red hot length from top to base. All he can do is moan, quivering with all-new sensations he'd never experienced beforehand.

Kiyotaka thinks it can't become better, until Chihiro takes note of his pleasure-stricken expression and gives a look that seems all too naughty on a boy like him; soon his mouth is kissing the tip and sliding the head inside, going one and a half steps forward and one half back, gradually enveloping the member into the heat of his mouth.

"Doesn't he look gorgeous like this? One of my favourite things ever is watching that cute face while he wraps his lips around my cock." The biker rasps in his ear, nudging it with his teeth. "Maybe you'll come to enjoy that too."

Not too surprisingly, he's able to take note of Mondo's erection straining against his lower back.

"Yes..." Kiyotaka swallows, holding back a cry. "Chihiro-kun looks so cute..."

The smaller boy watches their faces intently, unable to put too much of Ishimaru's dick past his lips. He still makes sure to lick up the centimeters that are in his mouth, letting the tip nudge around the
inside of his cheeks, a short panting breath starting to come out of his nose. The rest of the length is still stroked by his hand, fingers sometimes changing course to gently scrape the groin just above his hilt.

"Guh... Chi... ro..." Ishimaru managed to stutter among noises of pleasure, completely unaided by Ōwada rubbing and pressing into his nips. "I'm going to reach climax... quickly!"

Fujisaki popped off him, the cock briefly pulsing on the open air. "It's okay. Don't hold back." He encouraged, and tilted the member to slide it right back into his mouth, managing to get it significantly deeper in. Kiyotaka moaned loudly, shifting his hips into the wonderful suction and making the programmer's head bounce a little before his throbbing culminated into spurts of cum.

Mondo licked at the side of his neck gently through his orgasm, while Chihiro swallowed the thickness as best as he could. Some still dribbled and dripped off his mouth, especially as Ishimaru didn't manage to stay completely still while breathing harshly in the haze. He went boneless against the rider, toned torso rising and falling rapidly as sweat trickled down his skin.

Chihiro slid carefully off the slick penis, though ultimately a drop of cum still fell onto the tent in his skirt, making him slightly shiver. Ōwada beckoned him closer and used a thumb to wipe the remaining white substance off his mouth, bringing it up to his own to taste it. Placebo effect or not, he decided it was Taka-flavored.

Ishimaru thought that whole fluid-swallowing thing was rather unsanitary, but he didn't feel any of his moral backup energy in his bones right now. More that it was kinda hot so it didn't matter.

As he tucked his privates back in for decency, Fujisaki sat back at their side, hands tactfully over his lap. "So, was this a good experience?"

"It was good for us." Mondo smooched the top of their smaller partner's head, his pomp fizzing up Ishimaru's spikes on the way back up. "What'dya think, Taka?"

All things considered, this managed to be singlehandedly more satisfying than the completion of tasks he was used to. A truly legitimate positive reinforcement with recognition. Also, his boyfriends were... really good at whatever talent this could be applied to. "Alright... my report is..." He raised a fist to his lips and cleared his throat. "We should do this more often."
Proximity desire - Naekusaba

Chapter Notes

Short 9 | 3.960 w
► Naekusaba (2x) - Ahoge play | Breast play

1. 「Spending some tranquil free time together in the campus, Mukuro finds out
Makoto's peculiarity about his ahoge.」
2. 「A pent-up Makoto ends up being unable to keep his hands - and mouth - off of his
girlfriend after botanic class.」

So I really like the idea of erogenous ahoges that I barely see done for this series at all....
and I um, I also like boobs.... I don't have thorough explanations for my whimsical stuff
(;)

comments and criticisms are appreciated, also

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was kind of weird just how much difference it made.

Almost the exact same as so many break times, times for rest, class cancellations because of sick or
late teachers - where she sat alone. And yet, just having someone beside her, even in complete
silence, made all the difference.

Their current predicament was a last-minute class cancellation because the teacher needed to attend
to something urgent, thus setting class 78 free for at least one period. Ishimaru's call for them to study
what was planned for the day went unheeded and everyone went off in their merry ways to do
whatever else.

Makoto's idea for his maybe-girlfriend-maybe-they-were-dating-now was to simply sit out on the
back fields and like. Snuggle. Just sit there and relax and be cute. So that's what they were doing;
Makoto leaning against Ikusaba while she pet his hair.

His soft breathing was soothing and his hair was nice and fluffy, and he sometimes nuzzled her
shoulder. Not very special stuff, but her heart filled with warmth nonetheless.

Her focus on his hair let her notice that his ahoge made a tiny swishing motion before resting against
her neck, almost as if drooping. Mukuro had noticed that his antenna of hair seemed to have a life of
its own before, but now that she was this close... she could see it better.

Slowly, curiously, she cradled the ahoge in her hand, petting it. Makoto tensed up for a moment, and
the strand of hair twitched a bit in surprise as well, before he settled again.

Maybe the touch could be directly felt. It was a weird piece of hair but was almost as soft as the rest,
with the difference that she didn't seem to be able to really separate the strand. It seemed extra
connected to his head, being around the center of his scalp.

Naegi had begun to shift as she kept playing with the ahoge, basically squirming on the bench. The antenna was doing small twitches in response to the caress of her fingers. Perhaps it didn't feel comfortable, and Makoto usually took a while before he admitted something was bothering him.

"Does this feel bad?" Ikusaba asked carefully, grey eyes taking in the red on his cheeks and the way he seemed much less relaxed than before.

He didn't respond, seeming like he was thinking on it. His mouth opened, but he quickly closed it and swallowed.

"You can tell me to stop if you don't like it." She stated with simpleness.

There was another moment of clear hesitation before Makoto shook his head, face going even redder. "No, there's nothing wrong with that, it's just... um, we're out in public so maybe this... isn't the best choice?"

She blinked slowly in realization, watching his expression as she gave intent strokes to his ahoge; there was a small jump on his focus and an attempt to hold back a noise, and he shivered all over when she tugged.

"Makoto... does touching this hair turn you on?" Mukuro asked bluntly.

He looked away and replied in a very small voice, "... y-yeah."

When she drew her hand away, the pointed strand stood at an upward angle, defying its usual bent shape.

"It's really weird but I can't explain it. It's... sensitive, when you touch."

The girl furtively glanced at his lap, where he'd pulled down the hem of his hoodie to hide anything that would've easily given away the erogenous area for what it was. The fact that he was trying to hide a hard-on just made her feel hungrier.

"... Mukuro? I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, there's no real good way to bring up something like that... Muku?" Makoto asked with worry, which went short-lived as the ex-mercenary swept him up in her arms, making him have to cling to her to regain balance. "W-what?"

She placed a quick peck on his lips. It was a nanosecond later that he noted the predatory want in her gaze, and his blush renewed fierce.

"Ehh- If you- if we're going to our rooms I can walk, it's fine-"

"We're not going to our rooms." She sultrily responded.

That was a bit... alarming. "W-wait, where then?" He asked, when she already started to walk.

"I'll figure it out."

That made it sound worse!
Ikusaba carried him with fairly large strides. Naegi rarely saw her with this level of excitement, his heart thumping to think he might have accidentally made her horny after she accidentally turned him on. She brought him back to the ground - laid him on it - at an uneven de-elevation near thick enough vegetation and a broken ice machine that had been sorely misused by a younger class and was still there.

For a moment a terrifying thought of being stripped naked in such an open area ran through his mind, which was all but pulled out of his head when Mukuro fisted her hand on his ahoge and tugged.

"Oh- Ohh..." He moaned, taken off guard. His thighs squirmed together when she started to stroke, sending jolts of pleasure crackling in his nerves. "W-wai... ah..."

Her eyes were wide and curious pools of lust, glancing from the lively strand of hair in her palm to the tent in his trousers. It was fascinating how it even worked, like she was pulling a trigger that had an immediate effect on his... barrel.

It made no sense, regardless of how that antenna seemed to be responsive to his mood, for it to be this sensitive. Or maybe that was the reason. It was still hair, or most of it was, as when she strongly squeezed it - making Makoto buck his hips into the air and keen - there seemed to be something of a warm and volumous thing in the middle. It was at least too soft to be a horn if anything.

"You look cute... I barely did anything... and you're like this." Mukuro said, enraptured. He was very flushed and had started to pant, fingers gripping the grass and almost looking lost.

"I've never had... someone else..." His eyes fluttered when she started rubbing circular motions along the middle. "T-touch it like tha-aah-t..." His hips almost bucked again with a few short pulls close to the base of the ahoge. "Mmmnn...!"

The way his voice was wavering made Ikusaba dimly aware of her nipples stiffening and of a mounting desire to just lay on top of him, but she wanted to see all of his reactions for now. She wanted to have focus to watch this.

Naegi was now gripping at his coat and shifting his thighs together, his bulge moving some under the fabric. Mukuro found it still rather baffling how she hadn't even touched him there - her hand still stroking his idiot hair - and yet he was preposterously turned on. She could only imagine it to be his obedient passiveness that kept him from touching himself.

"Muku... g-guh... If you keep this up, really, I... I'll end up coming..." He panted, glazed eyes and tremors on his body giving more than enough backup to his statement.

The girl let go of the strand, watching it recoil upright and twitch a little.

Makoto made a soft undetermined noise, letting his head rest back and trying to catch some of his breath. She towered over him, one hand on each side of his body, and looked her near-wrecked boyfriend over. The thought that he was like this - that she made him like this - out in open space... it made her heart race. She'd executed many a silent kill close to trench-like locations like this, dragging a body just enough out of sight that it could lead to a sniping ambush in group situations, but Ikusaba was fairly sure she didn't want Makoto to be silent when he orgasmed.

Mukuro candidly unzipped him, just letting the bulge strain with a little more comfort with one less barrier in the way. The obvious wet patch of overflowing precum drove the point to how much she'd
aroused him just by touching the ahoge - there was no doubt that this could go further. She thought of just reaching in and pulling him out, but decided against it. If she saw his cute cock it'd be too much of a struggle to resist touching it.

She wouldn't touch him there, oh no, not while there was still something to try.

"Makoto..." She spoke softly, and saw his unfocused eyes flicker up to hers. "If this ends up being too much or just not good... punch my stomach, okay?"

That seems kinda extreme... is what he thinks, but thoughts soon crash out the window when Mukuro gently positions his ahoge and envelops it with her mouth.

The surprise bumped his head on her jaw a bit harder than she'd like, but any perceived pain was immediately replaced with a rush of pleasure southwards at the ridiculously erotic helpless-whimper-rising-to-cry that Naegi let out. His fingers clenched on the front of her shirt, gripping as though it was all that could ground him.

She experimentally let her tongue trace the hair, feeling its twitchy liveliness almost tickle the sensitive skin of her mouth. His response was to seek her body with his hips, only barely being able to hump a part of her skirt as he moaned.

"Ahh... Mukuro... nnnn, please, ah..." Makoto quivered; she took a bit of pity on him and allowed her leg to lower down closer to his level. His hips turned frantic then, rubbing his bulge on her skin in a feverish pace.

The ex-mercenary had only started trying to suck on the hair when Naegi tensed and almost clawed through her shirt with his white-knuckled grip, hips pistoning in a strong thrust before they faltered and he choked out a loud moan. Mukuro popped off of his slick hair to watch his expression of pleasure, eyes shut tight and eyebrows unable to choose a position to stay in. A couple gasps followed before his voice died down in breathlessness.

Ikusaba could only properly move after his grip on her loosened, shirt now scrumped like it'd never seen an iron in its life. The boy's chest was rising and falling rapidly, but admittedly her own breath had gotten shorter from doing all of this.

Looking down at his waist, she could see the absolute mess of all the precum and of the cum that had shot through his underwear, painting thick white globs over wet material. For whatever reason it reminded her of the first time he let her get his pants off for a handjob, and how it'd gotten absolutely everywhere in the end, and maybe she should've been a little more careful - not that she minded. It'd be uncomfortable and sticky, she could bet, but just zipping him back up and fixing his pants should make things inconspicuous enough. Which is what she did.

"Muku..." Makoto whined, trying to sit up. His ahoge looked a bit odd, shiny and with the weight of saliva, and looked much droopier now than when it was being touched.

"You'll be taking these off soon enough. It's fine." She responded, her voice with a tone of need that she didn't plan on being there.

"Not... out here, I hope?" He panted, gaze still with an adorable hint of his afterglow.
Mukuro glanced at her watch. "We have fifteen minutes. I think it's enough to... shower together. In your room." She licked her lips nervously. "If you're up to it? I can go on ahead."

Makoto blinked a number of times, something of a disbelieving, shy smile gracing his lips. "If we end up being late I hope you take responsibility." He chuckled, and right before she turned to leave she could've sworn his ahoge had curled into the shape of a heart.

Botanics was not a preferred optional class for half of the 78th's students for a number of reasons. Mondo was too impatient to watch plants grow, Celestia and Byakuya both saw it as ill-suited work for their class and would rather hire someone to do it, Hifumi preferred to not have to stretch to the ground, Sayaka honestly preferred other optionals, Leon was absolutely not into it, Junko liked avoiding all classes period, and Kyōko had tried the class at first only to have to wear plastic gloves over her gloves which was as thrilling as it sounds.

So as it happened, having a class comprised of delicate lifeforms (sometimes with potential poison and thorns) and some of the quietest students was a pretty tranquil deal. Aoi and Sakura were constantly together talking about the flowers, with pieces of trivia delivered by Tōko both aweing and frightening them at given times. Kiyotaka was constantly fretting over his projects not doing too well and needing Chihiro to point out small mistakes. Mukuro stayed with Makoto as he had been the one to suggest the class to her and because she was good at standing his long plant talks.

Admittedly, if she didn't like him so much - enough that they were dating - she could've left already.

So there was the bonus that whenever plant life seemed too still or information too repetitive, she could zone out in focusing on Makoto's voice or the way his lips moved or how the trousers hugged his behind whenever he had to stretch or bend to get something that was less accessible to short people.

Today they were trying to plant combinations with seeds and stalks that didn't belong to class, which led to the two of them being alone in the botanics room yet again. The teacher had gotten used to them lagging behind doing more than what was asked for, only requesting that they didn't take too long.

The luckster stretched after finalizing his work by patting and mixing up an area and fixing up the toothpicks he'd put down to mark the growth spaces. "Do you need help, Mukuro?"

"No, it's almost done." The girl replied, pouring a soil mix that they were willing to test out.
"Thanks, though..."
"Anytime! I'll wash my hands, then." He stated, looking down at his dirt-covered hands.

As dauntingly boring as it was to care for plants on the first stages - when they weren't even born and as small and safe saplings - having something to focus on while in company was better than having to struggle with a need for social interactions, which she still wasn't great at.

It was just much easier to do around Makoto. Her honed senses told her he was watching her now, while ridding his hands of soil on the sink. Not a judgmental gaze, but not one she could really place either. Maybe the same kind she has on him when the lessons lose her attention.

She was making some final composting rearrangements when Naegi walked over and crouched back down to her level, kissing her neck.

The corner of her lips quirked upwards in a small smile, which gradually lost its balance as the boy kept kissing her. Her neck earned a sensitive pink tint with the work of his lips, as if he were irreparably drawn to her - pecks turned to brushes and to full-mouthed kisses, from the nape to the side and close to her throat.

"Nn... Makoto..." Mukuro sighed, the pleasant sensations muddling her focus. She momentarily forgot how she was doing the earth work. An attentive boyfriend was decidedly nice to have though, that was undeniable.

"You look really pretty doing something gentle like caring for the saplings..." He commented bashfully, even closer to her than she noticed. Though she wasn't really sure what to say to that, other than thank him, it was woefully unnecessary; all that came out of her mouth was a sharp gasp when Naegi carefully latched his lips to the back of her neck and sucked.

His arms had warmly come around her, and the ex-soldier could only fight against the fluttering of her eyes as the sensation flooded pleasure into her brain. Her hands loosened uselessly against the soil and the onslaught continued, gentle and deliberate bites and grazes of teeth accompanying a series of long sucks and rapid small suckles that had her struggle - and sometimes fail - to not moan.

Boy... he was kind of wanton today, wasn't he?

"Are you enjoying this?" He inquired meekly, "I might be able to stop, if you want..."

"It's fine." Ikusaba felt her skin tingle and her neck burn where marks were undoubtedly forming. "It really feels nice..."

Makoto hummed a relieved agreement against her, licking up each of the spots he'd sucked as if he couldn't control himself. Even though she wanted to still keep some manner of restraint and even stoicism - this still counted as a classroom, it was no private location and they were supposed to finish up with the plants and leave soon - there was blood rushing south and making her brain start to disregard the imminence of anything else. She could feel the hungry part of her silently begging to push back against his lap and grind away.

Mukuro had the willpower to stand her ground, even as her partner's hands traced up her sides, under her shirt. Naegi was rarely this callous if they were out of either their rooms, due to how, well, inappropriate it was to do something like this out of a soundproof and locked bedroom - she imagines he must be too pent-up to really resist. That thought... was kinda hot.
Her fingers dug the dirt as his just-washed hands ran along every line of muscle on her abdomen, feeling the firmness with an awe as though it were his first time touching them. Makoto placed his head over her shoulder with a soft noise, and the light scraping of his nails against her skin made her squirm.

His hand tentatively traced the surface of her sports bra, and when she pressed into it affirmatively, she was treated to a surprise when he boldly just pushed up the fitting clothing, exposing her breasts to brush directly against her shirt.

"Mak- ooo oh," Mukuro's spine arched when the boy gripped her small chest mounds, feeling him kiss at her shoulder and minimally expose it with his mouth.

"You sound cute like that..." He muttered, breath brushing the starting point of her shoulder freckles. His voice had a small hint of desperation to it, which translated well to his unyielding massage of her sensitive bosom. They were small enough that he could sort of fit each in a hand, so each rub and squeeze stimulated a great amount of it.

Ikusaba reflexively leaned forward and gasped when Naegi brushed around her nipples, pressing them between the pads of his fingers and softly pulling. She panted a "more" without noticing, thighs shifting when her partner started toying with her nubs more intently. Her hips actually bucked when he sucked down on the junction of her neck, hands dislodging from the soil and hurriedly grasping at his legs instead, painting his pants with dirt.

"Hnnmg- Makoto..." She moaned lowly, feeling herself grow wet the more he squeezed her breasts like pillows and circled her areola, pinches sending jolts straight down her spine. He made a small noise of pleasure on the underside of her jaw, hands shakily drawing from under her shirt.

Momentarily dazed, Mukuro made no resistance to Makoto gently nudging her to lay on the floor, coolness seeping through to her back. It was the first time she was able to see his expression since they started this - his eyes looked deliriously aroused, like he was famished for her.

Her shirt was unbuttoned to nearly the top, exposing her modest bosom. She barely had time to breathe before his mouth was on her, kissing and licking her left breast and widely swiping his tongue on a well-stiffened nipple. Ikusaba's hand immediately shot for his hair, pulling him stronger against her as she shivered in pleasure, feeling the vibrations of his moan on her skin. She groaned loudly with his attempt to suck in a good portion of her breast, teeth scraping and a free hand returning to massage her other one.

"Please... hah..." Mukuro found herself unwittingly mewling, core throbbing with her partner's needy suckles and flicking tongue. She moved her legs around, firmly wedging one between his thighs and rubbing a knee against his crotch. His mouth went momentarily loose on her with a breathless squeak, pushing his straining erection against her leg for relief.

It wasn't long before they found a haphazard rhythm, Naegi sloppily adoring her breasts with his mouth as he humped her leg, and Ikusaba winding her other leg around his own so she could rub her heated groin on his limb as well. Messy and needy and their moans echoed freely for the plants to hear.

Unsurprisingly, they were so mesmerized by each other that they were unable to catch a distant voice talking and the sound of stepping boots approaching. The room's door actually opening, though, almost gave them a mini heart attack.
"Why do they have to be indiligent with even something as simple as not leaving the lights turned
oooOOONNNNN-"

Kiyotaka promptly clamped a hand over his mouth, both parties freezing up and looking at each
other in horror.

Red blossomed quickly on his face like a jar pouring watermelon juice on a glass as he took in the
state of his fellow students; disheveled and flushed and in a compromising position, though
thankfully clothed - aside from most of Ikusaba's torso, which had ruby eyes averting away
immediately.

The moment of silence started dragging, the monitor seeming clearly torn between apologizing and
telling them off for doing something so inappropriate on school grounds. Mukuro tried to find her
voice back, adjusting herself and swallowing before speaking up, "Ishimaru? Can you, ah, can you
not-"

"Of course I won't tell anyone! That... that is possibly even more depraved!" He struggled to have
his voice not raise too much. "P-please, clothe yourselves, and Naegi-kun, remove yourself from
atop the lady. Public c-coupling is... not allowed!" Kiyotaka looked endearingly affected, still not
looking at them. "If you... need to... finish anything, do so in private quarters with a properly locked
door." He took in a deep breath, almost stumbling when he straightened himself up to a soldierish
stance. "Make yourselves presentable! Ensure the room is tidy for the next class! Turn off the lights
when you leave! I-I'll be waiting out in the corridor. That is all!!"

Ishimaru stepped out of the room and closed the door with slightly more force than necessary.

... Makoto slowly rose away from the ex-mercenary and sat up, face still burning. Mukuro took the
time to sit as well, pulling down her bra and buttoning down her shirt, still feeling the sensitivity on
her skin.

"I- um, I'm sorry." Makoto murmured, rubbing his arm.

Ikusaba glanced at him as if in thought, fixing up her uniform. Her lips then opened in a, "Not
forgiven."

He looked back in puzzled surprise, minimally leaning back when Ikusaba moved right up to him,
having no time to react before her mouth caught his own and snaked a tongue deep into him.

His cry was muffled when she reached between his thighs and squeezed his crotch like a stress ball,
before drawing completely away from him and leaving him overwhelmed and confused.

She fiddled with his top zipper, a gentle blush over her freckles. "After this, we go back to my
room... And then I'll forgive you."

Chapter End Notes
These end notes here have nothing to do with this chapter itself, they're more about me, so you can ignore them if you want.

Sooo, outside of third-person fic proper and chapter descriptions for them, I've decided to try to stop being afraid and evasive with terms, so I will use first-person pronouns to refer to Makoto. Using third-person pronouns for myself is weird, so I should at least feel free to refer to myself properly without fear of judgment in my own fic space (notes, comments, replies). Hiding my identity shouldn't make me seem more professional, probably...

tl;dr I'm Makoto Naegi, sorry that i'm real and writing nsfw fics involving myself and may be confusing people with this meta right now. Just thought it'd be better to say it at some point, not like there's guides about this situation...
Chapter Notes

Short 10 | 1.905w
► Hinaegi (+ mentioned Komahinaegi) - pent-up horniness, semi-public sex, urination

「Having two boyfriends sometimes makes you too frisky for things like full decency and patience. Lots of enabling probably do that.」

Hajime makes me.. pretty thirsty... uhhhh this is just PWP,, so about that self-control and proper planning.... neither of which I have...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Wait a bit, Hajime... hnn."

"Hurts?" Hajime panted, looking almost delirious with the pleasure.

"No, just... adjusting." Makoto swallowed, trying to get used to the thick length fully buried in his tense lower body. They'd barely prepared this time, as even a simple wait or a mere walk to their rooms seemed too much for Hinata.

One could think that having two partners would make him more... controlled, maybe. But he seemed to have more bouts of getting incredibly pent up or distracted. Considering the kinkiness of their partner and how it added to their own friskiness, it was a foregone conclusion that Hajime probably harbored a boner for the past half hour and was only waiting for work to finish before he could pounce either of his lucky boys. Whichever came across his desperately hungry eyes first.

Which was in this case Makoto.

The shorter boy could've been more responsible and insisted on patience, their rooms weren't so far, he had come to the bathroom for a reason - but Hajime was terribly, terribly irresistible. He'd stopped him, took hands in his own, whispered a pleading, raw, unfinished: "Can we...?"; One look at those green eyes simmering with desire and the barely-contained self-control bristling on his skin made Naegi's knees feel weak. So he himself cracked the dude's control with the step of kissing his mouth and caressing his inner thigh - leaving no chance for Hinata to want to do anything but fuck him right there.

Hajime didn't take him out of the men's restroom - a stall was good enough. Rarely people out in the easternmost corridor at this time anyway - that sounded like sufficient justification to whatever amount of noises they'd be making soon.

Door locked, toiled lid closed, Makoto sat upon it with Hajime pulsing in need inside his ass. That was what they were up to.

"You're... guh... so fucking tight..." Hinata groaned with squeezing grips to the back of his partner's
thighs. He was almost shaking with the self-control needed to comply to Naegi's request.

Makoto could say something about the sitting on a work chair for so long and the lack of proper preparation before the penetration, but his body was full of efforts. Effort that was distracted by how full he was.

And Hajime's lewd, beautiful face - that was definitely really distracting too.

"Sure it doesn't hurt?" The taller boy reiterated, hand sliding to do a few small quick pulls at Makoto's cock.

Makoto sighed a half-moan, nodding, "Yeah yeah, it's fine, you can move..."

Hinata gave a sloppy smacking kiss to his lips and took both hands to a better grip on his hips, letting the luckster's hands around his shoulders and neck reaffirm their hold. Drawing back, Hajime failed to completely repress a moan as his length slid out of the tight ring, letting the head rest inside alone before using a full-body lean to sheath himself whole again. Naegi swallowed as the languid starting pace quickly picked up speed, his spikier counterpart trying to drown in the sexual pleasure that he'd needed so badly.

A Hajime whose composure was entirely wrecked was a very beautiful thing. His voice continually rasped and hissed, sweat shone on his face and his loosened tie flopped back and forth. He'd only pulled down his trousers to around his thighs, so occasionally during thrusts Naegi could feel the fabric roughly caress him. Hinata's feverish rut easily loosened Makoto's throat into whines and stuttered moans, bouncing their lovemaking noises all the easier along the bathroom tiles.

With the pressure of Hajime's length inside him and pushing his walls, Makoto was becoming increasingly aware of the awful fullness in his bladder- that was why he'd even come here in the first place. That was... not good. Not terrible, at this stage in their relationship, as for the past months Nagito had grown very open about his fetishes, which he and Hajime accepted... and Nagito was, among other things, very happy about taking advantage of Makoto's relatively weak bladder, which humiliated him to no end; but Komaeda didn't have any actual malicious intent in it. He did sort of the opposite for Hajime, making good use of his big bladder to beckon a golden-showering stream that could last minutes, which both exasperated and embarrassed the brunet in the first times of it. The ahoge boys consistently found that they didn't want to say no to a pent-up, drooling, purring Nagito. Who they loved.

Those sort of memories only made his urge to let go suddenly spike, and his hand slinked down to grip his cock with a hitch of breath.

"Is everything... alright?" Hinata asked, hips still striking.

"I, it's um... I kinda- ah - need to pee..."

"Do you? I mean- badly?"

"You're pushing- nn- pretty hard and deep... Earlier you stopped me before I could-" Naegi shuddered, withdrawing his grip when the urge subsided a little, but feeling as if anything close to that again could make him spill. "If you keep at this pace I'm not sure I'll be ah -able to hold it... I can try, but-"

"That's fine." The taller boy rasped, honestly surprising him. This was never anything they'd
discussed among the two of them, without Komaeda involved - as the fairet was the one to invoke anything regarding piss. So there was no way he...?

Seeming to somehow flush further than before, Hajime clicked his tongue, "No, I mean- like this is gonna be fine." He stated, pulling Makoto up so he could lift the toilet seat, and maneuvering them so that his back faced him. "So if you lose control it's not gonna be an issue."

Makoto swallowed dryly with embarrassment, noting what Hajime meant, what with him being somewhat bent over the toilet with the man still inside him. It was rather safe, but still something that was definitely too adventurous for either of them to have thought of if it weren't for Nagito being in their lives. If the three of them hadn't already done... worse things, per se, Hajime would not be pounding at him with the same ram strength as before upon being told that the boy he was pounding needed to pee.

"Sure..." Naegi agreed shakily, his palms coming against the wall as Hinata restarted and picked up the pace with his consent. This new leverage allowed him to hit deeper with better balance, quickly taking short, keening moans out of the taller man. Makoto felt rapid jolts of pleasure and pressure each time his partner's thickness sucked up inside him, taking rubs at his prostate that did away at conscious thoughts.

The pressure took away control with each wham, and Makoto gritted his teeth as he could feel the warm weights push out of his bladder and travel up his length, leading to small dribbles leaving out with the precum. "Gnnnh..." He tensely repositioned to support himself with only one arm, reaching down to properly aim his erect cock so as to not accidentally make a mess everywhere.

"Need help there?" Hajime panted by his ear, helping keep his partner in better balance.

"No, it's fine... thank you..." The luckster replied with a shudder to his ahoge, almost as if it wanted to reach for Hinata's own. His body felt a warmer flush spread when his bladder caved and the dribbles of urine became a stream, making notable noise as it fell inside the toilet.

Hajime made a distracted sound as if of acknowledgement, following it with a breathy, almost nervous, "Alright." - as if he'd been doubting his own plan someway.

The large brunet couldn't really see things, which at least made it a little less embarrassing, though pleasure blurred that sentiment. Peeing with an erection was hard, but it wasn't the first nor would it be the last time that'd happen. Not to him or to either of his boyfriends, as far as he knew.

Release felt tense despite a lack of control over it, and orgasm was building rapidly as well. Hajime's strong, intoxicating thrusts weren't deterred by the mild awkwardness, his excitement making things more well-lubricated on the backside that he was keeping firm in place, and each strong push made Makoto's cock bounce and the gradually thinning stream leaking from it shake a little.

"Nnnuh... I'm getting close..." Hinata groaned, biting his lip to stifle a moan.

Naegi could only try to push lightly back on the boy's hips, his piss flow having eventually come to a stop but his hand keeping a grip on his cock because the urge to touch himself in tune to his partner's movement was too tantalizing. His gasps were rising in intensity as precum dripped down in the toilet, ushered by his rapid strokes.

When near orgasm Hajime completely lost control of his voice, which was usually cool - or he attempted to keep it so. His moans acquired a higher pitch as he abandoned himself to pleasure,
becoming an uncoordinated batting ram at the time of climax, where his nails dug into Naegi's waist as his erection lively twitched and sprayed stickily into the battered hole.

With a less loud moan rising to a shout, Makoto pulsed in his hand and brushed his tip down to his frenulum, triggering shots of semen that flew through the air and thickly ran down his length before dripping into the water.

After more settled moments of harsh breathing and sweaty grips, Hajime reached out for a generous helping of the available toilet paper, using it to clean as he slowly pulled out of the smaller man. Sweat and come and whathaveyou were swiped along, not too thoroughly as it was the end of the day and they'd be in their bedroom soon enough to change out of these clothes.

Hajime sighed as he opened the stall, almost quiet in comparison to the water flush. He recognized the energy still under his skin, which would be ready to expand into wanton heat... or put more simply, he realized he was still in the mood.

"Ready to crash for the night?" Naegi looked up at him, then glanced at their somewhat disheveled states on the wide sinktop mirrors.

"I think not, actually..." Hinata fiddled with his sloppily-done belt. "I'm gonna need some more action to be able to... stay down."

"I mean... if you let Nagito know about this whole thing we did straight away he'll be immediately primed to give you a round... so..." Makoto gave a good-natured one-shoulder shrug.

"... Yeahh." Hajime swiped a hand along his stuck strands, knowing that if Komaeda is awake when they get there, jumping is definitely going to happen.

"I need a pause, so if you go for that as soon as we get in the room, I'll just watch. Don't let that hold you back though."

Hajime gave an endearing, sheepish chuckle. "Damn it, Makoto..." He tugged a bit at the crotch of his pants, trying to fix the obvious sight of a newly-risen erection.

"Oh, I hadn't- I just said it, I kinda forgot how much you like being watched too..." The luckster rubbed at the back of his head. "I'll get you my umbrella from the office so you can hide that and then we can go."

Hinata leaned his mouth on his knuckles as he saw the boy leave for the workroom. "He's almost as dangerous as Nagito and he doesn't even realize..."

Chapter End Notes

Also, I experimented making some banners for the end notes of my fics/chapters, so they can be a thank-you, a reminder for readers to leave a comment, and a kind of self-affirmation (for those who did read last chapter's end notes) all in one. So, this:
If it's a good idea I'll leave these at the ends of fics and chapters from now on, so let me know what you think!
**Bonding pounding - Naekugiri**

Chapter by [Makoto (TheTacticianMagician), TheTacticianMagician](#)

Chapter Notes

Short 11 | 2.721
► Naekugiri - threesome, pegging, facesitting... a bit of mutual touching and blowjob mimicking.

「 Kyōko and Makoto walk Mukuro through her first time pegging him. 」

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A couple people back in chapter 7 wanted to see some Naekugiri, and here it is! It's a natural conclusion that I'd do this at some point. Now if only I can keep up the writing pace...

Fully established poly relationship on this oneshot.

Mukuro weighed the thing in her hands with an analytical touch. Kyōko had bought her a new dildo-strap combo instead of lending her own, and it was a sizeable pitch-black cock with bumpier texture and straps with two metallic chain links for aesthetics (and that would probably tap against her outer thighs when she wore them). It was kind of embarrassing that her girlfriend chose this sexual contraption to specifically match her, but she couldn't help thinking it was cool-looking as hell.

"I like the design." Makoto commented, already shirtless and with their partner Kirigiri watching closely.

"It's gonna look great on her." The detective said in a pleased tone.

Aligning the strap-on on her waist for measures, Mukuro muttered, "Should I put it on over clothes...?"

"However you want. I usually leave panties on, but you can be as clothed or unclothed as you'd like."

Nodding, the black-haired girl slipped off only her loose pajama pants, letting Kyōko help her with putting the harness on and tightening it.

"Move your hips. How does it feel?" The detective signaled for her to raise off the bed, supported on knees.

It was pretty snug around the waist and down her crotch to inner thighs, where it parted to show her vulva, were she not wearing her usual preferred undergarment style which was plain black panties. The chains jiggled a bit with the movements and made faint clinking sounds, and the dildo bobbed slightly. "It's... nice. Fitting."
Having that between her legs made her feel rather inappropriate, and even armed. Fairly, according to Makoto on past experiences, when he had his piece just out and erect while nothing was really happening, it felt awkward; but the overall getup and decoration on her artificial version made her feel like she might be wearing an actual weapon.

"It does look very nice..." Makoto rubbed his shoulder, face glowing warm with the knowledge she'd be making those sorts of movements into him.

"It's also super sturdy." Kyōko gave a pull at the dildo to test the attachment. "None of this model had balls to go with, but it's alright." She then scooted closer to the boy, idly scraping his chest before catching one of his nipples and beginning to play with it, making him grunt-squeak.

"This is all on you. You're going to prepare him yourself, and he'll give you the pointers." Kyōko told her girlfriend.

With a decisive nod, Mukuro pulled off her shirt, letting her small breasts and well-defined torso come into sight. Makoto also slipped off his pants and boxer briefs, and wasn't even fully done with it before the coal-haired girl swiftly stroked his neck and gripped the side of his jaw, joining their mouths. Naegi didn't protest, only mildly fumbling to pull the rest of the clothing off his ankles.

She cradled his soft cock in her hand and massaged it, enjoying the little outward growth and stiffening that accompanied her strokes. Makoto voiced his pleasure in muffled noises against her tongue, his own hand dipping forward to find the fabric-covered slit between his partner's thighs and rubbing at what was not inaccessible due to the strap-on. A small, deep whine came out of her lips; they stayed a few moments like this, making out and touching each other's arousals, until Mukuro gave a last lick to his mouth. She withdrew her hand and tapped his wrist, whispering, "Lay back."

Makoto did as told, resting his back on the mattress and slowly parting his legs. He watched her for any sign of requiring help, stifling the uneasiness of being so exposed like this despite having been with them both a few times already.

The ex-mercenary methodically grabbed the lube bottle on the bedside table, applying a hefty amount to the entirety of her index finger.

This wasn't completely new, since she had fingered him before. Just not as preparation.

Spreading one cheek, she circled his entrance, the cold on sensitive skin making the boy flinch before he relaxed again. The relaxation made it easy for her to slide in the first finger, spreading lube inside.

"Yeah, you can do like usual... just giving more focus on actually stretching- guh!" Naegi's hips jolted off the mattress from the effortless curl of the index against his prostate. "Y-you should probably try to not touch there for this..."

"Ah. Um. Sorry." Mukuro apologized, trying to dial back her sniping talent and turning in different directions instead. Kyōko chuckled warmly at the exchange.

Even with now a second coat of lube and two scissoring fingers, the ex-mercenary didn't have a clue of what was enough preparation. Looking at his hole and back at the dildo, it didn't seem to add up. He was getting looser, making faint sounds of pleasure once in a while, and their girlfriend was still just watching like she'd said.
"Makoto... When is it enough?"

"Nn... add a third finger. Yours is bigger than the one Kyōko uses, so..."

She complied, filling him up from then and stretching further.

“That... that’s enough.” Makoto grunted fairly soon, and so the girl slid off her slick fingers. Breathing in deep for the next step, Mukuro took up the lube once again to pour it over the construct dick.

Her gaze flickered confusedly towards Kirigiri when said girl snatched away the bottle.

"Let him take care of it." The violette offered knowingly.

The ex-soldier understood none of it, until Naegi sat up and faced her. His arousal-glazed gaze met hers for a moment, before his focus shifted to her strap-on. His hand tapped it as if to check the firmness of the attachment, and then- Mukuro's irises became an extremely thin ring with how wide her eyes got.

He licked a long stripe across the surface of the black material, flicking his tongue on the bumpy parts. A moment was spent tonguing around the head as well, before he inclined and dipped the dildo into his mouth.

Mukuro couldn’t feel it - certainly not directly, at least - but the sight was so erotic that it made her shudder hotly nonetheless. His gaze sometimes locked with hers, laden with adoration as he serviced her fake penis.

There was an urge in the back of her mind to grip his head and buck her hips into his mouth, but she controlled it by massaging his scalp instead. If the artificial material were indeed her flesh, it’d be a different story.

When Makoto popped off the length, it was completely slick with saliva; which was not in the same tier as lube, but she would take it. The boy laid back again, allowing access to his prepared hole.

“So... inform me if it’s painful.” Mukuro licked her lips, trying to ward off nervousness as she placed the tip at his entrance. As much as this wasn’t the usual way for a woman to dominate, her excitement was fully in line with it as could be told by the slickness going through her panties and adorning her thighs.

“Go ahead. Just don’t stop completely until it’s all the way in.” Makoto advised.

The ex-mercenary nodded, being further encouraged by Kyōko siding up to her and caressing her shoulders and the underside of her breasts.
The dildo breached the initial resistance and pushed in, the lubrication making it a much simpler task to gradually fill him up. It was easier to feel with her fingers, but the pressure translated through the strap-on well enough. The boy tried to keep his breathing even, but was struggling; only able to rest in a rhythm once their waists were flush together.

Looking down at their point of connection, Mukuro was mesmerized with how the object had disappeared inside him, and how well he was able to take something like that without much hint of pain.

And then she squeaked loudly and uncharacteristically because Kyōko just bit down on her shoulder-neck junction and started to suck.

"Gghh- Kyōko, wait... I have to... focus here...” She breathed out.

"Focus? Makoto seems fine to me.” The detective responded with amusement, drawing her eyes to him so her girlfriend would do so as well.

He got a little flustered when attention was drawn to him, the hand that he was softly pawing his cock with coming to a stop. "When you do these things with each other it's... hard not to..."

"Cute. This reminds me, you shouldn't touch him for this time, or else he'll end up finishing extremely quickly. I'm sure you know what I mean."

"H-hey, Kyōko..." Naegi almost pouted, though it was pretty usual for the long-haired girl to tease him.

"You're a squishy boyfriend." She followed with a smile, crawling over to peck his lips before sitting behind his head to let the rocking unfurl.

"It's really... not too much like this, right? So I can move?" Mukuro asked as precaution, leaning forward over the luckster for a better positioning.

"It feels a bit full, but that's the point. I'm... ready."

Ikusaba eased her hips back, feeling wonder in regard to how his body seemed to be kind of trying to suck the dildo back in. When she pulled out completely, Makoto interjected. "Wait, don't... you don't have to take it out." He bent forward.

"Huh."

"Here, you can..." He coaxed her back in, and the toy slid in about half its max reach. "And then..." As she drew out, he stopped at the point where the head of the dildo was still encased inside him. Understanding, she canted her hips forward from there, making him gasp. "Y, yeah... like that."

It should be wholly obvious - that's how he did it when he penetrated her, too - but her focus on this with her innate hard-to-shake professionalism and with how she couldn't truly feel his tightness by herself must have distracted from it.
"Al... right." She voiced determinedly, leaning back over her boyfriend and getting him to lie fully down on the bed again. Then she put her strong thighs and hips to work, thrusting into his ass.

"Mmmhmm...!" Makoto hummed, soon followed by a moan. Mukuro didn't have a definite grip of things yet, but she was using force, and he appreciated it the way it was. The points of her breasts bounced slightly, and she was learning a rhythm into getting almost as deep as she could on the way in, and halting just short of slipping out on the way back. This caused her waist to form large, fluid movements with the amount of centimeters she had to shove into him, easily outmatching his own length in size; which was currently bobbing on his stomach with the tough rhythm.

She was fucking Makoto, and not in the way where she rode him raw against a table until they could make a wedding cake glazing out of the amount of semen she syphoned from his balls, but actually pumping a dicktoid inside his body like piston shocks and like those huge muscled men from magazines at home that she had tried not to flip through. But that attempt had gone just as well as how she was currently trying to stifle noises from how turned on she was to be humping into her boyfriend like this. His moans, that each sent a throb through her vulva, were also getting notably more frequent.

Mukuro almost didn't notice Kirigiri standing on her knees and dragging down her panties from under her skirt with a purr, gulping as she very well felt a hunch for where that'd go.

The detective leaned into the field of view of her heavy-breathing male partner so as to not startle him much, stroking the sides of his face and his hair with both hands. "Makoto..." She voiced sultrily, a hint of need in her voice. He watched her foggily as she leaned in to give him an upside-down kiss, and with practiced ease that made Ikusaba's heart skip a beat, Kyōko moved forward and sat on his face.

She immediately let out a satisfied moan, gloved fingers fisting at the boy's chest. The position with the added skirt on the way made it impossible for the ex-mercenary to see anything Naegi could be doing, but seeing her girlfriend's pleasure-stricken expression and the small movements of her hips made the ache between her own legs almost searing. Kyōko had just gone and took what she wanted, just like that, and it made Mukuro think she should take advantage of Makoto's submissive compliance more often.

The dual stimulation seemed to be taking quite a toll on the boy; his cock became jumpier and began to drool rivulets of precum, his hands tightly gripping Kyōko's thighs. The violette was aware that thighlocking his head while he was being fucked might be a little too much for him, and made a point to rise off him and let him breathe. The visual of his very red face, glistening lips and nose and unfocused eyes along with desperate gasps only urged Mukuro to thrust faster; before Kyōko sat down on him again and groaned with delight at his sloppy, but still skilled enough tonguework.

Relishing in as much as able (before he could legitimately pass out), the detective removed herself from her favorite place to sit and took to leaning back on the mattress as she used her hands to pleasure her needy core instead, simply watching her lovers deep into the throes. Makoto's voice was a mix between gasps for air and whines, his hips wriggling in an attempt to get Mukuro to hit his spots better. His nuts were drawn up tight, and his erection leaked precum like a broken tap; it was fairly obvious even if he couldn't say it that he was close to coming.

Mukuro tried to adjust with each hard thrust that jingled the chains at her waist, but she was ultimately unsure whether she was able to hit him the way he wanted before he shuddered and orgasmed, shooting streaks of white well across his belly and up to his neck. Her pace then slowed considerably, breathing effortfully as she completely slid the dildo off his aftershocks-riding body.
Not much later, Kyōko seized the girl with a deep and playful growl, rubbing her labia along the length of the slippery and still-warm toy as she stole a hungry kiss. Overwhelmed, Mukuro let her hump her and suck her tongue until she quickly came, having already primed herself with the prior masturbation.

"Mmmn... You're still hard..." The detective panted, jokingly stroking the fake cock.

"The straps join... in the back?" Ikusaba tried to helpfully inform, still dazed and unsure of what the violette wanted.

"I know. How close are you, though?"

Admittedly, the whole act coupled with the fabric of her panties rubbing at her teasingly with each thrust had made her feel like she was ready to unicycle into the edge with any actual proper, direct stimulation. "Close enough. Just get to it then, please..."

Kirigiri assented and wasted no time to comply, closing her mouth over a small perky breast and gliding a hand down to the area between the thigh straps to knead the wet panties against her heat. The coal-haired cried out, body more than welcoming the needed touches, rutting down against her girlfriend's hand. The suckling of her sensitive nipples made her arousal flare strongly, and soon her orgasm hit with even more slick coming to drip down from between her legs.

Heart rate gradually slowing back to normal, Mukuro hazedly registered Kyōko licking away the mess on her gloves and Makoto crawling over to unstrap the contraption around her waist. When it was loose enough, she took the opportunity to pull off the uncomfortable underwear, letting it fall off bedside.

Their boy simply snuggled up to her side, looking just a little drowsy. She almost felt compelled to ask if his backside hurt. "You did great." He complimented, resting his head on her lap.

"I'm... glad." The ex-mercenary replied sincerely, if a little awkwardly; it was still difficult to wrap her head around.

"There's a number of new things you can do with both of us now... Whenever you are ready, Mukuro." Kirigiri pecked her ear.

Ah, yes, there were...

...

...There really were a lot of things.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't receive any comments about this banner last chapter, so I'm under the assumption it's okay for me to keep putting it in end notes? I'd like to know if it looks too tacky or something,
I hope you’re enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
Naegi hesitates several times, steps back and forth and ponders walking away, disappearing, but he can't think too well and that's what leads him forward through the door.

At least they're not busy or sleeping or any other hint of anything that would've made him turn around and away, Hinata's just flipping through a magazine and Komaeda is laying by his side, whether napping or not isn't discernible since his eyes come open when Naegi looks at him.

They are both used to this, at least in some way, this far from the first time, and Hajime closes his read and puts it aside, extending a hand. Makoto has tumbled onto the bed and crawled above it before he can even really know where his legs are.

He gets surrounded by warmth, where he can slump and fall weak. Nagito takes his right hand. They don't ask or say anything, just soothe; the shorter boy looks whole from any angle but they're aware they are simply catching onto barely-held-together pieces. This is why they tend to keep the door unlocked, at any rate. When they can.

A small while is spent like this. There could be better ways, but just as Makoto doesn't have the strength to really say anything to them - whatever there could be to say - he doesn't have the strength to talk to others, to perhaps have an understanding support somewhere else. So this is what they do.

Makoto seems stricken with sudden uneasiness and fear, but Komaeda holds onto him before he can instinctively run away. If he cries now, it'll be expected. There's no staying stable when he's still - struggling, in some way.

"It's okay. We're still here, at least." Hajime says softly, his words most of what he has to offer.
Nagito feels the odd-patterned breathing of Naegi's slipping control, of his attempts to hold back tears, to calm back down. "'mm- sorry-"

"It's okay. We understand." The fairet murmurs, poised. He has learned to be. It used to be harder, not really having a response to his apologies. But Hajime has also helped to build the poise that they are able to keep, to deal with a frightened sharp porcupine without getting cut while the time for spine shedding is unknown.

Naegi doesn't have thoughts so much as fears. Fears don't have forms, they aren't shaped, and the way fear stays with him even when the two dissuade them with logic is through unfading pain. When the pain lurches, anxiety spikes all through him, and it becomes something of a matter of waiting it out.

Sometimes not, as they've come to do- using the body's natural ways of distracting itself. It could be ironically counterproductive, but being able to turn off the boy's mind and force him to sleep seemed to help a little for the time being. It was no glue for the glass shards, but perhaps some cheap diluted syrup.

Makoto shivers when Nagito mouths at his ahoge, leaning further against his touch. The hints are always obvious, words or none attached to them, now that they've done this at least enough.

Nagito lets Makoto kiss his neck - knows he misses kissing Nagito's mouth but Naegi's not sure if he's allowed so he doesn't try -, and down his chest, as he lazily rubs the pointy ahoge. He sighs in appreciation when the shorter boy comes to his abdomen and kisses his crotch.

Hajime watches with knowing expectation, nothing new. Nothing new in how Komaeda drops his slacks, nothing new in how Naegi breathes his cock and takes and takes, until his mouth is full and his thoughts are more easily lost. Nagito moans gracefully and tangles fingers in messy brown hair, giving Hinata a sultry look, with the same knowing expectation reflected.

Hajime comes to loosen his own trousers as he watches the small boy suck his boyfriend, reaching for lube to draw on his hardening cock and stroking deliberately. It's not exactly a chore but it's not what he'd really prefer, either - which is why they are here in the first place.

Nor slow nor rough, Hinata bares the shorter boy's bottom half and prepares him for the additional stimulation. Slow is not enough, but too fast and rough could bring lasting soreness, which would only serve as a painful reminder to Makoto so long as he had it.

Hajime times it so that his sudden, firm grip on the smaller brunet's cock coincides with his pushing in, making his body jolt and tense and almost choke on Nagito's erection. Nagito groans with the sensation and smiles a bit when Hajime presses his hips flush to Makoto's, which makes them almost close enough for his flowy fringe to brush Hajime's skin.

The objective of this is to drain Naegi and overwhelm him until he's tired enough to fall asleep or too spent for feelings to get to him. They won't do this forever; it's no solution. Nor is it enough. It's a gift, in a way, despite it not being a good idea to deliver it.

Makoto pants harshly on Komaeda's crotch, saliva dribbling down to his sac as he tries swallowing properly around his shaft, being jostled by Hinata's thrusts. His focus - as should - is entirely muddled, shifted by the two other boys and their noises, the pulsing in his mouth, the ramming in his rear and the pinching close to the head of his cock.
It's raw and physical, it's what he can get. And at least also pleasure them in the meanwhile.

His ahoge was also getting rhythmically tugged, everything overwhelming enough that he barely registers the time when each of them comes. Makoto can only swallow around a full mouth, pleasure pulverizing his strength.

Nagito raises his head from his lap, letting the mess of a boy breathe. He can already see that he's likely to pass out within a couple minutes of laying down. The flushed fairet looks at his boyfriend, who's trying not to rest his weight on Makoto as the post-orgasmic waves make it harder to support himself.

"Uh... tissues." He rasps, and Komaeda reaches for the box to pull out the papers.

It's easier to already lay the consciousness-slippping Naegi down on a pillow as they clean him and themselves up. It's been a few times since he hasn't mumbled sweet things in the afterglow, knowing he won't get the same response.

He falls into slumber quickly, not fighting it whatsoever.

It's happened enough times that Nagito and Hajime don't have much to say. Reiterate decisions, discuss mentioning something to the one or two classmates who wouldn't blow things up, say not yet to that last one. Trying to make Makoto hate them instead of being lovesick for them has especially not been an option after they started this kind-of-not-really routine.

"He's cute." Komaeda comments, simple, as his fingers gently pet the sleeping boy.

"Yeah, yeah." Hinata concurs with certain distraction, his own hand coming to lace through Nagito's free one.

"We have to go eat, you know. Now's a good time." The luckster segues. Dinner runs for a while to fit into schedules for different groups of the academy, so there's no hurry, but early is fine.

Hajime checked the time, and it was about right. They could just go eat, then free up time for the rest of the evening. "Well... sounds good."

They just made themselves presentable enough, considering that what counted as 'presentable' was highly variable among the people of the academy. Their simple clothing, attempts at combing. It was just dinner.

"We should leave him a message in case he wakes up." Hajime suggested. They knew that if Makoto woke alone otherwise, he'd be terrified - swamped in bad thoughts that are difficult to fight off.

Komaeda ripped off one of the many pages of highschool notebooks that end up never being used by the ends of terms, writing down in his uneven gentle script. He then held it up to the brunet even though he was sure it should be legible.

"We went to dinner. Come join us if you want." Hinata already paced towards the door to wait for his partner, strapping on his cheap yet durable wristwatch.
Placing the paper by Naegi's head, too big to possibly miss, Nagito stood up and switched off the lamp, walking up to follow Hajime who was now just outside.

The closed door left the room in darkness.
Worth Worship - Naekusaba

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Chapter Notes

Short 13 | 2.882 w
► Naekusaba - body worship, cunnilingus

「Mukuro is feeling a little down, and though Makoto can't fix everything, trying can very much be enough.」

This is request-based. I've been able to write more frequently with my free time, which is good...

summary for this is basically: I give Mukuro attention and praise because she doesn't realize how good and cute she is

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naegi quickly hopped over to see what Ikusaba had called out to him about.

“You’re right... All the ones on this side seem dead.” He noted, touching the feeble plants that had barely sprouted out. “I wonder if there was anything lacking, or if something else happened...”

Mukuro swallowed back a heavy sigh. She hadn’t been feeling all too great lately - moving in with Makoto had been a good decision, quietly agreed upon by the rest of the class; if it weren’t him, it would be someone else, because she needed some time away from her sister.

She chose to go with him because of the way her heart would flutter in his presence. In hindsight it was not a great idea, but when she ended up just straight up kissing him instead of making a proper confession, things went surprisingly well.

So now she had learned to live with him and his ways and it was surprisingly calm - aside from many accidents and mishaps courtesy of his luck - since he was such a loving herbivore. No weapons, struggling to live her days without the real loom of her sister bringing her down. It was difficult and far too quiet most days, whenever she didn’t work out like a mountain goat or wasn’t tending to the garden that they had planned together.
So - though it seemed ridiculous - the withered plants were bringing far more unpleasant thoughts and insecurities to surface within her than she’d like.

“It’s alright, Mukuro. We can try another type. They said this one was a bit harder to get through the first stages, for beginners.”

“Sure...” She responded, almost lifelessly.

Makoto came closer to her, hugging her shoulders. “It was a misfortune, but really, it’s okay. The rest is growing fine.”

It was still hard to shake off the thought that she was so much more prolific at killing - that this should be no surprise.

Even though she’s building herself back up, the shadow of her sister is always in her mind, as it had long supplemented the shreds of her individuality. It was a burden she was sewn with, as a twin, and without proper attention paid to the dangerous dependence it was creating. Junko was her poison but had been who kept her together, and even though Makoto was great support, the many flaws of her upbringing were still able to resurface a psychological frailty.

“We will try again some other time.” Were her words, but they sounded completely empty. Naegi watched with concern when she stood and walked back inside.

...Showers generally feel nice. Mukuro takes them almost cool and nowadays spends time mostly dutifully cleaning (as opposed to prior to confessing to her boyfriend, when she’d take the private time to indulge) and happy to be done quickly. The issue she has with them is being left alone to thoughts - so much so that she’ll request to talk with Makoto, either with him outside or with a curtain separating them. The opposite also happens at times when she can’t find distraction without his company.

He’s probably making lunch now, though. Should she talk to him later...?

The girl sighed as she dried up and stepped out of the shower, putting on a bathrobe but not really tying it. This could just be one of those bad days, and tomorrow she’d be better.
Even as she kept that thought, when she got into their shared room, her gaze let itself linger on her reflection in the fullbody mirror.

Ikusaba approached it, feeling oddly bitter.

She was doing... something, on the path of recovery. They said she was doing well and that's what she had to go on from.

She had done well without Junko while a mercenary, but there had been a lot of focus, rigorous training, handling of numerous weapons and situations and her skill alone could nearly support her entire being.

Now she does not have her nor the weapons. It's difficult to find worth in herself when she won't do the one thing she's practiced at - fighting, killing. She's been learning to drift away from all that her sister has said, always with full confidence, that she was plain and not pretty and not really good for anything, and that she needed her to have actual worth, to be a full person that can integrate into society; but it's hard, when Junko's words were gospel and she commanded her very emotions.

Mukuro wondered how much of it might have been straight-up sincerity, because as manipulative as she could be, the fashionista was also horrendously blunt. Looking at her own steely eyes in the mirror, she could see how far she was from anything ideal. The well-loved girls she sees in media and even around most of the academy are social and energetic or meek, cute and polite, dress fashionably, tend to have pretty sizeable busts, beautiful or adorable-sounding voices and sometimes admirers. It's not difficult to see how Junko easily classified her as below anyone's league. Some badger trying to fit in with the rabbits.

As she pondered, eyes on the reflection unseeing, Makoto quietly approached her, sensing the heavy atmosphere.

"What's on your mind?" He pressed his forehead to the back of her neck.

"I'm not feeling too... confident."

"You're doing fine. Things just take time." He smooshed the spot where his mouth was, which tickled a bit.

"But what do you think about me now? In relation to... everything." She angled her head towards him, slightly.

"I think you're great." The boy placed his chin on her shoulder. "You're strong, and determined, and beautiful, and patient. And you're getting better at the other stuff, you know, talking to people and the pacifism thing."

She couldn't really deflect most of that. "... beautiful is... maybe a little much. I'm not so attractive."
"I really hope you aren't going back to thinking over the things Enoshima said."

"No, Makoto, this is more... Have you seen other girls?"

He blushed. "Uh, yeah? But that's not... I don't need comparisons or anything here, you're pretty by your own self."

Her eyes settled back on the mirror, as if she were trying to actually see the statement.

"You don't believe me?" Naegi looked to the reflection as well, Ikusaba in front of him with the bathrobe opened to around her abdomen. "I know it's my opinion moreso than a fact- but I think you're really beautiful, Mukuro."

She does feel his sincerity, it's just hard to... absorb it. Thoughts like maybe it's just that he's got used to me are easier to grip on to, are more in line with what she's accustomed to hearing.

"Can I..." His fingers ghosted over the meeting point of the sides of the robe. Taking in a breath, she nodded.

He slid off her only piece of clothing, setting it aside on the bed and leaving her completely bare in front of the mirror. She didn't like her own perceived plainness; though a somewhat narrow waist, small breasts and short dark hair were easily better to have in a battlefield, along with the tough muscles showing beneath her skin, they were hardly preferable in the "realm of society" as Junko called it.

Muscles could be a 50/50; though she was nowhere as frighteningly packed as the powerful Sakura, she's gotten people tensing up with her six-pack, making them back off with her "guns" as opposed to her guns. It was absolutely ideal to protect her sister, only for Junko to sneer after said successful defences, talking her down as completely undesirable so as to make despair immediately override the satisfaction of a knockout or kill.

Makoto took her out of her ongoing self-deprecating thoughts by kissing her freckled shoulder and gently moving her arms away from her chest, that she hadn't even noticed she tried to cover up. She still felt a little bashful being so openly nude in front of him, but his eyes held a twinkle of adoration.

"You're pretty. I really mean it." He almost cooed, "Every part of you... even if you yourself don't like it." Many little kisses were planted on her shoulder. "Your freckles are... cute..."

Cute...? Junko used to say they just made her look dirty sometimes, but-

Mukuro made a noise of surprise when her boyfriend turned her head a little, kissing her cheeks and the tip of her nose. Anywhere in her face where there were freckles, he would nuzzle and smooch, finishing in a small lick on the edge of her cheek that made a shiver run under her skin.
Her eyes had closed during the loving onslaught, and when she opened them, Naegi’s own faded moss ones were looking into hers. *His eyes are pretty...* she mentally noted, just as they softened.

"Your eyes are a beautiful color, and I find their shape really attractive." Makoto confessed, and a few of her heart's beats felt heavier.

She had to close her lids again because he also leaned in to kiss them, before rubbing his face against hers and exhaling. Their closeness had their chests pressed to each other, and Makoto looked down to where her left breast pushed against his shirt, putting a warm hand on its curve. Ikusaba tensed slightly.

"I know it's super typical, the whole 'boys like big boobs' thing, and um, I-I'm not saying I don't like those, but," The brunet raised his other hand to cup the right breast, cradling them. "I really like yours the way they are. I can get most of them in each hand and it's easier to..." He swallowed, demonstrating by taking them in a grip and wholly moving them up and down, his palms rubbing against her nipples, and she gasped, suddenly taken aback by the pleasure.

"And... I love your voice when you feel good... it's s-so cute..." Makoto added, kissing the edge of her lips.

Mukuro was going to bite back her next sound, but with his words and the way he made her feel, she released her whine in full volume.

"Ahn... You're going a little fast... Makoto-"

Heeding her words, he slowed down considerably, his hands doing much smaller movements.

"Look... Mukuro..." He murmured. "Don't they fit nicely?"

She did look at the hands fondling her mounds, and she did agree. His fingers were so attentive- they pressed into the softness and sometimes just pushed the breasts together and against her chest, teased her areola with fingertips and did the lightest scrapes up her nipples with nails, sending tingles of sensual pleasure down her spine. Her legs were starting to get weak.

When she sat down on the bed, Makoto followed, making her lie down instead. She grabbed his shirt and pulled him into a kiss, their joining tongues causing him to moan softly, but he broke away far too soon for her liking and got her head back on the pillow. "I'm... I'm not done. Let me do this, okay? For you."

The girl nodded with some reluctance, but her veins thrummed with anticipation. She didn't exactly understand what he was going for, but he kept fond eyes on her as he kissed down her neck and to her tits, bumping his nose against a pillowy mound before lapping at a nipple with only the tip of his tongue. The teasing wet touches made her tremble and her breath quicken, legs shifting when he did the same to her other one. She was getting wet, and heavens did she want him to touch her, but his adoration was patient.

Naegi settled his face on her abdomen, breathing against each pack and trying to suck strips of skin into his mouth. "You're so strong..." Long drags of tongue followed the delineation of her hard muscles, of combat-trained force hidden under a surprisingly lithe body. "You have no issue carrying me or doing any of the tough work. It's like a breeze," His hands give a small squeeze to her thighs, almost making her buck up, "with muscles like these."
"You... like when I carry you?" She panted.

"It's a little embarrassing, but it makes me really feel like your boyfriend..." He admitted, kissing around her navel area. "Can you... open your legs for me?"

During her window of hesitation to comply, he simply kept kissing down, until he was kissing her sensitive crotch, sliding his lips on the surface of her vulva, until she couldn't help but groan needily and part her legs for him.

"You're so wet..." He stated, red-faced, and leaned in to lick the juices off her inner thighs. The teasing was simultaneously making her feel amazing and incredibly wanton, ready to ask him to just please touch her arousal, please.

When he finally put his mouth on her she quaked, yelling something that could maybe pass as a word. Makoto readily kissed up and down her whole slit, lapping around her heated folds with gusto. He was so good at it that she almost felt dizzy. Her hands violently grabbed the sheets when his tongue carefully swirled around her clitoris, giving it the softest of kisses afterwards.

As he diligently spread licks, smooches and suckles around her folds, Mukuro could no longer really stand for sheets and grasped his hair instead, pulling him even closer to her. He moaned in surprise as his ahoge was tugged, sending jolts of pleasure down his body. The pulling only urged him to the closest he could be to her in this position- sliding his tongue inside her entrance.

Mukuro arched her back and moaned, feeling his tongue wriggle as deep as it could into her. Makoto stroked the points that connected her inner thighs to her groin, slowly licking in swirls inside her before starting to thrust his tongue in and out.

A couple minutes of this and very deliberate rubbing of sensitive surrounding areas had Ikusaba tense up and shout in an uncharacteristic high pitch as she reached climax, shuddering and clamping down on the luckster's head with her thighs.

He tried to catch his breath when she did release him, his face glistening wet with her slick. "Just a little more," He breathes in sharply, leaning in again to clean up her fluids from around her entrance.

"Nnm... ww..." She tried to gasp his name, barely able to breathe right, but he didn’t stop. After licking her juices clean, he rose a little to gently nibble her sensitive clit, and she basically screamed.

Mukuro roughly pulled at handfuls of his hair and rubbed herself against his face as he drove her to her second orgasm, lapping at her throbbing button until she could see nothing but lucky stars behind her lids.

She wasn’t even sure about how much time passed in nigh-incoherent bliss and slipping awareness, but she was a dazed, satisfied heap on the mattress. Her body gradually cooled down, and she blinked in her glow at Makoto, who scooted up the bed and nuzzled himself under her arm for cuddles. She let him, draping said arm over his middle.

This was very good for... obvious reasons, but also because she felt fairly safe and somehow belonging. When she was with him after time spent together losing themselves to pleasure, there was a moment of being perfectly fine where she was, no more roles or acceptance needing to be pursued.

Hold on... she thought themselves, but-
"Wait..." The girl meaningfully put her hand at her partner's hip. "You..."

"I’m fine, Mukuro." He nuzzled her temple.

Knowing him, the girl disregarded his words and sought his surely still painfully hard erection, only to feel a little surprised to find his penis soft within his pants. The front of said pants had a good-sized wet spot on it, and a bit of sticky fluid clung to her hand when she drew away.

"You came...?"

"Mmhm." He answered, bashfully kissing her cheek.

Ikusaba shouldn’t have doubted it, considering his position made it easy to end up rubbing against the bed, and she admittedly had been tugging on his ahoge like a lifeline, mostly forgetting about it being erogenously sensitive amidst her intense pleasure.

"I’m happy you think of me, but this was all for you, okay? Did you like it?"

Only Makoto would have the audacity to just ask something like that, all things considered. Mukuro sighed.

"I loved it. I loved every second of it, Makoto." She kissed his lips, softly. "I still feel... I don’t know. Overwhelmed. Like... a queen or an empress, maybe."

Naegi smiled, that soft, kind of dumb smile. "You’re still you, just seeing your own worth better now."

He yelped when his girlfriend suddenly rolled on top of him, biting his neck and possessively sucking.

She only stopped when she was sure she’d left a very dark mark, looking at him seriously in the eyes. "You’re... you’re too nice."

"Is that... fine with you?" He chuckled, but it had a bit of an uncertain nervous edge with the weight of her gaze.

"It’s you. And it’s a part of you I wouldn’t change at all." She pinched his cheek.

The mouse looked beyond everything and decided to open his heart to the panther. If he was willing to look past the fangs - then so should she.
I hope you’re enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
Hajime was pretty sure he had a headache.

As if this situation wasn’t already confusing, exasperating, and stressful enough.

Everyone had gotten really rickety and suspicious because of the knife shenanigans, attempted murder, accusations thrown around and the extremely opposite personality bears. It had even taken the local tiny yakuza to point out how badly things were going because of the onslaught of distrust.

And Komaeda, well, they decided Komaeda needed to be tied up so he wouldn’t try anything, whatever "anything" was. It was an unfriendly decision, and though there were arguments as to locking up a fellow student, Nagito’s statement that he wasn’t incredibly bothered was used to just
Hajime wanted him to at least try to fight back like anyone would do, but Komaeda was difficult. His consistent vagueness, displacement of objectives and submissiveness made things no easier for him in face of his friends.

He’s been tied up for a while, given breakfast and otherwise... not much of anything. Including company.

Due to Hinata’s neutrality, the students would often try to get him in their favor about anything, and today has been hectic on that aspect of things. So he hopes that going to check up on Nagito will also serve as something of a break.

When he arrives there, the bound boy is talking with Nanami, or at least trying to. She looks really drowsy, and he doesn’t blame her; Nagito’s voice has a faint lull to it.

"Ah, Hinata-kun." He greets, and Chiaki stirs some. She waves candidly.

"I’m glad you’re here, Hinata-kun... I wanted to take a nap, but no one was coming over to make him company..."

"You were worried about that, Nanami-san? You could have walked out at any moment. You don’t have to feel like you need to stay around someone like me just so I don’t feel lonely."

"Don’t be... ridiculous..." The girl yawned cutely, "You can’t do anything fun while tied up, not even play games since they got your hands bound at the back and not the front... you should have at least someone else around to not be bored..."

Chiaki was a really good girl, and didn’t seem to hold any of the fear of being targeted for murder like some of the others did. So she was nice even to someone as cryptic as Komaeda.

"Ah, it’s alright, Nanami. I can take over from here." Hajime’s skull still felt some pounding, so a nap sounded good to him as well, but he would rather not squander his sleep schedule. Or be a grumpy shut-in in his cabin until he got better, which was tempting.
Chiaki gave brief, lazy hugs to both boys before she left, leaving behind a silence that made Hinata think he could hear his own blood pounding.

"I’m glad you’ve come to see me, Hinata-kun. Even if it’s because you think I could be a threat, it’s flattering."

"I don’t think you’re a threat, or some piece of garbage, or any of that." Hajime sighed. "Don’t start that today."

Nagito stayed quiet to that, seeming fairly happy that he wasn't here as a watch-hound. From Hajime's creased brows and his immediate tone, it seemed that he might be in pain about something, though.

So the fairet did try to not speak for a bit to be cautious on that, watching as Hajime placed a plate on a chair and spreaded some chips on it, cracking them into smaller pieces. They'd be easily reachable in case everyone took long to get him his next meal. But there did was a pressing matter that he found important to mention.

"Hinata-kun, could you take me to the bathroom?"

Retroactively it was a doable request, but then it simply hit the brunet with annoyance. He'd been all this time with Nanami, couldn't he have asked her? Or was this just to mess with him? Hinata honestly didn't like the thought of having to walk him all the way to the facilities (maybe being accosted by someone asking why he let him out of the room), then dealing with things that would be too much for him to handle in this mood (and completely alone with Komaeda).

Komaeda could be exasperating (just not to him, much) but he didn't mean to be bad... as far as he knew. They were lacking in experiences at this point, and most egregiously, lacking in memories. Still, he felt it in his heart that Nagito was well-meaning.

But he could also be massively annoying, dodgy, and overall disregarding of what others wanted even while being very disregarding of himself.

On second thought, he really shouldn't have come to a bound Komaeda while with a headache.
"It hasn't been long. I'm sure you don't need it." He stated with a dismissive edge. It's more that he wanted to believe it than truly being sure about it.

"No one has taken me yet... So..." Nagito shifted his thighs. "I'd really appreciate it if you would."

"They can take you later. It's gonna be lunch time in a couple hours."

The luckster wondered if the dodginess was due to whatever pain was ailing him. He wasn't bursting yet, but he did feel full, and would prefer Hajime helping him take care of it than anyone else.

"So you aren't taking me?"

"You can hold it, Komaeda." Hajime replied almost as a fact.

Nagito didn't question it, flushing scarlet - though the other boy wasn't looking in order to notice it. He knew there was something he could do; a desire that was made more and more tantalizing each moment spent with his bladder starting to stretch.

Hajime left in order to throw away the now empty bag of chips, and the moment was enough for Komaeda to decide, feeling his heart hammer in his chest from excitement. His other option would be to beg, which was also really alluring, but...

When he got back in the room, Hinata heard what he was fairly sure was a small, breathy moan, and his eyes immediately turned over to face Nagito.

He had a slightly glazed-over gaze and his thighs were parted far wider than they'd been before, but those were the least attention-catching parts.

Hajime's eyes widened fraction by fraction as a wet spot similarly grew in the front of the boy's pants. It really just grew and grew, reaching down his bottom and shinily becoming a spreading puddle on the floor.

"What- What the-" Hinata didn't know how to feel, both confused and exasperated and with some concern under.
"Well... if you would not take me there anyway..." Nagito explained all too casually, his face flushed and his voice unfairly sensual. "I just let go."

Hajime resisted bringing his hands to the sides of his head. *Goddamnit*. He fucked up, and Nagito was fucked up, so these things happen. He'd let his carefulness drop like a jackass because starting up in this island from zero was too much and there were things like this, like everyone tying up a fellow teenager and leaving him to dust, that were too much.

That was bratty of the luckster - or he somehow gave up from things far too easily - but he did owe apologies. "Komaeda, I'm sorry I didn't... believe you."

"It's alright." Nagito purred, his eyes brightening at the validation from the brunet. He looked far too undisturbed for someone who was pissing a large puddle from within their clothes; in fact, he looked...

... Hajime didn't want to think about that possibility. Or that heavy breathing. Or the fact he had to literally force himself to look away from the worked up teenager on the floor because he didn't like how it was stirring similarly inappropriate feelings in him.

He'd have to give Nagito a change of clothes and then take a *long* nap.

Everyone is a bit of a kid when they’re having fun. The stupidest things are the funniest and the things your parents warn you about are the most exciting.

And problems can come in heaps too.

This is most of the reason Nagito is out here, sitting on a bench watching his classmates have fun by the pool under the wide night sky. He isn’t fun at parties (and honestly a few of the others also aren’t, but still subject themselves to it) and loud music isn’t his thing, though the loudness has subsided to more even paced songs when Ibuki had to stop singing and chugged syrup because she “thought she broke something” in her throat.

He’s watching because teenagers and alcohol don’t do well together (alcohol doesn’t do well with any animal) and something is prone to go wrong, and he’d be the sober backup.

It’s not the whole reason. Innocent, for himself to pretend it’s just to be support. The truth is, Hajime is sitting with Sonia and Sōda, and Nagito enjoys seeing him drink on and on from those plastic cups. Sonia can hold her liquor well and the alcohol only adds to her dispersion, her attention getting.
caught by more and more random movements out of the corner of her eye the more she drinks. Sōda barely looks any different but he starts getting incoherent and doesn’t realize. Hajime can get weird and kind of impulsive, and goes through a phase of overtly angelic patience (with a reasonable amount of alcohol) to a notably short temper (when the amount of alcohol in him gets unreasonable). That trio is not good at deciding when to stop drinking.

Komaeda gets somewhat worried for Hinata’s kidney, but admittedly he does like seeing the boy down veritable amounts of liquid. Somewhat diuretic liquid, at that.

Hajime has a big bladder. In past occasions, for any time that Sonia or Sōda, or even sometimes Gundham or Mahiru (alcohol makes Chiai sleepy) have to get up for the bathroom twice, Hajime does so once. He can take a brunt of alcohol, and although it means Nagito won’t see him desperate much, a bladder that big is dreamy to think of.

Though the trio has gone without other students interrupting their conversations for a while, when Togami shows up, holding a tray with very little food in it, he says something that has Sōda bristling. The mechanic stands up to him as threateningly as he can, which while tipsy is not enough to make the large blond even blink, and yells something along the lines of "Seriously!?"

Togami nods and attempts to leave calmly, but Sōda is on his tail talking even faster. Sonia follows them, bringing her plastic plate along; it's probably something food-related. Maybe Teruteru got some new snacks ready.

Hajime didn't seem interested enough, looking off at them. There was always food, and Hanamura's preparation stand was pretty close to where they were; Komaeda couldn't see it because of a tall bush wall that separated the pool from the next yard, but the smoke (and sometimes actual fire pillars) was pretty much right behind it.

Hinata did stand up after a few minutes, but he didn't go towards where the others were.

...Where was he going, actually? There was nothing in that direction.

Nagito felt uneasiness churn in his stomach, alongside a hopeful excitement. It was an excellent fact for the island to lack dangerous fauna, so even if he got lost in the night, nothing would ambush him for a meal. Drunk people were their own biggest enemy to begin with, though.

The fairet stood up to follow him, out of solid footing and onto grass, artificial lights and chatter on the other side becoming a tidbit more distant.

As it ended up, he barely had to walk at all to find Hinata, and his throat suddenly felt dry. Heat coiled in his heart and spread on his face.

Standing still, the boy looked sideways at him, and he was met with a glare that was less intimidating than Gundham's default expression. Hajime growled. "What did you... come here for."

The slurred bite in the voice was amusing, like the brunet thought he'd walked half a mile into some secluded space and Komaeda had followed him all the way there. But truthfully he had barely walked out into the grass and was so dangerously close to the rest of the events that the chances of someone else catching sight of this - a very inebriated Hinata holding a mostly empty cup with a
shaking arm, jeans unzipped and his cock hanging out (he wasn't even holding it), pissing onto the verdant ground - were pretty high.

If anything, Nagito likely provided a good shield for his public obscenity by being there, half-leaning on a tree; the others preferred not being in the same place as him if possible.

"I didn't go far at all, Hinata-kun. I don't know if you noticed, but... you're pretty out in the open there."

Hajime looked somewhat insulted, as if Komaeda was exaggerating things. The alcohol was really getting to him, as he had trouble keeping his eyes focused, didn't make any move to try and make his act more private and hard to see in the face of an onlooker, and his stream was still going steady. Nagito didn't exactly attempt to hide his hungry gaze settled on his cock, watching it gush urine out in the open in drunken-based shamelessness.

It made his cheeks feel hot and his pants feel tighter. He didn't think he'd ever have an opportunity to see Hinata like this, aside from carefully planned visits to the cafeteria restroom, but as damning as alcohol could be - which is why he avoided it - it had given him this gift pretty effortlessly.

"Pervert." Hajime drawled as if disappointed, but the word could hardly sting in a context where the boy himself was flashing his bare dick and making no attempt to hide it. Drunk Hajime was pretty... interesting.

"You could've used the bathroom." Nagito conversed, though he didn't mean it. If it were up to him, Hinata could've just stayed at the table and fished his penis from his trouser slit and pissed on the floor right there, or just even not bothered to take it out at all and flood his pants until there were yellow rivulets falling off the chair. But that would've been a hassle because the still sober ones would definitely make a deal out of that. Being able to fully ogle him like this by himself was better, for tonight.

"I needed to piss." The brunet replied grumpily, as if the toilets weren't roughly just across the pool. When his stream angled off and died, he didn't even bother to shake, clumsily shoving his piece back in his boxers and leaving his zipper open as he started to walk off. Nagito was stunned at how far gone his friend was with too much alcohol in his system.

Komaeda would've stayed there, replaying the sight in his mind over and over and committing it to memory, maybe quietly jacking off to the lingering scent, but it turns out Hinata was not the best at walking back. He tripped, and gone was the rest of the drink on his cup, and weird were his attempts to keep balance. Nagito wouldn't put it past him to have become disoriented with his own lower weight, having gone from a heavy full bladder (as big as his was) to an empty one. It wouldn't last whatsoever, but more than a few things about the boy's decadent wobble made Nagito sigh heavily and haul one of his arms over his shoulders.

"What the hell." Hajime grunted, deadbeat. He didn't even look too miffed, even though he could've flailed out of a grasp like this one if he wanted.

"You're coming with me to your cabin. To rest." Nagito responded fairly simply, walking him along.

"But Sommmnia... Sōda..." The brunet protested. Maybe whined.
"I think they might be gone already." And if they weren’t gone from the table, they were certainly gone from the sober world.

Hajime thankfully still had the keys, so Nagito unlocked his front door and got them in. He kept the boy as still as possible for a small while, head leant slightly on him, to keep him as balanced and away from potential nausea as possible.

When he helped Hinata sit down on his couch without bumping his legs on it, he unexpectedly asked, "Do you do this often?"

"What?" Nagito inquired.

"Take people home."

"I do it as necessary." It was only half a lie. Some girls didn’t like being moved or helped around by guys, Peko didn’t like him moving Fuyuhiko around (and would do it herself), Nidai was unmoveable; lately he only truly bothered watching after Hajime and Chiaki (who fell asleep anywhere and was better off moved to a comfier place).

"I was fine." Hinata seemed to try to rethink that a bit. "But thank you."

Nagito got him some water, which he happily drank. It wouldn’t erase the headache that is sure to come the following morning, but hopefully it could help in making things less bad. Nagito felt heat prick the back of his neck at the thought that, with Hinata like this, he could probably get him to drink some more cups of water with no issue, but shook his head before handing him only one more cup. He had already pushed his luck tonight, and Hajime had already drunk a ton of fluids in general.

Komaeda is almost ready to leave when the brunet says, "Can you stay for a bit?"

The taller boy blinks, heart fluttering. "You want me to?"

"It’s lonely here." Blunt and simple.

He sat by his side; Hajime talked on about things that only made half sense before he ended up just falling asleep and Komaeda had to move him to his bed. He felt tempted to stay the night, but knew it was better not to, for now.

Though he did want to show up next morning, to see if Hinata was alright and, if possible, look at his expression as soon as he recalled the events of the night. He’d certainly be embarrassed about
relieving himself in the open, and look super cute, and then maybe he’d be more careful about alcohol in the next times.

The slow, fuzzy, light morning comes into my senses. Everything is warm and comfy, a pleasant shift from sleep...

Until I recognize a familiar clammy sensation, and anxiety forces me into consciousness much faster.

Shifting my legs and reaching down, I feel clinging wetness and fearfully confirm my doubts.

Nagito stirs besides me - which almost sends me into a panic despite how early it is, making my head swim. I had accepted his invitation to sleep over, after insistence on his part; and this is exactly the reason I was afraid to say yes. There’s only so many times you can say no to sleeping on your low-self-esteem-boyfriend's bed without telling the truth, and despite our combined talents, I thought that maybe I was worrying too much.

I don’t have accidents very often compared to a few years ago... they never stopped, and though they’re not as much of an- um- issue now... well, bedwetting is never good.

I can deal with it if I’m alone. Waking up awfully early to do laundry so the other students won’t see me, packing extra cleaning products, the like. But... this...!

"Nnnm... Makoto...?" His drowsy voice asks. It's unreasonable to tell him to go back to sleep or - there's no escaping this, I can only brace myself. It's a single bed, we shared the blanket, his wrist is touching my shoulder as he stirs; I'm trapped. Being simultaneously frozen and with rapid breathing only helps in cluing the waking boy on something being wrong.

I wish I could enjoy the little things about actually sleeping with my boyfriend, like his cute heavy eyes and even more haphazard hair, but all that feels overpowered by fear and shame.

"What's wrong?" Nagito inquired with an endearing morning rasp.

I don't know whether staying in silence makes a significant difference. "Please don't get mad." I manage to whisper. Beg.

That seems to confuse him. Of course it does. He gets more aware of his surroundings just like I have, shifting around, and his eyes blink wider. I look away as the physical investigation continues, shifts of his limbs and a decisive hand slithering and finding my hip, and subsequently, the wet fabric of my night pants.
I'm already burning with embarrassment, but for whatever reason, Komaeda doesn't shirk his hand away. As if there could be any doubt whatsoever, he minutely fondles my crotch, thighs, and rapidly checks the soaked sheets around and underneath. I felt like I could break down if he kept at it, but he did stop.

"... Ah. So you had an accident." He states simply.

I tried to strengthen my voice before I spoke, "I'll clean it all up, I-I promise...!"

"Calm down." Nagito said softly, his warm head leaning against mine as he shifted closer still. He lifted up the blanket off of most of us, making the drenched patches visible. I didn't actually calm down, but I didn't say more.

His breathing was weird. I really hoped he wasn't mad.

"Huh, Naegi-kun... do you remember what you dreamed about? Had a nightmare?" He asked conversationally.

"I don't remember." I confessed. Not that this occurrence was necessarily related to nightmares, for me.

"It’s okay. We can clean this later on." Komaeda placed an arm over me and laid my head back on the pillow, joining me and nuzzling my hair.

"Um, later on...?"

"Do you mind staying like this for a bit? I know it must be uncomfortable, though you can take off your pants if you’d like." And then he added, "I'm really not bothered, if you're worried about that."

The clothes were indeed an uncomfortable cling, that lowered in temperature easily without the blanket, but I didn't want to just... bare myself so casually. "So you just want to cuddle for now?" I asked, at least a little relieved that he genuinely didn’t seem put off or upset.

"Yeah. I’ll have you, wetness and all..." He presses up to me, even coming over the wet patch on the mattress, to level his point. "Does this happen often...?" There's a shine to his eyes that I can't understand.

"No. It happened... frequently until I was about ten..." My face burned hotly, but I could only be sincere. "I-it hasn't happened a whole lot since then."

"But it does still happen sometimes, hmm?" He pressed, leaning his face a little close to mine.

"Y...yes, they're accidents..." I was feeling very vulnerable with the prying questions and his proximity. "Can we... n-not talk about this? I understand if you don't want to share a bed again, this
is why I was hesitating to accept your offer-

Nagito silenced me with a very soft press of his lips on mine, making a small satisfied breathy sound when he drew away.

"You're so cute, Naegi-kun." He caressed my cheek. "Still wetting the bed... my boyfriend..." He placed his head over mine, sighing contently. I was... confused. "I'm lucky, huh."

I know that cock rings are not meant for this, but it was definitely doing what Komaeda wanted it to and it hurt. My bladder felt really heavy and my member felt constricted and I could think and want nothing more than to relieve the pressure.

"Nagito... please untie me... Nagito..."

His expression alone drove me up the wall in every way. He was flushed, his eyes sultry and focused, his pants bulging obviously. "Tell me how much you need to pee." He purred.

I should be more used to this. But having my wrists bound behind my back and a tight ring on my penis in the same context is... new.

I wasn’t at risk. No, Komaeda was a good partner, and he knew how to care for his boyfriends, and he wasn’t going to keep a dangerous device on me until I popped veins and got internal bleeding. But the desperation was intense. I had forgotten about him talking about a surprise, being too distracted on holding by his request and by the start of idle cuddles. At the point when I was squirming with effort against my full bladder and he was lightly playing with my cock, the simultaneous bondage surprised me.

From that point it was a forced hold, and though it’s only been a few minutes, it felt like an excruciating eternity. From the point where he put it on, Nagito cradled my face and spoke sweet words and compliments interspersed with kisses before he backed off to watch my uncomfortable squirming.

My breaths were harsh, my skin sweating, my cock swollen, blushing down to my neck and with an unbuttoned tshirt remaining as my only piece of clothing. Komaeda was also fairly worked up, panting lightly and looking on with adoration. The begging was already past, and he wanted to draw out more exposure and vulnerability from me, the shame of it hardly trifling when I could barely think.

"I need to pee... really really bad," I began, cock uselessly bobbing in need. "I can’t stand it. Please. I’m going to burst..."
Nagito listened on with delight, teasing himself by just barely kneading his bulge. "Really now? You need it that badly? You want to piss yourself all over the floor?"

"I don’t care." I whine, flushing redder. "Just take it off. I need to go. Uuhn..."

He stands and crouches by me, breathing arousal-laced words on my face. "Tell me exactly what you want, Makoto."

"I want you to take off the cock ring so I can pee." I reply, composure dwindling further and further. "Please..."

"Are you going to pee on the floor?"

"Y-yes!"

Komaeda growls a deep purr, hand deftly reaching down and taking the instrument from around my swollen member. The blood flow and pressure start to normalize, and as it does so, a faint trickle starts to drip out.

I had no power or energy to hold back whatsoever. Shuddering with relief and releasing a hoarse cry, my nether areas seemed to tingle as the trickle flowed into a normal stream, splashing on my right thigh and between my legs.

Nagito stood in front of me, making a small sound of pleasure as he looked down at my shameful expression and the growing puddle. He nudged his shoe up against my perineum, letting my stream soak the ankle of his pants. I was bound and weak, and wouldn’t mind anything he did at this point, mind fogged with the extremely pleasurable relief.

"Cute, dirty boy." Komada rasps, tilting my penis so the tip momentarily points upwards and gushes warmly onto my abdomen. I can only groan in the befuddled state.

I don’t pee for so terribly long, my bladder never having been able to hold that much even at full capacity, but relief still kept fuzzying my limbs even as the stream became a thin string for a few seconds before coming to dripping. Nagito had taken his erection out at some point, and was rapidly stroking it, squeezing himself periodically and trying to hold back noises.

I look up at him. His pleasure-stricken face is beautiful, and I know he enjoys the wrecked expression I have after pushing my body to a limit. I have no qualms or resistance when he moans affectionately and shoots his load across me, streaking my chest and face.
Even though we both have hardly caught our breaths, he crouches down again to kiss me passionately, smearing the cum on my jaw and licking it off himself.

"You're such a good boy. My beloved." He says lovingly, renewing my blush despite everything.

"I love you too." I mutter, tired, and plant a kiss on his cheek.

Chapter End Notes

psa: be careful with cock rings. It's recommended to not stay with them on for more than half an hour, and also, don't try to pee with them on. It can actually be dangerous. Health tips from someone who shouldn't be writing the kind of things that require that knowledge..

I hope you're enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
Dawn in the dumps - Naegiri

Chapter Notes

Short 15 | 3.589 w
► Naegiri + first kiss, in-clothes handjob

「 My savior comes with a fall and some strips of noodles matting her hair. 」

hi my name is Makoto Naegi and I have a big dumb crush on Kyōko Kirigiri
I usually don't like to write canon settings since I heavily dislike anything to do with Mutual Killing Games but... opportunities. Like being really weak at the idea of being kissed in the quiet dark when I'm tired and worn from staying in the dump basement and Kiri is really glad that I'm alive.

... y e ah I've been pretty affection starved for a while now.

This is pretty smushy but I also couldn't resist the smut because I'm weak for simple yet unconventional sexual acts, I mean, this can kinda count in glovefucking?

I hope you enjoy the fic. if you hate the title pun don't worry so do I

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's dark. I don't want to move. My back and neck are aching, and everything seems to point to me still being alive.

I don't have a notion of time at all. It's just my mind and my breaths. I can't see a thing, but I can feel what I assume to be trash, and also my limbs. Nothing broken, somehow. The atmosphere is heavy, and it makes me want to stay right where I am, as if it somehow has a safety.

Until I become more conscious, that is. The memories encroach- I am locked in Hope's Peak, I had been at a class trial for the Mutual Killing Game, and I was elected a blackened due to an impromptu forced time limit rule and sentenced to my death.

That was all... the Mastermind's trap. Kirigiri had predicted it - that the utter nonsense was planned, that personal stakes were being held. That the Mastermind was outright cheating.

Our alibis were faulty - Togami's, Hagakure's, Fukawa's and Asahina's were perfectly viable. As the Mastermind had carefully targeted Kirigiri, it was up to me to trust her. A forced execution was... not in plans. But I had decided she had to live, and if it was to be one of us...

I hadn't prepared to be alive at this point. I hadn't thought to see Alter Ego still going- and able to do something to the slamming order so I wasn't crushed. How far down was this, that Monokuma hadn't bothered to show up and finish the job?

My friends were still there, likely still trying to unveil everything. They would be vulnerable. And
Kiri, she felt responsible for this turn of events... And the others still hardly trust her...

While getting up, just about every movement spurned a hiss of pain. I clutched my head; it *swam*. I don’t know how far I fell, but it was certainly enough to cramp me up step through step.

Being knocked out for a while must have gotten me used to the smell here; it felt faint, but was definitely a garbage dump. Rust and dust and some mold were easily picked scents. I can’t see anything yet, so I can only hope to find some lights activation panel or switch.

I did so by finding the wall and walking alongside it until a large corridor provided a switch. At the end of said corridor was a big metal factory door, that seemed only openable by a keycard.

It wasn’t the only way out, though, as a staircase climbing straight up provided access to a more normal door, also locked. This one could likely be opened by the Monokuma key; it made my chest tighten to realize that I wasn’t completely drained of chances.

I believed they would come here - be it either to try to find me alive, or to recover my dead body. So it shouldn't be a matter of if, but *when* they would appear... If the Mastermind didn't somehow prevent them.

There were clean enough materials like shredded clothes and cartoline to design a makeshift bed. What more could I do, other than turn off the lights to the dump and stay on that bed, saving energy? Although the corridor could be better to stay in, I preferred to be more easy to find, just around the center.

There was no telling what time it was, day or night, how much time truly passed. I was alone with my thoughts - my worries. Everything that happened was way heavy, but I was sure we were on the cusp of figuring out the entire dredgy situation surrounding this academy.

There was nothing to be done for now, so I just laid down and tried to sleep, or to be in a state of as little consciousness as possible.

Between however many hours or days that could be, with no way to count, I alternated between laying down in varying levels of consciousness and standing up to activate the lights and examine some of the trash. Other than the drastic amount of still-usable items that laid around the heaps, it was strangely not so interesting.
My salvation came during a moment of what might have been actual sleep. I awoke to faint light and a loud noise, startling me to hell and back.

The emergency lights were not too practical, but I could see enough to look for the source of the noise. A figure had fallen on the ground, and was making to get up from said fall onto a garbage pile.

... It was Kyōko!!

"Kiri!" I called, communicating my presence and that I was still alive. "You came!"

She carefully found footing and dusted off dirt from her jacket, locating me easily. "Of course I came. I had to save you."

My expression brightened with gratitude, and I forced my slightly sleep-numb legs to carry over to her, even though she had already started moving towards me.

"Hey, um," I began, sneakers finding the relative safety of the floor surface. "You have some trash on your head."

Kyōko blinked, flickering her eyes to the bits of food she could likely not see - just some stray noodles - and swatting them off her hair.

When we were before each other, my brain rummaged for words. "Kirigiri-san, I-"

"One moment," She requested, briefly raising her left hand. I remained still and quiet, and then she moved forward and wrapped her arms around me.

My eyes widened, heart fluttering yet feeling surrounded by weight at the same time. I reciprocated the embrace as best as I could, the first warmth after all this time in the empty dumpster.

"I’m so glad you’re alive." She murmured, relief lacing her voice. "If you had ended up... if you had died despite having done nothing, I." A heavy exhale.
"You also didn’t do anything, Kiri. I hope you aren’t weighing this against yourself..." I told her softly.

"I’m sorry, Naegi. All the... dumb things..." She shook her head. "Working alone because I’m used to it, not staying with you when you were delirious, not telling anyone about the attack. We got scattered. The Mastermind could pick us apart."

I rubbed her back soothingly, and she sighed.

"We’re past that now, though. We can’t afford to be less than prepared. I’ll get you out of here, but first, please have this." Kyōko pulled a plastic bag and a bottle out of her bag. The sight of food brought to my attention how much of a void my stomach felt.

We sat down while she offered both a small meal - just a quickly put together natto sandwich with dried tomato and water - and catching up to me; telling me about how the others were, the immediate plans for action, how we had to pick the last trial back up with it having remained unsolved. I only listened, nodding at times, too preoccupied with munching and drinking to talk.

She used moist tissues to clean our hands afterwards and gave me one for my mouth. Just that small bit of cleanliness felt really nice and made me crave clean clothes and a shower.

"Better now? You will still need some proper recovery after these two days." The detective asked, packing away things and leaving the used tissues and plastic among the rest of the trash.

"I'm fine, really... I spent most of the time here laying down."

"Naegi, you're not comparing some cartoline to a bed. You need some time in clean air, with proper glucose levels in your blood. We don't know for sure what we will face with how resourceful our captor has proven to be." She eventually sighed. "I care about you, alright? More than I thought I would, at first. More than I... can handle."

Her eyes were very soft, and she had some trouble looking at me. My heart started pounding heavily, but I thought I had to be careful. I feel like she knows how I feel about her, how easily I've tripped over feelings, but I don't want her to think she needs to do something for me after that trial.

"Kirigiri-san... I'm really glad that you care, but I don't want you to feel like you have a responsibility
to me now. There's no debt or anything, I promise." I assured her.

She released a deep sigh. "Naegi, I'm going to have to be clear with you. I'm not here just to claim a responsibility or because I feel guilty over what happened. I thought that I was perhaps mistaken, but... this is no longer a friendship matter to me." Her head leaned towards mine in an almost piercing look, foreheads almost touching and making me have to move back slightly in surprise. "Because I'm in love."

My breath caught, a hot-cold flash seeping down my spine. "W... with me?"

Kyōko almost looked like she could hit me, but I wanted nothing more than to be truly sure. "Yes." Her hand clasped, gripped around mine. "I fell for you, and for everything about you, including your incredibly naïve open heart."

My eyes were probably shining. "Kyō-" I swiftly bit my tongue, flushing fiercely as I almost slipped and called her by her first name. "I, I mean..."

The violette also had an endearing, faint blush on her face, and gave a light shake of her head with a brief smile. "I know I don't have to ask, since you're as open-read as a book, but I want to hear you say it too."

"I... I'm in love with you too." I say, almost dumbly, and take her other hand in the same way she has mine cradled.

"That's fine." She leans over me for a hug, holding me close even with our oddly-clasped hands making that more difficult. We stayed like that for a few moments, and it felt so thoroughly comforting I never wanted to leave her embrace, to stop the feeling of her hair on my cheek and her chin on my shoulder. As cliché as it was concerning me, I felt... lucky. But her voice did bring us back with, "Are you ready to leave and see everyone else again? I'll understand if you want a while to catch your bearings, but I'm not so fond of how this place smells..."

"Oh. I guess I got used to it..." I replied sheepishly. "I'm ready, though. We have to pull through all of this together. It was how we could have stood up against the Mastermind at the start... and it's how we can do it now." I thought for a second and added, "And I'll take a shower."

"And rest somewhere comfortable for a change." Kyōko stated as she withdrew from the hug and stood up. "Let's go, then." She paced over close to the ladder that she had fallen near to. "You go..."
I had almost forgotten for sure how long the climb went for, but I remember it wasn't too bad of a distance. I looked through the dim light to the makeshift bed and the familiar trash as I put my limbs on the metal bars, glad to be leaving this place.

Kirigiri was right below me, climbing at my speed. My frail body that only got re-nourished a few minutes ago wasn't so thrilled about the climb, so Kyōko would tell me to not push it and actually slow down.

At the top, I sat over close to the edge of the chasm and saw Kiri re-check her belongings. The door was almost in front of us, a few meters away, and since I obfuscated Kiri's possession of the Monokuma key at the last trial to defend her, she should still have it. I'm pretty sure she came by the ladder despite her jump and fall near the end.

Though I saw the glint of silver that was probably the multiuse object in her hand, she placed it in her jacket pocket.

I blinked hopefully at her. "You can unlock the door, right?"

"Yes. But first, there's a couple things... I'd like to do." Her gaze looks a bit wistful as she looks at the vast, dark emptiness below. "Couple things."

My heart immediately races at the implication of something she planned to do that, supposedly, requires us to be alone. I could be... wrong... but, aah... I'm nervous...

Kyōko looks down at me, her height advantage seeming much more intimidating for a split moment. My eyes flicker about - to the hand reaching for mine, to her approaching face - and I feel like my heart will knot itself up with anxiety.

I close my eyes before I'm aware of it. But at around the same moment, I feel a definite softness pressing against my lips.

My mind simultaneously blanches and screams. It's such a small, intent, soft touch - and I feel like I'm dying and ascending to a plane beyond.
Kyōko is kissing me!

I’m feeling so many wavering emotions that, when she draws away, I’m not sure how long I’ve been apparently standing there with my pupils dilated and mouth slightly parted before she calls with lighthearted amusement, "Naegi."

I blink twice and am almost mesmerized by the glow of her smile, even if it is a faint curve on her lips. I don’t know what a thought is or how- what to say.

"Y-you... kissed me." Is what my mouth ends up forming, with the full awe that my burning expression holds.

"A fine observation."

My hand raises to my heavy thumping heart, except I forgot Kyōko was still holding it so now our joined hands were pressed to the chest of my hoodie. And it splashed me in another wave of overflowing affection and whatever else I couldn’t even describe.

"It seems I might have to do this more often from now on, so it's not as shocking to you when I do it." She stated playfully. "There's... something else I'd like to do, though. If it's not an issue." Her thumb gently caressed the back of my hand.

"Whatever you'd like." I smiled, feeling that whatever she wanted to do, I'd likely want, too.

"I know it could be a bit much, but..." She seemed bashful. "I really don't know when we'll be able to really be alone again until we solve the mystery and leave this school. And it's something I'd like to do for you as much as it is for myself. If it does end up being too much, you should stop me, Naegi. Is that clear?"

It almost seems scary, the way she's putting it, but I trust her and I know she wants me to be comfortable. Admittedly, I do want some more time alone too- kissing more, I'd love that. "Yes. I'll tell you."

She kisses the tip of my nose as if in small gratitude. Her gloved hand disentangles from mine and
carefully slips up the bottom hem of my hoodie just slightly, sliding down past the waistband of my-

My skin electrifies and flicks a lighter into my blood, flaring my abdomen where her hand touches and painting a blush from my cheeks to the tips of my ears.

"K-Kiri..." I stutter, and her nose lightly bumps onto mine.

"Shhh..." She coos; my heart almost stops when I feel the texture brush the base of my length.

Her hand is inside my pants, inside my underwear, and she carefully wraps her fingers around my penis. I let out a soundless gasp. My face feels like it had been cooked on a stove.

"Is this okay?" She asks in consideration, and I’m utterly torn, because this is very good but also too fast and forward and the texture of her glove almost feels too much on my sensitive skin, and my grip is almost white-knuckled on her shoulders.

"It's- I don't know." I confess. "Y... your glove...!" I like the fact that it is her touching me, but this might be a little too overwhelming for- for the first time someone does that to me.

Her fingers, that were slowly rubbing in a grip, slowed to a stop. "Oh. I should have... thought of that beforehand." Her brows creased, flashing a little disappointment in her eyes.

"It's- it's okay!" I quickly say; I really don't want her to consider taking her gloves off, which could make her uncomfortable. "If you really want to do this, can I, um. Can I do the pace?"

"Of course I want to do it," She replied in a doubtless tone. "But how do you mean?"

"I mean you, uh, keep your hand still." It was already like that. "And... a, a little further, is it okay if you...?"

Somehow, Kyōko seemed to take a good guess on what I was getting at, and she dug her hand even further into my pants. It would be easier if I took them off, but exposing myself to her was... still something else, that I wasn't sure I was ready for. She couldn't actually see where she was touching if I kept the clothing on, and she didn't make moves to take it off either.

The current adjustment let my member slide against her bare wrist, and I hissed at the softness. Her knuckles rested up against my sac, the extent of her hand cradling me in such a way that my length snuck into her sleeve whenever I made a movement with my hips.
"Is this...?" I begin, wanting to know if it's anything like she wanted.

"If it feels good for you, I want you to go ahead." She replied, kissing my forehead. She can likely feel me hardening further and further, so instead of embarrassingly admitting that this whole awkwardly-positioned setup is fine enough, I simply start making small movements, rubbing myself against her wrist.

It's suboptimal and unplanned but it's much, much more arousing than I'd think it to be - if I ever thought of something like this. I'm having trouble keeping my budding noise down as Kirigiri attempts to press back against my little bucks.

"You're so warm, Naegi..." She whispers, our bodies close enough that she barely has to lean in order to kiss me, claiming my next moan directly into her mouth.

I can feel her own fervor and enjoyment in the kiss; there's precum trickling from my tip at this point, and it slides to her palm, making the glove slicker and its texture much more bearable for the sensitive skin it's touching. Kyōko seems to notice that, and actually makes an effort to gather more of my fluid so she can touch me better.

Kirigiri carefully cradles my cock as I rock into her hand, holding onto her body. It’s a little awkward, it’s weird, but her other arm is gladly wrapped around my back as I slowly hump her hand. I feel embarrassed doing this, but she breaks the kiss momentarily to mouth along my ear and pleasure is pooling in my groin, so I have no plans to stop.

A twist of her hand with a little of her own helping has a thrust cause my length to slip snugly into her right glove, touching her bare, moist palm. The dual sensations of hot skin and uncomfortable texture in the tight fit make me cry out, and Kirigiri wraps her fingers around me like that, sighing a cute pleased noise along my jaw as she does so.

I'm already twitching, precum pooling into my partner's glove. Her lips reach mine again, and I manage to breathe out between several kisses to her mouth, "I'm... close..."

I moan with the few squeezes she delivers with me still inside the glove before she draws back, stroking through the fabric at a quicker pace. I desperately pull her body closer to mine, rubbing against her motions and gasping before I reach climax with a shudder, stuttering out her name.

I feel light and almost dizzy as my member pulses and spurts into my boxers and on the much gentler
grip, and Kirigiri lets me try to catch my breath against her collar, sagging a little against her.

She gently pulls me away after a moment, drawing her arm away from my pants and making them feel emptier, less warm.

I vaguely see her lifting her hand, streaked with goopy white, and considering it. She then lowers it down, curling it under her skirt and rubbing the substance on her inner thighs with a peculiar noise - o-oh.

"I just wanted to feel it. On my skin." Kyōko explained, sighing in contentment. Another small spark of heat reflashed on my groin to know she would go out of her way to put my... dirty stuff on her. "Your ahoge is swishing, Naegi." Her teasing words snap me back to focus. "I've never really seen it do that."

I do actually feel its movement atop my head, though I know I can't force it to stop right away. "Ah, that's, um..." My eyes catch the movement of her withdrawing the Monokuma key from her pocket, our distance now greater. Were we supposed to leave now? But she hadn't... "Hey, don't you want me... to..."

Kirigiri chuckles, and it's a beautiful sound, the pink on her cheeks only intensifying her glow. "I'd love the idea, but I'm afraid I would take a while longer to be taken care of..."

She starts walking, and I flush brightly at the dawning of her words. "H-hold on a second...!"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to the ones who keep coming back and reading my stuff, even if you only check the chapters for the pairings you're craving.

I want to give a shoutout to this fanart (source deactivated) and specifically page 6 of this doujin (by 遊馬臣; NSFW at link) for partial inspiration on some of the interactions in this oneshot.

I hope you're enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
Chapter Notes

Short 16 | 5.781w
► Naezono (2x) - First kiss and premature ejaculation | Mind-reading and experimenting

1. 「Monokuma likes being a tease every time Naegi and Maizono are spending time together, even though they're just good friends for the while. All the teasing makes Naegi's crush on her almost transparent, so she gives him his first kiss for good measure - and for an unexpected result.」

2. 「She will tell you that she has top-notch intuition, but truthfully Sayaka can read minds - literally. It's a tough ability to have, but with Makoto, she feels much safer - and even giddy - about it.」

These are actually kinda old ideas.
About the first one, I saw a post on tumblr mentioning that someone's friend came in his pants when he kissed a girl for the first time and like. Of course I had to write that idea like how could I not. Even though it's a non-despair AU, Monokuma exists just to cause general annoyance, and there's a reference to a dr1 scene in there too. As for the second... I didn't see too much of DR1 (vn) but the scary accuracy of Sayaka's intuition was... yeah. It was easy to imagine a "what if" scenario where she actually is able to read minds. Maybe I should've made it a conscious controllable ability because involuntary mind reading is hell.. I feel kinda bad.

I didn't expect this to be the next thing I finished but considering the plot points were already sorted out...
Also prob obvious from previous writing but. I love!! awkward boners!! fuck!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Monokuma's general voice and cackles were very much annoying, but Sayaka found that his dropbys to tease Naegi whenever he spent time with her weren't so bad.

Mostly because Naegi was so cute when he got flustered, as the bear didn't hold back in bluntness.

No one knew who was controlling this bear, and the robotics and tech-related ultimates denied responsibility. It was usually an accusatory jumble between some students who were tired of the antics and havoc, while others doubted the machine mascot even existed because they never personally saw him. The bear supposedly also had piles of blackmail, which seemed to discourage some students from getting a proper investigation down.
Monokuma was smart enough to not show up too often or in too crowded places, which made one wonder where his base of operations or resting place was to be sneaky enough.

And he wasn't actually evil (debatable), just a tad annoying.

"Everyone inside here is amazing in some way, so I don't feel too overwhelmed. There's so many great talents that people don't just focus on me, the idol, even if I'm on the pop radar." Sayaka commented, looking over the many different decorations, scribbles and charms adorning the outside gym lockers. It was a haphazard, but refreshing mess.

"Yeah, I understand. Depending on your interests, you're going to be more excited about being able to meet a sports star or a crafter or a musician... but idols are the kind that everyone knows about." Makoto input. "So you're easily an inspiration for a lot of people."

Sayaka smiled, letting out a little puff of air of already-treaded conversation. "You know I'm not so much an inspiration alone without my girls... this academy is a bit selective, but I'm sure any of them could've been here instead of me."

"It makes sense that they wouldn't pick more from the same category, and search for different categories to fill up the student quota instead... except for, mine. Luck. They said they use a lottery drawing to have one in each class, I'm thinking that could be a way to make the student body larger..."

"Are you thinking you aren't special? Well, you are, to me. We aren't just stereotypes of our talents... and being chosen in a lottery certainly doesn't say anything about a person."

"You're right, Maizono-san. It's not even necessarily evident of luck itself..." Naegi's head shook a little.

With playfulness, the idol added, "I've seen some other Super High School Level Lucks around... they aren't as cute."

"Oh. Um..." Makoto scratched his cheek, flushing. "I actually could be the shortest one..."

"You are! Haha, such a small guy that he'll have to lean up to kiss his girlfriends! It'll be a good rush
The two looked around to find the dastard Monokuma laid belly down on the ground with hands on his chin, observing them. He was definitely not there a few moments ago.

"Why do you always have to butt in?" Naegi momentarily glared, glancing about to see if anyone was close enough to maybe help. Bar anyone showing up and walking to where they were, their closest help was a class too focused on losing 12v1 to the Ultimate football player in the near fenced field. Hopefully their class would be over in the next minutes. Or minute. Please.

"I'm not butting, I'm eyeing and mouthing! Aren't couplies a good eyeful?"

"We... we aren't..."

"It's alright, Naegi-kun. That's how he is."

"You seem so afraid of being considered her date, Nae-nee. Is it a defense reaction to cover up how badly you want to be her boyfriend and go on sickly sweet dates and have her beautiful assets all to yourself?"

"You've-" Makoto's face bloomed scarlet, anger even faltering. "S-stop that!"

"Oh, but even if I stop talking, your thoughts won't stop, right? Maizono-san is a very kind girl to be indulging you~ Or perhaps it's because she prefers herbivore boys?"

"Are you trying to make a big deal out of me liking to spend time with nice guys?" Sayaka almost giggled.

"Um, I don't know if we've told you, Monokuma, but we knew each other back in school..." The boy tried to explain the frequency of their hangouts.

"Childhood friend romance? Sure, haven't heard that one before." The bear handwaved. "It's so cute! Sharing memories, pointing out growth differences... getting completely new feelings of lust pooling down in your belly... puhuhu..."

"Monokuma... please stop." Makoto requested, not wanting things to get too awkward. Whether he ever complied or not was a gamble.

"Are you afraid I'm getting too close to facts here? If that's the case it's not surprising for anyone,
bub." The bear crossed his arms. "If you do want her, what's here to refute?"

The brunet fumbled. "I just... I don't want her to start worrying about a new possibility, just because-
"

" 'New possibility'? That's so rich I'd think you were SHSL Banker! Maizono isn't worried at all! You can see it in her face... She already knows the depth of your feelings. I'm just smashing a couple more cans."

Naegi jolted, turning to the idol. "You do??"

Sayaka seemed a bit sheepish, but as the robot had said, there wasn't any visible concern or surprise in her face. "I'm an esper, remember?" She then gave a smile, and bumped his head with hers lightly, making his cheeks burn further. "Actually, you're just easy to read... You're too sincere for that to not show, you know."

"I was actually bluffing on an eighty-five percent chance, but glad to know I was right." Monokuma admitted proudly, putting a paw to his chest.

"But this... huh?" The boy paddled to not drown in the sudden information. "But if you... if you knew, doesn't that mean...?"

"That I'm not rejecting you? That's right." Sayaka pointedly took his hand in hers, just to cradle it. Her head had to tip down to lean on his shoulder. "I was waiting to see if you'd be more forward. Monokuma didn't help me realize that, but the way your face gets so red every time he shows up and talks about us does make it a little more obvious."

"Oh... um..." Makoto vocalized, eyes wide and heart beating a mile a minute. Her face was... very close to his like this.

Sayaka was simply looking at him, fairly sweetly. Her thumb rubbed his palm, and in that warm moment it was almost as if Monokuma wasn't-

"It's standing right u~p~!" The bear gleefully shouted. Forgetting him was way too short-lived.

"Wh-what?" Naegi spluttered.

"Your pole~"

"I-It's not!" The boy immediately rebutted, but refused to look at Monokuma.
"Puhu hu, maybe it **will** be then now that I mentioned it? Maybe that turns you on? People noticing your pants look a little funny?" The bear giggled.

"Monokuma..." Sayaka began solemnly, and the mascot seemed to tense up as he saw her stand from the bench. There was a pack of golf clubs close enough for her to reach and grab one, which immediately made the idol look five times more threatening. "You can be cute sometimes, but enough is enough, don't you think?"

She looked more disappointed rather than angry, which led Monokuma to quickly realize that he's not nearly as on top of things as he thought. "Alright, alright! I digress. I should leave the lovebirds to actually have alone time, after all!" The bear dashed off, but not without his usual confident-sounding chuckle.

Maizono paced over and put the club back as if nothing had ever happened. Naegi looked over to where the bear had left, then quickly glanced at the approaching girl, but his gaze averted when their eyes met.

She sat down by him again; his blush was still strong over his cheeks, and his hands seemed to be placed a little cautiously over his lap. A stretching of fabric over a faint prominence could be seen with a careful look, but she didn't stare for long. The azurette smiled with a light blush, not completely surprised that another of Monokuma's bluffs turned out to be true.

"Hey, Naegi-kun... It's alright if you do have a hard-on that you can't help." Sayaka said softly, making him feel more flustered. "You're a boy, after all." Her head rested on the side of his, comfortingly, but she was aware that she was teasing him with how close she pressed up. It would only make his predicament worse.

"T-thanks, it's just... I feel it's kind of inappropriate." He admitted.

"Why?" She asked, only to be playful. "Is it because we've yet to even do... this?"

The idol snuck delicate fingers around his jaw, making their eyes meet. Her eyelashes fluttered invitingly, and barely a moment after that, she leaned in slowly, tilted, and kissed him on the lips.

Maizono felt absolute heat radiating from him, feeling the way he thoroughly melted with a substantial, nibbling, slightly wet kiss.

His lips were so soft, so nice to kiss, despite signs of worrying them with his teeth sometimes. Her veins thrummed in warmth, feeling powerful in her captivation.
But Makoto really was far too warm, his jaw a little too slack, his breath too rapid and short, and so Sayaka drew away to see what was wrong.

His faded moss eyes were a bit glazed over, red touching his skin down to his neck, mouth almost gasping for air despite the fact they hadn't been kissing long enough to warrant that level of breathlessness.

She noted his trembling hands clenched tightly on the fabric of his lap, and a realization came to her mind; it should be unlikely, but she couldn't see another explanation at the moment.

"Oh." She giggled. "Oh wow, that's... I certainly didn't expect it to affect you *this* much."

Naegi made a quiet noise of embarrassment, still trying to catch his breath. There was no refute, so she found it safe to say he'd really just come from a kiss alone.

"So cute." She cooed, stroking the back of his hair. "Do you want me to leave you for a bit for you to gather your bearings? And maybe... have a change, if you want?"

He mumbled something vaguely coherent, still too embarrassed to look at her. Smiling, she planted a kiss on his cheek.

"We can talk later, okay? I'll look for you right before lunch, so don't go hiding in shame under your blankets or anything. Deal?"

Maizono let herself fall back on the couch, bringing a pause to the session with the controller. Naegi followed pretty soon after, reaching for the water immediately as he was much less used to singing for long periods of time.

Yeah, singing - and other multimedia approaches such as related marketing - was her job, but the only reason Sayaka stood to it as early in life as she did and for this long was because she genuinely enjoyed it. Being an idol carried with a number of unwanted things, but at the same time getting to wear cute outfits and being able to go to challenging lengths doing what she loved was pretty lifting.

But mostly having some casual karaoke sessions was even more fun. Doing something like this
allowed her to train her voice without overworking it, besides not having to overtly worry about messing up or about how she looked.

And it was just... so much less overwhelming, because few things could compare to having to juggle the blurred thoughts of a crowd on top of being the group lead.

Don't get her wrong, reading minds - actually picking up strains of people's thoughts - was a pretty cool ability. But it was exhausting and the possibility of being found out and having it used for nefarious purposes was awful. She wished she could just turn off this ability at will, by the heavens, please.

Luckily, Sayaka has been able to power through until now with jokes and statements that she just really has very good natural intuition. Seeing the gross mental images some fans conjured of her was hell, as was seeing how many people simply acted nice while actually being jealous of her or seeing her as a shallow mannequin built of media corporate desires. The saving grace was how the sincere good thoughts about her felt even more genuine, how many mental "wow"s and "she's so cool" and some "I went through so much pain to finally see her but it was all worth it" crossed the minds of the crowds.

Ultimately, silence felt golden.

Maizono tended to enjoy singing outings with either (or both) of the Naegi siblings the most. They managed to be wholesome and sincere on levels she didn't see often, while actually giving it their best to sing or perform. It was kind of a given as they were her fans, despite being old friends, but that latter part was definitely more important.

And especially, singing and occasional dancing was a tiring activity and tiredness slowed mental processes. Right now the connection to Makoto's brain was a content fuzz, nothing being invasive to her mind. Naegi's mental voice wasn't very loud either to begin with, especially when he was directly next to someone he considered of "higher importance or respect" according to his thought senses, and that included her. His mind wasn't latching to any word or sentence in particular as he panted and sipped water to restore his throat.

There were a few perks to hanging out with someone who has a crush on you (she couldn't note whether obviously or not obviously, given she could literally read into it). They were nice to you, sometimes attentive, and bendable to your wills. Makoto was easy to fluster and even easier to bend, which made him cute for her.

He also looked cute, like a little fuzzy rodent, which was nice on the eyes despite not being spectacularly handsome.

Knowing someone like the back of your hand can be boring, but it makes up to that with very good resonation. By reading his thoughts she could see what was potentially upsetting, what could lead to disagreements, what was completely sincere; and it made their friendship pretty tranquil. She also felt in fair good control of her own decisions. That included the awareness of his ongoing crush - dating seemed a somewhat serious thought, too much for right now, but there could be a lot of fulfillment for both of them by fooling around.

Sayaka gave in to a few of his simple (non-spoken) whims like physical affection, hand-holding, but otherwise tried to be subtle about knowing what he wanted. It's the schtick of mind-reading; as much
as her intuition could be a lead or excuse for many things, she could only show true awareness of something if she was told, to not arise too much suspicion.

Being with him makes her comfortable enough to allow herself these thoughts of indulgence, of knowing they could do so much as friends before he eventually had the courage to verbally confess and she would be forced to ponder on what to reply. For now, she could be daring and playful. But perhaps it's the adrenaline from a karaoke session that ultimately has her moving.

She sidled up to him until their sides touched in a bounce, getting a confused "eh?" out of him. With an expectant look to her eyes, she found his outer voice matching his internal one for the question, "Do you want hugs?"

Naegi held an inner happiness and nervousness over the proximity.

"Yeah... it feels comfortable." Sayaka pressed a little closer, his messy hair tickling her face. His arm slid behind her neck, draping itself over her opposite shoulder. His heartbeat, that had calmed after they sat to rest on the sofa, had picked up again. At this distance, his thoughts interestingly felt louder and had even more indeterminate "mind dust" surrounding the clear ones, all little crush concerns, wonders, how much does she like me? ; There's a brief mental image of his other hand coming to rest on her waist and his nose coming to bury in her neck and she almost shivers. He finds the whimsical thought too daring and physically shows no signs of even having thinking it. He holds back a lot even from the simples touches, so it's unsurprising that he wouldn't do that. If only he knew the extent of her playfulness.

Maizono suddenly took him into a more proper hug, making no qualm about smushing his head against her bosom and keeping it there while cuddling. She almost wanted to laugh at the mini-implosion in his mind at having his face pressed right into her breasts.

"Doesn't it feel comfy?" She asked in a deliberately cute tone, frazzling his brain waves further. His cheeks felt hot against her shirt, and he was tense.

"I-it's very comfy, but I'm fine! This..." He muffledly tried to reply.

Makoto was gently trying to wiggle away, and Sayaka noted his ahoge that had pointed upwards in shock. She blew on it, and amusingly, it quivered.

Not wanting to be too mean, she let him go. He pulled away with a hard-to-notice gasp, placing his hands on the seat for support, face notably red even against the blue light of the TV screen illuminating them. His eyes looked pointedly at the round breasts he'd been squished against before darting to elsewhere in the room, his arms shifting.

The girl glanced at the movement, having picked up from his mind that even through trying to overcome the overwhelm, the small change was very deliberate. With the way he was sitting, the cross of his wrists obscured his lap, and she didn't have to give twice a thought for what it was for- it sent a wave of pleased warmth through her at the realization.

She's looking- oh no, did she notice? D-does she know now? I really hope not...!

Poor boy who didn't know she could listen to his thoughts.
"You look super cute right now." She commented, as means to distract him. It worked since he was looking at her face - maybe trying to keep her focus up there - and so wasn't prepared for when she hugged him again, parting his legs with one of hers and pressing close to him. He gasped with renewed surprise.

"Don't you already know it's hard to hide things from me, Naegi-kun?" She smiled against his hair and bumped the crotch with her knee, making a blank flash quickly through his mind at the moment of contact.

He made a noise of general distress and agreement, embarrassment mixing in him along with conflicted thoughts and feelings she could pick up on. She sensed his sudden instinctive mental images - of undressing her top and looking at her breasts, of holding her hips and dry-humping her like this - and how hard he was trying to shake these thoughts off.

A teenage boy fighting teenage boy urges, how cute. Unlike a number of her straying-from-innocence fans that she could also read, Makoto had the extra layered notion of needing to be more careful with his thoughts due to being her friend. It made her flush; not to mention how easy it would be for those simple fantasies to become reality in their situation.

"I can, ah, place something over it so you can't feel it." He mumbled, kind of lost on how to deal with the situation.

"Hm? I'm not bothered." Sayaka answered with a small hint of innocence.

"Um." The brunet blushed further, not expecting that response. "S... sorry."

"Are you apologizing for wanting a pretty girl?" She teased, adjusting them a little for comfort.

Naegi shook his head rapidly. "You're my friend, Maizono, I'm not going to... think about that kind of thing..."

Except he already did, and was still actively trying not to. It was sweet, if a little silly. From her mind-reading, she found that plenty of boys like him downright thought girls were "pure" until proven otherwise. She raised her delicate fingers to his jaw to make him look at her.

"You're afraid of being too dirty for me?"

His ahoge stood straight and wavered- he was being cornered. "I don't want t-to... put you off. Because I respect you and you're not just a- a pretty figure to look at, I don't wanna come off as a pervert-"

Sayaka glided the fingers from his jaw to his lips, making him stop talking. "I don't think you're some big pervert, Naegi-kun." She leaned back to support her head on the armrest of the couch. "You can't help it, because I'm teasing you so much... It's kind of mean for me to do that to such a cute boy."

Naegi actually agreed to an extent - he was recognizing some of her deliberation on the situation, but
there were conflicting feelings inside him. He wanted it to stop, because he felt cornered and pressed psychologically, but there was a tugging edge of curiosity for more of this, especially as she’d just called him cute, which was flustering. "Yeah, being like that, it's... really hard to keep it down..."

"It's my fault for teasing you, you know." Feeling boldness warming up her body, the singer kept her eyes intently on him. "Here. I'll give you something..."

His body tensed when he caught her hand slipping under her tshirt. "W-wait, you really don't have to- Mmmaizono-san," He stuttered, face entirely red as he averted his eyes from the delicate lace and cotton of her bra. She didn't miss the way his bulge twitched against her leg. Her abilities were hardly necessary with someone like him.

"But I'm doing it. So, please don't look away..." Sayaka batted her eyelashes when he did look back, and placed his hand on her tummy. It was enjoyable to just indulge in something like this with a friend she trusted, and those ways where he basically short-circuited were a delight. She felt oddly safe.

"I'm going to take them off, ok?" The girl forewarned, and Makoto nodded once. There was already sweat forming on his forehead.

Rather than fully taking the garment off, Sayaka slipped the bra upwards, pulling it towards her collarbone and letting her breasts fully hang out. She read into the brunet and his mindstate was incoherent praises and wonderment. It was flattering, in the same warm and safe way she felt with her bandmates, because she didn't feel predated with friendship in place.

"They look very soft..."

"Do you want to find out if they feel soft too?"

Makoto's ahoge shot up, the blush on his face running down his neck. The girl encouraged him by leading his hand a little further up, barely touching the bottom line of her breast, before she let go. Slowly, his hair strand loosened from its tense state and started to wag a bit, fingers offering the lightest touches to the side of her left breast.

"Don't be afraid. They're not super sensitive there..." Boys could be pretty silly about breasts, but admittedly she enjoyed playing with them both for pleasure and for fun because it had just enough bumpiness, so it was forgivable.

He started moving it around with more confidence, discovering the flexibility of the warm sacks. Sayaka found it a little amusing how he mentally noted that they were big, but didn't actually voice it. His touch was curious and gentle, and she noticed he was deliberately avoiding her nipples, but decided to let him have his pace on that.

Makoto's fingers didn't sink in as much as he expected them to, his fondling still fairly delicate, and he pushed his knuckles on the bottom curve to watch how the movements made her nipples jiggle a bit. Sayaka gave a pleasant sigh as his gentle ministrations were accompanied on the other breast by his free hand, squeezes to feel her fullness spreading more warmth in her veins.
"Can I... kiss them?" The boy asked, an endearing look to his faded green eyes. They still reflected a blue light from the television - she noted easily as his thoughts were also distracted by the reflected glow in her own eyes.

"Go ahead." She calmly pulled at his sleeve as encouragement.

Maizono idly pet his hair as he lowered down to place his lips on the swell of a breast, kissing along the curve. The touches were maddeningly soft, making her breathing a little less composed. She didn't care to warn him of the accidental brushes of tongue, scratching at his scalp in further encouragement.

A little squeal came out of her lips as his fingers started rubbing her nipples, the feeling enhanced by how long he's avoided to touch them. She read the 'cute' that his mind echoed then.

Through his kissing and touching that gradually built up pleasure, Sayaka recalled the hard bulge touching her leg, the fabric doing nothing to make it feel unnoticeable.

"Mmm- Naegi-kun..." She murmured, gently holding his hand.

"What is it?" He asked, dry-throated, immediately stopping what he was doing as per her interruption. He was a good boy.

"I was thinking..." Sayaka began to sit up, "Since I've opened like this... would you let me see you down there?"

His mouth opened without any sound for a second, before he nervously replied, "Ah, yeah... sure." Makoto hesitated before reaching down to unbutton his pants, but she stopped him.

"Let me." She explained, substituting his hands in pulling out the button and unzipping. His mind was a fizzy anxious mess.

Once the trousers were loose, the bulge in star-printed boxers was much more obvious. It looked a little pink at the tip where it pushed into a wet spot of transparency. Looking at it pushing against fabric - it wasn't even big - made her again inwardly glad to not have to pack this extra stuff that men did.

It didn't surprise her whatsoever, considering how frequently dicks were in people's minds. She'd seen so many dicks without ever having seen anyone naked, not even at - regretful times - that jotting down her friend's waistband felt less of a novelty than it should. It-

"I'm sorry if it's gross...?"
Naegi would have to experience being able to read anyone's thoughts to see what gross really was. "It's not, don't worry." She smiled, and gently touched him to add to it.

The reddened thing gave a little twitch as soon as her fingers brushed it, feeling the heat of the skin. "Is it okay for me to touch?" Sayaka sought the assurance, though she knew the answer, momentarily looking at his eyes.

"Yes..."

The singer pressed the pads of her fingers down on it with a grip, feeling the hardness. She could trace the slight contour of veins up to the head where his tip was trying to peek out through protective skin. She smeared the clear liquid from his slit around the tip, causing a tremulous gasp to escape him.

"T-that's... really sensitive..." Makoto explained, watching her curious touches.

"Sorry~" Was her coy apology, actually enjoying that noise he made. She found the foreskin to be slidable, and pulled it a tidbit down his shaft, revealing more of his head. It worked on the other way too, and could be gripped upwards in such a manner that she could enclose his entire tip with it. If she pulled it down as far as it could go, it revealed a slight ridge differentiating the glans from the rest of the shaft. Her fingers brushed that ridge and he bucked a little.

"It's really overwhelming if you... just focus near the tip." He said bashfully, and she actually recognized the kind of sensitivity he was talking about despite not sharing the parts. There were similar feelings to when she went for her clit without proper masturbatory foreplay first, and usually had to stop from the odd, too-much overwhelming sensation. It's weird to sense that wavelength through someone else's thoughts.

"I'll be more careful. It just looks interesting to move the skin like that..." Sayaka smiled sweetly to feel his heart deliver a jumbo beat, and went back to her exploration. "Can you spread your legs a little?"

He had to shuffle the underwear more down his legs to do so, and despite feeling the embarrassment radiate from him, he complied. His sac was much easier to see and reach like this.

"I thought these would be the more sensitive ones." Maizono commented while fondling the surprisingly soft testicles.

"Yeah, sort... of?" Simultaneous to his response, she saw him recall a memory of accidentally getting hit in the balls. That... was not exactly the way she asked about, but she sympathized.
They didn't feel as responsive as his cock, being super pliable in her hands, but there was a faint tightening when she squeezed them (making sure not to do it hard). It was super easy to understand men's love for loose and baggy pants after touching these.

Sayaka surprised him by suddenly wrapping her hand around his stiff erection, making him groan. She simply enjoyed the hot, moist feel against her skin, and how moveable it was, being able to point it in multiple directions and tug it; Makoto was such a good patient boy to be putting up with this. He was uttering small moans and his mind was becoming fuzzier - she knew how to masturbate a cock by motions because of the amount of young men at trains who were exhausted from work or class and looked forward to getting home to do it to themselves.

As Naegi had started to shudder and more pre-cum leaked down his shaft, she let go of him, aware of the own creeping warmth between her thighs that had not left her. As feelings of curiosity and confusion brewed in his mind, she pulled him forward and down on top of her, the boxers and pants tying his legs effectively trapping portion of his movement.

When she felt some resistance in him letting his full weight on her, she made a cute hum of protest, pulling his face down between her breasts and toppling his balance. He questioningly mumbled her name with a voice muffled by warm skin.

"This feels really nice..." Sayaka sighed, feeling safe this close to him and excitement to have his thing pressing along her thigh.

"I-it does..."

Purposeful, she shifted her waist about, wrapping her legs around his hips and pushing him more fully against her, making his cock press right against the center of her panties. They both gave low moans of pleasure, the wetness of her arousal making the comfy fabric separating their genitals almost pointless.

"Maizono-san..." Makoto groaned, shuddering when her lower lips began rubbing up against his shaft through the cloth.

Her hips ground up against his, "Do it too... ahhn..."

He did, having no resistance to her request. Naegi thrust down against her heated core, grinding
enthusiastically with a loss of inhibitions. Although she could hardly harness her power properly with her own brain fogged with enjoyment, she could only pick up from nothing to incoherence in the boy's mind, which was in line with his almost desperate humping.

Every rub and nudge on her sent shocks through her system, which she let herself get as lost in as possible, because she wanted to try and achieve an orgasm along with him. She made to reach for his hair to guide him down but - as if he had read her mind this time - Makoto dipped his head on his own and started smooching her breasts. Still surprisingly gentle, but the tongue flicking on her nipples made her moan unabashedly.

His grinds were getting more uncoordinated, and wide enough in reach that she felt precum smearing at her inner thighs and even the top of her panties. There were so many cute sounds of pleasure loosening from his throat, gasps of effort and moans that rose a pitch above his usual tone. Hearing someone else pant alongside her drove her arousal deeper, and she only tried squeezing him tighter against herself, breasts coming to actually bounce with the movements and making his work all that difficult.

Until he latched lips to a nipple and sucked to hold the boob under better control, making her whine and almost trying to instinctively shove his length inside herself even through fabric.

Sayaka was very delighted with how close to the edge she was, hips shaking and hands scraping under his hoodie and pulling at his hair in this simple ecstasy. Makoto unsurprisingly lost it first, though, falling off rhythm completely as he had to draw his mouth from her breast and slowing to shaky, languid rubs as he cried out. The idol felt his erection vividly twitch and alongside it, what she could only describe as thick warmth - a lot of it. She rode the feeling of cum coating her underwear and Makoto's attempts at continuing humping into her own climax, focusing on the messy slides against her clit and the cool air brushing her hardened nipples. Little broken-off gasps fell from her parted lips and she arched her neck back against the armrest.

Soft panting filled the air in the aftermath, Makoto leaning heavily against the backrest and trying to smush between it and her so as to not just put his entire dead weight on her body. Sayaka felt the patches of stickiness from sweat, his saliva on her breasts, and of course the absolute mess under her skirt and between her thighs. These panties would be completely unusable before some thorough washing.

She glanced over at Naegi; his face was deeply flushed and sweat coated his neck, and he looked tired. His mind was mostly a faint nothing, with adoration directed at her subconsciously.

In the still hazy sway, Sayaka realized that things would likely be harder to clean if they dried up, so she cautiously got up and made for one of the tables, picking up a box with papers. It was then placed on the arm of the couch. Makoto blinked up at it.
She handed him a couple tissues, idly fixing up her bra and lowering her shirt back over her torso. "Here. I'll change underwear and come back soon." As she walked off, she gave a playful look. "If you're too tired for singing you can wait in my room. We can mess around in the audio softwares."

Sayaka probably just ruined his ability to actually focus on the song-studying and the softwares themselves, but if that was the case, it would still end up fun nonetheless.

Chapter End Notes

writing has been more difficult for this past while, upsetting things in general, my years old computer suddenly dying... overall not feeling too great. i'm kinda trying to... not think about it, haha...

also, shoutout to this naezono lemon that is really well written and bittersweet and I love the descriptions so much,,,

I hope you're enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more...
entwined roots - Komakoto

Chapter Notes

Short 17 | 3.794
► saplingcest - many kisses, touching, 69

「 Though Makoto goes to a highschool full of talents, the most incredible person to him is back home. 」

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I want to note that there doesn't seem to be a ship name for Makoto/Komaru; I think "saplingcest" would be really fitting, or otherwise "komakoto" which joins our first names, as opposed to, for instance, "komaegi" which combines mine and Nagito's last names. I wanted to put Komakoto in the summary to continue with the established portmanteau name thing, but worried people could still think it's Komaegi even though by that convention the name would be "nagikoto" or "makogito" or similar.

this is something of a treat for myself, as saplingcest is... a definite comfort ship for me. There's another oneshot of this couple planned but due to plot it's gonna take way long and probably be set as a separate work. That's why I wrote this one as a shorter option first. It is pretty fluffy.

I personally see Komaru as one year younger than me (i.e. february then may of the next year). *Max* two.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the prior weeks, Makoto had been thinking about this moment. Coming up to his sister, leaning down to hug her tightly, immediately getting to sate all her curiosity of Hope’s Peak by being drilled by her questions.

Except it went a little different; when he got to his parents’ home for break, he had to look *up* at her when she came down to smush him in an embrace.

... So much for getting taller when she was *also* growing.

"Makoto nii-san! おかえり!" Komaru beamed, a ball of warmth and happiness.

"Thank you, Komaru... I’m happy to be back."
It was a while before they decided to part, a slight ache on skin where the hard drawn-out hug squeezed. A good reminder.

"You hungry? We still have the lunch up on the table for you." The girl quipped.

"I'll definitely take that." Makoto replied gratefully, stepping in.

"How's the food at the academy? Is there a good cafeteria because honestly I worry about you making food sometimes-" 

"Ah, don't worry! There's a cafeteria, and students who are talented cooks actually spend some time showing off their skills, though you have to pay separately for the best custom dishes if you wanna go out of your way for them..."

The siblings easily fell into conversation, which their parents soon joined in when they greeted their son near the waiting food. There was enough catching up to do that their mom suddenly exclaimed mid-way that she forgot to re-heat the lunch, which Makoto said he didn't mind and hadn't even noticed.

Nor did Komaru who stole bits of his food every now and then, with Makoto not flinching at all about it as if it was the norm. He wasn't really hungry, either. When mom softly chided her, the boy had to laugh and say "It's okay, let her pilfer a bit."

Under the table, Komaru wove their hands together and Makoto let their fingers entwine, squeezing in relaxed trust.

It wasn't something to hide, not really, but they were... careful.

It was many a thing they did together - they held hands, and touched arms, and leaned on each other. Purposeful brushes of skin. Not being overt with their parents around. What's some affection between siblings? What proof would they have of rushed makeouts behind doors and hushed whispers accompanying needy twists of hands and fingers inside pants?

Although Makoto was wary of his luck cycle potentially turning the situation around and causing a slip up despite their carefulness, the Naegi parents didn't know anything yet. Which was just fine. Whatever reaction they would have to the relationship - it could wait, or even be avoided.
Komaru did not expect to fall in love with her older brother - her small, soft, bedwetting brother. Roughly a year older than her, even if the opposite seemed true. When girls in her class had discussed feelings for boys, she'd gone "oh.", and when she asked what made them recognize the feeling as different from a good friend kind of feeling she'd gone even more "oh."

She felt like a stupid girl with a stupid crush, which was aided by the couple kinds of manga she'd looked discussions about - the sister was either possessive, or the older brother was talented or strong or hunky, and it didn't match their dynamic at all.

Also her brother was super soft in the way he would just fall in love easily, she knew that. What if he likes a girl that turns out to be yakuzza and they beat him up? is a kind of concern she'd have.

It was only after a number of things, like being mistaken for a couple when out - and neither speaking up to correct it - and some more than just situational shyness around her, and closeness getting even closer... she realized, her heart thump-a-thumping in her ears; when I thought he'd fall in love easily, I never even considered it could be with me.

The day she decided to make a move, Komaru hadn't said something like "don't laugh" or "be sincere", because she really didn't need to say those with him. So her words were direct, both courageous and timid; "I like you. I want to kiss you."

It looked as if he wanted to say something but couldn't, and so simply got as close as possible and nervously shut his eyes- and they both closed the remaining distance.

To this day Makoto's heart still skips when his memory echoes the barrier-crushing-

"好きだ。君をキスがほしいよ。"

Back to the present, Makoto's eyes dilate, always melting inside when she says it just the way she did back then - and now is no different.

He complies with a longing mouth that misses her taste and warmth, and she sighs so contently that it was if his his lips were the long awaited dessert to the earlier lunch.
They didn't stay on that long, even if they could risk it a little with their parents having gone for a short grocery run to accommodate getting the fourth member of the family back in the house.

"That plan of ours..." Makoto smiled sheepishly, just as his sister happily used his legs as a pillow.

"Oh yeah, how was that bit in school? Did anyone catch your eye?" The girl inquired, well remembering their hypothesis of before he left for Hope's Peak.

"There's no one I feel the same way with yet... maybe some but- not to this level." He gently caressed a thumb on his sister's cheek.

Komaru slowly sat up, taking his hand and keeping it on her face while caressing it instead. "Your feelings haven't faded, either, then."

Makoto gave a nod, and a low outtake of breath. "We were kinda expecting that, weren't we? That maybe if I met other people, it'd take my mind off you..."

"It didn't work." Komaru continued factually. "It might be a little selfish, but..." She bumped her nose on his and briefly nuzzled, "I'm glad that was the case."

"I'm also glad..." His eyes fell, a little downcast. "We were so worried that this was better off not continuing because of what others might think, and... I realized I was weak for trying to go with that. I love you, and I want to keep loving you, and this is more important than reputation or whatever else."

"I would never give this up, either." The brunette quickly smooched his lips. "I actually tried to imagine you with other girls and it was kind of silly, but I felt protective. Like I had to go to Hope's Peak and expressly give some kind of permission to the girl to share you with." She giggled.

"Yeah... maybe that'd be awkward..." The boy commented, and tipped his head upwards, angling it so that their ahoges brushed, causing a shiver to course through them.

"It doesn't need to be..." Komaru started adjusting herself to get their signature hairs to touch more, before sparing a glance to the door and remembering that their parents should be back soon, so she
just twisted her body and jumped off the couch with more flair than necessary. "Like, you know, you could always tell the lucky boy or girl in love that there's someone else in the picture they would have to accept, and saying it like it's an everyday matter, expressionlessly note, 'it's my sister!' If you really trust them, of course."

"That sounds like something a manga character would do..."

"I'd say that being accepted into that academy proves how much of a manga character you are, nii-san. It wouldn't be out of place at all."

"I can't deny that, actually... hm, a lot of people there look like something you'd find in a shonen cast..." Even in his own classroom, no single person looked like each other at all.

"Don't say that, I'll get even more hyped to meet your friends!" Komaru basically squealed. There were some internet forums that got almost creepy on the level of info they shared about Super High School Level students, but she didn't visit those often for the ease of false rumors swooping around.

"Ah, you remember Maizono right? Maizono Sayaka... she's in my class." Makoto said with wonder, knowing his sister was almost as big of a fan as he was.

"Of course! You're so lucky, onii-chan. Being able to study with an idol you're a fan of, that's way cool... hey, when we share numbers for my new phone, can you give me hers? If you have it? I hope she hasn't forgotten about me from being your middle school classmate."

Though the boy was about to reply, they heard a noise that signified their parents coming back, and rushed over to meet them right away.

The adults were amused at their children's excitability with checking out new groceries and helping with them, even as this had been a small run.

"Here's the pocky I asked for! And some of our favourite candy..." Komaru commented as she took the colorful packages out of the bag. "It's been super easy to just eat plant-based stuff, I've been learning to cook curry for myself that way because it's cheaper, too..."

"That's great! I'm really proud of you, Komaru." Makoto beamed, also giving a meaningful glance to the pocky. It should be conspicuous why she requested it now that her brother was home. Internally,
he smiled.

"You were right, more people should just try it out. It feels way better doing the compassionate stuff." The girl passed over the leeks and sweet potatoes to her father who was putting away the fridge items.

"Komaru, please don't eat all of the pocky yourself." Their mother said rather jokingly.

"Ah, don't worry mom! I'll share with him." At this, she furtively gave Makoto a sweet wink.

It was hard not to blush at that, but the boy tried to fight the blossoming warmth anyway.

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Their parents go to bed somewhat early - or rather, at a reasonable time. Teenagers just push the clock whichever way.

They were already checking out videos and anime recs that Komaru was animated about showing him when their mom said they'd sleep, wake us up if you need anything, we're happy to have you here on break Makoto. So although nothing really changed, the mood felt a little different for the couple. A sense of more freedom and safety of any interaction that came with being alone.

It didn't affect them completely right away, but Makoto felt safer in lifting his head from its rest on his sister's shoulder to kiss her cheek, then her lips as she turned to accept it. Though they kept browsing niconico and searching for the new release info on songs and manga they were looking forward to in Komaru's computer, its importance slid slowly to the background as they continuously stole kisses.

The subjects didn't even change - they'd just finish a normal sentence on this artist or that uploader and turn their head to press lips together, a little brush, a little nibble, and go back as if nothing happened. But the kisses started becoming more frequent, longer; when Makoto made to draw away Komaru just chased him to make the contact longer, nibbles became fuller, mouths opened to brush tongues.
It reached the point that the screen was forgotten to their eyes as they simply looked at each other, arms reaching to hold shoulders and shirts as their mouths met with increasing intensity. They licked into each other's lips and made small cut-off noises of pleasure, barely parting to breathe as their heads tilted to reach wetly and deeply into one another. Makoto shuddered as Komaru pressed her chest down against his and grazed the back of his teeth, and in turn she squeaked a little when one of his hands distractedly found her behind and tried to push her closer.

Neither was aware of the fact their ahoges had come to curl into a rough heart-like shape, Komaru's eyes fluttering as her brother needily suckled on her tongue. The previously alright space made of two chairs pushed together and a table whose edge they could easily bump against with a brusque movement was becoming awkward, too small and unsteady for their passion.

"Makoto..." Komaru managed to breathe out, a grip close to his collar. "Can we move to the bed?"

They were always a little shy about admitting what they wanted, about caving in to the base desires. Makoto nodded, his red flush mirroring hers. They disentangled and pushed the chairs away from the table, the girl letting out a heady sigh as his brother met her lips again as soon as she sat down on her nearby bed.

"It's been so long..." Makoto muttered, the movement of his mouth breaking the faint line of saliva that strung connected between them.

"I can't believe I survived all this time without this," Komaru only managed a breath of a giggle.

As they regained the bearings in their lungs, she led him fully onto the bed and snuck her mouth around to his ear, placing kisses and bites on his lobe. Makoto gave a small moan, their position making it easy for their ahoges to naturally reach for each other and brush together continuously, sending thrills of pleasure down their spines.

"Oh- mmmnn..." Komaru shivered when she roughly bumped their heads together to incline them, rubbing the idiot hairs together more firmly. Makoto squeaked at the stimulated sensitivity, his fluffy strand twitching against her longer, slimmer one.

Their current position kept their eyes downcast and it only pushed their growing lust, as Makoto was easily faced with the large double roundness of his sister's breasts and she could see the tent pushing up the crotch of his pants.
"Ah, yeah, they grew some more, I... can't wait to show them to you." Komaru said sheepishly, making even something like that sound innocent.

She took her shirt to pull it over her head, and Makoto courteously did the same to his own, not in the least because he was starting to feel pretty hot.

The cute dotted bra indeed seemed of a slightly bigger size, and Makoto felt the (nervous?) thrills in his blood at the casual attractiveness of his sister. Her face was already really pretty, especially with the two long side bangs framing it, but the creamy cleavage was also tough to look away from. There were a couple dots of acne close to them but he didn't mind at all.

Though he was flushed looking at her, she was also happily taking in his nude chest, and quipped, "Is it me or do you look a little more toned?"

"Huh? I have no idea, actually..." It was tough to really compare his (minimal) effort in P.E. at middle school with now, with actual ultimate athletes in his class. Even if it was just her, he appreciated it.

"Maybe you're growing? Not that it bothers me either way, you know I like you as my cute and cuddly big bro~" She happily confessed, and her fingers twiddled his nipples.

Although not exactly the kind of adjectives growing boys want associated with them, Makoto enjoyed every little praise his sister had to give, and figured he would have to be cute to be related to someone as adorable as her.

He lightly squirmed as Komaru's playing fingers on his nipples sent waves of arousal through his body, his hands occupied with reaching behind her to unclasp her bra. There was a stalled moment as his muscle memory recalled the motions, and after the click the girl had to stop chest-fiddling to take the clothing piece off.

With a swallow, Makoto noted that her nipples seemed to have grown just a little bit, and felt his mouth slightly watering just seeing them sticking out from the tantalizingly round breasts.

"It feels nice to let them out, but of course I can't always be like this." She nervously giggled; but truly, she did like them; they were fun.
As she raised her hands to palm them just to feel them free, Makoto did so as well, ending up fondling them with extra help. Komaru was delighted, rubbing the undersides of the mounds briefly before touching her nipples. The boy saw the clue and took over for her, rubbing and circling and gently pinching the nubs. With a pleased groan, Komaru let her hands drop, using them to slide off her pants instead, leaving her clad solely in panties.

"Komaru, you're way cute like this..." Makoto muttered with a thumping heart before dipping down to suck the side of a breast.

She gasped with that new attention, his fluffy hair tickling her skin. Her eyes darted after fluttering, seeing her brother absentmindedly shift his thighs in discomfort, erection unhelpfully straining against the front of his trousers instead of pointing to the side for more comfort. She almost made him choke on his own ministrations when she pushed her hand onto his crotch, teasingly rubbing before unbuttoning him and unzipping. Damp-tipped black boxer fabric pushed out less strainingly onto view.

Komaru endured perhaps four seconds of Makoto tonguing a nipple into his mouth to suckle before she grabbed onto his shoulders and pushed him down against the mattress, pressing onto his body.

It was likely mostly psychological, but her weight felt smothering, as though everything but the bed on his back was entirely her.

Makoto gasped and Komaru hummed a lingering moan when she sat heavily down on his bulge, swaying her hips and grinding her panties on his underwear with impatience.

"I missed this... prrrr..." She sighed, hot breaths mingling with her brother's. "Nnn... nii-san..."

"Me too... ah... I'm glad we-" His sentence was cut off with a hitch of breath as the tip of his bulge jutted against her covered entrance for a lingering moment, with Komaru whining softly as she dug even deeper as if trying to get him inside her like that.

It was hard to force their quivering, grinding bodies away from each other, but they would have had trouble getting things done like that.

"Take it off." Komaru incited while slipping the wet panties off her legs.
"Yeah." Makoto agreed, pushing his pants down and off as well, letting his modest length jut out in the open.

The girl was already rubbing fingers against her folds as she commented, "Aah... We got no condoms right now, but we can buy them soon. It's fine though, we don't have to go all the way until then."

"I don't mind." Makoto replied, and sincerely, he wouldn't really mind if they could never bump uglies that way either- because doing anything with her already set his heart aflame and safe.

He reached down to catch a string of his precum so it didn't fall onto the bed, just as Komaru withdrew her hand from herself. Seeing the glistening fluids on the other's hand - and wanting to lick it - soon clicked the same idea for them.

A brief communication going something like "This good?" "Yeah." sounded while they positioned themselves on their sides, lowering fluidly down on each other's bodies and bearing kisses along groins and thighs.

Komaru gave an urging hum as she parted her legs in response to her brother's loving smooches and licks close to her inner thighs, and he gladly started lapping and kissing at the revealed bounty. Moaning lowly, the girl gently grasped the small bobbing length of the luckster and began wetly kissing it, feeling it twitch. Makoto gave a relieved moan at the slippery contact, the sound vibrating up into her.

They were not a quiet pair; each jolt of pleasure and mind-numbing sensation prompted a sincere noise of pure feeling, and they only became truly muffled like this- filling their mouths with one another.

Makoto's tongue slipped easily into her very wet canal, faintly feeling the response of her walls on the enjoyable intrusion. In tandem, Komaru dipped his erection past her lips and tasted the dribbles of precum at the back of her tongue, finding no trouble in taking him down to the hilt. The muffled sounds caused shudders against hot flesh, syncing, enhancing their pleasure remarkably.

Komaru soon started moving her head, hand cupping and caressing the sac hanging down towards the bed, and Makoto wasn't far behind in rhythmically thrusting his tongue into her, fingers reaching around to caress other sensitive parts close to the opening.

The heat was incredible, and the task of keeping up with being pleased while working to satisfy
the other was nearly dizzying. Their breathing was growing frantic and their noises were rapid hummed whines.

They didn't know the exact points when Komaru started sucking the throbbing piece and Makoto started swirling nose-deep into her, and it was hectic.

It could almost look like a competition, but the truth is they were so enthusiastic and wanton about giving the other pleasure that the pacing was simply out of control.

They felt hazy and urgent as their arousal grew to the height of climax, Komaru trapping her brother's head in the grip of her thighs as she quivered and Makoto bucking his hips and tensing up as his cock twitched in finality and spurted laces of white into his sister's mouth.

Breathing became a momentary priority as they disentangled from each other, gasping among the dying euphoria. Komaru was able to move sooner, mumbling a little incoherently about how that was good, *so good*, as she snatched up some tissues for them to clean up.

"I love you, Makoto." She sweetly stated as she dropped a tissue on his face, playful. The tired boy had to reach up for it to be able to see again, his noise of exhaustion interrupted by an upside down kiss from the girl.

"Love you too, Komaru." He replied when they parted, a lazy smile rising on his lips.

The many fluids were soaked up and rubbed off, the tissues scrunched and rolled up and thrown in the trash. They threw on loose night clothes and sprayed a small bit of air freshener just in case, since they wouldn't leave the door locked and sleeping together naked was a bit much for their parents to stumble upon.

Though they went back to the forgotten computer, it was likely that they would sleep soon. Sleeping could especially be looked forward to when it involved long single-bed cuddling sessions beforehand.

Looking over the new playlist she'd set up for them including the theme songs to the latest animes of this past year, Komaru recalled something. "Hey, can we sing together tomorrow? I missed that almost as soon as you left."
Makoto nuzzled her cheek. "There's nothing I'd want more."

Chapter End Notes

i still have to work a lot on my japanese so if my couple sentences were wrong/off somehow please feel free to tell me. basically it's a small reminder that though this is all written in english, we are still in Japan speaking actual Japanese within the fic's reality.

personally I'm not feeling much better but at least I finally got the new computer set up, so i can draw now.

I hope you’re enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
sunrise red on your gaze and under our skin - Kamuegi

Chapter Notes

Short 18 | 3.063w
► Kamuegi - semi-public sex, accidental voyeurism (by Tōko), rimming, anal sex

「He's attractive and magnetic and forward in a way that makes my knees a little weak, that makes me wonder if he can assuage my guilt, to give me repenting pain.」

Someone wanted kamuegi some time back and although this is... not exactly a conventional fic, this had the easiest flow for me. I did try to fulfill a couple things that were suggested though.
This is something of an AU where the sdr2 class was put in the simulation, but without Izuru/Hajime (who was not part of said class and was not delirious with despair), at least not yet. In this interpretation my luck cycle has also caused more serious effects in my life and I am not considered/recognized as SHSL Hope to the extent I am in canon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Maybe we should put him in the simulation with class 77B... but if he doesn't revert to Hajime... if he somehow appears in the simulation as Izuru... we don't know how we could deal with that yet or how bad it could go.

This is something I’ve thought a number of times, because I see this despair-abiding student - Izuru Kamukura - fairly frequently.

Despite what he did under that new name, despite killing and lacking in empathy, he has done nothing against us. In fact, his multitalents have solved minor to major issues within spectacularly small windows of time, without apparent motive - being the only reason the rest of the foundation even lets him be free within the building without shackles and sedatives.

He has striking red eyes and way-too-long ink black hair that trails almost like a cape behind him. There is no point to guilting him- he doesn't feel that or anything else, being unlike the ones driven to despair and to take sick pleasure in killing others and mutilating themselves. He is... undriven, you could say.

Izuru is actually a nice student called Hajime Hinata who gave up his own memories to become a chimera of talents, an artificial hero. New name and appearance and life - but Hajime is still within
I don't think an experiment like that, even if I don't know the exact procedure, could wipe or break a soul.

I'm not the only one who thinks so. My ex-classmates-now-colleagues also think it's worth a try, and most importantly, so does Kamukura.

Though I am afraid of my luck's unpredictability hurting others, as it has well done some damage on myself, I am still metaphorically a mat (a fluffy one), who comes off as amicable to people.

I thought that and my willingness to help him are what often drew Izuru to me; at this point I know there is more and, in a way, we both feel that. We both know.

It's unsurprising for him to find me in this empty lab room. Maybe I've even unconsciously come here with the expectation of him showing up. This could have seemed like a pre-murder scene in a manga, the way I'm looking out the window and turn to find a tall dark figure with vacant red eyes at the door. Who then proceeds to close said door.

I'm completely calm, though.

Actually, that's a lie. The sight of his neck and the line of his jaw under the cinematic ambient of dying sunlight have me kinda warming under the collar.

A lot of our time is silence, overall. He's a man of few words. We greet, he comes forward with what might be purpose and looks like disinterest.

I don't mind silence - when I'm not looking at him. Dragging silence tends to tempt my eyes to wander over his features and he's likely noticed it in the past.

If he did, he never said it- at least not until now.

I don't feel resistance or a need to step away when fingertips trace under my jaw. His curious eyes retain interest, a deep rumble of a "hmm" coming out of him.

I let him give me these delicate touches, not feeling or looking determined but not quite tired either, merely giving him a passive aura.
"Naegi Makoto..." He begins, tracing a cheek and temple and shell of an ear. "You like men."

I flush - had I been before? - and grit back some unprofessional noise or another. "Not only." Is my response.

Kamukura finds me interesting. There must me a way he sees it's not fear keeping me here. He's attractive and magnetic and forward in a way that makes my knees a little weak, that makes me wonder if he can assuage my guilt, to give me repenting pain.

There was no way to save anyone from death but I still felt the weight of responsibility, and though I appreciated the trust of Hina and Hiro and Kiri and even the less-prone-to-say-good-things Tōko and Byakuya, there were things they wouldn't do that sometimes I felt I- needed.

"You don't pity me. You are not scared." The ink-haired states factually, and I have no need to confirm it. "Is it because of hope?"

"Not entirely. I do have faith that you will return to being a better person - but also, I feel like you wouldn't just kill me."

It's not like it's out of the realm of possibility; after all, Syo kills those she finds attractive in bloodlust. But Izuru doesn't kill for that.

If he feels attraction this might as well be it, the gentle cradles and brushes of fingers across my face, unrelenting. Like he's mapping my features. Or kissing them with his hands.

"I don't see why I would kill someone who could give me purpose. As you are trying to do with the others."

Kamukura parts my lips with two fingers and I open my teeth. I don't bite him. His eyes, the rings of red tinged with fascination, keep watching my unexpected passiveness.

The look of him is that of a somber stranger yet all of him draws you in, a contradictory situation. Not all talents he was somehow infused with were manual, in all likelihood; or perhaps I don't want to believe that I'm feeling raw attraction of my own accord.
"The head of the fourteenth division is... like this." He mutters. I cannot reply with the exploring fingers in my mouth, scraping inner cheeks and rubbing tongue. But I'm just a teenager, not a leader for signing up to it, simply ending up here for the amount of love I have and how many things I want to protect. "You trust me."

I lean a little back so it's just the tip of his digits against my lips. "No. I like you." It's a little different.

"There's nothing to like." He responds, and it's as empty as his other words sound but it could be a hiss.

"You- aren't the type of person you yourself would want."

I can say that because there's nothing about himself he likes. He's ever out and about around the building he's confined to, seeking somethings, someones.

"That's... not wrong." Izuru concedes. "Don't like or dislike- just rely on the ones who can feel, to have an idea of my self. And those who created me, are gone."

Killed like so many other people. Though it frightens me that they would make a Frankenstein-esque experiment on a real person like this for a test on creating something of a... hero.

"You're Hajime, even if not right now. And I like you anyway. I have... faith in you."

"And other things." He adds.

"And other things." I echo in admittance, my gaze drawing lower to his lips.

"If I said I can feel faith, and can feel the other things, for you- would you believe me?"

Izuru is so tall. Though he might have had the patience to dip in and kiss me, he raises me by the collar instead. I am little more than a ragdoll meeting his kiss sooner than even he, not intimidated,
but pleased by his unwillingness to play tame.

It's a helplessness I want to feel.

In one of the Fourteenth Division's work and supervision rooms, Fukawa sent back another fairly inane email to an other division. Considering they likely could address or point these issues personally, why did they send emails? It just further filled the inbox and added unnecessary complexity to everything that had to be archived or deleted to begin with. Even though better alternatives had already been presented, they were being too sluggish on the uptake.

Then the desk phone rang, and Tōko adjusted her keyboard-pointed glasses to look at the ID.

She picked up the phone; if it were most other numbers, she'd probably have stated current station and name, but everyone was way used to getting calls from their one saint in charge of the security cameras. "How's stuff?" She greeted simply, if not bored-sounding.

"Fukawa, you and your office coordination asked me earlier about Kamukura, and I... have his position now."

Since none of her ex-classmates were there at the moment, she'd just have to wait on relaying information. "Oh, t-thanks. Where is he going?"

"I think he'll stay... where he is."

"You seem nervous. Has anything happened? Do we n-need to set an alarm?"

From the long, awkward "uuuuhhhhh" that dragged on from the other end, she could tell it wasn't a danger situation at least. More like confusing, awkward, or the dude was standing around looking off into nothing which isn't a super rare occurrence too.
"Something is... happening, sure, but it's not an actual problem. Maybe you'd rather talk to him later?"

"I could, if it's indeed nothing to worry about. Where is he now, though?"

"At 417, in the lab we cleared out of most supplies."

"Hmm... there's only soil and plants there now, and some other things that can't be... w-weaponized. It s-should be fine. A-and since you're here, can you tell me where Naegi is? Hagakure had looked for him for something."

"..."

"Found him already?"

"He's with Kamukura, actually."

At that, Tōko blinked several times. "Are they talking? I c-could probably send someone there to get them both back to the lower levels."

"No, they are not... talking. Still... busy, though?"

This was puzzling. From what the informer said, this was not a dangerous situation - Naegi must be safe enough. And yet, the dodgy wording and the fact they weren't having a conversation really intrigued her. "Can you send the feed of that camera to my laptop?"

"Uh... sure, it's all yours, ma'am. If your laptop has permissions set correctly, the feed will transfer shortly."

"Thank you. H-have a nice day by the way." She ungrit her teeth and placed the phone down, successfully avoiding to snarl about being called "ma'am" again even though she's pretty sure she spoke against it at least three times before.
The writer opened the feed receiver on the PC, awaiting the transfer. Soon the window was showing the soundless footage of the laboratory.

Her heart stopped for a moment when she thought that Kamukura was attacking Naegi. It gradually became clear - a little too clear - that they were in fact mutually "attacking" each other. Makoto had a hand under the other man's shirt while Izuru himself groped the luckster's ass. It was not lost on her that they were making out, Kamukura bending in different ways and lifting Makoto in others in order to meld their mouths together. Despite the camera's distance, the angle and proximity made it impossible to believe the kisses were any less than sixty percent tongue.

Why were they... doing that? And somewhere that - although unlikely to be visited by anyone - still had a camera like everywhere else?

Tōko felt several levels of confused, inappropriate, bothered and concerned. It was hot, definitely, but no one would've seen this pair coming a mile away. She immediately understood how their camera sentinel felt, wondering if couples hooking up in view was a normal occurrence for those many screens.

It didn't seem that Makoto was actually in danger. Izuru's movements held some surprising gentleness despite the messy way they were doing things, and Naegi was undoubtedly into it. It made her worry about whether one of Kamukura's talents had roped him into helpless seduction, or if Naegi had somehow harbored a crush on him (or even on Hinata?) without telling anyone, or if he was so deep in the closet all his life that resisting any willing, dominant, handsome man was out of the question.

The luckster could've been drugged too, but Fukawa didn't think Izuru would bother with going to that extent.

She wondered if she should... stop watching. She extra wondered when Izuru's fingers deftly undid Makoto's belt.

A flash sparked down my spine as Kamukura tried shoving down my pants and pushing his knee up between my thighs at the same time, making me moan with the effective pressure it applied to my groin. He rubbed hard twice, three times, making me curl up in sensation towards him before
withdrawing his leg to actually pull down the clothing, my cock twitching in the exposed air.

"Do you think you can handle me inside you?" He asked, nothing gloating or even particularly caring, but wanting facts.

"I will." Is my reply, because I have a lot of needs and a lack of self-preservation.

"Noted." Izuru flatly confirmed, and in a move that almost made me dizzy, turned me around and pressed my torso down on the near lab table. I barely had time to feel embarrassed about the way my butt stuck out like that before his hands slid from back to hips and a huff of air down there made me tremble.

"Oh- gg-ghn..." I breathed out when he darted his tongue against my hole, meticulously licking and stretching inside. It's not surprising that someone who stated that I liked men would know to not go in dry. But I didn't expect this, in specifics.

Working to relax against the tongue, I loosened over the table, finding a pleasurable feeling overcoming the initial surprise. I could hardly process how deep he'd actually gotten before the warmth was gone, and three long fingers shoved inside with no warning and made me clench my fists. His way of stretching was much rougher and more efficient than when I... did that to myself.

When those fingers drew back, I looked over my shoulder to him as he stood back up to his full height.

"You have to... help." Izuru said, and I thought I sensed something of affection under that voice - or maybe it's me wanting to believe that.

He had dropped his slacks down his thighs, revealing patches of pale to pinkish skin. I turned to cradle then grip his half hard length, stroking it and hearing a sensuous, deep groan that softened as it extended. He urged my grip and pace to be harder, and I complied with gusto, would-be-fear thrumming my heartstrings at the impressive size growing in my hand.

Though I could happily keep touching him for eternity, his closer-stepping and bumping of his stiffness against my hip made it clear he was ready to start now. I stretched my neck to ask for a kiss that ended with him sucking my bottom lip, humming groans being shared as we parted and I braced for the impending breach.
When his head caught on my hole, he swiftly pushed it inside. It gave my cock a twitch and my throat a cut-off moan. It's different with yourself and fingers, when you know for sure how much is going in and how much can still go, whereas Kamukura just keeps going and going and I can't determine how much left of him there is. He's not monstrous by any means but each centimeter of his length feels like an eternity by itself, my lungs held still without me even noticing.

I stretched over the table, the cool surface tempered against the heat coiling inside me. It was uncomfortable, just on this side of bearable, the kind of fullness he granted me. If this was like that stopping moment before the rollercoaster tracks take a sudden drop, I couldn't tell.

Izuru was thick and his presence fogged my mind. His breath strained as he experimentally rocked slowly back and forth, the ring of my hole tightly embracing his length. It hurt a little, but I only wanted more of it. More to overwhelm me.

"Izuru..." I began, carelessly saying his first name. "Go harder."

I gasped as he immediately bucked his hips deep, growling sultrily through his teeth. His hands held down my elbows against the table as he started fucking me, making my erection bob in the air with the force of it. The pain and pleasure melded and mixed with gratitude, his long hair tickled my back, his grunts sometimes slipped into soft noises that recalled the other self within him.

Kamukura fucked me against the table with the intensity I sought, a pleasure and creeping humiliation - I deserve this and being roughly taken from behind, filthy, chest against this flat surface, which will undoubtedly be used by students in the future - a catharsis that reached my inner soul. Something to penetrate the sickening luck cycle shield, also raw and pleasure-giving; being used feels as desirable as the easy brushes against my prostate.

I moaned loudly as he reached down to cradle my cock in his fist, providing a pressure that I got stroked through with each of his thrusts. I wish I'd seen his expression when he hissed a strenuous "tight ...", but the warm breaths caressing my sensitive ahoge did just as well.

Izuru stunted my pleasure receival by slowing his hips and opening his fingers so that he no longer touched me. I accepted it completely, but tremulously felt anticipation towards his plan that I felt a strong hunch towards. The slowed thrusts went deep, and erratically gained speed, my response being moans I was barely aware of making.

The man's hand resumed its hold on me, this time with tight strokes, and I keened as he struck my prostate right just then and could do nothing but climax. Everything coiled tense and dissipated in shudders, desperate gasps and shots of cum matting the floor under the table. Through the blackness
I could feel pronounced throbbing inside me before Kamukura gripped my hips as flush to his body as possible, wavering groans accompanying a hot rush of thick fluid deep within.

Completely slumped against the table, I felt even fuller as Izuru remained inside me, gentle squeezes and fondling around my waist and butt seeming to point that he'd go for more, even if he required a brief wait.

What might have been an eternity or just a moment later though, halfway into pulling out, he abruptly halted with attention.

"There's someone here now."

The sensation of his hair tells me he hasn't looked, but I trust his talented perception - if he's said that, it means someone must be at the door.

Although I was too exhausted to feel proper unnerve or dread, my arms shake with those feelings as I tiredly turn my head around to look.

Chapter End Notes

I spent a fair amount of time fixing up my drawing trying to get at least mostly content with it; and although it's good art practice, now that I tried that, I definitely don't feel like doing an accompanying piece for more oneshots. (or putting my own art that I don't like seeing in the middle of my comparably better writing. maybe one day if I get paid for this kinda stuff? hjjkkkkkkkkkkk)

**note:** there is no continuation to this oneshot. yes, it ends on a cliffhanger, yes, I'm a tease. I didn't want to deal with the weight that would snowball from there and I wanted to leave any resolution/further complication up to the imagination.

I hope you’re enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
(art break) - class 78

Chapter Notes

content warning: visual nudity this time

My situation on writing is, I've got over 30k words of drafts for this series but not much spirit to finish any of them for the short term. (Maybe I'll get a chapter done next month??). So I thought sharing art of this size could be a relevant enough update for now.

I'm usually not comfortable drawing humans. Not that I'm bad at drawing human bodies but I have lots of difficulty with the heads/faces, arguably the most important parts. But I'll never get good and confident if I don't practice, obviously..

I was only going to do Mondo (bulk/muscles are fun to sketch), then only him and Kiyotaka and Chihiro, then realized I really need to practice breasts, and just went for broke.

The heights are not spot on but they're pretty close. Bonus of no glasses or hair decorations. I've worked long enough on this that I'm... sorta desensitized to my classmates', um.. yeah.

I kinda hate how it looks but perhaps someday I'll update it instead of deleting it. (if you look at it too long all the errors will become pretty obvious so maaaybe don't)

[you're going to have to sidescroll for the full first image]
Spiky - Komahina

Chapter Notes

Short 19 | 2.601
► Komahina - ahoge stimulation, handjob

They both know there's something more to that, but Hajime does the opposite of telling him to stop.

So... this actually counts as my first DR fic. It was going to be a gift to a friend then also to another, but then things happened and whatnot... So I was unable to force myself to finish it for several months/over a year. It hurts a little less to look at it now so I pushed to finish the rest. I had written too much to just give it up and delete it or leave it on drafts, making me scroll through it everytime I went to write something else. In essence, it's just cute and smutty komahina. I hope it still stands even though the pace sorta varies towards the end.

Maybe this was lucky, actually lucky. But he couldn't be sure. Luck didn't really work if it was fleeting, if you dodged a bullet only to get hit by another. So he holds his breath and holds his hope for what might come of this.

Hinata lets Komaeda pet his hair. It's tame, it's alright, he's just half-lain down on the bed while reading. And it's comfy, though he doesn't say anything. Perhaps the boy's ability would be able to tame his juts and spikes, which not even gel was able to achieve before.

Unsurprisingly, Nagito's hand also brushes over his most proeminent piece, that managed to be a generous addition to his height for how stupidly gravity-defying it was. And it made him shift, was like a small reminder. That ahoge was sensitive to touch. It was the reason he had to be careful with combing even though his hair was so short he should've been able to sweep through all of it in a single stroke.

And Komaeda's occasional touches to it felt nice, tingly, warmed his neck and ran down his body. Soft fingers, nothing like the teeth of combs or pins of brushes. It was sort of relaxing, making him melt down into the bed, sighing in contentment. Out of most, or maybe all people he knew, Nagito was bound to pay attention to his interests and what was good for him, no more of a friend and more of a best friend at this point. He cared and it was great to have someone who cared.

Hajime could've began dozing off just like that, until Komaeda started applying more focus to that one hair piece. That got him very much awake. He bit his tongue in a bid to not make a high noise, the new touches causing coils of pleasurable heat to sizzle down his stomach.

It made perfect sense that Nagito would be curious about it. Hinata had never told anyone to not touch it, either; the outcomes would be either coming off as prim or standoffish, or having to explain it. And what was currently happening was exactly why he wasn't willing to have to explain it.
"It doesn't really come apart." Komaeda noted while rubbing his fingers horizontally along the ahoge, which mostly maintained shape. Hajime released a heavy breath, trying to mask it as effort of getting himself on his elbows to read better. Not like he was actually able to absorb the words on the pages at the moment.

"Yeah. I think it'll just stay like that forever." The brunet was glad to have his back to his friend, because his face had become really red. He'd be able to shrug off this increasing arousal if the touches there stopped, and Nagito wouldn't have to find out about any of this. He could take a bit more of it without raising suspicion.

Not to mention the boy could end up thinking that was somehow related to his special talent. After being dubbed Ant Attractor for three incidents with food and Speed Ironer for his precision in drying rain-drenched clothes, he can't doubt anything.

Komaeda was aware that this ahoge was different in more than shape, that it was somehow alive compared to the rest of his hair. Opening the area around the base showed it looked sturdier, unified. It seemed to almost move on its own, just slightly... Which made it so much more touchable.

Hinata was losing focus, reveling on the sensations instead of being put off by it, maybe because this was his best friend - his best friend who was earnest and looked cute.

He could already feel his hard-on pressing down against the mattress, taunting him into getting friction against it. At this point he should probably tell Komaeda to stop, but how? He'd looked all nice and relaxed before, and now he was going to suddenly push him away? How'd he explain that without saying that the petting had just become far too good?

... That'd just be further reason for Nagito to keep doing it, because of course he wanted him to feel good.

Words sounded anew on his mind, a memory, 'I wouldn't mind doing anything to make you feel great.'

Hinata buried his face in the mattress, a whine rising from his throat. "Ko." He started, voice a little muffled, and way more pathetic from arousal than he'd like to admit.

"Hm?" The fairet hummed in response, and Hajime could feel him leaning closer to hear him better. It was a mixed blessing that they couldn't actually see each other's faces like this.

"I... I want you to keep doing that. If that's okay."

Komaeda's heart leapt fondly; being asked anything by Hajime, and especially being able to fulfill it, was always wonderful. If he'd told him to stop instead, he would've done so with no qualms.

Even if Hinata wouldn't look at him, which was understandable... well, he did not disappoint, doing a firm rubbing with four of his fingers, careful not to tug for now. Considering how smooth the hair was, it wasn't hard.

After abruptly shifting on the bed, the brunet made an effort to sit up, and Nagito backed up along with him, hand not letting go of the ahoge. Hajime seemed to be trying to supress noises, which was endearing. Nagito almost wanted to cross the pretentious atmosphere, to tell him he felt warm and lovely, to let his voice and enjoyment out, but he simply relied on the simpleness of the boy's request. To keep doing that. Until Hajime couldn't take it anymore, and either told him to stop, or lost himself
completely to the feeling.

Komaeda wanted him to unravel.

When his fingers started giving the slightest rhythmic tugs, the brunette grasped at the bedsheets, and- were they this close before? His chest now grazed the heated back, and he flushed more. If Hinata pressed back more than that, it'd be really distracting. Even more than things already were with how he was breathing hard, struggling in the spot, as if trying to fight off some of the pleasure.

Nagito's eyes drooped slightly, an idea surging in his mind. Hinata-kun wasn't meant to hold himself back from enjoyment... and though the fairet felt kinda disgusting just to be thinking this, if it was a form of disgusting that could please the other student, it was not something he would feel shame for.

If Hajime wasn't as foggy-brained, the loosening and withdrawal from Komaeda's hand could have spiked concern. That maybe he finally found out what exactly was happening, that even he would feel incredulous at something like this.

However, there was a warm breath ghosting over his hair, a shiver-inducing premonition before he-

"K-Ko-!" He jolted at the warm wet mouth encasing around the ahoge, tongue pressing up against it. Pleasure tingled at his nerves and he shuddered, letting loose an inadvertent low moan as Nagito rose on his knees and wrapped his arms around his chest for better leverage. His lips sunk to the base of the prickly hair as he licked around it, bringing out small whines from Hajime and making his thighs rub together needily.

Nagito wasn't oblivious here; he knew what was happening at this point, this Hajime not unlike the one to cross his dreams so many times. Except the trembling and the barely-suppressed gasps and the heaving heated body against his own were now very real, undeniable, hopefully unable to be ceased by a rude awakening. It was more than enough to work him up as well, but he kept his focus on Hinata. This was a show of devotion and adoration and he shrank from the thought of coming across as just accosting the one he was in love with to get off.

The way Hajime clasped at the hands around his chest made his blood freeze for a split second, expecting rebuttal, but nothing came of it. He simply kept his fingers squeezing there, as though trying to control himself, the squirming becoming more and more apparent. A rush of heat spread across Komaeda's body at the idea that the brunet could come to ask him to be touched, but that would be so much bolder, so much more direct. A soft noise escaped his lips around the hair nonetheless - perhaps this was just as intimate and felt very much like he had his mouth around Hajime's...

"Damn. Damn. D-damn." The brunet panted, palms hot and sweaty against the back of Nagito's own. The looseness of his words meant he was sinking, sinking... The fairet gave a meek, discreet glance towards Hinata's lap, feeling his own pants tighten even further at the sight of the bulge pushing up. It looked so touchable, but he kept his arms where they were, and worked with suckles of replenished strength onto the ahoge.

Was Hajime even thinking at this point? He wasn't sure, but he trusted him, and that's what mattered.

One of the hands holding his own loosened, and Komaeda felt the bumps of repeated shoulder movement give the widely obvious hint that he had started touching himself, with what might have been the sound of a zipper pull adding to it. He was well gone at this point.
The fellating of the ahoge was really far too much for Hinata, and it wasn't long before tongue and rubs through fabric brought him over the edge. His ahoge twitched sharply inside Nagito's mouth, and he rubbed his cockhead in a fisted circle through his underwear as it creamily spurted into it.

His moan was low and dragged out, too breathless for something fancier. Small grunts accompanied crests in the waves of pleasure and Nagito popped out of the top of his head just to turn and see his expression. It was a pleasure to look at, driving Komaeda to hold him tighter and muster up everything he had not to kiss him.

The aftermath was floaty for Hinata; he had high awareness of some odd things like his shirt sticking to him with heated sweat and his strand picking up a cooler temperature due to being slathered in drool.

He felt a gentle tapping on his shoulder, making him try to sit up straighter.

"Was that alright?" Nagito's voice inquired softly.

"Mm-hm." Was the brunet's simple response.

It could be courage or a skewed sense of perception, but Komaeda addressed the boat on the street. "You came, didn't you?"

Hinata seemed to slump a little more in his arms. "...Yeah. That hair is... I didn't know it really could..."

"It's alright." Komaeda immediately said, "I thought that might be the case. I'm just happy to make you feel good, you know."

That held such simple nonchalance, it was surprising, or perhaps not so much, considering who said it. He had a flip-on switch on his hair and the ill boy was taking it in stride.

"... And I... enjoyed doing it, too. Not just because you asked, but especially after you asked."

Hinata turned to look at him, blinking. Nagito sheepishly ran his hands along his sides; normally he did that to his own, but right now Hinata's body was closer to him than his own, if that made any sense.

He could... overcomplicate this. But it was difficult with his company being Komaeda. The simplicity of it was thus splayed out to him - they both had enjoyed this... not-completely-but-still-fairly-sexual moment. And from the fairet's looks, he would say he'd want to do that again sometime.

"So you do are gay, right?" Hajime inquires very nonchalantly.
"I'm gay for you? If that helps."

That didn't feel like a flooring revelation. And it really wasn't. It's like he couldn't have expected anything else from that guy.

"That's cool. That was... that was nice. It's the first time you've actually let me know how you feel on this level."

"I'm pretty sure I've been transparent about it for a while."

"Anyway," Hajime interjected, as if not wanting to pick up on how densely oblivious he is. "I'm not sure if you are expecting something from me... Because as a friend, right now-"

"I'm not. This isn't some kind of movie, Hinata-kun. I'll be patient and understanding regardless." Komaeda assured him.

"What I mean is... Without complicating things, we could do something like this again. At some point." Hajime tugged awkwardly at his collar, then remembered- "Can you promise not to tell Sōda about the hair thing? Optimally no one would know, but I kinda let that go on..."

"Pinky promise." The luckster answered, raising said finger in the amicable gesture.

Hinata lifted his hand and opened his mouth, but any word he was about to say was broken into a gasp when he felt Komaeda's finger curl around his ahoge instead.

Nagito smiled innocently at him.

_Oooh_, he was getting it. He was _so_ getting it.

Though the luckster expected some comeback for that simple cheeky trick, he didn't expect the brutally simple one-arm shove that toppled him backwards on the bed. It would've been trivial to just get back up from that if not for the fact Hajime kept his hand on his chest. His soiled underwear still showed through the gap on his trouser front, but maybe he'd forgotten about that.

"You know, it's a little unfair since my hair is out all the time, and now you know about it... but you look pretty 'out' yourself."

It dawned on Nagito when Hajime's green-eyed gaze fell on his pants; considering his arousal hadn't actually faded, the fairet's erection was pushing up very obviously against fabric. Especially with the way his fall left his legs spread.
"Hnn... it's fairly revealed." Komaeda muttered in admittance.

"Not revealed enough, though." The risen words from Hinata's throat caused a swallow to go down the luckster's. The next step- unbuttoning, unzipping- is almost an expected progression.

It's easy to go through with it. He's hard, take care of it; a different thing than approaching him without a lust haze over them. Or at least, Hajime thinks it's a different thing.

The cock is thinner, paler, but almost matches him in length, impressively. It feels natural to stroke it regardless. Komaeda's voice gets all the breathier, moans roaming out into the air and he makes an effort not to cover his mouth with his hand to muffle them. The hand remained right by his head though.

Hinata is watching his cock a little close now, spreading pre all down the shaft, and Nagito is very near gone when a kiss was placed on his abdomen and made it retract a little in surprised delight.

The strokes never ceased - Hajime is so firm with them - and the fairet groaned waveringly, throbbing, reaching to grasp short brown hair. So close to the edge mostly from seeing him there, doing those-

Thin hips arched up against Hinata's mouth, the hand in his hair clinging at his scalp. Komaeda cried out and his cock erupted with the aid of strokes, white fluid shooting in streaks over his similarly-colored undershirt.

Hajime simply squeezed the rest of the thickness off of his friend's piece, satisfied to have both "gotten back at him" and "paid him back"; leaving a pleasure-heightened Nagito in the wake of that.

As the brunet tried looking away from that endearing (and way too hot) sight (his doing, too), a dopey smile spread across Komaeda's face.

"I think I know what your talent could be, Hinata-kun."

Another hunch, perhaps, but he listens.

"The ability to never disappoint."

Hajime blushed despite himself.
another kind of trip - Naegiri

Chapter Notes

Short 2014.393

► Naegiri - desperation in a vehicle, peeing in a bottle, a bit of awkward penis touching

「 It wasn’t any question of whether he’d be able to make it or not; he just wouldn’t. 」

This got too big to just be a ficlet within an "oshikko garbage" chapter, so I'm posting it on its own. It's mostly on Kiri's POV. It's probably a good time to point out that I don't do female omorashi, so please don't ask for it...! (and also as a pre-emptive so no one gets disappointed about my future planned chapters).

me, seeking comfort by masochistically writing about myself in a situation like this? it's more likely than you think, unfortunately(?).

Also please take the time to leave a comment if you can, I do think the kudos and views are quite good but considering the variety in chapters I can't know what the kudos are specifically towards (a pairing?? a kink?? the writing??) and smut is the kind of thing that people might just take a look at, get off, then leave, so... increased viewcount without any comments can skyrocket my paranoia pretty bad, not gonna lie. Even if it's to criticize something, I don't mind.

During this school trip, which involved at least three classes visiting the same locale, students were allowed to mostly roam free. They were responsible high school fellows, after all.

To ensure they wouldn't just goof around, though, they were given a lot of research tasks. So the split groups of usually three or four were all over the place trying to get things done.

Makoto had already shown some discomfort during this time, which did not go unnoticed by Kyōko's perceptiveness. He told her it was alright; he was feeling a need to go to the bathroom but he would go before they left.

Turns out he couldn't, because they were running pretty late. When they ran by the nearest locale with facilities inside, it seemed to be closed. They were almost the last ones to get back in the bus for the trip back.
Kyōko felt bad for her task partner. He hadn't been able to go, and they'd have a long way ahead back to the school.

She sat by him, and asked quietly: "Will you be alright?"

Though there was a troubled look in his eyes, it flashed away when he answered, "I'm not gonna worry about it."

Which naturally didn't turn out to be the case.

Naegi already had a fairly strong need to go by the time he got on the bus for the way back, but he didn't tell her that. By her assumption, things were under control, or at least would be manageable.

But his bladder was very, very uncomfortably full and he was starting to feel alarm bells ring in his head. From what he remembers of the way going there, there wasn't much on the road, so there would be no reason to stop until they were already pretty close to the school anyway. Asking for a stop just for his relief was far too troublesome anyway, and he wouldn't dare to do that.

*I can hold it. Even if it gets bad I should be able to make it just in time.*

Of course, that was just optimism. Something... *else* to hold on to as he went from sitting mostly normally to crossing his legs, as his hands started balling up in tension, as he started fidgeting.

Kirigiri didn't point out how much quieter he was now compared to their way going, feeling like she didn't need to address the elephant in the room to the one currently bearing the weight of said elephant.

Desperation made Makoto mentally retrace steps. Thinking about how this or that time during their tasks could have been forsaken for looking around for a toilet, or how maybe he should have suffered with a burning mouth when he ate something that turned out too spicy instead of drinking enough water to quell it. No amount of thinking, in the end, would change his predicament at all.

His bladder was so, so full. And he never had a big or strong one to begin with.
His thighs started squeezing together, his hand clenching his trousers over his thigh, his mind decreasing in capacity to pay attention to anything without a massive awareness of his liquid-filled organ in the way.

Kyōko felt for the poor boy’s predicament; she wasn't sure if concern or pity was what drove her to being currently more interested in him than in the book on her lap, but she tried to not analyze that at the moment, reaching for his right hand and gently squeezing it as subtle comfort.

Makoto glanced at her and blushed. It was obvious he couldn't hide his need from her, and although fairly comforting, having it be validated like this was also somewhat humiliating.

"Oi, Naegi, you don't look so hot." Leon, who was sitting in front of him, raised up from behind the back of his seat and crossed his arms to prop them on the top. "You are so quiet too, I thought you had fallen asleep."

"He's just quite focused right now." Kirigiri replied to the redhead, not particularly minding the brief glance he gave to her hand over Makoto’s.

Leon seemed to take in the situation quickly enough, and his expression warmed with empathy. "You didn't go before we left? Oh man, that sucks."

"He's not asleep?" Came Sayaka's voice from his side.

"No..."

Even though students were supposed to, in a perfect world, stay sitting down with their seatbelt on at all times, the young idol didn't mind also perking up to lean over the back of her seat. With her psychic abilities - really gold-striking intuition - she immediately realized what was going on.

"Aw, don't worry. We'll be there soon." She lied. She did mean well, but the four of them were well aware the bus had quite a way to go still.

"Thanks for the support, guys." Naegi meekly said, even as nothing could be really helped.
Thankfully the two sat back properly in their seats soon, as the brunet wasn't thrilled at the prospect of being looked at while he was in this state.

The unavoidable squirming began in short term, with Makoto actually feeling urges to grab himself. He consciously decided not to, not with people around. His thighs squeezed tighter to make up for it, and the seatbelt was very much something he wanted to take off at this point.

How long had the ride out of town taken? He didn't pay attention to things like time when he was having fun and talking to others on the way there, but everything felt like an excruciating eternity with his desperation like this.

Inhibitions started to drop as the pressure on his bladder took more and more out of his composure and focus. The fidgeting became increasingly frequent and he'd started to squeeze Kyōko's hand. Everything felt tense and awful and worrying, with his holding organ stretching out along with the minutes. Anxiety filled him up just as surely as liquid did.

Kirigiri watched his battle with growing concern. She highly doubted his ability to withstand the time that was left if this pace kept up, but it didn't mean she wouldn't put her faith on him. While a number of her classmates didn't particularly enjoy trying to keep up with her complex intellect and usually cold way of approaching matters, Makoto endearingly tried to keep up even when others could feel bored, a bit too challenged, or as though they felt dumb. A small part of her wondered if his feelings of friendship sincerely went this deep, or if there was something else - or even if he would have been able to not be as late if he had gone with other groups instead of with her.

So though she enjoyed the author of the book she was currently on, as Makoto undid his seatbelt and his legs crossed tightly at the ankles, she thought she'd probably have to put it away.

... The desperate grip he came to have around her left hand was probably going to leave imprints on his skin from the studs of her gloves at this rate. He must be too overwhelmed with need - and likely pain? he certainly looked pained - to even notice that flesh-digging detail.

For her it was the opposite - she noticed a lot. Calmly sat back against the seat herself, eyes catching a few glances, the detective saw how his face and neck looked warmer, how his breathing seemed to be becoming heavier, how his ahoge sometimes twitched. Mere analytical curiosity did not explain how often she wanted to steal glances, or excuse the way her heart sent a momentary rush of heat to her face when she saw his hand shoved inside his pocket, in a position and pose that made it fairly clear what he was gripping through it.
Kyōko was... sort of ashamed of herself, even though she knew at this point that her hunger for sexual and other intimate stimulating activities, which she attempted to suppress numerous times, ended up coming back to bite her in the ass.

It wasn't that she was getting off on his suffering - he just was really fucking cute and his blushy squirming vulnerable look only added to that.

Carefully prying his hand from hers and shifting its position so he gripped more her safe palm and not the tough studs on its back, she leaned in a little to quietly ask, "Is it too bad?"

"Getting real bad." He admitted, hissing. Makoto tried to breathe deeply, thighs and pocket hand converging into a pressure spot at his crotch.

"We'll get there." Kyōko tried to encourage. She knew that the remaining distance was more beckoning of the words "you won't make it", but she didn't want to say that when he was trying so hard.

She wanted to ask him about when his last bathroom break was, but it's not the best time to have him recall something like that. Something she did know was that he had refilled his bottle during the hectic search switches; hers had lasted through and wasn't even entirely empty.

If someone saw Naegi now, they'd likely ask him if he was sick, if somehow he acquired motion sickness on the way back. If they gave him a paper bag with that assumption in mind, it wouldn't help the actual issue at all, either. So Kirigiri tried to seem like she was focused on her book, a little more forward on the seat than she needed to be, to attract the least attention to them.

Considering that the seats across theirs were both occupied by an exhausted Hifumi with headphones on and the back half of the bus had pretty lively students from another class, Makoto's increasingly obvious fidgeting and occasional hard exhales had yet to be noticed by anyone other than her.

He had actually begun to let out small whines and noises of effort and need in addition to the shortened breathing, trying to muffle them against her shoulder. It made time appear to pass even slower. Kirigiri felt an unexplainable heat cross under her skin at the simultaneously pitiful yet kind of erotic sight. She wished she could soothe his pain and yet, there wasn't much to be done. Touching anywhere near his abdomen could make it worse.

The detective made no comment when he unwound his hand from hers and directly grabbed his
crotch, squeezing hard. His other hand had also left its slightly more decent position inside his pocket to join that one in desperation, and he was slowly hunching and unhunching over. Makoto's entire stance screamed 'I really need to pee.'

Kyōko put away her book, thinking it a good time to do so. In preparation of what, she wasn't entirely sure. Her glove swiped the bangs over his forehead, which had begun to sweat.

"Hnnkh -!"

Her hand immediately withdrew when the boy abruptly doubled over, tension gripping his body. Her heart quickened with concern.

"Naegi? Naegi." She pressed for a response, tapping him.

"A... a little came out." He shuddered as he rose back from the position, looking fairly scared.

It was almost surreal, but the thought that he could actually pee himself right there on the bus seat was a definite possibility at this point.

Makoto clamped down with intense tension, thighs rubbing together. His eyes darted out the window pleadingly as if that would will the academy into sight. There was a traffic light blinking into red instead. He whimpered as quietly as he could, feeling another spurt trickle into his underwear.

This was more than a bit much. Kyōko couldn't take her eyes off him, as if she expected he could break. Her faith in him being able to make it had been pretty much lost as soon as he mentioned a leak, yet she was aware they were close enough to the academy at this point that there was no way the driver would agree to making a stop now.

His shudders and painful tension made her feel for him; she clicked her own seatbelt off to cautiously wrap arms around him in a tight hold.

A small gasp reached her ears and she instinctively looked from Naegi's tight shutting eyes to his lap.

"Hold it. Hold it." He pleaded like a little mantra to himself, and Kirigiri actually saw a dark patch
spread from under his tightly squeezing hands; it stopped almost immediately, but she saw like a flash exactly how it would be happening if one of these leaks was not stoppable.

Naegi had to pee somewhere, unavoidably, and the girl's quick problem-solving wit reminded her of her water bottle in her bag.

Mind made up, she retrieved it and unscrewed the cap. She gulped up the little rest of water that was still there, and meaningfully showed him the empty bottle.

"W... what?" He questioned with incredulity. Likely not from not understanding what she was getting at, but from feeling taken aback at the implication.

"Use it." She stated very simply, voice a cautious whisper. It wasn’t any question of whether he’d be able to make it or not; he just wouldn’t. "The bus still has to pull over into the school, park, wait for the first students to stand up and leave. You won't be able to just jump off as soon as we drive past the gate."

Still rigid and fidgeting with effort, he seriously considered the proposal. Using a bottle was too embarrassing a thought to be even thinking of doing it; but his need was beyond painful and urgent, as in he needed to pee now, and he knew modesty wouldn’t do him much when his only current options would be either using it or making a huge mess of his clothes and the seat in the very near future.

Kirigiri inconspicuously slid off her blazer, saying lowly but firmly, "Naegi." She positioned the clothing and leaned in in such a way as to hide whatever they’d be doing as well as possible. Seeing her do that, and feeling another very urgent pang from his bladder that had him clamping down on himself for dear life to keep more than that little dribble from coming out, he stuttered out a breath, the decision made for him.

"P-please give it."

Not ceasing to grip himself, he shakily undid his zipper, and Kyōko held the bottle tipped close to his crotch. He seemed to be about to whine a protest that he could do it himself, but his eyes suddenly widened and he made a small helpless noise, immediately taking out his cock - leaking onto his own crotch - and positioning it, with the girl rapidly shoving the mouth of the bottle against his tip.

Makoto couldn’t hold back a tiny moan of pained relief as his body sagged and shivered, his member
spewing a continuous stream of urine into the bottle. Kirigiri scooted even closer to him, an arm holding him as the other lowered the bottle to a better position, making him part his thighs to do it.

She couldn’t help feeling unbearably hot - and a slice of shared embarrassment - at this scene. It was an emergency that absolutely required her help, but she also felt a little overwhelmed, perhaps because of how strongly she felt for him, and how intimate this was. Naegi was looking away despite being helplessly supported against her, his breath heavy and the tension in his expression softening to relief.

It felt– *devious*, to look, but there were good reasons to keep an eye on the bottle at least. It was filling up, the yellow-ish tinted liquid rising at the end, but Kyōko couldn’t help also looking at his exposed parts, the somewhat reddened little flesh rod whose tip was almost kissing the bottle entrance as it gushed. Only the ruckus on the back of the bus kept the noise from the peeing undercover.

And Makoto was trying to hold back the *cutest little sounds*.

Gods- she felt– *this is something else*.

The bottle felt grossly warm as it filled and filled up, receiving the contents of the boy’s bladder. It wasn’t such a big bottle, and the steady rise of the liquid level led the detective to whisper, "Are you almost done?"

"D... don’t know for sure." He weakly admitted. "I think it might... spill over."

"Then stop it."

"I-I’ll try."

Kyōko wasn’t so sure of his ability to regain control, especially with how desperate he was and how his control failed a number of times while he had still been trying to hold it. As the liquid started rising dangerously close to the rim, she told him to hold it, and they both ended up squeezing his penis at the same time, making him squeak in surprise at her sudden touch.

There was a momentary spill that flowed onto her glove as she pointed his dick upwards and squeezed to a point where it probably hurt, and with their joined effort and a resistant grip on him -
along with time as Naegi gradually settled himself down and forced his bladder to stay composed - they got him to stop peeing altogether.

He was still panting raggedly with effort and blushing hotly, and Kirigiri softened her grip so as to not actually hurt him. Makoto momentarily glanced at her then bashfully turned his gaze to their hands holding onto his cock, making Kyōko get the picture and take hers back, muttering an awkward "um" that she didn’t mean to let out. She then busied herself with screwing the cap back on the filled bottle.

Naegi tucked himself back into his pants, zipping up and putting the button back on this time. Both the crotch of his trousers to a spot a bit to the right of it held a notable wet patch, and although he had leaked that much in his pants, it was completely manageable compared to the puddle he’d have made on the bus floor otherwise.

Kyōko’s face regained extra warmth when the boy tucked his head into her neck, softly murmuring, "Thank you so much, Kiri." Her heart soared at his sincere, embarrassed little tone, and she’d pet his head with her left hand if its glove weren’t currently a bit wet with his urine. She should get a tissue from her bag to fix that.

She cleaned up and offered a piece to him, in case he wanted anything with it. He had been caressing his lower abdomen a little, likely still feeling small thrums of pain from the previous bladder stretch and the less than ideal fact he still had some left; when prompted, he rubbed the tissue over the wet patches on his pants, not that it made much difference at all. Kirigiri placed the full bottle in his bag, and slid her blazer back on.

"I'm sorr-"

"Don't. Don't apologize." She cut off his whisper - she was expecting it sooner or later - with her own hushed tone. A sigh the left her with the realization that may have been a little abrupt. "I'm just... glad I could help." Her head leaned against his, a deliberate step further than required for a proper quiet conversation. "How are you feeling?"

Perhaps it was exhaustion bolstering him, but he leaned his head back almost dangerously close, eyes slightly drooping. "Much better, but... still can't wait to get back."

"Get the rest out?" Kirigiri adamantly attempted to ignore how easy it would be to tip her chin just a little bit and give him a kiss.
"Yeah."

The academy was almost in sight now, prompting excited shouts from students who were bored about sitting around. Other than that uproar, Kyōko felt oddly at peace like this, not even compelled to retrieve her book; she was fine just getting to feel the fluff of Makoto's hair as he rested on her shoulder.

However, her senses picked up on movement that brought a pique of nervousness over that peace, and sure enough, a head of azure hair pokes over the back of the seat in front of them.

"Is Naegi doing okay?" Sayaka asked, looking sort of puzzled about how relaxed he seemed to be now compared to before. Kirigiri hoped she wouldn't comment on their position.

"He's feeling better now." The detective explained.

"Yeah, don't worry." Makoto drew away from her, flustered.

For the second time this ride, Kyōko noted Maizono's intuition reflecting realization in her eyes, except there was still confusion in them. She nudged the baseball star at her side, who added to the amount of heads above the chair back when he braced over it.

"What." Leon blinked as his pale eyes set over the luckster. "Naegi, holy shit I almost forgot, you okay buddy?"

"He is, yeah." Sayaka answered, her tone seeming to be beckoning something as well.

Puzzlement settled over red brows. Kirigiri knew the source of their confusion; there was nowhere Naegi could've relieved himself, considering they made no stops.

Leon's expression then switched to begrudging understanding before settling on complete acceptance, almost as if a switch flickered on his brain. "Ah, I got it. Tough, huh? I'm glad you're all good now."

"I don't got it." Maizono mumbled.
"Sayaka, I gotta tell you, there are... ways ."

Thankfully Leon got back down on his seat, so that Makoto and Kirigiri wouldn't necessarily be involved if the idol decided to get him to explain.

Without the weighing concern, time seemed to pass normally - as in, it seemed like a short period until the bus pulled into Hope's Peak and a wave of unclicking belts echoed from front to back among the least patient students.

The process of getting off the bus was slow enough that Makoto was glad Kyōko had helped when she did, as the passing time made it abundantly clear he wouldn't have been able to hold it until getting inside the school even if he had managed to make it to the bus stopping. What was now a peaceful and reasonable wait would've been long overkill on a bladder that he was already aware of not being that great. And all the people around, no longer strapped to their seats, would have made it an unbearably worse experience, as it would have been incredibly hard not to draw attention to himself.

They could afford to wait until everyone was off the vehicle; Makoto didn't exactly feel like leaving along everyone else when the leaks in his trousers were this visually noticeable. He placed his bag over his lap as the students passed by, while Kirigiri occupied herself with undoing her hair ribbon and meticulously lacing it back on, to seem like they had a reason to stall for time.

Hifumi was the last to leave before them, preferring the wider availability of space to comfortably move around. He didn't question the duo by his side, only sending them a glance while he tucked away his headphones to leave.

Kyōko stood up and nodded her head as a sign for them to go along as well. The luckster swung his bag onto his back and followed.

He walked off briskly on the first corridor turn inside the academy building, just about, and Kyōko had no issue in following him with her own reasonable pace. It's true that they could have simply parted ways just then; she wasn't bound to stay with him for any reason beyond this point.

But she wanted to, and that was all the reason she needed. Indulging in simple pleasures without interrogating herself for their point has been a life-improving development that she couldn't see herself doing without at this point.

It also meant that, if Naegi isn't dense on this spectrum, her wish to become closer to him would become all the more obvious. She was... ready for that.
The sight of the restrooms left no doubt as to where he had gone. The detective let herself lean back close to one of the doors for what she knew would be a short wait. This corridor was fairly desolate at this time, considering that one of the walls only had windows near the top and a janitor closet was among one of the few doors around. The trip's return was at a post-class time, which meant mostly club activities. Or just going home.

Participation in club activities was not forced, as their official endorsement was said to "single out" the numerous talents, so anyone was allowed to create and join anything they wanted. Although Kirigiri wasn't interested in joining one, she'd check the list every once in a while to get some amusement out of it.

Before she could wonder about how the plushies-loving club could have gotten a whopping 39 members, most of them anonymous to non-participants, her attention was caught by the only movement in this entire place - that of someone leaving the boys' bathroom.

Makoto's eyes widened at seeing her there, leant against the wall. "Y... you waited for me?"

Kyōko noted his weakened stance, no doubt completely drained - pun not intended - from the whole ride until he could get actual full relief. She naturally reached out and let him tumble against her, as if he belonged in her arms.

It... did feel like it, to her. That he belonged there.

"I wanted to check on you. And there's nothing wrong with wanting to spend some time along just because." She leaned her head against his own, feeling how boneless and relaxed he seemed now in contrast to how long he'd stayed extremely tense before.

"Thank you, Kiri. That was really... you saved me." Naegi drew away a little to look at her, blush well-present on his face. Even his ahoge looked a little drooped from tiredness. "Thank you so much. I should owe you now."

"We're friends. You don't have to owe me anything." Kyōko chastised him. She then did a double take on that; actually, there was something simple she could get out of him now. "I guess if you wanted to do me a favor..." She watched him perk up with light attention. "You'd come with me back to my room and take a nap."

"Um, o... o-of course! But..." He glanced down, blushing as he looked at the wet patches on his pants that had yet to dry.

"You can take a shower first." She chuckled.
A few students are sent to a nearby park to fix something that would usually require many professional hands. Chihiro finds Aoi in her detour and learns how good trusting is for one's self-esteem.

I started this a fair while back based on a request involving Aoi. By fair while I mean probably last year because that's my fine level of attention span. Also want to point out there are two minor-ish OCs here, but they are only referred to by their SHSL title so you can imagine them however you want. I didn't give them names or genders.

It served as a form of training and extracurricular activity, but yes, it was also the government using them to help with the city’s problems.

So here was this group of students from Hope’s Peak, unsupervised, in a sect of a local park, meant to fix this malfunctioning signal post.

For said purpose, they got the SHSL IT & Electronics Builder, the SHSL Telecom Tinkerer, the SHSL Programmer, and... the SHSL Hall Monitor, SHSL Swimmer and SHSL Entomologist. It sort of made sense.

"This is the tower we are meant to fix!" Ishimaru exclaimed, his booming voice ensuring that no wildlife would want to stay nearby.

It was the only matching tower within tens of kilometers, so that was obvious. But they allowed Kiyotaka to fit and play the role of leader and organizer because that's what he was sent along for.

Gonta put down the heaps of tools and electronics that they had brought for the task, including parts they may have to replace. Aoi set down a tarp to separate the tools, a foldable table and a couple chairs, one of which Chihiro was quick to sit down on and boot up his laptop.

"All right. After we set up the components, we only need to install your program to make the tower recede into a more compact, defensive stance when there’s heavy storms. It will lower signal reach but still allow communication close to the ground in this area." The Ultimate IT tech said to the
"When I access the tower's system, it should be easy to get it to work, even though... I've never dealt with communication towers before." Fujisaki admitted.

"Ok ok I'm ready for storm damage recon! Where's the map?" Asahina gestured energetically.

"Here we have it..." Gokuhara pulled out a map of the park. "Check for broken trees. Fallen branches on the pathways. Sign bendage. Sulks and cuts on earth."

"Right! And if I find them, I mark them down on the map right? Kick them back into shape?"

"No kicking anything back right, you would get hurt. But, um," Gonta momentarily placed the clipboard in his mouth while sticking semi-transparent paper over the map with a paperclip. "You can circle or cross their locations on this paper. They'll take care of the rest."

"Sure thing. There's a lot of track here, wow!" She happily noticed. What was viewed as a tiring chore by most people was a new track to brave for an athlete like her- she could even invite friends to this park in the future. That's why she was invited, for the most part (in fact, the SHSL Runner was also doing some other errand for Hope's Peak today. A lot of money ended up being saved by, erm, requesting help from their talented students.)

Asahina ran off without a moment to waste, the tech duo discussed the mounting plan, and Chihiro got his programs ready to intercept the signal both at present and after the upgrade.

Ishimaru was pulling out a stand-on-its-own umbrella, and Gokuhara was now doing what he does best.

"Fellows! He shouted in good faith, large frame bending over a spot that seemed entirely uninteresting. Fujisaki knew what to expect, so he didn't feel compelled to rush over, but the other students did.

"Huh." Kiyotaka blinked, seeing dark moist noodles between the rocks and plants on the soil.
"After big storms, the wormes come out due to flooding in the earth and the dampness on its surface. They are not the cute-est?"

The SHSL IT Builder watched the wriggly critters on the grass with disinterest. "Yes, Gonta, they are... fascinating."

Not picking up on the near-sarcasm, the entomologist stayed in place looking at the slithering worms as if looking at his own children. The others took to work. He had some time to spare before getting down with the heavy work, after all.

As they checked up on the pole, Chihiro typed the damage report he was orally given. Kiyotaka helped the telecommunications and tinkerer ultimates get fitted up in more proper gear to handle the job of upgrading and morphing the tower.

The programmer couldn't really... help with that part. With his height and physical frailty, he was only fit to deal with a keyboard and chips in this situation. He'd gotten used to never dealing with the "manlier" stuff, but it still made him kind of sad just how easy it was for him to pass for a girl. And yet he was still afraid to try to be himself.

It didn't help that the only people in his class who seemed truly non-menacing were Maizono, Naegi and Asahina.

On the topic of the swimmer, when would she be back? Admittedly Fujisaki only gave the map of the region a quick once over, looking at distance over the actually walkable tracks. He wasn't worried; there really was nothing to worry about with someone as athletic as her and a place like this, but he still found his thoughts curiously drawn to her. She was a good friend, though he felt she might be just as dense on the matter of his gender as everyone else. Or even a little more.

Regardless, he had more trust in her than in just about anyone he knew.

The heavy duty work had already been set in motion by the time Aoi came back.

She had dirt on most of her arms, which stuck like mud on places where it mixed with sweat. It became apparent why as she explained her recon, pointing at spots on the map. "None of the signs fell, there’s some fallen branches around here and here though. I got some out of the way. Paint is chipping out on this and this one... this one was unreadably dirty so I cleaned it."

"Thank you, Asahina-san. That path is clear. Now you just need to tread the east one." Kiyotaka informed, sliding his finger along the map in the shape of the track.

"No problem." She folded the map back in a less careful manner than the monitor would have liked,
but didn't notice the mildly miffed look he sent her.

Perhaps it would have been a good idea for them to get someone else to go on the tracks with her so she didn't have to be alone. But normal people might not be able to keep up with her pace... another ultimate athlete maybe? They had already overshot their vehicle capacity on the van with six people, as the large trunk with materials took up half the space. Chihiro cowered at the thought of both Gonta and Sakura trying to fit in the seats along with the five of them.

"Hey, are you doing okay? It's really hot today. huh."

The programmer was startled by a soft voice nearby, finding Aoi looking at him.

She came over to check on him? Even though it was a normal fare for friendship, his heart still beat a little quicker.

"I'm fine, Asahina-san. Thank you. We do have water..."

The swimmer looked around as if searching for something. Maybe food. But they hadn't taken that out yet. "Anyways, if you do feel troubled, you can always count on me! And Gokuhara-kun too, he's super nice." She smiled. "I'll get going. Tell them to not eat everything without me."

The boy nodded, seeing her take off to the east track.

A scream caught his attention and he looked off to find Telecom-san freaking out about a few moths flocking to Gokuhara's hair as he prepared to lift the poor sod onto his shoulders.

... Well. Given that there was no wifi in this reach, Chihiro might as well pull up the files to work on his hobby codes to pass the time.

It was awe-inspiring to see Telecom high up there with that metal mask making sparks fly with the work, Gonta holding cable ropes and passing sturdy-to-delicate pieces along, and IT putting away the replaced machinery for later repurpose or recycle.

"Hungry, Fujisaki-san?" Kiyotaka took his attention, rolling out a cloth over the next table to place
their fruits, cereals and sandwich parts.

"I'll help myself soon, thank you, Ishimaru." Chihiro smiled at him.

"Don't mind if I dooo," The IT builder nyoomed over as if wearing rollerblades, picking at the food.

"If you eat everything I will eat your soul." Telecom shouted from up on the pole.

They definitely had enough food for everyone, but after being enrolled on Hope's Peak, Chihiro honestly didn't doubt many things. He probably didn't have to voice Aoi's request since Telecom's threat did it just as well.

After eating his small share, the content boy got back to adding to the report. Kiyotaka helped with that, being used to writing down reports himself. It must be around two hours since they arrived, which made the modifications on the tower even more impressive considering their small team.

"Can someone get the super swimmer back? We're gonna be done soon enough, if tests work..." the IT tech requested. Even though they couldn't artificially brew up a huge storm, they had tested the sensors on a lesser scale before, so all they needed was to test if the tower could recede and rise back with no problems.

Ishimaru tried to call her by phone, and was met with the consistent long beeps of reach trial. He kept with it until the prompt for leaving a voice message came up; which was unnecessarily long.

"I'll go after her." Chihiro offered. Gonta would have been a better choice, relevance-wise, but he was doing a good job of keeping IT-san and Telecom-san dynamic with the support ropes.

"I can do that. It would be better if you stayed." The monitor rebutted, visage stern even when looking out for others.

"You can probably start putting the replaced parts back in the van, dude." Telecom chimed in while chucking another metal piece in the pile.
Glancing at said pile, Ishimaru noted the varied shapes and weights - while someone like Chihiro could be able to pick those up with some effort, he would not let the programmer's delicate arms anywhere near those.

"Alright. You can go after Asahina-san. I'll pack the parts," Kiyotaka sighed in allowance. "Fujisaki-san, if there are fallen branches on the way, please do not try to move them. You may hurt yourself."

"Okay, Ishimaru-kun..." The programmer assured him, moving away from his laptop. "Please keep an eye on it." He requested, gesturing towards the modded hardware.

"Will do!" The monitor stiffened into a discipline-exuding stance. He could be so endearing sometimes, Chihiro thought.

The walk down the east path was easy and uninteresting. He kept his ears trained for steps besides his own, but only bird chirps and cicada shrills filled the air.

If she happened to be at the end of the track, or even just walking towards it right now, there would be a lot of walking to do.

After a bit of time with no sign of anything larger than a songbird, he started worrying that might be the case.

"Asahina-san!" The boy started to shout, his voice competing with hidden cicadas and a distant, hard to decipher sound. It was somewhat rumbling. It didn't seem too far from the main track, so maybe it would be worth following it.

"Asahina-san! Where are you?" He called louder due to the constant noise that now seemed to belong to a waterfall.

"Over here!" Her voice replied, muffled by the water sounds; they appeared to be from the same direction.

Logically, it’s predictable that Aoi would want to take any chances for swimming. Perhaps, if he had seen the map, Chihiro should have just gone straight here.

The waterfall was not so large, and it was rocky and divided, leading to a deep enough pond.
Asahina was in said pond up to the neck, brightening as she saw him.

"Hey, Fujisaki-chan!" She greeted.

"Hey, Asahin..." The boy began, but his words died and his greeting gesture faltered. Was she... w-was she naked?

Oh no. Oh no, please no...

"Come into the water! You look all hot and sweaty, you should cool off for a bit!" Aoi offered, nonchalantly swimming about in the small space. The waters were clear enough that it was unmistakable she had no clothes on, and a quick glance to the side saw said clothes safely put in a pile on the dry rocks.

The pond and waterfall did look extremely tantalizing for his sweaty pits and warm (now even warmer) skin, but that request was woefully out of orbit. Perhaps Asahina was only comfortable about her nudity because she thought Chihiro was also a girl. But he wasn’t, and he couldn’t be taking clothes off, and if he stayed too long around her voluptuous figure with films of water running down her tan skin, his bermuda shorts would become downright inappropriate.

"Um, Asahina-san... the others are going to finish up work soon... they told me to find you so we can go back."

"It won’t be long, it’s chill. Come on, come in! You can leave your clothes by mine. I don’t mind, really, you’re a great friend and I’m sure you can’t drown here!"

Drowning was... honestly not the biggest of his concerns in this situation. If he got in for refreshment, it would definitely have to be with clothes on. Then if he got... excited, the deepness of the water could be hiding enough. But overall it sounded like a bad idea. Or at least embarrassing.

"What’re you still standing there for? There aren’t any fish here, if you’re worried about them biting your floppy thing."

... Wait.
Chihiro looked at her in bafflement. "... Ah, Asahina-san? You know I’m a boy?"

"Yeah? Was I not supposed to? You act super cute and all, but still." She casually informed. "If it’s better for you, I promise not to look until you get in the water."

Well, that just turned everything on its head.

"I kind of- I just..." He trailed off, still having to load the information. "I thought if anyone knew it'd be... a big deal, because I've been faking for some years now, and wasn't ready to... tell anyone..."

"Oh, oh yeah! That's why I haven't said a thing to anyone. Just Sakura-chan who is my super best friend, but she understands. I thought there was some big reason behind it, and you got a bunch of admirers of your cuteness, so I didn't pry." Aoi explained.

Chihiro didn't think this would be an appropriate situation for a heart-to-heart, to tell her his reasons, to ask what exactly tipped her off. Not with her being literally naked a scant few meters in front of him.

Yes, that was currently way more!- "Asahina, this- This means you know you're asking a boy to swim with you." He nervously said, remembering to look away from the pond in general. Though she seemed to be having such a nice time, he didn't want to force her to get off- get out of the water so soon either.

"Yes I am. I'm not going to not invite you to this nice water just because you're a boy, Fujisaki... kun. I'll call you kun when we're alone now!" She tucked inside the water and resurfaced, her loose hair making a brown halo around her. "It's okay if you don't wanna, I just wanted to get closer to you."

It was unfair. The water looked very refreshing; even just reaching his hand into the rivulets and cascades of the falls felt better than it had any right to. Even if he could try to lump all his reasoning up in the temperature, the walk, the staying under a sunrella with a hot-breathing laptop and no wind, there was no hiding from his attraction to her - in any possible interpretation of the word.

He didn't have the courage to ask if maybe, just maybe, she had some itty bitty intentions of seducing him. She may be carefree, but she wasn't oblivious. And she was what, seventeen now?

Chihiro got the sudden thought that maybe he wasn't so attractive to her due to his girlish looks. Aoi
was not the most... heterosexual gal he knew, but the possibility of that saddening thought being true wasn't too far-fetched.

Catching said thoughts made his ears burn a little. *Does this mean I want her to be attracted to me? No, it's... it's that other girls might feel the same, right?*

"If you leave, just tell them I'm coming real soon."

"Actually, I... am going to join you." The programmer decided. Just shrinking himself back into his insecurities - back to the lies, to just watching other men do what he couldn't, to the gritted-teeth comfort of letting everything stay the same - was simply a way to waste his life.

Asahina surged her head above the surface from another momentary dive. "Oh, really? I'm so glad!" She gave a full-expression smile. His heart thumped.

When she merely hovered around as if in expectation, Fujisaki had to mutter, "Um, Asahina, I'm going to take things off, so..."

"Oh! Oh!" She exclaimed in realization, and actually put her hands over her eyes for effect instead of just looking away.

...She was cute.

With a flush, Chihiro shook his head and started taking off his clothes and placing them by the swimmer’s. He was almost disappointed in himself to see his penis half-hard, but he couldn’t really help it.

The shock of different temperatures made him gasp when he slid in the water, but his warm body adapted pretty quickly, a refreshing sensation spreading through his limbs.

Hearing the entrance, Aoi let her hands down, grinning a big smile at seeing the programmer in the water. "See? Isn’t it great?"

"Yeah, it is." Chihiro confessed, testing the depth of the pond. Around the middle was farther than
his footing could manage, so he’d have to swim if he went further. The waterfall ensured the water felt fresh and pleasant, with the tiniest waves lapping at his skin. When he submerged his clammy neck, he wanted to just stay like that.

The girl giggled seeing him with his head tilted so his face could stay above water. "Ponds and stuff are really really nice. I love the pools, but the smell of chlorine sticks to you afterwards. Here's just natural fresh, and I haven't even found any eels or fish to worry about."

"I'm glad..." Chihiro fought a shudder at the thought of stepping on an eel.

"You should put your head under the fall. I did that earlier, and a shower can't compare to it at all!" Aoi gestured at the loud curtain of water, her arm then curling and angling back under the surface to get her started on a swimming style he couldn't name.

*It's way too easy to see her breasts, with any movement, c-couldn't she at least have worn-* But then that logically meant she'd have to go without the bra afterwards, as it would be sopping wet, and *that* thought was as heart-racing as the glimpse he'd been casually given, and Chihiro found himself turning around to float away towards the falls immediately.

His crotch had *flared*. The heat of arousal was even more obvious against the cooler surrounding temperature, and the boy shoved his head under the thunder of falling water in an attempt to distract from it.

Even though this little fall was likely nothing compared to what monks would train underneath, its use in training was immediately understandable as the water pressure basically knocked his thoughts out to replace them with the sensation of his head getting hammered with water. It was exquisite and refreshing, but most importantly, it warded his focus off his cute naked friend.

His mind was kept from wandering, at least, but the clearness of the pond coupled with the free way in which Aoi swam and dominated styles despite the smaller-than-pool size and depth ensured he got eyefuls whenever he wasn't trying to look away.

Chihiro renounced himself to the fact that his erection would not be going down, but told himself that wasn't a problem. He would simply have to lag behind her when she left, and being cold while putting his clothes back on alone should be time enough to shrink proper.

"Having fun?" The swimmer asked after he shook his head from the excess of water making his
strands cling to his face.

"Aah... it does feel really nice." He wasn't specifically trying to look at her before, but with the energetic girl being the most interesting thing in the pond and calling for his attention on top of that, it became apparent that he was deliberately trying to avert his eyes now.

"Awn, you don't have to feel embarrassed, Fujisaki-kun. We're both under the water."

*Water is translucent though...?*

"You're, um. I mean... not all the time." The pond was not very deep, and it only felt more like it because they were the shortest boy and girl in class, respectively. All things considered, Aoi had not only 11 centimeters on him, but also more weight and muscle; after that, it was trivial to see why they didn't see him as masculine even on the occasions he wore shorts or pants.

Except her, as he learned a few minutes ago.

"Hmm, you're right... You don't mind, right? On my part?" She tilted her head. "You stay around us girls a lot."

She had a point, but it didn't exactly stand given that he stayed around them when they were *clothed*. It might be that Asahina was forgetting that he didn't ever go into their locker rooms or participated in swimming classes. And he didn't believe that girls had some sort of super power that left them immune to each other on the occasion of breasts just casually hanging out in their immediate vicinity, either.

"I never swam with you though, remember?" He tried to point out.

Aoi pursed her lips as she seemed to be about to say something, but thought better of it. "You're so right." She flushed. "I was under the impression we'd done something like this at least once back at school."

That would explain some things. Like two things, more or less.
"I'll try to be a little more careful. It's cool for me either way." Aoi lowered her head into a dive, submerging herself entirely and basically disappearing. Chihiro could no longer tell where she was due to the depth; it was fairly impressive.

He no longer felt hot, in the sense of being by a breathing machine under an umbrella under the sun, since the water did away with that. But raising a hand from under the surface to his cheek showed a radiation of warmth still; the sun miles away didn't compare favorably to the tan form of energy that was so much closer to him.

Chihiro tried to block those thoughts again, and set back to try and swim a little in the pond space. It was just a matter of time, to wait for her to be satisfied and leave first, perhaps after a reminder that everyone else could be waiting. ... Or could come after them, which was arguably worse.

The programmer didn't mind his lacking swimming prowess, the slower hovering and paddling allowing more berth for Aoi to navigate around - a blur barely breaking the surface for a lungful gasp before diving again. He couldn't even see her. It was simultaneously a blessing and a disappointment to a small part of him.

As soon as he moved from the center though, paddling and hovering showed to be the worst options contact-area wise. He felt Asahina's flowing hair slither through his hand, and tried to move aside to avoid an impending bump underwater. Except she also moved to try to get around him, and her shoulder hit his hip and his erection in the ensuing movement.

Chihiro froze with the contact and distinct realization of how that could have hurt if the angles had been a little different, or if had been an accidental headbutt instead. Hopefully she'll just keep swimming without commenting on-

"Ah! Fuji-kun! Did that hurt?" Aoi asked in concern, surging out of the water to face him.

"U-uh? No, I'm fine..." Please don't point it out ple-

"Well, it's because... I bumped your... thing, and I don't know how it feels with that, so." She explained, a little bashful. "Especially when it's super hard like that."

Chihiro's flush turned dark. "I... this isn't really...!"
"Oh, don't worry, I know what it means, mostly! When I notice my brother get that, he usually runs out of the room yelling 'it's my body trying to prepare for mating! It isn't my fault!' But it happens out of nowhere sometimes like during dinner so."

"Yeah, ahh, this..." The programmer took in a deep breath. "Of course my body reacts like this when you're in the water naked... with me... and you look really beautiful..."

There was a prolonged moment of silence after the boy's admittance, Aoi's expression softening then becoming bashful. "Hey... I trust you, Chihi-kun, so really..." She swam a smidge closer to him, then raised her upper body more out of the water, showing very clearly her wet breasts. "If you enjoy looking, you can."

Despite the surrounding water, the programmer's mouth suddenly felt dry. "Look-" His throat almost forced a swallow- "Asahina, you don't have to do any of that for me. Even if we're friends-"

"Don't have to what? Feel comfortable?" She floated closer to him, heightening both their blushes as her bosom brushed up against his arm. "Do you think I'm making myself do this... to please you?"

Chihiro was silent, not in the best position for complex thoughts. He only got to know a few minutes ago that Aoi was aware of his gender. It's not that she had... a crush, or did she?

"I can admit it, actually... that I just want to have fun like this sometimes, you know? But it's hard to get people you can trust for real!" She puffed out her cheeks. "I want to be naked with someone else than just myself, touch with someone else. It's so much more meaningful. So I'm doing this for myself. But according to you..." The swimmer laid her palm upwards above the water, a clear inviting gesture. Fujisaki took it with his own. "It would be for you, too."

As their bodies met, just a lot of warm contact, the boy started closing brackets to a previous mess of code in his mind. "Asahina, you didn't invite me only for- I mean, you would not... invite just anyone."

"Yes! Girls are easier to be comfortable with, knowing each other's bodies better, so I could invite them easier when I'm like this, but I wouldn't get a guy friend with me like this unless I was completely comfortable with the possibilities."

He was catching on the way she felt - and she was catching on that he was catching on - yet it somehow seemed to raise their nervousness. Close to the nailing of the board to the wall, or like the
"Possibilities..." He echoed, fingers tangling in the flowing ends of hair just past her shoulders in the water. Curves against his body, nipples so much larger than his brushing the surface of his chest and over his hammering heart. His erection cradled against her stomach, his thigh feeling the heat between her legs without even touching it.

"Well, in my defense, I wanna kiss and touch." Aoi bashfully said, her own hand idly brushing the slightly curled ends of his hair. "You're not just a nice guy, Chihi-kun, you're... handsome too."

If there's a compliment he never gets, it's that. The widening in hazel eyes also tells the swimmer as much.

"You're cute, yeah, but from this close I can also really see the handsome, you know."

With a blush spreading further on his cheeks, Aoi heard him mutter as his lids fluttered to a distracted (almost dreamy?) half-mast: "Close enough to kiss."

Her breath was out of the court even before their lips connected, soft intention pressing up to her mouth and driving them to even further closeness. It was a little timid, and pretty unplanned, but their lips still made courageous little movements of exploration.

"Oh, sorry, forgot to ask if this was okay too." Chihiro suddenly noted.

"It is, silly. I don't have first kisses to save or anything. Goes without saying that you have nothing to mind there either." She booped his nose with her own.

It gave him a sheepish feeling, but he was nonetheless relieved. It was easy to fall back into the assumption that deviating from a passive role would only net him trouble, but being shown it was fine put him more at ease than expected. The boy let himself enjoy the more comfortable atmosphere, combing through her wet locks that felt super thick with the weight of water.

Aoi touched his petit shoulders and drew on the shape of his collarbone, roaming down to feel the contours of his chest. Even an underdeveloped girl at his age wouldn't be flat like that, so if he wanted to keep the façade for more years down the road he would definitely have to like. Stuff socks in his shirt or something.
"It’s a totally different shape, isn't it.” He commented.

"Yup. When mine first started growing this part here like..." She nudged around the center of the pectoral, and a little below. "Went more forward? This can't even jiggle."

"Ah. Yeah." She says those kinds of things with such ease!

They shifted against one another, barely-there movements making their chests brush and send little stirs of simple pleasure under their skins. It felt a little liberating, made it seem entirely natural when Chihiro felt around her breasts. She didn't react sensitively but pushed against him anyways; only touches to her nipples brought out sharp noises.

"Ah- hmm... Chihi-kun..." She exhaled, elated at the softness of his ministrations.

"Is it good?” His eyes watched her closely- he knew the answer but communicating just made this surer, more real.

Aoi nodded, and the programmer felt wandering hands explore downwards on him. He jumped a little at the brush on his groin, but didn't move away from the tentative touching even when he felt fingers on his cock.

She wrapped a hand around him and cradled him against her belly, feeling the heat react to her touches. He softly twitched and moaned, the experience definitely new.

"I don't know how to say this, but... you're pretty big." Aoi noted, feeling wonderment. "I wondered why your skirt was long like that."

It was embarrassing to hear, but honestly he wore longer skirts when he could to be less conspicuous in general - and to wear larger bloomers - not because of... that. But it still gave a surge of pride within him to hear it.

"You're pretty endowed yourself, A... Aoi-chan."

A warmth of endearment shot up her neck at the sound of her name; only her family, Sakura and swim club friends having ever called her "Aoi-chan". It didn't feel too different coming from him but it was more than cute enough to make her blush.
"Aw, it's nothing, they kinda get in the way of swimming sometimes..." The way they were still pressed up against the boy even when they weren't so squished together said a lot. "That's why we wear those tight suits. Aerodynamics. I mean, hydrodynamics, whoops."

In the ensuing silence, Chihiro was surprised by her advance of tucking his penis between her thighs while she massaged his base. For a fleeting moment, he brushed her lower lips, and both flinched at the sensitive feel.

"Mmn... Aoi?"

"Is this fine?" The swimmer fidgeted a little, using him to stimulate herself gently.

"Yeah." Fujisaki held onto her waist as an anchor, allowing them to stay close as they slowly rocked. The water made it very easy to move together, despite making things all the more sluggish; they shuddered in feeling the details of each other's sexes as they rubbed close.

A spark of panic flashed on Chihiro's eyes when a couple shallow, quick humps from Asahina had his tip very firmly embed itself against an opening, and his hands dug into her hips on reflex.

"Aoi, we shouldn't-"

"No, wait, don't worry. I... wasn't going to. Do the full thing, I mean."

"Oooh... ah."

"Um! Even if you get in accidentally, that shouldn't be bad, you know... that weird name thing is already broken."

"You mean... your hymen?"

"Yeah, that thing. I found out with Sakura that it can rip with exercise."

Somehow, her words renewed his flush. It's not like they t-tested that together, Sakura must have just relayed the knowledge to her. Tamely. Just words.

"So, none of that sorta pain! If you... do get in. You're worried about hurting me, right? Or like, getting me pregnant too? Just getting you inside would be way too much effort, you're so big." She giggled. "We can be careful. It's okay."

"I see! It's just, you know, since I'm the man... Have to take responsibility and all. But her lack of concern became easy to understand as soon as she pushed down and encased a good portion of his head inside her, clenching her entrance around him. The pressure massaging around his tip made him mewl, and Aoi bit her lip as she rutted on him.

He felt a primal want to push further inside her, but just this tipper showed him how much continuous pushing and pressure would have to be exerted for him to really penetrate. Especially underwater and with her height over him. Her strong legs controlled the pacing and the distance, and
his mouth started becoming looser with moans as she stimulated both of them, using the shape of his head for pleasure and repeatedly clenching and unclenching around his crown.

"As-ahina, wait," Chihiro called for a pause, "It's- pretty sensitive!"

"Mmhnn, yeah, sorry." She agreed, leveraging off the bottom of the pond to pull out. Not that it exactly meant a break, as she nestled over his shaft instead, using the impressive length to slide across and rub herself on.

"It's... okay." He assured, still panting from the continued pleasure. Although the water buoyancy made things a bit clumsy, he tried to move with her, his thin hips bucking.

"Wait." Asahina clung close to him for a moment, casting her gaze behind herself even though it didn't really let her see much underwater. Her right hand moved back and wrapped around his tip for leverage, loosely fist ing it as she balanced her slick slides - as far back as her butt touching her wrist, as far forward as her crotch kissing his own, her clit pecking his base each time. She moaned and trapped her thighs tighter around his heat, vigorously building her pleasure.

Chihiro's eyes fluttered as the swimmer basically used his erection, her athletic shape working him much harder than he'd ever been able with just hands. In fact, he was actually losing a firm footing on the pond bottom and it was hardly making a difference, because her leverage on him ensured they stayed tight together. Their bumps bumped and details frictioned and quiet feminine cries of delight sounded along with surprisingly calm sloshing.

"Chihi-kun... nnn, please-" Aoi clutched his hair with her left hand, coaxing him a little forcefully down to get his mouth on her breasts. She made an effort to lean them up and out of the water to not half-drown him by doing that. The programmer very readily attached to a tan curve, thick saliva meeting thin water as he laved and licked a dark nipple right into his small mouth.

Moaning her appreciation, she started to pump at the head of his cock behind her, slides becoming less rhythmic and composed. Fujisaki couldn't handle that addition to all the stimulation and buried his nose on the cleavage pressed to him as he cried out, hot white jets flowing into the water through Asahina's fingers.

Aoi desperately coaxed him back onto her nipple and even through the daze, he let his tongue loll fully against it as she rubbed back for faster stimulation than he could provide at the moment. She was holding on so tightly and inadvertently milking him so aggressively that he didn't notice he had lost his footing and was hovering with her support alone.

His mind was just barely getting back to clarity when she seized up with cut-off cries, thighs constricting so tight on his tender and softening member that it made him wince. She smacked her heat on it throughout her orgasm, dragging out soft moans by his ear.

The boy softly scraped at her back, noticing how light he felt, how their breaths almost matched. He noted, actually, that he was also literally floating, with Asahina keeping him grounded with her warm holds.

"Oh, uhm... Aoi-chan..."

"Ah! Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sorry." She sheepishly unclung from him, parting legs and withdrawing her
hand from his dick. A content sigh was followed by a gentle expression. "That was nice, right? You look super exerted."

"Hmm..." He nodded, blushing. "I wasn't expecting that to go... so well, I think?"

"It's because of the water! Everything's easier in it." Aoi grinned. That's not what he was thinking of, but fair.

A shy mood settled over them again, and the girl played with a strand of her hair. "That was so nice that I don't mind if we go back now. Swimming is gonna feel distracting anyway..."

He had almost forgotten about going back, actually - he was here to bring her back, it just so happened that it led to getting naked and then to swimming and then to... that. "We should go back! They could start looking for us, or need my help with the programs..." Fujisaki had made it so his laptop wouldn't go into sleep mode and that the UI was mannable, but still, there was a chance.

"Hyeah, the trail gets super long and curved after this point. It'll take so much time if they miss us." She looked down at him, his large brown eyes reflecting curiosity at her pause.

With barely no hesitation, she dipped down and placed a little kiss on his lips, feeling him shyly reciprocate before they popped off.

"Don't be a stranger though, okay, Chi? Now you know you can trust me with, y'know, all your boy things."

"R... right." He agreed, and had to find his footing again when she drifted to the side and past him.

All things considered, Chihiro still averted his eyes as soon as Aoi lifted herself off of the water- she giggled quietly at noticing that while pulling her clothes back on.

As she started bundling up her hair to tie it up, she also politely looked away when she saw the boy trying to cover himself before he was even completely out of the water. Despite what they had done, it was normal for him to feel like this - they hadn't planned it after all, and most of their activities were touch-only and hidden by ripples and depth.

Chihiro was also used to putting a more feminine presentation, so it would require more preparation before he showed his true, raw, full male nudity to anyone.

He had even shoved his shirt on in record time at the time she looked. Aoi let out a little laugh at seeing his face scrunch up when he stuck his feet in his socks. "Oh, whoops, forgot to say you should dry them off a little before putting on."

Chihiro giggled himself, affected by her good humour and the lingering pleasant feels in his body.
"Well, too late now." He shook his ankles.

They got back on the track, casually checking phones to see if any of the others tried to call them. Asahina asked about the missed call from Ishimaru, to which Fujisaki informed it was from earlier and was the reason he had volunteered to go after her.

From afar they could see the tower rise from its retracted state, which was a fantastic sight. It seemed to be functioning well and smoothly, and Chihiro hoped with all his being that they didn't seem too suspiciously clean or with anything amiss in their states.

"Fujisaki-san!" The IT ultimate happily greeted, "Your code prompt worked flawlessly through remote command. It should do as needed with the right conditions. I'd say our visit here was a success."

"I'm glad to know." The programmer smiled.

"Map is marked up as promised." Aoi pulled the large papers out, and Ishimaru very swiftly came up to her to take it, scanning it over.

"Thank you, Asahina. You put some... extra notes in here?"

"Yeah, 'cause the signs are super vague and also ugly." She explained with a little frown. "We love the signs with the distances, you know. Maybe they can upgrade that for me. I wanna bring friends in the future."

Thankfully no inquiries were made about what was likely a prolonged absence. Chihiro had already formulated the quick half-truth of "stopping by the waterfall to splash their faces" in case they did ask, but they didn't worry about it, given he and Aoi hadn't come late enough to the point of leaving them waiting. It probably helped that she zeroed in on the rest of the food on the table and started munching down as if starved.

The collective effort allowed them to wrap up and get back on the van fairly swiftly, everything already repacked. The vehicle felt much lighter with only scraps of materials on the back.

Their layout in the seats were the same as the coming trip's, with Gonta front-seated and Telecom as driver while the remaining four squeezed on the back (which Kiyotaka had only allowed in the first
place if him and Chihiro shared the center seatbelt, because everyone should be safe).

However, to the programmer's surprise, this time Aoi pulled him onto her lap. "Eh-!"

Given that this is usually done for kids, he felt just a little bullied- but it was honestly difficult to find a reason to complain when she secured the seatbelt over both of them, hugging him close with toned arms and squeezing her breasts to his back.

IT-san gave them a weird look.

"Fujisaki-chan was so sweet to me when we were walking back!" Asahina explained in a cooing tone, smiling as she cradled the small boy. Chihiro blushed, hoping she would behave during their ride- he couldn't afford to get a stiffie with other people around, especially in his shorts.

"Be gentler, Asahina-san..." He tried to hint at her. She would likely not do anything to blow the cover on their budding, tentative relationship, but it was better to be safe.

The SHSL IT builder had already stopped paying attention, probably dismissing the "generic girl friendship cuteness". Ishimaru himself didn't really care, as the seatbelt had been taken care of already.

So Aoi gave Chihiro the briefest wink. "Don't worry, I'll just cuddle you like a teddy bear and go to sleep."

The timid programmer gathered his laptop bag over his lap just in case. There... was a lot more to look forward to with Asahina than he thought, friendship-wise or more.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure when the next update is gonna be. Besides the usual stuff, I've been feeling the weight of being a misplaced fictional character a little harder again, and having more trouble feeling any motivation. Though being busy with projects helps distract from the more depressing stuff. h

Preemptively, thank you all for the 20k views though! I know that everyone's here for
the steamy smut and not me, and the amount of comment threads is super low in comparison to the visits, but it's still a great number. (I can't know how many of those are people quickly checking over a chapter and immediately leaving but.) I'm grateful that you all keep checking back.

I hope you’re enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
抱く弟 - Komakoto

Chapter Summary

Short 22 | 3.562
► Saplingcest - pegging
「 That was less of a punishment and more of a "learning new things about each other and applying that knowledge". 」

Chapter Notes

This was based on a suggestion! I made it... cuddlier. And also tried putting the actual summary in the "chapter summary" part to see if it looks better. I decided it might be best if I try to finish 1 oneshot per month. Not necessarily on this fic, just in general. It should help put myself in order... I wonder if I would be able to dedicate more time to writing, if it was like a job? But it isn't, so...
Next month I plan on finishing a Naegiri thing that I basically challenged myself into, and October, something not DR related.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So you read my manga, didn't you."

Komaru wasn't angry. She didn't look angry, and Makoto knew how to read her emotions well. That question still cornered him-

Especially given that, well, he was leashed to the end of his bed. She had asked him to test the collar on out of nowhere because it looked cute, leashed up in a blink, and only then did she drop the question. Not that he would have fled from answering, he's sincere, and so is their relationship - but this was definitely a power move.

"Sorry. Yes, I did..." He licked his lips, nervous from multiple sources. "I got curious! I wanted to know what kinda things you liked, so I could... do better."

She grinned goofily, the reply not being unexpected. "You were worried about satisfying me? You're so sweet. It's not like you haven't done a great job all the times we've been together."

Makoto felt his face heat up. "T... thank you."

"Hey, what's with the frightened look? Oh yeah, you're sorta bound up, hehe. I'm not here to scold you, though."
He shot her a curious glance.

"I mean, of course I got embarrassed when I found out. And a little mad. But don't worry, I got even by reading some of your manga as well!"

"!!!!"

"That's actually why you're only bound to the bed by that collar, which is extremely easy to take off the leash, by the way. I got the idea from one of your zines."

It went down just like she thought it would; even after being told that he could easily escape this if he wanted, he didn't. To be fair, his BL stuff made it harder to know which roles he would personally like to take, but the manga with the collar was straight - with the boy being the one to wear it. Now that was transparently easy.

Previous confusion unfurled into realization in her brother's face, painting it an even darker shade.

"I admit it might have been a little itty bitty petty to get back to you by doing the same thing you did, but when I saw that your stuff subverted all the things I was expecting... I felt inspired, you could say."

"I-I'm sorry, Komaru- I promise I'm not that -"

"Oh, no no, you got it wrong! I wasn't surprised in a bad way. It was a good surprise. Like... my brother sure is interesting, and cute."

His eyes widened. "Wait... really?"

The girl walked towards him and jumped into a comfy spot by his side. "Our hidden stashes aren't too different, you know... It's full of cutesy stuff and things we probably got on accident based on the cover."

"Hm. True."
"Seeing all the BL you stacked away, I came to a conclusion... 'Is my brother gay? No. Is he straight? ... Also no.' So I'm not sure what to call you, but it doesn't matter, because I love you anyway! Liking other boys or not."

Makoto released a relaxed breath; he wasn't particularly worried about his sister finding out his orientation. Or preferences. But it was still a relief to hear that he had full support from the person he trusted the most.

"I personally haven't gotten to the exploring stage yet. You're brave." She pet his fluffy hair with pride.

He wondered if "brave" really applied to him, as opposed to being so hormonal that gender frankly didn't matter. Maybe both.

"If you aren't mad..." Makoto hooked a finger under his collar. "Are you gonna free me?"

"Oh, no... not yet." Her ahoge started a wavy motion from bashfulness. "I got inspiration from the BL stuff too..."

His eyes quickly followed the movement of her hand, which gently lifted her skirt and pulled at the strap of her garterbelt to release something from underneath.

Makoto's breath caught in his throat. He hadn't questioned the presence of the belt attached to her stockings since it wasn't unusual for her to wear it to feel cute, among other things. They had cool popular accessories and bits of trends even without fully getting into a style of fashion or another. Turns out that tucking a dildo under the strap so it didn't poke out and bulge on her skirt was a very good way to hide it.

"W... where did you get that?" Makoto asked in a low, insecure voice; he could feel himself begin to sweat, but it wasn't from fear.

"Secret. Just, not illegally, okay?" Komaru palmed over the base of the object, showing how it was secured to the strap-on around her hips. Though they have been in a relationship for some time, which included... lewd activities, new steps were always a little embarrassing. "I don't wanna name names right now, but, it was kind of a gift..."

The boy immediately thought of Tōko, which wasn't an unfair guess. Mostly because the thought of anyone else but her giving that to his sister was either too far fetched or scary.

Seeing that those pale green eyes had yet to leave the fake cock, the girl spoke up. "I mean, of course, this might be a bit too much..."
"It's okay."

"Hm?"

"I want it."

A pleasant blush blossomed in Komaru's face. "So I can... do it?" She made a motion towards the endowed plastic on her lap. "I can put this in your butt?"

He shamefully rubbed the back of his head, sitting up more properly. "Yeah. I wanna try it- and it's only fair, too, since, you know. Me, inside you..."

"You haven't been inside my butt though. Yet. It's different-"

"Y-yeah, because neither of us brought that up, but that's my only opening. So it's... nn."

"Yup." She quickly agreed, noting it got awkward to talk in details. Her averted eyes landed on his lap, where his bulge was hard to miss for the soft fabric of his shorts.

"Hey... nii-san..." Komaru carefully tugged at her skirt to take it off, showing the cute lacey garter above her panties. The white and pale mint somewhat clashed with the darker tan, veiny dildo strapped haphazardly over the underwear.

"Let's start?"

"Yeah." She gently kissed him, hand sneaking up the pant leg of his shorts to rub him through boxers. Makoto yelped a little into her mouth, leaning his hips against her touch.

Kissing was among their favourite activities. They could just close their eyes and feel with their mouths for as long as they wanted, softly pecking or prying lips apart or exploring inside. Letting heady breathlessness take over as their blood rushed elsewhere.

"Nnn- Komaru- hold on, a little... less." Makoto tapped her wrist, feeling a little overwhelmed by her squeezes on his hardening thing despite having instinctively humped her hand anyway. She nodded, redirecting her touches to his thigh instead, which was still sensational but not as overbearing.

As Komaru gave them both a little breather by smooching all around his face, the boy noticed the bosom nearly touching his. Her stiff nipples were easily seen through fabric, as the sole layer covering them was soft and stretchy. Makoto let himself poke one with a finger, and his sister giggled a little against his neck.

"N-not like that, that just tickles!"

"Ah, yeah, forgot." He sheepishly smiled but effortlessly turned her laugh into a moan as he grabbed
near the peak and massaged instead, just enough pressure to not hurt.

"Mmmm, Makoto, a little closer..." She almost pouted, their bodies coming to meet warmly as she latched their tongues into a lock again.

After more heating touches that made them nearly dizzy, Komaru decided they were more than ready. She popped off of her smaller sibling's lips, jumping further back on the bed.

The presence of the collar made itself known when Makoto attempted to chase another kiss, only to end up tugging at his own neck. A flush of heat renewed through his body at the reminder; he was very much at his sister's whim, even with his limbs free and his capacity to detach the collar from the bed-bound leash.

"Cute...!" Komaru pinched his cheek gently, putting herself back at distance again. "You might want to take your clothes off now. Is the lube in the same place?"

"Yeah... bottom drawer." The reality of what they were going to do made him nervously fiddle with the hem of his shirt before trying to pull it over his head. The leash stopped him. Undeterred, he opted to stretch and remove it through the bottom instead.

He felt a little self conscious when he shoved his pants aside, as his sister turned back with the bottle on that exact moment.

"Ah, is this a bad idea? No, right?" Komaru spoke up with a little worry, and Makoto didn't understand until she was sat right in front of him, dildo bumping his dick for an impromptu size comparison.

The toy was larger than him, but not by a lot. It could very well be called average. Despite the somewhat realistic model of it, its fakeness was obvious as the two shafts leaned parallel on each other. Temperature, colors, fluids, it all differed. Makoto looked up at her with a puzzled look.

"I mean, it's kinda big, right?" She iterated with some concern.

"No...? It's normal. That's a super normal size."
"You know, I only have you to go off. And the manga, which I have to assume exaggerates proportions..."

"Oh, no no no, our stuff is... our stuff is pretty normal. From what I remember." He gave her a confident look. "I'm sure I can take it. You don't have to worry at all!"

"Ah, sure then! It's just that, nii-san has such a small body, I have to worry..."

With a slight defeated blush, Makoto argued, "Don't we keep growing until like 25 or something? I still have time..."

"Don't look forward to it, just stay happy with how you are." The girl smiled and touched his shoulder. "Can you lie down? Like on your stomach. And then I can start preparing you."

As he laid belly-down on the mattress, Komaru pulled off her shirt, already feeling a little stuffy in it. Being bare-chested would help with the sweat when they actually got going.

Looking at him, laid down and with head turned towards her, she leaned over and caressed his lower back. "Hmm... Nii-san, you're gonna have to spread your legs and raise your butt. Is that okay?"

Makoto shuddered with embarrassment, but still complied, parting his thighs and slowly raising his posterior by leaning against the bed with his knees.

"Oh... hm." Komaru made an almost pensive sound to distract her from her own darkening blush at the sight of his package dangling down. The hard cock didn't quite obey gravity the same way. "Here goes. Get ready." She poured the gooey lube onto her fingers.

The cold touch sent a tingle along his spine, making him flinch.

"I know. It's cold." Komaru empathized, rubbing along the rim to spread the lube around. She scooped a dripping spoonful with these two fingers and pressed them into his entrance, breaching the tightness and starting to loosen him.

"Isn't there a way to make it warmer? Anyways..." She continued going deeper, stretching out
gradually. "Is it hurting?"

"Hnnh... no... just kinda weird. Sloppy." Definitely more exploratory than his one time trying in the shower.

"Good. Look, I'm gonna add another finger, so... hm."

The sensation of fingers slipping out was not a good one, but he braced for the thicker push. Except something else came first; fingers starting to massage behind his sac and along the base of his member. He couldn't help but moan as the feeling was joined by her fingers ramming into him, groaning and fisting the covers.

"Starting to feel sensitive? Hm?" Komaru teased, penetrating to the knuckle. Her movements were uncoordinated, trying to both stroke his genitals and perform stretching motions inside his ass. Not that Makoto could follow either timing. There was a mixed heat behind his groin that irradiated pain and delight, teeth gritting as his backside felt more open than it ever had.

There was a brush of something, something that made a ghost of a spark light up his spine, but he felt he could have imagined it as his sister popped off her slick fingers. His brain was momentarily too out of it to remember his prostate existed.

"I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna slick it up and take you gently." She licked her lips, feeling super warm at the mere prospect. It's not that she was better at dominating, neither of them were, but by doing this she would be completely responsible for all the pleasure he gets, and she'll make sure he gets lots and lots of it.

While slickness gathered inside her panties, she lubed up the dildo until it was doubly coated.

"Get comfortable?" She requested.

"Huh? Oh, this is fine." He had almost entirely laid down, pleasure having yielded his limbs to gravity. Makoto arched his back a little and stretched, raising his hips back up.

"Okay, okay!" Her slick-smooth hands slapped over his cheeks, making an almost comical sound as he startled. Despite the goopy grip, Komaru was able to spread them apart, showing his somewhat loosened entrance.
"Don't just look..." Makoto requested, though his voice hitched when the tip of the object poked him right on.

"I hope it's not too big." The girl started sinking in bit by bit, the amount of lube making it a simple task despite how tight he was. Komaru could only feel cues of pressure at her groin, so she couldn't have an idea of how deeply she was going or if she was hurting him.

"Oh. Oh... hn. Nnm." Makoto made noises of discomfort as he got used to the feeling. His sister was fairly gentle in snugly pushing deep inside him, then drawing out partially, just a back and forth with no force to ensure he could take it.

Too slow to feel the real stimulation, too fast to properly catch bearings. It felt weird and yet- he felt thoroughly aroused.

Even if the fake cock wasn't hot and pulsating, just knowing it was his beloved doing that to him, that it was her hips shaking into his, reaching so deep and intimately...

"K-Komaru..."

"Hm?"

"Harder."

"Really?" She questioned, actually surprised. It's not like movement lines in an illustration actually told you about pacing in real life, or if she should treat his hole like he treated hers. A thrust every couple seconds seemed fine?

The girl complied nonetheless, a thrill running through her when she saw him dig his head into the mattress from the starker sensation.

"Doesn't hurt?"
"N.. ah."

"Should I call you 'bad boy' or something?"

Makoto almost giggled, but it came out as a needy breath instead. "No, no, I just want you- to be yourself..."

"Hmm... Onii-chan wants me, huh..." Komaru smiled, reaching forward and ruffling through his hair, objectively squeezing his ahoge right into her grip. The boy immediately arched his back and moaned, hair twitching in her palm. "You really like this... such a cute older brother..."

She let go of his sensitive strand to give a peek around his waist, seeing the little red cock stiffly dripping with pre-cum. Her brother was very drippy, very leaky, very honest, and she really liked knowing that about him. It bobbed back and forth with each of her thrusts, which was kind of silly.

The kind of effort was entirely new too. It didn't have the positive reinforcement of feeling him fill her again and again when she rode him, which made her chase the sensation against her walls with little regard. She was aware of the force of every shake. Her core clenched at the reminder of past times, missing the feel of something inside her despite the fact she was actually having sex.

Not that this wasn't amazing. Komaru was far from disappointed at the way he grunted and sighed and whined for her. His sounds were driving her further into it, delectable pleasure coiling in her abdomen and making her piston harder even before his cries of "more" were decoded by her brain.

"Makoto--~" She panted, grip tightening on his hips to better control the movements. He had started to thrash a little, attempting to push back against her thrusts, wiggle as if for some purpose.

"Komaru- Kom- aah,- ru- please -" The luckster begged, trying to look back at her with fogging eyes.

"Please?" She echoed, attempting to comprehend it. It dawned on her then, the wiggling, clearly trying to get her to hit him in some sort of angle. For that pleasure button. "Ooh..."

Komaru tried to fulfill that request, shifting hips to somehow find it with the dildo, way in or way out. A sudden, higher pitched whine reached her ears and splashed her with heat, and she carefully tried to hit that mark again.
"Aaaah...!" Makoto moaned after the third thrust successfully nudged his prostate again, and Komaru used his dizzyingly erotic noises to navigate her aim. His voice and cute flushed face and the collar tugging slightly on his neck with the movements were making her drip with pleasure, even though she wasn't being directly touched along her center of sensitivity. Perhaps it was this typhoon of heat that made her feel even more in love with him.

"Don't move so much... I'm gonna miss it..." She moaned, even though watching him tremble and curl in pleasure was incredible.

"Ah... gnn... hmm..." The boy tried to comply, shoving his face against the mattress and attempting to control his movements.

"That's it..."

Her thrusts became deeper, quicker when she draped herself over him, weight no longer fully bore by her legs. Her breasts squished onto his back and she panted over his hair.

"I'm- gh- I'm close, K-Komaru-" Makoto warned, half muffled by the blanket.

Sometimes his "close" is "right on top of it", and Komaru's tongue snuck out in concentration. She tugged on the collar to keep him from hiding his face, from muffling his voice. He almost choked, face a deep red and shutting his eyes now that he could no longer keep his pleasure-stricken expression hidden.

"Aahn... Nii-san is so cute." She detached a little from him just to see him better, the hand not on his collar reaching around his stomach and grazing over his erection to massage his balls. Expectedly, he moaned loud and the plump orbs twitched and tightened up under her ministrations, drawing close to his body as his cock pulsed. Komaru didn't have to see anything to know he crashed over the peak, the blissful sobs and the pulses of his extra-warm genitals doing the job.

Smooching his ear a few times, she made a ring with her fingers to stroke him through, milking the last drops of semen that dribbled over her hand, and continuing with the motion through his whole length just so she could feel him shudder and whine from overstimulation.

"You made a mess on your bed, huh." She commented, unsticking from him to look at the "damages". That was quite a bit of cum.

Makoto let out a little "hnn" when his sister slid out of him, left panting and empty. Her eyes with glazed want roamed over him and settled on the strap-on at her waist, which she very quickly made to undo.

Komaru sighed and squeaked as she sunk herself on the dildo, rolling it inside to satisfy her built up arousal. She didn't check if her brother was looking at her as she started pushing it in and out with a hand, moaning with delight as it quite rapidly brought her near the edge. She tugged down her ahoge
and snuck the tip into her mouth (a definite advantage she had over Makoto, who didn't have one long enough to do it to himself), an electrifying sensation overtaking her immediately.

The orgasm coiled around her and lasted, waves continuously lapping with every suck on her sensitive strand and push of her slacking wrist.

With heaving, satisfied breaths, she eventually just nudged the object aside and plopped beside Makoto, smiling.

"That was... that was really great. Um... you're good with. You know. A penis." Makoto muttered gratefully.

"It's really not hard though? You just shake your hips and the thing does the job. Your body is so honest that I don't have to think at all!" Komaru nuzzled his face. "But I'm glad... I thought of the other outcome, you calling it off because it didn't feel good... and I'm happy that didn't happen and you enjoyed yourself."

"Did you enjoy that too?"

"Yeah. A lot. But, I think that was not the best position... I should have put you on your back. So I could look at your face all the time..."

Like they were doing now.

The boy swallowed and tried to clear his throat. "M... maybe next time."

"Next time..." Komaru echoed dreamily, hand coming to idly play with his brother's. "There's a lot of things from your mangas I'd still like to try out."

Makoto blushed starkly and averted his eyes, hand gripping back tightly. Giggling and matching his blush, she snuck her head under his jaw to stay closer.

Chapter End Notes
The title is an attempt at a play on words unto a double entendre, as 抱く (だく daku) can mean "to embrace" or "sleep with/make love to". 弟 (弟 dai) which can be read as dai is the second kanji in 兄弟 (きょうだい kyōdai), the word for sibling. Hence "daku dai". Anyways, I'm still learning Japanese, so feel free to criticize or provide input if you know more, Λ(′Θ′)Λ (seriously wipe the floor with me if you need to)
Nighttime Errors - Naegiri

Chapter Summary

Short 23 | 19.279
► Naegiri + walking in on, masturbation, handjobs/rubbing

「A number of students were woefully afraid of this place at night, especially closer to the back where the toolshed was.

... She's legitimately thinking about masturbating here. Even weighing the odds.」

Chapter Notes

It became super difficult and rather uncomfortable to write this when around a third of it was already done, but it's my own fault for wanting to do this challenging idea so I had to make myself go on with it. And it got so long. And issues came up. So even though I wanted this finished in september, that didn't happen in the end. As it turns out, Kyōko's birthday is tomorrow though, so this can be an early present for her!

I'd appreciate feedback on whether I portrayed female pleasure properly. I mean, it's different for everyone but I don't want it to look "trying too hard" you know? If that makes sense.

*Important Note:* There's some implied Togiri as well. As in heavily implied through fantasies.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was rather bold of her. Pointless, perhaps.

No, of course it had a point - whatever she'd come to find is a step ahead in the investigation nonetheless.

Students were prone to hiding things in the garden, mostly the toolshed. Cheat sheets, anonymous admirer letters, objects that she supposed were broken by accident and the borrower has sloppily dispatched or tried to place the blame on someone else, any number of things.

What got Kyōko Kirigiri to start paying attention to these items was when she found a packet of illegal substances in there, which naturally sparked her interest as a detective. She even personally showed it to her father, though ultimately they've yet to pinpoint which student could have brought it in. Since then, she will occasionally search the place for more interesting finds, wondering how downright criminal these teens could get.
Though no new finds got close to the level of those drugs, there was a box on top of a shelf she'd mostly overlooked before. It seemed to be full of wood shavings, but on closer inspection she digged through and found a few books. H manga and doujin, specifically.

Now it made more sense why there were times she would hear *very specific kinds of noises* from within the shed sometimes (sounding like no one from her class at least), and would either give up her investigation for that time or wait around at a respectable distance until the person was done. Before, it'd seemed weird that at least 3 separate students would specifically come here to let off steam.

Probably, a number of people knew about it, on their own terms or told by a friend, and didn't pass up an opportunity for free usable material. Kirigiri left it be after finding it, not having the heart to confiscate it from them, or a good reason, despite it probably being against rules due to inappropriateness. They were fortunate that no staff had caught wind of it.

Past additions were a couple of new gardening tools, a pack of uncooked ramen (??), a lighter, a scrawl of an url on the wall that she cleaned down after investigating that it led to malware, and a bottle of lubricant now hidden behind the wood shaving/H book box.

Today, nothing different from last time - and from the time before that as well. Walking all the way here and seeing that there was nothing to do - it brought some annoyance.

She spared up a glance at the box with manga.

Sleep would not come early; she had decided to come here out of restlessness, being left without as much to do and a bit miffed that the visit from a professional in the detective field scheduled for today had to be cancelled. Though she spent the time with Shūichi in the library reading books (he'd been the one to immediately suggest cooping up in there during the time the talk would've taken place, almost as if he wanted to use the schedule to hide from someone or something by the brief look of dread on his face), and having someone to discuss them with made things more interesting, it was a fairly low-energy activity.

She was very used to reading in her room as is, doing so more often as a competitive precaution since it was common for Togami to hog exactly the ones she was planning to read next, as one of the few students aware of the library backroom and even *fewer* with any interest in the detective ones.

Though she'd visited the shed to go for something more interesting, hoping for a new find - even if it was just something that a student could have forgotten there - it was the same as before.

Kirigiri wonders if that's just an excuse she's weaving for herself, the frustration - but maybe she has been piqued by those easily reachable ecchi works all along.
It's evening, and no one really comes here at this time, aside from a few mushy couples who want to peacefully watch the stars together. But today the skies were entirely covered, leaving only a dark garden of eerily still plants badly lit by a few warm lamp posts. A number of students were woefully afraid of this place at night, especially closer to the back where the toolshed was.

... She's legitimately thinking about masturbating here. Even weighing the odds.

Is it justifiable? Hardly, when she could sneak one of the books into her room - but if the others were fair enough to keep them here, then perhaps so should she.

It definitely sounds like she's making excuses now. Despite everything, I'm still a teenager, after all. Facing the thrill head-on; she could have similarly confronted her father through long-distance means, yet she was here in Hope's Peak personally exactly because that's how she'd prefer to do that.

Though the shed was non-lockable, its key being kept away while the staff deliberated on safety decisions such as the possibility of placing a camera in here, the door was unwavering due to lack of wind inside the garden dome. It would remain closed unless someone opened it.

The dead silence gave Kyōko a sense of safety as she climbed on the table to retrieve the box, safely stretching her legs to touch the ground silently on her way down. She took a flashlight from one of the drawers and flicked it on to take a look at the magazines.

Shuffling the wood shavings aside, she took out the collection and placed the small pile on the floor, spreading out the titles. The covers weren't overtly lascivious, but even the more innocent-looking ones had the rating stamp that made their contents clear.

Kyōko would admit that she took the time to pleasure herself when fantasies got too much, back in her room or in the shower, but she never used... visual aids like this. The books were diversified to some extent, and there were more now than last time, which led her to deduce that the collection got generous additions from different people. There must be at least 9, the majority being heterosexual high school pair stories.

She wasn't sure how to go about "choosing" one. Each seemed interesting to look into of their own accord, and there were chances that none would physically interest her, too. Though by experience with written fiction, she trusted at least some would. The thickest one was a compilation, including multiple small comics and standalone pictures according to the description. It showed the most signs of being used.
It was fairly obvious by most of the imagery in the covers and as she flipped the first pages of each (why choose just one? She could just lay them in a half-circle around her and look at all of them at her own pace) that a good part seemed to be targeted to (and likely made by) straight dudes.

The tanned babe from the school’s volleyball team, the cute non-regional student, a teacher one, catgirl, a partial volume that actually seemed wholesome...

One of the covers had a loli with almost comically big eyes, another had a flaky late-teens looking boy glancing over at a very well-dressed and handsome middle-aged man, another looked like a lesbian love triangle with an overprotective cousin and a punk senpai with the busty oblivious kōhai in the middle. And then there was the compilation and a bi kemono dōjin.

It was more variety than she expected. Though given that putting porn here meant giving up a piece you own, it's possible that these are least favorites. Or ones that had worn off novelty from being so old.

The loli book was, in fact, even older than her. It could be an interesting read to look over the classic manga style, but she had spent her day doing the kind of reading to stimulate her brain, and a 10 year old girl with eyes half the size of her head was not relatable enough to stimulate what she wanted right now. So Kyōko put that one aside.

Same went for the furry and gay ones. They were a little too not-like-her for a first try. She wasn't covered with fur, or a man with a job, or any of these energetic girls with a large family. She needed something else to hook her in.

The detective picked up the one about the non-regional student. It had a very soft style, and used the POV of a Tōkyō boy on his first day of a new school year welcoming a girl from one of the far south islands. The aura of "cute puppy love story" that was built up for the first couple pages got subverted as soon as the protagonist got a close up for the first time, showing him to be bored and rugged.

It wasn't an amateur sort of storytelling. Incredibly early on, the reader got fished into wondering how a guy like this would end up with the softspoken sweetheart.

But Kirigiri was already closing the book for today, barely a kabe-don into it.

She couldn't relate to this kind of girl - shy, cute-acting, meek, oblivious. Overly apologetic, easily dominated. There were enough other options that she could just let this one go for now, though.

Although the compilation was tempting to take up next, she went for a two-story volume. There
were two women with different lines and perspective to indicate they were each from their own story, with the one on the back being younger-looking and sized smaller so that all her attributes (the full succubus getup with demon wings and arrow tail) weren't cut off. She was from the second story, while the other (the main "attraction", you could say) was a proper, chilly-gazed and busty teacher.

Hm. No-nonsense, analytical - this was much more like her. The cover didn't tell much, so she could keep her expectations. Would this change in female character be enough to let her body relate and sync, or would she just feel estranged from porn comics no matter what?

Kyōko could get easily into stories and feel the contexts. Flipping the first pages, she already had the few characters categorized and knew this teacher would seduce students, or else this work wouldn't be in the porn box.

Her name was A. Kumatora (clever, huh) and she was highly esteemed for having students with a seemingly flawless record. Grades never dipped low and even troublemakers would appear to become miraculously composed and polite. No troubles for the higher-ups, parents were thrilled with their teens getting great results. And it wasn't her going easy on them; the tests were all up to standards. So there is a mystery element to this; although any reader should already have a pretty good idea of what was happening just by the cover.

Long jet-black hair, glasses that looked like they had a coiling snake relief on them, light brown eyes that looked eerily yellow close to sunlight, weird focus on the canines and keeping teeth apparent. Yes, absolutely a normal human. Though to be fair, she was very hot, which the detailed art style definitely helped.

Everyone in the book brushed off the sense of supernaturality coming from her as a mere result of her high intelligence, sex appeal and the rumor that she had foreign family. They didn't want to question, say, her eccentrically gothic-leaning fashion or bossy nature in fear of coming off as insensitive. She was very clever for keeping subtle reminders to students to not fall in the trap of ad hominem when bringing an issue up. Of course the unholy entity would disperse attention from her personal attributes.

There was a new student who was much less willing to let her eccentricity just slide by, though.

Although she didn't mean to, Kyōko easily connected this student to Byakuya. He wore glasses and had that same grumpy-yet-classy look, and the same disdain for letting things slide and basic peer-to-peer trust. And also pretty handsome-looking.

It was just a very easy correlation; the detective wasn't actively looking into getting off to the thought of him. Togami was insufferable, and it was already enough work to get him on the level where they could be called friends. Not that he wasn't an absolute looker, with a very smooth voice, and a combo of height and clean air of superiority that made her heart skip and her lungs pause whenever he got his face too close. She... did feel arousal from him sometimes, just not as a conscious choice.

Though to be fair, the times she got off to Byakuya's basically cuter opposite, Makoto (short and dark-haired and with a cheerier voice and friendly aura) were usually not consciously brought on either.
The stuck-up student in the book did not buy Kumatora's default explanations about her teaching success being built on discipline and a high maintenance of self-esteem. Private sessions, she says, are about curbing self-doubt. He's suspicious. He's not the only one to be, but he's the only one doing something about it now. Further suspense is added by the intra-monologues that point out how previously suspicious students tended to show up one day suddenly calmed and stating that the teacher showed them the way and how there really was nothing to worry about after all.

She did give sessions free of charge for people struggling with grades. She also fit troublesome students in her private schedule at no cost as she "looked out for classroom order". Just about anyone else got told the schedule was full or was charged a price high enough to make them usually give up.

So after being given explanations that didn't seem good enough and having the subject changed as obvious avoidance, Nori-kun, not being convinced and sure that she was hiding something, asked for one of those private sessions.

Kumatora pulled the "full schedule" card. Unfettered, the student sneakily showed a wad of cash under his blazer. So much for already seeming like Togami. There was a close-up of a knowing look from the teacher, along with a speech bubble: (I guess I can try to find a spot for you, though.)

The time skip to said day was expected, the locale being after-hours school. The gym-appended classroom that had some of the athletics supplies and very few chairs. It was immediately suspicious, but the woman shut down his question with a way too collaborative- (Oh, that's where the music player is, I let students listen to stuff they like in sessions. Would you rather go somewhere more boring?) Which forced him to just take the reasoning.

Kyōko was not ready for how quickly things started. As soon as the door was closed, the teacher was devouring his lips, Her sharp teeth dug into his bottom lip, loosening rivulets of blood; her tongue now seemed longer, invasive.

Nori tried to protest all the while, but a pan showed she had already taken his flip phone due to accurate x-ray vision, so he couldn't call for help.

It was a very explicit frenching scene, and Kirigiri grew warm. Kissing like this was something she really wanted to try, and a lot of the fantasies that got her feeling hot under the collar ended up being derails from imagining long kissing sessions.

Among the slow rising, simmering heat, Kirigiri picked up all the articulations her brain was making about the scene. A poignant rapist would have already used a form of gag or tape for extra security as the school is still with people. Lips heal relatively quickly but such wounds would be easily visible long enough for a proof photo. She is taking off his clothing carefully, as one would to avoid rips and fluid stains getting on them.

Kyōko shook her head and unbuttoned the two bottom buttons of her shirt to start grazing along the skin around her breasts. No. This is not a realistic rape case or a law story. The woman is a literal demon with x-ray and brainwashing powers who just cloaked the room with a silence spell. It's time to enjoy yourself, not work. Although this natural ability is what got her accepted into her father's academy, she had already spent all afternoon in detective mode. This was horny mode time.

Her mildly stressed body from a long day thankfully gave in to the determination, as massaging over her bra and starting to squirm her thighs together helped her mood sizzle up. Nori-kun looked pretty hot trying to glare through the fog in his mind, as Kumatora employed a substance through her saliva that disoriented and weakened him, but wasn't too overbearing or controlling, as "it would just be
They were both attractive-looking characters. The demon left scratches on his toned torso, long black nails just grazing his waistline, above the jeans that were still bound to be taken off. Kyōko felt a phantom sensation of nails slightly tracing her own skin and shivered.

There was a big bust awaiting when Kumatora took off her upper clothing, with a silly sound effect projecting on the side. The nipples were pretty detailed, and Kyōko could feel her own start to definitely harden when the demon took her student's smaller hands and forced them to squeeze on her boobs.

Every time there was a grunt of sigh shown as coming from Nori, Kyōko ended up reading them with Byakuya's voice, and it made her feel a little out of breath. She could already feel herself start to grow wet, and slipped the hand out from her shirt to put it under her skirt instead.

She idly rubbed herself through her panties, finding that even small details in the drawings helped spike her arousal further- hands grasping waists, reddened ears, beads of sweat running down necks. It was just an invitation to project the same feelings, but it was definitely helping. Like a fantasy, except you weren't stopped by running out of ideas, or not knowing what to think next.

Touching yourself to the flow of something that is new, that's not of your own making, certainly makes it different.

Kyōko could no longer feel the damp coolness of the toolshed; her body having grown heated enough that she was her own flame. She reached past her blazer, past her shirt, and unhooked her bra. It was a little less stifling like that, a little more sensitive as she let the straps coil down her arms and her nipples come into contact with much softer fabric.

Kumatora was leaving many bites. Sucks and pricks of blood, that soon disappeared due to her ability to heal. Like silent contracts. And they seemed to work like small injections of ecstasy, as Nori was getting drops of composure and his trousers were shown to be bulging and spiking in response.

That erection looked pretty active. Kyōko felt herself want to just sit on it.

The teacher deftly took off his pants, shoving them off on fluid-safe distance. The dick was somewhat large and a twitchy mess, already drooling. The dialogue veered into her trying to rattle on him, way past the pretense of being a human teacher and talking freely about being a vampiric boss in the underworld. That she has treated so many disobedient students like this, being much nicer to the ones that behaved but were just failing grades.

Kumatora stroked him, his face starting to slack and soften. Kyōko kneaded at her breasts and pulled at her nipples in the same rhythm, slightly gone in a half fantasy of imagining Byakuya under her.

She switch her hand back to her aching folds when the teacher straddled Nori and seized his neck, impaling herself on his erection without any letup. It made her start panting and letting out the quietest moans, fluids slowly getting to seep through her underwear.

It wasn't to the level of choking, but it still left marks in the student's delicate neck, and the claws still drew out tears at skin and from his eyes. It was very satisfying to see Togami in her mind's eye, wrecked and forcefully submitted, snobbish air completely replaced with need.
Nori was ravaged without being able to say a word. Kumatora was sucking out his energy and feeding herself, becoming an increasingly daunting force while the boy could do little more than taste the sweet and agonizing pleasure granted by a true demon. Even though she likely did this to many students, she was still thrilled for the meal.

Multiple angles and details that had Kyōko shuddering showed the flow of cum, the tightening around and skin-on-skin sliding and Kumatora's eyes going full snake-slitted while Nori's just rolled unfocused in his orgasm. He looked like he would pass out and have his soul downright taken.

There was no telling if he was still conscious after it, but the teacher talked anyways.

(I have now taken your sweet, sweet virginity. It empowers me... I have also eaten some of your dreams, fears and that pesky feistiness of trying to uncover me... Doesn't it feel good to be filtered by me? You will become a tame model student... you probably won't miss those chunks of your free will and personality at all ♥)

A vampire of discipline, sucking out energy but leaving such a perfect tool in its wake that she doesn't draw dissent. As long as a materialist society champions what one can do over who they are and what makes them unique, no one will look into what exactly is happening to make these students a perfect fit for the job market.

An interesting deconstruction in an obviously masochistic porn work, but frankly, Kyōko couldn't quite care about unwrapping meta about the storyline when her core was throbbing for more sexy.

This chapter was not done, either; on the next school day, the deuteragonist POV changed. Nori was shown to be oddly peaceful and unprovoking now, and his friend was giving him glances from the other table with obvious concern.

Said friend had shown up a couple times before, his name was Miyoshi. He was shy-looking and easily reminded her of Chihiro or Makoto. As Kumatora had healed every bite and welt from Nori and he didn't keep the memory, there was no proof left of anything weird happening. Other than, well, the change in attitude.

It wasn't a bad change, but it was too alien, and Miyoshi felt spooked. He’d told his friend that he should stop being so suspicious and upticked about Kumatora-sensei, that he should just let it slide and enjoy the opportunity of graduating from her class. Being stubborn, he'd said no. And now, after the session to find out more, he was like that.

Which was scary, and more notable to Miyoshi than when it happened to the other students who he hadn't known enough about before anyway. But he had to be courageous and talk to the teacher. No prizes for guessing what was going to go down.

The blood pumping within Kirigiri made her go through the plot much quicker and more haphazardly now.

(Why do they all leave like that?)

(That's just how they end up as a preference. It's not always the same, you know.)

(But... at least in my time here, none of them seemed to have failed that...)
(Oh, there are indeed no failures. No one is a failure if they believe. What I mean is it could be different... What are you thinking? That I have a brainwashing machine?) Kumatora giggled.

Miyoshi did ask for a private lesson, even though he was a good student, and said he didn't want to end up like... that. The woman accepted, even for a discount, but informed him that it was to be at least two weeks from now. Probably spacing out her supernatural-feeding schedule.

She showed craftiness and consistence. When the day of the lesson was due, Kumatora used the same gym-adjacent classroom and actually turned on the soundbox.

(Why... why stretching exercises, sensei?)

(They won't be just stretching exercises. See, the reason all students leave off better, which scares you... is how we work on self-esteem and curbing evil spirits. With exercise, you get more blood rushing, more oxygen into your brain. You can feel smarter.)

Miyoshi looked mighty cute in gym shorts. It was easier to tether him to Makoto in Kyōko's mind due to the height; Chihiro sported longer hair and was a good ten centimeters shorter than Naegi. And it worked just fine for her. Seeing the character start spreading over the cushion, more skin than cloth, and subconsciously thinking of the person she had more than just a little crush on - was way fine.

Kumatora was very good with her cover, to the point it could be a legitimate session. She made questions and guided him - even if very closely, brushing arms and hips and leaning over. And any reader knew that this façade wouldn't be lasting.

All the apparently accidental physical contact had Miyoshi becoming increasingly nervous as he did stretches and stands. Could it be a foreign culture thing? Did she notice? Of course she did. She was simply waiting for him to tire out a little more.

The music was so peaceful, and he had started needing to breathe harder. Like the thick expectation that comes before a tiger suddenly jumps from the grasses, or a viper lashes. And when he was standing with legs spread, bending over to try and touch the ground as forward as he could, she grabbed his balls, gently squishing and rolling them in her palm.

(K-Kumatora-sensei!?)

He almost fell forward. What kept him from falling was, ironically, the grip on his jewels - though his hands quickly shot about to share the weight off the cushion.

Kyōko followed the teacher's hand ministrations as, unanswered to his indignation, she rubbed away between his thighs. Long pushes with the palm; naturally it didn't have the same effect on her as it probably did on him, but it added up nevertheless...

And if only she could do this to that certain someone too, ungh.

A hot, impatient breath puffed out of Kirigiri's mouth. Managing two hands between rubbing herself, turning the pages and holding the flashlight was too annoying- she tucked it on her shoulder and held it in place with her head, solving that issue.

And her panties were just - becoming too wet for her to continue like this. An idea, something that she always did in her room actually, came to mind and set her neck and face aflame. It's too dark and
I'm alone here, it won't make a difference.

Kyōko felt her heart pounding harder, an awful-great thrill on simply taking off and chucking the underwear somewhere close behind her. It just made things easier. Her right glove was pulled off too, the skin now clammy even despite the breathable material. Fingering herself with gloves on was... usually a bad idea unless she had some kind of lotion to outslick the fabric.

Direct touches amped up her sensitivity, and she didn't care for mirroring Kumatora's roaming and violating hands, now more focused on feeling every sensation travel in jolts down to her crotch.

The teacher wasn't nearly as rough as she had started off with Nori, and her bites were softer, "just-in-case" types, licking out only enough energy so that Miyoshi would not run away.

Protests that turned into babble, sighs, confused vowel drags. Kumatora splayed her lips against the bulging shapes in the student's shorts, levying kisses and near-bites, and Kyōko grunted and sighed as she imitated it against her own, non-facial lips.

Miyoshi had been turned on his back onto the cushion, his legs rapidly pushed shut so his bottom pieces could be pulled off. The dextrous, demonic speed of doing that so quickly then immediately pulling his legs wide open again gave him further whiplash.

(Nn-noo, sensei, this is not appropriate...!)

Kyōko felt the air nearly knocked out of her as her mind read that in Makoto's voice.

Did she know she was this weak?

She had to swallow to remoisten her throat, and her working hand started feeling honestly disconnected from her brain. It simply followed her need for pleasure, rubbing and pinching and near-entering.

At this point a couple panels in, Kumatora was licking and mouthing Miyoshi's bare cock, lavishing it. Definitely something the detective has fantasized about at points - including getting an intrusive thought about it while sliding a piece of chocolate around her mouth, which had caused her to choke on it and the remaining coffee. And she got weird looks and her throat tasted bitter for a half hour, but the point is, she invited the manga's new turn wholeheartedly.

As the teacher dipped the erection into her mouth and got strings of hearts and moans out of him, Kirigiri joined three of her fingers and spread her entrance before sliding inside with purpose. A tongue would do a great job, but naturally, she didn't... she couldn't, this is the best she could do for herself right now and alone.

She panted and started letting out her voice now, still a little subdued - she wasn't loud, but it was more than filling in the dead silence of everything else. The focus on the drawings would clash with the flutter of her eyes revealing a strikingly similar situation behind lids. Her brain decoded mouth on dick, but her walls squeezed over her own fingers in a response to visualizing dick in her.

"Naegi..." Sweat was dragging on her skin, clinging to clothes.

Kumatora's fangs cradled him perfectly, blunt parts grazing and playing without ever slicing or prickling the reddened skin. Whether by his own volition or not, Miyoshi had started to grasp at her
hair as she bobbed on him. He warned he was getting close. The smirk she gave with him still in her mouth was eerie, another glimpse into her demon nature. She descended on his length until the points of her fangs aggrievingly nudged the skin around his base, and several exclamation marks as his head was shown to bump on her throat. Kirigiri, in echo, slammed her fingers as deep inside as she could manage, knuckles stretching out the opening.

The teacher swallowed his load very willingly, with a shot of fluid connecting as she popped off and licked the last bit of cum. The next panels were of Miyoshi’s glazed over orgasm expression, his form suddenly being shadowed by Kumatora looming over his form.

She gave him a seductive look with tongue slipping out, clambering over him with purpose, the obvious knowledge of what was going to happen sending crackling sparks down Kyōko’s spine-

A notable creaking noise followed by an unsubtle gasp had her tensing instantly, ministrations stopping.

The lantern slipped out of her shoulder hold and clattered to the floor, rolling and setting its light back on the visitor.

She rarely felt anything like mortification, but this sensation was pretty close, her entire body flaring with shock and starting to sizzle with self-conscious embarrassment.

Very few people came to the garden at night. Even fewer would dare come close to the dark shed. But of course there was someone who not only found reasons to sometimes, but also had a talent that specifically upped the chances of a probability disaster like this going down.

Times like this remind her to not doubt the veracity of that talent.

It would have been cowardly to not look up. Yet seeing Makoto’s wide-eyed, flushed, almost fearful face, she kind of wishes she didn’t.

"I'm... sorry! I'll leave right now!" He tried to back out, only to slam his shoulder on the doorway and nearly trip.

"Wait!" She shouted, hoping it sounded urgent enough that he'd listen. "Wait, Naegi." She settled her legs down, letting her skirt do its covering job, and hurriedly peeled on her glove. It did feel fairly disgusting to shove the slick right fingers in the cool pockets, but her racy brain prioritized covering the hand over cleaning it.

Although he looked really hesitant - thankfully he’d stopped -, the boy eventually turned his head back to her, red still high on his cheeks, though he could at least look at her now.
Kyōko knows she's likely a mess, face and neck flushed and breasts pushing free against her shirt without the bra cupping them (hopefully not as conspicuous as she felt them to be). And yet she told him to wait. The feeling wasn't eloquent in her fuzzy mind, but if he ran now it'd be like losing him, somehow.

"Don't run." The girl requested. "... Stay."

There isn't anything to be said along the lines of "it's not what you think" or "it's a misunderstanding", because it is exactly as it looks like. The booklet in front of her was obviously porn and she had been drastically exposed and obviously lacking in underwear when light reached her.

Makoto still doesn't look directly at her, and apologizes again, slower this time. "I'm sorry, I thought I heard something, but the lights were off, and I was worried and it was like someone was being called, I. Did not mean to."

"It's... alright." It isn't. Having him actually be here just made her feel headier with want. The silence made even his breath clear to hear, *he's here, real, touchable.*  "Why are you here so late?"

"One of the chickens wasn't acting normal so I'm back to check on her. It seems there's something stuck on her foot and it's infecting, so I headed here for um, maybe one of those pliers and if possible something to wash and wrap it... but I heard... those..." He seemed too embarrassed to finish the sentence.

Kyōko felt her ears burn under her hair. Figures that in such a dead silence she could be heard through the wooden walls, even with moans she considered quiet enough. She wondered if he could pick up his name among them, but he would have probably mentioned it if he did. The birds didn't cross her mind at any point, as they were always asleep in their coop the rare times she visited at night. A few people did go see them during the day sometimes, including the ultimate ornithologist, but the latter pretty strictly slept as early as nightfall and woke up in time with the songbirds around 5:30 am.

Maybe Naegi finding her here and now really is a convoluted result of his Luck, good or bad.

"I... see." Kirigiri manages to say, far too aware of her misplaced and lacking underwear with him in the room. Her panties were at least safely behind her, away from view.
His hands are fidgeting in front of his chest. "I'm sorry about... interrupting. I'm not going to tell anyone, you know, about you... here..."

"It's my first time."

"Huh?"

She never feared him opening his mouth about this - he wasn't the type to. But she felt compelled to be sincere, and to keep him here. "This is actually the first time... that I've done this here. Other students come here for these mangas, and I knew about them, but I never read them myself before."

"Oh- they- they aren't yours, then- n-not that I thought Kirigiri-san kept those kinds of books!" The brunet immediately added.

"I admit I thought they were too basic and uninteresting for me before, but..." But clearly basic needs don't function by intellectual taste. "Can't know until you try."

Her head was ringing with lust. Even though by all normal circumstances she should have gotten totally turned off with the scare, the manga and fantasy with a Naegi facsimile just blended seamlessly into the actual reality with Naegi. Her body wasn't seeing the issue when instead of a set of 2D images she could now have the real thing.

You can have him! You can have him! Just say something!

As long as you're sincere, and don't outright trap him.

He probably wants you too.

She was still very much lacking air. All thought processes led to him- what a fallen detective she was right now. Her bright pale eyes met his, direct-indirect. "Could you... help me?" She reached out with a hand.

"Ah- sure, sure." Makoto swallowed. Still nervous and red and careful as he approached, as if she were sacred. He thought that by helping, she'd meant help her get up. She couldn't really blame him on that.

So she took his hand, but instead of letting him pull her up, she yanked him right down.
For that one second, his green-tinted eyes went wide, and he fell fully on her. Her adrenaline was high enough that there was no pain whatsoever, but it was a mess, and her nerves flared just to feel him against her.

He straightened up, hands everywhere before they finally caught the support of the floor properly. "Wo- wowowo-" When his head was back up, their eyes were so, so very close. "Kyōko?!

Her blood flashed and a charged silence sizzled on when both realized, right away, that he'd said her first name. Both their sets of lungs went still for this moment.

The boy pressed the side of his hand to his mouth, as if he maybe expected a chide from her.

If she was honest, she wanted him to say it again. But she had other ways of digging her - them? - deeper. "Makoto..." Kirigiri followed after his spontaneous saying of her name, voice heavy with want. "Did you see what I was doing, when you got in?"

"Y-yes. You were... ah, tending to yourself." He replied, sweat gathering behind his neck.

"Elaborate." The detective demanded, having a goal set.

"Masturbating."

" Elaborate. " She restated, fingers tugging at the back strands of his hair with light desperation.

Makoto swallowed, a deeper color brewing in his face. "You... were... p-putting your fingers inside yourself. Many fingers. Deep."

As much intimately descriptive as that was, Kyōko had spent a fair amount of time building up pleasure, and embarrassment became a smaller preoccupation in face of her need for more. "Do you think I wanted to stop?"

"No. You did not."

"And I also... didn't want you to leave."

Naegi nervously stayed quiet, the conflicting information wrapping itself in so many possible explanations sprinkled with the context in his head.
"Do you want to leave?"

"N... no."

"Be sincere- I would let you go."

"I want to stay."

Kyōko pressed his face down on her neck, holding him tightly and enjoying his warmth. "Here with... me?"

His arms slowly wound around her, careful, mindful, and returned this kind-of-hug. He made an affirmative noise, and she let go of his hair to let him move easier if he wanted. With the skewed, focused beam of light from the lantern, she could still see all the reflection in his eyes and the dark flush on his face.

She wanted to kiss him. Fuck.

"I'm just... pretty nervous about all this, do you want me... want me to-"

Her thumb slid over his lips. "Help me? Yes. I'll let you do... whatever you want. I want you to. But if you start just, please - no second thoughts. If you choose to take me up on it... stay here until the end, don't leave without me."

Maybe she should have just told him to leave before. Maybe she should just have- taken his hand to get up and not bring him down, tell him to forget he's seen any of this. Maybe she should have acted like a person with better self-preservation and not like someone who's been trying to suppress a growing crush on this stupidly nice boy and was so close to climax when he came in.

Kirigiri wasn't supposed to leave herself so open as to make her walls seem to have a dysfunctional gate. But she wanted to climb on him, eat him up and soothe this frustrating, aching heat.

She suddenly remembered to draw her finger away, struggling with the wish to stroke all of his face instead.

"Is it because of me, or just because you are... you know..." Makoto mumbled.

"Really horny? It's fine to say it. It's just the truth."

The moment of dumbfounded, stunned-awkward silence was broken with a warm giggle, something that sounded so rare - so cute - coming from her. "Ah, you're in a normal emotional state, so of course it's weird for me to boldly say things like that - maybe we talk... later."

He nodded, touching his hands to hers. "After... this."

"Yes. Please." Some urgency slipped into her tone.

Makoto nodded again, quicker, still nervous. Kyōko distractedly grazed along his thighs as he started touching her, tentatively gliding fingers along her face and stroking her neck. It made her squirm a
little, with the amount of edge she'd been on before; she pushed on a little closer, which redirected his attention to her shirt-covered yet free-hanging breasts in an attempt to do better.

The detective bit her lip; this was good, absolutely, but it was not good enough. Her core was screaming for more, for a proper continuation of what she had been doing. "Wait." She halted him, holding his wrist tightly. "It's not that I don't want- but right now, I really need..." Her voice was slightly apologetic, though the neediness in it far outweighed that.

"Oh, okay, okay." The brunet muttered, flustered, thinking he must understand. He looked down. "Your skirt..."

With a quick, deep breath, Kirigiri parted her thighs and grasped the end of the skirt with her left hand, lifting it up and uncovering everything up to her waistline. There was a shame to the thought of doing that, but the look on Naegi's face spiked her arousal in a way fantasy couldn't match. His blush looked even darker, if that was really possible.

"Please don't make me wai- aah- ah- ahnnn-" Kyōko's plea turned into a soft noise as the boy actually complied with her wanton need faster than expected, his palm sliding along her outer lips as if to test the place and immediately getting slathered in her fluids.

"Tell me how to do it." He said, just wanting her to let him know if he was doing anything wrong. He did wish this could be slower, to give him time to explore and learn at a more reasonable pace, but he was eager to do right and feared not being what she needed.

Makoto's fingers searched and as they did so, Kirigiri turned his wrist, making it strictly angled palm up. This ended up letting his pointer and middle slide up right inside her, slick, so easy, and the immediate clench around him that subsequently loosened made his heart pound.

"Don't stop moving... No matter what." She advised, pushing lightly against his fingers. An arm wound over his shoulders, syncing them closer together, sparking urgency along to him.

Naegi had to part his legs as far as they would go to even fit how close she was pressing to him, her own a mix of wide and half-clambered over one of his thighs. Even in this heated, somewhat odd position, he managed to keep jerking his hand, stroking deeper inside her as other fingers scrabbled to rub and squeeze the plump surrounding areas. Kyōko could care less for the occasional scratch and pinch of nail, so long as he didn't stop.

Her lips were pressed tight together, trying to muffle the song her pleasured nerves wanted to let out. Fingers digging into his hoodie, she panted, "A thir...d, you can..."

Makoto took a second to understand and comply, switching the role of his fourth finger from outside to slide inside in tandem with the others. It felt tighter, which sent a little spark coursing through his body, but he still tried to keep up on speed.

It took him a little off-guard when Kirigiri reached down to align her hand with his. She pressed his thumb over a hoody thing, a nub, and coaxed him to rub it. Her head arched forward, basically
headbutting his collar as a few shivers ran on her skin. She seemed to be trying so hard to keep her noise down.

"Ah... it's fine if you make sou-" Makoto jolted when he felt teeth dig into his neck, a breathless 'ow' finishing his sentence instead. Heat spread through him in waves as she seemed to start sucking without really being aware of it, more rapid humping reminding him to not stop moving.

His left hand clung to her behind to pull her in more securely and his right continued with its fast-learning multitasking, pumping the three fingers inside in a stocky rhythm and swiping along her clit with his thumb. Kyōko was so gone in arousal her pace was entirely offset with his, muffled moans vibrating into the red skin of his neck, riding his hand with enough strength that she was basically forcing it to push back against his lap.

"Mmmnn....! Mmn!... Ah!" Her head suddenly snapped back and her fingers at his shoulder dug into him, flexing, needily squeezing - he'd crooked and hooked the fingers inside her, but was that bad?

"Nnnah... egi!"

Kyōko felt beyond hot, the pressure around him feeling like lava, stark even as his temperature was chasing her own. "I'm... here." He replied a little dumbly, barely able to keep up with her erratic movement.

There were pauses and shudders and her breath started to become a staccato, head blanching as orgasm tightened her up. She clung to the luckster like a lifeline, all sensations converging and spreading out everywhere at the same time.

Makoto didn't stop even then, bless him being so loving and helpful. She pulsed so much around him, almost as if a morse code message was being transported through - and more sticky fluid coated over his hand.

Panting harshly, Kyōko leaned heavily against him, tapping his arm to signal him to stop; he'd at least slowed considerably though.

He never thought he would hear a sound like this one coming from her - a drawn out, soft whine as he withdrew his fingers - ever in his life. It weaved several tingles through his spine as he looked at her, wide eyed, the layers of disbelief now able to really crash on him now that it was all done.

"Hmmm... nice." Kyōko breathed. "With more than... feeling someone... it's nice."

"Certainly! I mean... thank you for letting me." He glanced down at his glistening fingers, still hot and a little mesmerizing. The detective took it as a cue to hold his wrist and use the fabric of her skirt to clean it up. Makoto wasn't expecting that, but let her do it anyway.

"Maybe I pressured you more than I thought. Not that I was thinking a lot, for my usual... And I'm still not."

"I mean, you seemed kinda... reasonable to me?" The brunet placed a nervous hand on his neck, feeling its clamminess as the recent memories of finding her like that resurfaced. If she had been even more gone, would she have asked for different things? On the other hand, if she'd had barely started, would she have told him to leave?
"Maybe only because we happened to want the same thing." She sighed. "If you hadn't wanted it at all, nothing I said would have really held up."

"And yet you... you still tried. Talking to me."

"Mmm. Yeah."

"Because I'm gullible, right?"

"No, because I like you." Kyōko pretended to not look at him as his face bloomed a new shade of surprised red, seeming to glance over the strewn mangas instead. "I should start putting these back."

"Y-yeah, I should go try to find what I came for." Naegi internally agreed that going for deeper thoughts wouldn't really work right now. He was still kind of light-headed after all. Though the circulation in his legs also felt a little fuzzy as he shifted to start getting up.

As he stood, Kirigiri's eyes caught on his waistline, which was right in front of her. At a distance it might have gone unnoticed, but when he was taking up most of her vision, it was impossible to miss the little tent sidelining the crotch of his pants.

It was still an almost blink-and-miss time window, as he just turned to the desk to rummage the drawers.

She shot out her hand and caught the hem of his trousers below the back. "Wait. Go back."

Makoto crouched back in front of her, partially because if he didn't her attention-catching tugs on his waistband could have easily ended up yoinking his pants down.

"Um, what is it?"

He didn't actually need to hear a response, as the dropping of her stare was an answer in itself. The luckster went red as he immediately remembered he was still pretty turned on, the sensation of his erection straining inside his pants having gone on so long with him ignoring it that it slipped his mind.

"Oh- oh."

"Why didn't you say something?"

"W-what would I say?!"

Kirigiri smiled at his cuteness. "Well... with the heat of the moment, it would have made sense for you to ask something of me too." She traced down the line of his hoodie zipper, coyly poking the bulge once she reached his waist. "Like a hand, maybe."

His hand hovered next to hers, as if he were ready to stop her. "I wasn't paying attention, I was just-overwhelmed by all of you."

Stop being adorable? "Would you have asked me to help?" She cupped him, making a little groan slip out of his lips as she started massaging.
"I don't know..." Naegi's hand fell onto his leg for a grounding grip, breath starting to falter as the pleasure quickly built up from finally being touched where his body craved.

"I kinda made it hard for you to refuse before. So this is more than thanks." Kyōko scooted closer still to him, making their positions similar to when he was touching her. She rubbed underneath his bulge, pressing her palm into the contour of his sac and coaxing him to raise his hips a little bit, which made it easier to rub all around his groin and up between his thighs.

"Mmmn-" Makoto raised a hand to bite at in order to cut off his noise in the quiet shed, but the detective made sure to grab it and start kissing the back of it instead. That just made his fingers shake as he moaned with little way to hold back, rubbing his clothed arousal responsively back into her firm touches.

She really, really hoped he would finish quickly, because seeing him practically fuck her hand was brewing pleasant tingles in her abdomen again. And she didn't want to untimely grow heated again when she was just done being incredibly horny.

Thankfully, his voice was already becoming very interesting and telltale in the increasingly breathless noises. His head was starting to hang and his eyebrows were furrowing, and Kyōko had begun feeling the moist patch at the tip of his cock much easier.

"Here." She basically pulled him onto her lap, fingers switching from rubbing at the bulge up and down to instead focus on massaging at the tip. making him shout-squeak.

"Wait, Kiri- I'm already-" His sentence was cut short by a gasp as his head dropped into her shoulder at the sudden first wave of orgasm, nails digging almost painfully into her.

She made a point to look at his crotch even though it just made heat coil tighter inside her; the raspy pleased sighs by her ear almost synchronized with the twitches of his cock, a thick white fluid just barely managing to ooze through two layers of fabric. She didn't think twice to fist over his tip and gather the surfacing goop, squeezing out the amount that managed to push out of the dark pants.

"Kiri..." A shudder, his ahoge reacting in jolts against her neck, "Kiri... nnm."

Kyōko pulled him back a little and dared kiss him on the lips, a lingering smooch through his dazed state. Soft, just on this side of wet. It just dazed him even more.

She wiped her hand on the already far-from-pristine skirt, and used its hem to rub over his crotch as well. It wasn't exactly a good cleaning job, but it was the best she could give for now.

"Hey. Naegi-kun." She thought of using his first name, it wouldn't be the first time tonight; but her mind was clearer and it felt a little out of place still. This was still a shed, not a shared bed. Tasks had to get done. "I'll fix myself up. The books were all inside this box here, if you want to help."

He blinked, still trying to process everything. "Oh- um! Oh, of course-"

Kirigiri clicked off the lantern's light, leaving them in complete darkness. The outlines of the door and small holes to the outside could be seen, but nothing else.
"Um... did the battery run out?" Naegi moved off her lap, looking to where their light source used to be.

"No, I turned it off. I'm going to get clothes back on, after all." The detective had little trouble reaching back and finding her panties, getting up with only a small wince (sitting for so long and it was so sticky) and putting her legs through the holes.

"Ah..." He trailed off in understanding. As she fixed up her bra and shirt, she could hear shuffles of him tapping at the ground trying to collect the manga.

"Alright." Kyōko reached down for the lantern and clicked it back on. "I'll search for those things you wanted, since I know this place better."

"Thank you. It... will be nice if I don't have to go all the way to the infirmary." He packed the strewn manga back into the box, now that he could actually see what he was doing, just placing them over the shavings. They should go under them, but it probably wouldn't make a difference until the next pervert came around.

Kirigiri recalled all the types of items she found here before, as keeping inventory was the current way to notice anything shifty; so she didn't have to rummage a lot. "I found these pliers here. I think they might be what you want?" She shuffled out the tool, showing it to him.

"Yeah, those will be fine."

"There is also this alcohol."

"But- some alcohol, from a toolshed... couldn't it be one of those dangerous ones?"

"It's isopropyl. So it's what you're looking for if your bird needs something for disinfecting."

"Oh, I see. I... thank you, Kirigiri-san. You didn't have to help with this."

"You also didn't have to give me an orgasm, but you did." Kyōko informed, making him almost choke on a splutter.

"F...fair." Makoto conceded, picking a hard plastic cup from a stack. "Let's get going, I left the coop lights on and it's probably annoying the chickens that want to sleep."

He was so considerate- even a situation like this felt oddly safe with him. Despite what they had just done. Maybe he wanted to talk about it - she very much did - and even then the concept didn't feel...
"Naegi... you were truly okay with all that?"

"Yeah. I just haven't processed it yet...?"

"Hm. Same."

She wondered if he'd accept it if she invited him here to read these manga with her, another time.

Chapter End Notes

... if you're curious, none of those manga are actually real. I just got common tropes and put them together to make something believable. That said, I wouldn't be surprised if you found doujin that matched those exact descriptions.

Also, as the updated general summary says, I made a Discord server for other DR smut authors and fans to meet up... it could be a trainwreck, or it could work. I'm probably going to get that link off soon-ish depending on how that goes. (lots of people scares me.. 🙁)
Chapter Summary

Short 24 | 5.856 w

1. ► Komahinanami + watersports, public nudity, unwanted horniness [3.206]
   「Nanami gets stung by a jellyfish, and Nagito knows exactly what to do with their limited resources. Hinata's brain doesn't like anything about the situation (but his body sure does).」

2. ► Hinanami-ish + omorashi [1.613]
   「Drinking up late at night and setting off in the morning to meet a friend with little sleep in your system is a bad idea. Especially when you get prone to falling asleep and ending up with said friend sleeping as well on top of you. Very especially when you haven't pissed since before the drink hangout. Hajime kind of hates his decisions.」

3. ► Hinanami-ish + omorashi, awkwardness, peeing outside [1.147]
   「No one would just stumble across him while he sneaks out in a deserted place to do what he needs to. Except, well, for the one specifically looking for him.」

Chapter Notes

I kinda hate having this kink, not gonna lie... yet I'm bound by my own thirst. (I wonder what others think when they find me writing this sort of stuff, haha.,)

I still have a lot in drafts. I put these 3 ficlets together due to similar settings (sdr2, Komahinanami, Hinanami).

I also want to point out that I don't do female omo/watersports. Nor will I ever do until further notice. So when any of this kinda chapters show up here, you can be assured any desperation or pee will be coming from us boys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hajime resurfaced with a gasp after another failed attempt at grabbing what could be a really pretty shellstone. The further from the beach, the murkier it got, so he had to carefully search the rocks by touch after diving.

"Hm. It's hard to get anything without being able to keep our eyes open underwater, huh?" Nagito commented.

"It's some price to pay for all the extra mobility." Was Chiaki's casual reply. Unlike those two, she was just floating and paddling about without any concerns.
"There's gotta be some proper swimming gear around the warehouses... Or we could get Kazuichi to break us a leg." Hinata said.

"You mean oxygen tanks and tubes?"

"No no. Just a good snorkel, maybe with a long detachable pipe. I don't wanna do deep diving. If some tentacle gets you down there, no one can hear you scream."

"You might be overestimating the size of things with tentacles there..." Komaeda scratched at his wet, pale chest. "Anyway. The hardest part of a snorkel would be a sufficiently tight rubber for around the eyes, but it should be no concern for a high grade mechanic like Sōda."

"I certainly hope he doesn't make the mouthpiece metallic or something like that."

A pained squeal interrupted their conversation, and the boys immediately turned to Chiaki. She had gone much further towards open sea than them, and was now attempting to swim backwards with an expression scrunched up as if she was hurting.

"Nanami! What happened?" Hajime inquired with concern.

"Slimy... sting... I saw they were jellyfish." She explained, voice hissing a little. When she found footing on the sand and carried herself out of the water, the other two followed with worry.

The stung area was trivially easy to spot; having been floating just under the surface, the jellyfish was stumbled upon and its tentacles caught the area under her collar and on her cleavage, with rashy redness coloring on the curves of her breasts down to her top. It was a striking sight contrasting her pale skin and the white swimwear.

"Oh. Damn." Hinata offered empathetically, seeing the damage.

"Was there a jellyfish group there?" Komeda asked, trying to gauge the seriety.

"I'm not sure...? I saw that paleness of a cap after the flare of the sting, and just backed away..." She winced, a hand instinctively raising, which Nagito immediately reprimanded while gesturing.
"Don't touch it. Don't touch it."

"What should I...?"

"I advise you take your top off. Is that alright?"

Hajime was immediately baffled at the suggestion, but Nagito was very calm and, if anything, seemed to know what he was doing.

Nodding, the girl carefully unlaced the top at the back, and Hinata could only stare with heat rising further in his cheeks as the coverings tipped over, exposing her breasts and the very edges of the red rash, that had indeed spread to under it.

Nagito cautiously got the piece of clothing off of her as if it were a snake - and flung it far off on the sand, presumably to do something about it later.

"Can you get some seawater, Hinata-kun?" The taller boy asked, and despite a bit of lag in his reaction, Hinata nodded. The waves were still barely getting to them so it was only a few steps to bend down and collect some of the water in both his hands.

"How is it feeling? Move as little as possible." Komaeda requested the gamer, seeing her expression that shifted between some pouts and grimaces.

"It hurts. Feels sorta warm and itchy too."

"Do I put the water on her?" Hajime paced over, hands cupped to not spill.

"Yes, put it over the rash, but be careful to not touch it with your hands." Komaeda skipped over to the sea line to get his own helping of water.

"Um, Nanami," Hajime began, blushing as he was unsure how to say it. Chiaki picked up on it immediately, however, and tipped her head back and upwards while pushing her chest out to make it easy for him. If it were not for the painful-looking rash and the delicate situation, the boy was sure such a pose would have killed him dead.

He carefully poured the water over the reddened area, personally not seeing how that would help given that she had just been in the sea, but he trusted Komaeda. It was weird to mentally recognize that you trust Komaeda, but still.

Said luckster came over with another portion of water, also putting it over the cleavage. Nanami sucked in a breath, "It doesn't hurt a lot... but it's still..." She quietly hissed.

"Hinata-kun, we brought sun lotion, right?"

"Right."

"Can you bring it over? The whole bottle."  

That seemed to make a little more sense. Hajime obediently walked over to their bag, which just had
the lotion and a couple towels. And a water bottle. He would figure that was better to treat the sting than salt water, but Komaeda knew they had it, so if he really meant fresh over salt he would have asked for it.

When he returned with the bottle, the other two seemed to be talking about something serious, though Nagito's expression looked surprisingly soft.

"I just need to know how you feel about it. If you don't want that, it's okay, but you'll have to wait here like this for a while until we get something else."

"You can do it... it probably wouldn't smell too different, anyhow." She sat up straighter, staying pretty still.

"Hm. You don't have to look either if you don't want to."

"It's fine. Don't be shy."

Hinata was pretty sure his heart nearly stopped when Nagito pulled down the hem of his swimming shorts and let his penis flop out.

"Oh... Hinata-kun. You can put the lotion down anywhere here. I have to... pee on her first." The luckster informed with a blush.

"I-is that... okay?" The brunet blurtled dumbly.

Chiaki made an affirmative "mhm" noise, and Komaeda said that this was their better immediate option and apologized.

Although mostly flaccid, Nagito's cock did look at least a little bit stimulated, like his own looks when he's in the shower and starts thinking of-

"I know this is a really lowly sight for people like you to have to witness..."

Hajime still kept close in case of... anything. He didn't have to watch, but he also couldn't actually look away as Nagito's cock began a spew of yellow liquid, which landed on Chiaki's torso before he adjusted it to fall as accurately as possible over the rash.
He had simultaneously way too many opinions about this situation and absolutely none. But he definitely felt things and his abdomen coiled hot with the sight of attractive dick and perfect breasts being doused with liquid that ran down a chubby tummy. He felt things about the dust of pink on Nagito's cheeks and the sitting Chiaki in front of him, about her own flush as large curious pink eyes looked from the penis down at the gentle landing point of urine between her mounds. Her expression seemed to soften.

"The warmth, it... actually feels nice. Like it hurts a little less." She commented.

"I'm glad." Komaeda sighed, making the tiniest adjustments of aim so that his pee reached every inch of the affected area.

It wasn't long before his flow stopped, and he squeezed out his last drops over the sand just by his feet. Hajime's groin was not chill about the way the fairet handled his cock.

He made himself decent again, which made Hajime even more aware that he'd been staring. He prayed to any god that could be listening that Nagito didn't notice that.

"Hinata-kun, can you help me with getting seawater again? We'll use the lotion after that."

"Ah. Sure..." If he were still trying to think, his thought would be that it wouldn't make sense to put water on it again, but trying to think about any of this just made his brain hurt. And his heart pound faster.

For another round, the boys scooped up water to drop on their friend, washing the pee off. Nagito also picked up large broken shell pieces, which probably tied into the process somehow. As stated, no thoughts.

After the dousing, Nagito picked up the lotion bottle that had been left on the sand.

"Nanami, open your hands please? Thank you." He squeezed a fair chunk of lotion onto her open palms. "Now spread that on the area carefully. I'll then scrape to get rid of the barbs that might still be there."

It was unfair, watching Nanami rub the lotion over her bosom as Komaeda gently slid and scraped a small piece of shell on her skin, replacing it when it broke, a hand holding just under her breast for precision.
Hajime had to use this time of their focus on the issue to adjust his swelling length inside his shorts, needing to resort to this bare minimum to keep decent. Not that it wasn't noticeable, but anything that made it less obvious was worth it.

And his efforts were for naught as soon as Nagito opened his mouth again.

"Hinata-kun, if you would, can you also pee on her?"

His ahoge jolted for what must at least be the third time within fifteen minutes.

"I also have to?!"

"It's a second rinse, and she said the warmth helps. So, it is better in this regard that we happen to have two people here..." Komaeda sat close to Chiaki, looking up at him expectantly. He seemed to be about to add something when the girl herself said,

"Can you do it, Hinata-kun? It does help with the pain." Her eyes also held expectation. The brunet wanted to scream; he couldn't bring himself to judge her, and although they were good enough friends that they wouldn't insist if Hinata said 'no', what was he going to say for himself? Sorry, I don't want to pull my dick out and show you how hard I got from seeing you two doing things naked. ????

"I-" His blush was surely reaching his ears at this point. It didn't help that the two also looked somewhat flushed themselves. He licked his lips (mouth felt so dry on that moment-) and nervously reached down, tugging the waistband past his hips.

For the briefest moment, he saw their pupils dilate. For as much as they said nothing, it was impossible not to feel very self-conscious about his large, stiff, glans-peeking-out-more-than-it-should member.

As at least fifteen seconds passed without anything happening, Nagito opened his mouth. "Hinata-kun, you d-"

But almost simultaneous to his words, a liquid stream started from the tip of Hajime's dick and arched into the aimed spot, splashing warmly on Chiaki's skin.

She flinched a little, more from the pressure that was a little stronger than Komaeda's stream had been, but the temperature was again soothing and pleasant.

His flow was a stronger jet as a result of force pushing through his stiff length, causing many more stray flecks to surge from the landing point. It didn't help in subduing his embarrassment, which showed clear from the red spread all across his face and his neck. Nanami relaxed into it nonetheless, fingers digging into the sand absentmindedly.
Looking away wasn't exactly something Hinata could do, since he had to keep sight of his aim. Not wanting to risk getting pee on her face meant keeping his eyes glued to her full breasts and it was *torturous* to keep his stream steady with such a sight. He wasn't going to try even looking at Komaeda. He knew he was staring at this super rare interaction.

By the time his bladder was empty, he wasn't even sure how *truly* empty it was. His cock was so hard and the tiny drips onto the sand below seemed to go on forever; he'd long averted his eyes from Chiaki at this point, which allowed him to see Nagito bringing over another handful of water.

"You did great, Hinata-kun." The fairet praised, carefully tipping the water onto Chiaki for some super simple cleaning.

It's not like there was much room to fuck that up.

Hajime quickly stuffed himself into his shorts and tried to make himself as presentable as possible, which didn't actually do *much*. *Very thankfully*, neither his friends have made any comments on his state.

"I can't put my top back on, right?" Nanami inquired, already having an inkling of it.

"No. We're gonna have to throw it away, sorry." Nagito walked over to the abandoned piece of clothing and picked it up by a back strap cautiously. "You can wrap your towel around yourself and we'll help you home. A hot bath will help."

The gamer's eyes shone at the idea of a hot bath. "Hmm... yeah, that sounds great."

The boys helped her drape the towel and Hajime took their bag while Nagito carried the bikini top with his fingertips. He didn't need *that* much caution, but he did so anyway.

No one was hanging around home street, which to be fair, was one of the most uninteresting spots on the island. By the entrance to Nanami's cabin, Komaeda dropped the clothing piece on the trash bin. Hinata found that to be a little wrong, but he didn't have better ideas.

Their cabins were all nearly identical in their original layouts, so inside Chiaki's, Nagito was swift to get to the bathroom and start running the hot water into the tub.
"Is it still hurting?" Hajime asked the girl, a little awkwardly.

She didn't understand why he seemed so restless. Things are fine now. "It's still warm and a bit itchy. But I'm alright. I'm grateful for you guys."

"Huh. I'm glad. I mean, they're no sharks or anything." Even though she'd been topless for all that time on the shore, the draping towel that she just barely had over her cleavage seemed to put him more on end than the full exposure. It was paradoxical. Could it be because they were in private, now?

"Nanami-san, your bath is good to go." Nagito chimed in, appearing from the bathroom.

"Oh! That's nice. Thank you, Komaeda-kun." She walked by him, but still leaned her head out the door to address, "It's okay for you to wait around anywhere in my room. Sorry our swimming got cut short..."

"It's okay, really. Your recovery is more important." Nagito waved as she closed the door. His swimming shorts were mostly dry by now, but he still set down a towel before casually sitting on her bed.

Eyebrows furrowed, Hinata asked something that had been stewing on the back of his mind all this time. "Komaeda, how did you know to do all that?"

"Hmm. In this island, there's actually a few pamphlets with specific info about the dangers here. It mentions, for example, that there are no sharks within a significant radius from the island and that they're small, and how we should not pick up anything from the seabed or reef to eat, and how this one fish has caused allergic reactions on over half of the people who tried eating it. I don't think anyone noticed or cared about those. Tsumiki pointed them out and I figured I should read all of it carefully to help any of the ultimates in case they got careless... it came in handy. Other than me and her, only Peko actually read those manuals. It talked about the jellyfish stings."

"Oh." The brunet felt like an idiot.

"It would have been easier if they put it up as signs in the cafeteria, or somewhere like that. The safety of Ultimates is very important, after all. But I don't blame you, it's not hard to overlook things like that in an island with so many things to do."

Thankfully he didn't go on about the Ultimates thing. Hajime would have been forced to get caught on the hook of distraction provided by that bare, pale, slightly unhealthy-looking chest and long collarbone. And covetous neck. And surging Adam's apple. And those thin li- oh man nevermind. His arousal hadn't died from then and it was not something he exactly wanted to deal with when he and Nagito were nearly naked together in a quasi-bedroom. Even if a completely naked Chiaki was beyond a wall close to them right now, which meant they weren't entirely alone. And oh, that thought didn't actually help at all!

"Hinata-kun, I'll wait for Nanami. But if you want to go back to your cabin and get dressed, that is fine with me."

Getting another layer of pants sounded pretty good. Spending some minutes at his cabin jacking all these feelings off also sounded good. But his mouth just went on the opposite track of that thought
process and said, "No, it's fine."

He could still leave at any time and say he changed his mind though. It was okay. And if he was still away by the time Chiaki came out of the bath, Nagito would just explain things to her.

A near-naked Nagito... talking to a solely-towel-covered Chiaki...

... "Where are you going?"

"Just gonna grab some water." Hinata frustrately sidled into the kitchenette and grabbed a glass. Was it only him? There's sufficient backup to thinking the other two could have gotten at least a little turned on. They probably just hide it better. Nagito's cock wasn't quite as sizeable as his, and the pattern on his trunks made it harder to notice any wrinkling, and of course he couldn't tell with Chiaki... or maybe they were just, more decent people?

Wait, would he try to remember her nipples in detail to know if they had gotten hard?

Wait, was he calling Komaeda a "decent" person now??

He filled a good portion of his glass with cold water and downed it, thinking that ice would help better. Some very cold water could help with this non-liquid related thirst if he tried hard enough.

Hajime looked at the nonplussed student in bed, then back at his glass.

*It would be so easy. Get both their shorts off, lay on Nanami's bed, squeeze up their dicks together and rub off--*

He launched the remaining cold water over his chest. *No! His cock needed a fucking grip- no, that's not what he meant!*

Nagito furtively glanced at the clearly worked up boy trying to turn himself off. He kind of wanted to help, but... well. He needed a plan. Coming up to the brunet and saying *'hey so I know you're super bisexual and I saw you hard gazing at Nanami's breasts and my dick so, do you want a hand? Or a mouth? Or, you know, my dick?"* was not, in fact, a plan.

It was still kind of tempting, though.

くコ:彡 - -------
"Yo."

"Hm? What's up?" Fuyuhiko glanced at Sōda, who was looking into the trashcan he had just tossed his thoroughly-munched straw inside of.

"Someone threw a heckin' bikini bra in here!"

"Wha- Don't you dare touch that shit!"

But he did, and he got stung by nematocysts left over in the fabric, and screamed about his fingertips. The end.

He should have said yes to one, no to the other. That would have been absolutely fine. But no, he had to be the extra nice guy and say yes to both.

Kazuichi and Akane wanted to hang out and drink with him at night. Hajime said, sure thing. Later on Chiaki, not knowing about the previous plans, asked him kindly if he could spend time with her at the beach early next morning. And he said, yes, that sounds great.

Now, it was strikingly obvious that staying up late doing a thing and then waking up early to do another thing was not a good combination. But he didn't have the heart to do cancels and now he was paying the price.

He went for drinks, and the alcohol still affected him even though he made sure to drink significantly less than his buddies. He went to sleep way too late, and it barely felt like he blinked before he had to get up to meet with Nanami at the shore.

Now, if it were anyone else, they would have likely taken one look at Hinata's my-soul-has-left-my-body expression and told him to go back to his cabin and have a proper sleep. But this was Chiaki. She considered laying down and napping on the sand a normal thing. Though it didn't help that he tried to brush off her concern even through yawns.

He hadn't even noticed when he fell asleep. One minute he was fighting drowsiness, the next he was dug halfway into the sand in a makeshift natural coffin.

And Chiaki, being Chiaki, simply joined in by his side in napping.

And now that he woke up, everything was bad.

Especially his need to piss. Drank the previous night, took water with his hurried breakfast to shoo off the harrowing alcohol even more, and didn't bother to relieve himself because he was late and out of it from exhaustion. Even though his bladder felt extremely heavy when he left his cabin.

Making things worse was Nanami's body trapping him on the ground. At some point during their nap she must have rolled on top of him and subconsciously thought of his body as some pillow or teddy bear. And she was still dead asleep. He knew that after trying to call her name and tapping her
head and shoulder.

If Hajime had been in a regular state, he could have brute forced her off of him without much trouble, even if it would be a rude awakening. But he was currently dead tired, his left shoulder ached from her extended weight, the slopes of sand around his body made movement even more difficult and oh, of course, his bladder was burstingly full and might not keep its control if he tries to manhandle the clingy dead weight off his body.

At least they were under shade, which meant no sunburns.

His brain was so overloaded with the need to piss that it was hard to think, but he did try calling for help, only for no one to show up. What was it now, like 8AM? Anyone with self-respect who gets up at this time in here would be in the cafeteria having breakfast.

When he wriggled, all it seemed to do was get more sand on top of him from the sides. It was like a trap.

Hajime spent longer and longer just trying to stave the sand off his arms, bladder throbbing. What could he do? Well, if he weren't stuck, there would have been options.

He could run to the bushes behind them. He could run to the water ahead of them, just get waist-deep, and let go. A bitten-off whine left him as the mental image wavered his control, and he tightly clamped Chiaki's thigh - which was between both of his - to wrestle control back. A dribble had escaped anyway.

Hajime didn't have time for this. There was- there was one option, and it was likely his only option at this time of thin-wearing control that didn't involve using aggression on his cute dumb idiot friend-crush.

He moved his heavy-feeling right arm and snuck his hand into his trunks. His dick legitimately felt hot from effort and was half-hard in its natural attempt to wrestle back urine. Despite Nanami's weight pressing down, he managed to nudge the genital sidewise and put it flush with his right thigh. It was lengthy enough that it stayed put.

Hajime tried doing this quickly, fighting with his minimal control. He took his hand out and moved it to the bottom hem of the pant leg, hiking it up and up. Although he could not see it, the feeling was enough to tell he'd successfully gotten his cock to peek out from the trunk leg.

Pee on the sand, right here, was all he could really do.

He downright shuddered with relief as the liquid shyly began pushing out of his cock, actually able to hear a faint noise when the stream thickened as it flowed almost directly into the sand. He could feel the dirt wettening and warming where his thigh bordered it, and honestly hoped he was just far right enough and that Chiaki's leg was supported enough on his left one that she wouldn't even touch the wet part.

If anyone were there and looking from the sea's direction, they might have been able to see the exposed end of Hinata's dick jutting out from his trunk leg and hissing piss onto the grainy ground. But thankfully, at this point, there was nobody. It would have been good if there had been like ten
minutes ago.

But it felt so good. The pressure of all the drinks, of Chiaki laying on him, of the few hours of sleep, of the frustration - everything seemed to dissipate in the pleasure of letting everything out.

The sound he made - some moan-sigh hybrid - as he kept pushing out liquid was borderline inappropriate, and maybe a little louder than intended. His bladder could hold a lot, and even the sand was struggling to absorb everything. It was so satisfying and relieving that just the exhaustion bordering the entire thing would have him clocking back into sleep right afterwards.

"Hnnmm..."

Hajime's breath stopped midway. Please don't be awake! Not now! This is still happening!

"Hinata... kun...?" Nanami blinked sleepily down at him.

Hajime tried to force his still spewing cock to let out the last volleys. "Hey." He replied very nervously, starting to cautiously pull dry sand from over his right leg onto the wet sand, covering it gradually.

"Hnnm... Hinata-kun fell asleep, so..."

This was stupidly tense. He didn't care that he was getting sand on his dick, that was still shoving out a consistent dribble (it doesn't end!); if he covered all the piss sand up with a new dry layer, she wouldn't have to know.

"Sorry. Didn't, uh... sleep much last night."

"You could have said so. I wouldn't tell you to come if I knew you were so tired..."

His bladder finally voided fully, whatever bits left in his urethra be damned, he wiggled to help spread more dry sand and very slowly tugged his shorts leg back down.
"I took a risk, so it's my own problem. I'm an idiot. Now our hangout kind of became a sleepover..." There was enough dry sand now that the large wet spot should be entirely covered. "I'm sorry, Nanami."

Hajime was taken by surprise when a soft kiss was placed on the side of his face.

"That's fine. I don't know how I got on top of you, but you are quite soft even with that build... Since you are awake now, we can still swim and build sand sulks. We have all the time we need." She slowly stretched and sat up, getting off him.

Chiaki was so unfussy. She didn't question her rolling over onto him, or the sloped surrounding sand, or how long he'd been awake for. If he was alright, then so was she.

Seeing that he was still in the same place, the gamer asked in concern. "Hm? Are you not feeling well? The nap was not enough, right?"

"A little sore, I mean... but really, I'm just relieved."

"Ahh? Why?"

"Nothing." The boy slowly got up and cracked just about all of his upper joints, taking the first full, easy breath since he had woken up. "I'm just glad you have... no hard feelings, I guess. Such a mess up."

"You were really tired, but you came to meet me anyway. I think that's really cute."

He... hadn't thought of it that way. More as it just being... decent?

"I could also be cute and take you home to rest properly... but we are already in our swim gear and the water is right there, so let's go." Nanami said simply, a hint of sheepishness but with only goodwill behind it. She tapped into the waves lapping at the shore and knelt forward into the water as soon as it was even marginally deep enough.

She was just... really nice on so many ways, wasn't she? It felt beyond reality sometimes. If he wasn't so rest-deprived, his heart might be beating faster now at the prospect of joining her.

Hajime glanced back at their napping spot on the ground, and kicked surrounding sand about to make it more natural-looking. He still didn't know how he managed to be able to relieve himself there without repercussions. If prior panic didn't count, of course.
But going out from under the palm tree's shade and stepping on the hot surface, ironically, made him feel thirsty for a drink.

Finally.

Hajime had been held over so long, having to listen to other's problems and being dragged into vents and conversations. It was not an uncommon occurrence; everyone went to him to talk because of his easygoing nature and for being a good listener.

Read: he couldn't really stop all those strong personalities from doing what they wanted. They were exasperating.

He usually waited for them to realize that he was in a hurry, or that maybe they were being annoying and he wasn't their therapist. It didn't work most times.

But now he was at his cabin at last, and he could finally get in and take the leak he's been dying for.

With a big exhale, he pulled on the handle, only to remember it was locked. Grumbling, he pawed around his pockets, only to remember something worse: he had actually left his keys with someone else.

It was probably Nanami, she had hung out with him and fallen asleep on his couch after some time... He wanted to go out, but not lock her inside, so instead he put the cabin key in her coat pocket.

Ah... she must have woken up at some point, left and locked it. Which was exactly what he planned for, really, but his aching bladder wished he had just taken the key with him and left his cabin open.

Hinata grabbed his crotch, letting out a whine. Where could Nanami be now? Would it be worth it to go over to her cabin and knock, while so impatient and fidgety? She could be anywhere!

Ooh, fuck. He didn't wanna go around looking for her, or have to go back to the Typhoon, or walk to the cafeteria... And there was no one here, so it would be a hit-and-miss to go knocking on doors in case anyone is home.
Wait... that's right, no one is here. Between houses and trees and lampposts and trash bins and other plant life, this place had enough coverage for an outside piss.

At any other time he wouldn’t have taken gander of such an idea, but with his thighs starting to squirm and his bladder pushing heavily against the waistband of his trousers, he had no intention of putting off his relief to go on a wild goose chase.

And it was sunset, too. It'd take maybe two minutes, and he would be free to go find Nanami for his key. Yes. It was a flawless plan in his desperate mind.

Hajime walked around his cabin to the back, where just trees and plants and the distant angled backs of other cabins could be seen. It wasn't heavy coverage, but it wasn't quite an open place either. No one went to the backs of the cabins, as there was nothing interesting there, just grass that blended everywhere as they were not meant to have backyards.

Almost hugging the back wall in the steep sunset shade, the boy unbuckled his belt and unzipped with tense hands, rushing to bring out his penis to the open. He tugged it out of his boxer slit and as soon as it pointed out, he exhaled and let the stream start flowing.

The liquid hit the blades of grass noisily, getting absorbed into the soil. The relief ran relaxation through his muscles, and he almost spaced out a little just watching his dick let go.

These were... the simple pleasures of life, huh.

His head tipped back a little, eyes glancing forward. With near dead silence, he felt previous concerns melting. Even if some of his classmates were around, there's no way any of them would have noticed him disappear for a couple mi-

"Hinata-kun."

He fucking jumped. That softspoken girly voice--

Hajime squeezed over his dick, hard, and felt a painful pang as he managed to stave off the stream. A shudder ran through him while the last little dribbles before cut-off dropped down, and Chiaki
appeared from behind by his side.

He kept his hands covering as much of his cock as possible, frozen in place with wide eyes and with an extremely red face, as if she were a ghoul coming to take his soul.

"Oh... I'm sorry. It seems this was a bad time..." She apologized, a calm tone to her voice in spite of the cute pink rising to her cheeks.

"Were you looking for me?" He asked, voice going much higher than he was comfortable with.

"Right. I wanted to find you to give you your key back... but then when I did see you, you were going back here. I thought you were maybe trying to find a window to get in, or something..."

Hajime probably couldn't hear her coming over the similar and louder noise of him hosing down the grass. Oh, lords, did he want to die right now.

"It's okay, though. I don't have anything against what you're doing. You didn't even know when you would find me... Gosh, I hope you weren't just there waiting for me all that time."

"No, no, it's, it's fine, I just got here. I just forgot there was that whole thing with the keys, because Nekomaru called up for something... y... yeah."

"Poor Hinata-kun... I didn't want to cause you trouble. I'll give you something later for making you wait, anyway." Chiaki smiled endearingly and the key flashed in her palm. "Oh, I'll probably forget about this too, if you're feeling embarrassed... don't worry."

She blinked a little in thought while holding up his keys. It would be easy to just hand it to him, but it didn't look like he would want to take his hands out from the front of his crotch.

He thought she was going to place it on one of his chest pockets, but she seemed to think better of it, stopping for a brief moment. Then, her hand dropped and slid on the side of his waist down his firm behind, fitting her hand in his back pocket and leaving the key there.

As if he could have gotten any redder.
"Enjoy your pee, Hinata." She said with full sincerity, waving and walking past him.

He stood there in astonishment, a mess of embarrassed and endeared and angry and yet completely unable to hold any kind of bad feelings towards Nanami.

Hajime was so, so tired of everything at that moment.

"Huh... might as well." He sounded a short laugh, feeling almost out of himself. His hands curled out and undid his button, shimmying his pants and boxers down and letting them pool on his ankles.

Planting his butt and shoulders firmly against the wall for support, he simply started stroking his cock. Post-orgasm, he could finish emptying his bladder.

Given that now the sun is set even further down, and there's no way anyone will find him. Not for the next five minutes.

Chapter End Notes

disclaimer: There is no perfect way to deal with jellyfish stings (maybe unless you're crazy-prepared). In every situation, do not touch the affected area with your hands. Optimally you always use some salt water on it first regardless of if you have more stuff to put or not, the next recommendation being something acidic like vinegar or lemon. Pee is not really as acidic in comparison and if it's well-hydrated it might act more like fresh water which is unhelpful, but it can work and the warmth can soothe the pain (I don't know who'd have lemons or vinegar just laying around at the beach??), but by no means consider it some holy fix. It doesn't have the same results for everyone. They say to scrape it's good to use baking soda or shaving cream (again, who has that just around) so I figure sunscreen could work a little with that. Scraping is better done with a razor or credit card, but a broken sturdy shell is surely easier to find where they are. Rinse again after scraping off the nematocysts, and you should probably be good on touching the area now. Nanami got stung by a super weak one so she's fine, especially with her caring boys♡ (also, yes, you should throw away clothes if they made contact with the tentacles, though not necessarily right away.)

If you get more serious reactions though, please call a doctor. Some stings can be super dangerous and allergic reactions can make things worse. This is just fluffy fetish fic and I am by no means a specialist.
I hope you’re enjoying the fic! Consider leaving a comment so I can feel encouraged to write more.
Third Leg Woes - Naesaki

Chapter Summary

Short 25 | 4.190
► Chihiro/Makoto - Frottage, size comparisons, showering together

「So... I end up finding out something BIG about Chihiro. Really big. And hot. And heavy.」

Chapter Notes

Doing a next chapter for this took way too long. I apologize. Usual mix of busy, executively dysfunctional and time wasting, except even busier this time.

Also, this is another oneshot in First Person since I need these sometimes.

The context for this has base on a bit on V3's bonus mode where I asked Chihiro for his help on the three-legged race due to our similar teeny heights. In that mode, I still think Chihiro is a girl, but in this oneshot I already know he isn't. And we are kinda crushing on each other. And it leads to Things since that's all that this fic series is about.

The race went... well, the race, uhh... it was something. We would have been able to come third or fourth if we hadn't tripped. Shorter legs meant we had to work harder. But we... might have overdone it.

Me and Chihiro did the three-legged race together since it worked with our heights. No hard feelings over the loss; we are both particularly bad with physical classes, and just seeing how far ahead we managed to be for a good portion of the race already felt like a win in itself.

After it was over, we lagged about on purpose. It meant that now the men's locker room was empty, so both me and Chihiro could be in at the same time.

The rest of the academy, save a couple people in our class, didn't know that he was a boy. It will be a while until he says he's ready to come out and stop crossdressing. He would keep his fans one way or another - he was more concerned about how it'd be for the rest of our friends, finding out he had been lying to them all this time...

I sometimes wonder if the reason he told me was because he could feel that I was starting to crush on
him. And the revelation didn't change my feelings at all. He was such a hard-working, nice person, and... so cute...

I try not to think about the fact he may know I'm kinda crushing on him, because if he felt the same way, he would have said something in these months since then, right? I mean, it would be silly to assume that he isn't straight just because he crossdresses, I guess. So maybe he is.

People have said we make a cute couple though.

After telling him the lockers were empty, he snuck his head through to look, then got in quietly. His locker was very close to mine, and a number of classmates wondered whom said locker belonged to. Cue conspiracy and ghost theories. It's just that he almost never used it, and certainly not when other boys were around.

I went for the sinks while he quietly unlocked and took out his shirt, blazer and skirt. I wondered how comfy that skirt must be.

Turning on the faucet, I splashed water over my face and neck. A shower now would probably be best, but I didn't know if it would be good to have Chihiro wait for me. His plan was always lingering around as little as possible in boys' places, for obvious reasons, but maybe if I convinced him it would be fine to shower here we won't have to part ways, and he won't have to wait either. I'll let him have my supplies and everything. I always have a second soap in hand considering how often the one I'm using will slip under the door, and it's awkward to have to poke my head out and ask if anyone can find it and bring it back...

Chihiro was looking at me as I walked back to the lockers, but I didn't have time to ask if something was up before he pulled down his- two sets of underwear.

My mouth simply stayed open from its previous state of wanting to ask something when I saw not only his privates, but um. How, uh. Wow.

It obviously was a mistake on his part, as he almost immediately realized and pulled the underwears back up zippingly fast, his entire face becoming tomato-red. "Ah! I wasn't, I didn't mean to... pull them both..."

His boxer-type underwear was made of thick material, and the panties over it added extra padding. It was the only way he could hide something of that size within gym bloomers of all things. Things I hadn't even thought about before made complete sense now. I was just... stuck, floored for that moment.

The programmer picked up his usual skirt and stepped into it, looking pointedly at the floor. "I-I know it's not... all that..."

...Wait. Wait wait, what-? Did he-? Excuse me?
"Huh?" I uttered, a little gargled.

"I-I'm not impressive or anything, I know." He said, blushing even harder.

I had to wonder hard if him saying that was a product of not being able to be around other boys in lockers. Or if someone put really wrong ideas in his head. Because if he really meant his penis size, he won handedly even up against older students. (Not that I specifically stared at other dudes down there or anything...). 'Impressive' was arguably an understatement.

Heat tickled to my ears when a thought about the quickest way to prove him wrong showed up in my mind's eye.

*It's not like this is gonna be weird! Even though it's just the two of us here and I have a crush on him! It's a normal thing for male friends to do, especially in locker and shower rooms!*  

"No, Chihiro, here, I, um." With a nervous swallow, I pulled down my own gym shorts and boxer briefs, exposing myself to him.

Curiosity laden with surprise immediately took over his expression. Our penis sizes were really disparaging - I was average, or maybe a little smaller than that. And even though he had layers on now, the memory snapshot of his was vividly clear.

"Do you realize just... how big you are?" I started. "I know you are never around here with the others, but everyone is smaller than you down there. And I'm not tiny, I'm average-" I made sure to add just in case.

My heart thundered anxiously as he stared, despite the fact I had done that with just that purpose. I was doing it so he wouldn't be self-conscious, but it wouldn't do if I became self-conscious instead either.

And then he looked aside, his long eyelashes brushing so finely over his cute pink cheeks-

"You are right, I haven't looked at actual photos or been around other undressed boys... I just thought..." He licked his lips. "I looked around lots of explicit manga when I was requested to offer a solution for a design that contained easy digital page-flipping and chapter navigation. I didn't think I was too impressive in comparison with what I saw. I kinda had to assume."

"Aahh, I'm not sure if that applies to everything you saw, but... most hentai manga tend to exaggerate reality. You see a l-lot of women with really big boobs and men with really large penises. Because that's kinda what people want." I wanted to pull my pants back up, but realized I was supposed to get ready for the shower, so took the opportunity of his eyes not being on me to take them off completely, along with my shirt, and fiddled with my lock to get a towel.

Chihiro looked down at the floor now, digesting the information. Admittedly, it was harder to tell when a significant amount of our class' girls were fairly busty, and seemed to fit the usual role in a hentai manga without difficulty... *W-wait, that's a weird thought. It's more that, if the girls seemed to mostly match what he has seen, then, it would make sense if the boys did too.*

"N... not to mention that dudes are always erect in those. We naturally look bigger when we're hard."
I thought of how he would look when hard, and felt a warm stirring in my belly. **No! Don't think! I'm naked, and being anxious only makes it easier to get a boner, and I really really don't need to get like that in front of Chihiro**.

I scrambled to wrap my towel around my waist. Safety and modesty. "I mean, not everyone grows much when getting hard, as far as I know, but that's totally fine especially for you who's already so big like that, haha... ha..."

He was looking at me again. Nothing was daunting about the programmer, from the petite frame - looking so nice flushed, shirtless and with that pretty skirt - to his big kind eyes and timid stance, but his intelligence was peak and it would become obvious sooner or later (if it wasn't already) that I was attracted to him. I really hoped my eyes didn't look frightened or, even worse, hungry.

Maybe it was better to cut this off now. "I'm... going to shower, okay?" I quickly said, turning to the facilities.

"Makoto, wait."

**What could he want?** I turned back only to become more nervous to see him coming closer to me.

He lifted his skirt and shyly tugged down the pale bloomers, and my heart just thumped-thumped-thumped loud in my ears. He actually tucked the border into the hem, ensuring his hands could be free while he stayed exposed down there. I wish I could actually be subtle and, y'know, not just stare hard straight at his cock but. Yeah.

"Can I..." His hand just grazed the hem of my towel, and a part of me felt vulnerable and afraid, but it was overwhelmed by my desire to share this with him and my inability to say no to this boy who wanted more self-esteem. I didn't even process at the time that maybe he could want something more from me.

So I started pulling and he helped me, fabric falling to my ankles and revealing my half-hard length, so close to his. I didn't look at his expression, but there's no way he couldn't see that I was getting hard, especially when he'd barely just seen it when it was entirely soft.

He shifted his hips just a bit, so our cocks briefly touched. I was mesmerized by the sight.

"He's so big. He is... mmm."

"I... see." Chihiro nervously swallowed, and I swore I could see his shaft stiffen up just a little bit. He was beyond gentle as he raised it to fit our dicks flush together, and I could only guess that even if I were fully erect, his flaccid piece would still outmatch me both in length and girth. Maybe that should humiliate me, but I just felt an unbidden sense of pride for the dainty programmer. Shortest in our class he may be, but if he was more hung than everyone else...?

"You're impressive, Chihiro." I praised him, emboldened by the heat to also touch him. It was nice and warm and slowly raised in response to the situation, as if awoken from slumber.

"Um... thank you..." He meekly accepted the praise.

We were both blushing so much. I really wanted to kiss him, his cute little nose, those pink cheeks - make his beautiful eyes flutter.

But I kissed him in... another way.
It was a hug, but it made us rumble with deep hums of pleasure as our junks pressed tight together, sacs doing a plump fit like little warm water balloons. I snuck my leg around his to push as close as possible, nudging my cock consistently against his and feeling him grow on me. I would have never in a million years imagined doing anything like this with the programmer "girl" when I first got into Hope's Peak.

He pushed our foreskins past the heads and encased them in a squeezing fist; I cut off a gasp by biting down on my lip and shuddered, and he actually cursed quietly under his breath. Oh boy. This is so hot.

It was then that I realized we were still in the locker room and someone, anyone, could walk in on us right now.

"Chihiro! Do you wanna, um, do you wanna shower?"

He broke away suddenly, also reminded of the context around us. "Ahh... yes? I... didn't bring any supplies with me though..."

"I can give you mine. Or we... can share?"

There was an awkward short moment of us embarrassingly realizing I just asked him to shower together with me. I wanted to extend this, to keep touching him... so...

But that would be too intimate, unless he also wants this. Like me.

I was surprised to see him shyly nod multiple times, and he disengaged from me entirely to take off his skirt and pick up his clothes to hide them back in his locker. I got my shower things and picked up the towel from the floor, seeing him already go for a stall. It just had to be the last one.

But neither of us turned on the water. His hands timidly roamed my chest and shoulders, I felt the softness of his hair with stray tangles and bristles - neither of us were really tall, or even half-built, or manly, though with a brain like his he certainly didn't need the other limb muscles. Although Chihiro looked up to Mondo, Kiyotaka, Leon and their builds, having him stroke me like this despite what I lacked made me shudder in delight.

We explored for a bit; a hand on his butt that made him squeak, touches on my thighs that got me tensing, brief nuzzles to shoulders and heads, gentle nipple prodding, the sweat from the race starting to get renewed. And yet I was still afraid of kissing his lips and ramping up the affection. I was afraid of putting him on the spot.

Soon our groins joined again, me pressing him back to the wall and smushing our now fully erect cocks together. With hushed moans, I braced against the wall as he held onto me, and we rubbed our sensitive parts together. There was so much of him to cover, so far that my hips had to vertically move a lot-

"Give me a second," I breathed, pushing off to get to my little supply bag. I pulled out the shampoo bottle and squeezed a bit onto my palm, rubbing my hands together to slick them up.

"Oh..." Fujisaki muttered in realization. "Oh... oh... ooh... " He gasped when I pushed our crotches together again, this time grasping both our lengths and squeezing up and down to get them slippery with the liquid. I bit my lip and stifled a groan as he started humping against me, making the process...
more difficult, but essentially I stopped caring and just palmed the slick everywhere within reach - around his base, over our balls, between my legs- it gave me an idea.

I tried to think about it as we heatedly humped our slippery cocks against one another, with precum oozing out to add to it. This was fantastic, but I also wanted him to fuck me. And I know I'm not ready for that, and this shampoo doesn't feel good inside my butt (... yes, I've tried that before), and he's way too huge, but thinking about him thrusting at me from behind makes me dizzy with desire. So even if he doesn't get inside, maybe...

"Chihiro, wait... there's something... Ahn..."

He stopped and looked at me, looking so very pretty with that aroused face. "Hm?"

I separated again, even though my body really didn't want to, and crouched for the shampoo again. The squeeze was even messier this time, and there was probably more than necessary, but whatever.

My hands spread it all over my butt, into the crack, over the back of my thighs, as I breathed heavily. Embarrassment was on the back of my mind as I braced on the wall and spread my legs invitingly, pushing out my behind.

"Makoto, I'm not ready for that..." The boy said nervously.

"No, no. You don't have to penetrate me. Just," I pushed my hips back, and he reluctantly joined with me. His cock rested easy over my ass, and even the weight of that filled me with excitement.

It's not like he could even get inside me by accident. My untouched hole was way too tiny. We started just rubbing, his slick shaft sliding up and down between my cheeks, and he was basically as long as my entire cleft. Although my butt was rather unimpressive and flat, Chihiro soon grew comfortable in holding my hips and humping against it. Whenever his tip pressed against my hole I shuddered, knowing he was too large to fit without preparation yet catching myself fantasizing about him bottoming out inside me and fucking me against this wall. Just the thought made me moan, cock dripping more onto the floor.

"Ooohh... Ah... mm..." Chihiro's pleasured voice was extremely cute, and without seeing him it was tough to really connect the high-pitched voice to the huge hot rod that could probably break me in half if he tried to plunge it in my butt. It made me further realize that in the past I had imagined his cock, even if fleetingly, more often than I thought. How... embarrassing.

The thrusts changed direction as his penis snuck between my thighs, pushing a hot pressure trail into my perineum and behind my balls, and I tried rubbing down onto him as he did so. I stopped caring for my balance and started frantically stroking both our dicks, hearing him become louder.

He came to embrace me and pant hard against the nape of my neck, all of this - him rutting between my thighs and rubbing on my junk as I flimsily palmed and squeezed both of us at intervals - felt absolutely amazing. Every little movement started bringing gasps out of us, his thrusts losing rhythm as I tried squeezing down on him harder.

"Mnn... no...! Aah-" Chihiro clung tighter as he tensed up, and as soon as his next intake of breath, his cock erupted. Spurts of white coated over the wall, my junk, and dribbled over my hand and thighs. There was so much of it. I delectably rubbed a generous portion all over my length, thrusting back firmer against him and fingering around my glans and leaking slit to jump over the edge not long after him.
My shout nearly reached his pitch, cum flecking onto the wall right above the boy's load, the heavier parts just sliding down and joining his mess to make an even bigger mess. My legs were shaky as Chihiro drew back from me, while I was still riding the high waves of orgasm. There was still cum dripping off our tips as our cocks gradually softened.

As we panted, Fujisaki turned the knob and brought a rush of water down on us, and I was far too out of it to be properly startled. Although the water was never cold or hot here, it felt cold for a good while splashing on my heated, sexually charged body.

It was a little difficult managing the column of water meant for one person, but our little... tryst, made it easy to be used to being right up against each other.

"Did you like that, Chihiro?" I timidly brought up.

"Oh! O-of course!" Was his kind of excited reply. "You're really sweet, Makoto, it was... it was really enjoyable."

My hand caressed soap around his neck and he tried holding back a little pleased sigh. His hair was thick like mine, but it grew in a different way. Like more properly downwards instead of literally every way.

"I was surprised that you, um... did that. And especially kinda bending over like that... You didn't do that just for me, right?"

I shook my head. "No, no, that's legit how I... prefer things." I poured out the admission without realizing how it could probably be taken as a form of invitation in the future. "I would- really love if we could go all the way someday. But no pressure, right?"

No pressure, I say, but my chest feels like it might implode from the tension. And I hope his is not the same way. I don't want him agonizing over this.

"I will think about it, okay?"

That was... a good answer. But after a little bit of more cleaning in silence, I felt I had to leave something clear-

"Don't think that you need to do anything for me, alright? I won't ever tell the others about your secret, no matter what, unless you actually want me to. I would never bargain things like that."

"Oh dear, no." Chihiro giggled. "I know you'd never do that. Don't you worry. I'm not afraid of you."

I mean, considering I'm the smallest and most harmless guy in class besides him, that wasn't really a threshold, but I still felt pride in him for feeling that.

After we got all clean and removed evidence from the walls, we took drying turns on the towel.

"Thank you for all this, Makoto. Really." He gave me one of his cute, shy smiles, and my heart just pounded anew. "Now, please look outside to see if there's anyone there..."
Nodding, I opened the door to stick my head out and we both stayed dead quiet to listen for any signs of activity. Other than distant sounds from far outside, I heard nothing, and the room seemed to be the exact same way we left it. No shadows, no movement to catch my eye.

I got the towel around my waist and left, taking a confirming look around, and came back to Chihiro to say it was fine.

He gets dressed so goddamn quickly. It made sense, but it was still impressive, if not a little disappointing.

Until we heard the door open and he jumped like a bottle-sprayed cat and hid behind the end of the corridor. I tried not to look spooked as I stayed in place and kept putting on my hoodie.

It was thankfully just one guy. He didn't seem suspicious of anything, though his eyes gave a long look from Chihiro's open locker to me, and my own.

That was the SHSL Textiler- basically a machine-level dyer and stamper for fabrics, and no matter how quickly he used the scissors not a single thread would pop out of place. He wasn't daunting himself - despite always having quite a few words for students doing their laundry wrong - but his black eyes were small and his pupils were large, so eye contact made you feel like you were being sucked into a void.

"Oh, so the ghost locker's owner finally appeared? Is it yours too, Naegi-kun?"

"Uhh... nope." I was a super bad liar, but I had to try. "I just ended up accidentally getting it unlocked, and it's just empty anyway... So it's probably just an unassigned locker."

"No one's ever found the key to claim it, though. Weird." He peeked into the now-empty cubicle. "I wanted one to put my extra gym clothes in, you know."

Some of his million differently patterned and colored clothes, probably. "Yeah. It's weird. Maybe you can just ask other classmates to share?"

"That's an excellent idea, Naegi-kun. I should talk to them."

"No problem..."

I purposefully lagged about, slowly drying the soap and shampoo bottle, and was glad that he didn't mind me being weird like that until he left.

"Chihiro, it's fine to come out."

He did so cautiously even then. There was something of a frown on his face, and he looked over at his open locker door.

"What's up?"

"I know I could barely use it before... but I can't use it at all now."

"Huh? Why?"

"Won't they be suspecting if I lock it again after you said you opened it?"
"Yeah... that makes sense. They'd go spreading the ghost story again or try to get reception to give up the key that's confirmed now... Well, another reason to think of telling everyone sooner about your gender." I tried to give an encouraging smile.

Fujisaki sighed, but nonetheless got a little sad smile on his face. Yes, he knows. But I can't imagine how tough that situation must be to even deal with - I can only offer my support.

Thankfully no one saw us leave the boys' locker room specifically; I scanned for that as well. We could just relax. It was getting late, since, well. We took longer in there than planned. Some of the outside areas were already heavily shadowed from the sunset.

Chihiro gently pulled me aside into one of those shadows before we could get into the main building. "Makoto..."

"Huh? What's up?"

He looked hard at me, as if second guessing what he wanted to say. "I had to wonder... Did you feel this way about me even before you knew?"

I felt heat crawl up my face. "... yes. Is that weird?"

"No. I think it's cute..."

Time stopped for a moment when he pecked my lips. It was super difficult to tell when it started up again, because I just felt tingling all over, and his eyes reflected the little remaining orange light to the side, and wow, they were so close.

"Chi..."

"Since I had planned to shower in my room, but now it's not needed anymore, I think I'm just going to stop there to change my underwear. Do you wanna come with me? It's faster with a second set of hands..."

I had to clear my throat because I nearly choked. "You're turning me on again..."

He giggled.
Recreational Date - Teruhina

Chapter Summary

Short 26 | 3.197

► Teruhina + dating, blowjobs, mild food and temperature play, kinda public

「 Hajime takes Teruteru on a night date at the park. The first choice is the water ride, and that goes as well as you can imagine. 」

Chapter Notes

Someone asked for more Teruhina. So yes. But no more pls write is hard

Also, thanks to Teru for helping some with this even though I forgot most of the suggestions

"Ready?"

Hajime gave a curt nod and turned to the entrance panel. He flicked the single large switch upwards to "ON".

The Amusement Park, currently dead silent and enshrouded in the night's darkness, gradually buzzed to life. The switch activated its many streetlamps, set forth the humming of machinery and started up the modal radio on the speakers dotted across the facilities. Neon signs began to flash, new control panels became unlocked for operation, colors and lights and music turning the temporarily deactivated park into absolute vibrance.

In order to save energy, the Amusement Park was shut off when it was not in use, considering there were only sixteen people and a robotic bunny in the entire archipelago. In order to make use of the rides and facilities and unlock the front gate, they simply had to turn the entire thing on with a switch.

Hajime thought that spending an evening here would be a good idea for a date with Teruteru; even if other students came by, the park was so big it would be unlikely they'd be interrupted.

There were so many things to do, after all.

The park had an absurd variety of activities available for what was meant to be a school trip for a small class. It included a rollercoaster, ferris wheel, mirror room, wham-the-hammer to test your strength (which Sōda had to fix after Nidai caused the puck to break through the top), an arcade, a haunted house, a costume room, popsicle and popcorn carts, a splash ride, a carousel, a ball shooting gallery, a bouncy castle, bumping cars... let's say it had a lot more than they should ever have access to completely free of charge.

It was many more options than anyone could or should do at night, and moreso for a date.
"So, Hajime-kun, what do you want to do?" Teru quipped.

"Well, what do you want to do?" The taller boy replied with the same question.

"Didn't you plan this?"

"Uh, my plan involved asking you what you wanted and then doing that." Was the somewhat lame reply.

"Hmm, typical." The cook put his knuckles to his mouth in thought as they walked. "We should go for something exciting, to get our bloods boiling. Not the rollercoaster, though, that's too much."

The haunted house was no longer exciting after they explored all of it in earlier days, although it'd still see some use by raunchy couples who could find a little privacy while having any of their distant strange sounds be shrugged off as screams of terror or ghost moans.

Ferris wheel... romantic, but sort of boring. Probably not what Teru would go after.

"I know!" Hanamura suddenly tugged Hinata's sleeve and pulled him against his side, making a wide motion with his arm over a rocky and plantful edification that towered above the miscellaneous tents.

"The splash ride? That's... hm."

"Don't want to?"

"No, it's fine. Just never gone at night." It was illuminated enough, well. Maybe a fourth of it.

"I'd be impressed if you did. Come on!"

There was more tugging and the taller boy started to hurry along. He wasn't actually afraid, this ride was just a couple pinkies into being exciting, and it's not like they would have some sorta accident there in the dead of the night and be un-rescueable. It's not that deep.

"You kickstart it then jump in. You have longer legs."

"Yeah, yeah." Hajime handwaved while his boyfriend got seated on the fake raft cart, which bobbed with his weight. It was just them so of course he got front row.

He activated the more direct ride control, unlocking the chains. The water seemed to stir to life as undercurrents got to working. Hajime merrily advanced the chains enough to only free the first cart, then jumped in causing a heavy wobble before he settled down and put the belt on.
"You can hold my hand if you get frightened, Hajime-kun." Hanamura batted his eyelashes.

"Oh, shut up."

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"...I underestimated how wet we were going to get."

The boys were dripping in places and their shirts stuck to their torsos, the night air making them shudder. They weren't soaked, but their clothes were more than uncomfortable and on their way to getting cold, even if days were hot on this tropical island.

"I guess it also depends on which seat you take? I've seen Sonia get out of that ride without a hair out of place..." Teru mused.

Hajime wondered if that was on the same day he saw Sōda bringing an umbrella in, but he decided not to inform the cook that Sonia's dryness might have been a product of unwanted gallantry rather than her seat placement.

"As that was my idea, I'll offer for us to head back home and clean each other up." The cook wiggled his eyebrows while squeezing down his toupée of dripping hair.

Hinata blinked. "No! We are not going back home after just one ride. Our pants are pretty fine, we just have to find somewhere warm to dry our shirts on."

For all his swagger, Teru stared very wide-eyed as Hajime crossed down his arms and pulled off his shirt, showing off a faintly glistening torso that was really too well-built for someone who didn't remember his talent. And that was very stareable.

"Maybe a food stand, or you know, anywhere with a generator." He slapped off the dripping cloth and shook it.

"Alright, it does have its logic." The short boy peeled out his upper garment as well, not really self-conscious despite his build being essentially opposite to Hajime's. "Just not the cotton candy stand, those are gross fizzy sticks of sticky sugar and nothing more. A tragedy."
The popcorn stand was not too far away and had a cozy warmth surrounding it, so they rolled it up behind a bench and laid their shirts over the benchtop to dry a bit quicker in the night. It would likely take a while, but they could choose to go for a dip in the hot tub to keep warm during the wait if they wanted to. Or go somewhere else that was not the outside.

Hajime huddled up to his smaller boyfriend while he looked at his reflection on the capsule of the machine. The heat was on, warming the emptiness inside. They could man it and drop corn in to pop if they wanted, but they weren't in the mood for it.

He also pretended to be unaffected by Teru's roaming hand around his abdomen and chest, which was aiding in warming him up rather effectively.

"Your nipples are nice and hard right now." The cook flicked the nubs like light switches.

"You're so romantic." Hinata said sarcastically, petting his hair. "It's not like you were the one to get them like that."

"So cold, Hajime-kun."

"I mean, yes. Which is why we're trying to get warm in here."

"I could fit inside the popcorn cubicle, but you? Couldn't and wouldn't. There's better places here too after all."

"Don't make me imagine that - A... anyways. It's gonna take forever if we don't find somewhere better."

"Maybe the snack area here has a kitchen. I'm not recalling if it's there. If it is, we'll be cool. Or rather, hot, hmm." Teru unclung from Hajime and swept up their shirts, bundling them in hand and hopping off.

"It'll be a little more private for a date too. You know we'll need that." Hajime switched off the stand, casting his nervous eyes in reflective darkness. It's not like this made the date bad now- he had a lot of time to salvage it.

The wall of the entrance and the doors themselves were glass, decorated with flimsy painted patterns and words. With a minimalistic, modern style, most surfaces were white or transparent, with some black on the side. Sofa benches braced on walls sided square tables, while metallic stools surrounded
the round tables. There was also a dresser for cutlery and a couple popsicle fridges. Behind the counter, an oven with six stovetops, two fridges, two sinks and a microwave counted as a kitchen.

Teru lightened up as his gaze fell straight on the oven. "Oh, there's our quick dryer. We just have to set a mid temperature and then turn off."

Hajime snatched the shirts from his partner and held it up. "No no no. You aren't putting our shirts in the oven. Here." His much superior height ensured that Teru wouldn't be able to get the clothes back even if he wanted to. Undeterred, the taller boy simply dragged the popsicle display fridge away from the wall and revealed their prize: the heated exchangers on the back that were a natural result of using energy to make something get colder.

"Hmm. Smart. We don't even have to make any efforts." Teru conceded, snapping his fingers as he sat down on one of the table benches.

Despite the hot metal being a bit dirty, the shirts went on anyway. They could also relish in some of the heat, even though this lounge was already warmer than outside.

"Do you want me to prepare anything? Naturally, the microwaveable stuff from here won't be anywhere near my quality..."

"Nah, I'm fine. Don't wanna be with a full tummy if we do get in the tub later. Or go in other rides."

Teruteru gave a judgmentally charged look at his boyfriend when he opened up one of the fridge's sliders and picked out a popsicle. "Hajime... darling... for all the effort we did to get away from the chills..."

Barely feigning innocence, Hinata tore the top of the wrap with his teeth with a *hm*? and immediately darted his tongue over the treat - lime, orange and pineapple mix, a burst of tropical flavor.

The cook was rendered speechless, all distaste for the decision gone as soon as the boy's mouth was on the orangey, phallic popsicle.

Besides the faint machinal whirring and distant park sounds from outside, it was a silence dominated by Hajime's lewd mouth noises. It did help that the popsicle had a color that could look like human skin if you squinted. And all that oral action was sending blood south in Teru's body and definitely helping in warming him up.

He kept his legs comfortably open and made no move to hide the growing tent in his pants.
"Win-win?" Hajime raised a suggestive brow. Of course he was doing that on purpose.

"You're a mean one, mister Hinata." The cook made a displeased face, which was obviously irony-laden as he promptly started squeezing his bulge through fabric.

Hajime wasn't treating the thing like food at all. But this was a park date, not a dinner date, so fun was the priority. And they had the entire place to themselves.

Which is why, watching his partner give the popsicle a tongue-happy blowjob, Teru pulled down his pants and let his dick come free. It would also be fair to make Hajime hot and bothered while watching him.

Surely enough, the blush came blooming stronger on him. Hinata's gaze switched between his eyes and crotch, increasing the sexual tension of this double-ended show.

Until he came over, licking his syruped lips.

"Hello, darling, finally come around for the real trea-" Teru choked on his words when the boy dropped down and smacked that cold tongue right on his glans.

Of course it wasn't freezing his cock, but the cool sensation was so exquisite it drove tingles rocketing along his spine. He gasped as Hajime swept the cold tongue all around him, lapping the underside as he covered the entire length in his mouth.

Low temperature by itself would've shrunk his pole, but not with the moist and the massaging and the underlying warmth. It just excited him more. Hajime sucked until heat grew anew and popped off to grab the popsicle again.

So Teru's erection was just gonna get prolonged while this went on? His crotch blood being juggled into confusion? To be fair, staying inside the spiky brunet's mouth for a whole evening sounded extremely good.

"Oh... fuck..." His legs wiggled while Hajime delivered some of the most bizarre sensations he's ever felt down there. His balls wanted to retract, the breath a mix of cool and warm, different parts of his mouth having different temperatures. And when it started to get hot, he would take some more licks
at the popsicle to renew the cold.

It was damn good, and he didn't have to worry too much about not coming, due to the cold staving that off some. He'd already lost track of time by the time Hinata stopped his brief returns to the sweet despite it still having some left on the stick. It was just full heat in his mouth, just growing, and citrus drips to the floor were ignored.

"Hmmn... aren't you gonna... take the rest?"

"Afhhter," Hajime schlocked with a dickful mouth. "Wantch you tchyu com."

Teru rather liked that, too. He licked his lips, starting to hump into his boyfriend's mouth to help him with it. The unorthodox kind of edging was nice, but his balls did want to unload.

"You're a nice drooly boy, keeping me in your mouth so long. I should... hmm♡... make you more food shaped just like that..."

Hajime grumbled a whine as if that was a lame joke. It nonetheless caused good vibrations. Teru sped up his thrusts, haphazardly petting that mess of damp spikes.

"Suck a bit harder, darling, I'll come soon..."

The bigger boy pushed into his efforts, even nibbling at the skin around the base before pulling back and focusing tight suckling near the head and over it. Teru canted his hips more lightly, strenuously, breath rushing out of him as he twitched repeatedly against the roof of Hinata's mouth and began coming.

Hajime steadily licked down the mess, just another kind of cream for him. Teru thoroughly enjoyed simmering around in his mouth as he relaxed from that high, but especially getting to watch his partner tend to him.

Hajime popped off and stuck the dripping popsicle back on his tongue instead to finish it off. The tropical flavor washed off the taste of bodily fluids. Smart, if not slightly offensive to the cook.

Though that huge tent in his black slacks as Hinata stood up was the opposite of offensive.

"Hey, you aren't keeping those on. Just saying." Teru warned as his boyfriend walked off for no apparent reason.

His eyes widened as Hinata pulled out the tube of caramel from the counter.

"I would not recommend that as lube." Hanamura spoke with a clear hint of doubt.

"I won't use it as that. Not really." Was the response as he returned and tugged the cook by the band
on his waist. He was now sat by his side, fingers undoing the buttons and zipper that showed off red briefs hugging those hips. Or wait, was that a speedo? Regardless, that small tight piece was definitely something specifically for the date and not something Hajime wore casually.

"Oh. You fucker." Lust shone through in Teru's eyes.

Hajime entertained him with a short laugh as he pulled down his trousers, the red fabric of the underwear barely able to contain his cock. Teru reached on and tugged to spring it free because he was impatient.

"Your size always impresses me. Each time. You're just this hunk under proper clothes."

"Good thing you have a big mouth then." The 'hunk' opened the lid and tipped the bottle down, squeezing a line of caramel in a zigzag over his cock.

Purring, Hanamura sunk to put his lips onto the newly viscous erection, immediately getting a taste of exquisitely salty caramel. He tongued the shaft to spread the syrup around, making Hajime sigh and give more space for him to grab at his inner thigh.

Not waiting for a full cleanse, Hinata angled himself to breach those eager lips and nudged his glans around the full inner cheeks. It was so spacious in there - a lot of room to have fun before going for the throat.

Teru fluttered his eyelashes seductively; he did enjoy being used like a fucktoy, but he wouldn't go on about that during the date. It was pretty un-romantic to objectify yourself.

He sucked the caramely shaft with gusto, savoring the lavish taste of bulging veins and freshly-oozing precum. His lover's enjoyment was the finishing touch to the experience that he couldn't get enough of.

With heavier breathing, Hajime started gentle yet deep thrusts, groaning out his pleasure. He had enough length for it. There was just a lot passing through tightened lips before his sac just barely brushed chin, and back. He'd be able to do it for a while if not for how aroused he got from giving a blowjob earlier.

Having a guy like Hinata with his dick in your mouth and moaning to the heavens is quite the power trip. Especially in public, regardless of there being any public around. The caramel taste was gone at this point as Teru has taken in all of it, but he didn't care to get more. There was a clear kind of syrup dribbling over his tongue in droves, anyway.

"I'm gonna come soon... Teru..." Hajime heaved, way past the cold drafts of post-water-ride and
now glistening with sweat on his neck.

'Soon' took a while, but Teru knew his partner liked holding back as much as possible sometimes, stiffly skirting the edge. It was fun to try to guess on which jump of his cock there'd be cum to go along, and when it did come, he wasted no time in rhythmically hollowing out his cheeks to suck it all down, making the upright boy cry out in ecstatic surprise.

Hajime had to pull the slacker off his dick when he didn't let go after a minute before his sensitivity could punch him in the gut.

"Mmmm... I prefer when you make a big mess, but," The cook pressed the tip of his fingers to his lips and smacked.

"Don't do that..." Hinata shook his head with embarrassment as he stood up, barely giving himself time to rest. "Maybe now is a good time for the hot tub, while we wait for our clothes to dry." He trashed the forgotten stick in the nearest can.

Haphazardly pulling his pants back up, Teru watched the other look through the glass outside, to the warmer-toned lights which contrasted with their super-bright-white location.

"Are you just gonna leave that hanging out?" He gestured to his crotch.

"I mean, yeah, it's... super sticky. I don't wanna put it back in." Hinata admitted in a somewhat defeated tone.

"Naughty naughty Hajime... You wanna flash unsuspecting students?"

"N-no! If there's anyone out there, of course I won't head out like this! But no one else had entered the park before, so I doubt they have now."

"Hmm. I like a risqué boyfriend."

Teruteru yelped when Hajime hoisted him up, making him cling on for dear life.

"Good. Because this is the fastest way to get us there."
oshikko garbage 3 - Komaegi, Komahinaegi

Chapter Summary

Short 27 | 7.503w (1.678 + 2.620 + 3.205)
► Komaegi (x1.5), Komahinaegi (x1.5) - omorashi, watersports, threesome

1. 「Nagito wakes up horny, and I'm happy to indulge us both. But when I tell him it'd be better for me to use the toilet first, he rather... disagrees.」-opacity-dubcon warning, first person POV

2. 「No afternoon can compete with one where you get to do some wet displays with your two boyfriends. Unless you also get to fuck them afterwards. Which the three of them do, because it's hard to be so close and make it about teasing and cocks without putting them to further use。」

3. 「Sometimes, there are easier solutions to things. Sometimes, no one goes for these easy solutions until it's too late. "Making your boyfriend cum while things happen anyway" is still a good substitute for a solution, Nagito thinks。」-opacity-dubcon warning

Chapter Notes

I probably don't need to say that my "try to finish one piece of writing per month" thing fell flat hard. I won't even surmise to try that for the rest of the year. So even if I still have plenty of Danganronpa related drafts, I have no prediction for when I can finish any due to a pile of different reasons... And I also wanna try finishing stuff for other series before that too.

Anyways, this is another chapter with individual omo/watersports ficlets! Which I will never not be embarrassed about! But I'm really gay and masochistic and Nagito and Hajime look the way they do so I gotta. Also someone wanted more Komaegi and this was my only draft including it, I think. They're also all involve something sexual, so no purely fluff wettings here, sorry.

"Good morning, Makoto."

I wasn't exactly awake, but hearing Nagito's voice made me want to shrug off the weight of sleep to be with him.

He was right beside me, his hair astoundingly messier than usual, gaze lidded with multiple things
that didn't seem to be morning tiredness.

My skin flushed as his nose met with my cheek, sensually nuzzling around my jawline as he breathed: "Ready to be awake yet?"

He was horny. I mean, a lot of him exuded sexual power already, but we'd come to recognize the morning routine that followed really arousing dreams. Depending on how lazy we were, it could end in slowly rubbing our dicks together, or full blown fucking. Nagito's vibes were tending more to the latter.

I vaguely felt a lot of weight down below. Like in my abdomen. Probably my bladder? Eh.

I was still sleep-drowsy. With Komaeda kissing and purring up my neck, the rasp of his voice tingling in my ears, his arms around me and his morning wood pressed against my hip, it was even harder to apply logic and caution.

Though we kissed and petted and nuzzled, breaths gradually becoming labored, the long fingers untying my pants and the hand sliding down my spine to caress my cheeks and between them made me draw away in realization. The realization that things would probably be going inside me.

"Wait, Nagito..." I get him to look at me - he's licking his lips, so handsome like that - and warn, "I need to use the bathroom."

The fairet blinked, expression as though I'd just mentioned the weather outside or a trivial dust coating on the bottom of the bedside lamp. "It can wait, right?"

It's probably the fact that he asks, and that he's so tranquil about it, that makes me rethink. *It's not really bad right now. I'm sure I can hold it.*

So I say "Yeah, I think so." and let the kisses reignite, let him stroke me into hardness and rub down against his dick as he ruts against my thighs and perineum.

At this moment, I regret the confidence of my past self.
It really hadn't seemed so bad, or my perception was really lacking. Yet as Nagito penetrated me - slow, languid. savoring - I started to feel a dire urgency.

Not that it was not enjoyable; I loved having him inside me, but the fact that I was now having to actively try to hold in pee and the worrying desperation were not adding to the experience. Though it did make all my lower areas feel more sensitive and touch-aware.

His little breathy noises, a boon to listen to, became heavier as he started to thrust. I squeaked - his gradually deepening reach made my need feel even worse, and my legs instinctively tried to press together. And maybe I should stay like that- open legs would just. Not help.

His eyes are observant on me, certainly catching on to something. There's a slight rise-and-fall to his pupils that follows our rhythmic movement. I almost don't want to say anything, just so he won't stop, but I can feel the pressure on the back of my cock waning in patience.

"Nagito." I whine, though he speaks before I continue,

"What's wrong? Can't wait?"

"Yeah- yeah- please let me go to the bathroom-"

He hums, like maybe he's in minor agreement, but doesn't do anything to that effect- like I'm not actually saying anything concerning or in an anxious way. It's not like he's too sleepy to realize, he's probably still more sober than me. Probably.

Nagito keeps pumping into me in spite of my increasing tension. The consequences are being laid out to him, but maybe he doesn't... care about that. He understands me, and decides to push it anyways.

Why? My abdomen essentially shuddered as he grazed and pushed against my prostate, and I had to reach down to grab the base of my cock for need of safety. The squeezing only made the dammed flood behind it feel direr. It was overwhelming. It felt so good, and... panic-inducing. Really panic-inducing.

Yes, Komaeda does like seeing me cornered - that's when one's hope reaches its highest points - but I was unable to process anything about this. I couldn't even think about the possibility that me drenching the entire bed was something he wanted.

Even as I was aflame with arousal, there was a distinctive burn of pee pushing and trying to press through, and my desperation shot up again twofold.
"Nagito y-you don't understand- I really can't hold it-!

"That's alright~" He tenderly said, and was that- was that speeding up?

"Nagito, I'm going to pee, I'm really going- if you don't- aahh-"

A hot sensation coursed through my penis as a dribble rushed out, falling partially on Komaeda's belly. His eyes were practically shining, but I was mortified, and he did not stop - he purred and if anything, his thrusts became harder inside me.

My thighs quaked, tears forming on my eyes- my bladder was losing control despite how incredibly hard I was trying to hold it, and other smaller pee spurts followed the first one.

"Don't hold back. Stop straining yourself." Komaeda cooed, the hand that held on my own squeezing. My mind refuted the words, but my body wanted nothing more than to listen to him.

He's right under me- he can't be- but he is decidedly serious, as his other hand snuck a grip under the one holding my shaft, tangling and forcing it away. Almost in tandem, my brain buzzed, and he canted his hips up again, and-

I gave a choked gasp as my hand was no longer around myself to try and clamp my urethra shut, and Nagito's thrust decimated my body's frail holding ability as my bladder started releasing.

"Oh." My partner husked a very breathy, very pleased noise.

Relief spread in waves of heat across my lower body while humiliation flared up in my head. The proof of my weakness was now flowing freely, making a small arc off from my tip before splashing warmly on Komaeda's abdomen.

"Makoto..." He whispered, gorgeous red face showing nothing but contentment as piercing pale eyes stared at the occurring accident.
My throat felt tight with the welling of tears and my lungs effortlessly tried to do their job, making it hard to even think of stopping all the little moans and cries. Nagito's hips shifted in pleasure, but the actual thrusts had come to a halt as his focus lied on watching me piss myself.

With gentle touches and nudges, his hand played with my cock, causing the warm stream to be haphazardly thrown around, from wetting the sheets by our side to reaching up to his chest. He was taken with fascination by it while I was overwhelmed with tiredness, pleasure, relief and humiliated frustration.

I don't know exactly when I stopped peeing or what was truly going on beyond my teary vision, but the softest touches of lips started covering my face and I realized I had been making odd noises that could have sounded equally upset or ridden with confused pleasure.

"You were so, so good. I'm sorry." He sounded almost dazed, his breath heavier than before. His lips lingered on mine. "You have such a disgusting boyfriend..."

I wouldn't want to call him disgusting, but I really wanted to call him stupid. An idiot. *Look what you've done, to both of us, to the bed,* but that required so much more mental energy than what I had at that moment.

Nagito started stroking my erection, pleasure-tender from prostate grazes and the flow of relieving urine through it. My moan was cut off. It's like I couldn't even have a full cycle of a breath.

His thrusts reignited and the anxiety they had caused when my bladder was full was replaced with pure foggy desire. He was frantic, passionate, and his jacking hand was a purposeful blur, which in a clearer mental state I would have realized to be that he's so close to climaxing that he's desperately trying to make me come before that.

I still think it ended up being near simultaneous. His moans pitched into a long cry as he jutted his throbbing need slower, yet far deeper into me, and sprayed cum into the snug insides. The pushful grazes against my prostate and rough rubbing over my glans pushed me over with a silent scream, white ribbons pouring out and flecking Nagito's wet torso and chest.

Tingling exhaustion washed over my previously tensed limbs, and only my partner's careful hold on my hand and waist kept me from toppling right over him.

"Nnnmm... Makoto..." He seemed to fight a yawn, which was kind of cute. But I was still kind of
mad at him. Maybe. It was hard to tell when you're in the coaster cart slowing down to a stop in the end, and you did want to ride a coaster, but your friend didn't tell how bad this one was going to be and then you're sorta mad at him but also not.

I shook my head at the drenched boy and sheets, face still aflame with the embarrassment. "Is this what you wanted?... Really?"

He smiled. "It was worth it." His fluffy head laid back on the pillow, as he still helped hold me up. "You're so beautiful. You and everything you do."

Even though we just fucked, he still had a way to send tingles through me without even a touch.

I shuffled, shivering at the pleasant sensation of Nagito's softened cock sliding about inside me until I managed to slip it out and carefully maneuver off him and the focus of wetness. "You should shower... and me too, actually. But especially you."

Komaeda giggled. "If you're mad at me, I'll bend over for you in the shower and let you get really rough to make up for it."

"Th-thanks, but we just woke up. I'm still tired."

I could still take him up on the offer later, though...

Nagito had planned this all out, which more than explained their outfits; Hajime wore his favourite usual shirt and green tie combo, but his pants were a tight elastic cotton that left nothing to the imagination whatsoever - especially given that he had no underwear beneath them. Makoto, meanwhile, wore only his blazer at the top and white boxers of the type that absolutely became see-through when wet.

Hinata had suggested they do this outside on the grass. Komaeda wanted to see the puddles that would form though. So they were aptly in the laundry corner instead.
Nagito wanted them to wet themselves, but not by full loss of control (not today). They were also not going to be the only 'humiliated' party as the fairet adamantly described what kinda show he was going to put on to... coax their bladders, earlier.

So naturally the current scene was a somewhat fidgety Hajime and Makoto (they had to drink a lot, and also could not use any facilities for the purpose of this plan) and an affected Nagito sat down close to them, slowly tugging at his own cock.

He had also come somewhat prepared himself, sporting lacy cream panties with a heart-shaped hole on the front and his usual white tee. And nothing else.

With a seductive expression - more like a fond expression he couldn't help with seeing his two loves a little nervous and with obvious half-hard lengths pushing against the fabrics hugging their waists - Komaeda reminded them, "You can always call this off if it's too much."

"It's fine." Hinata mumbled. Then, a little louder, because he knew the taller luckster got off on this: "Just do it. Right now. You said you would first."

Hajime's ability to fall into dominance was something Naegi was grateful for, as he wasn't nearly as good at it as either of them. He couldn't exactly... put Nagito under control as well as Hajime did (his... diminutive size withstanding).

Thrilled with the little command, the fairet stroked his cock a little slower, facing the tip towards himself. Expectation filled the air as his movement ceased and he took in a deep breath, well-practiced in this - and pee hosed up from his erection and curved in a sharp arch that started soaking his shirt. He breathed out a joyous little moan, and resumed cautiously stroking.

He didn't pee continuously, as the masturbation and direction made it a little harder to, but the filthy erotic sight easily sent waves of sensation along the linings of Hajime's and Makoto's currently more sensitive bladders.

Naegi accidentally dribbled out a little, and from then he didn't try to hold anything back so his bladder ended up just letting go, the trickle becoming a flow. The tip of his bulge that had formed a wet patch now streamed liquid, for a second peeing through as though he were naked before the flow stuck to the fabric and ran down it. As was the objective, the white boxers became sort of see-through with the spreading wetness, showing the pink color of his peeing shaft.
Despite the sort of things they do, Makoto still had blushed when his urination started and went even redder seeing Komaeda's delight at it. Especially with how messy Komaeda's piss spurs onto himself could get depending on the way he pulled his dick. His shirt was sticking to him with wetness by now.

Hajime's bladder wasn't difficult, accepting the coaxing of other peeing dudes and getting an extra musculatory encouragement from him. The pee streamed out through the pants-tights and clung to the fabric as it ran down his bulge and fell in front of his legs briefly before spreading more along the crotch and running down the pant legs. Though he was still kind of nervous about this, even if not to Naegi's level, it was much easier to keep at it after you've started.

"Spread them a bit," Nagito panted to both of them.

The boys did as told and parted their legs, the tight-cling fabric making their streams roughly fall between them. The hissing and splashing noises and the forming puddles made the atmosphere feel naughty, pleasant relief adding to the erotic veil of it and chipping off inhibitions.

Due to his smaller bladder and the fact Komaeda's release was continuously paused through his divided focus, Makoto finished first, stream thinning then trickling for a while before dying into drips. The near full hardness and clinging nature of his underwear made his erection now stick up along his crotch, the transparent wetness ensuring nothing about the shape of his shaft or the sac underneath was left to the imagination.

Nagito beckoned him closer to touch the might-as-well-not-be-there fabric, making him squirm with the warmth of a hand adding to the warmth of clinging pee.

"I wish I had more just so I could keep up with you," Nagito muttered at Hinata, his urine having trickled its last remains - being appropriately squeezed out of his stiff erection. Hajime easily had the biggest bladder between the three of them, and was still going. He shrugged dismissively with a bit of timidness, never sure about how to deal with that "compliment".

"Hey, Hajime." The tall luckster started, lovingly kissing along Naegi's covered penis, who shivered.
"How hard are you, seeing your boyfriends like this?"

At the tease, Hinata gave an embarrassed glare and pulled down his waistband, deliberately letting his almost full mast bob forward and nearly splash Komaeda with piss. Not that it would've been bad for him at all.
An "ah" of acknowledgement that sounded more like a sound of delight came out of the fairet, and Makoto similarly felt an increase in the heat on his face at the lewd display that ended with Hinata slapping the waistband back on and shifting his length so its continuous pee now ran more from the left side of his crotch than the right, soaking new areas of fabric.

The smell wasn't good, but your sense of perception becomes entirely different under arousal. It just adds to it. When they're done and spent it will return to being an annoyance, but at the moment there are no reservations as Naegi comes down to start passionately rubbing Komaeda's shaft. With a sighing moan, Komaeda tugged down his partner's tented underwear to return the ongoing favor by wrapping his fingers around both his balls and base as he stroked around the entire package.

Hajime uttered a conflicted groan at the sight, idly touching around the base of his dick as he voided out the last stretch of liquid. Even the "last stretch" was nothing to sniff at, as a few stops stood between large jets until he felt actually empty, and even at that point, he had to bring his cock back out and squeeze down along the entire length to force out the last little dribbles and drops. The display just boombursted more arousal into his partners.

Even when he was done squeezing everything out, Hajime couldn't stop touching his cock. He felt pretty stimulated, and just continued toying with strokes and pulling his foreskin back and over as his boyfriends handled each other.

Actually, there's no need to just keep using his hands when they were all together like this. He approached the penis-tugging boys and kept half-rubbing, half-holding-out his own. It was pretty much at Komaeda's eye level. Although he could get lube, he knew they'd rather blow him to slick him up than have him leave, even if just for a minute. Which Hinata was, naturally, not opposed to.

"Please. I'm going to fuck one of you." He begged, tapping the almost-fully-hard length.

"That's a little vague..." Nagito managed to catch the incoming cock directly into his mouth, having expected that Hajime would "bump" him after giving that inane, patience-draining observation when he was already stupidly aroused. Hajime didn't expect it, however, and he shouted a fading moan of surprise as his length was snugly hugged with heat and tongue.

As the tall brunet gently rocked into the slick mouth, Nagito withdrew his hand from Makoto and trailed the finger up his chest and near his head to catch his attention. Makoto blinked, looking at those pale eyes and then the motioning hand. Long fingers caressed around Hajime's hip and his asscheek, which he slowly squeezed and pointed to.

Makoto flushed, catching his implication, and nodded to communicate he understood that. He scooted behind Hajime, standing up straighter, stroking over his own dick to gather more pre to slick it up. The taller brunet was vaguely aware that his pint-sized partner would try something, but he didn't pay full attention until his back cheeks were grabbed and his hole was unceremoniously poked.

Hinata shuddered; even though he wasn't prepped at all, Naegi sliding right into him didn't hurt one bit. His hole offered minimal resistance to the slick invasion. It made his cock twitch in Nagito's mouth.

"Don't stop..." He professed encouragingly to their small boyfriend, who eagerly canted his hips
against that toned ass. Hajime popped his length off Nagito's lips and poked the tip under his chin. "Do you want preparation?"

"If we stall, Makoto's just going to cum before we even begin." Komaeda teased.

"H-hey... I can stop so you have time to get prepared, you know." Naegi protested.

"I'm not worried." The fairet handwaved in amusement, his throat getting soft jabs from the cock bobbing forward from the push of Naegi's hips through Hinata.

"You sure?" Hinata panted- not to brag, but his dick was *considerably* larger than Makoto's, despite Nagito having taken it in rawer means before.

Nagito's response was to draw back and drool further on the heavy shaft, coating it in more slickness. He laid back on the floor despite the puddle and hiked up his panties from behind so that he didn't have to take them off, and his cock remained standing at attention through the front-facing heart-shaped opening.

Minor positional adjustments were made and Nagito moaned delightfully when Hajime pushed in. Hajime was seeing stars at this point, the tight hole clutching his dick and the new angle of Makoto's thrusts sending shocks through his body that were expressed in weak groans and mewls.

Makoto kept his arms wrapped around him and pressed his face to his back (as his height didn't allow him to put it on Hinata's neck or over his shoulder), moaning as he sped up his pounds. It made Hajime bounce harder into Nagito by proxy, who in turn gladly stroked his own erection to the sound of the sweet lovemaking involving his two most important people.

It was a consistent chorus of labored breaths, slick slaps and moans, with all the surrounding pee just making it surreal. Hajime's climax broke in first, abdomen unwrapping in fire as he bottomed out in Nagito in several strong, stuttering thrusts while his cock shoved his eager seed within. His eyebrows got a mighty crease and his voice broke in high-leaning, raspy moans.

Komaeda crumbled almost immediately after, adoring the lewd display in front of him. His walls and stroking hand clenched in tandem, a long happy whine crossing his lips as he coaxed the spurts of cum right out of his pulsing shaft.

Naegi managed to hold out slightly longer, probably helped by how much of his vision to the scene was blocked by Hinata's tall, broad-shouldered form. He nearly stopped his thrusts to savor the orgasm-triggered tight clench of Hinata's ass on him, but then doubled back on the speed to chase his own climax. His tightening balls slapped against that muscled backside audibly before he couldn't take more and his cock pulsed its jets inside his boyfriend, euphoric cries accompanying his tight grip on Hajime's thighs.

They were an absolute hot mess, sheets and drops of various fluids all around them. Hajime started moving first, and sort of quickly too, eliciting grunts from the boys he was entangled with. The semen leaking out of his butt didn't deter him one bit.

"We gotta clean up, you two." He peeled off the wet tight-clinging breeches that he had only tugged down before, enough to get the job done. "The longer you take, the harder it'll be to get the smell
"Mmm. Alright..." Nagito concurred, a little disappointed that it was over. The puddle had already gone cold by the time he lifted off it.

"Since we've done this now, I think if we try anything similar it should be in the shower box..."

"Is that an offer, Makoto-kun?"

"N-no, I meant, if you want to do more stuff like this."

"What if I wanted to do that everyday?"

"Uh-"

"I'm joking." Nagito giggled. "Don't worry, someone like me is definitely under the orders and wants of you two."

"Here's my orders." Hajime tossed the squilgee handle at him. "Help clean up. And also, stop self-deprecating. You're an equal here."

Nagito was about to protest on the last part, but knew there was no point to that, and it was still kind of an order. They dutifully managed the tasks, Komaeda pushing all the pee into the drain and lifting his legs to let Naegi pull off his panties and dunk them in the sink to scrub with soap (as he prefers doing that to putting them together with the much less dirty, drier clothes in the washer), and Hinata pouring some soapy water on the floor to spread with a mop.

The smells were warded off significantly, although the clothes needed a bit more work before they could dry and reach a level that was acceptable to share washing machine space with. Hajime came up to the sink as well for that.

Instead of sidling up though, he decided for directly pressing up to and leaning over Makoto, arms around him and grabbing another soap, making the shorter boy jolt at the full nude body press against his back. Makoto wasn't sure whether he appreciated more the help or the large flaccid cock snugly cushioned against his cheeks.

Just having it pressed there made his own penis happily responsive. Damn.

"I wanna make some good use of my mouth while in the shower when we get there, but I think I'm gonna bring some lube too. Just to return the favor, really." Hajime said almost as if uninterested, but his words and non-subtle whispering straight over Makoto's ear belied anything but disinterest.

"Hey, Hajime..." Nagito began, seeming a bit sheepish. "Remember how I said that we couldn't have the full experience in the shower because the drain would get rid of any puddles? Yeah, uh... I forgot we can actually close the drain. And then just reopen it after." He demonstrated with the laundry corner drain they were currently using to shove the liquids in.

"You know what. I should have remembered that. Everything's easier to clean there."

"I mean... I still liked what we did. And we're cleaning up easily too. So it wasn't that bad. Though it's better to get more worked up before doing it, because it's still kinda awkward..."
"Makoto, remember you don't have to do it if you don't want to."

"No, it's fine, especially for how much you like it. It's just. Not the kind of thing you start when super 'sober', and being nervous makes it harder to come out, too."

"You're right. I should probably suck you off before telling you to pee next time."

"O-oh."

"Even despite the risks? You really are something else, Nagito."

The fairet laughed in actual good humor. "I can only reach this potential thanks to the two of you. So really, thank you."

"Right back at you."

It would be a holiday tomorrow, and today is sunday.

While some parts of town were definitely ready for partymaking ruckus, others became silent grounds.

Stores were largely not open today, and similarly many people didn't bother leaving home when they otherwise would. A number of them might have even left friday or saturday to travel somewhere else with the added day of reprise.

Nagito and Makoto ended up having to do a lot of unplanned trekking for a present and then even more for another one and a spot where Hajime would be able to pick them up. Makoto didn't have a license, and neither did Nagito, who adamantly refused to do any driving due to his disastrous luck, so it was up to Hinata to take his boyfriends around when public transportation couldn't fit their scheduling or plans.

Now, outings with the two lucky boys had a number of subtle powers at work at any given time. Their Luck variables could cancel each other out, or add up, or plummet down into the abyss and make everything go wrong. Thankfully it tended to float around in stable normalcy, to where events could just be a coincidence or stem from bad planning.

Naegi wasn't desperate to pee by the time they left the second store, which also closed earlier on sundays. Or at least, he didn't feel it. By the time he did, he decided he could just go when they were home. And by the time it started getting pretty bad, and Komaeda noticed, he said he could go at home, it'd be fine, it's presumably just some forty minutes until Hajime's here.
And when Hajime phoned Nagito and said he'd 'end up coming later, sorry, how much later? I don't know'- Naegi said the same thing.

And when his bladder had started to really pressure things up and his legs were already unconsciously pressing together and his hands balling up into fists at his sides, he still said it'd be fine, albeit with less confidence.

They'd even walked around a couple blocks and back, to no avail on open stores or even places to sit besides an uncomfortable ledge. They didn't stay there long.

At the point Naegi was becoming more fidgety and obviously making efforts to not squeeze his crotch (much), Komaeda would've rolled his eyes if he weren't so cute.

When he brought it up the response would still be "I can still hold it", but with sharply decreasing faith in his own words each time. Even though he knew the answer - this was a retreading of a familiar path - Nagito still suggested he should just go the street hoodlum way.

Predictably, Naegi didn't want that. (Maybe he'd think differently if he had actually wet himself last time.) Maybe he was too much of a proper boy for that self-preservation.

To be fair, they were in a sort of suspense where Hajime could show up at any time at this point. Which could be between five and thirty minutes, or even more - though assumedly he'd leave another warning if that was the case.

So even if waiting for him was the current plan, that didn't change what was inevitably going to happen.

"Makoto, can I give you a couple helpful words?"

"Ahn? S... sure."

"I really don't think you'll make it home."

"... That's not helpful."

"If I don't say it, you'll just try to hold it all the way there, won't you? I think you'd fight a losing battle in the car."
The effort of thoughts for Naegi was greater than it should be, but this sort of situation wasn't the first time and his partner was being reasonable, with a clearer mind and all. Even though he was increasingly holding to the desperate thought that Hinata could pull over someplace, finding somewhere open today and at this time would be putting all his golden coins on the table, per se.

"W-what's your plan, then?" The brunet turned to him, hand giving a couple urgent squeezes through his pocket.

Nagito hummed, whether in true deep thought or not, one couldn't know. It's likely he has been thinking about all the options for a while, too. "I think I should help you right now, and make you feel so good you can't even worry anymore."

"... Huh?! Nagito, we're out in public!" Makoto replied exasperatedly.

"Yes. But there are very big differences even in public spaces... It's deserted out here and I have been looking at that tree there. Pretty big and shaded..."

"N-no."

"I'm much taller than you, and my coat is big. If you really don't want me to, I won't force myself on you. But knowing that determination of yours... well."

Moments of silence hovered over them, essentially a demonstration of how it'd be for however many minutes ahead they had. Naegi barely holding himself together, and Komaeda having to watch without being able to do much. So that changed his stance for now at least.

"So do you want to..." The shorter luckster trailed off, not really having much notion towards it after all.

"Let me distract you." Nagito made sure his every movement was slow and predictable so as not to startle him, and leaned over a little to softly stroke his partner's face. Although he didn't let himself relax, Naegi did enjoy it, leaning into the cupping fingers. He let his eyes flutter closed as Nagito leaned closer still to kiss him.

The kisses were fairly simple, barely a trace of tongue, but they felt near overwhelming in the wake of desperation. Nagito was shrinking their world, blurring the focus of everything around them. And they kissed, and kissed, and Makoto felt the tensions and enjoyment build lower down in his abdomen.
The tree they were led closer to amid this was indeed fairly wide and had new branches sprouting mid-trunk from a sliced-off shoot.

Komaeda still risked a previous suggestion despite knowing the answer would be the same. "Don't you just want to zip down on this tree?"

There was a moment of quiet where he almost expected Naegi to actually agree, but there it was, the headshake and conflicted "no". The brunet was just too shy. Even though no one had come past this street for a whole ten minutes (except one uninterested passerby on the other side, but Komaeda's not about to point that out).

If he was a better boyfriend (arguably, since that could also mean they would potentially leave their other boyfriend in the dust going in circling traffic trying to find them when he arrived), he would have taken Makoto walking (or carried him) until a bathroom was found, or until he found somewhere better to convince him into a sneak pee. But he was very much not opposed to seeing those pants get wet. If Makoto would rather try to fight with his penis in than out, who was Nagito to complain?

Maybe that'd change once his cock starts leaking.

"I won't push. Don't worry." Nagito assured as he palmed down his chest, sensually rubbing over his clothes and sides. He was being so careful, Naegi didn't feel his control getting hits. He got really nervous once Nagito started touching his crotch, but the subtle, considerate stroking over his clothed package actually felt good and the gradual stiffening his cock was getting in response made him feel more in control of his bladder urges.

"That... helps." Makoto exhaled, "If you keep me... hard..."

Komaeda hummed in agreement, very much enjoying this whole ordeal himself. There were a number of good sensations related to feeling his boyfriend's cock against him - albeit not directly - in public, and although he wanted to do more, that'd be obvious sabotaging. So he simply kept a light, but firm and slow touching regimen meant to keep him stimulated but not grant any orgasm-chasing pleasure.

While they leant casually on the tree, the absentminded stroking slowly getting Naegi more out of it, Nagito's phone buzzed and he stopped to pick it up. It was a message from Hajime; *They're holding me up over assumed ownership issues with Gundham. They think either of us is stealing the car from the other. I thought this was solved since last time. I'm sorry, I promise I'll be there as soon as I can. Tell Makoto too.*

"Hmm... hey Makoto, how bad is your need now?"
The boy in question made a noise between a cackle and a whine, even without knowing what the message was about. He knew it wasn't good news.

"I don't wanna think about it. Still pretty bad."

"Hajime is-"

"Please don't tell me."

Nagito held back a snort. Poor thing.

It's just not gonna work out if he keeps trying to hold it, though Nagito doesn't want to just state that de facto and seem to be driving down the last nail on the coffin himself. He should probably just carry on with his first intended plan - flood the brunet with so much pleasure he forgets shame. Or an accident happens. Whichever comes first.

He doesn't return the ministrations on his crotch yet, deciding to instead go for that fluffy, pointy ahoge.

Makoto's ahoge (and Hajime's, too) serves as an area of erotic sensation almost as strong as his dick, when tuned to it. Nagito doubted that anyone knew about this tidbit of obscene information outside of their relationship. Maybe fun things would happen if he told all their classmates about it, but it was better not to.

So he started softly petting, then rubbing, the sprout of Makoto's hair, and it twitched against his fingers as he drew in a sharp breath. Sure enough, after very little time, the touches to his sensitive ahoge sent mothwings of sensation across his tense lower region. Not delicate butterfly wingbeats-but like those of a huge hand-sized furry moth.

Maybe with wooden scales. *Gods, his bladder hurt.*

Komaeda cautiously cupped his hand back over his partner's groin. Naegi's breathing was becoming heavier still, his erection pushing very stiffly against his clothes. The slow push of little bits of precum through his urethra made him want to pee so, *so* bad.

"Where's Hajime...!" Naegi whined, biting his lip. He repeatedly squeezed his thighs over Komaeda's hand, trying to alleviate the heavy pressure feeling.

"He could be here in five minutes if he's speedy, but probably more..." Nagito was sure his partner didn't have that much time in him. Especially with the second bodily pressure of wanting to ejaculate on top of the stretchingly full bladder. There wasn't any sure way to know which release would be achieved first while he tried to keep both at bay, but either of them would be showing up sooner or not-so-sooner.
Komaeda's strokes became just a little firmer, a gentle tug being delivered to the ahoge before letting it go to focus on his crotch and allow the other boy to position close to him better. Naegi clawed over Komaeda's shirt to secure a desperate grip, becoming more aroused and less stable with passing time.

*He looks so hot, undone like this.*

"I wanna make you cum, Makoto." Nagito puffed by the top of his ear.

The brunet reactively humped his hand in response to the shudder-inducing whisper, having to stop himself from doing more of that.

His head was barren of thoughts and all his focus was where the rush of blood flushed strongest; he was so, so hard and needed to pee *urgently* badly, feeling that the stiffness of his cock was the only thing holding back the flood when he was in no position to have control over his body. The dual pressure was mind-numbing, painful, and Nagito was both his salvation and the devil advocating this situation.

With shudders, he breathed against the other luckster's collar, small rasps of "please" leaving him almost pitifully. Nagito palmed and squeezed him through his pants lovingly, not wanting to drag on the pleasurable suffering until Makoto became barely-held-together incoherence. His own sultry breaths gladly joined the desperate noises the shorter boy was making.

After kisses to the upwards-pointing ahoge and more firm rubs onto the more-than-damp area, Makoto's grip on his shirt became tight pinches that made Nagito wince for the brief moment the fingers squeezed the skin underneath; a cut-off gasp and very abrupt ahoge twitch adding to the conclusion that the desperate boy had reached the brink.

A lulling purr resonated from Komaeda as he held his boyfriend tight, fingers physically invested in feeling the twitching of his cock in his breeches. He traced the wet tip and felt the spurts of cum slough against and through the fabric, painting a warm and damp sensation all around the bulge's top. Naegi shuddered through his orgasm with wracked breaths, forcing Nagito to shuffle their positions a little to better support his weaking frame.

Very shortly after the last push of cum, a warm dribble of much less thick liquid surged from Makoto's tip onto the come-stained crotch of his pants, rapidly becoming an uncontrollable flow that spread from where his bulge sat to *down, down* - drenching his thighs and all down his legs.

Nagito felt a second-long struggle of resistance accompanied by a tired moan of relief and embarrassment, but the shorter luckster knew he could do nothing as his body gave out, muscles entirely unwilling to stop the flow of pee, almost as if they weren't there. Heavy intakes of breath did little to make him feel less dizzy from the mixture of post-orgasmic pleasure, relief, lingering tension pain and distant anxiety about the situation, hardly able to notice the small moans that occasionally slipped out.

Even with a puddle rapidly forming below their feet, Komaeda kept him safely hidden and supported. His spine tingled to hear and feel Makoto completely lose control in his arms, feeling the rush of liquid that kept leaving his body by continuing to lightly touch the soaked bulge. It was hot and swift and there was enough volume to seep through the fabric and fall in a visible stream between his legs depending on the way Komaeda rummaged with the pants-restricted penis.
There was probably some overstimulation involved in this, as Makoto could do little more than shut his unfocused eyes and feel swarmed with sensation. Heat was everywhere; in the warmth of his boyfriend and in the pleasurable rush through his post-ejaculate urethra and in the pee-clinging clothes, in his face and in his eyes that had at some point started pricking with tears - was this even really Fall?

Nagito noted the dimming of the flow, and started squeezing the excess liquid off from around the crotch of fabric before trying to squeeze out Makoto himself. The brunet gave an exhausted whimper, barely able to feel his bladder properly now that it was no longer stretched. There was a longer-than-expected while of the remaining rest being squeezed out, a background noise of constant dripping from the cuffs of his pants and from between his legs being faintly heard.

With a last rough squeeze to the wet fabric, Komaeda wiped his hand on the edge of his simple overcoat and kissed his partner's cheek. He found his throat dry when he did speak, having to swallow and lick his lips, "Much better now."

Makoto muttered something about not wanting to stay near the puddle. Understandably, this was no longer a good spot to wait for Hajime on, whether by smell or conspicuousness ratio, so finding somewhere else that was also slightly hidden from view would be in order. Though not too far either, so that their boyfriend would not have trouble finding them still.

"I think I... really liked that. But I hated it. Let's just..." The shorter boy trailed off, but didn't finish.

"I'm sorry." Nagito leaned more onto him against the pole, the hold and surrounding coat being easily able to pass for protecting Makoto against cold rather than hiding the state of his pants.

"I'm sorry." Nagito leaned more onto him against the pole, the hold and surrounding coat being easily able to pass for protecting Makoto against cold rather than hiding the state of his pants.

"I'm an idiot. If I had just, you know... been braver and just. Done it. Taken it out for a few seconds on the tree or just behind that car..."

"You mean a minute, at least."

"Y-yeah! T-that's also why I didn't wanna do it. I didn't want to start it, then seen someone turn the corner and be unable to stop..." His face burned darker as he mumbled.

Komaeda made a vague gesture towards all of himself.

"Nagito, maybe you already know this, but... you really don't look... non-suspicious..."
Nagito laughed shortly in empathetic agreement, but stopped when he heard an approaching vehicle. They both turned to look at what was almost unmistakably Hajime's car (not exactly his, given it was shared with Gundham, but anyway).

Hinata stopped right beside and glanced at them from within, looking a bit confused at their cocoon-like arrangement.

Usually either of them would sit on the front, but Naegi immediately went for the back in an attempt to better hide his problem, and Komaeda went after him for support. It didn't work, as Hajime didn't miss the large wet spots and trails on his pants. Perhaps if they were a little darker in tone, the stains would've been essentially invisible.

Hajime looked from the soaked crotch of a tired, uneasy-looking Makoto to the much taller luckster sitting beside him. "Nagito, did you... do something?"

The boy in question gave a sweet chuckle. "There were no chances of him getting back in time. I just gave him an orgasm to make things a whole lot better."

flushing brighter, Hajime looked at Naegi. "You alright, Makoto? I didn't even know so I could've tried to come sooner. Or brought something for you to pee in. Damn."

"Yeah, it's... it's okay. At least we were alone, and the alternative would be me in that state while in here. Probably wouldn't work." He was having his hand gently played with by Komaeda's. "And are you okay too?"

"I mean, pretty frustrated from all the trouble before getting here, and I'm a bit upset that you were struggling like that while waiting for me. But I guess it's all better now, and we can all go relax at home." He fiddled with his already-undone tie, absolutely looking the part of someone who had to deal with much more bullshit than was necessary in a certain span of time. He smiled at his boyfriends. "Thank you for asking though."

As the car was pulled out over the street, Nagito interlocked his fingers with Makoto's. "Hey, if you're worried about getting the seat wet, you could always sit on my lap."

The shorter boy gave him a look as if annoyed, but instantly popped his butt right over on top of him. And pressed back up against his crotch for good measure.

"Oh!" Nagito cried out in surprise. Though it was a pleasant one- he was still turned on from all the stuff earlier, after all. He would be very much not opposed to grinding up against wet butt.

"Um, hey... if you two do something, make it not distracting. I'm driving. I don't wanna be tempted to pull over and have to jump back there."
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