DRAFT Unexpected x Developments DRAFT!

by 1angel2heart

Summary

Gon and Hisoka; two individuals with similar yet different personalities. Two individuals with an undeniable connection.

Their first interaction was an unexpected confrontation in a foggy, damp and deadly forest. This initiated a connection that lingered between them and a spark whenever they met that neither could fully comprehend. Inexplicable, incomprehensible and unexpected.

This is a story of a young boy, battered and burdened by fate, who is slowly learning of his destiny upon encountering a man--someone familiar--who many considered a deranged sociopath.
This is a story of love, reluctant and unrequited. It is a story of manipulation, murder, mystery, and of the people connected to Gon, whose lives have been touched by his light.

This is the story of Unexpected x Developments

IMPORTANT!!!

Change is coming!! A whole new UxD! Leave me kudos so I can know how interested the fan base is in seeing this story continue. Love you guys!

(For more recent / regular news, find me on Twitter @/Cherrystlouis1)

Notes

This story is currently being written. My writing style has grown and changed so much so I'm redoing this! This public version is the old version and the new one will be re-uploaded in the future with all the new changes and the continuation for this story. The new chapters can be read while I do them on a private site for a limited few but you will need to check my tumblr (unexpected-x-developments.tumblr.com) or my Twitter (Cherrystlouis1) for details. What I am doing right now (and why it’s taking this long) is that I’m not simply doing a re-edit (which is a lot of work also) but a re-edit and complete rework as tens of thousands of words have been added to the existing chapters and over 200k words are waiting to be separated into new chapters. I am also commissioning an artist to do tons of art for the special release of the new series that will come with this. I share my progress on my social media pages so you can always keep up to date with me there.

If you are a new reader, as embarrassing as the current PUBLICLY available copy of UxD is, you are welcome to read it as it is until I re-upload.

I would like to thank all of my loyal fans who emotionally support, encourage and those who even try to sponsor me while I write. You all are the best!

Until UxD returns, do not hesitate to reach out to me and of course, you can always leave kudos so I can know how interested the fan base is in seeing this story again. Love you guys!
Prey

Chapter Summary

The title of this chapter not only refers to Hisoka thinking about his different prey (which isn't only Gon) but also the fact that Gon becomes the prey he focuses on once more now that he's found him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
Thank you for reading and should you want to keep abreast with any announcements concerning this story, my blog is [universallylightcherryblossom.tumblr.com](http://universallylightcherryblossom.tumblr.com) and this blog is the home of Unexpected x Developments.
Now, let's get to it then shall we?

Chapter One: Prey

Disclaimer: All characters mentioned in this story that are part of the Hunter x Hunter Manga… indeed are the property of Yoshihiro Togashi and are not mine. All I own is the plot…

A/N

I hope you all enjoy this.

See the Unexpected x Developments character data for info on the characters in this story!

Chapter Dictionary:

Otouto: little brother

"Speech"

Italicized text: Thought

Now, without further ado, please enjoy ~

A sunny day. That was all it was. Some may have said that it was a beautiful day, a day to be taken advantage of with a plethora of fun activities, but beautiful weather meant nothing to him. He simply did not care and it was not because he had nothing to do with his time, but because the beauty of nature made him feel nothing.

To him, beautiful weather was simply a social construct that people with nothing to do but waste their time used to fill that time with meaningless activities.

To him, time was a continuum that he was gifted with in order to fill with things that gave him pleasure and whether it be day or night, his aim was to use that time to seek after the fulfillment of his desires.

Hisoka liked to consider himself a logical being.

If it rained he took shelter…

Sometimes~

If it was too hot, well...

Whatever~
All that mattered in his life was survival…and enjoyment.

A major condition for him though was that survival and enjoyment must each accompany the other.

If nothing at the moment fell under those two categories, he was not interested.

What was the point of going through each day and not having fun? To him, without it life would just be bland and uninteresting.

*And that's exactly what it is these days~*

It felt like ages since he had had the luxury of getting into a fight…a *good* fight: the type to make his heart pound and his blood surge.

One that actually made him break into a sweat and use at least a third of his latent power.

"*Boring…~"* Hisoka sighed in his singsong voice as he shifted to focus his idle gaze up at the blindingly bright blue sky. With the way the sun seemed to be trying in vain to get closer and the birds serenaded him with a cacophony of inexhaustible love songs, one thing was obvious – Mother Nature was clearly in a good mood that day.

"*At least someone is in a good mood~"* he soured aloud, feeling moody.

Tapping his foot rhythmically against the side of the rock cliff where he sat cross-legged, Hisoka continued his train of thought.

The last time he had something remotely close to a challenge was when he'd fought some pro hunters during the Hunters' Association's elections about one year earlier.

*Damn… that wasn't even all that recent~*

*And it wasn't even fun,* he added, remembering how easy it had been to best the horde that had come at him.

It couldn't even be called a fight by his standards; for not even their blood had been capable of vilifying the pristine white of his clothing.

*Too easy.*

He sighed.

*I need a challenge.*

Had it been that...had it been what his soul was craving, maybe there was a slim chance that Hisoka would have at least tried to recall the names and faces of those he'd killed that day.

But it wasn't. It was far from what he'd call anything even remotely exhausting; so as he sat looking absently out at the trees in the distance, he did not attempt to honor the dead with a memory. It was all meaningless and left a bad taste in his mouth.

"*I need some action in my life~"* Hisoka groaned aloud.

Sighing again, the Magician felt himself getting agitated.
That feeling, it was familiar; that persistent, gnawing sensation crawling under his skin and hinting at the complete loss of self-control that may happen at any moment.

It was his bloodlust rising to the surface...becoming sentient and Hisoka resisted the urge to claw at his skin to stem its tide.

Instead of dreading it, Hisoka welcomed the harrowing descent into madness. It had been approaching, closing in on him more and more over the past few months, and now that he was remembering having gone to the city where the Hunters' Association Headquarters was located, for the voting and the subsequent fights that took place there, he could feel the final vestiges of his control slipping away.

As if I care what that wretched organization does~

Never the type to turn up for such a thing, he'd done it primarily to act as a cover for his meeting with Illumi. And in his opinion, since he was already there, why not ruffle the feathers of a few Zodiacs while doing so?

Their frustrations would only serve to feed his boredom.

Hisoka was a performer at heart and he loved a good show. Nothing was more pleasurable than giving the crowd the excitement they craved by throwing a few unexpected developments into the norm.

And boy were those Zodiacs overwhelmed by his ability to get under their skin.

He smirked. Messing with people, getting a rise out of them to the point where they could no longer think, was one of his biggest turn-ons and he did it whenever he could and to whomever he felt like messing with at the time.

And the most delightful part was the look that would arrest their features when they finally understood just how much power he'd held over them in that moment; the power to make them become enraptured in his show, abandon their will and start acting irrationally.

The Zodiacs, specifically the three who had been playing at being ballot box clerks on the day of the elections, were aware of – and judged him as a result of – his passion for a good fight.

What a group of hypocrites~

He smirked at the irony of it all, that they who belonged to an organization that had members within its office doing similarly atrocious deeds had the nerve to label him as some kind of mass murderer.

They didn't have to say it, the look on their faces said it all.

'Oh no...it's Hisoka, let's look at him like he's trash and maybe he'd see the err of his ways and repent~'

Hisoka snickered at that thought as he continued to mock the Zodiacs in his head.
'He kills people...~'

'Innocent people too...not like we don't do the same, but it's bad because Hisoka does it~'

~Boohoo where are the tissues~

Hisoka almost laughed outright at how they actually seemed to think that they could make him feel shunned by turning up their noses whenever he showed up for mandatory events where hunters were summoned.

Poor fools~

His smirk widened into a grin. It was pitiful, and their attitudes only made him want to show up for every event – mandatory or not – where he knew that they'd be officiating, so as to relish in their disgust for him and their failed attempts to ostracize him.

When would people realize that he could not care any less about what they thought of him? To him, humans were naught but faceless beings whose potential value was measured solely by whether or not they were good enough to be part of his collection.

And the Zodiacs were no different.

His only interest in them was their strength and the possibility that he could one day fight each of them for his entertainment.

To the death~

Mmmmm~

The memory of how absolutely delightful their aura felt on that first day of voting made Hisoka chuckle to himself as he sat perched on that rock in the middle of nowhere like a man gone mad.

Those Zodiacs present were strong and deserved no less than seventy-five points on his personal rating scale.

Their aura was impressive and that would surely have been a worthy fight, but back then there was no way to engage them without drawing attention to himself.

And this refusal to engage them was not for the logical reason that he was within their stronghold, but for the simple reason that he had been hired to do another job.

His time had been bought and he could not have acted too much on his own as his employer, fully aware of the character that he was, insisted that he not do anything of the sort unless he had no other option or was specifically requested to do so.

Illumi was always strict about things like that and as much as Hisoka wanted to do the opposite, in the end he respected his wishes.

He was paying well, after all.

Thus, the rest of the morning was spent passing the time by scouting the hunters who had come to vote and recreationally affixing numbers of value to them.

Unfortunately, their 'value' did not amount to much and this activity had only frustrated him as the so-called 'pro hunters' he'd secretly assessed from across the room didn't even cross a score of fifty.
The memory caused Hisoka's lips to twist in disgust.

Two.

Why was there even a guy who scored a two?!

What the hell? How did he even get his hunter's license?

In a cereal box?

That should be illegal.

I should have killed him and ended his miserable existence.

Hisoka shook his head.

I would have been doing him and the world a favor.

That was the only thing Hisoka found himself regretting as he reflected on that day. To him, if he had killed the guy, at least he would have had something to look back on and smile about.

This is why I hate thinking of the past...

That morning, so much of his time had been spent analyzing a useless crowd that by the time he was done, he was scowling to himself – sorely disappointed that he couldn't even locate some more toys to add to his collection.

Then suddenly, he'd felt it. In the midst of seriously contemplating killing everyone in the room in order to ease his frustration, he had been unexpectedly hit by an aura so strong that it scored ninety-five points on his scale.

Excited that his boredom had come to an end, he'd stilled as a minute ray of hope blossomed in his chest.

For a moment, Hisoka had allowed himself to indulge in all the sordid fantasies of what he wanted to do to that person until his fun ended too soon upon the realization that, regrettably, the aura was all too familiar. He had been so excited that he had not made the connection sooner – it was only Illumi, disguised as Gittarukur.

Hisoka sighed, mimicking the disappointment he'd felt that day and remembering the pleasurable tingle Illumi's strong aura gave him.

It's always so good... ~

Especially whenever Killua's safety is threatened.

Something about Killua always made the normally stoic, rational assassin become more reckless and of course Hisoka had taken advantage of this at one point during their surveillance of the younger brothers and the butlers of the Zoldyck family, using his skill in deceit to trick Illumi into thinking that he was contemplating harming his otouto.

And boy did Illumi not disappoint with his reaction.

Illumi had released a bloodlust so strong that the birds in a wide perimeter around them had been spooked out of the trees – and best of all, that bloodlust was directed at him.
Hisoka always enjoyed that momentary flicker of unbridled power and just witnessing it again was worth almost getting thrown off of the cliff that day.

Actually, he had hoped that Illumi would have done just that but the raven haired man – as usual – had regained his composure in record time upon realizing that he had been undoubtedly tricked.

Mmmmm...Illumi~

Oh how he'd love to fight him one day, but right now it was of utmost importance that he remain patient. It was a pity though, that Hisoka's patience these days was critically low, considering that presently he was literally thirsting for a good fight, one to calm the gnawing need inside of him… but alas, he had already decided a long time ago that Illumi Zoldyck was going to be one of those toys that would be saved for last.

This was because if they were to fight, it'd be a death match and right now he and Illumi had a bit of a symbiotic relationship in order to provide each other with valuable information or assistance when necessary.

Illumi was useful and he couldn't lose him...yet.

Briefly, he allowed himself to wonder what Illumi had been up to. That time at the Hunter Association Elections was the last he'd seen of him, which meant that the other had not provided any means of excitement for him recently, so he was left to once again be 'chasing after Kuroro' – as Illumi liked to describe his search.

But currently, that search was more of a frustration. Kuroro had gone missing after regaining his Nen and appeared to be quite good at staying under the radar. But then again, it was no surprise as that man was a renowned thief. He would not have survived this long if the authorities and every fool who wanted to capture him and exact their revenge were able to find him easily.

On his hunt to locate him though, Hisoka did manage to meet a few good fighters, but none worth keeping alive to develop into fruits ripe enough for his fighting pleasure later on.

Just then he remembered something significant from that last time when he had been working with Illumi, something that had made him both shocked and angry at the time when he had heard the news. He had been almost unlucky enough to lose two of his fruits.

Luckily for him though, in the end, things had worked out in such a way that he didn't actually lose both Killua and Gon...especially Gon.

That boy, as careless and hard headed as he was, was his favourite fruit on his way to becoming fully grown for his entertainment and just thinking about him whet Hisoka's appetite for action.

Maybe I'll pause my current search for Kuroro and see what Gon has been up to~

Hisoka already had an idea where the boy was heading as he had come across him (unbeknownst to the youth of course) in the last city and was subconsciously tailing him before he'd made the decision to actively do so.

Gon, most likely wasn't even aware that he was being followed as he could be quite clueless at times, so it had been quite easy to keep track of him for the last few hours.

Mmmm my little fruit...

Do you even know what's going to happen to you? ~
He smirked, looking down at the thinning trees below, his excitement mounting higher from the knowledge that soon his path would cross with Gon's. Now that I've found you, I'd follow you to the ends of this world Gon Freecs...and when I catch you I'll—

His smirk turned into an evil grin that spread across his face. If Hisoka was expected to be a clown, that smile: vile, lecherous and hinting at repulsive intentions, would have been enough to atrophy anyone's heart in seconds. But Hisoka never cared about appearances and right now he was having the time of his life, knowing that very soon he'd be meeting his most important prey.

It had been too long.

"Oh Gonnnnnnn..." he moaned, hands gliding over his body as if the mere thought of the boy sexually aroused him. "The things you make me do,"—his breath hitched—"the things I want to do to you...

Suddenly, the wind shifted and Hisoka froze in the midst of his fantasies. "Mmmm... seems like it's lunch time~" he whispered, excitement making his aura flare slightly, but he reined it in. Having anticipated that the boy would be heading this way, he had gone ahead to lie in wait and now as Gon drew closer to his location, he could sense exactly where he was.

It was only a matter of time before—

At that moment his senses were assaulted by the familiar presence and he jumped down – silently and with ease – into the thicket of bushes quite some distance below, advancing to a mere fifty meters from his target.

Right now they were in the forested area that stretched for miles before a cavernous, unforgiving desert and it would take at least three days to cross on foot (if resting at night) before coming to the next city.

York Shin City~

Was that where Gon was heading? Most likely.

What a coincidence~ Hisoka thought with a laugh that was not expressed out loud. The journey to get to that city would make for ample time to observe the boy, assess what strength he was able to boost in the time he had not seen him, and maybe…

Have some fun~

Hisoka leaned against the rugged, massive trunk of a Basswood tree to ponder all of this and as he remained in Zetsu at the edge of a clearing, his target came into view.

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Gon ambled through the thick underbrush until he came upon a clearing. Looking around cautiously, he took a seat on a sizeable rock and retrieved the map from his satchel.

Three days.
That's how long it would take to cross the vast forest and the desert he would soon come upon. He could have easily taken an airship in the last town and saved on some time, but Gon figured that the setback was only a small obstacle in his journey to meeting Killua again.

And it wasn't so bad, because the extra time would serve as a platform for some much needed introspection.

One year was too much time to be away from his best friend and he had learned a lot about himself during that period, causing him to become conscious of just how much he had to say to Killua in terms of apologizing for all the things he'd put him through during their last mission together.

*Three days Killua and then I'll be there. I hope you've had fun seeing the things we've only spoken of.*

Gon took a deep breath, enjoying the crisp, clean air of the forest and relaxed, focusing his senses on the environment. Everything spoke to him: the happy birds perched on slim branches in towering trees, the fluttering leaves and the rustling in the wild undergrowth by the nearby animals.

It all reminded him of home and Gon enjoyed the resulting pang of nostalgia until he remembered how close he had come to still being stuck on Whale Island, under Aunt Mito's careful watch.

He shivered, remembering all the homework he had just barely completed, knowing that, given the chance, Aunt Mito never would have let him leave or stray too far out of her sight and—

His heart skipped a beat.

*She no doubt would have married me off to an island girl so that I'd have kids there and really never leave.*

Gon swallowed to ease the sudden lump in his throat.

He did not, for one minute doubt that his aunt would have done something like that. Sometimes it felt as if she would do anything in order to keep him from running off into danger.

To make matters worse, there had been some strange happenings at home lately, little things that were so apart from the norm that even he was able to notice them immediately, like the butcher's daughter from the neighboring county suspiciously turning up at least twice a week for dinner and Aunt Mito talking about how he should get out and socialize instead of fishing all day…

Gon shivered again. *Good thing I left when I had the chance,* he thought, then promptly felt guilty. It wasn't fair to be running off once more like this and leaving Aunt Mito and Granny alone.

*Maybe after meeting up with Killua we could go back to Whale Island to visit for a bit.*

The thought of visiting Whale Island with Killua once more had Gon smiling widely. Remembering his recent phone conversation with his aunt, he regretted not telling her that he'd be coming back to Whale Island soon.

*Mito-san would like that very much.*

When he'd stopped off in the last town, he had made it his priority to give her a call so that she'd know that he had already completed eighty percent of his journey. Gon loved Aunt Mito with all his heart and hearing her sound like she was already missing him, broke his heart. Eventually, she had admitted that she was happy that he was safe and he promised to be extra careful and write as
soon as he settled in. It was nice checking in with her and getting to know that she was okay and even though he had to endure being forced to send a kiss through the phone to Granny before he was able to hang up, Gon did not mind, he loved his family...and he loved Whale Island but now his eyes were focused on the journey ahead.

"Soon I would be in York Shin," he whispered, excited at the prospect of visiting the city again but this time as a tourist.

Smiling, Gon allowed himself to relax even more and let the sounds of nature soothe him. This spot would be perfect to stop for now, especially since there was a creek to his left in which he could probably catch some lunch soon.

It felt good to be doing nothing as this was the first time in the few hours after dawn that he had allowed himself to stop – although he didn't need the rest. He had done it primarily to check his map and get something to eat before starting his journey again.

This is nice...

On the outside, Gon appeared relaxed and content but despite his relaxed posture, he was finding it hard to shake the persistent, nagging feeling that someone was watching him.

Hmm...

Unable to sense any aura, he lifted his head and sniffed the air.

Nothing...again.

But there had to be something out there – he was sure of it – his senses and nature were warning him of another presence other than his within a very close range. His senses told him by way of making him feel on edge and nature told him in the way that the animals seemed to be exercising caution in the immediate area bordering the clearing.

They're close.

Gon tried not to look to the edge of the clearing in the area where he felt the highest concentration of ill-intent.

It was frustrating to say the least: knowing that something, someone was out there and not being able to do a thing about it. Gon hated being at a disadvantage and as much as it irked him, he decided that his best course of action would be to stop wasting his energy in trying to assuage the identity of whomever it was that was following him.

I'm probably being overly sensitive, he thought, leaning forward to rest an elbow on his thigh and prop his chin on the heel of that hand.

In the past couple months; Gon had grown accustomed to being plagued with an overly sensitive perception of everything around him. He had noticed the change about one year earlier on returning to Whale Island and assumed that his already above-average senses must have amplified themselves in order to compensate for his current handicap – the loss of his Nen.

This heightening of his innate abilities was a change that he had welcomed and in a situation like this, where he was highly suspicious of being in danger, it came in handy. It could be the difference between life and death and because of that; he had the utmost faith in his talents.

In all his life, his nose had never failed him and despite the fact that it being a hot, humid day with
practically no wind presented a bad sign for someone who had to rely completely on their sense of smell, Gon was not worried.

As usual, he refused to allow himself to stress too much about things like that and concluded that even if there was in fact someone looking at him from the bushes, they couldn't be too difficult to handle as he did not sense any danger in the malicious intent around him. So for that moment, he chose to ignore the feeling but still be a bit cautious.

Besides, at his current level with the amount of training he had completed, Gon felt that whoever it was could never pose a challenge to him. As a matter of fact, he hoped that they were a challenge, because after months of practising on weak opponents and enduring the pain of inactivity, he could surely use some action.

Maybe this would be fun...

Grinning shrewdly at that thought, Gon muttered with determination, "Gon Freecs has never backed down in the face of a challenge..."

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Hisoka chuckled to himself as he watched Gon walk into the clearing and become instantly on alert. Although he was in a perfectly flawless Zetsu the boy was able to sense his presence and remain attentive despite being unable to pinpoint his location.

From his point of view, it seemed as if Gon was trying to make it appear to whoever was watching him that he hadn't noticed their presence, but Hisoka knew that Gon was aware of someone watching him.

Seems like I underestimated him~

Hisoka smiled proudly.

My Gon-kun knew that he was being followed~

The smile on his face widened and his heart beat faster.

Mmmmmmmm... Oh Gon-kun~

The fact that even with the knowledge of being followed, that Gon was not making a move to try to lose him meant that the boy was most likely trying to draw him out and take him on.

To always be so confident in his own abilities reminded the magician of the fiery resolve that Gon possessed.

I want to see that resolve~

I want to feel it...~

I want to... Hisoka looked down at his hands and moaned. I want to feel his neck under these hands... to hear him gasp for air as he looks up at me~

Those eyes...I want to...need to see them~
Mmmmm~

Hisoka was now thrilled at the thought of engaging Gon in a fight and started to get excited just thinking of how much his fruit appeared to have matured; seemingly even more than when he'd last met him.

"Just how much have you matured Gon?~ " he cooed to himself.

He was trying so very hard to rein in his desire to crush the boy but being this close to him, he had no idea how much longer he could remain in hiding.

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What was that?!

Looking up suddenly, Gon sniffed the air. He still could not detect anything.

With no wind to help carry a hint of a scent to give him the faintest clue of what he was dealing with, Gon felt a twinge of concern.

Of all the days for the air to be still, hot and sticky...this had to be the worst one.

What should I do?

His senses, honed from spending his entire childhood on Whale Island, were screaming that there was someone out there, looking at him...analyzing him.

And that maybe...just maybe this encounter was one that he should do his best to avoid.

Before Gon could ponder on that thought, he felt a chill run up his spine.

What...the...heck?

At first when he'd sensed the unfamiliar change in the atmosphere that came with being closely observed, Gon had thought that it must have been a fellow traveler that was being extra cautious and had taken to following him at a distance to ensure that he wasn't a threat.

But now, he wasn't so sure that this person was entirely without sinister intentions. That is, because it had been a couple miles since he had noticed that person following him and from their growing presence he could sense that they had been getting steadily closer.

The thing that worried him the most though – the thing that he'd even dare to say frightened him – was being unable to infer whether that person was someone he'd met before, due to their presence being so well hidden.

If it wasn't for his exceptional senses, to cue to him that there was someone nearby, Gon was fully aware that he would have been as passive as a clueless lamb awaiting the hour of its slaughter.

What kind of creep was out there, and what did they want with him?

Almost immediately, Gon realized that running was not an option. If this person was so strong that they could be basically undetectable, he guessed that they'd be highly unpredictable as well.

Gon's look of contemplation evaporated and a determined expression took its place.
In any case, he had never intended to run and looking down one last time at the map in his hands and standing, he whispered, "Sorry Killua, I guess I'm going to have to delay a bit…"

Before Gon could formulate his next move, a sudden rustling in the bushes caught his attention and his head snapped up as he turned toward the source of the sound.

*Seems like the coward has finally decided to show his face,* he thought cynically as his blood boiled in preparation for the coming confrontation. But what Gon saw suddenly made that same blood run cold in his veins.

That **definitely** was no coward and the sadistic grin the man wore chilled him to the bone.

Whatever it was that he was planning couldn't be good, especially if past experience was anything to go by in this situation.

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*Run!*

The command hit him like a bolt of electricity as the logical part of Gon's brain reminded him that this was a man who killed without remorse; a man who wouldn't hesitate to kill him either and that he'd be better off getting as far away from this freak as possible, but currently his legs were frozen in place, unable and unwilling to give in to his flight response.

*I need to run...but I want to fight.*

Gon's arms came up in a defensive gesture to protect his front as he put up his guard, hands fisted and ready.

*Run!*

*No...*

*I can't!*

*I want to fight...*

*I need to run...*

*But...I want to fight.*

In spite of this picture of readiness he made, on the inside there were so many conflicting emotions seeking resolution, wondering what to do with this immense situation that had crept up on him.

*Run...*

*No!*

*I want to fight.*

His body though, couldn't wait for his mind to come to a decision and had already started reacting on its own.
It's not like he could actually get away at this point; or that he wanted to. Because, unfortunately for Gon, that logical part of his brain that was screaming at him to run was drowned out by the loud thumping of his heart in his chest, the pulsing of the blood in his ears and the addictive fuel provided by the challenge in front of him.

His previously chilled blood started to burn again and with expressive eyes brimming with excitement, he stared down the man smirking at him and gasped breathlessly, "…Hisoka!"

Hisoka simply grinned wider and Gon was suddenly so worked up, so overflowing with anticipation and caution that he never allowed his eyes for one moment to leave the figure before him.
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Think I did a good job on this chapter? If so, please give me some of your love ❤ (It helps me to keep writing)

↑ Top Next Chapter → Kudos ❤
2nd Re-edit note 20/06/16: After all these remakes...I am finally satisfied with this chapter ;w;

Re-edit Note: Aunt Mito was trying to hook up Gon and Gon escaped the married life ;p (of course he wouldn't have been married right away, that girl probably would have just kept being invited over for dinner (by Aunt Mito of course) and next thing he knew, Aunt Mito would have encouraged him to take her places (and he would have agreed because he's a nice guy lol) and some years would have passed and poor Gon wouldn't even realize that he was dating until people started asking him when he's going to propose ha)

A/N

Hmmm I smell cliffhanger...*Gomen* XD

Hope you liked it! Don't forget to review and let me know what you think! A new chapter should be up soon, thanks for reading :)
His previously chilled blood started to burn again and with expressive eyes brimming with excitement, he stared down the man smirking at him and gasped breathlessly, "...Hisoka!"

Hisoka simply grinned wider and Gon was suddenly so worked up, so overflowing with anticipation and caution that he never allowed his eyes for one moment to leave the figure before him.

"My, my…what do we have here?~" Hisoka drawled, steadily approaching the boy.

Instantly Gon dropped into a fighting stance, not knowing what to expect from this encounter. This was the last thing he was expecting in his state.

"Stay back!" he shouted, as the man continued to approach, jumping backwards to put some more distance between them.

Regardless, Hisoka paid him no mind – slow, steady steps putting him only a few feet away from the young man.

"Hmmm…? Is that how you treat an old acquaintance you just happened to meet? How unfortunate~" Hisoka pouted.

"Just met?!" Gon started disbelievingly, "You liar, I know you've been following me for quite a while now, so drop the innocent act!"

Of course Gon did not include the fact that he’d been unable to differentiate who it was that had been following him.

"And here I thought we could have a little chat for old times' sake~" Hisoka laughed, making a showy gesture of shrugging despondently as he studied the boy in front of him. Internally though, he displayed a conniving smile.

Gon knew him so well. It made no sense trying to fool around with him, but that didn't mean that he would stop doing so.
It was just too much fun playing around with the boy and watching that fire in his eyes burn even brighter.

Hisoka dared to take one step closer, even as Gon attempted to maintain his pose and stay rooted to the spot. Now that he was standing much closer, he was able to get a good look at him. In the past year and a half since he'd last seen Gon during the match with Razor on Greed Island, it seemed that the boy had matured quite a bit.

It wasn't just about the fact that he was now more than two inches taller than the last time they'd met, but something in his eyes had changed. He seemed less trusting than he was back then.

Something drastic must have happened to cause this kind of growth.

It was then that he remembered that just one year earlier Gon had been on the verge of death, only to be miraculously brought back just as he was about to teeter over. That experience, coupled with what Hisoka could only imagine he had been through during the Chimera Ant event, must have dramatically shaken, if not altered some of the boy's perspectives.

This thought made Hisoka even more excited to see how much these experiences would have affected Gon's fighting style.

"Mmm~"

As Hisoka's golden stare roamed over Gon's rigid stance, he realized that Gon was no longer a boy, but a young man now. Clothed in a simple armhole vest and light track pants tucked into his green boots, his trademark green jacket was gone (which may have been due to the season's uncharacteristic heat) revealing toned and slightly muscular arms. Hisoka licked his lips, trying to pay attention as he realized that Gon was saying something.

"...and there's nothing that we could possibly have to chat about."

There was a tone of finality to that sentence that he did not like.

"Oh? ~ " The jester laughed and he saw Gon's muscles suddenly tense. He found that he was beginning to like watching the smooth play of muscles under the tanned skin...skin that was now covered in a delicate sheen of sweat. Was that a sign of excitement, or fear?

"Mmmm...~"

He was more than eager to find out. "Are you sure we don't have unfinished business? ~ "

Hisoka never once changed his relaxed pose and that angered Gon even more than the man's apparent ambiguity. "What the hell are you talking ab—" His retort was abruptly cut short as said man was now mere inches away from him, his lips almost touching his ear as he whispered dangerously, "Playtime's over Gon-kun...I'm tired of waiting~ "

Momentarily stunned by Hisoka's sudden shift in position and proximity when he had clearly been at least ten feet away just a few seconds ago, Gon was unprepared for the swift punch to his stomach that sent him flying into the thick trunk of a tree several feet away.

"Oooh I almost lost control there~" Hisoka muttered to himself as he steadily approached the slumped figure before him. I can't let this end too quickly; I've been waiting too long for this moment... ~

Wiping his brow and coughing, Gon jumped to his feet before Hisoka could reach him. Despite his
fast reaction though, he only managed to barely crouch to avoid the high kick that was aimed at his head – a kick that instead met with the solid trunk of the tree behind him, shattering it in an instant.

The air around them erupted in a cloud of splintered wood and a thunderous sound broke the peace of the forest as the huge tree crashed to the ground, breaking branches of nearby trees in its wake and forcing flocks birds to escape in hysterics.

Distracted by the fate that he could have suffered, Gon didn't notice the front kick that soon connected with his solar plexus, sending him sprawling unceremoniously over what was left of the demolished tree.

He groaned internally, fingers digging into the grassy earth as he lay on his stomach. Damn, everything hurt so much more when not using Nen…

All the training he'd done in the past year could only help so much to nullify the effects of two direct hits to his trunk from a skilled Nen user.

He was lucky to be alive; lucky that those hits happened to not be powered by Kyo.

Embarrassed and panting from the pain in his abdomen, Gon pushed himself up from the mossy ground, struggling to his feet once more. He was determined not to stay down – especially not in front of this man.

Hisoka...

His eyes glared daggers at the jester standing akimbo mere feet from him and smirking.

The man raised his index finger as if about to scold him "My dear Gon, didn't I once tell you that you should pay more attention to your surroundings? ~ "

It was then that the younger man was brought back to the time when they'd last fought in Heaven's Arena – where Hisoka had tricked him while he wasn't paying attention and quarrelling with the referee.

He realized that taking his eyes off of Hisoka for one second again would be like signing his own death warrant.

But would Hisoka really kill him? Hadn't they formed an alliance of sorts before?

Gon did not want to wait to find out; Hisoka was fickle and did whatever suited his mood at any given moment...

And if killing me gave him more pleasure than seeing me alive, there is no doubt that he'd do it.

Clutching his stomach that burned with the pain of his injuries, Gon knew that in order to ensure his own survival, he needed to end this quickly before Hisoka decided to use his Bungee Gum.

Things would really be over then.

The man still did not move from his spot or change his position and that made it really easy to swing a few strong punches at him – which Hisoka dodged easily of course. But Gon only smirked, deciding that Hisoka's overconfidence in the difference in between their abilities would be his downfall.
Yes.

The last year spent on Whale Island had not simply been passed under endless piles of homework. Gon had spent many months training in hand to hand combat and as a result had learned quite a few tricks in that time.

Hisoka would be in for a big surprise.

One, two, three... he thought amidst punches that met only air. Regardless, Gon continued to advance on his assailant, pacing himself and not giving Hisoka a chance to counter.

Yes...

It was working; his relentless attacks and different combinations soon had Hisoka jumping backwards to avoid a fist that would have surely connected with his nose, had he not been so fast.

Not wanting to lose the opportunity, Gon reacted quickly, not allowing the slightest chance for recovery and soon met Hisoka with another flurry of attacks.

Hisoka found himself constantly on the defensive, the boy using his inherently above average speed to attack from every possible direction.

Good, Gon thought triumphantly, I have him now...

Unbeknownst to Gon though, Hisoka was studying him despite appearing to be ostensibly disadvantaged.

There was something that the man wanted to test, and he intentionally left an opening in his defense...

Feeling pure satisfaction as his fist made contact with the side of Hisoka's face for the first time, Gon almost cheered aloud.

Encouraged by this and not wanting to lose his rare chance, he followed through with a barrage of punches and uppercuts that had the magician stumbling backwards at last.

Balling his fist even tighter, Gon landed a solid punch to his solar plexus – the force of which, coupled with the uneven ground, caused Hisoka to fall backwards.

Not losing a breath, Gon was soon straddling him, his punches meeting that smug face repeatedly, as if trying to erase the ever present smirk.

Mmm~

Hisoka couldn't be happier. Not only was Gon straddling his chest, but the fiery spark in those hazel eyes was now ablaze as he pounded into his face. It was all fantastic as the pain merged with the visual to bring him utmost pleasure.

Oh yes~

He almost moaned aloud from the sheer intensity of it.

But what captured his attention though – what he'd let his guard down intentionally to investigate – was the fact that Gon seemed to be pulling his punches as his power was nowhere near what he'd witnessed when they'd fought Razor in Greed Island – or even Heaven's Arena for that matter.
Why would Gon ever hold back from hitting him as hard as he could and escaping once he had the chance?

Gon was so enraptured by the need to incapacitate his foe and quickly put as much distance as possible between them that it took him quite a while to notice that Hisoka was not fighting back or using any defensive strategy at all. The magician just lay there, smiling masochistically, his eyes glazed over and reflecting what appeared to be...

Gon paused, taken aback.

...Is that pleasure?!

Alarmed, he gave in to his instincts that were immediately screaming at him to get away, quickly moving to jump backwards.

His attempt at escape was halted by a faster response from Hisoka though, and suddenly Gon found himself flipped over, their positions reversed with both his hands restrained overhead in a powerful grip.

"Let me go!" Gon struggled, pulling at his wrists but to no avail; those hands just tightened their grip.

Damn it...

He had known from the moment his eyes had locked with Hisoka's at the edge of the clearing that he'd end up like this – that it would have been game over – but that had not stopped him from trying to best the man. Gon had tried to change the fate laid out to him only to fail miserably and even now as he lay beneath this ruthless killer, cloaked by that familiar menacing presence, the limitations of his present state did not hinder his efforts to free himself.

"Let you go…~" Hisoka's eyes glinted like a predator about to make the kill. "Let you go?" he repeated disbelievingly. "Why don't you try a little harder to escape? I'm not even holding you with any strength at all~"

Gon tried. Really hard. He pulled, wriggled and even tried kicking himself out from underneath Hisoka but the results were the same: Hisoka was still over him with that annoying fake smile.

Gon's hands clenched into fists and he gritted his teeth. Right now he wanted nothing more than to punch that condescending look off of Hisoka's face.

If only I could get my hands free I'd…show him! I'd...

Damn it!

As if understanding the weight of the need that Gon felt, Hisoka leaned just a bit closer…close enough that his cool breath whispered over the heated skin of Gon's neck and taunted, "What's the matter Gon? It's not like you to be restrained so easily…~"

Gon didn't answer, choosing instead to glare unwaveringly up at his captor.

"Hmmm?~"

"..."

The last thing on Gon's mind was to give in to Hisoka's taunts. All he could think of was how
embarrassing and uncomfortable the position he'd suddenly found himself in was. *This fucking sucks,* he thought heatedly, now grinding his teeth.

**Damn it!**

Gon twisted, trying again to free himself and something sharp cut into his vest to scrape the skin on his back.

He tried not to grimace.

The same nature that he had been reveling in just a few moments ago – before Hisoka had showed up – seemed to have now turned against him.

The tree roots bored into his back…the air was thick, stifling, sticky and hot and the birds were clearly laughing at him while perched on high branches overhead. Thin, gnarly, far-reaching branches through which the sunlight peeked to shine directly into his eyes.

*Urgh…*

The burning intensity of the bright midday sun made it hard for him to clearly see the man over him, and Hisoka's looming figure now gained a mysterious, domineering and dangerously dark persona.

Gon panted, his discomfort increasing as the minutes ticked by painfully with those yellow eyes simply looking down at him.

Hisoka was doing nothing, just holding him still…just observing and for some strange reason, that lack of action made Gon want to run more than before.

*He's too unpredictable…*

To be in this man's presence, under the inspection of those cold, shrewd eyes was too much. And the sweltering heat was not helping, as his cotton vest was now stuck to his skin and the temperature continued to climb with each passing minute.

Hisoka shifted a bit and Gon's heart soon started a frenetic rhythm, thumping so loudly in his chest that he became breathless. It was a rhythm that he couldn't control; a rhythm of anticipation, excitement, and…

Gon refused to accept that fear had slowly started to creep up on him.

It had to be the increased heat that made his heart beat faster and his skin flush as he lay there restrained right?

He hated feeling so weak.

"Something's not right," Hisoka said, as if he had finally completed his analysis and was now thinking aloud. "You're not using your Nen…~"

*Kuso,* Gon thought, *The bastard is going to figure it out.*

Things might get really dangerous then.

At this realization, he renewed his efforts to free himself, ignoring the way the roots rubbed into his back, bruising his skin as he struggled valiantly against Hisoka's iron grip.
"...hmmm," Hisoka enunciated, looking completely pensive and unaffected by the fact that there was a flailing young man beneath him trying to escape. "Or is it that you can't use Nen? ~ " At this, the yellow eyes that were once focused in contemplation on some distant point among the trees were on Gon's face with rapt attention as if seeking confirmation for that hypothesis.

Oh damn. Gon stilled instantly, feeling as if those eyes bore painfully into the most secret places of his very soul. He focused on calming the erratic beating of his heart, even stopped breathing, but as much as he tried in those few tense moments, the momentary flicker in his unrelenting glare told Hisoka everything the man needed to know – he could no longer use Nen.

"Well, well...what an unexpected development ~" Hisoka said in a lilting tone, a wide smile filled with vile intentions spreading across his face. The man looked like he had just won the lottery and Gon's heart literally stopped for the length of two beats.

Gon thought that he had conquered fear. He was no stranger to grief and despite his age, there was a time when pain and despair had become his constant companions...a time when he'd been in more dangerous situations than he could count, especially in his recent expedition against the Chimera Ant King.

Having faced off against extraordinary beings like the King's Royal Guards with his team and personally facing Neferpitou had taught Gon a lot of things about raw fear, life, death and his own limitations.

And walking the thin line between life and death as he had lain comatose in that hospital for months made him strong in ways that nothing else could have.

But none of this could have prepared him for the absolute terror that he now felt, cloaked by Hisoka's sinister aura without his own to protect him. Hisoka was unpredictable and unlike other foes whose dispositions he could easily read and use to determine his fate, with this man Gon was never able to tell whether he was about to be gutted alive or simply toyed with and spared.

This uncertainty rendered him speechless – frozen and pinned by the man's intent gaze that had turned predatory upon learning that he couldn't use his Nen anymore.

At this point, anyone else would have started pleading with Hisoka to spare them, maybe even started bargaining for their lives: offering any and everything, but Gon, stubborn at heart – even when the odds appeared to be working against him – refused to show any of the fear or tumultuous thoughts that were wracking him...choosing instead to continue glaring defiantly up at the figure looming over him.

"Oh? ~ " Hisoka moaned, smiling. It was a feature that sent chills down Gon's spine but the young man did not show it."So you continue to look so defiant in your condition? ~ "

No answer.

Hisoka chuckled darkly. "You look like you still want to fight, but how do you plan on defending yourself against me? It's obvious you can't win, especially when your punches have little effect..." Hisoka paused dramatically, licking the side of his lips where there was the faintest trickle of blood, never once breaking his eye contact with Gon.

But Gon's eyes left his to briefly follow the movement of his tongue before returning to glare at him and although the defiance remained in their hazel depths, he saw Gon swallow nervously as if finally absorbing the reality of his situation and he smirked even wider.
"Don't you remember my promise to you in Heaven's Arena? ~" Without waiting for a response he continued, "That 'the next time we fight it'd be with our lives on the line?' ~" Hisoka let his words soak in, observing with pleasure the way Gon squirmed uncomfortably beneath him.

"Mmmuhmmm...I honestly don't care much for broken toys – they're no fun at all; and as you know, I only spare those whose deaths won't go to waste... ~" Hisoka finally looked away and Gon realized that he'd have laughed (had he not been in this situation) at the way the magician seemed disappointed, pouting and pondering his next move – like a child deprived of its favourite toy. Maybe now he would be left alone since he no longer would be of interest to the man.

Finally. It's about time he—

But all possible mirth (and hopes in getting out of this unscathed) left him the instant those predatory golden eyes met his once again. He was sure that whatever the man had decided was not something that he would like and again Gon was instantly on guard, unsure if Hisoka was going to finish him off right then and there.

"What should I do with you, hmm? ~ " Hisoka asked as if giving him a choice to determine his fate. Gon almost spoke up to suggest that he 'let him go', but he could see that from the intent perusal that left his face to travel the length of his body and back to capture his eyes again that this was not a question open to suggestions.

What is it that Hisoka wants?

Gon was confused.

Since I'm 'broken' and I am of no use to him, why doesn't he let me go?

"I'm really excited you know, and it's all your fault. Seeing you again stirred me up, made me anticipate our fight, but without your Nen it won't be a fair fight at all... I won't fight you half-heartedly again, and I do not want to kill you, but those eyes...when you look at me like that... ~"

Fuck, Gon thought. Looking at Hisoka's facial expression made it clear that the man was on the verge of giving in to whatever sick plan he had for him. This is getting more and more dangerous. Hisoka's aura was flaring, even more ominous than it had been during their fight in the Heaven's Arena. Wait...did he just say that he won't fight me half-heartedly again?

Damn...

I knew something wasn't right when I was able to land a punch on him so easily back then in Heaven's Arena. This bastard can't be human and— Gon's thoughts were cut short as he realized that Hisoka was talking again.

"—are you going to do to deal with this situation? ~ " Hisoka seemed to be genuinely asking him a question this time.

But he didn't have the chance to answer as one of Hisoka's hands glided suggestively down the length of his arm and settled briefly over his heart before a long pale digit came up to trace his lips.

"So bruised and beautiful~" Hisoka whispered huskily, eyes locked on the movement of his own fingers across Gon's slightly parted lips.

"Wait, what...?!" Gon sputtered, eyes going wide as he tried to pull back. If only he had the ability
to sink into the earth he would have done so without hesitation. What exactly was happening here? Why was Hisoka touching him like that?

"Why do you look so confused? Isn't it obvious? I'm feeling quite sensitive right now. I can no longer control this urge to..."—Hisoka stopped himself—"No, I'm lying..." he admitted with a snide laugh. "The truth is, I don't want to control this urge to dominate you~"

Gon's eyes went even wider as Hisoka's face descended, now mere inches from his own.

"You shouldn't look so startled Gon-kun... you've always known how to stroke my desire without even trying so you should be proud~" Turning to the left, Hisoka bent even further to whisper in the younger man's ear, his earlier question now saturated with the evidence of his excitement, "Now tell me...what are you going to do to deal with this situation? ~"

"I..." Gon twisted uncomfortably. He had no idea what to say.

The way Hisoka exaggerated those words...the way those lips barely skimmed his ear...made Gon's own words fail him indelibly.

It was as if every muscle in his body had been paralyzed by Hisoka's dominating proximity, that suffocating aura and the whispered words in his ear hinting at dark and forbidden things to come; things that he had never experienced before.

Oh no...

He didn't even have the strength to tremble and his reaction was perfectly understandable, especially when the man's question was punctuated by a long, languorous lick on the perimeter of his earlobe and another throaty whisper, "Oh Gon-kun, if you have no idea how to continue this, I'll be more than happy to show you how~"

Hisoka blew a delicate wisp of air across his skin and Gon shuddered involuntarily in response to the stimulus, his eyes still widened in abject fear. To anyone looking on, it would have appeared as if, with this unexpected turn of events, that Gon had now lost his speech, just as he had lost his ability to use Nen.
Think I did a good job on this chapter
give me some of your love ❤
(It helps me to keep writing)
Re-edit Note: Added a bunch of stuff to show just how much misery Gon was experiencing...

A/N: Cliffie anyone? Anyone? Lol sorry I'll make it up to you guys with an early update and nice chapter *wink*.

Urgh I wanted so badly to include those little suit symbols at the end of Hisoka's sentences - they add so much character - but fanfiction .net's basic upload deleted those that I've painstakingly put in T_T Instead you'll find this “~”...oh well I guess that it'll have to work! Anyway, thanks for reading and please review...reviews are love XD

Now I'm off to work on editing Chapter Three. Are you guys ready for that? Am I ready? Is Gon ready? (LOL)
A/N: ah…I'm tired, I kind of worked overtime to have this nice long chapter (they keep getting longer its seems) out for you guys in no time at all – without sacrificing quality of course. I did promise an early update and here you go. All of your reviews, views, kudos and bookmarks have made me excited about this story too. It's hard to explain - it's like I'm reading the story too and can't wait to see what happens next so I write…and write. Not sure if that's a good thing because I find myself having to sleep with a note pad (and pencil) near my pillow as plot bunnies are visiting me in the early hours of the morning hahaha.

I would like to thank all of my new reviewers, as well as those who took the time to put my story on your bookmarks list and to leave kudos.

Disclaimer: All Hunter x Hunter characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi and not me. If they did, I’d be on an Indonesian beach enjoying my Hiatus…

Warnings: well, it is M-Rated for a reason *wink* I think you guys have already guessed that some pretty graphic stuff is going to go down in this chapter. But fear not, it wouldn’t be too graphic.

NOTE FOR THIS CHAPTER: Whenever you see something in italics and bolded, I use it to mean that the person is putting a lot of emphasis on that word / phrase and it's either said / thought of in anger, jest, in a sexually suggestive manner or in a dark, dangerous tone. You will know which it is by the context.

Hisoka blew a delicate wisp of air across his skin and Gon shuddered involuntarily in response to the stimulus, his eyes still widened in abject fear. To anyone looking on, it would have appeared as if, with this unexpected turn of events, that Gon had now lost his speech, just as he had lost his ability to use Nen.

No...

The atmosphere was quickly changing and Gon's mind couldn't come to terms fast enough as trepidation rose like bile in his stomach and the seconds ticked away like hours. His mouth went slack in shock as the finger there continued to move in a painfully slow line across the smooth flesh, the movement drawing his eyes downward.

Gon didn't even realize that Hisoka had stopped licking his ear until he felt a sharp pain there.
"Ouch!" he gasped, closing his eyes briefly to stop them from watering in response to the stinging sensation.

Hisoka laughed, the sound infuriating Gon as he gritted his teeth from the pain.

"Oh… so you can talk~ " he said teasingly, the smirk returning as his face came into view again.

Lowering his head, Hisoka let his lips brush against Gon's and then linger there, as if about to initiate a kiss. Gon's eyes were the size of saucers as the magician smiled against his mouth. Lifting up a few inches, golden eyes met hazel ones once more. "Are you still confused about what's happening right now?"

Gon's mouth was so dry that he surprised himself that he could still talk. He barely managed one word. "Wh-why?"

"I've already told you the answer to that question, but I'll be more than happy to continue giving you a practical explanation…" Hisoka said, grinning mischievously and descending to explore those temptingly full lips that were previously bruised from their fight.

He was drawn to the small pearl of blood that glittered like a dewy rose at the corner of those lips. He kissed it tenderly, tongue coming out to lap at the spot until it no longer bled, the tangy taste increasing his arousal.

His pants suddenly felt too tight and he instinctively ground his hips against Gon's thigh, the extra stimulation causing him to moan against those lips while nipping, licking and sucking at them until they were swollen and even more delicious than before.

In the midst of Hisoka's ministrations, hazel eyes widened in disbelief as they beheld the sight before them.

Oh my gods…what is he doing…why is this happening to me…?!

Gon Freecs was a naturally inquisitive, impulsive, brash and adventurous young man. Hardly ever did he find himself regretting any action he'd taken regardless of the outcome. But at that moment (as his lips were being plundered and he was still too shocked to move), he found himself regretting his resolve to not run away when he had first realized that he was being followed…and especially of wishing then that the encroaching encounter would be a challenge.

Clearly, this was a challenge that he could not handle.

The gods must be punishing me for being so impulsive.

This, Gon thought as he dared to open his eyes (which he didn't even realize he'd shut tightly) was one challenge that he was not ready to take on.

Unfortunately, his eyes met that smug face again as Hisoka had paused in torturing his lips to look down at him once more.

Gon almost immediately shut them again, not wanting to see those eyes boring into his, searching for something that the man seemed to like looking at.

"No," came the stern reprimand.

Gon paused in confusion, his eyelids at half-mast.
"Open your eyes. And keep them open. Don't you dare look away from what I'm doing to you…" It was a command, and Gon obeyed not daring to make Hisoka angry, especially in his position. But he'd be damned if he looked at him with anything less than a glare filled with as much malice as he could muster.

No matter how much he glared though, Gon seemed not to be having the effect he desired, but the actual opposite.

Hisoka looked into his eyes and visibly trembled in ecstasy as his hips stilled their rhythmic grinding on his thigh.

"Mmmm…not yet…" he whispered as if talking to himself, his eyes almost rolling back into their sockets. "I – uh – oh…not yet…I mustn't do it yet…. I can't take him…mmmm~"

*Take me? Where is he going to take me?* Gon looked on in confusion, shocked to see that Hisoka had beads of sweat pearling on his forehead. He seemed to be in pain. Or was that pleasure?

Just then, Hisoka trained his eyes on the teen once more, looking a lot more in control than a few seconds ago. On seeing Gon's bewilderment, he asked, "You really are an inexperienced one aren't you? ~"

Gon frowned. He didn't even want to ask 'in what' for fear that this 'practical demonstration' would continue.

"I'm guessing that you're a virgin~" Hisoka said, purposefully dragging out each word with a lewd grin – causing Gon to start struggling again but in vain.

It was like a mouse fighting a bear and Hisoka scoffed at his poor efforts to get away, grinning conspiratorially. "Don't worry Gon-kun, by the time we're done here, you'd be a lot more experienced in some of the things that lovers do~"

"I don't want to be more experienced in that!" Gon started to counter but then his eyebrows knitted together in confusion. After a moment of trying to figure it out on his own and failing, he grudgingly directed rebellious honey-colored eyes up at Hisoka's smug face. "Lovers…" he repeated as if testing the word on his tongue. "But Aunt Mito says that lovers consist of a man and a woman who adore each other and want to get married and have babies." He continued, "We can't have babies…we're men…"

Hisoka almost laughed out loudly as he looked down at Gon's confused face. The young man suddenly seemed so diminutive and vulnerable when faced with a situation in which he had little knowledge and absolutely no experience.

"You're so cute~" he said honestly.

To this Gon glared but Hisoka smirked. "Yes, we're both men, but that doesn't mean that we can't do the things that a man and a woman can do,"—his hand held Gon's chin, forcing the young man to keep looking at him—"*I'll* be the one to show you…*everything*…and your body *will* become mine~" he said, suddenly feeling possessive. His hand moved to close around the exposed throat and for a panicked second Gon thought that Hisoka was going to choke him. He gasped, feeling the fingertips press into his trachea, but then Hisoka stopped the pressure. "No…it's too soon for me to show you how wonderful it is to cum when you think you're going to die~"

With what appeared to be great regret, Hisoka released his hold on Gon's neck completely, to trail his hand down past the collarbone and the front of his body until he snagged the hem of his vest.
One surprisingly-smooth hand met even softer skin and Hisoka suddenly felt the urge to explore every bit of it.

Smiling shrewdly, he released his hold on Gon's wrists. Despite his previous daze, Gon reacted immediately, seizing the opportunity (with so much hope that Hisoka almost laughed outright) to escape now that his hands were finally free.

"Wha—!" he gasped and a look of bewilderment, understanding, then shock crossed his face in the space of a few seconds as Gon felt himself still restrained. He looked up in accusation at Hisoka who grinned, shrugging innocently and holding up both hands as if to appear blameless for his present predicament.

Gon scowled, his expression darkening but Hisoka just smiled brighter, his eyes mere slits. He had been worried about the Bungee Gum being used during their fight, but now that he was bonded by the rubbery aura in this situation, he knew that it was basically all over for him.

He looked up at the visage of the man towering above him. Hisoka wore a self-satisfied look and a smirk that Gon just wanted to keep punching infinitely. It was obvious that the magician was confident in his victory over him.

You bastard… Gon thought angrily. Not because you think that you've won means that I'd make it easy for you, he conceded stubbornly.

Hisoka looked down at him.

Now that he had the use of both hands he'd straightened to a sitting position, locking Gon's legs in place with his own to restrict any movement. Studying the obstinate face with the harsh expression below him and the arms stretched so high overhead that it had to be painful; Hisoka felt his cock grow harder.

It was deliciously arousing to see Gon like that and he allowed his eyes to greedily take in the look of stubborn defiance accompanied by a silent promise in hazel depths affirming that the younger man intended not to surrender easily to whatever it was that he was planning.

That is exactly what I want to see Gon-kun—Hisoka grinned—The desire to hold out to the very end, the determination not to give in…until, like a tower of cards you come crashing down and that look of defiance finally gives way to unbridled pleasure~

He moaned shamelessly; I can hardly wait to see you fall to pieces for me.

That defiant look, coupled with the younger man's prone position and those swollen, bruised, red lips – of his own doing – had Hisoka fighting the urge to take him right at that very moment. More than anything, he wanted to rip off those bothersome pants and fuck him until tears rolled down those plump, tanned cheeks and Gon begged him to stop. And he wouldn't; he'd continue savagely thrusting until Gon started moving with him and he finally released deep inside to coat his tight walls while pumping his cock, forcing him to cum too.

Will Gon pass out from the shock of such a brutal first time or will he stare up at him with listless, sated hazel eyes? He wanted to know.

Hisoka bit his lip, one hand moving on its own to grip Gon's waistband. He was about to tear the garment off of his lithe body but stopped, regaining an iota of self-control just in time.

Gon was utterly irresistible and Hisoka found himself thanking the heavens that he was such a
patient man. Just as he had resigned to wait until Gon was ripe enough to fight one day, he'd take this one step at a time: make the young man knowledgeable about the pleasures of the flesh, show him how enticing it could be and then sit back to wait until his prey surrenders on its own.

*That would be even more enjoyable than a quick fuck*~ Hisoka decided. *And I'll enslave him to my touch…make him desperate and needy for this*~

Oh how delicious it would be to see Gon begging to be taken advantage of. Just that thought alone made the wait totally worth it.

But waiting definitely did not mean that he could not take advantage of what was lain out in front of him right at that moment.

Grinning deviously, Hisoka let his hand advance under Gon's vest.

"*Don't…touch me*…” Gon ground out through gritted teeth.

"Are you going to stop me? ~ " Hisoka smirked. "Can you be so sure that you won't like it? ~"

"Never…I will never like anything you do to me," Gon promised darkly but hesitated when he saw the look of determination and bold confidence in Hisoka's eyes.

In response to his affirmation, Hisoka laughed, a sound so chilling that Gon felt the sudden fear that descended on him intensify his heartbeats. "Oh Gon-kun…you can keep fighting this but soon I'll have you screaming like a *whore* ~"

"A...what…?" Gon gasped. "What do you take me fo—?!

"It's good that you are such an obedient partner," Hisoka interrupted. "Keeping your eyes open...mmmm…I can hardly wait to see that stubborn look on your face change to one of ecstasy~"

"*I'm not your partner*…"

"Tch." Hisoka smiled. "Say what you will – that's the only freedom you have right now anyway~"

"Bastard!" Gon roared as Hisoka started to lift his vest higher.

"Mmmmmhmm~" Hisoka ignored him, deciding to let his hands speak for him. He'd win this fight.

Gon trembled as those smooth hands advanced further to explore the gentle grooves of his slightly defined abdominal muscles, flinching as they grazed over the injury he'd suffered earlier.

Hisoka looked down at it, inspecting the bold, ugly bruise – instead finding it beautiful as it stood out against the tanned, flawless skin.

He probed the discoloured area, causing its owner to elicit a gasp of pain. In spite of this, in spite of Gon writhing in obvious discomfort and gasping, Hisoka continued to trail his hands over the skin and Gon had to clench his teeth to stop himself from crying out as tears pearled at the corners of his eyes. "As I thought, it does not appear as if anything's broken…~"

Gon blinked away the wetness on his eyelashes. Finally it was over…finally that hand had stopped pressing into his injury and he fought to catch his breath. Looking down, he saw that Hisoka's hand was still lingering on the spot, seconds longer than was appropriate.
"Don't…just stop…stop touching me."

"So where should I touch? ~" Hisoka's hand descended to an exposed hip.

This was getting worse by the second.

"N-Nowher~" Gon's words were cut off as the same hand brushed against the oversensitive skin just a fraction below his navel. Those long fingers were now ghosting over the spot just above his hip bones, exploring skin exposed by his excessive wriggling.

"No…"

"Oh, how lovely~" Hisoka drawled, twirling his fingers in the fine black hair on Gon's lower abdomen. His lust-filled gaze sharpened on the trimmed line. Mmm~ This leads straight to Gon's —

"Hisoka don't you dare…"

"I wonder where this leads to? ~" Hisoka asked him playfully. It seems like it's pointing to something~

Gon looked down to see that his track pants were now riding dangerously low on his hips, revealing a vertical strip of hair and he gasped, trying to flip himself over but Hisoka kept his legs held firmly between strong thighs and his attempt was wasted.

Hisoka's hand descended just a bit and Gon tensed. "No Hisoka…don't…don't touch me, please," he pleaded but Hisoka just smiled lecherously and he cursed as the hand completed its descent, dipping below the waistband to grab hold of his phallus. At this new sensation, Gon gasped, bucking into the offending hand.

Why…why am I getting hard…guuuuh…no…no…ahhh!

Hisoka leaned close to his ear once more. "Nice… I've always wondered if you shaved, trimmed or went au naturel~" he whispered, his hand stroking once, twice. "I see the answer is…that you like to keep things short~"

Gon gritted his teeth as if trying to control the body that was currently betraying him. He just felt so hot, so…sensitive. So uncomfortable in his skin.

"It's no use Gon-kun…" came the voice next to his ear. "You can't fight it you know~"

"Please stop…I…this can't be ha—ah!"

Gon didn't know what was happening; his already exceptional senses felt as if they were heightened, his skin burning hot – feverish – and his brain attuned to every tantalizingly slow movement on his body's most sensitive area.

"I…I, uhh can't ah—mmmmmmnnn…"

"What was that? ~"

"You…ahhhhhhh…" Gon found that he could no longer think coherently. What…is this?

Hisoka chuckled, his breath tickling Gon's ear and sending shivers throughout his body. Gon turned away from the sensation.
"Your innocence is endearing~" He dipped lower to the newly exposed skin right below his ear, nipping at the erratic pulse and eliciting a surprised gasp from the young man as his body shivered once more.

"Please…stop this…ahhh…" Despite his protests, Gon's hips jerked once more to meet the movement of the skillful hand torturing him.

"'Stop'? I'm only doing what you've probably done countless times before. You have done this before haven't you? You've touched yourself like this…" Hisoka's hand stilled, squeezing the now fully erect phallus, thumb travelling upwards to smooth over the leaking slit.

"Aieee!" Gon cried out, not knowing how much more of this he could endure. He felt as if he was coming apart at the seams, losing control. Yes, he'd touched himself before. As a growing young man, he'd had a few instances where he needed to 'take matters into his own hands' and handle business – literally. But never had he felt like this, like he was afraid and excited at the same time to lose control. Masturbation served its purpose, was a means to an end, and during the act he'd dutifully proceed with what he had to until the problem was solved…but this...this tumultuous feeling of being drunk yet sober, full yet hungry for more had him gasping in short, needy breaths. Never had anyone touched him like this, so intimately...so completely and Gon didn't know how to feel about Hisoka being the first one to do so.

"Ah Hisoka…don't..." He pulled at his invisible bonds, audibly panting into the agitated air between them. "Stop this now…ahhh…"

Alternating between nipping at the soft skin of his neck and licking the redness of his bites, Hisoka moaned. "Keep protesting Gon-kun…keep begging me…ahhh… you are so irresistible. I want to eat you up…I want to destroy you, but you will be the one who would come to me and give up your innocence~"

Gon's mind was too feverish to think about what the man was saying. He was too busy trying to make sense of all the things that seemed to be happening to his body all at once. All he could utter was a strangled 'no', which he assumed was the safest answer for anything Hisoka asked him at this point.

Hisoka buried his face in the groove of Gon's neck, momentarily breathing him in before moving on to his next course of action – he needed to taste more of him. His right hand tightened around Gon's now turgid erection, causing the young man to moan as the hand moved in a languid, torturous pace – effectively rendering him speechless.

Lifting the vest higher, Hisoka bent over carefully so as to not hurt him by putting pressure on the bruise – it didn't make sense to hurt Gon more than was necessary.

He looked down at the newly exposed skin and licked his lips at the sight of the now visible nipples – pink, erect peaks begging to be licked – and he obliged, immediately taking one into his mouth while his left hand pinched the other hard.

"Wahhhh!" Gon felt as if his brain had been short-circuited, his incredibly sensitive skin making it difficult to ignore everything that Hisoka was doing. He did attempt to fight it still though, wriggling as if to shift away from the man's fiery touches but stopping when he realized that his added movements just made everything more intense.

So in the end, he gave up to focus drunken, half-lidded eyes on Hisoka's crimson head just a few inches below his own as the man was busy teasing his nipple. Gon couldn't see what he was doing but he sure as hell felt it and his nerves were on fire. That tongue moved in circles, flicked and
pressed into the puckered flesh and then there were teeth biting down. "Hisoka!" he gasped loudly as if burned by the flames of his lust. His face bloomed red in embarrassment. How could he be so sensitive in such an area? It felt as if the pleasure from his nipples connected in a straight line to his groin, working assiduously against him.

Hisoka stilled for a moment, eventually sitting up to look into clouded eyes, smirking at what he saw there. "Didn't I tell you that your look would change to one of ecstasy? ~"

His other hand continued to pinch Gon's nipple, rolling the hardened knob between thumb and index finger. "Didn't I tell you that I'd make you scream like a whore? ~"

Those taunts burned Gon's ears and he wanted to tell Hisoka off so badly but all he could manage was a strangled sound. "Ahnnn…"

Hisoka really liked the noises that Gon was making, especially when he'd cried out his name and he wanted to hear more. Releasing him temporarily, he gripped the waistband of the track pants, pulling it down far enough so that it was now settled at Gon's ankles, effectively restricting the movement of his legs without him having to use his body weight to do so.

Gon hissed as the material smoothed over his erection – cursing when Hisoka grabbed it again, pumping harder than he had been before, now that it was completely exposed. He tried to keep his gaze directed at the branches overhead, doing his best not to look at what the magician was doing, knowing that he'd see that mocking, overconfident face looking down at him.

"Look at me~" Hisoka commanded, noticing that Gon was trying to keep his gaze averted. "I'm going to teach you some new things so prepare yourself~"

Gon looked unenthused at that prospect, struggling instead to keep from panting as he teetered along the edge.

"Don't you want to find out what they are? ~"

"I'll…pass," Gon managed to choke out, defiant to the very end and Hisoka smiled.

"Unfortunately for you,"—Hisoka paused unashamedly—"…you have no say in the matter~"

Gon had barely a moment to catch his breath as the hand was removed, only to be replaced with a tongue.

That sensation. He felt as if he died ten times over in that instant as the limber and unnaturally dexterous organ quickly went to work; teasing him, wetness trailing over his length, swirling, dipping, flicking until he felt as if he'd spontaneously combust.

"Ah… ah… ahh…Hisoka no…!" Gon's face was burning with humiliation and desire as he watched his cock disappear into Hisoka's mouth again.

Oh my gods—fuck! A spasm rocked him, the first of many and his hips reacted by bucking up into that torturous mouth, seeking an end to his torture but not really wanting it to end.

Steeped deeply in his conflicting thoughts and guilt at the humiliating conduct of his body, Gon wanted nothing more than to just cover his face with his hands and hide away, but his hands were still bound.

Shit...I'm about to...I'm about to…cum—
Hisoka sat up then, licking his lips, his hand gripping the base of Gon's erection. "Not yet..." he admonished. "You're not going to finish without me are you?"

Gon didn't possess the capacity to care anymore, much less think. He only absentmindedly realized that Hisoka was now holding his own impressive erection in his other hand.

"..."

"Don't worry, I won't put this inside of you...yet~"—Hisoka smirked—"not until you beg for it one day...~"

Gon didn't even have the strength to mutter his customary 'no' or wonder why he'd want something that big inside of him. All he managed was to look up at the magician with eyes clouded yet brimming with defiance.

"Mmmmm...ecstasy mixed with defiance..." Hisoka commented while stroking himself. "What an interesting and strangely arousing expression~" He bent forward and kissed those dewy lips again and Gon did not protest, nor did he return the kiss. Hisoka took advantage of this as the parted lips made it too easy for him to plunder them and his tongue darted out, slipping into Gon's open mouth to trace the delicate flesh on the inside of those lips while slowly stroking Gon's cock and fervidly pumping his.

"*Now cum for me Gon-kun~*" he whispered harshly, sounding as if he was on the verge.

Suddenly Gon's entire body arched in surprise, his eyes going wider than they already were. "Ah! Ah! ah...!" he gasped into the mouth hovering over his as the hand on his member started stroking vigorously and he felt himself spiraling towards his desired finale, dizzy and lightheaded as everything mixed together – the rage, frustration, guilt, need, pleasure...until finally...finally he found release from his torture with the final reflexive jerking of his hips and the strangled cry torn from bruised lips with the intensity of his orgasm. At the same time Hisoka grunted in his ear and Gon, already disoriented and numb, could only assume that the same had happened to him.

XXX

**NB:** A few minutes later~

Gon felt lethargic, as if all of his energy had been drained, stolen from him. As much as he hated to admit it, he also felt satisfied, his entire body humming happily as if he'd just had a taste of something he didn't know existed – something deliciously forbidden and addictive.

His lips settled into a frown, utterly displeased with the conduct of his body.

*What are you so happy about you damn traitor,* he thought, looking down at himself. That's when he noticed that he was lying there with his vest above his nipples and pants down to his ankles. The redness crept from his neck to his cheeks. Obviously, Hisoka did not know how to put things back together after using them.

*Using...*

Gon blushed harder as the memory of Hisoka's handsome face hovering over his nipples hit him.

"Fucking bastard," he whispered angrily, but then sighed.
No use getting upset now…it's over, he thought, figuring that all he had to do at that point was to put his recent experience down as an awkward first encounter.

And avoid Hisoka for the rest of my life...

Speaking of which...

I need to get out of here.

The Bungee Gum was no longer restraining his wrists, but when he tried to move, only his fingertips twitched so he just lay there, looking like a used doll and staring up at the treetops directly overhead.

How long have I been here?

Where is Hisoka anyway?

What if he's not gone and is coming back?

Gon's eyes widened.

Ah...

That thought alone had given him the strength to come to his senses, and he struggled to his feet to pull up his pants.

How humiliating; his first sexual encounter and it had to happen like this.

And with him.

Dusting his pants off as quietly as he could, Gon straightened up and adjusted his vest. He walked over to where he'd left his backpack and the map.

Ok, it's still here... he thought, relieved.

Now all he needed to do was to get moving before dark and he'd be making some more progress. Not good progress, but some at least. If he hadn't been delayed...his face got hotter at the thought (a thought he did not want to linger on) he would have already been able to catch some lunch and make some headway on his journey before dark. Now there was the possibility of night closing in soon.

Gon groaned in regret, looking over the clearing where he stood.

This spot would have made the ideal camping site but there was no way that he would be staying here with Hisoka lurking around.

He peeked through the trees, eyes searching further down the creek until they came upon what he was looking for.

Hisoka.

Gon held his breath but Hisoka was not looking at him. Instead, the man was sitting on a rock, appearing as calm as a viper and looking out over the water as if deep in his own thoughts. Yes, he's busy.

Tentatively, Gon turned around, quickly but carefully walking in the direction that would take him
out of the forest and toward York Shin.

*If I could just get far enough away from Hisoka, that should make it hard for him to find me with all this tree cover. He paused. But Hisoka found me before...what if he finds me again and does worse things this time?*

Gon quickly looked behind him to ensure that Hisoka was still sitting where he'd last seen him. *Right...he's still there.*

Relieved, he started tiptoeing away again.

*He won't find me...I just need to get a head start.*

He took a deep breath.

*And then I'll break into a run...let's see him catch me then.*

His steps quickened until he was at the edge of the clearing. *I may have lost a good spot here, but it shouldn't be too hard to find somewhere else to stay the night. Especially if I move quickly.*

Just as Gon was about to break into the safety of the forest to disappear among the thick foliage and hanging branches of the Basswood trees, he heard a sound behind him that suddenly put him on edge.

"Where are you going? ~"

Gon stiffened instinctively.

*Shit. What is he doing here?*

Feeling the heavy presence close behind him, he turned his head to find Hisoka no more than an arm's length away with that customary smirk painted on his face.

*Wasn't he just sitting by the creek looking out over the water (or whatever he was doing)?*

*How could he be here when I had just checked?*

"I asked you a question~" Hisoka reminded him with a bit more urgency.

"Nowhere you need to know of," Gon replied, pointedly looking away and taking one more step towards the trees. "I have things to do."

The smirk was gone. *You're not going anywhere ~"

The way Hisoka said this with such finality made Gon turn his full attention upon him, his recalcitrant eyes meeting shrewd, focused ones.

In the serenity of the forest, it felt as if time had stood still as Hisoka looked down at the stubborn young man, his golden eyes now glinting with the coldness of steel."You're not going anywhere," he repeated in an even more serious tone.
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**Re-edit Note:** Wow this chapter :O I've added a whole bunch of stuff. I hope you guys enjoyed this longer re-edited version!

"…soon I'll have you screaming like a whore ~" when I wrote that part I was rolling with laughter ;p

'calm as a viper' – Gon couldn't have described Hisoka better lol

**A/N:**

Oh my, Gon's in trouble now isn't he? (When hasn't he been) Hisoka is such a possessive seme; he wants his fruit all to himself, no sharing…*none.* Lol. Maybe I should go easy on Gon? Nah, that's for Hisoka to decide XD. See you guys in the next chapter update and don't forget to review / leave kudos because reviews are love X3

Arigatou gozaimasu!
Chapter Summary

Unexpected developments ^^;

Chapter Notes

A/N: Oh my, thanks so much for the reviews and Kudos!! Your reviews are so encouraging and I would just like to give you all a big hug. An extra special thank you goes out to my first two reviewers - those of chapter three Spoon10488 & MerryDoll. I'm so glad you guys liked it! I'm going to give another update very soon too!

Disclaimer: Yoshihiro Togashi’s the man behind the creation of Hunter x Hunter, not me...last time I checked, I am a woman lol

Re-Edit Warnings: 1) slightly explicit description of a dead boar being butchered. 2) oh this warning is not for you...but for Gon – he should have listened to Hisoka

I must admit...this chapter was fun to write XD

The way Hisoka said this with such finality made Gon turn his full attention upon him, his recalcitrant eyes meeting shrewd, focused ones.

In the serenity of the forest, it felt as if time had stood still as Hisoka looked down at the stubborn young man, his golden eyes now glinting with the coldness of steel. "You're not going anywhere," he repeated in an even more serious tone.

Gon could not believe what he was hearing and he felt the ire in him rising. His fists clenched at his sides.

"I am leaving," he said through gritted teeth.

"No."
This shouldn't even be a discussion… Gon thought, growing tired of the exchange. "You cannot say what I can or cannot do." He turned to leave, signaling the end of the conversation.

"Oh, but I can…~" came Hisoka's voice, sounding too close for comfort. It was obvious that he did not need to release his ominous aura for Gon to realize that he was way out of his league and thrown into an impossible situation.

Gon froze mid step, the hairs on the back of his neck prickling.

Ah...

A few menacing steps had brought the man close enough to put a seemingly non-threatening hand on his shoulder, but to Gon, the action itself felt like a two tonne weight and there was little that he could do to resist being turned around.

Hisoka looked down into those fiery hazel eyes that seemed to constantly burn with defiance. He was close enough that the other could feel his body heat and the promised result of disobedience – close enough to grasp the younger man's chin in a strong grip.

Gon's face reddened as he became aware of their proximity. Despite the coolness of mid-afternoon, he felt hot all of a sudden. Hisoka's face descended to his, those mocking lips temptingly close.

Just a little more and…

Hisoka stopped.

Releasing his chin, he straightened to his full height.

Feeling the loss of contact, Gon opened his eyes, confused.

Wait…when did I close my eyes?

Why do I keep doing that?

What am I expecting?

He frowned, unsure as to whether he'd like the answer to those questions.

Hisoka's back was to him. "You cannot leave~"

Urrgh…this again.

The man started walking back towards the creek as if everything was decided. "It's late…~"

"Whose fault is that?" Gon quipped but then blushed when Hisoka turned to look at him. He did not want to think about what was being done to him during the time he'd inadvertently lost.

He cleared his throat, but said nothing.

"…and if it's already this late," Hisoka continued as if Gon hadn't spoken. "We'd need to make camp before dark, not to mention get something to eat~"

"We?" Gon asked, not believing his ears.

"Yes…this is the perfect spot to camp out for the night~"
"But I found this spot first, why do I have to share it with him?" Gon grumbled moodily.

"What was that? ~"

"Nothing…"

"Hmmm…~"

Those eyes were on him again, taking in his appearance and Gon shifted, uncomfortable under the intense gaze.

"You need a bath~" the magician said matter-of-factly.

"Huh?!!" Gon was ready to argue until he looked down at himself. He was aware that his clothes had already been dirty from being thrown around while they'd fought, which was to be expected, but he was surprised that there was also sweat and traces of… he blushed.

*Ok... Anyway...*

Gon decided that he *did* in fact need a bath.

*But not while that man is watching,* he fumed to himself, looking up and expecting those greedy eyes to be on him leering.

He mentally prepared himself for the worst.

What Gon saw instead was that the magician was already quite some distance away, walking off as if completely uninterested.

*What game is he playing?* Gon thought as he watched Hisoka disappear into the trees.

He was conflicted and caught himself feeling a bit disappointed that Hisoka was ignoring him but brushed away the thought, focusing on getting out of his clothes and into the creek.

***

It was no surprise that the water was warm. The day had been hot enough to fry Spider Eagle eggs on the streets of York Shin and although the late afternoon was much cooler, it was windy enough that his clothes (that hung on the tree branch nearby) were almost dry. Instead of waiting for them to dry completely (and risk being unclothed while Hisoka was somewhere close), he had changed into his spare vest and shorts.

In the time that he was alone, Gon was briefly tempted to try running away again, but he was deeply disturbed by the fact that Hisoka seemed capable of sensing whenever he attempted to do so so he did not try.

Continuing to scrape angrily across the length of the fish he had caught after taking his bath, Gon's senses suddenly alerted him to Hisoka's return and he froze momentarily as the man came up to him.

Expecting to be on the receiving end of some snarky or sexually-charged remark, Gon focused even more on his task, pretending not to notice and preparing for the backlash.

To say that he was surprised when a dead boar was dropped at his feet would have been an understatement.
What the—!

Quickly, Gon schooled his features into one of indifference as he looked up into glittering yellow eyes. There was no way he was going to give Hisoka the satisfaction of knowing that he had unsettled him.

"I brought dinner~" Hisoka said calmly as if he'd just bought them a take-out meal from a restaurant instead of a boar hog.

Ah…so that's what he was doing all this time… Gon thought, then turned away stubbornly. Not that I care.

Hisoka gestured to the gutted fish laid out in front of him on the grass. "I figured that you're probably sick of eating fish so this could be a nice change for tonight~"

Taken aback, Gon did not know what to say. Did he actually just do something nice? For me? Maybe Hisoka wasn't so bad after all; this was surely a sign of thoughtfulness.

No sooner had Gon decided that did a wicked smile curve Hisoka's lips upward. "But you'll be the one cleaning and cooking it though~"

Gon clutched the small boning knife he was using to clean the fish tighter.

Screw that.

This bastard needs to die.

xxx

In the end, Gon didn't kill him. Instead, he switched to his hunting knife and took out his rage on the poor dead boar – as if it had not already suffered enough at Hisoka's hands.

After discourteously dropping off his kill for the young man to deal with, Hisoka had not left, but simply stood there, watching as Gon went to work on it and not even offering to help.

Maybe the real reason he had caught the animal was not to give Gon a variety in his diet as he'd claimed, but just to see him skin and butcher it.

"You're really good at this stuff~" Hisoka commented idly, watching aptly as Gon's nimble fingers gripped and pulled at the hide, while his other hand moved to quickly guide the razor sharp blade in precise touch cuts between the flesh and skin – separating them without accidentally slicing into one or the other.

Gon did not respond, but continued to focus on flaying the boar.

Hisoka grinned when Gon lifted the now cleanly separated hide as if it were a vest and started cutting through the thick neck muscles with short, rapid strokes. His eyes brightened at the sight of the clean, smooth, pink flesh. "Mmmm you have me thinking of sausages~"

"And you have me thinking of homicide," Gon replied, finally making eye contact with him as he broke the animal's neck, twisting it to completely remove the head from the body.
There was the sickening crunch of bones breaking and Hisoka shuddered in glee, looking from Gon's bloody hands to the three-inch carbon steel knife that easily embedded itself deeply into flesh once more as the young man broke their eye contact to focus on removing the backstrap. "You just know how to turn me on on Gon-kun~"

Gon frowned, running the tip of the blade down the back, following the gentle curve of the backbone, guiding it to complete the outside cut and peeling away the meat from the back plate. "Turn you on?" he huffed. "Believe me...I'm not trying."

"That's what makes it so special~" Hisoka said in a strained, throaty whisper. "You excite me without any effort...every time~"

"..." To Gon's ears, Hisoka sounded as if he was about to have an orgasm from watching him butcher a boar. Of all the sick fetishes... Hisoka started chuckling darkly when Gon gripped the skinned front quarters, pulling with one hand and using small cuts to separate the joint. Doesn't he ever shut up? Trying to pretend as if Hisoka wasn't standing right behind him and looking over his shoulder, Gon focused even more on his task, quickly cutting through to the thigh bone in order to remove the rear quarters. When he was done, he carefully piled the meat on top of the previously removed hide.

"Mmmm...you're totally in your element aren't you? ~"

"I've done this lots of times back home so it's second nature," Gon muttered absently, turning over the carcass to access the other leg.

"Oh...so now I have my very own country boy~" Hisoka hummed in his dulcet tone. "Sweet~"

Gon froze, sparing him with an indignant glare and bristling. "What the hell? This is not some video game where you happened to acquire me after completing some stupid side quest you know," he hissed."I'm not yours you bastard."

"Of course this isn't a video game~" Hisoka agreed lightheartedly with a friendly smile. But then that smile morphed into an ominous laugh that bubbled from his lips and Gon cringed internally.

Slanted eyes slid open to reveal a shrewd, yellow stare that pinned the younger man before him. "Video games are fiction and this is much more than fiction my dear Gon-kun...this is going to be your reality now, so I suggest that you get used to it~"

"I don't have to do anything," Gon grumbled stubbornly, looking away from Hisoka's glittering yellow eyes and ignoring the way his heart had started pounding at that dark promise.

"Say whatever you like," Hisoka replied with finality, casually walking a little distance away from him. Now that the boar hog show was over, he had no reason to linger and it was time to start working on the fire for their dinner.

Poking the kindling wood, Hisoka sighed happily, reflecting on the hazel eyes that had been looking directly into his as Gon's bloody hands twisted off the hog's head. Mmmmm if that scene had a bit more gore, I'd have given it a 9/10. He paused.
Or maybe if...

His lips spread into a wry smile and for a moment he imagined Gon rubbing those same bloody hands all over his tanned face and then smiling up at him while the decapitated boar lay at his feet.

And of course those hands would trail slowly downward, leaving beautiful crimson trails across skin the color of caramel...until they proceed to stroke his—(scene excluded due to it being Hisoka's disgusting fantasy).

Ooooh~ He bit his lip. I was wrong... Any scene with Gon in it deserves a 10/10~

The wind howled through the trees and Hisoka smirked evilly as another thought hit him and the fire quickly got going, popping and crackling in front of him.

Maybe all this meat in our campsite would attract some vicious animals and then things would really get interesting tonight~

I can't wait~

Hisoka sniggered, unable to control his anticipation.

Today is turning out to be a perfect day~

"..." Gon watched Hisoka smiling and cackling to himself, the light from the fire lending a sinister quality to his crude facial expression. He turned away from the sight, not even daring to ponder what could possibly be so funny to the man.

This sucks, he thought moodily, poking at the meat in front of him. The way Hisoka kept talking about keeping him made it seem as if they would not be separating any time soon.

If ever.

Gon shuddered, dreading the thought.

He wouldn't keep me...forever...right?

Oh gods.

Today is turning out to be the worst day.

XXX

After dinner, there wasn't much to do and not wanting to risk the possibility of having to sit around the fire exchanging stories with a murderous magician, Gon had quickly retreated to his sleeping bag.

Lying on his back looking up at the stars, Gon couldn't help but think about how beautiful the night was. Although it had been the worst day, the sky was awe-inspiring in its magnificence, taking on the appearance of a blanket of stars to stretch as far as one's eyes could see. It was amazing how incredibly fascinating the infinite could be. And it was in times like these that he missed Killua. Missed their time together on Whale Island – and even Greed Island – where they
had often slept beneath this blanket of stars.

He sighed.

What was Killua doing right now? Was he well? Last he'd spoken to Biske, (who'd met Killua while he was adventuring with Alluka) he seemed to be doing great.

Gon tried not to feel discouraged by the fact that his friend was doing 'great' without him.

It had already been almost a year since they'd parted ways at the World Tree but they had promised each other that they would meet again, which was why Gon was on his current journey.

After hardly receiving responses to any of his calls and text messages, he'd finally received a vague message indicating that his friend would be in York Shin City on a job. At that time, Killua had not given any details on where in York Shin they were to meet, but Gon had headed out almost immediately.

Knowing Killua as well as he did, it was easy to figure that his friend would be aware of the moment he arrived in town and would set up a meeting. That is, considering that the other teen was already there. And Gon was sure that he was.

Hopefully the last two days of this journey to get to York Shin City would go by quickly and without much more distractions.

*Distractions*...

Gon groaned at the memory.

It was ill-fated enough that he had found himself stuck with an unexpected traveling companion.

The thought that he could have been much further on his own (especially if he had taken an Airship) was disconcerting to say the least, but Gon decided not to dwell on it. What had happened in the past is just that – the past and he'd gain nothing by worrying over it.

At present, being stuck with a murderer and no foreseeable route for escape was a much bigger problem, but one that would have to wait until he was rested enough to deliberate on. He shifted uncomfortably. What was important now was falling asleep so that he would have the energy to travel hard tomorrow.

XXX

It was getting late and still sleep refused to come. Too many things were on his mind. Restlessly, Gon shifted and turned on his side. He instantly regretted this action as his new position allowed him to see Hisoka who sat on a log (presumably from the tree they'd destroyed earlier that day) across from the fire looking bored.

He sat shuffling his cards and as they made eye contact his lips stretched into a smile and his eyes became mere slits.

Gon was having none of whatever it was Hisoka was hinting at and promptly turned to lie on his other side, wincing a bit as his injury protested at the sudden movement. He preferred to look at the creepy woods rather than the creepy magician. Hisoka didn't get the point though.
"Up for a game of cards~" came the voice behind him.

"No thanks."

"But you're not sleeping~"

"I would be if you stop talking."

"Boohoo you're no fun~"

"I think you've had enough fun with me for the day," Gon replied heatedly but regretted those words immediately as he realized what it sounded like he was referring to. Shit…

"Oh did I?~" Hisoka asked smoothly, silent for a moment. "Believe me, that's not even close to how much fun I could show you,"—he paused—"or should I say would show you…~" He chuckled as if caught in his own private joke.

Gon felt dread darker than the night closing in around him. His heart beat faster. His face felt hot. He expected that Hisoka would come over at any minute and make good on his lewd promise.

What would happen then? Would the bastard kiss him like he did today? Would he grab his chin and look into his eyes and force him not to look away?

Gon attuned his ears to the sounds around him and waited. Yet he did not hear the shuffling of clothing to indicate movement and he'd be damned if he was to turn around again to see what the other was doing.

Please don't come over. Please don't come over. Please don't come over. Please don't come over...

Gon repeated this like a mantra as he burrowed deeper into his sleeping bag.

Minutes ticked by and he was constantly on alert because he knew how unpredictable Hisoka could be.

Surprisingly, the night passed without any such event taking place…but unfortunately for Gon, that also meant that it was a sleepless night.

XXX

"Wow…you look a mess~" Hisoka said, getting a little too close for comfort as he inspected the younger man's tired visage. The shadows under those heavy-lidded hazel eyes were clear indicators that it hadn't been a restful night.

Gon scowled up at the reason for his distress – the man who currently looked as if he'd slept on an angel's wings. How the heck did he look so rested?

Hisoka was talking about something but Gon wasn't listening, already tired of hearing his voice. To Gon, although the other had only just started conversing with him, it felt as if he hadn't stopped talking since daybreak.

To Gon's tired brain, dealing with Hisoka in general reminded of his current predicament and his patience was running thin.
"Did you have a restless night? ~"

There it was…that voice again.

Gon considered not responding but decided against it. He figured that a talking Hisoka was better than an angry or worse yet…excited one.

"What do you think?"

He couldn't help but be moody though.

Hisoka didn't seem to mind. "That's why I told you that a card game would have been appropriate~"

"Like you know what's appropriate…" Gon grumbled.

"You said something? ~"

"I was just thinking that cards are kind of boring," Gon lied quickly.

The magician grinned, unfazed. "Maybe it's because you can't play~"

Gon bristled at the taunt, his patience already in short supply. "I'll have you know that…"

"Yes? ~" Hisoka encouraged expectantly.

"Th-that…uh…"

"Mmmm I'm waiting~"

"Uh…nothing."

"And here I was looking forward to your response~"

"Do you ever shut up?"

"Hmmm…~" Hisoka looked as if he was thinking seriously on an answer to give him.

"I don't want an answer!"

"Well, I was going to give you a few ways to shut me up right now…~" Hisoka said, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Arrrgh I said I didn't want an answer…and that goes for suggestions as well!"

"But when a person asks a question it's good to respond…~"

Gon made an exasperated sound, walking away from the man. It felt as if they were going around in circles. Was Hisoka doing this intentionally just to get him angry? Maybe making him lose sleep the night before was part of his plan too.

He growled, upset that Hisoka thought that he could manipulate him. He calmed himself though, remembering that anger and rash decisions won't get him out of his situation.

*I need to relax.*

*This will be over soon.*
An hour later~

Gon crouched low at the water's edge, looking out over the creek and engaged in his thoughts.

Two more days.

Two more days of this man and his machinations. Two more days of uncertainty. He lowered his head to the water's surface again. The water was like ice and it bit into his skin as he splashed his face after breakfast. It suited his needs though because the coldness helped to rid him of that sluggish feeling that had plagued him since he'd gotten out of his sleeping bag that morning.

Dressed and ready for the next leg of their journey, he looked in Hisoka's direction to see that the man was also ready to go, having already put out their campfire by sufficiently burying it and the remnants of their meal so as to disguise their presence.

Although Gon appeared to be studying what Hisoka was doing, the truth was that that was far from the case. His mind was busy with all sorts of thoughts and he didn't even pay much attention to the other when he came up to him and they started walking again.

A few hours of trudging along together and Gon was still unusually quiet, thinking over all of his earlier assumptions.

Why did Hisoka make sure that I lost so much sleep last night?

Why does he continue to frustrate me?

Gon's eyes narrowed as he looked down at his dirty boots while he walked.

Apparently the other had felt that him being at his best that day, fully rested and in a good mood did not fit in with his plans.

It was like Hisoka wanted to keep him handicapped.

Maybe he is worried that I'd try to escape?

He chanced a glance in Hisoka's direction.

Maybe that's why I should try to escape...escape and show him that he cannot control me in whatever stupid game it is that he's playing...

Maybe I shouldn't have tried to escape, Gon thought as he crouched low in the bushes. His heart was beating so fast and the blood was rushing in his ears, making it difficult to formulate a plan to get out of his predicament. In his current Nen-less state, Gon was already at a disadvantage and Hisoka, being as strong as he was, was not an opponent to play with.

I should have learned that lesson after what happened yesterday.

He looked up at the sky. The sun was clearly visible from his current hiding place. This was not a
good sign because it meant that the trees were thinning out. There was nowhere left to hide; the terrain was working against him. He should have realized that sooner. Should have *known* that this would work against him in his escape plan.

After all, it was clearly outlined on the map: a forest first, then a desert. Naturally between the two, there would be a thinning of trees. Gon groaned, slapping his forehead. He felt like a student who had still failed the test despite having been given all the answers.

And what made him feel worse was that having grown up on Whale Island and roamed the forest countless times, this place should have been like a second home.

Instead it had become his prison.

Clearly, there was someone else who was better at hunting than he was…and that person was currently hunting *him*.

He groaned again, the sound even more pained than before. *I thought that today would have been my lucky day…*

_The day I escaped._

Sighing, Gon looked absently down at the mud that had started to crust and flake off of his green boots.

*Some shitty day this has turned out to be._

The sun was high but it was not nearly as hot, humid and sticky as it was the day before. Better yet, it was windy – good for his nose. All of those things were good signs and Gon had factored them into his plan. Nevertheless, he should have known that it was foolish to run, foolish to think that today was his lucky day…especially after previously establishing that the gods were punishing him for his rash nature.

*And here I am being rash again. Do I like being in these kinds of situations or something?*

It was too late for regret, too late to wish that he had done things differently.

*Why is it that common sense and reasoning come after I go ahead and do something foolish?*

Suddenly everything went quiet, still and the tension thrummed his nerves.

Gon recognized the signs.

*Shit._

*He's close._

Sniffing the air, he picked up on nothing untoward. All he could do now was wait…and pray not to be found.

Feeling humiliated, like a wild animal just waiting to get caught, Gon crouched lower in the bushes, hugging his knees to his chest as if trying to make himself smaller...invisible.

"This is no use at all…" he whispered as he peered out of the bushes once more.

"I agree…it really *is* no use at all~" An unfortunately familiar voice behind him affirmed.
Re-edit Note: poor boar and wow...Hisoka wanted wild animals to attack their camp ;p I wonder what Gon would have thought if he knew that Hisoka was fantasizing about him covered in blood and...doing "stuff" =.=

Perfect day for Hisoka, worst day for Gon…

A/N: Ah Gon, when will you ever learn =.= Now he's about to learn the price of disobedience...

And don't forget guys, review! For reviews are love! So love me :3
The Consequences of my Actions

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the reviews and Kudos on the last chapter! You guys rock XD Here's a new chapter for you, I hope you like it!

Anyway, in this chapter, here I am torturing poor Gon again…and as you read, please note how Hisoka's speech changes with the loss of "~" (my replacement since I couldn't use the suit symbols) indicating that he has adopted a less playful and harsher tone / demeanour.

(*blush* I'm embarrassed to say that once again I had fun writing this chapter and whenever that happens, it's always a bad thing for Gon…)

Disclaimer: Still no ownership rights T_T (as reflected by my bank account). Thus all characters and affiliates belong to Yoshihiro Togashi.

Warning: This is M-Rated for a reason! What do you think happens when one gets caught by a Sadist? Thus, proceed with caution…

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A/N: Ah…this update almost didn't happen. My laptop went boom. OK not literally (thank goodness) but the LCD screen gave out on me and I carried it to repair with no set date for a replacement. I've been borrowing my sister's to work on the story coupled with doing some writing at work (kind of awkward writing an M-Rated fic at work though). Also, my contract at work was renewed this week so I'm back to the 9-5 grind with not much time to dedicate as I had for the past two weeks of my forced vacation (when I started this story). But I promise you guys that even though I'm back at work, I'll do my best to keep updating, especially if I can get my laptop back soon.

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Feeling humiliated, like a wild animal just waiting to get caught, Gon crouched lower in the bushes, hugging his knees to his chest as if trying to make himself smaller...invisible.

"This is no use at all…" he whispered as he peered out of the bushes once more.

"I agree…it really is no use at all~" An unfortunately familiar voice behind him affirmed.

His lips parted, eyes going wide as time seemed to stand still. To say the least, if Gon could have jumped out of his skin he would have.
How was I unable to feel his presence anywhere? he thought, frozen to the spot. And how did Hisoka get this close without me noticing?

In those first few tense moments, the hairs at back of his neck prickled in response to the strong, malevolent aura and a single bead of sweat ran down the side of his face but he was too afraid to turn around.

Too afraid to confirm that, as a result of his misconceived escape plan, he was definitely about to be punished.

Despite this, Gon knew that it was even more dangerous to keep his back to the man that was now behind him and his body reacted quickly.

*I have to get away!*

*I can't—*

In an instant he whipped around, but the sudden movement caused him to trip on a twig, (or was it a root?) and he tumbled backwards, rolling out from the bushes haphazardly.

"Ouch!"

Luckily, there had been nothing but the ground for him to crash into, but more than anything, his pride was severely injured.

"Shit...now I look like a clumsy fool," Gon thought, rubbing his head.

"Hm? ~"

Hisoka skillfully avoided the tree roots without even looking down as he climbed out of the bushes to meet his prey.

"Graceful as always I see~" he mocked.

Gon glared up at him but Hisoka only smirked.

"I didn't know that you liked to play Hide-and-Seek so much...~"

He laughed as if remembering something particularly interesting.

"Reminds me of our time on Zebil Island...you following me, hiding so skillfully like a wild animal...~" Hisoka licked his lips as if relishing the memory before continuing, "...but this time I found you~" He pointed at him and grinned widely.

Walking up to Gon, he crouched to his level and took his chin in hand. "I thought that you had wanted to get to York Shin City as soon as possible but if you want to play...~"—his voice lowered dangerously—"...then I can play with you~"

"No...I don't want to play with you..." Gon grated out through clenched teeth.

"Really? ~" Hisoka asked. "So what have we been doing all this time? The game was just getting exciting~"

Gon's eyes widened as those lips descended to his own. At the last moment he turned his face away and out of the man's hand, jumping up from where he was sitting on the mossy ground. He made to
run but something caught his ankle and he fell.

"Urgh…" Gon groaned, stunned from the sudden fall.

Hisoka chuckled. "You've got a lot of fight in you…I really, *really* like that. It makes me even more excited~"

Hisoka released the Bungee Gum from his ankle and walked over to where the young man lay in the grass, bruised and panting heavily. He smiled. "Do you want to play a little longer? I can throw or smack you around some more if that's your thing…~"

"No," Gon replied curtly, managing to turn over onto his back. He was confused. *Why in the world would I have a thing for being thrown around? And why would I even openly agree to such abuse?*

"Then we should make it quick, now shall we? ~"

What *exactly* were they going to make 'quick'?

"Quick?" Gon asked, verbalizing his confusion.

"Yes, I was going to save this little act for our next lesson but you have forced my hand…~" Hisoka smiled sadistically.

Gon trembled involuntarily. He felt a bit of foreboding about what was going to happen next.

With Hisoka, it could never be good.

"There are consequences to every action and it wouldn't be *right* if I didn't teach you that, now would it? ~"

_Nothing about this situation is right…* Gon thought as Hisoka's eyes roamed over his body, studying him for a moment._

Those eyes snapped back up to his face as if Hisoka had finally come to a decision. "As a result, for this lesson, although you've probably never done this before, I'm *not* going to go easy on you…~"

"What...?! I—"

"Shut up. From now on, you follow *my* orders." Hisoka responded sternly, dropping his usually playful tone.

Gon was shocked. _Hisoka has never spoken to me like that befor—_

"On your knees."

*What?*

"..." He hesitated but quickly obeyed when he felt and saw the look of murderous intent in those narrowed, steely eyes.

"This is my game and my rules now. I let you play Hide-and-Seek and now you play with me…”

Hisoka stood directly in front of him now as he continued, "And who knows? At the end of my little game, maybe you'd have learned something new…"
Dropping his pants, Gon was soon faced with a big problem. Literally.

For a moment, he stared at the erection currently too close to his face, then looked back up at the magician confused.

Hisoka still wore the same sadistic expression. "You know what to do with it…or do you prefer that I show you…?"

Understanding hit him and Gon panicked. He'd much rather not be shown anything by this man. A spike in the sinister aura told him that he needed to act now or face the consequences.

Or was that the consequences to the consequences he was currently suffering?

Urgh. Gon put a hand to his head, feeling dizzy all of a sudden. It was like what was happening was too much for his brain to process.

"What are you waiting for? I'm getting impatient."

Gon frowned as that harsh voice cut through his thoughts like a knife. I should just get this over with, he thought, ignoring the pain that burned in his knees from kneeling on the rough, bumpy ground.

Looking at the thick, rigid cock in front of him, his fingers twitched and tentatively, he brought one timid hand up to grasp the shaft, surprised that it could feel so hard, yet so incredibly smooth.

Soon, Gon's hand began to move, stroking slowly as he recalled the way Hisoka had touched him the day before.

Maybe that is how he likes to be touched too?

A moan told him that he was doing well so far.

Hisoka placed his hands on his hips and continued to look down at Gon trying to please him. Mmmm nice~

It felt so good to have that small, tanned hand wrapping his cock, stroking, touching him like that. From those hesitant strokes, Hisoka could see that this was obviously Gon's first time touching another man in this manner and he became thrilled at the thought of educating him on as many salacious things as he could.

I'm going to teach you so much Gon-kun~ His predatory gaze sharpened. I'm going to absolutely ruin you~

"Gon…" The young man met his eyes. "…stick out your tongue."

Confused but obliged to obey, Gon did as told.

"Further."

"…"

"Now lick it."

"!" Gon was sure that he didn't want to do that…it was embarrassing…

His tongue retracted quickly.
"No, I can't—"

"Now."

"But—!"

"Gon."

It was that warning tone that had Gon sticking his tongue out again as he contemplated over his situation and whether to obey or not. Ultimately, deciding that it was safer to do as Hisoka said, he experimentally leaned forward to lick the tip of the weeping cock before him.

But as soon as his tongue made contact Gon but instantly recoiled.

_What is this?!_

He did not like the taste.

His eyes looked up at Hisoka immediately to sear him with a glare filled with accusation but when the man did not change his dominating posture or harsh expression, Gon conceded.

Trying again, Gon leaned forward and licked, bearing with the unusual taste that coated his tongue. He swallowed nervously and licked again, gripping the shaft tighter.

"Good…good…~" Hisoka praised, taking in the image of Gon dutifully licking him. It was like something right out of his fantasies to see Gon like this, prostrated and obedient yet still prideful beneath the surface. And oh how arousing it was to see Gon improvising: moving his hand as well as licking without having to be told.

"Now…" he started and Gon stopped, looking up at him. "…Open your mouth." Seeing him do just that, he continued, "Now suck it."

Gon's eyes widened as he met the other's hooded stare. _How does he expect me to fit all of that in my mouth?_

Hisoka noticed his panicked expression but had no pity for him. "You should have taken the time to consider the consequences before trying to act like you did. These are your consequences and you will own up to them." He smiled, but it was anything but friendly. "If you're ready to disobey then you're ready for the results of that disobedience."

"…" Gon felt as if deep down, Hisoka was teaching him an important lesson based on his past actions but he didn't really want to think about that right now. He just wanted this to be over with as quickly as possible and decided not to protest anymore. He would own up to the consequences.

So in trying to follow Hisoka's instructions to suck his cock, Gon leaned forward once more and attempted to take in as much of the hard shaft as he could into his mouth.

Hisoka almost reeled with pleasure. Not only because it felt so damn good to be inside of Gon's mouth, but to see the young man finally acquiesce to his role was even more of a turn on than he'd formerly thought that his objections were.

Gon withdrew his mouth, releasing all of Hisoka's length, then moved forward again, trying to take a little more in each time.

"Good job Gon…~" Hisoka managed to say. "You're really good at this…I'm surprised…that
you've never done this before...~"

Gon felt weird, because Hisoka's praise somehow made him feel happy and he was embarrassed, confused and angry with himself for feeling that way.

"Mmm...take more of it~" Hisoka moaned, thrusting forward suddenly and Gon gagged, looking up, his eyes filled with accusation.

Hisoka looked down at him, grinning and unapologetic.

Moving his hand towards the young man's head, he allowed his fingers to tangle in the thick, black hair. Gon blushed, his cheeks getting redder than they were before. He was surprised by the gentle touch and let his tongue circle the weeping organ, alternating between licking and sucking.

When Gon lifted his head up once more and released the cock from the hold of his lips, he let his tongue make a wet trail from the base right up to the tip, circling briefly then submerging as much of the shaft as possible into his mouth again to suck on it eagerly.

Hisoka moaned. Gon was such a fast learner, not to mention he improvised well – he didn't even have to teach him all of that. And above all, Gon even managed to maintain eye contact without being told, which obviously was no easy feat, judging from the bright blush that went all the way to his ears.

It was amazing to look into those hazel eyes – large and clouded with that undeniable emotion that he loved seeing in them so much – while Gon's lips were wrapped around his straining cock.

And now because of all that Gon was doing, he knew that it was almost time.

Hisoka felt Gon's teeth graze the sensitive tip as that warm, wet mouth engulfed his throbbing length once more and he moaned even harder, brows knitting together – it definitely was time.

The hand buried in the thick black hair tensed, effectively stopping Gon's movements and that was when Hisoka started to thrust.

Gon wasn't really prepared for this and gagged as Hisoka's hips suddenly lunged forward, forcing the cock in his mouth further in, down past the back of his throat.

And it wasn't just once...it became a rhythm of deep, violent thrusts, constantly forcing the shaft all the way in, right up to the hilt until Gon's nose was buried in the patch of trimmed crimson hair at its base.

Ah! I can't...!

His eyes watered profusely, hands trembled and nails dug into the firm butt he was holding on to but Hisoka did not stop that ruthless deep thrusting; if anything, his pace quickened.

Oh my gods I—

Gon made a harsh, choking sound.

His hazel eyes rolled back in their sockets and nostrils flared in an effort to get air into his burning lungs.

I can't breathe!
I... I need to breathe or else—

He choked again.

If only I can...

Gathering his strength, Gon tried to pull away to catch his breath but it was useless; he could not move at all because the hand at the back of his head ensured that he was firmly held there.

This is it...this is it... I'm going to die from a blow job...

Gon surprised himself though, somehow managing to not die from asphyxiation as Hisoka continued to hold his head in place and the tip of the erect phallus went past the back of his throat repeatedly. All he could do was hold on to the moving hips to gain leverage and not fall backwards.

"Mmmmmmnnnnn...Gon...yes, that's it~" Hisoka moaned, enjoying the spasmodic tightening of Gon's throat around his cock every time he gagged.

"Ohhhhh yessss~" he moaned again, thrusting deep one last time before suddenly going still. And that's when Gon felt it, the jerking of the shaft pressed against his tongue and a lot of stuff filling his mouth.

He didn't know what to do.

Some of it went down his throat and the rest started leaking past his lips. Hisoka withdrew, releasing his head to pull up his pants and just as Gon was about to spit he said, "No...swallow it...all of it."

And swallow he did, doing as Hisoka had ordered him to – forcing the thick liquid down his throat and bringing a trembling hand up to his lips to take in what had leaked out of his mouth.

When he was done, Gon fell back on his haunches, exhausted and panting. This was too much; he was completely spent.

Hisoka crouched down, tilting Gon's chin upwards to get a better view of his face. "There, there... good boy~" he praised, stroking his cheek and flicking away a straggling tear that escaped the watery hazel eyes. Leaning forward, he kissed him on the lips and this time Gon opened his mouth and allowed the invading tongue entry as he felt a hand rubbing his groin.

Hisoka released his lips from the kiss to comment, "You're already this hard..." He grinned at the observation. "Were you that turned on by what you were doing? ~"

Gon wasn't given a chance to respond as those lips met his again in a fiery assault.

He moaned into the kiss.

Hisoka spoke again. "Well it shouldn't be long then...~" he muttered between superficial kisses along Gon's now swollen lips.

Reaching into Gon's shorts to grip his now erect cock, Hisoka started stroking hard and fast. Gon gasped, pulling away from the kiss as his head jerked backwards. Tears pearled at the corners of his eyes until they spilled over, running down his cheeks. Hisoka grinned, leaning forward to lick those salty rivulets as his hand continued pumping.
Oh.

Oh no...

I...

There was nothing that Gon could do to prevent the orgasm that was building inside of him and his fingers dug deeper into the sparse grass and dirt at his sides.

Shit.

"Mmmmm….Hisoka…no…don't ah-ah it…it's coming I can't—!" Gon bit into his lip, almost drawing blood, trying to silence his own cries as he gave in to the pleasure.

"Oh…mmmm….nnnnnnnnrrrrrg…!" His back arched and hips strained as a final, broken moan was torn from his lips with the spilling of his seed.

He fell back against the thick trunk of an elmtree and Hisoka released him, bringing the hand that had been stroking him up to his lips and licking away the evidence.

Smirking, Hisoka stood up and stepped back, putting a little distance between them so that he could study Gon's form.

The young man's clothes were in a shambles, his hair messy, lips bruised and eyes dazed. *Seems like I've made quite a mess of him this time~*

He smirked wider.

"Well I can't say something like: 'I hope that you've learned your lesson and won't do it again' because I'm guessing that after this experience, you'd want to disobey me more~" Gon did not respond...*could not* respond and Hisoka chuckled at his abashed countenance. "But," he continued, "I would hope that you've at least *learned* that it's futile to attempt to escape me and that all actions have consequences; you just happened to enjoy these consequences today, but life isn't always like that." At those final words, Hisoka turned and walked off, leaving Gon to ponder his words in a weighty, fatigued, post-orgasmic haze.

XXX

The day passed by quickly and being that it was already late evening, they were due to stop for the night. As they made camp, Gon couldn't help but notice how much ground they had managed to cover despite the occurrence of *certain events* that morning. It was also those same events that had him silent for most of their trek, as he was still trying to decipher his reactions to everything that had happened.

*I can't believe I liked that.*

Gon blushed, confused at how easily he had obeyed Hisoka's commands, conceded to his dominating presence – the harshness of the experience – and *enjoyed* what he was forced to do. And his greatest shame was what happened afterwards, how eagerly he had welcomed the way Hisoka touched him, the way he was made to feel – so good as if he was...

*I was rewarded for my obedience...* Gon put his face in his hands. *And I liked my reward...*
He froze, pondering this deeply.

*How could being treated that way be so arousing?*

His lips became a straight line, displaying his indecision and discontentment with that discovery. Gon didn't understand why he was feeling like that. It was too much to think about, too much to have learned about himself that he could barely even make eye contact with Hisoka anymore.

*What's wrong with me?! I should be hating him, planning my escape, risking a beating – and possibly death – to get out of this and to get to Killua!*

Gon groaned, the knowledge of his eventual acquiescence to his situation eating at him.

*This is as far as my resistance to Hisoka goes it seems,* he thought, unhappy with the fact that here he was on day two, after a half-hearted escape, once again spending the night with a known murderer.

*I'm not even making an effort to stay away from him anymore,* Gon realized, noting that at this time the night before, he had already retreated into his sleeping bag right after dinner, but tonight he was sitting opposite Hisoka by their campfire.

*What am I waiting for?*

His guilt was immense and he felt like a horrible person. Sneaking a glance at the magician, he caught himself.

*What do I find so interesting in this perverse and intolerable man?*

Gon stared, enraptured by the object of his purported malice and guilt, studying him as he simply sat there shuffling cards without a care in the world. The longer he stared at him, the more he wondered how Hisoka could do that all the time.

What was so interesting about a pack of cards? Why did he keep shuffling them like that? What was he doing? Memorizing their order? Planning his next magic trick?

Gon snickered.

Hisoka looked up and he froze, hand against his lips, realizing that the man must have heard him. He managed to hold that intense stare for a moment before looking away and Hisoka spoke. "Do you want to play? ~"

"…" Gon blushed as he sat there, the tips of his ears burning as the man continued to observe him.

'Play'? Again? He wasn't sure if he was ready for more of that... *But maybe I could manage if we —*

"So do you want to play or not?~" Hisoka asked again. "I'll shuffle the cards~"

Gon blushed even harder, realizing that he had misinterpreted Hisoka's request. He pressed his face to his palms, trying to cool its heat with their coldness. *What really is wrong with me?*

*Ah, maybe it's because Hisoka is always coming up with something crude and inappropriate to say...yes, that's it.*
Gon sighed.

No, that's stupid.

He had tried putting the blame on the lewd man for his own thoughts but failed. *Those were my thoughts after all and I was just about ready to get dirty with him again*... "Uh… do you really *hate* playing cards that much? ~" Hisoka asked in response to his silence, unaware of Gon's inner struggle.

"Ah no…" Gon said quickly, choosing not to go into the details of why he was acting all flustered. "It's just that I… um, I —"

He couldn't come up with an excuse.

"Well come closer…~" Hisoka encouraged. "I'll teach you how to play *Go Fish*, ~" he continued, beckoning him over. "It's easy, I promise~"

As Gon walked over to meet Hisoka, he eyed the usual closed-eye smile that the man was giving him – for once not finding it creepy or disgusting and this time, smiling in return.
Re-edit Note: 'This is it...this is it... I'm going to die from a blow job...' Haha I'm so very sorry
Gon...I returned to make that experience a whole lot harder for you...

A/N: Ah...Gon seems to be experiencing an unwilling change. And Hisoka, as usual continues to
show Gon how well he could play the role of Sadist with him...

And don't forget to give me your love...er reviews

Reviews are love :3
A/N: Here's another early update. I still don't have my laptop but my sister doesn't need hers for now so good for us right?

Thanks goes out to those who left feedback for the last chapter! And welcome to new readers :)

NB: You may have noticed the use of "..." by itself in my story at times. You've probably already guessed what it means. If not, it simply means that a character is speechless depending on the context I use it in.

Warning: None! Only implied violence.

Disclaimer: I do not own! All characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi and he won't torture Gon the way that I do. Thus all I own is the plot...

Re-edit: The part of this chapter that speaks of Gon wondering about the paranormal stuff was taken from my other story Until Next Time since I had at first left out how he was feeling about the approaching danger but I've now decided to include it as a bit of foreboding for what's to come.

"Well come closer…~" Hisoka encouraged. "I'll teach you how to play Go Fish, ~" he continued, beckoning him over. "It's easy, I promise. ~"

As Gon walked over to meet Hisoka, he eyed the usual closed-eye smile that the man was giving him – for once not finding it creepy or disgusting and this time, smiling in return.

That night after playing Go Fish for hours until he'd finally won (Gon had no idea how Hisoka managed to keep winning a game that seemed to be controlled by the odds), he slept soundly.

Actually it wasn't hard at all to fall asleep considering that he did not sleep at all the night before.

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In the morning after washing his face and having breakfast, they were once again ready to go. The
trees had thinned to the point that the forest seemed to have ended abruptly and now they were standing on a demarcation of sorts, looking out at what appeared to be a desert.

As Gon's alert gaze scanned the barren landscape, he found that it reminded him of Greed Island and the canyon that he, Killua and Biske had to cross in order to reach Masadora. Worse yet, it reminded him of the hours of intense labor that he and Killua had to put in in order to get to the city.

His face became pensive.

Hopefully Hisoka wouldn't make him shovel through the solid rock and packed dirt in order to get to York Shin City.

"You know," Hisoka said turning to face him and interrupting his thoughts. "This is the last part of our journey. We should be in York Shin City by this afternoon~"

Gon only nodded, smiling. Finally the journey was coming to an end.

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As the day progressed, the sun appeared to be even higher in the blindingly bright blue sky and content to beat down on him alone. Back when they were trekking through the humid forest, Gon had been thankful that he had decided to keep his jacket stashed in the leather backpack he always carried with him. Now he was extremely thankful not to be wearing it as the thought of feeling any hotter than he already was made him cringe.

Urgh.

Gon took one look down at himself and frowned.

Even as he currently was, dressed in his simple ensemble of shorts and vest, he was terribly uncomfortable as the overbearing heat and lack of tree cover made him feel like he was sweating bullets. His arms were sweaty, skin was flushed and the cotton vest he wore stuck to his skin.

Can this get any worse?

Throwing an eye to the one walking beside him, Gon was amazed that Hisoka could be walking so casually in this literal furnace, not even sweating a drop.

He had to have some kind of internal air-conditioning system. Or be able to adapt his body temperature like some other-worldly creature.

Maybe he is an other-worldly creature.

Gon barely stifled the snort of laughter that threatened to bubble out of his throat.

Suddenly Hisoka stopped.

He put his hand to his lips.

Hisoka couldn't have read my mind…right?

Gon fidgeted, looking around innocently. And that's when he felt it, the disturbance in the air that
signaled killing intent – and lots of it.

He spun around, looking left and right – unable to pinpoint the exact location of their unwelcome guests.

Noticing that Hisoka was looking pointedly in a north-easterly direction, he quickly trained his gaze there too and was not surprised by what he discovered.

Whoever it was, was blocking off their way to the City.

Gon's expression became determined.

*Seems like we'll have to—*

Just then a man chuckled loudly, the crude sound echoing in the desolate, heated space and grating on Gon’s ears as he walked out into the open. He was dressed all in black and had a tough-looking face. "Ah I see you've noticed us," he said. "But that doesn't mean that we'd go easy on you. Right, guys?"

"Yeah!" came the collective answer and suddenly there were more of them as similarly dressed men stepped out from behind boulders and the low-lying rock face ahead.

Gon gritted his teeth, his fists balled tightly at his sides. "What do you want?!" he shouted back at them but Hisoka put his hand up to hush him. Gon stewed at having been silenced.

"So what, I can't talk now?" he fumed.

"We don't want nothing much…" The same man drawled, pretending to be complacent. "Just your money. And your lives!"

With that, at least twenty burly-looking men started charging toward them with all manner of combat weapons from tomahawks to automatic knives and combo blades in hand.

*At least none of them are carrying guns…* Gon thought as he responded in kind, rushing toward the charging mob. That made it all the more easier.

He launched forward and knocked out a few. One hit to the base of the skull, so fast that they barely saw it coming. But he did not kill them. He did his best not to. The law enforcement authorities could always be contacted as soon as they arrived in York Shin and the criminals apprehended before they could even regain consciousness.

"Don't," came the stern voice of the magician now in front of him. He stood there, partially blocking Gon's view of the horde before them and successfully preventing him from attacking any more of them. Gon looked up at him perplexed, although the other could not see his face.

"Don't fight, just stay there." Hisoka continued in a low, commanding tone.

Gon gaped at the man's back for a few seconds, unsure of what to feel, his mouth slack in shock. What exactly was Hisoka up to this time?

*Does he think that he owns me?*

Grinding his teeth together, Gon's temper rose like the sand that had been disturbed by their movement. He didn't like the way that Hisoka seemed to be comfortable telling him what he could and couldn't do.
It was then that a familiar twinge of pain brought him back to reality. His sudden movements seemed to have aggravated his healing injury from two days earlier. He was a fast healer so it had mostly healed, but Gon quickly realized that all it would take was a hit to that area from one of the attackers to cause a crippling pain that would render him momentarily stunned until another dealt him a killing blow.

Bringing an arm up to his abdomen, understanding hit him. *Did Hisoka stop me because I'm still healing from my injuries?*

*But…*

*He doesn't care.*

*Oh…* Gon sighed. *I don't understand him.*

Despite his mental conflict about Hisoka's behavior, Gon still did not like the tone of voice that Hisoka seemed to think was okay to use with him. It was just like before when he had prevented him from leaving...twice, forcing them to travel together.

That voice – smooth and commanding, soft and dangerous. Gon knew that he would be a fool to disobey it and as such, his inability to do what he wanted to only served to anger him further.

His eyes bored into the figure before him, about to face off against their attackers alone and he could not help but forget what he was angry about as soon as Hisoka started moving.

It was beautiful and frightening at the same time, the way he moved so quickly that he'd have been a blur to untrained eyes but Gon saw him clearly; saw every move.

As his shoes hit the arid, dusty earth and his clothes billowed with his precise movements, it was as if he was performing a choreographed piece – this battle his stage and the shouts of the dying men his grisly tune.

Hisoka moved seamlessly between those men, arms appearing to extend gracefully, slowly – the act seeming to last for hours – when in fact it was but a split second later that his victim/s were cut down. It was so fast, so perfect, so clean that each did not bleed or show signs of injury until they hit the ground, gasping for breath until they went silent.

So enraptured was Gon by this play of skill in front of him that it was a second too late that he sensed the presence behind him.

His limbs were suddenly restrained, pressed against his lower back, the position pulling at his injury and the skin of his neck burning from the bite of the gleaming double-edged steel blade pressed against it.

"Any sudden movements and you forfeit your life," the stranger behind him ground out in a hoarse voice.

It sounded like the first man who had confronted them.

Gon winced.

"Although I'd still kill you because your *buddy* wiped out my comrades." The blade dug deeper.
"He's not my—" Gon's protest was cut off by the sharp pain and the warm liquid running down his neck.

Fuck.

That's it.

Gon was done playing hostage and was about to introduce the guy to ten times the pain that he was feeling at that moment (considering that the bastard was aggravating his abdominal injury as well) when suddenly there was a whirring sound close to his left ear.

By the time Gon realized that the sound belonged to two of Hisoka's playing cards, the man behind him was already slumping to the ground.

He froze for a moment, looking down at the dead body at his feet, the cards still lodged in the forehead and chest – cards that they were just playing with the night before.

Hisoka smirked, crouching before the body to retrieve his cards, pulling them out of the bone with a sickening crunch. He waved his hand and as the cards disappeared, he looked up at Gon.

What caught his eye made him freeze and a frown settled to replace the bloodthirsty smirk on his lips.

Yellow eyes narrowed when they became instantly affixed to the source of the redness on Gon's neck – a three-inch long horizontal cut – and as the blood seeped from the wound, Hisoka felt his blood burn. How dare Gon allow someone else to hurt him...touch him...mark him...shed his blood? His eyes widened as they followed the path of the blood that now ran down the tanned neck in a smooth, uninterrupted line. It called to him.

Straightening to his full height, Hisoka took one step toward Gon, the look of bloodlust still on his face and Gon found it hard to believe that this was the same man who was moving so gracelessly before.

Standing this close to Hisoka, Gon could feel the malice literally pouring off of him in waves.

Ah...

He looked up into Hisoka's focused glare and his lips went slack.

The air was thick with the man’s irritation and his face was marred by what Gon could only interpret as a deeply dissatisfied frown and an angry, possessive glare.

Why is he angry with me?

Suddenly feeling as if he couldn't breathe, Gon took a few steps back only to find that there was a rocky wall not too far behind him.

Hisoka followed, matching his steps, bringing his hand up to take hold of Gon's chin. Gon brought both hands up to push against his chest, trying to put some distance between them but he did not budge.

The corner of Hisoka's lips twitched as if he was about to smirk; pleased at this show of resistance instead of angered by it.

Gon gave a muffled wail of surprise as those lips descended quickly, crashing against his own in a
powerful display of dominance and possession. His momentary surprise allowed the other to thrust a bold tongue into his mouth for a brief exploration before retreating to trace his lips.

"Mine~" Hisoka muttered against his mouth, in between sharp bites and licks."You. Are. Mine."

"What are you—?" Gon blubbered but found himself being kissed roughly again.

He gasped for air as Hisoka stopped kissing him to lower his head to his neck, inspecting the wound there. His tongue came out to slowly and boldly lap at it – tasting the blood, licking the trail that it made and sucking the spot until the blood stopped flowing.

Gon's head was tipped back against the rock wall, his breaths coming in short, desperate bursts. He couldn't move from where he was pinned and did little to stop what Hisoka was doing – surprised and flustered that he did not mind the fact that the other seemed to be enjoying the taste of his blood.

It was over too soon when Hisoka raised his head, lips near his ear as he whispered, "We need to get moving…~"—he licked his lips and one hand glided over Gon's waist suggestively—"...as much as I'd love to stay here and continue this, we're almost to the city and should be finding a place to stay before dark~"

"…"

Hisoka then walked off in the direction that the men had come from without sparing a glance backwards as if automatically knowing that Gon would be at his side.

Gon followed him soundlessly, stepping over the myriad of dead bodies left in Hisoka's wake.

The gory sight helped him to eventually come to his senses and he abruptly found himself getting angry. "Don't you think that this was a little overdone?"

Hisoka turned to look in his direction, watching him as if he was someone who'd gone off of their pills. Was the young man trying to play righteous, or was his perspective of good and bad that messed up?

"If I didn't kill them, they'd have killed us~" he said matter-of-factly.

"But still…the police could have handled it and—"

"Gon." One word was enough to silence the young man. "Didn't I give you a lesson yesterday on consequences?"

Gon blushed hotly, remembering his 'lesson'. "Um..y-yeah…" he stuttered, looking away.

Hisoka continued, "Every action has its consequences and not every consequence is enjoyable~" He paused. "I'd rather not take risks that I deem unnecessary just to deal with the manifestation of whatever consequence that may result~"

"But…"

"I'd rather not risk it." He repeated, hinting that that was the end of the discussion on the matter.

Gon frowned, but realizing that there was nothing he could do about the situation, he gave up.

They continued walking the rest of the way in silence and Gon didn't even contemplate the heat anymore; just focused on walking and before he knew it, the hot midday sun had quickly
transitioned into the cool of mid-afternoon.

Finally, as the sun was going down, they walked the last few steps to stand on an embankment that allowed them to look down at the vast city that was now no longer several days away.

Gon beamed, strength renewed as he took in the view ahead of him – the symbolism of his journey finally coming to an end.

And maybe the symbolism of his freedom from his unlikely companion too.

*I can't believe it…it's over. I can finally meet up with Killua and—*

Hisoka turned to look at him, gesturing at the city dusted in the orange glow of the setting sun.

"We only have about an hour's worth of walking to go. And then,"—he paused—"…we should immediately find a place to stay the night~"

"We?" Gon gasped, seeing his dreams for freedom evaporating right before his eyes.

"Yes~" Hisoka affirmed, now looking at him with a weird expression.

"…"

"Don't you want to finally take a warm shower and get something to eat?~"

"Ah yes…” Gon said, trying to find the right words. "It's just...I thought that now that our journey has come to an end, we'd be…um…*separating.*"

"And why would we do that~?"

Gon was puzzled. *Isn't it obvious?*

"Well, I have things that I need to do in the City and I'm sure that you do as well so…"

"So…what?~"

"So we should do them…*separately.*"

"Yes we will be doing them separately, but we'd be staying *together~*"

"But—"

"There's nothing more to discuss. I've indicated this before – you are with me now and I'll be the one to decide when we separate. Until then, we don't~"

"I –I...You can't just decide t—!"

"Come," Hisoka called, already walking off in the direction of the city. He looked over his shoulder. "It would be nightfall soon and it is wise not to be caught out here after dark~"

Gon did not follow him immediately, lost for a moment on the murderous grin of delight that stretched those lips right before the man turned away.

Now he was curious; what happened out here in this wilderness after dark that had Hisoka looking so excited? He chanced a glance behind them in the direction from where they had come. Were the dead bodies still lying about back there or had something already gotten to them?
From what he could sense, the predators were already gathering, causing the air to shift to a type of deep, weighted anticipation that was not his but came from the dozens of eyes that he could feel watching...waiting for them to leave.

Eyes that weren't human.

*But what if we don't leave? What if we stayed right here? Would whatever it is that's watching us come out from behind those rocks?*

A vile, impatient howl pierced the air.

The sound reverberated through to his very core and Gon's heart tripped over itself, picking up a rapid pace. He put his hand to his chest, feeling as if the rapidly beating organ within was knocking on his rib cage and contrary to a decidedly reasonable reaction, he smiled.

Completely lacking in self-preservation skills as usual, the possible threat only caused his excitement to rise and Gon carefully scanned the horizon for the faintest clue of what waited just outside his line of sight.

*What exactly is out there?* he wondered, turning to walk in the direction opposite to where Hisoka was heading – to where he felt the most concentrated sense of malignity. Common sense was forgotten in preference of assuaging his curiosity, but as he walked toward that immense sense of danger, whatever it was that emitted that foul energy was smart enough to remain hidden.

Gon stopped abruptly, grungy boots kicking up the dust as his consciousness was arrested by a sudden thought. The malignity in the air - although much more condensed now – felt familiar, as if he had been touched by nuances of it before. Could it be that this mysterious presence had been with him and Hisoka even while they were traveling through the forest?

*Most likely.*

And was it also the reason why he had never seen Hisoka asleep during their brief journey?

*Possibly...*  

As Gon pondered the implications of this new development, he frowned, finally understanding the reason why, for the past two nights, Hisoka had appeared to be constantly alert, watching over him and seemingly waiting for something.

*I thought he was just being creepy.*

Gon brought one hand up to rub at the back of his head as his confusion deepened.

*But why is this collective presence just skirting the periphery of our senses?*

*Is it refusing to engage us because of Hisoka?* He shook his head. No... *Hisoka is just one man, one! It can't be that whatever it is that's beyond those rock cliffs is afraid of him!*

How could something that felt so evil, so powerful be cautious of Hisoka?

*Unless...*  

Gon pursed his lips in thought. "Unless Hisoka is stronger," he whispered into the still, slightly chilly air.
It was one of the most basic laws of nature that Gon knew too well; an animal that functions as a predator at its level in the food chain can easily become the prey when a bigger threat – the top predator in the ecosystem arrives.

Gon resisted the urge to look back to see if Hisoka was where he had left him. If at all possible, his heart started to beat faster.

A cold sweat broke out on his forehead but his previous excitement refused to die. He always had a feeling that despite appearances, Hisoka was much stronger than he made himself out to be. If his haunch turned out to be a fact, it would be no surprise, considering that Hisoka's entire persona revolved around deception.

Hisoka... he pondered, pensive and utterly oblivious to his surroundings. What are you hidin—

"Boo!~"

Gon almost had two heart attacks. One, at the voice unexpectedly close to his ear and another when he spun around to see Hisoka right up behind him, golden eyes glinting in the semi-darkness. His throat felt parched and he clutched at his chest. "W-what did you do that for?!" he choked out, hating the way his voice sounded high-pitched and strained.

He cleared his throat.

Instead of answering his question, Hisoka smirked. "What are you doing going off in this direction? York Shin is that way~"

Gon looked to where Hisoka was pointing then back at him. "You...what's out there?" he asked, his voice slightly above a hoarse whisper and nodding to where the heavy presence only seemed to increase in malevolence.

That murderous grin was back. "Wouldn't you like to know~"

Gon grunted in disappointment at the ambiguous answer that did nothing to allay his curiosity. Folding his arms across his chest and looking up at Hisoka with a stubborn pout, Gon was prepared to stand his ground until he was given a satisfactory response.

"Come on~" Hisoka said, walking behind him to put one palm on his back.

"Hey what are you doing?"!" Gon complained as he felt himself being steered forward.

"I want you up in front where I can keep an eye on you~" Hisoka replied casually.

"But you still haven't answered my question!" Gon protested stubbornly, boots raising the dust as he dug his heels in the ground to stop Hisoka from moving him away from his spot. In spite of his resistance though, he was easily pushed forward like a tiny toy tug boat in a free-flowing canal.

"As I told you Gon," Hisoka explained patiently. "It's getting dark and as much as I'd love to stay here and have some fun, it would not be wise to put you in any more danger..."—he leaned forward, lips almost touching Gon's ear—"...especially since you don't have your Nen~"

Gon huffed, shrugging away Hisoka's hands from his shoulders and marching off angrily. He did not have to be told twice – It seemed as if these days, ever since he'd lost his Nen, all the fun happened without him.

"Jerk," he muttered under his breath, fully aware of Hisoka's laughter and the eerie presence that
drew closer as they walked further away.

XXX

N.B.: A few hours later~

Walking through the streets of York Shin City, Gon was sure that they made quite a sight – Hisoka in his unusually clean but unusual clothes and him in his very dirty and tattered vest and shorts.

People knew better than to stare though. Just looking at Hisoka, it was obvious that he was anything but normal, so they continued on about their day, hurrying home or to wherever they were going before the pair had crossed their paths.

The two walked for quite a while until they were no longer on the outskirts of the city. Now that they were in the thick of the crowd, Gon could no longer feel the dangerous air that had been encroaching just a few hours ago, lurking scarcely on the borders of the city.

"Ok, here it is~" Hisoka said, finally stopping to look up at the building in front of them. When his statement was met with a confused expression, he went on to explain. "We'd be staying here tonight and then tomorrow we can look for something else that would be more long-term~"

Gon didn't bother to comment and simply followed mutely as Hisoka started to walk toward the building. It was getting late, he was exhausted from their long journey, and the last thing he wanted to think about was the fact that there was nothing that he could do for now, other than to go along with his new situation.
A/N: Gon shouldn't even bother hoping to be free of him...

Ah so our unlikely pair has finally reached York Shin City. I wonder what awaits them here? And
if you may ask how Hisoka is able to travel without luggage or how he keeps his clothes clean? The answer is simple: *magic*… (haha you knew it was coming XD )

**NB.** Oh and for the expression where Hisoka was "watching him as if he was someone who'd gone off of their pills", for those who may not be familiar with it, it means that he was looking at him like he was crazy. Because in his opinion he couldn't believe that Gon wanted to spare their attackers after their obvious intentions.

Maybe I'll give you guys an early update before Christmas. Oh and don't forget, Reviews are love :)

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A few minutes later found them standing at the front desk inside of a fancy-looking lobby. At first Gon stood completely still but eventually relaxed but only enough that he still appeared quite agitated, looking around and restlessly shifting from one foot to the other.

What are the chances that I'd be here again…and under these circumstances?
He glanced up and noticing that the clerk was looking at him as if trying to recall if she knew him from somewhere, he beamed up at her with his usual smile before running off to the other side of the large room, leaving Hisoka to handle the arrangements.

The clerk tried not to stare too much at the duo – especially the man – but decided that she'd assist them as quickly as possible so that they could leave. The last time she'd seen some unusually dressed people come into the hotel; there'd been such a huge fracas that the incident was still fresh in her memory though it had been over a year ago.

She could never forget.

It had all started with a loud-mouthed fool in the lobby playing his radio almost as loud as he was. He kept turning it on and off as if testing the volume and trying out different stations. She was new to the job at the time and dealing with him had been a hassle so she'd eventually given up.

When he'd turned it on again after an explosive phone call she was about to scream in frustration but a few minutes later his radio finally died and she breathed a sigh of relief. Unfortunately, the power had been mysteriously cut at the same time and they'd had a huge situation to clear up with all the customer complaints to management and headquarters talking about fights in the lobby and their organization contributing to the disorder in York Shin.

It was terrible.

Why do I always get the weird ones… she thought, sighing and sparing a glance over at the other receptionist who was too busy filing her nails to even look up – or care.

"Lady." The man in front of her called, pausing to look down at her chest for a moment. She stilled. "Clara, isn't it?"

"Um, y-yes…" she affirmed, nervously touching her name tag as he frowned.

"Is this how service is conducted in your establishment? I'd have thought better. Maybe I should write the headquarters…~"—he moved to peer over the polished cherry wood counter—"Where is the customer suggestions box? Your name is Clara right? Give me your last name, there may be more than one 'Clara' here…~" He took out a pen and slip of paper from his pocket and she put up her hands in a placating gesture.

"That wouldn't be necessary sir…"

"But you were ignoring me. I don't think that that's appropriate customer service~"

"No, I-I apologize for the delay… I was simply thinking of giving you two a room special since you seem to be travelers and new to the City," she lied, gesturing to Gon who was currently investigating every corner and fixed item on the other side of the lobby. That boy looks awfully familiar…

"Is that so?~" he asked skeptically, already thinking of taking advantage of this 'special' (there was no way that Hisoka was going to tell her that he often frequented York Shin City).

"Yes sir," Clara replied dutifully and grabbed her service book. "Tonight you get fifty percent off…"

"Really?~" The man smiled and she shivered. That smile, reeking with latent deceit, looked like something one would see before they died.
"Y-yes," she stuttered, still affected by that flagitious smile. "A-allow me to...to complete your particulars and I hope that you enjoy your stay at the Beichitaku Hotel!"

"Mmmmm~"

As Clara wrote down the details in her book, she could feel the other receptionist's eyes on her. Yeah, so you're paying attention now huh? she thought bitterly. This is definitely going to take a bite out of my salary this week, but at least I won't be written up...

Relieved that she was about to be finally rid of him, Clara gave Hisoka a hesitant smile as she handed over the room key, and as he took it, he returned her smile with one that just didn't feel right before turning to head up the stairs.

He paused at the foot of the stairs and she held her breath. What is it now? she thought nervously. But he didn't turn to look at her. Instead he was looking in the direction of the young man he had come in with, who was currently examining a tribal patterned vase almost as tall as he was.

As if sensing the other man's stare, he stopped what he was engrossed in and quickly followed the redhead up the stairs. She stared after them for a moment and then relaxed only after they'd disappeared, releasing the breath she didn't even know that she was still holding.

XXX

From what they could see from the hallway as the door swung open, the room was small but nicely furnished, seemingly containing everything that they'd be needing for their one-night stay.

"I didn't know that the smaller rooms here were so nice!" Gon shouted, running through the doorway before Hisoka could. He was a bundle of energy as he excitedly looked around the room, turning over every little thing that could be picked up.

Hisoka walked in casually, observing Gon intently. "You've been in this hotel before? ~" he asked, looking at him possessively.

"Yeah, that was with Kuroro when he..." Gon trailed off when he noticed Hisoka's expression darken and quickly added, "...we were trying to apprehend him..."

"Oh..." Hisoka said, turning away. "...I remember~"

Gon noticed his suddenly somber mood but brushed it off.

"You can go first~" Hisoka muttered instead of staying on the subject any longer and when Gon looked up in confusion he added, "To the bath~"

"Oh..." Gon glanced down at himself and cringed. It was clear that Hisoka was allowing him to use the shower first out of pity.

He turned away from Hisoka and walked toward the doorway that he assumed led to the shower, trying not to think about how much he looked as if he had completed the last part of his journey to York Shin by dive rolling across the desert.

XXX
Thirty minutes later~

A happy sigh left Gon's lips and his contentment lingered in the form of a bright smile.

*I think I used up all the hot water…*

*Oh well, too bad for Hisoka.*

Too contented to care, Gon focused on the fact that his lengthy bath was definitely one of the few things – If not *the* only thing – happening that day that he had thoroughly enjoyed.

"Lie down and lift your vest~"

Gon froze in the doorway.

Maybe I heard him wrong...

"Gon?"

He looked over to where Hisoka was sitting on the sofa and quickly averted his gaze.

Hisoka observed him momentarily and spoke again. "Come here Gon...let me take a look at you~"

Gon felt his blood chill even more.

Oh no, he thought, realizing that he had made the mistake of letting down his guard too soon. Being naked in the bathroom was bad enough with having to constantly look over his shoulder in fear that Hisoka would have come in and done something untoward. But nothing had happened, and now after relaxing his guard...

He gasped. *Maybe Hisoka was waiting out here to attack me as soon as I came out...*

Sighing, Gon continued to look anywhere but at Hisoka, making no move to walk further into the room.

*I'm too tired to do this tonight. But do I get to refuse? Would he give me a choice?*

Gon's face reddened and he chanced a glance in Hisoka's general direction. Since his hair was still damp and weighted by the water, it hung in a shaggy muddle around his face, and Gon was forced to look out from between green-tinted bangs at the man seated on the couch.

*What am I going to do?*

He continued to hesitate in the doorway.

"What are you waiting for? ~" Hisoka asked impatiently, patting the empty spot next to him. "Let me see what's under there…~"

'See'?...'*under there'? Gon panicked, his heart pounding fast as his reluctant footsteps took him to where Hisoka sat. Gingerly he sat down and one painstakingly long minute later he was lying back looking at the ceiling, legs hanging to the side and off the front of the couch.

"Lift your vest~"
Gon did as he was told, his hands trembling visibly.

"Higher~" Hisoka commanded softly.

"..."

Hisoka was sitting at his feet on the last third of the couch and as Gon raised his vest the rest of the way, he got up, bending over to look at the exposed skin.

*Oh shit...am I going to lose my virginity tonight? Is this how it happens?* Gon closed his eyes and counted to ten, trying to think of happy thoughts. *Relax Gon,* he told himself. *Relax just relax, it would be okay, relax...it's not going to—*

"What's wrong with you? ~" Hisoka asked as he reached down to touch his abdomen, observing Gon's tightly closed eyes. "...Does it hurt? I haven't even touched you yet~"

"...huh?" Gon opened his eyes, looking down at himself just as Hisoka's hand made contact with his skin. *Oh...he was only checking the injury,* he realized, noting that once again he'd misinterpreted Hisoka's intentions.

Hisoka probed the soft, tanned skin, looking up at Gon and meeting his eyes. He closely watched him for any changes in his expression that would indicate pain as he touched the fading bruise. "I can see that it's no longer hurting you as before~" he said and then continued, "Your healing ability is really impressive~"

"Y-yeah..."

Removing his hand, Hisoka straightened and stood, looking away for a moment as if lost in thought. He looked back at Gon on the couch to see that he was still lying back, gripping the hem of his white vest tightly. The vest was pulled so high up on his chest that just the lower halves of his pink areolae were revealed, their color contrasting beautifully against the tanned skin.

Hisoka frowned, wanting to reach down and lift the vest the rest of the way to reveal the nipples that were still hidden.

*I wonder if they're hard? ~*

"..."

He took a deep breath and licked his lips, thinking of how much he wanted to lick what he was looking at instead.

*Mmmmm...lick, bite and nibble until they get hard and then I'll roll my tongue—*

Hisoka cleared his throat as he suddenly remembered his plan to make Gon come to him first.

*Yes...If I act now it would be ruined.*

He switched his gaze from the almost visible nipples to Gon's face.

"Um, Gon...you can...put your vest down now."

"...oh! Sorry..." Gon flushed, pulling down his vest and sitting up quickly.

*I didn't even realize that he was done.*
That was awkward.

Much more in control of himself now, Hisoka regarded Gon's tinted cheeks briefly. *Looks like I won't have to wait much longer to get a taste of what's mine,* he thought, his inner smirk vile and lecherous. On the outside though, he looked normal as he painted on a fake smile and directed it at Gon. "Hey do you want to play cards again?~" he asked.

"Yeah!" Gon nodded enthusiastically, happy for the distraction and looking forward to another victory against Hisoka.

"Ok~" Waving his hands with a flourish, a deck of cards appeared in the palm of one hand.

"Wahhh!" The pretty blush on Gon's cheeks deepened with his surprise. "Hisoka how did you—"

Hisoka put up a finger. "Don't even bother acting cute to distract me~" he said. "It's a waste of time entertaining the idea that you could beat me at *Go Fish* again~"

"Well we'll see about that!" Gon exclaimed, grinning as the cards were dealt; now even more excited than before to wipe that smirk off of the magician's face with a crushing defeat.

*I'm going to make him admit that I'm the best!*

XXX

In the end, beating Hisoka had not been easy...as usual.

*Maybe Go Fish isn't my thing.*

*Maybe I'm more suited to fishing in real life than with cards.*

Gon frowned at that connection, not finding it the least bit funny.

His gaze wandered to where Hisoka was sitting opposite him and humming as he shuffled the cards with his eyes closed.

Refusing to give up easily, Gon's conviction only grew as he was convinced that there had to be a game that he could not only learn quickly, but beat Hisoka at.

"Hey Hisoka!" he called from his spot on the couch across from the man. Seeing that he had his attention, he continued, "Teach me another game!"

"Hmmm…ready to lose some more? ~" Hisoka teased as he looked over at the clock. "Isn't it past your bedtime?"

"I-I'm not a little kid, I can stay up late!" Gon's face flushed. "Or maybe you're scared of losing?"

"Oh, is that so?"

“Yeah.” Gon nodded, unable to keep the mischievous grin from forming on his lips. “I think you're afraid that I'll beat you.”

“Well you're on...~"
"Snap!"

"Snap!"

The game of Snap had gotten rather rowdy and they'd ended up in Snap Pool quite often. Unfortunately, this appeared not to be a game that could be easily won when both players had excellent eyesight and outstanding reaction times.

Gon didn't even realize how fast the time had flown by as they sat there playing for hours. He had wanted to beat Hisoka so badly that as soon as one round ended, he immediately demanded another.

In the end, after fighting a long battle against the lure of falling asleep, he had fallen asleep right on the couch as Hisoka was dealing the cards for their next round of 'Snap'.

“Ready to lose again? ~” Hisoka asked and when he did not receive the customary boastful response that he was expecting, he looked up to see that Gon, his eyes closed and head lolling backwards awkwardly, was fast asleep. He stared, momentarily surprised at how fast the young man had fallen asleep.

Wow...he was awake just a few minutes ago~

"Heh," Hisoka laughed briefly, smirking and looking down at Gon's prone figure as he stood up.

Mmm...yes~

He walked around the center table between them and stopped just short of Gon's legs. *I can take advantage of you right now...* 

*It would be so easy to...too easy to...*

*But I won't make my move tonight~*

*No...not when you're like this~*

"Mmm~" Reaching out to caress Gon's warm, soft cheek, he whispered, “Sleep well my beautiful Apple-chan; I'll let you rest tonight. Today was an eventful day after all~”
Edited by @angels-haunt.tumblr.com

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Think I did a good job on this chapter, give me some of your love ❤️
(It helps me to keep writing)
A/N: Hmmm Gon is stressing thinking that stuff will happen but he should know by now that things happen when he's not expecting them to lol :P. Hisoka isn't so predictable haha

Oh and is Hisoka being nice by letting him sleep or is it all part of a plan for later?

And lol poor Clara...XD

See you guys in the next update! Tell me what you think in the reviews :D
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Gon yawned. The light coming through the window was shining directly on his face, making it difficult to sleep.

Wait. Sleep? When had I fallen asleep? And where am I? he thought in alarm, quickly sitting up to look around his unfamiliar surroundings. His head spun from the sudden movement but as his mental fog cleared, understanding dawned on him.

This must be the small bedroom of the suite we got at the hotel last night.

But how did I get here? Gon pondered, as the last thing he remembered doing was playing cards, not settling down to sleep. He fingered the soft blanket that had pooled in his lap on sitting up abruptly. Someone had to have brought him there...and covered him.

Someone...?

He inhaled sharply.

Hisoka.

No...

How come I didn't notice when I was moved?

Groaning, Gon felt incredibly disappointed with himself. He had sworn that he was going to be on constant alert around Hisoka but found that he was beginning to constantly drop his guard in the most critical moments.

It was after his shower the night before that he had done a little investigating and saw that the room they had gotten had only one bed and he'd been prepared to sleep on the couch, regardless of what the other might have said, in order to avoid any situations.

And after all of this...I can't believe that I left myself open to a possible attack...

What would I have done if he was in bed with me when I woke up??

Gon slapped his forehead.

So stupid.

But... nothing happened...maybe...

No...no...no! I can't let my guard down, I can't trust him.

Right?

Confusion riddled his thoughts. But why would Hisoka carry me to the bed...? He looked down at the blanket again. And why would he cover me?
Gon focused all of his mental energies on contemplating his situation and ultimately he came to his own conclusion that Hisoka was definitely up to something, something he couldn't quite understand.

Becoming increasingly frustrated, Gon frowned. *I don't know what he's plotting!*

"You're awake, I see~"

Gon was startled out of his thoughts as said man walked slowly into the small room to look down at him.

"I thought that you were never going to wake up...~" Hisoka laughed and Gon blushed. "Come, we need to leave, let's find a place to have breakfast~"

“Breakfast?” Gon realized then, from the hollow feeling in his stomach that it had been a long time since his last meal. He brought a hand up to his tummy over the blanket and twisted his face as his stomach growled angrily.

Hisoka smiled at the slight blush on Gon's cheeks as his stomach growled. “You must be really hungry aren't you?~”

Gon blushed harder, knowing that Hisoka was teasing him but did not reply.

“Well hurry up and get ready~” Hisoka turned away from him and back to the doorway. “I'm going to take you out for something delicious to eat and then we'll be meeting someone afterwards to look at apartments~”

“Okay…” Gon mumbled to Hisoka's back as the man walked off, hating that he was beginning to feel oddly comfortable in his presence.

XXX

*Wow...that was great...*

Gon rubbed his belly, feeling as if he was still in a daze. The breakfast display downstairs in the Hotel Beichitaku's luxurious dining room had been huge with a buffet selection consisting of choices from a porridge station, as well as a wide range of other foods like honey roasted ham, a variety of fresh juices, rustic breads, Isle of Mull Cheddar, fresh fruit and yoghurt. There was even something Hisoka called a compote.

It was all a bit overwhelming trying to choose from such an impressive selection but Hisoka had encouraged him to try it all so he had had a little of everything and was now pleasantly stuffed.

“Mmm…” Gon moaned contentedly and looked around. After breakfast and checking out of the hotel, they had met up with a guy who he assumed was the real estate agent Hisoka had told him about and together the three of them were now walking through the bustling hub of the city.

It was a weekday but the crowds were thick and although they bumped into him from every direction, Gon found that nothing captured his attention at the moment more than Hisoka. Not only had Hisoka been acting differently, but he was dressed casually and his hair was down. As such, Gon found himself staring at him a lot. It felt as if he was walking with a different person since Hisoka blended easily in with the people walking all around them, actually looking…
Normal, Gon thought, unable to believe that he was using such a word to describe Hisoka. Why is he looking so harmless and...

Just then Hisoka looked down at him. "So what do you think of this place? ~" he asked, gesturing at the tall building in front of them.

What? He's asking for my opinion?

This really can't be the same person.

Realizing that Hisoka was actually expecting a response, Gon looked up at the high-rise building towering in front of them. It was so tall that he could not see the top from where they stood on the pavement. "It looks good so far..."

"Great, then let's go in, shall we? ~"

Gon followed behind the two men as the real estate agent led the way to the apartment they'd be viewing.

"This is perfect~" Hisoka said after looking around a bit. He didn't seem to want to bother with the other man much longer than he had to.

As if sensing the silent question, Gon looked up to find the magician's eyes on him, waiting for his opinion. He hesitated a bit, quickly taking in the granite flooring and ceiling to floor windows. "I-I think it's perfect too..."

Why is he asking me?

Hisoka turned to the man. "Then it's settled. I'll buy it ~"

The Agent's eyes widened. "B-but this is for rent...and I—"

"Is there a problem?"

"Ah maybe...no I mean of course not sir, it's just that there are condos in this building available for purchase but this one is specified for rental. To purchase such a space with this kind of view is quite expensive and—"

"And?"

A small bead of sweat pearled on the man's forehead and he tapped at it with his handkerchief. "And...j-just give me a moment, I'll handle the arrangements, make up the papers and prepare for the transaction right away."

"Nice ~"

Gon watched as Hisoka walked off with the man and turned back to the windows. He couldn't be concerned with what they were doing. That was Hisoka's problem. Right at that moment his main concern instead was to admire the amazing view from what he assumed would be their living room.

Our living room has the best view...I bet—

Blushing, Gon corrected himself immediately, THE living room. T.H.E.
What the hell.

When did I start lumping myself together with that person?

“This is crazy,” he muttered as he distracted himself with the view once more. Being so high up reminded him of his room in Heavens Arena...or sitting atop the World Tree with Ging and he smiled.

The little smile lingered on his lips. Both of those places brought back nice memories for Gon. Memories of being with Killua and of meeting his dad for the first time.

"Nice to see that you're a fan of heights too... ~"

"Huh?" When had he come up behind him?

"The view~" Hisoka replied, pointing to the large window. "It's like you can see all of York Shin from up here~"

Gon turned back to the floor-length window he was currently standing in front of and smiled, taking in the beauty of the city that seemed to glow in the fading light of the setting sun. For once he was in agreement with Hisoka.

"Hey~" Hisoka called, breaking him out of his reverie. "Hungry? ~"

At that, Gon's stomach growled and he blushed.

They had been walking around for hours looking at a number of apartments...and being this late already, his hunger was understandable.

Regardless, he still felt embarrassed.

"Seems like I've guessed correctly~" Hisoka laughed and Gon blushed even redder. "Come on~" he encouraged. "I'll take you to a nice cafe. They have the best shrimp there, I'm sure that you'll like it~"

XXX

Gon looked around as they sat in the outdoor cafe, the cool evening breeze whistling past his ears. It was already dark and the city seemed to have come to life instead of falling asleep.

Hisoka was looking at him. "Are you okay? ~"

"Um...it's nothing..." Gon started, but on seeing the other's disbelieving look, decided to tell the truth. "Well, I was wondering why you would buy such an expensive apartment..."

"No reason..." Hisoka replied, then added," I liked the view...and I didn't want to bother with paying rent every month~"

He's so...fickle... Gon thought, speechless.

"Really..." he managed to mumble. Was it that simple, or was there more to it?

Gon analyzed Hisoka's calm demeanor and frowned. He wanted to not trust him, to remain
constantly on guard around him, but it was so hard to do so when Hisoka seemed to be consistently acting on an innate, fickle whim.

_I don't know what to do…_

His hand clenched the fabric tablecloth tightly.

_Why can't I—_

Just then their food arrived and Gon was instantly distracted from his thoughts by the steaming plate of Garlic Butter Shrimp that was suddenly placed in front of him.

His eyes followed the waitress’ movements as she refilled his water glass.

As she walked away, his gaze snapped back to the steaming platter and his anticipation mounted.

_Oh my…_

His keen sense of smell made it difficult to resist digging in but he took a moment to appreciate the wonderful smell wafting up to his nose.

Hisoka chuckled as he looked at the hunger that was clearly written all over Gon's face.

“Gon, if you're hungry, why don't you—” before he could finish his sentence, Gon had started eating at a speed that surprised him.

“Well…” he continued, eyebrows still raised at the way Gon was stuffing so much food into his mouth at such a pace without choking. “Seems like I won't be having any problems with you losing your appetite…~”

Gon looked up at him then, his cheeks puffed up with food. He swallowed most of it quickly.

“You say something Hisoka?”

Hisoka put up one hand. “It wasn't important. Don't let me stop you~”

Shrugging, Gon went back to putting an end to his main course while Hisoka continued to watch him with the same surprised expression.

By the time they were finished with dinner, Gon had eaten three servings of the main course, one appetizer, a large salad and two different types of desserts before he was finally satisfied.

He had built up quite the tab at that restaurant café but Hisoka did not mind. Just seeing Gon satisfy his hunger when he thought that the young man would have been trying to escape him or refusing to eat was totally worth it in his opinion.

XXX

Later that night Gon was standing in front of the window in their new living room again.

_Maybe I should put a chair here_, he mused as he took in the view. It was much better than he could have imagined it would look like at night.

The view in the evening was beautiful but the night had a beauty of its own. The twinkling city
lights looked like little stars that were pulled from the heavens and given different colours and their entire existence seemed to be shining just for him.

He smiled, feeling immeasurably happy to be witnessing such beauty.

"If you think that that's great, you should check out the view from the bedroom~" Hisoka said from his seat at the dining table.

"Really?" Gon asked excitedly, turning to meet the magician's gaze, only to turn away quickly when he came to a realization.

*Oh no...I almost forgot! It's already night!*

*And...*

*I... I think this condo only has one bedroom!*

Gon could feel the panic starting to set in at the prospect of sharing a bed with Hisoka. Why hadn't he thought of it before? There was no way that Hisoka would buy a condo with two bedrooms.

*Shit...*

His heart was beating rapidly, especially when he realized that the longer he deliberated in front of the window, the later it was getting.

Gon knew that he couldn't stay in front of that window forever. Sooner or later he would have to go to bed. And he doubted that he would be able to camp out on the couch indefinitely.

*I'm stuck here.*

*I can't run forever...*

*Eventually he would come for me.*

Finally growing tired of avoiding the inevitable, Gon headed for the bedroom, leaving Hisoka shuffling his cards in the dining room.

As he stood just inside the large room, he felt his stomach drop. There really was only one bedroom – and bed. It was a huge bed...but it still made him feel uncomfortable.

Gon had shared a bed many times with Killua in the past but now that he thought of sleeping next to Hisoka, he felt a level of uneasiness that he did not feel with Killua.

*I can't share a bed with a person like that...*

Gon was so taken aback by his current predicament that he did not even bother to look out through the sliding doors or walk out onto the private balcony to check the view. Instead he dashed between the sheets and pulled them over his head.

"What am I going to do?" he whispered to himself. "I can't possibly share a bed with that man..."

His heart thudded rapidly in his chest, getting more erratic as he heard footsteps approaching in the corridor.

*Oh no...*
His breathing slowed and his nerves were on edge as he strained his ears to listen to every sound.

The sound of steadily approaching footsteps suddenly stopped. Gon's heart skipped a beat. Hisoka was obviously standing in the doorway, looking at him.

*Is he going to come in?*

*Does he know that I'm awake?*

He trembled, bracing himself for the worst – sheets clutched tightly under white knuckles and bottom lip held firmly between his teeth.

The footsteps did not advance though.

On the contrary, when he heard them again, it sounded as if they were receding, indicating that Hisoka had walked away.

Gon continued to lie under the sheets, confused and still holding his breath…what exactly was going on? Why did Hisoka come to the bedroom just to look at him and then leave?

*Maybe he knows that I'm awake and he's waiting for me to fall asleep to return?*

*What would happen then?*

He really did not want to find out and decided then and there that he definitely was not going to let his guard down that night.

Just to be sure, Gon stayed up as long as he could, even sitting up and rocking back and forth when he felt the sleep creeping up on him but eventually his eyelids grew too heavy to keep open. Being swathed in such a comfortable bed surrounded by warm silk sheets worked against him…and in no time, before he recognized his waning volition to fight the need, he'd lost to the abyss of sleep.

XXX

The next morning, he woke with a start as if still alert from the previous night. Climbing out of bed reluctantly, he wandered through the condo, only to discover that Hisoka was not around.

*Where exactly did he disappear to?* Gon pondered to himself as every sound he made echoed through the empty space.

He didn't even bother trying to escape now that Hisoka was nowhere in sight. Without knowing where the other was, he reasoned that such an attempt was just too risky to make.

*And with my bad luck, it would most likely end with another ‘lesson’,* he thought, blushing. There was no way that he was going to provoke Hisoka this time.

Instead, Gon took advantage of the fact that the magician was not around to take a long shower in peace.

Finally coming to sit at the dining table, hair still dripping wet, Gon mulled over his thoughts. Why wasn't Hisoka taking advantage of him like before? It's not like he wanted him to…but it just didn’t seem right that after literally ogling and trying to jump him for the past few days, that Hisoka had suddenly backed off.
Gon frowned.

The magician's hot and cold attitude had his emotions all over the place and he just did not know how to respond anymore – when to be on guard or when to relax.

Could this be a part of the man's plan?

Just then, the front door opened and said man entered. Even more surprising, it was clear that the reason for his absence was that he had been out buying them breakfast.

Wait…

*Breakfast?*

Gon couldn't believe what he was seeing as he eyed the parcel in Hisoka's hands warily. His eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

Why would Hisoka go through the trouble of doing that?

Now honestly, this was all just too much and Gon was completely, without a doubt, at a loss for words.
A/N:

Um...Gon are you sure having another lesson from Hisoka if you get caught trying to run away again is really 'bad luck' as you say? Because that suspicious blush on your face says otherwise...

Hmmmmm what *exactly* is Hisoka up to? Playing mind games as usual? Do you think that this is all indeed part of his plan? Or is he just being nice to his fruit? lol. Gon’s confusion as to why he's being so nice to him and his inability to figure out what Hisoka is possibly up to is leading to some emotions that he can't handle! Will he voice his concerns in the next chapter? Stay tuned! And don't forget to review :3 *
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It was quiet. Too quiet.

The low hum of the air-conditioning unit was the only sound discernible in the overwhelming silence of the condo.

Not even the sunlight pouring in unimpeded through the floor-length windows helped to erase the chill that Gon felt. He looked down at his untouched sandwich.

Maybe it's all in my head.

Feeling awkward, he kept stealing glances at the magician who had regrettably chosen to sit directly opposite him.

That man...

He expected him to do something suspicious at any minute. Instead, Hisoka looked completely at ease – elbows resting on the polished surface of the mahogany table separating them and his eyes closed. For the most part he looked harmless.

Is that even possible?

Gon studied Hisoka's face as he lifted the mug to take another sip of his coffee, the dark liquid disappearing between those pale lips, leaving them wet and glistening. He blushed, immediately averting his eyes to study the wood grain of the table instead.

What the heck am I doing?! Why am I watching that man?

He bit angrily into his sandwich, barely even tasting the smooth sweetness of the strawberry jam as he swallowed quickly.

He is the enemy...isn't he? I have to keep my mind on that—Gon focused his eyes on the flower vase at the center of the table—He is a bad person, a murderer...and without my Nen, he'll most likely kill me eventually. But why is he being so nice? What is his plan?

As they sat at the dining table having the sandwiches he'd bought, Hisoka looked over at Gon, and raised one slim eyebrow. "You look like you're lost in your own thoughts~"

...enemy. The enemy. The enem—

"Huh...? Um...well I was just thinking that you're the enem...I mean that you're acting rather... I don't know...weird?" Gon scratched the back of his head nervously.

"Weird? ~"

"Uh, yeah, really out of character..."

"And what exactly is my character? ~"

Gon realized then how difficult it was to voice his suspicions but decided to go ahead anyway.
"It's just that...ever since we've reached York Shin, you've been acting...nice." He said the word with much difficulty. "You...tended to my injury; carried me to bed and covered me with a blanket; took me out for a buffet breakfast; brought me breakfast..."—Gon gestured at the sandwich in his hand—"...and now that I think about it"—he pondered for a moment—"You were acting differently even when we were crossing the desert, when you had killed that bandit who was trying to kill me..."

He paused for air and that's when Hisoka spoke.

"It seems as if you're keeping count... ~"

"I have to, especially when that's not how you normally are. It makes me wonder what you're up to."

Hisoka sighed, "This is the second time you're accusing me of acting out of character~"

"When have I—"

"Greed Island, after our dodgeball match~"

"Can you blame me? You don't do anything unless it benefits you," Gon countered. "And then there you were talking about 'everyone contributing' and it being a 'team victory' and I was convinced that I was still knocked out and dreaming."

Hisoka smirked on the inside. It was obvious that his little fruit would not be won over so easily. "Oh, boy am I hurt...~" he lied.

"But it's the truth..." Gon insisted.

"I have done what others would consider as 'good' things...many times in the past you know~"

"I see..." Gon said with a bit of skepticism, pondering much more than necessary on what Hisoka was telling him.

Can Hisoka really do good, unselfish things?

"Hmmm...you really don't get it, do you? ~" Hisoka deadpanned, his face a comedy of disappointment. "Are you so determined to see me in a bad light? ~"

"It's just really hard to think of you actually helping anyone..."

"Tch, I don't know if to laugh or cry~" Hisoka stated sarcastically.

Gon looked up, unfamiliar with the idiomatic expression and appearing as if he was expecting the man to do one or the other.

Seeing the openly expectant look on his face, Hisoka couldn't help but laugh.

"You've grown up so much...~" he said, eyes wandering over Gon's lithe frame for a moment before continuing. The young man suppressed a shudder. "Despite such growth, you're still such a child at heart. To be honest"—he seemed to want to laugh at this— "I have been helping you since the moment we met~"

"What?!"
Putting the tip of his pinky finger to his left ear and squinting one eye, Hisoka made a show of being temporarily deafened by Gon's outburst. He turned to face the young man.

"Why is it so hard to believe? I helped you during the York Shin situation with the Genei Ryodan didn't I? ~"

"Yeah, but you did it only because that coincided with your goal to fight Kuroro," Gon challenged, pushing back his damp hair so that he could see Hisoka clearly.

"And how about Greed Island? ~"

"What about it?"

"The dodgeball game with that overpowered Razor guy? Didn't I dislocate my fingers helping you guys out? ~"

At that point, there was a fleeting apologetic look crossing Gon's face. "I'm sorry about that Hisoka; I agree...you definitely helped us out then. We wouldn't have been able to clear the game without your involvement, but didn't you do that only because you were bored?"

Hisoka didn't deny it. "Bored or not, that counts as a save, especially with my final shot at the end of the game. Didn't you say back then that you wanted 'total victory'?"—he smiled—"and that's what I gave you~"

At this, Gon looked up. He'd remembered Killua's and the others' accounts of how Hisoka had ended the match, properly whooping Razor's ass with a final, powerful return using Bungee Gum.

_Hisoka...did that for me?_

Hisoka smirked. "And you know, there have been other times too~" he continued. "Like when I helped Killua escape Illumi during the elections or when I'd saved you as you were about to drown during that weird storm in the Third Phase; not to mention me telling Illumi not to kill you after the Hunters' Exam...~" Hisoka stopped, looking as if he could go on and on but hoping that Gon had gotten the point.

Gon's look of distrust softened a bit upon hearing his friend's name and he shifted once cautious but now inquisitive eyes to look at Hisoka more intently. "You _helped_...Killua?"

"To...help _you_, yes~" Hisoka admitted, marveling internally at how Gon's one-tracked mind would never ceased to amaze him.

"Wait..."

"Mm? ~"

"Did you say that y-you had _saved_ me in the Third Phase?" Gon was shocked. "So _you_ were the one who pulled me out of the water..."

_It can't be..._

"Is that so hard to believe? ~"

"Well...yeah."

Hisoka frowned at the young man's open honesty. _Some things never really do change...~_
"But I bet you did it only because I somehow fit into your crazy plan of saving the strong fighters for last. Do you think I forgot how you told me before on Zebil Island how you were just keeping me alive so that I'd grow enough to be worth killing…" Gon met his eyes, disapproval apparent in those hazel depths. "I wouldn't be surprised if all of this now was towards that goal as well…"

Close guess Gon but not quite...you're of more use to me alive~

Hisoka shrugged nonchalantly. "Haha you've got me…~" he said smoothly and smiled, eyes closing briefly. But then those eyes reopened to reveal cold, calculating yellow eyes, his expression sharpening in intensity as he continued, "...I did want to save you for last, to savor the flavor of your growth, to taste you, play with you…and then kill you…"

Gon shivered under the intense, lustful glare and the deadly promise in those chilling words. At this point he wasn't even sure if Hisoka was referring to something sexual or just fighting…or both. Those two things – as far as he could tell – were probably inseparable for someone like that man, bringing forth the same satisfaction.

"But?" he prompted.

No answer. Hisoka just continued to stare at him with that same chilling expression.

There is a 'but' wasn't there?

Gon never broke eye contact with the man seated across from him even as his heart thudded loudly in his chest.

He persisted. "There is a 'but' right? Or am I to assume that you're going to do away with me once I no longer am of any use to you?"

Although he probably couldn't avoid that fate if it were to be that way, Gon felt like he needed to know.

The air in their small dining area felt still and clammy despite the air conditioning and the silence seemed to stretch on for hours.

Hisoka finally spoke, studying Gon carefully. "There was a time, as I said, that I wanted to kill you more than anything, but I feel now that that would be a wasteful gesture." He waved his hand dismissively, going on to explain. "You see, I've realized that experiencing your growth every time we meet turns me on more than your impending death at my hands…so much so that I've decided that it would be a waste to kill you~"

Was that a good or bad thing? Gon thought, unable to decide. It is because Hisoka thinks that I am too important to kill that I'm in this current predicament.

But then, if Hisoka hadn't come to that conclusion, I might be dead right now…

The tension in the air shifted to something less ominous as Hisoka added, "You could be an interesting ally~"

"Huh?"Gon could not believe what he was hearing. "An ally in what exactly? Come to think of it, you've never actually told me why you're here in this city."

"Neither have you~"

"It's no secret why I'm here. I'm meeting up with Killua."
"Really? ~" Hisoka frowned.

That boy again.

The one that looked at him as if he could see right through his actions.

I'd have to move quickly to claim what's mine then…~

"Now it's your turn. Why are you here?"

"I'm on a job~"

"What kind of job?"

"That's not important. It's a very crucial one and you might be able to help~"

"But how can I help if I don't know what it is about?"

"It's basically reconnaissance and if we work together it will be to your benefit as well~"

"How so?" Gon was excited that Hisoka was actually seeking his help with something but he was still wary.

"The person that we need to watch is a vile individual and the world would be a better place without him~" he replied elusively.

"You're one to talk…" Gon said and instantly regretted his words.

"You don't really think that do you? ~" Hisoka was looking at him intently, yellow eyes focused on wide-eyed hazel ones.

Biting on the inner corner of his bottom lip, Gon felt as if he was being broken down by the truth.

Hisoka is right, I don't...

I...really don't think of him as a vile person.

I never have.

All this time I've been treating him with the caution that others have kept saying that I should exercise around him, but the truth is...

Gon turned away and squeezed his eyes shut.

...the truth is that I've always been mesmerized by him...I've always found him intriguing and exciting...

Pausing, Gon could not believe that he'd just confessed that to himself. He had finally admitted it but with that admission he found no reprieve. On the contrary, his thoughts were upsetting him more than anything at that moment.

Damn.

Hisoka was still looking at Gon, watching the subtle play of emotions on his face – at least what he could see of his face anyway. His hair was still damp (from what the magician could only assume had been a recent shower) and had fallen forward in his face again, partially obscuring his eyes.
He watched as Gon moodily pushed the hair away from his face for probably the hundredth time since they'd been sitting there, while trying to maintain a hold on the strawberry jam sandwich he held in the other hand.

Unable to resist anymore, Hisoka reached forward and pushed a stray lock of hair away from Gon's eyes, deciding that even though Gon looked so cute with his hair that way, he wanted to see those eyes that always seemed to utterly bewitch him.

At the slight touch, Gon paused mid-struggle with his hair to look over at him. Their eyes met, the hand still lingering in his hair, and he felt his heart skip a beat.

*What?*

He turned away abruptly, the movement causing Hisoka's hand to fall and their electric eye contact to be broken.

But that was not to be how things would end that morning.

At the corner of his eye, Gon saw Hisoka stand and walk around the table. He was now standing to the left of him but Gon refused to turn to meet those eyes; unsure as to whether he was ready to face what was reflected in those golden depths.

This time though, Hisoka did not wait for him to come to a decision.
A/N: Oh no...cliffhanger! But the good news is that the next chapter would be niiiiice XD

Ah oh my Hisoka has finally made his move! What is going to happen to Gon? I don't think that turning his face away would help…:/

Do you think Gon would be able to keep fighting what he's feeling? Especially now that he knows
Hisoka has been looking out for him?

But...what's up with Hisoka thinking that he needs to *claim* what is his (Gon) now that he's aware that Gon is meeting Killua in the City? I don't blame him though…Killua is the reasonable one that "sees through" his actions as he said.

All these questions and more may be answered in the next update XP see you guys soon in another update and I look forward to your reviews :3
A/N:

Finally! I hope you guys are ready for this. I think that this is one of the few times I've written a chapter entirely composed of smut. But it was fun...and you know what happens when I have fun writing a chapter right? Hope you enjoy XD

Disclaimer: Can you imagine...a Hunter X Hunter episode with this kind of content? No? Well that just means that these are Togashi-san's characters and not mine. I'm merely borrowing!

Warning: This is super M-Rated for suggested and depicted scenes. These two need to get a room...oh yeah, they have one lol.

RIP Strawberry Jam Sandwich...

Let's get started! Hunter x Hunter (2011) Opening Theme Music plays... (lol)

NB: Day five continues...

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This time though, Hisoka did not wait for him to come to a decision.

Placing the pad of his index finger under Gon's chin, Hisoka turned his head so that he could meet
those hazel eyes. He brought his other hand up to brush aside his hair once more and when those cheeks reddened, he slowly traced the color with his thumb.

Gon's heart was beating rapidly. It was undeniable. He could no longer ignore the pull that he felt. It was as if his body was heating up just as his face was.

And then it happened.

Hisoka's face was just a few inches from his and Gon couldn't fight it anymore. Especially after all that the man had just told him. There was no ground of hate for him to hold on to right now and his spirit was in turmoil. It felt as if the rug had been pulled out from under him and he was on his back and vulnerable.

Gon didn't even know what he was doing when he started moving forward. He closed the distance between them, shyly meeting Hisoka's lips in a chaste kiss. His face flushed with embarrassment but he didn't have time to think about it because the moment his lips touched the other's, they were engulfed in a hungry kiss that stole his breath.

Hisoka moaned, plunging his tongue deep into that hot mouth, tasting the sweet, mildly tart flavor of the jam sandwich that Gon was just eating.

He couldn't believe it.

Gon had actually initiated their kiss.

This knowledge made it hard for him to control himself and he leaned in even closer, prepared to take all and more than what Gon could possibly give him.

Bombarded by the intensity of his body's response to Hisoka's touch, Gon felt like he was transported back in time, caught up in that storm again during the Hunters' Exam, mercilessly pummeled by the rough waves until he felt as if he was going under – about to be swept away in an instant. Unable to breathe. Losing consciousness. And the only one who could save him was the one pushing him beneath those fathomless waves of passion right now.

There was no way that he'd be saved. Not this time.

And honestly, he did not want to be.

His arms came up to circle Hisoka's neck and the man groaned in approval of this final surrender.

Gon soon found himself seated atop the table, with Hisoka standing between his thighs, their lips still joined in a passionate embrace.

[[Crash]]

As Hisoka bent him backwards, a loud, crashing sound jarred his senses, cutting through the grappling fog in his brain and Gon turned to investigate.

_Was that the flower va—_

"Ah!"

Hisoka suddenly pressed himself against his body, bending him further backwards with only a steadying palm at his lower back.
Gon yelped as he felt his nipple being pinched roughly through his vest and then in an instant, those lips met his again: hungry, impassioned, insistent and burning.

Everything was moving too quickly and too slowly all at the same time.

And Gon couldn't get enough of it.

Touches burned. Kisses stung...and clothes were in the way.

Hands were everywhere and soon clothing became less of a problem as he vaguely noticed his vest being pulled off and tossed to a corner.

Another crashing sound.

Hungry lips met his again, causing Gon to moan at the reunion as Hisoka pulled him roughly to his chest. And that's when he realized that Hisoka was still fully dressed as the buttons of the magician's shirt were rubbing against his achingly sensitive nipples.

"Ahnnnn..." he moaned at the sensation, wriggling uncomfortably.
Pulling away from the kiss, Gon focused his attention on removing the obstructive material—hands fumbling with the small buttons until finally they were undone and Hisoka's shirt was open.

Soon that shirt was joining his in the corner.

Anticipation caused his hands to tremble slightly but soon those eager hands had found their way to the man's lean, muscled chest, and Gon marveled at the feel of the pale, smooth skin under his fingertips.

He watched intently, memorizing every detail as his palms smoothed over the firm skin, brushing over hard nipples, ribs...dipping lower still to trace the well-defined, rippling outline of the abdominal muscles...only to be stopped eventually by the waistband of Hisoka's pants.

Hisoka smirked, looking down at the curious, tanned hands currently resting on his waistband. The other seemed to be weighing the decision of whether or not to go that far but his mind was already made up.

Bringing his own hands to the front of his pants, Hisoka was soon rid of them and standing proudly before Gon in all his naked glory.

Gon looked at him as if it were the first time he was seeing him completely naked. Of course he'd seen Hisoka nude before, when he, Biske, Killua and Goreinu had stumbled upon him bathing in the lake next to the City of Love.

But this time it felt different somehow.

"Touch me," Hisoka commanded and Gon complied eagerly, moving to grip the already erect member, pumping slowly. Hisoka moaned and their lips met in a fiery kiss once more until they were forced to come up for air.

"Ummmm...ahhhhhhh...!" Gon arched his back suddenly as he felt Hisoka's hand grasp his erection, stroking it slowly and firmly through his boxer shorts. Before long his hips were being lifted to remove those shorts and Gon was completely naked.

Hisoka bent to kiss his neck, loving the feel of the pulse beating erratically against his lips as he teased the flesh with countless bites and kisses.

Bending even lower, he took a nipple into his mouth, flicking his tongue over the hard nub and causing Gon to cry out. He loved the way Gon raked his hands through his hair, pushing his head even closer to his chest, needy and seeking more of that exquisite surge of pleasure.

Looking up, Hisoka met Gon's eyes with a stare filled with lascivious intent and before the other knew what was happening, he'd gathered him up in his arms.

"H-hey...what are you doing?" Gon hated the feeling of being carried like this because it reminded him of how short he was for his age.

"I'm taking this to a more comfortable place ~" Hisoka replied smirking. "Unless you don't mind having back pains tomorrow after we're done... ~"

'Done'?

Gon blushed; soon finding himself nestled among the silky sheets on the large bed, Hisoka hovering over him. But the magician made no move to touch him and Gon suddenly felt as if he was laid bare, exposed – the hot desire thrumming, burning in his veins, making him feel as if he'd
combust if Hisoka did not touch him soon.

"Please..." he moaned, reaching up to touch his own nipples. He bit his lip from the sensation, panting, "...I feel so hot..."

Hisoka smirked internally as he looked down at him. Gon was so sexy, touching himself like that when he wouldn't touch him. And just hearing his pleas...it was just as he’d imagined they would be...just as he wanted.

Shuddering in anticipation of what was to come, Hisoka couldn't help but acknowledge the fact that his efforts had paid off.

*The wait was worth it~*

Hiding the victorious smirk that came with that thought, he reached up to touch where he’d marked Gon previously – placing his index finger on the hickey that stood out proudly against the tanned skin of his neck.

"Mmm!"

Gon trembled as if the slightest touch set him off and Hisoka's smirk widened.

The finger slowly trailed a line from that red spot to the nipple that wasn't being held. It lingered there a moment until it was joined by his thumb and – looking deep into those hazel depths – he pinched the nipple hard, watching hungrily as Gon's eyes widened at the sensation.

Gon felt his back arch off the mattress as the pain coursed through his body, followed quickly by an addictive rush of pleasure.

"Mmmnnn...urgh!" He clenched his teeth as Hisoka grabbed his erection roughly, squeezing it. He couldn't explain it, it all hurt yet felt so good at the same time. And he wanted *more*.

More of that intense feeling, more of the pain, more of...

*Hisoka...*

"Mmmm...I like that look... ~" Hisoka praised as he stroked him, his thumb ghosting over the tip of his phallus.

Gon gasped, arching wordlessly into his touch once again and Hisoka bent to meet his breathy gasps, taking his lips in a possessive kiss that made him feel as if he was losing himself.

Or maybe he was already lost.

When Hisoka released his lips to stare down at him, Gon directed drunken eyes to his face. "More..." he pleaded, wriggling uncomfortably among the distressed sheets.

"Oh really? ~" Hisoka grinned, intrigued. He loved seeing Gon like this, his headstrong nature engulfed by the heat of passion – wanting...demanding.

He had introduced him to the pleasures of the flesh and was more than willing to teach him more. Resting a finger on those moist lips, he commanded softly, "Lick it." And Gon did just that, licking the digit until it was slick with his saliva.

"I'm going to give you exactly what you're asking for... ~" was the only warning he gave, before placing his wet finger at Gon's entrance and pushing in.
"Ah...ah...ouch...!" Gon complained, arching his back and trying to move away but Hisoka pulled him back to attack his lips with a greedy kiss once more, taking those protests into his mouth and returning them with passionate kisses.

"Mmmmmm...uhhh..." Gon continued to groan as Hisoka pushed at his entrance. When Hisoka stopped kissing him, he turned away and clench the sheets, his expression pained.

"Relax...you're too tense ~" Hisoka whispered soothingly over his dewy, parted lips.

Eventually, he got the finger in and after moving around a bit, curled it into the spot he had been looking for.

He pushed into that spot repeatedly and Gon cried out against his lips, the strange, pleasurable feeling rocking his body and causing him to grip the soft, smooth sheets tightly.

*Oh-oh-ohh...it feels so...so—!* Gon's hips lifted to meet the hand pushing repeatedly against him, shuddering under the intensity of the assault.

Eventually, he got the finger in and after moving around a bit, curled it into the spot he had been looking for.

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*Oh-oh-ohh...it feels so...so—!* Gon's hips lifted to meet the hand pushing repeatedly against him, shuddering under the intensity of the assault.

Hisoka withdrew his finger, only to reinsert two - stretching him, increasing the pressure and Gon twisted at the sensations wrought by the intrusion until those fingers were moving easily inside of him, the pain hardly present and the pleasure making him dizzy.

Gon felt the fingers leave again but then something much bigger was probing at the same place, trying to enter. Dazed but curious, he looked down between their bodies and saw that Hisoka was poised to enter him, but this time with his cock. His lips went slack at the sight of the tumescent member and a worrisome look descended upon his features.

**That...he's going to put that in there?**

Hisoka saw Gon looking at him and he grinned, thinking to himself that this was the moment that he'd been waiting for – the moment he'd get his prey to finally surrender on its own. Raising one slim eyebrow, he whispered huskily, "Do you want it? ~"

Gon gasped, a look of consternation arresting his features as he peered up at him through eyes blurry with unshed tears. He was silent for a while – momentarily worried at how much it would hurt – but eventually overpowered by his desire and curiosity, he uttered in a low voice, "Y-yes..."

"Beg me... ~" Hisoka commanded, not taking his sharp gaze away from Gon's face.

Those innocent, watery eyes strayed a bit as if overwhelmed by the intensity of that glinting, expectant, golden stare and Gon took a deep breath, flushed and trembling just a bit. "P-please...Hisoka can y—!"

Hisoka's nostrils flared and a feral growl escaped his lips. He could hardly control himself anymore and pushed in harder, breaching him and forcing his way in with a few harsh strokes until he was buried to the hilt.

"Ahhhhhhrrrghh...no!" Gon panted, nails digging into his back, drawing blood but Hisoka smiled, enjoying the pain and the pleasure.

"Hisoka...stop...oh..."

*So full...so full...*

*He's stretching me so much...*
"It hurts...I don't know if I can..."

"How wonderful...~" Hisoka moaned, enjoying the pressure of being buried so deep inside of Gon. The tight resistance against his hard shaft was inexplicably amazing, intensified by the hot pain from Gon's nails digging into his back.

Hisoka looked down to see that Gon's eyes were squeezed shut, a single tear running down his cheek. The younger man was a limp, panting mass below him, barely holding on to his powerful shoulders but Hisoka smiled.

When he felt like it was time and Gon was ready, he started to move, pulling out slowly, only to push back in with everything he had.

Gon's eyes flew open and his nails dug deeper.

"Oh fu—!

"Ah...ah...ah...ohhhhhhh...!" He closed his eyes tightly against the intensity of the pain and the pleasure.

"Like it?~" Hisoka asked in a strained voice, looking down at Gon writhing beneath him. The young man seemed completely out of it, hair messy and eyes slightly open but disoriented.

So beautiful~ Hisoka thought, fighting to maintain his waning control, fighting to tame the primal urge that demanded that he overpower Gon completely and inflict more pain...

Wow~

Sweat beaded on his forehead at the effort to keep his strokes slow and steady and not give in to that inner desire.

As if his brain had only just caught up to the fact that Hisoka had asked him a question, Gon's lips parted in an attempt to respond and he choked out, "H-hisoka...ahhhhhhh...um...y-yes...ahhh...it-it hurts but feels so good..."

"You...haven't felt anything yet...~" Hisoka smirked, right before grabbing unto the thighs on either side of him so hard that he bruised them and angling his hips to push in roughly.

This new angle hit Gon directly in his most sensitive spot and he cried out in surprise.

"Uhhhh...ahhhhhhhhhhh...!" Gon's cries were loud and his body was pressed into the mattress under Hisoka's weight, as he felt himself constantly stretched by that thick, hard shaft.

The pain...the pleasure...everything...had melded into one intense feeling and it was overbearing, accompanied by the feeling that he could take no more.

Hisoka smiled down at him, enjoying the way he was so sensitive to what he was doing to him and to the pleasure that wracked his body. Gon was proving to be one of the most expressive lovers he'd ever had and Hisoka's smile turned into a grin when he realized that he should have known that Gon would be like that, considering how heightened all of his senses were.

This is going to be fun...~ he thought as he continued to thrust into him, momentarily stopping to once again pinch Gon's reddened nipple as the other hand pumped the erect phallus.

"Ohhhhh..." Gon brought his hands up to hide his face as he reeled from the pleasure bombarding him. He didn't know how long he could hold back.
"What did I tell you about hiding your eyes? Look at me~"

Gon moaned as he removed his hands from his face, placing them instead on the strong chest bearing down over him. His eyes were already glazed over and he felt as if the only way he could breathe was by panting.

"Oh..."

Sensing that he was going to cum soon, Hisoka started to move faster, moving his hand over Gon's member at the same rhythm and pace that he was moving inside of him.

"Ah...ohhhhh...ahh...!" Gon cried out, feeling as if he was once again experiencing something familiar yet different.

It felt so good—something building up inside of him and slowly bubbling to the surface—but in the midst of it all he was still hesitant to let himself go completely...too afraid to fall to pieces before this man.

He didn't have a choice in the matter though.

"Don't fight it... ~" Hisoka whispered breathlessly in his ear as he felt himself about to explode.

"You will cum with me... ~" At that Gon felt a sharp pain in his shoulder as Hisoka bit down hard, the taste of blood sending him over the edge as the pain had Gon cumming hard in Hisoka's hand.

XXX

Minutes passed and they were still lying on the bed, neither even attempting to move.

*That was amazing...* Gon thought, his mind hazy in his post-orgasmic bliss. All that he was conscious of was the weight of the body partially slumped over his and the throbbing member still inside of him.

"Come on~" Hisoka said, lifting himself up completely and pulling out of him. Looking down, Gon was surprised to see that he was still hard. "I'm going to take a shower, want to join me? ~"

Gon looked up at him, entranced by the dark passion and silent promise in those eyes—knowing that it was going to be anything but a simple shower.

And he was right...

It wasn't.
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---

Think I did a good job on this chapter... give me some of your love ❤️
(It helps me to keep writing)
Re-edit Note (2015): I need to take a shower to wash away all this sin... I didn't believe that it was possible to make this any hotter, but somehow I did *fanning*

2nd Re-edit note (2016): This is one of my favorite smut chapters. I just love returning to it to make it even smuttier and more sadistic lol.

NOTE: Art is not done by me! It was a gift from one of my talented readers and I only lined and colored it ;D

A/N: *blushes* I'm speechless...Hisoka is such a sadistic lover and proofreading this made me feel like I was looking in on something I shouldn't be seeing...

Umm...don't forget to review...reviews are love :3

Thanks!
A/N: This chapter is cute, although it has some not so innocent parts...these two need to behave but I guess that is impossible with Hisoka around =.= lol

Thanks for the Kudos for last chapter XD now the story continues!

**Warnings:** Rated M for suggested as well as a few depicted scenes (a bit of exhibitionism / voyeurism).

**Disclaimer:** I do not own any of the characters mentioned...only the plot :’)

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**NB:** Day 5-6

Gon looked up at him, entranced by the dark passion and silent promise in those eyes – knowing that it was going to be anything *but* a simple shower.

And he was right...

It wasn't.

**XXX**

Needless to say, after that shower, the rest of the day was spent occupied in bed until they were both thoroughly exhausted and satisfied. And later that evening – right before sleep finally claimed him – Gon lay on the large bed among the tousled silk sheets staring up at the white ceiling.

His body was drained and unwilling to move but his mind wandered.

*This is crazy...*

Gon would never have dreamed that one day he'd have been in such a position (or positions) with Hisoka...of all people. In the past, he had always felt a sort of weird anticipation, excitement and fear whenever he encountered him, whenever they were about to fight and today it had been no different: every time their bodies had met, every time their lips clashed and they were wrapped up
in each other, it felt like they were engaged in a struggle, a confrontation...but of a different kind.

And he anticipated every rematch.

It was filled with unbridled passion and was at times even violent but there would always be a hint of something he did not quite understand, a nuance of gentleness under it all that left him a little confused.

These small gestures of gentleness were so inconceivable that it stirred in him a feeling of vulnerability even greater than what he felt whenever Hisoka brought him to the peak of ecstasy.

It was so unlike how he'd expected him to be and if Gon were to be truthful to himself, he had to admit - he loved fighting Hisoka like this.

XXX

That night, Gon woke up to see that Hisoka was lying next to him on the bed, partially wrapped up in the smooth, silky sheets but mostly exposed as he lay on his front.

_It's no surprise...—_he thought idly as he leaned over to observe the man's sleeping form—..._Hisoka sleeps naked._

Gon stared at him for a moment, blushing when he realized that this was the first time they were sleeping in a bed together.

_Oh—_

Just then, Hisoka turned, mumbling something incoherent and reaching out to pull him close. Subtly surprised by the sudden warm embrace, Gon couldn't help but notice how natural it felt to be nestled against Hisoka's chest and he smiled to himself as he relaxed within those arms, listening to the beat of his heart and cuddling close before falling asleep again.

XXX

**NB: Day 6**

That morning he woke to find himself alone in the bed. It felt strangely empty without Hisoka there and he turned over and away from the sunlight that kept trying to interrupt his attempt to sleep late.

"Late sleeper I see~"

"Mmmm..." Gon groaned into the pillow, wanting nothing more than to go back to sleep. Initially he'd thought Hisoka's absence had meant that he had gone out to buy breakfast or something but apparently the man was just an early riser.

"Come on, Gon-kun...time to wake up~"

"No..." Gon spoke into the pillow. "I don't want to..."

"As much as I love your objections, we've got a lot to do today~"

Curious, Gon turned over to look at him.

Seeing that he finally had his attention, Hisoka continued, "Have you ever properly toured York Shin before? ~"
"A little..." Taking a closer look at him, Gon realized that Hisoka was dressed as if he was going out. "Are you heading out, Hisoka?"

"Yes, I'm going out to buy some cards," he responded adding, "Since you haven't seen much of York Shin before, come with me. I'll be heading out soon~"

"Mmm..." Gon sat up, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

Hisoka looked at him and licked his lips. *He's so cute in the morning~*

Gon glanced over to see Hisoka watching him with an expression that clearly said that if he wasn't already dressed and ready to leave he'd have had him bent over the bed right at that moment.

He blushed.

"O-ok then, well I'm going to take a shower now so...we could leave..."

Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, Gon kept his head down; focusing on the sheepskin area rug under his feet in an attempt to hide his blush.

"You're hard."

"Huh?" Gon looked up at Hisoka, his facial expression clearly reflecting his confusion.

Hisoka did not reply but continued to look downward and when Gon followed the line of that gaze, he gasped.

"Ah..."

There was an obvious bulge in his boxers and instinctively Gon moved to cover himself but it was already too late.

"What are you going to do about it?"

*What am I...?* He looked up at Hisoka's expectant face, unsure of what response the man wanted.

*Well...take a cold shower I guess."

"Um...I-uh..."

"Touch it."

*He wants me to relieve myself...in front of him?"

"What?"

*I'm not sure if—"

"Touch yourself. Now."

"Oh..." Gon felt his entire face grow warm. He couldn't help it. That authoritative tone turned him on and he felt his cock twitch, demanding attention.

Maintaining eye contact, he hesitantly reached into his boxers. Feeling the familiar weight in his hand, he trembled visibly as he wrapped his fingers around the pulsing organ, the pleasure almost making him forget his sudden shyness. After all that he'd done with Hisoka, Gon knew that he
shouldn't be feeling embarrassed but his face still felt hot as he sat there stroking himself.

Yet it was strangely exciting. He licked his lips. Why did everything have to be such a contradiction with Hisoka?

If Gon were ever to think about it, he could never have imagined how something so private could feel so good with someone looking at him.

He gripped himself harder.

"Mmmmmm…"

Hisoka stood there, arms folded over his chest, looking down at Gon touching himself.

He could already see how slick the hard shaft was from the attention it was receiving. Or was it because he was standing there looking at him? The magician smirked, eyes glinting at the sordid implications.

Maybe Gon liked that kind of thing?

_I'd never have pictured him as an exhibitionist~_

He looked up at his face as if to confirm this and seeing the look of clouded lust in those hazel eyes staring up at him, Hisoka felt a familiar stir in his loins.

_Very nice…~_

They had more in common than he could have thought.

Hisoka smirked, fingers pressing into his biceps with trembling fingers as he maintained his position in front of the bed.

More than anything, he _really_ wanted to touch Gon right now. To have his hand there stroking him instead. To steal those lips and bruise them. To completely remove those boxers and make him ride his thick length until they were both satisfied.

And that wouldn't be anytime soon.

He was finding that the more he had of Gon was the more that he wanted. Like some kind of delicious treat. Or a drug. But at that moment, he couldn't touch him – no, not yet.

If only he gave in to his carnal desires right then, they would not leave their condo for days.

"Mmmmm…"

Hisoka's eyes were drawn to the moist, parted lips once more by the barely contained moan.

_Gon…_

His smirk widened. Without a doubt, he'd love to have those lips wrapped around his shaft now.

_Mmmm~_

And those eyes focused on his seemed to be daring him to come closer, to touch...

_Oh Gon... You have no idea how badly I want you right now~_
"Ahhhhhhhh…!" Gon cried out, his body tensing as he looked through his lowered lashes at Hisoka. His vision was hazy but still clearly able to discern the way Hisoka was looking at him.

He's looking at me like...like he wants to—oh!

The insatiable hunger in Hisoka's gaze was so profound that it triggered his orgasm and Gon trembled, releasing all over his clothes.

"Mmmm…that's a lot~"

At the sound of his voice, Gon looked up at the magician with heavy-lidded eyes and received a smile in return. The blood pulsed in his veins and his anticipation rose at the prospect that he was about to get fucked before they went out.

Gon suppressed his moan, whispering, "Hisoka, I wan—"

"You can go take your shower now~" Hisoka cut in with a mocking smirk, gesturing to his cum-stained vest. "We're leaving in a bit~"

Gon simply stared back wordlessly and utterly befuddled.

What?

But with that last sentence Hisoka had already turned from him and was now gone, leaving Gon to stare after him, needy and confused.

A moment later, Gon took one look down at his clothes and groaned, throwing himself back against the sheets whilst pulling one of the pillows over his head. "Shit...I forgot that I agreed to go out with him today and I was ready to..."

Ride his cock, a voice in his head whispered crudely.

Damn...when did I become such a nympho?!

Gon pressed the pillow harder against his flushed face. His skin still tingled from the excitement of being watched and this only added to his discomfort.

He took a deep breath. So embarrassing...

XXX

York Shin City was quite lively that day. From what Gon could see through the floor-length picture windows lining one side of the establishment they were in, the sun was shining brightly and it was quite hot outside.

There were throngs of people bustling about and idly he imagined just how hot it would feel to be walking in that crowd with the sun beating down on him.

It had gotten considerably more crowded and hotter since they'd come in from the street and Gon couldn't help but think how lucky he was not to be out there in that heat.

At the moment it was a little after midday and they had just finished looking at some interesting sights around the city.
This tour of York Shin involved walking about for a while and checking out anything and everything that piqued Gon's interest – which of course happened to be quite a few things.

So from window shopping in the large shopping center to stopping by the local museum for a quick look, they had seen a lot and somewhere along the way they had even successfully managed to acquire the cards that Hisoka wanted in one of the many variety stores littered about.

And now that they'd accomplished their goal, he was sitting inside a café together with Hisoka having a Strawberry Milkshake, while wondering what to order.

"Is it good? ~"

Gon looked up at the man seated across from him and smiled. "Yep!" He nodded enthusiastically. "It's delicious!"

Hisoka returned his smile. "So what are you ordering to eat? ~"

"I don't know…there's so much good stuff here…"
There was a worried expression on Gon's face as he perused the menu in his hands once more. If he were to try everything that was fascinating him right at that moment, he'd have to order every item.

"Well let me make it easier for you," Hisoka said with a smile. "The Double Chocolate Surprise
Cake is to **DIE** for…~"

"…"

"Not literally of course…~" he added on seeing the wide-eyed look Gon was giving him.

"But it's really expensive…" Gon whispered, as if no customer was allowed to notice that fact.

"What's the problem? I'm buying it for you~"

"But I can't make you do—"

"It's not a problem; it makes me happy to buy nice things for you…~" Hisoka said, smiling when his words caused Gon to blush and look away. *If he doesn't stop being so cute…~*

"Ok I'll get it then!" Gon finally decided. "I can't wait to try it!"

A few minutes later the waitress brought the cake to their table, smiling as she saw the look of barely contained excitement on the younger man's face.

"This is our café's special," she said. "Thank you for ordering and I hope that you enjoy!"

"It looks so yummy!" Gon exclaimed as the waitress walked away from their table.

"It is yummy," Hisoka affirmed, not taking his eyes off of Gon's face. "What are you waiting for? Dig in~"

Gon speared the dessert with his fork, scooping a sizeable portion into his mouth.

"Mmmm!" he moaned, confirming that it was indeed good.

"Told you so…now wait till you get to the center…~"

Curious, Gon shoveled two more bites into his mouth.

"Ah!" His hand flew to his mouth in an attempt to silence his outburst and he quickly looked over at Hisoka to see that the man was looking at him and grinning.

"Well I'm guessing that you got the 'surprise'…~" Hisoka said with a laugh.

Gon could only nod as he relished the taste of the rich white chocolate filling dispersing on his tongue. It was so good.

Reaching across the table, Hisoka brought a hand to Gon's lips and his eyes widened.

"Wh-what?" he stuttered as the man's finger traced the width of his lips, ending at one corner.

"Chocolate~"

"Huh?"

The magician pointed to his own lips as he drew his finger back, licking it.

"Oh…" was all that Gon could manage as he looked away, focusing instead on the dusty rose pink wall to his right and trying not to get distracted by that tongue…
They were in public but the tension between them was so palpable. He took in a shaky breath, shifting uncomfortably on the vinyl seat.

That tongue...dexterous, skillful, bold and capable of coaxing him into a state of orgasmic—

"Um…"

I need to change the topic.

"H-Hisoka…"

Hisoka looked up from his Raspberry Iced Tea, giving him all of his attention.

Gon fidgeted a bit when those eyes focused on him. What was I going to say again?

Oh yeah…

"Yesterday, you had said something about helping Killua escape Illumi during the Hunters' Association's Elections…"—His brows lifted with his growing concern—"…what exactly had happened?"

"Conscious enough now to think about our previous conversation huh? ~" Hisoka teased.

"Hisoka..."

Hisoka's gaze turned lustful as he remembered what they had been up to the day before. "Well I don't blame you; we really were too busy getting to know each other on a very personal level to discuss anything much...and so many times too...especially after I had you down on your kne—"

"Hisoka!" Gon was utterly flustered. He looked around nervously but the other diners seemed too engrossed in their own conversations to have heard.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he glared pointedly at Hisoka. Is he enjoying doing this to me?

"Ok, ok…I'm sorry…~" Hisoka apologized, trying not to smirk.

Gon eyed him warily. That face looked anything but sorry. He sighed.

"No one told you? ~"

"No…well not all of it..."—Gon huffed in disappointment—"especially not the part about you being involved. From what you said, that should have been around the time that I…was sick…" His face fell for a moment as if remembering something unpleasant, but he shook it off. "It sounds like the situation must have been serious for you to have to intervene on Killua's part…"

"Well, don't get me wrong, initially I may have been part of the problem – for Killua at least~"

Gon looked at him as if waiting for a more detailed explanation.

Hisoka took his time swirling his drink before continuing. "Illumi hired me and we were trying to stop Killua from causing a bigger problem by helping you. It seemed that Killua was willing to harm thousands just to get you back." He paused for effect and took a sip of his iced tea. "But I couldn't assist Illumi to the point that you remained in that state, so let's just say that I helped to give your friend a bit of an advantage at one point~"

"Oh I see." Gon was still curious, especially since he was finally getting the answers that no one
had seemed willing to give him. "And Alluka? Killua said that she was the one who had healed me somehow? What do you know about her?"

"Alluka?" Hisoka tried to recall who that was. "Oh...well he—"

"She."

"She?"

"Yes." Gon frowned.

"Alright...She..." Hisoka corrected himself, smirking. "She...has a special power. But it came with heavy risks," he said elusively. "Alluka was the one that brought you back from that place...with a wish~"

"Ah yes, Killua told me. But the part about there being heavy risks I didn't know about. I always felt as if there was something that no one is telling me; a wish just sounds too convenient..."

"Hmmm maybe because it is." Hisoka paused. "There were many casualties as a result of her wishes in the past and Illumi was concerned that the entire Zoldyck family along with an insurmountable number of lives would have had to be sacrificed for Killua's wish~" Hisoka studied the pensive look on Gon's face as he absorbed this new information.

"All of that for me..." Gon muttered, looking up at him. "Were you at risk too?" he asked quietly.

"Probably," Hisoka said, now stone-faced as he recalled what Illumi had told him at the bar that day.

"Oh..."

Suddenly it all became clear to him and Gon frowned.

"Why...would Killua...and the others keep that part from me?"

Hisoka shrugged. "They must have had their reasons~"

Gon couldn't believe it, he never wanted to be saved at the risk of endangering many others.

A worried look descended upon his face before another thought occurred to him.

_Somehow Killua must have known that that wouldn't have happened...that no one would have been hurt._

Gon breathed out the tense breath he was holding, glad now that his best friend had taken that chance on him.

_I did not want to stay in that place..._

_Falling_

_Falling_

_Falling_

_Altways falling...
While Gon was in that comatose state, most of the time he did not dream but felt like he was either falling into a black pit of emptiness or that he was all alone in a dark room. Even when he did dream those dreams were no better because they morphed into severe, persistent nightmares that felt too real.

Those nightmares, whenever they arrived, always transported him to a dark place where he was wraithlike before a curtained hospital bed looking down at a ruined body that was grotesquely wrinkled, drained, bleeding and lying comatose – the bandages wrapping it constantly bloodied despite being changed regularly.

And Gon had a sinking feeling that that disfigured body had been his.

He looked up at Hisoka who was now regarding him with an unreadable stare. "Yeah… thanks for telling me."

"Not a problem~" Hisoka smiled but frowned as he continued to observe the young man opposite him. Gon seemed a bit downtrodden and he did not like that. "Hey Gon, ready to go? ~"

"Yeah, I guess," Gon replied, now looking and sounding dejected. "I'm done too."

Hisoka's frown deepened and he pressed his hand to the small of Gon's back as they headed toward the door.

With the door's charm jingling behind them as they stepped out of the café, Gon seemed to brighten just a bit when the sunlight hit his face, caressing it and illuminating the green-tinted ends of his hair.

It's not as hot as I thought it would be out here, he thought, taking a moment to breathe in the fresh air before joining the mass of people heading towards the city's hub.

Drawn in by the desire to touch him, Hisoka pulled Gon closer and reached up to run his hand through the tinted, vibrant hair as they walked along the crowded sidewalk.

Gon looked up to see that Hisoka was smiling at him with closed eyes and feeling something in his chest tighten in response to the attention, he returned the smile with a bright one of his own.

This is nice... was the only thought that came to his mind as he turned back to the crowd of people and they trudged along amiably, surrounded only by the din of this crowd and the bright sunlight. Gon wiped the sweat from his brow and suddenly, it occurred to him that it was no longer so bad to be walking together with the throng of people enveloping them in the excessive heat.

Blushing at the thought that it was because of Hisoka's company that he was beginning to feel this way, he smiled wider on realizing too that he was not only feeling happier, but had forgotten what exactly had him feeling down in the first place.
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Think I did a good job on this chapter.
15/04/16 2nd Re-edit Note: I hope you all like the edits: everything is a tad bit more streamlined and I added some fanart. I did not draw this but the wonderful artist who did, gave me permission to use it!

A/N: Ah...it seems that writing smutty chapters with fluffy moments (so cute!) is going to become my thing since these two just can't stop lol

Lol Hisoka - being confused about Alluka's gender XD
Hisoka x Loves Arcade x Games?

Chapter Summary

#1 Magician rocks lol (You'll see what I mean).

Chapter Notes

Re-edit note 01/09/15: I named the chapter just what I was pondering.

2nd Re-edit's note 14/04/16: Added a lot more content!

Disclaimer: I do not own HxH or its characters…not now…not in the foreseeable future.

Warning: Rated M! I told you they couldn't behave…

Thank you so much to those who reviewed and left Kudos! It totally does mean a lot!

So here you go, a new chapter! I hope you enjoy :)

Chapter Twelve

NB: Day 6 continues…

"Not a problem~" Hisoka smiled but frowned as he continued to observe the young man opposite him. Go

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This is nice... was the only thought that came to his mind as he turned back to the crowd of people and they trudged along amiably, feeling his heart beat faster as he realized what was happening and the excessive heat made him realize that it was no longer so bad to be walking together with the throng of people enveloping them.

Blushing at the thought that it was because of Hisoka's company that he was beginning to feel this way, he smiled wider on realizing too that he was not only feeling happier, but had forgotten what exactly had him feeling down in the first place.

Hisoka looked down at him again as they walked. "Since we've accomplished all that we've set out to do today, do you want to go to the arcade? ~"

"Huh?" Gon tried not to get too excited or let his anticipation show. Maybe Hisoka's just messing with me again.

"Why are you looking at me like that? I'm actually serious...~"

It was then that Gon realized that he was staring at Hisoka open mouthed. He pressed his lips together and looked down at the pavement between his boots. If he isn't messing with me, does that mean...he's trying to cheer me up?

The thought that Hisoka might be doing this to help him feel better made Gon's heart beat faster, but he also knew that Hisoka wouldn't have offered if he too wasn't interested in gaming.

Hisoka loves arcade games...

Gon never would have guessed that Hisoka was into arcade games. Obviously the magician was full of much more surprises than just magic tricks.

"If you're worried about money, I'm paying so don't even bother arguing~" Hisoka warned playfully to which Gon laughed, not realizing it but the absence of Gon's bright, addictive laughter had left him feeling like something was missing.

"Hisoka?"

"Oh~" Hisoka blinked a few times, the sound of Gon's voice making him realize that he was just standing there looking at Gon smiling at him.

"Are you okay?"

Hisoka watched as the smile faded slightly from Gon's lips only to be replaced by a cute little frown and said, "Huh?" Gon looked completely befuddled now. "What's cute?"

Hisoka chuckled. "Don't worry too much about it~" he said with a grin as he reached out to take Gon's hand. "Something?"

"Mmmhmm~"

"Not telling me what it is?"

"You'll see when we get there~"

Normally Gon would have frowned at the way Hisoka was being intentionally mysterious but he smiled in response, He's probably taking me to an arcade, Gon thought, trying to remember which one in York Shin was closest to the direction they were walking in. He had no idea though, since he and Killua did not have much time to check out everything in the City when they had last visited.

Luckily, Gon did not have to wait long to find out where they were going. The grip Hisoka had on his hand loosened and Gon turned to look around immediately, unable to contain his excitement to see this place that Hisoka possibly enjoyed going to.

I wonder if he likes playing games a lot?
"Here we are~" Hisoka announced at last, placing the hand that was once holding Gon's on his hip and extending the other in the direction of his gaze.

"Here?" Gon continued to look around, unable to locate the place Hisoka was referring to at first. Eventually, his eyes fell on a building that despite being nestled among much taller ones, stood out with a unique style of its own.

Ah. So this is where Hisoka likes to go to.

It was a dainty little establishment and would have been too easy to miss if it wasn't for the large blinking sign in its window that simply displayed in a colorful, unusual font: 'Looking at it, Gon felt excited. He had spent a long time without playing any games, since prior to his arrival in York Shin, he had been on a strict study schedule under Aunt Mito's watch.

Adding to his excitement, from what Gon could see in the appearance of the building, it wasn't just a simple arcade, but...about from Killua – a place where only serious gamers interested in finding games from many different genres went to.

"Hisoka..." Gon ventured. "Is this one of those unusual arcades?"

"Hm?" Hisoka paused momentarily. "If by 'unusual' you mean that it has all sorts of games and not just the usual, then the answer is yes. It's a rather great place to kill some time~"

With that answer, Gon briefly imagined Hisoka visiting this arcade whenever he came to York Shin. I can't believe that Hisoka likes arcade games. I wonder if this place is special to him?

Gon smirked, suddenly feeling competitive.

And now he's going to have one more special memory here when I beat him in a game. And then I'll make him admit that he lost to me!

Faced with the prospect of competing against Hisoka and beating him, Gon's excitement mounted even higher. "I hope you're...man next to him with a wide, determined smirk as one fist pumped the air. "It's game time Hisoka and you're about...to be destroyed!!"

Hisoka, surprised at first by Gon's enthusiasm, grinned at the bold challenge. "Oh really now? ~"

"Yes!" Gon cheered. "So you better prepare yourself!"

"Mm...I'm excited now, Gon-kun~" Hisoka replied. "Are you going to give me a good show? ~"

"I'm going to beat you!"

Hisoka couldn't help but laugh. "Very nice...I look forward to it then~"

GAME OVER

Hisoka smirked, trying hard to suppress his laughter.

Gon turned his attention from the screen, to look over at him accusingly.

"What?" Hisoka asked with feigned innocence. "I didn't do anything...~"

He really didn't.

"You must have...I've never sucked at games before."

"Could have fooled me...~"

"What did you say?"

"Hmmm...nothing~" Hisoka was grinning widely as he handed him another token to play again.

"Well try harder this time," he cautioned, stifling another laugh. "And don't forget, I'm still looking forwa
Gon seethed as he turned away, pressing the confirmation to start the game…again.

XXX

NB: Later that day, back at the Condo...

It was 7pm and Gon was sitting opposite from Hisoka at their dining table having dinner, or at least trying communicative.

If Gon had had his own way, he would have stayed at that gaming station all night if that was what it wou

Unfortunately, he couldn't and they'd left the arcade not too long ago but only because the clerk had said t

After Burner.

He grimaced. Repeating the name of that game only served to make him feel worse.

Damn that After Burner game.

And that man.

Yes.

Damn him too and his stupid High Score.

Gon looked up from his plate to see that Hisoka was watching him. As he held that golden gaze, he saw th:

He's laughing at me...I just know it.

In the end, after all his effort and all those tokens, Gon had not been able to beat even the lowest high scor

How the heck did Hisoka manage to make it through all the stages and amass so many points? It's so harc

Hmmmm maybe I should ask him for tips?

Gon shook his head.

No way…that jerk would just gloat and never let me forget about it.

Gon poked at his food while trying to think of a way on his own to master the game. Somehow he'd kept a
time high score in the game, thus as a result, his name stood at the top of the high score listing. Without a

#1 Magician, Gon thought distastefully as he recalled the alias that Hisoka used in all the games at the arc

Urgh.

"Still upset about the game? ~"

Gon looked up from his plate again to see that Hisoka was grinning openly at him now. "No…

I'm thinking up a strategy to wipe the floor with you."

"Oh really? Am I going to be 'destroyed'? ~"

"Yes, no doubt about it," Gon responded with conviction, shoveling another spoonful of fried rice into his
Hisoka studied him a moment longer before asking, "But with that aside, did you have fun today? ~"

Gon paused suddenly to look into Hisoka's questioning gaze. Almost instantly, his lips separated and he gave a broad, honest smile. "Mmmhmm, it really was nice."

"So what was your favorite stop? ~"

"Everything!" Gon exclaimed with that same exuberant smile. They had had a busy day. Hisoka had taken him all over town, and it was so exciting getting to know York Shin that losing all those times in the *After Burner* game was...well...almost.

Gon hated leaving loose ends and just knew that he would not be able to sleep well if he left Hisoka undefeated. *I promised to beat him and I will finish him with my own hands,* he thought resolutely, his mind already made up. Tomorrow would be the day.

Maybe in order to win I need to treat this like an actual fight. I should warm up and then take him on.

Yes...that's it.

*I'll try some of the other games I didn't get to play today and then give the After Burner another shot.* That's it.

Gon was now convinced that the following day would be the day he beat Hisoka's high score and thus the day he beat him.

"You're looking rather determined~" Hisoka drawled with a smirk, his chin propped on the back of his palm. "I am," Gon replied without pause. "And you'll be feeling that determination tomorrow."

Hisoka chuckled at Gon's response. "Oh? So does that mean I'll also be feeling some of that determination tonight as well? ~"

From Hisoka's tone and the way he was staring intensely at him, Gon already knew what the man was referring to. "No. I'm still angry with you for laughing when I lost."

"Oh, so you're going to leave me unsatisfied tonight because of that? Hmmm, you're so vindictive my lovely fruit~"

"It serves you right for being a jerk," Gon mumbled with a short, dry laugh.

"That's okay," Hisoka replied unperturbed. "As long as I get to cuddle up close to that nice fat ass of yours: Happy?"

Hisoka held up both hands as if declaring his innocence with that one gesture. "I can be a sweet guy too you know...it's not all the time I'll want sex from you. Sometimes couples just like to cuddle~"

"Yeah, normal couples do, but I know you better than that."

"You have such a poor opinion of me~"

Gon wasn't fooled by Hisoka's fake pout. "And with good reason," he muttered.

"Well you have my word, I won't try anything," Hisoka promised. "Although, I can't help it if other parts of me respond from being pressed up against your nice ass~"

"I knew it!" Gon gasped. "You have a plan!"

"I do? ~"

"Yes!" Gon narrowed his eyes. "You're pretending to want to cuddle but you plan to keep me awake all ni
"'Thing'?” Hisoka asked with a smirk as if having heard nothing else that Gon had said except that. "It has
"I'm not saying it."
"Say it~"
"No!" Gon's face was quickly reddening with his embarrassment.
"Hm..." Hisoka examined the rising color on his cheeks. "What's the big deal? It's just a simple word...plu:
"Shut up Hisoka."
"Do you need help to say it? Maybe if you see it now you would be able to remember...~"
"Hisoka!" Gon gasped as Hisoka got up and started to undo the drawstring for his pajama bottoms.
"What are you doing?!"
"I'm going to give you a visual, since you seem to have forgotten what your favorite part of my body look
"I haven't forgotten, I just don't want to say it!" Gon gushed. "And it's not my favorite part!"

"Hoho~" Hisoka laughed as Gon quickly got up from his seat and started to retreat to the bedroom before
"You made me lose my appetite!" Gon shouted back at him without turning around.
"But you'll miss out on dessert~"
"I don't want your cock for dessert Hisoka!"
"Now look who's the pervert~"
"What?"
"I was actually talking about the ice cream we had picked up on our way back but you're thinking about o
"Um..."
"Ooooh and I got you to say 'cock'. See, that wasn't too bad, now was it? ~"

Hisoka's laughter echoed in the room and Gon bristled, promptly turning around to face him. When he did
"Do what? I was always going to give you some ice cream. What were you thinking with that perverted m
"But I saw you, you were removing your pajama pants and—"
"Mmm so you're fantasizing about me stripping for you now? Oh Gon~" Hisoka blushed slightly and put 1 __"
"Oh shut up," Gon growled moodily as he walked back toward him and grabbed one of the bowls of ice c1
"When it comes to you Gon-kun, I don't want to be saved~" Hisoka replied flirtatiously, bringing the spoon of ice cream he was holdin
"Ah..." Gon felt breathless as he watched Hisoka lick the white, creamy dessert from off the spoon.
Oh my goodness.

"Hisoka..."

"Yes Gon? ~"

"I..."

"Mmmm? ~"

"I...I t-think I'll save my ice cream for later," Gon said in a strangled voice as he replaced his bowl on the table and turned away quickly.

"Are you sure about that? ~" Hisoka asked in that same flirtatious tone.

"Yes."

"You'll be missing out~"

Gon hurried down the corridor, ignoring that beckoning voice and not wanting Hisoka to see how affected he was. "Good night Hisoka."

"Mm it'll be a 'good night' alright~" Hisoka said with a chuckle. "I'll be there soon so just wait a bit for me ok? ~"

In that case I hope I fall asleep quickly, Gon prayed. If he was to win at all tomorrow, the last thing he needed was to stay up all night having sex with Hisoka.

Or maybe he's still messing with me and wants me to think that—

Ah, whatever.

Regardless of what Hisoka's plan was, Gon decided that he was not going to let himself be distracted from

Tomorrow I will win.

XXX

NB: Day 7

Early the next day, they were standing in front of that arcade again. Gon had found it surprising that Hisoka had actually let him sleep the night before and didn't bother him further despite making it seem like he would have.

Looking over at the redhead who was standing close to him, he asked, "Are you ready Hisoka?"

As the small smile curved Hisoka's lips, Gon thought, Yeah Hisoka, you think you're going to win, but I'll

The smile on Hisoka's face lingered as they walked into the arcade and he almost chuckled at how quickly

He's such a persistent young man~ Hisoka thought as he paid the cashier. Gon had insisted on having this

Naturally, Hisoka was not bothered by this. Seeing Gon try to overcome his obstacles (regardless of what

When Hisoka walked back to where he was, Gon indicated that the challenge was to start with them playi

One game after the next ended in a loss for Gon as he faced off against Hisoka but his determination neve

"Now watch carefully; I'm going to replace your name at the top of that list," Gon announced, pointing at

Hisoka just smiled, trying not to laugh at how motivated he was. It was actually quite cute.
"There's no way I'm dying in Stage Four again today!" Gon's eyes were glued to the screen as he skillfully maneuvered the plane and dodged the myriad of obstacles the game purposefully threw in his flight course.

Hisoka didn't say anything because he wanted the young man to not have any excuses when he lost this time—like accusing him of talking while he played to intentionally distract him.

A few minutes passed and surprisingly Gon was still alive, despite the increasing number of enemy interference.

"Haha!"

"…~" Hisoka was surprised by Gon's loud outburst. *He really is serious about this…*

"See that? See that?!" Gon pointed enthusiastically at the screen, looking away briefly as his plane was refueling. "Hmmm…~" Hisoka was concerned now. *Seems like he really is going to do it~*

"Yes! That's it! That's it!" Gon jumped up from the chair and did a victory dance. It was over, he'd passed Hisoka couldn't help himself and as Gon continued to do that little victory dance, he started to laugh. "Yes, yes you did, if only by five points…~"

Gon pouted. "A win is a win… don't try to back out now!" He wagged his finger at him. "Don't pretend like you've forgotten our arrangement. I haven't forgotten…~"

"Why did I agree to this? ~"

"Well?" Gon prompted.

"Ok, ok Gon, since I promised, I'll do it~"

"No," Gon folded his arms across his chest. "You'll do it because you lost."

"I suppose~"

Gon directed a stern look up at him. "Now say it."

Hisoka cleared his throat.

"Hurry! I want to hear it!"

"I…was…destroyed…~" Hisoka said robotically, watching as the frown returned to Gon's face. "See, I said it now let's —"

"No, no we're not done here; that won't do…" Gon admonished him. "You have to say it with more life, more meaning. You're used to playing the villain; I know you could do better than that."

Hisoka sighed but he was starting to find this whole situation very amusing. What was it about Gon that made him do the things that he'd never cared about or wanted to do before?

He grinned, holding back a laugh as he took a deep breath. "I…was *destroyed.*"

Gon laughed outright. Hisoka sounded like a villain in an RPG or something. It was perfect… victory was sweet and he laughed till tears started rolling down his cheeks. When he could finally breathe
"Hm...so where shall we go to now?" Hisoka asked. "Since you've finally beaten me, you get to choose~"

"Ah.." Gon thought for a moment, his hand on his chin. "Pastry shop!" he replied excitedly.

"Which one? ~"

"The one you took me to yesterday…"

"D' Pastry Shoppe? ~"

"Yes, that's it! I want to see what the surprise is today." Gon paused. "You said the surprise changes every day, right? ~"

"Yep. I wonder what you'll get today? ~"

XXX

N.B.: Two hours later...

As usual, the cake did not disappoint and Gon was thoroughly sated as they stood in the toy store. It was a 'We've Got It' store was not just any toy store but a famous one that was well known in many of the other continents and Gon was happy to finally get the chance to visit it.

Standing inside, before the seemingly endless aisles, made him feel like he was standing inside of a dream. The entire store was packed with not only toys, but video games and other paraphernalia. There was even a large section devoted to manga.

"Wow," Gon whispered in awe. Faced with so much of his favorite things, he had no idea which was the best to get started with, so for the moment, he followed close behind Hisoka who was walking to the west end of the store.

"You know...~" Hisoka started and Gon looked up at him. "There was this snack when I was a kid that I heard they've now made into a toy. Apparently it's a big thing because people are talking about it all over York Shin~"

"Really? What is it?"

"Take a look~" Hisoka said, coming to a stop in one of the aisles. "You might be interested...~"

Gon's eyes widened as they came to stand in front of a huge display packed high with nothing but Choco Robots.

"Wow!" he exclaimed, "That's amazing!"

It was nothing like the generic little robot collectibles he and Killua used to find inside of his friend's favorite store. Turning away from the shelf to face Hisoka he added, "Reminds me of the time when we were in Heaven's Arena and Killua bought..."

Gon paused suddenly as if getting an idea. "You know what? Killua is going to be so excited when he sees this!"

"Hmmmm? ~"

"Yes! I can't wait to show him!" he exclaimed, running up to the display to grab one of the boxes.

As they walked out of the toy store, Hisoka asked him, "Didn't you want anything in the toy store? ~"

"Nah not really, I just wanted to see what they had and in the end found something great." He beamed up:

"Well, in that case, let's go to this store~" Hisoka stopped suddenly.

"Huh?" Gon looked up curiously at the large building to read its sign. "A clothing store?"

"Yeah...you need some new clothes," Hisoka looked pointedly down at Gon's vest, then his dirty boots and...

"Oh..." Gon followed Hisoka in as he started to walk toward the building, deciding that there was no way...
NB: That night...

The day was well spent and darkness had descended quickly on the City.
From where Gon lay on the bed, he had a stunning view of YorkShin's mesmerizing skyline. *It's so pretty,*
The same headboard he was just holding on to as if his life depended on it.
*Maybe my life did depend on it...*

Gon frowned at the memory.
*What was that about?*

That last session had been incredibly intense, and as he had gripped, pulled and sunk his nails into the leather...him, Gon had been convinced that the leather headboard would have been torn by his bare hands by the time they were done.

Surprisingly, it hadn't been but now his body was thoroughly exhausted, unable to do anything other than just lie there, head resting on the man's extended arm as his thoughts wandered.
*Is Hisoka making up for not having sex yesterday?*

His brow furrowed as he pondered this.
*Seriously... how many times has it been now?* Gon started counting, but eventually gave up when he reached the double-digits, positive that he had lost count somewhere along the way.

"Tired? ~" came a sultry voice next to his ear.

"Uh no, not really..." Gon responded but then regretted that lie immediately when he realized the reason I don't think I can take another round.

*I should tell him.*

He scooted away a little. "Ah Hiso—"

"You're not tired? Great, then let's go another roun—"

[[Cell phone ringing]]

Hisoka's sentence was interrupted by a polyphonic ringtone and despite the interruption he smirked, fighting the urge to... phone were so outdated, but here was Gon, all simple and cute with beeps and musical whistles as his primary ringtone.
*That's so like Gon~*

"Ah, excuse me..." Gon said politely, jumping up from the bed to grab his phone and smiling when he rec
"Mmmhmm~" Hisoka turned on his side, head supported by one palm as he observed Gon (standing in the nude by the glass doors) looking out beyond their private balcony and chatting excitedly with his friend.

His eyes travelled down to the plump butt and he smirked as he saw the redness there – red imprints caused by him grasping those butt cheeks hard enough to bruise the soft skin. Was that particular bruise caused when Gon was straddling him and he held on to those cheeks to ground a man bent over, one knee on the bed as he entered him from behind, holding on to his butt as he pummeled him repeatedly?

A lewd grin spread across Hisoka's face and he felt his arousal mounting again. Gon was making some ad... He's turned out to be just as animated as I knew he would in bed~ Hisoka thought as he gripped the silk sl
Hisoka couldn't quell the sudden strong urge to get inside Gon again (not that he ever wanted to) and he hoped that whoever it was on the phone hung up soon enough, otherwise they'd be privy to what their friend had been recently doing at night.

Licking his lips as he continued to admire Gon's form, Hisoka seriously considering going over to where Gon was. "Ok then, I'll see you tomorrow…yep…yep…haha I can't wait either… alright then, bye!" Gon replaced the phone on the nightstand and jumped back into bed with a cheerful leap.

As he did though, Hisoka reached out for him, one arm circling his lithe body and drawing him close. "So who was it? ~" Hisoka whispered close to his ear, nuzzling his warm neck.

"Ah, it was K-killua…mmm…we're…ahh —!" Gon tried but his response was punctuated by a moan and his breath hitched when Hisoka kissed his "Go ahead, I'm listening~"

"W—we're ahhhhhh…" Hisoka kissing the back of his neck now while pinching his nipples made it hard to concentrate, but he still "Killua finally called...an-and oh… mmmm...oh Hisoka..." Gon moaned. "Oh...we're meeting tomorrow..."

"That's good~" Hisoka mumbled between kisses, turning Gon to lie flat on his back so that he could trail t "We— eahhhhhh…!" Gon cried out as the man bit down, but as hot as the pain was, it quickly morphed into som "Hisosa...I... uh..." He wriggled uncomfortably. "We're going to the guhhhh…!" His breath hitched and h "What's a 'guhhhh'? ~" Hisoka asked, eyes glinting mischievously.

"I –uh it's… I mean we just might...just walk around." "That's all? Sounds kind of boring~" Hisoka said, spreading Gon's legs wide and positioning himself at hi: Gon on the other hand, had his eyes directed to the ceiling and was clueless as to what was about to happe —!"

With one fluid movement Hisoka thrust into him forcefully. "Oh...Gon-kun~" he moaned. "This is really nice~"

"Gahhhhhhhhhh...!" Gon cried out, his eyes rolling backwards. His legs trembled in Hisoka's bruising grip not...not so rough I—!

"What...were you saying? ~" Hisoka asked as he started a steady rhythm.

"Hnnn..." It took Gon a while to remember what he had been saying before. "Ah...it...it....ah... wo--uld...mmm...!"

Although Hisoka had just been inside him, and several times too, Gon still felt overwhelmed by the thick ah... continue....ahhhhh...!" His eyes became focused on the ceiling fan overhead as Hisoka continued to poun "Mmmm~" Hisoka pulled back to thrust in particularly roughly and Gon's body shuddered below him. "Tl
"Ah!" Gon struggled a bit, hiding his blushing face. "No, please Hisoka…!"

"What is it Gon-kun?"

"This…ah…oh…continue…this…conversation…tomorrow?"

"Nope~" Hisoka said simply, reaching down to grab Gon's erection again. "I like…talking to you~"

"Ah…!"

But why like this?!

Gon gripped the silk sheets hard.

I can't think...

He bit his bottom lip. "Well…" He tried to focus his thoughts even as stars danced behind his eyelids.

"Open your eyes~"

"Yes…" Gon responded, obediently opening them and trying to look up at Hisoka instead of at the ceiling.

"Now continue what you were saying~"

Gon was chewing on his bottom lip as Hisoka kept hitting the spot that always made him feel so good and—just walking around can be fun…not…ahhhhhh…boring…at all." Gon was panting by now but Hisoka did not relent.

"You…won't forget to show him…the cool places we went to this week right?" Hisoka quickened his pace.

"Oh…ohh…oh…ah…ah…ah…!"

"What was that? ~"

"Ah…of course…I won't…won't forget…"

Hisoka pulled out, flipped Gon onto his front and entered him again from behind, wasting no time. He was close and Hisoka did not relent.

He slapped Gon on the butt hard enough to leave a red hand print and watched enraptured as the skin rippled with the force of the blow.

So pretty~

He pinched the plump, reddened skin.

"O-ouch!" Gon cried out, fingers pulling at the sheets and messing them up. "Not…so hard!"

Hisoka grinned…and slapped him again.

"Yah…! Stop it Hisoka!"

"Continue your conversation~" Hisoka said, admiring the motley of bruises on the butt cheeks he was grappling. Damn. Gon tried to continue. "I…I will take him to the…ahhhhhhh…ahhh…the game center—ah…! Aahh…yes…mmm…too."
Mmmmmm ohh guuuhhh…
that feels so good. He arched his back, while pushing his ass back against Hisoka's pelvis.

Hisoka stopped thrusting to stroke Gon's cock, causing the younger man to whimper incoherently beneath

"Ahhhhhhh…fuck…ahhhhh…
mnnnnnnnnn...!" Gon whined into the pillow as a final powerful spasm rocked his body, forcing him to gri
Breathing heavily, Hisoka leaned forward, lips close to Gon's ear. "As long as...you have fun tomorrow~"
"I will…” Gon trailed off, satiated but even more thoroughly tired out than before. "I...will...
"Mmm~" Hisoka shifted, continuing to look down at Gon with a smirk as he finally pulled out of his limp

XXX

Later that night, while wrapped up in nothing but the silence, cool sheets and Gon's small arms, Hisoka cc
Gon looked so peaceful, breathing soundlessly, each wispy breath tickling his chest. Hisoka's smirk grew
So cute~ Hisoka thought, pulling up the duvet over Gon's bare shoulders and rubbing his back. In all his e
Hisoka knew that Gon would be dangerous to get addicted to, but he found himself thinking that this kind
2nd Re-edit's note 14/4/16: OH MY now I'm so happy with this chapter! Hehe lol Hisoka in pajamas. Yeah he actually wears clothes sometimes (but they don't stay on long).

A/N: … I'm speechless LOL...these two...Hisoka knows how to carry on a conversation during sex but poor Gon is tortured as usual ;p

And Killua's here! Oh Killua...you have perfect timing with your phone call but you're two days too late lol.
Don't forget to review / leave kudos <3

Thanks in advance!
Later that night, while wrapped up in nothing but the silence, cool sheets and Gon's small arms, Hisoka couldn't help but observe the slumbering young man.

Gon looked so peaceful, breathing soundlessly, each wispy breath tickling his chest. Hisoka's smirk grew wider and one of his hands came up to brush through the soft thicket of messy black hair. In response, Gon groaned in his sleep and nuzzled his face against his chest while hugging him tighter.

So cute~ Hisoka thought, pulling up the duvet over Gon's bare shoulders and rubbing his back. In all his expectations, he had not anticipated that his fruit would have been such a delicious, addictive treat when ripened.

Hisoka knew that Gon would be dangerous to get addicted to, but he found himself thinking that this kind of addiction was something he could definitely get used to.

XXX

NB: Day 8…

That morning Gon woke up in a trance. He felt pleasurably languid and regretted having promised
Killua that they'd set out early.

Ah…

A late morning after a night like the one he had would have been preferable but the incessant buzzing in his ear wouldn't let him go back to sleep.

He groaned.

Slamming his palm down on the alarm clock's buzzer, Gon buried his face into the plump pillow and groaned again.

*I wanted to doze some more.*

Turning over onto his back, he noticed that Hisoka wasn't there.

*An early riser as usual,* he thought with a yawn, focusing blurry eyes on the sky blue walls of their bedroom.

*I need to get up.*

Eventually he did, wincing as he padded across the cold, grey granite tiles to the bathroom.

*Best to get started – it's either now or never.*

He brushed his teeth and after showering, came outside to see that Hisoka had returned.

"Thanks for setting the alarm for me Hisoka," he told the man as he joined him at the table, dressed and ready to go.

As they sat together enjoying their breakfast, Hisoka studied the teen.

"You're pretty revved today aren't you? ~" he remarked, noticing Gon's barely contained excitement.

"Hehe…" Gon rubbed the back of his head. "It's *that* obvious isn't it?"

Hisoka smirked, nodding.

"I guess it's because I haven't seen him in so long that I can hardly wait." Gon took a bite out of his raspberry scone, chewing slowly.
Licking his lips he continued, "I want to know all about what he's been doing, the places he's been to, who and what he's seen…"

Gon's eyes shone as he spoke and Hisoka couldn't help but smile.

"Do you dream of travelling the world Gon? ~"

"Yes I do!" Gon shouted excitedly, "Dad was telling me all about the places he's been to, the things he's done…it was all so amazing! He even told me how our world was just a small part of a much bigger world!"

"Is that so? ~"

"Yes, and I really wanted to go with him to discover this new world but then I don't have my Nen any more…" Gon's face fell at this. "I'm totally missing out…"

"Your dad's Ging right? ~" To this Gon nodded enthusiastically and Hisoka added, "Well I'm sure you'll get to travel with him one day. Until then, I can show you all the cool places I've discovered. I've travelled a lot too you know~"

"Really?!!" Gon's eyes regained their brightness.

"Yep~" Hisoka smiled, his eyes closing as he thought, *Who wouldn't know every corner of the globe after chasing Kuroro around it…?* 

Gon happily dived back into his breakfast, gladly making great progress on putting the rest of the scones out of their misery while Hisoka was just happy to watch him satisfying his hunger.

"These are really good Hisoka," Gon cooed, stuffing another scone into his mouth. "Where did you get them? Was it at the pastry shop you showed me before? Was that where you went this morning?"

"Hmm…" Hisoka observed him briefly before responding. How Gon could eat and ask so many questions at the same time was unbeknownst to him. "Yes, I got them at that pastry shop and yes that's where I went this morning~"

"Thanks Hisoka!" Gon cheered, smiling innocently. "They are soooo good…"

"I'm glad you like them~"

"You should try one at least."

"Hmmm? No…I'm good with just this~" Hisoka held up his coffee mug to his lips, taking a sip. When he lowered the mug though, he saw a small, tanned hand in front of his face holding out one half of a scone.

"At least have a bite." Gon prodded, "I won't be happy until you eat at least something."

Hisoka leaned forward. "In that case…~" He smiled mischievously as he took the scone from Gon's fingers, chewing slowly. As Gon retracted his hand he grabbed his wrist and after completely swallowing the scone, took hold of Gon's fingers between his lips, sucking on them gently.

Gon blushed "Wh-what are you doing?"

"What you told me to do…I'm eating something~"
"But, I'm not food…"

"There's raspberry sauce on your fingers…~" He gave those digits one last lick. "Hmmm…your face too…it's dirty~" Grasping Gon's chin he licked the jam off the side of his lips, and then proceeded to kiss him full on, his tongue invading to get more of that addictive flavor.

"Mmmmm..." Gon moaned, tasting the coffee as he kissed Hisoka back. The taste of the scones intermingled with remnants of the caffeinated beverage to create a new flavor – a pleasant combination and his eyes closed in delight.

His tongue dueled with Hisoka's and his cheeks burned with his desire. The hand that Hisoka had been licking came up to press against the man's strong chest and he leaned closer, wanting to deepen their connection.

"Oh Hisoka…" he mumbled as Hisoka stopped kissing him to kiss his chin, down this neck, and then back up to capture his lips again. But as they kissed, somewhere in the back of his mind there was a voice nagging him, saying that he had something important to do; something that he'd forgotten.

Suddenly Gon jerked away, realizing that he was getting carried away; getting lost in those addictive kisses.

Hisoka grabbed his wrist, pulling him back.

"Ahhhmmm…I need to go…" Gon insisted, pushing him away gently with his free hand. "We can't..."

"Just fifteen minutes…~" Hisoka leaned forward to meet his lips once more, licking, nipping at them and peppering Gon's chin and swollen bottom lip with tons of small kisses.

"Ah, no I'm already late…we really can't do this..."

Hisoka was thoroughly tempted to make him even later but ultimately deciding to behave, he released him.

Gon got up and turned to the front door but Hisoka grabbed his wrist again. "Go clean up your face before you leave," he said pointing to the bathroom.

"What?"

"Your face is a mess now," Hisoka replied, chuckling. "But you can leave it that way if you want to become a meal for the ants~"

"Hisoka, what have you done...?" Gon complained as he ran toward the bathroom. "You've made my face sticky, haven't you?!"

"I wanted to make you sticky…~" Hisoka replied simply.

"Hisoka!" Gon gasped, red-faced as he looked back at him but Hisoka only responded by taking another sip of his coffee and humming as if he'd said nothing untoward.

XXX

"You're late!" came a familiar voice as Gon stood in the park looking around.

"Heh, sorry Killua," Gon said, turning to meet his friend's clear blue eyes.
For a moment, they stood there, each examining the other. To Killua, Gon hadn't changed much and though he did grow at least two inches, he was still shorter than him. Killua smirked. *Well his dad is short after all...*

To Gon, it seemed as if Killua had been eating 'growing mash' or something. He frowned.

*Why did he get even taller?*

Killua was always taller than him, but with his friend's apparent growth spurt, he was now even shorter than the other boy.

*It's only by two inches...or so.*

*I'll catch up to him,* he thought resolutely as his eyes settled on Killua's face.

As for appearance, since Killua was also always quite mature for his age, not much had changed that was worth noticing.

His hair though, was a little different, with the front being just the same way Gon remembered, but the back now a little below his shoulders.

"You grew out your hair?" Gon asked, pointing to his head.

"Yeah, I thought it would look nice for a change," Killua replied with a confident smirk. "What do you think?"

"Don't you see how they're looking at you?" Gon asked instead of replying, gesturing to a small group of girls in the park that was standing nearby and taking double looks at them.

The little group was clearly openly admiring and whispering about Killua.

"Hm?" Killua turned to see who Gon was pointing at and frowned.

"Ah!" One of the girls gasped. "He's looking at me! What do I do?!"

"Oh my gods look at his eyes!" Another shouted. "He's so pretty!"

"Come on, let's go," their friend grumbled. "You're embarrassing me."

"But he's—"

"He's going to think we're weird," she continued. "Plus we're late."

"I can't help it...he's looking at me and I want a date!" The first one whined as she was pulled off along with her friend who was too busy drooling to protest to being pulled away as well.

The third girl sighed. "Just shut up and hurry."

Gon laughed as the three girls left but Killua frowned deeper. "I don't care about them, Gon."

"So does that mean you care about me?" Gon teased.

"Of course," Killua admitted, blushing slightly. "I wanted to know what you think about my hair, not them."

Seeing that his opinion was probably important to his friend, Gon replied, "It definitely looks good
"Killua!"

"Thanks," Killua muttered, looking at the thumbs up Gon was giving him. He started to smile. "As long as you like it."

"Yeah I do." Gon turned from him to look to the far end of the park. "I hope it doesn't rain today; we have a lot of places to go to!"

"We do?"

"Of course Killua!" Gon replied, pretending to look aghast. "I haven't seen you in a year and you're already thinking of ditching me??"

Killua laughed. "Oh shut up you fool, you know that's not the case!" he replied, slapping Gon on his back. "Now let's go."

They walked in silence for a while but Gon stopped suddenly to look at his friend again. This caused Killua, walking to his left, to stop also, now eyeing him curiously.

Gon turned away from his gaze and looked down at his feet, examining his boots and the grass that came up between them as he gathered his thoughts.

Killua, now even more puzzled by Gon's bizarre behaviour, started to ask, "Gon are you oka— kyaahhh?!!"

He was suddenly and unexpectedly tackled by the other boy, effectively throwing him to the ground.

"What are you doing?!" Killua asked, trying to get up but Gon was on top of him with his arms around his neck.

"Shhhh," Gon scolded, squeezing tighter and Killua stopped fighting him. They stayed like that for a moment, lying on the soft grass with only the sounds of the nearby fountain and the patter of feet surrounding them as people trekked by.

Those were the only sounds interrupting their reverie and they were both content with that moment.

"Gon..."

Finally, Killua brought one hand up, then another to hold his friend close, awkward and not used to affection but finding himself comfortable when it came to Gon.

He did not question the other anymore, or try to get up; just allowed him to hold on as long as he needed to...which, for Gon, was quite some time.

The people walking by were giving them odd looks but Killua just closed his eyes and squeezed Gon tighter, enjoying the fact that he could feel his friend again after being separated for so long.

Finally Gon spoke, and his voice came in a strangled whisper. "I...I'm sorry Killua..."

Is he crying? Killua wondered.

"I'm sooooo sorry...I'm sorry, sorry, sorry..." he trailed off, now sobbing openly into Killua's collar and the other teen was too surprised to speak at first.

"It isn't such a big deal Gon, people are late all the time, it's just that having trained as an assassin,
I'm used to getting to my location long before I'm supposed to be there." He turned his head to look at Gon's green highlights as he spoke (since the other's face was still buried in his collar), "You don't have to beat yourself up about it…"

At that, Gon got up a little, hands on either side of his friend's head supporting his weight as he looked down at him."I'm not sorry about that…"—he blushed—"well…I am, but this is about something else, something more important."

**Something more important?**

Killua's eyes examined the face close to his, finally moving to hold his stare, and waiting for him to continue.

"It's just that…that I've been such an ass to you Killua." Gon averted his gaze and rolled off of him, plopping down in the grass next to his best friend. "I've been such a jerk. I've been so selfish and conceited. I…” He choked up, unable to continue.

"What are you talking about Gon, there is no need to apologize for anything – we're friends…right?" Killua was beginning to wonder if Gon really was alright. And besides that, when did Gon start cursing?

Tears welled up in Gon's eyes again. "I HAVE TO APOLOGIZE KILLUA! DON'T YOU SEE? DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT I'M APOLOGIZING FOR? YOU HAD COME WITH ME TO AVENGE KAITO AND I SAID SOME REALLY MEAN THINGS TO YOU…I'M LIKE THE BIGGEST JERK IN HISTORY AND I HURT YOU, I SEE THAT NOW, I'VE SEEN THAT FOR A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS ALONE ON WHALE ISLAND WITH MITO-SAN AND GRANNY AND ALL THAT HOMEWORK AND NO NEN AND…AND…” He paused when he felt Killua's hand on his face, wiping away the tears.

"Calm down Gon, you don't need to shout…it's alright..." Killua said softly as his fingers lingered on Gon's cheek.

Gon took a deep breath and sat up and Killua did the same. He had done a lot of thinking about this on Whale Island, about how exactly he would apologize to Killua and there was no way he'd do it as half-heartedly as he did the last time.

**No Killua, it isn't 'alright'.**

Dropping his head into his hands, he continued in a small voice, "My actions were unforgivable…you followed me all that time on my journey to find Ging; you never asked for anything in return, and how did I repay you? What did I do as your friend?"

"Gon—"

"No," Gon interrupted, shaking his head as if he couldn't believe his own past actions. "Don't make excuses for me Killua. I had no right to do that to you…to tell you that it all meant nothing to you…that you had it easy. You are my best friend…we share each other's pain but not because we are friends and I have your support, faith and love does that give me the right to push you around like I did—"

"You've never pushed me around Gon..." Killua insisted.

"Yes I have!" Gon corrected. "Not because you don't think I did and I didn't realize it at the time means that it never happened." He looked over at his friend. "I've had a lot of time to think about this and I owe you my life…for all that you did despite the risks involved..."
"But Gon—" Killua stopped himself.

Wait.

His eyes narrowed.

He knows?

"Who...told you?" Killua asked suddenly, the anger evident in his tone and the way his narrowed eyes became harsh and unreadable. He had a strong suspicion that Gon had become knowledgeable of everything that had transpired with Alluka.

Was it Melody...Hanzo...Leorio?

His hands clenched into fists in the grass. I had distinctively told Leorio and the others not to let Gon know about what I'd done.

"Who was it Gon?" Killua asked again, trying to even out his tone. I'm so going to kill them. "Who told you?"

He waited for a response but Gon just remained silent.

This just wasn't fair; he had wanted to save his friend from feeling guilty about that whole situation with Alluka and now someone gone and spilled his secret. His face was set in a stony expression, dark and brooding but that dark expression relaxed as soon as he felt Gon touch his arm.

"Don't get angry..." Gon patted his shoulder. "I appreciate everything that you did to save my life with Alluka but it's not just that, if you hadn't come in time when I was fighting Pitou and pushed me out of the way of Terpsichora, or stopped me again when I was about to suicide in order to end it all – I'd be dead right now..."

Killua's features softened, his rage forgotten. "Gon, you've already said that you were sorry before I'd left with Alluka to go on our trip. And by the way, what I did for you was nothing; I only did what you'd have done for me. That's what friends do right?"

Gon shook his head. "Well yes, friends do that but that simple apology could never make up for all that I owe you. I've said some pretty harsh things and taken advantage of the fact that you trusted me so much"—he closed his eyes and smiled—"...and for that, Killua I am sorry...sorry and thankful, so thankful that you are still my friend."

Killua leaned forward and hugged him. For some possibly inexplicable reason that he was unaware of, he felt incredibly happy as he held on to Gon. "Of course I am still your friend...and I will always be your friend Gon..."

"Thank you Killua..."

There was a bit of silence and then Killua shifted. "You know Gon, there is something I've been wanting to tell you ever since you got out of the hospital." Taking a steadying breath, he continued, "I'm sorry I couldn't have been there for you on a more emotional level during our mission."

"Why do you say that?" Gon asked, confused. He couldn't see Killua's face since it was pressed against his shoulder, but he didn't force his friend to look at him.

"I...it's just that although you've probably felt all this time that you needed to give me a better
apology for what you said to me then, I get the feeling that I should be the one apologizing instead." Before Gon could protest, he went into more detail, "Following the first encounter we had with Neferpitou - while everything was falling to pieces around us - I watched you spiraling downward, unable to do anything to help. I saw the signs: your denial, depression, anger...and I knew what you needed but I just didn't know how to provide it; I couldn't be that emotionally available friend to help you cope - all I could have done was protect you physically. I'm sorry, but that is all I know, maybe I should blame it on the fact that I'm an assassin, or the way I've been trained, but in my heart I know that those are poor excuses."

"Killua," Gon said firmly. "You were there and that's all that mattered. That mission messed us both up. You are sorry for what you didn't know how to say and I'm sorry for what I said to you. The fact is that this is all in the past now and we've learned so much from that experience. You think that you came up short in being there for me but have you ever thought that if you weren't by my side that I'd probably have never made it all the way to the castle to face Pitou? How could I have gotten through losing Kaito without you there? Your presence did more than words ever could have."

Killua pulled him closer, fighting the tears that threatened to fall. "Thank you Gon..."

"What are you thanking me for? I'm the one who was supposed to be thanking you," Gon said, pretending to be offended. "Don't come along and try to steal my spotlight!"

Killua laughed at his playful, teasing tone and replied, "Well, let's agree today to share the spotlight then."

"I like that idea." Gon settled his forehead against Killua's shoulder, sighing happily and feeling at peace now that he'd said what was long overdue. Just then he remembered what Hisoka had told him and he pulled away from Killua to hold him by the shoulders. Looking him in the eye, he started excitedly, "Hey Killua, let's get out of here, there's a lot of cool places we need to check out!"

Releasing his shoulders, Gon stood to his full height (which wasn't much) and held out one hand to Killua, who was still sitting in the grass.

Killua looked up at him, observing how the sun seemed to create the effect of a halo around his friend's head and he couldn't help but stare, not speaking for a moment.

Finally he reached out his hand, grabbing Gon's proffered one to allow the other to help him up and as soon as he did, the sunlight bathed the both of them in its warmth.

Killua couldn't help but notice the symbolism, of the way Gon had pulled him out of his personal darkness too and how he had come to find himself because of his friend's unconditional love and acceptance.

_I know how good it is to walk in the light now because of you._

The warmth in his chest grew and he brought his palm up to cover his heart. _You've always been my light but now I'm no longer afraid to join you with a light of my own, to walk by your side and not behind you in the shadows._

Falling into step beside Gon and giving the hand in his a brief squeeze; Killua met his friend's curious smile with a bright one of his own.

_Thank you Gon for saving me._
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2nd Re-edit Note: Fangirl squad lol

Re-edit note: Re-edited for more heart-wrenching bromance...I gave myself the feels ;w;

A/N: Hmm Killua...who told Gon all about Alluka? Hisoka of course! But you don't know that XD

Thanks for reading! Hope you liked it, see you in another update and...

Share your thoughts in a review :3

:3
Thank you everyone for all your kind support through bookmarking, leaving reviews and kudos! Your love is greatly appreciated and accepted! I shall return your love by continuing to write <3

And now, we're already on chapter 14! Oh how the plot thickens beautifully *insert evil laugh here* and look, a new character makes an appearance; can you guess who it is?

Re-edit note: Vagabond soldiers...

Reference is made to episode 54 and 77 of the 2011 Hunter x Hunter series.

Disclaimer: *whistles innocently* oh me? naw...I don't own these bishes...errr I mean characters, I'm naught but a humble fangirl who loves to write. All Hunter x Hunter characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi!

Warning: None! Only that poor Gon is already starting to find it hard to keep the two men in his life happy XD (multitask Gon, multitask!)

Japanese words:

Otouto: little brother
Aniki: Big brother
Gyudon: (Beef bowl). Rice topped with beef and onion simmered in a mildly sweet sauce flavored with dashi, soy sauce and mirin.
Tadaima: I'm home
Okaerinasai: Welcome back
Hai: Yes
Ne (at the beginning of a sentence, to catch someone's attention to start a conversation): Hey...
Chapter Fourteen: Aniki

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Falling into step beside Gon and giving the hand in his a brief squeeze; Killua met his friend's curious smile with a bright one of his own.

*Thank you Gon for saving me.*

XXX

NB.: Day 8 continues…

Gon looked around, taking in the cozy atmosphere of the Pizzeria. Too much time had passed since they'd last been here together.

*How long has it been?*

Now that he thought about it, that last time was when the three of them – Leorio, Killua and he had come here after they thought that the members of the Genei Ryodan were all dead. It had been a brief moment of peace and they'd bought some pizzas before meeting up with Kurapika in the park afterwards.

The pizza had only been part of the horde though, the rest being iced doughnuts, hot dogs, fried chicken, fries, sodas, an apple pie, a cream pie and a few burgers. It had been a lot, but was necessary for the speed-eating competition between him and Killua.

He smiled at the memory.

Looking up, he saw the same look of reminiscence on Killua's face.

"Recalling my victory in the speed-eating competition?" Gon teased, leaning over the half-empty
pizza boxes between them and grinning mischievously.

Killua raised an eyebrow, whilst reflecting his friend's wide grin. "You wish."

"I'd have won you know, if a certain person"—Gon paused, pointing the slice of pizza in his hand at Killua's face—"didn't turn it into a food fight." He returned the slice to his mouth and took a bite, eyes still focused on his friend. "You just couldn't bear the thought of losing, could you?"

Killua scoffed. "Yeah...sure..." he replied, his words dripping with sarcasm. "Loads of excuses to ease the burn of your loss huh? Such a sore loser."

"I didn't lose," Gon insisted with a huff. "I think you were the one who was about to—"

"I think spitting all over one's competitor's face," Killua interrupted. "Is enough to earn a disqualification from the judges."

"There were no judges."

Killua lifted his hands and grinned, saying in a mock commentator's voice, "And that, ladies and gentlemen is how you cheat...you've heard it from the man himself!"

Gon stuck out his tongue at him but then his tone got serious."It's been a long time hasn't it?"

"Oh." Killua's smile turned nostalgic. "Yeah."

"Maybe we could all meet up soon!"

"That would be great. Not sure if Kurapika would come though."

"Why is that?"

Killua looked away momentarily. "Last time we'd seen him was when we were all here in York Shin." He took a bite of his slice, chewing slowly before continuing, "Kurapika seems to not be himself right now..." Killua did not mention that Kurapika had also been the only one of their friends that had failed to show up while Gon was in the hospital. Leorio had said that he'd been unable to get on to him no matter how much he'd called and Killua, having been involved in the underground life for so long, knew that it would only get worse for their friend.

Gon's face fell, concern evident in his features. "Yeah..." But then he brightened soon after. "Kurapika will get better. I believe in him and he has good friends."

Killua smiled at Gon, admiring his usual optimism. "I'm sure he will," he affirmed.

They continued eating in silence until Gon looked up suddenly. "Ne Killua, so how was it?"

"It?"

"Your trip! With Alluka!"

Killua grinned at his best friend. The barely contained excitement on Gon's face was quite visible. "It was great. We went to all the different continents...and even visited a few islands."

"Really?!"

"Yes Gon! We even saw the Camp Tigers on one of our tours!"
"That's what Kaito was telling us about! I really wanted to see them too...!" Gon's eyes widened. "Wait! So does that mean you'd gone back to the Azian Continent?"

"Yep! I'm telling you Gon, there is so much to see out there! We should both go travelling sometime, there is a lot that I can show you!"

Gon hesitated momentarily, remembering that just that morning he had promised Hisoka that they would go travelling together. *It would be nice if we all can go together.*

When he didn't get the expected response from Gon, Killua asked, "Don't you want to travel with me Gon?"

Gon quickly put up his hands when he saw the slightly pained look in Killua's softened blue eyes. "No, that's not it, of course I do want to go with you but it's just..." He looked away. *Should I tell him about Hisoka?*

"Are you okay Gon?"

"Well, it's just that I wanted us all to travel together..."

"Oh I see, is that what you were worried about?" Killua breathed a sigh of relief. He thought that it was something more serious. "Well who knows, maybe Leorio and Kurapika could join us when that time comes."

"Ah, y-yes, that's true..." Gon looked away nervously, feeling guilty about letting Killua assume that he had been talking about their other two friends and not Hisoka.

Killua examined what he could see of Gon's face, confused at his friend's odd behavior. He shrugged it off though, convinced that Gon was just acting like this because he was worried that they all might not actually get to travel together.

*Gon always gets so worked up about his friends.*

Killua reached across the table to grasp Gon's shoulder, the action causing his friend to turn his head to face him. "Gon...I'm sure it's going to be okay," he tried reassuringly.

"I hope so." Gon replied, smiling. *Maybe when the time comes Hisoka can travel along with us after all.*

Killua matched his smile, happy that he'd reassured his friend but unaware that the thing he'd unknowingly reassured him about was completely different than what he thought it was.

**XXX**

**NB:** Two hours later...

As they stepped out from under the flashy awning of yet another food café, Killua patted his stomach, thinking of how good the grilled burgers there always were. Between that and the pizza, he was now finally sated.

*It's so good to be able to do all this stuff together again...* he thought as they walked along the pavement.

*That year we've been apart felt like forever.*
Killua was barely able to hide the excitement he was feeling. After being separated and now finally reunited, he couldn't wait to show Gon all the things they weren't able to see before in the city.

*There's so much I want to do with him.*

*Gon would be so excited to—*

"Ne Killua! Come on, check this out!" Gon shouted, interrupting the other's reverie as they came upon a toy store.

Killua didn't move but just stood there, watching as his friend ran ahead of him and into the store.

*I'm supposed to be giving him the tour here, but...*

*Why am I beginning to feel as if he is giving me the tour instead?*

"Hey Gon, what are you doing?" Killua protested as Gon came back out of the toy store to pull him inside.

"You're taking too long," Gon explained, still pulling him inside. "Now hurry."

Killua was flustered and struggled a bit but Gon continued to happily pull him forward and eventually, he found himself standing in the action figure isle of YorkShin's most popular toy store.

*What?*

"Hmmph." Killua folded his arms and turned to Gon. "Aren't we getting too old for this?" He whispered harshly but frowned when Gon started smiling wider.

Sighing, Killua looked away from him and suddenly, a familiar flash of color caught his eye. The surprise was clear on his face when he realized that he was looking at the red team leader for *The Power Soldiers*, one of his favorite toys from when he was a kid.

*It can't be...* Killua thought as his eyes roamed over its scarlet military uniform. His hand flew to his lips to mute the almost audible gasp that had nearly escaped on seeing that an upgrade had provided the loyal soldier with some cool new weapons.

"Canon blast lasers?" he muttered under his breath. "So he doesn't wield the BC-41 commando knives anymore?!"

Killua's heart started thumping faster when he noticed the sign underneath the model on display and he leaned closer to read it:

'Years of war has made him tough but we've made him tougher with some added firepower. Now your favorite vagabond soldier is an even bigger threat to the Opposing Force as he is called back to battle now that war and famine are threatening the lands once more. Grab this new series for the special access code and get ready - the worldwide beta testing for the new MMORPG game will begin soon! Yes, you've read that right, a game. We've taken your requests to heart and now with this game you can fight alongside old and new friends to save the world... Are you ready?!!'

Killua's eyes widened. This was too much. *How can I possibly resist t—*

"Killua, are you alright?"

At the question, Killua looked up to see that Gon was watching him and his hand paused as it was
about to grab the long-haired, stoic-faced toy in front of him. He straightened up and pretended to
dust invisible lint from the front of his black jeans pants. "Anyway, so what I was trying to say
Gon, is that we're already fifteen and toys shouldn't—"

"No matter…" came Gon's voice that was suddenly much closer as two palms covered his eyes.
Killua instantly tensed up and tried to pull them off. "Hey what are you…"

"Don't fight it Killua…"—the familiar voice whispered next to his ear, causing goosebumps to rise
along the skin of his neck—"...it's a surprise…"

"What do you mean by 'it's a surprise'? You're starting to act like a—!" Killua paused in his tirade
and his face grew warm when Gon made a shushing sound to silence him. As he was ushered
forward without sight to guide him and forced to trust where Gon was leading him, his assassin
instincts kicked in and he struggled a bit more. "Why are you—!"

"Just stay quiet for a minute and you'll be rewarded," Gon cut in to insist in an exaggerated, fake
voice that immediately had Killua laughing uncontrollably in the middle of the aisle. And although
Gon kept his hands firmly pressed over his eyes as he laughed, Killua was no longer wary but
considerably more relaxed; thus it wasn't long before curiosity overwhelmed every ounce of his
cautiousness and Gon was able to lead him toward an unknown destination once more.

Killua smiled lightly when he realized this but it was no surprise to him; trust always came easily
with Gon.

A few moments later, Gon stopped walking but his hands lingered over Killua's eyes. "What is it
Gon...you're killing me here," Killua complained, unsure if Gon was intentionally dragging out the
suspense.

"Ok you can open your eyes now!" Gon said, removing his hands with a flourish.

"Huh?!" Killua gasped, his eyes growing in size when he found himself face to face with an entire
shelf—or more accurately, several shelves worth—of Choco Robots. At first he squinted, but
convinced that his vision was deceiving him, focused his attention on the sign conveniently placed
in front of the massive display.

"Choco Robot limited edition collectible..." he read in a reverent whisper.

What? It couldn't be...

Killua eyed the lone robot that stood without a box on its own little display directly in front of the
bigger display of Choco Robots. Sans box, and obviously carefully positioned by the staff to tempt
passersby, the robot looked as if it was commanding an army of doppelgangers. Killua bit his lip as
he stared it down and unable to resist the urge anymore, reached out to grab hold of it.

"Wow..." he mumbled, bringing the robot close enough to scrutinize.

Proceeding to carefully look it over, he could see that from afar, where it appeared to bear an
uncanny resemblance to his favorite candy in terms of the coloring, up close it was more like an
actual robot. Whoever this company was that had done the manufacturing, they had obviously
gone to great lengths to replicate the details in a form that paid homage to the actual candy.

He frowned. Such a pity it's inedible.

If it was, he'd have taken his time eating this treasure for sure.
Looking to Gon as if seeking an explanation, Killua was met with his friend's eternally beaming face.

"It's the Chocobot!" Gon cheered as if he had been waiting for a long time to make that announcement.

"Choco Robot..." Killua corrected.

"Yeah...that."

"But it's inedible..."

"Yep!" Gon affirmed. Still beaming, he tried to recall what Hisoka had told him so that he could explain what had happened to Killua. "Um, Hisoka—I mean, I heard that since it is such a popular snack item, company A joined with company B and decided to make an action figure out of it! It's just like those little collectibles we used to hunt for inside the Choco Robot candy box”—he spread his arms wide—"but much bigger! Isn't that great Killua?!"

Killua looked away from Gon's animated explanation to the toy in his hand, inspecting the construction. It really was well made.

But...

*How did I not hear about this?*

*I should have been one of the first to know.*

A few months earlier, back when he had just returned home with Alluka, there were rumors circulating that the company was developing some secret new item and Killua, like everyone else, was clueless about what that could have been.

He was confident that it would have been more chocolate though.

*But this...*

Killua turned over the robot in his hand. *When did they release it?*

*Must have been released after I'd left home with Illumi...*

*It's still strange though; why didn't Gotoh tell me anything, he knows how much I like—*

"Isn't it great Killua?" Gon repeated, his grin faltering a bit at Killua's extensive silence.

"Ah, yes...yes it is!" Killua replied, trying to match Gon's enthusiasm as his initial shock dissipated. *Maybe Gotoh was planning to surprise me or something.*

Anyway...

He shrugged and replaced the toy on its display, turning toward Gon. "But Gon, how did you find out about this if you were on Whale Island all this ti—"

"Come Killua!" Gon shouted excitedly before Killua could complete that question, taking hold of his hand again and grabbing one of the packaged Choco Robot figures in the same movement.

This time, Killua didn't resist, and it was easy for Gon to pull his friend along with him toward the cashier. "There's a lot more for us to do after this!"
"Ah yes," Killua mumbled absently in agreement, too preoccupied in trying to understand what exactly had just taken place to realize that Gon had intentionally dodged his question.

XXX

A few minutes later, they were standing outside the store, wordlessly enjoying each other's company. Killua had his newly acquired item in hand and despite the fact that the store's logo was printed boldly on the front of the parcel for the world to see, he was no longer embarrassed.

Any gift from Gon is worth cherishing.

Yes, it had turned out to be a gift as Gon had insisted that he pay for it and Killua had let him, knowing how stubborn his best friend could be when he'd already made up his mind to do something.

Killua smiled. He was happy to find out that his favorite snack had been made into a figurine and even better, to receive such a gift from Gon. The joy of this experience was right up there with finding the golden robot collectible inside of the Choco Robot candy box.

Unfortunately, all of his happy feelings were clouded by the fact that Gon taking him to the toy store only added to what was bothering him.

From what he had been seeing so far, it was clear that Gon was knowledgeable of a lot of the places around the city already.

To Killua, this was strange because the last time they were in York Shin (Gon's first time there) they didn't get to focus on doing any sightseeing together with the Ryodan running amok and afterwards being too busy trying to auction stuff to really stop and enjoy any of the sites.

Eventually, seeing how difficult this was, they had decided that as soon as the auction was over it would be easy to kick back and take a full tour but then this dream had become even more of an impossible feat when they had to leave suddenly to go to Greed Island.

When did Gon ever get the time to know all of these places? And so intimately? He had just arrived in the city hadn't he? His time alone wasn't long enough that he could have done some adventuring on his own.

Killua really had been looking forward to showing Gon all sorts of places but what was the point if Gon already knew most of them?

With a despondent sigh, Killua admitted to himself that this made him feel a bit disappointed.

"Hey Killua!"

He looked up to see that while he had been lost in his thoughts, Gon had started to walk off without him and was now already some distance away.

"Killua what are you doing? If you don't hurry, you'll get left behind! There's a high score in there that I bet you can't beat!" Gon stuck out his tongue and raced into the arcade.

What?

Killua looked up at the building Gon had run into to see that it was one of the only arcades left in York Shin that still had classic video games.
He's even been here too?!

What had Gon been doing since he arrived in York Shin? Leaving his mark all over the city?
Momentarily forgetting his previous disposition, Killua clutched his parcel tighter, his face set with
determination as he started towards the arcade.

'High score'? I am so going to replace his name at the top of that list.

XXX

N.B: Later that evening~

Dressed in the spare bathrobe, Killua stepped out of the shower feeling relieved. He had chosen to
use the bathroom in the hall rather than wait to use the other in his room because he knew that once
he got there sleep would claim him in no time.

Even now as he walked down the silent hallway to his room, the familiar heaviness tugged at his
eyelids and he yawned. The day had turned out to be quite a full one and they'd left the arcade late,
separating only after having dinner at a small restaurant.

He shook his damp hair, thinking of how good it was to finally be back home…or at least the place
that served as a temporary home while he was on this job.

But of course it did not matter to Killua where he stayed, all that mattered was that it had a bed –
something that was of great importance today especially since he was so tired.

Regardless of how tired he was though, Killua knew that he would never regret spending time with
Gon, it was the one thing he had missed during their time apart – doing everything and anything
fun together with his best friend.

He sighed happily as he entered his room and flopped down on the bed, face first. Almost
immediately, before his mind could relax, he felt the familiar prickle at the back of his neck. Can't
I catch a break?

"What are you doing here?" Killua asked in a bored tone, his face still mashed into the blanket.

Somehow he was understood and the shadowed figure emerged from the corner of his room. "Kil, I
was checking up on you…"

"No need for that," Killua stated bluntly.

"Hmmm… You weren't here all day and I got concerned because you hadn't said anything."

"I don't need to say anything."

"Yes, but we're on a mission."

"I went to meet Gon, and we had fun. The end…happy Illu-nii?"

"Happy…?" Illumi said the word in his usual monotone as if unsure of what it meant, or why he
should be feeling that emotion. "It's good that you were able to meet your friend…" he continued as
he approached his brother, pausing to look down at him before sitting on the edge of his bed.

"Wahhh?!" Killua immediately sat up, on alert. "What are you doing?!"

"Sitting down."
"I can see that, but why here?"

"Killu..." Illumi drawled, black empty eyes boring into suspicious blue ones. "I won't try to hurt Gon again you know..." he said smoothly, extending one hand.

"..." Killua didn't move, unsure of what his aniki was about to do. Instead of trying to escape, his eyes darted from the approaching hand to the black expressionless eyes and then back again.

"That was our arrangement wasn't it?" Illumi asked as his hand advanced. "I won't hurt Gon or Alluka and you'd accompany me here for this job..."

Killua gasped as the hand finally planted itself atop his hair and Illumi leaned close to whisper in his ear, "You can trust me Killua, I won't hurt you. I'll never hurt my otouto..." Illumi ruffled his brother's hair, reveling in the feel of the soft, thick hair between his fingers although the other stiffened at the touch.

They didn't have contact often and were always taught not to let their emotions get the best of them but he really loved to touch Killua like this. It was his guilty pleasure.

Shifting his hand from the bushy hair to his brother's chin, he felt him flinch when their skin met but continued to tilt Killua's chin upward, seeking eye contact.

Killua felt as if he was lost in those black, bottomless orbs as Illumi spoke again, "Trust me ok, I'm your brother..."

Illumi got up and walked towards the door, but before exiting, he paused and Killua held his breath.

He turned his head to look at Killua again, as if he'd forgotten to tell him something important.

"Hmmm...and dry your hair ok? You could catch a cold."

With that, Illumi was gone, the door shutting quietly behind him.

The place was still again, the air undisturbed as if Killua hadn't just received an unwanted visitor. Killua was confused and brought his hand up to touch the spot where Illumi had held his chin as if expecting to find a needle there.

Finding nothing out of the ordinary, he flopped back onto his bed, too tired to try and decipher the mystery that was his nii-san.

Not tonight...maybe some other time.

Despite that thought though, he found himself staring aimlessly up at the ceiling, feeling as if he could still see illum's face and hear his voice.

Just what are you up to nii-san?

Recognizing the path that his thoughts were taking, Killua frowned. How was it that Illumi had the ability to linger in his thoughts long after he was no longer around?

Urgh.

He rolled over to stare at the adjoining wall, knowing that all night, or even an eternity could be spent trying to figure out his brother's motives and he'd never succeed. That would be a useless venture and right now, falling asleep was of greater importance so that tomorrow would come
faster.

Tomorrow...

He rolled over again to face the door Illumi had just closed but his mind was no longer on his brother. Grabbing one of his pillows, he grinned into the smooth cotton, excited for the sun to rise, even though it had set just a few hours earlier.

Before separating that evening, Gon had suggested that they meet up again the next day to hang out some more and Killua couldn't wait to see his best friend again.

Yawning, he hugged the pillow in his arms, reminding himself that there were some important questions that Gon had to answer when they met up again.

Oh yeah...

"I cannot forget to ask him about that," Killua mumbled groggily into the pillow, eyelids heavy as he allowed himself to plummet into the abyss that was sleep.

"What exactly is going on with you..."

"Gon..."

XXX

As Gon entered the Condo he yawned, eyes blurry from sleepiness. Looking past the living room, he quickly found Hisoka sitting at the dining table building what seemed to be a card tower to rival any he'd ever seen before. Curiously staring at it for a moment, Gon groggily rubbed at his eyes to clear his vision, turning his attention from the massive card tower to regard the one who was building it.

Deeply focused on his task, Hisoka was dressed in a pair of silk boxers as usual but this time, he was also wearing a loose white T-shirt adorned with suit symbols.

No surprise there, Gon thought. Apparently, Hisoka's entire wardrobe had suit symbols incorporated into each piece in one way or another.

The surprise though, was that Hisoka was actually fully clothed and to Gon this was a good sign, because he was starting to realize that whenever the man wore a lot of clothes at night, the chances that he would have to spend the entire night clawing the sheets were smaller.

Maybe I'll actually get some sleep tonight, Gon mused to himself. Or...at least I hope I would...

Realizing that he was just standing in the foyer trying to analyze the possibility of whether or not he'd be allowed to sleep based on how Hisoka was dressed, Gon sighed. I must really be lacking sleep. He looked down at his clothes. But first I need a shower.

Slowly, Gon started to walk into the living room, stopping short of where Hisoka was seated. "Tadaima," he muttered finally, stifling a yawn.

"Okaerinasai Gon-kun, how was your little adventure? ~" Hisoka asked, only briefly looking up from his card structure.

"Ah!" Gon exclaimed as Hisoka's question reminded him of his fun day. "It was great!" he responded excitedly, his tiredness momentarily forgotten as he went on to tell Hisoka about all the
things that he and Killua had done.

"Sounds like it was fun~" Hisoka acknowledged, studying him with a smile.

"Hai!" Gon replied quickly, rushing past him to run toward the bedroom. Now that he was done talking to Hisoka, he could hardly wait to get into the shower and then dressed for bed.

"There's takeout if you're hungry~" Hisoka said to Gon's back right before the young man disappeared. "I left your share of Gyudon in the fridge~"

Gon stuck his head out of the room, already partially undressed. "Nah I'll pass; I ate a lot while I was with Killua today and I'm stuffed! All I need now is a warm shower and a good night's rest." Disappearing into the bedroom again, he added, loud enough so Hisoka could hear him, "Tomorrow we're going to visit this café that Killua says has the best milkshakes in all of York Shin!"

"Is that the café I took you to a couple times this week? ~"

"Well he said that it's near the Plaza so I think that that's the one!"

"Mmmhmm~"

"In that case," Gon continued, "I'll tell Killua to try the chocolate surprise that you'd bought for me! That was awesome!"

"Nice to know that you liked it…~" Hisoka said under his breath with a smile. He did not even mind that Gon was not going to eat with him that night and with a small shrug, he went back to his cards to focus on putting up the last few levels at the top of the complex, incomplete pyramid.

All was quiet again and Hisoka continued happily - tentatively putting up one card at a time - until the silence was broken by the distinctive sound of the shower being turned on.

"Oh? ~" he whispered to himself, the surprise causing him to accidentally knock over his card structure.

Despite having lost hours of work, Hisoka's expression showed no disappointment as his mind was no longer focused on building card towers, but on Gon; the same Gon that was most likely naked right now.

Naked and wet~

"Ohhh~" Shamelessly excited by the thought, his lewd anticipation personified itself in the form of a broad smile and Hisoka moaned, already deciding what he'd do to Gon as soon as he had his hands on him.

Turning in his seat to face the corridor that led to their bedroom, Hisoka cleared his throat and grinned lasciviously.

"Do you want company in there, Gon? ~" he called out, his tone low and teasing but loud enough for Gon to hear what he'd said.

At Hisoka's scandalous offer, Gon blushed brightly in the shower. "Stop teasing me Hisoka!" he warned.

"Ok then I won't," Hisoka said, at first seeming to concede to Gon's panicked outburst before
quickly adding, "I'll save all the teasing for when you come out of there~" He moaned. "Oh yeah Gon, we're going to have fun tonight~"

"What?!" Gon could hardly believe what he was hearing. "Why do you always have to be so—!"

"Don't fret Gon-kun," Hisoka smoothly interrupted before he could finish his rant. "Take your time, I'm not rushing you. The night is ours to enjoy and I'll be waiting out here for you anyway…~" he promised, grinning mischievously.

Gon's heart pounded out a frantic beat. It was definitely going to be a long night.
Re-edit note: Go Go Power Soldiers XD LOL I don't know why but I kept imagining that the 'vagabond soldier' bore a close resemblance to Illumi and couldn't stop laughing...

A/N:

1) Ah Gon, your life has suddenly become more demanding...can you REALLY keep the two men in your life happy? Hahahahaha

2) Yay and Illu-nii appears XD although Killua doesn't take his advice…

Illumi: "dry your hair ok? You could catch a cold." Killua: "..." *falls asleep* LOL don't be like Killua...always dry your hair properly before going to bed...

3) Killua has questions for Gon...oh no...has he figured out something?

4) And on another note, Hisoka! Let Gon sleep...if I didn't know better, I'd swear he was making him tired on purpose...sheesh Gon is not a robot lol XD

Thank you for reading, review if you can and I'll see you in another update!
Chapter Fifteen: Laundry x Day is Anything But x Normal

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XXX

**NB.:** Day 9 begins…

It had been a long night.

*Ah...I’m so tired…*

Gon gingerly opened unwilling eyes and quickly shut them again. He groaned, turning over and away from the door leading outside the bedroom to the dark brown drawn drapes. *Ah, that's much better.* He yawned.

His eyelids felt so heavy and he welcomed the familiar lull of sleep. He could definitely use some more shut-eye, especially after last night…

He yawned again. *Well at least the alarm clock isn't on this time... What time did I have to meet Killua for today? Oh yeah, we didn’t talk about that yesterday.*

Gon felt as if it had worked out in his favor in that they had been so busy having fun the day before to actually set an exact meeting time for that morning.

*Maybe Killua would call later this morning to organize something.*

*Maybe.*
Chuckling to himself, Gon thought, *Until then, I sleep...as late as I want and—he grinned—I have the whole bed to myself...*

In an attempt to take up as much space as possible, Gon happily stretched out his body lazily, feeling the welcoming embrace of sleep close around him... *Lazy mornings are the bes—*

Suddenly he was jolted to consciousness when it felt as if his eyes were burning in their sockets. *AH! What the— Gon* opened his eyes to see that the heavy drapes were now pulled aside, thus allowing the bright morning light to flood in unimpeded – right on his face.

*What the fuck?* He squinted his eyes against the offensive light, only to see none other than Hisoka standing near the sliding doors, his hand still holding on to the wrought iron drapery wand.

"Well, well...look who's finally decided to wake up~" Hisoka drawled, releasing the wand and moving away from the drapes – appearing to be not even the least bit ashamed at having been caught red handed.

*I knew he was the one who always opens the drapes every morning when I'm trying to sleep!* Gon thought heatedly. *But to be so bold to reveal himself now...* He gritted his teeth. "The heck Hisoka?! I was trying to sleep!"

"Well, obviously~"

Gon growled in response to Hisoka's sarcastic tone, turning away from him to face the door leading out of the bedroom. *At least the light coming from here isn't too bright.*

Hisoka looked down at the young man, who was stubbornly unable and unwilling to make an effort to wake up completely.

He observed the way Gon's half-naked body was sprawled out face down in the most risqué way across the bed, the limbs stretched out so that the duvet was almost pushed off the other side and one leg entangled in the white silk sheets. The grey, blue and green pillows were all in various stages of either on, falling off or already off the bed. And those boxer briefs, the way that particular pair hugged his hips in all the right places...left very little to the imagination...

He licked his lips as he walked closer. "Gon... ~"

"Whaaaaaaaaat?!" came the muffled reply. Gon was obviously not in the mood to wake up early this morning.

"It's morning...~"

"I was rudely made aware of that fact when you opened the drapes."

Hisoka chuckled to himself, unaffected by Gon's sour mood. "So you should wake up~"

"Go away. I'm tired and you should know why."

"So why am I not tired too and we were both up late? ~"

"..." Gon sighed. "It's obvious that you're not human..."

Hisoka smirked. He was right next to the bed now. Picking up one of the pillows from off the ground, he threw it straight at the back of Gon's head.
The young man didn't even turn around.

"What the heck did you do that for?! Let me sleep."

"No~"

"Why?" Gon asked, his voice filled with exasperation.

"Because today is Laundry Day and I need the sheets…and your clothes~"

"Can't it be done another day? I really am tired Hisoka~"

"No, the maid for the complex is coming in today so we have to have everything ready for when she arrives~"

"I'm still not getting up; she'll have to clean around me. I can't really move."

"Are you sure? That's going to be hard for her to do...~"

"I don't care."

At Gon's bratty retort, Hisoka raised an eyebrow. "Oh is that so? ~"

"Yeah and you can open drapes, throw pillows at me…try whatever dirty tactics and do what you want but I'm not moving."

_Ah Gon you're so stubborn. When would you learn? ~_

"Is that a challenge? ~"

"Take it however you want, but I'm going back to sleep."

Hisoka stood there for a while, watching as Gon pulled what he could of the duvet to snuggle his face into it.

_He... really is going back to sleep...~_

Gon had almost succeeded in getting back to dreamland when he was roused again by a movement on the bed. He couldn't see the other – since his face was turned away from the sliding doors where he'd last seen Hisoka – and he didn't even bother to turn around to investigate. That is, until he felt a hand grab his leg.

"What the heck are y—!" His angry shout was cut off as he was suddenly being pulled towards the edge of the bed. He gripped the sheets to secure himself but being silk, they, along with him were being dragged effortlessly and unceremoniously off the bed.

What?!

He was now halfway off the bed.

"No! What are you doing?!" Gon grabbed on to the now exposed mattress and held on with all his strength and it became a heated battle of tug and war as his unseen assailant continued to pull him, now holding on to both of his legs and trying to force him to release the mattress.

Gon refused to let go and eventually his legs were released. The bed was now bare of sheets…and pillows… which would make it a bit more difficult to go back to sleep but with an overwhelming
desire to get some rest, Gon was aware that he couldn't be picky…

Without caring to look behind him to see what Hisoka was doing, he crawled back to the center of the bed and plopped face down on the rough mattress.

He was thoroughly out of breath from his fight to secure the right to sleep. The unexpected struggle alone had made him even more tired, but Gon felt relieved that at least he could rest now that he'd stood his ground and won this battle.

Gon couldn't have been more wrong in that assumption.

"Ah ah ouch ah Hisoka! !" he shouted as he felt himself being pressed into the mattress. He tried to turn around but a weight on his back was stopping him.

Turning his head as far as he could, Gon was able to see that the weight on his back was Hisoka straddling him. "What the heck are you doing?!!" he ground out through gritted teeth.

"Waking you up~" Hisoka said calmly and cheerily as if sitting on top of Gon was the most natural thing in the world.

"Arrrgh!" Gon tried to wriggle out from under the man's weight but Hisoka was too heavy. He brought his arms up, focusing his strength in both palms and pressing against the mattress in an attempt to push himself up off the bed. He'd almost succeeded, despite Hisoka's added weight but his arms were soon pulled backwards and restrained behind his back, causing him to fall back onto the bed.

Damn it!

He clenched his teeth, panting, finally overpowered.

Hisoka looked down at Gon, enjoying the attractively breathy sounds he was making. "So…what would it be, Mr. Late Sleeper? I wonder what it would take to move you from here? ~"

"What?"

"Didn't you issue a challenge that I could do whatever I wanted but you wouldn't move from this spot? ~"

Shit…I really did say that.

"Things really don't look good for you right now though – what with that face full of mattress you're having for breakfast and me restraining your arms…you should give up now~" Hisoka's eyes glinted as he felt his excitement rising. "I'm warning you Gon-kun, it's not too late~"

Gon knew that Hisoka was right but he refused to concede. "Never…” he groaned and Hisoka pressed his face into the mattress. "Mmmmph!"

"I'll give you a choice since I'm such a good guy"—Hisoka eased up on his grip behind Gon's head and looked down at the body still trapped underneath him—"it's either you make way for Laundry Day or have a taste of defeat."

Gon scoffed. Him…a 'good guy'…don't make me laugh. And how bad could 'a taste of defeat' really be?

"I already stated that I'm not moving from here," Gon replied, boldly reaffirming his previous
"Ok, well I guess I have to take this to the next level then. Don't say I've never given you a chance~" He shifted to come off of Gon's back.

"You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, but I just did~"

Oh fuck, Gon thought, realizing that his arms (still behind his back) were now bound together by Hisoka's Bungee Gum. And worse yet, he still couldn't turn around because Hisoka made sure to keep a palm firmly planted on the middle of his upper back to keep him still.

"Now let's get started, shall we? ~"

"Wh-what are you talking ab—?!" Gon couldn't continue because the shock of the cool air conditioning on his naked butt silenced him. He started kicking his legs frantically but unfortunately couldn't prevent his one piece of clothing from being completely removed.

Hisoka quickly pulled off his boxers and threw it to the corner of the room, on top of the pile of sheets and pillowcases.

Looking back at the now naked young man and smirking, he taunted, "Good thing you were too tired to put on your vest last night after we were done, or else it would have been a bit tricky to remove that now with your hands bound~"

Gon growled in response, still trying valiantly to escape but with no success.

"Wow…growling and thrashing...you're so wild today~" Hisoka grinned, looking down at Gon's naked body a moment before moving closer. "I can see you're not a morning person~"

Gon didn't respond, but continued to thrash in his grip.

Hisoka let him tire out himself with his futile thrashing before moving to touch him.

As his hand came into contact with the firm, tanned skin of Gon's butt, Hisoka found himself wondering idly (as he usually did) if Gon used to tan naked in order to achieve such a smooth, flawless colour. He'd have expected him to have tan lines, but there were none visible in the bright light illuminating their room. It was so unusual. Pinching the plump flesh roughly, he bent his head to gently kiss the now bruised, smooth skin.

"Ow-ow ouch no, what are you doing? Stop that…"

"Why? ~" Hisoka muttered between kisses.

Gon shifted to prop his chin on the mattress. "B-because I want to go back to sleep?" he tried desperately.

Hisoka regarded Gon thoughtfully. Wrong answer...seems like some discipline is needed~

He smirked. "That's a weak excuse. I told you before that today is Laundry Day and as a result you can't sleep on this bed if the maid needs to work in here~"

Gon's mind was racing; there was only one way to get out of this unscathed and that was to pretend to be meek.
He mustered his cutest voice. "B-but can you...let me go? You got what you came here for and I promise to move now. I'm sorry and I-I've learned my lesson."

*Maybe it isn't too late, I'll just go sleep elsewhere...*

"Too late~"

"What?"

"Count~"

"Why—ah!"

Gon was completely unprepared for the sharp slap as Hisoka's hand met his bottom. It was quickly followed by another.

"Ah! Wha—!" He winced under the stinging sensation. "Arrrrgh what are you doin—?! His breath hitched and his body jerked reflexively from the force of another slap.

"What did you say? ~"

Another stinging slap.

"F-five..."

"Wrong~"

[[smack]]

[[smack]]

[[smack]]

"Fo-four! I'm sorry for lying! I meant four! Then Five! Six! S-seven! !"

Another slap.

"Ah...! Eigh-eight..."

"Good... ~"

[[smack]]

"Ni-ne! !" He buried his face in the mattress.

Hisoka continued to spank him hard on the butt, watching enraptured as Gon flinched with each new contact, his skin responding with a bright pink tinge. He slapped him again, enjoying the way Gon writhed and how the skin of his naked butt had now turned to an even deeper, angry shade of red.

"Speak up, I can hardly hear you now~"

"F-fifteen..."

"Ah hah! Sixteen!"

"Please! I've had enough! Can y—!"
A sharp intake of breath.

"Yes Gon? ~"

"S-seventeeeen...! !"

"I gave you several chances before to do the right thing and you openly refused – willingly choosing to be defiant and have 'a taste of defeat'…" Hisoka paused, one hand poised above Gon's butt and a sinister grin plastered on his face. "So now, have a taste, reflect on your defiance and decide for yourself if your disobedience was worth it…~"

His hand drew back even further before completing its descent, meeting both butt cheeks in a final slap hard enough to make the reddened surface ripple.

"Yieeee aah ah, ow! I-I mean ah eigh-eighteen..." Tears stung at the corners of Gon's eyes. He was breathing heavily now and trying to catch his breath. "I-I didn't know...that this would have been the result…"

"Hm?" Hisoka pondered for a moment as he continued to look down at Gon's restrained body. "Isn't it always? ~" he replied in a low, seductive voice, petting the tortured flesh of his bottom lovingly.

Gon felt that skillful mouth on his neck now, teeth nibbling the tender skin, causing him to elicit a needy moan from parted lips into the rough, unclothed mattress.

"Yes, that's it Gon-kun…I knew you'd see things my way~" Hisoka's breath tickled the fine hairs on Gon's heated skin and he trembled.

His restrained arms were released and brought over his head (only to be restrained again) and almost immediately, Gon felt fingertips ghosting over the length of his spine, causing him to gasp audibly. He was confused - what a traitor his body was, responding so pleoriously after a spanking like that. It was as if the pain acted as a precursor, a catalyst to the intensity of his response to Hisoka's touches.

"So beautiful…~" Hisoka muttered under his breath as his fingers traveled along Gon's back, provoking the muscles to twitch involuntarily at his touch. "You should know better than to get me excited… I did try to warn you before it was too late~"

That was true, but Gon couldn't resist being stubborn – it was part of his nature.

Gon felt Hisoka move and when he returned, he felt bare, smooth skin brushing his own. He moaned at the contact, feeling thoroughly heated and sensitive.

He tried to lift his wrists but soon realized that they weren't just simply bound together over his head, but fixed to the mattress as well.

*Oh shit…*

"Come now… ~" Hisoka coerced him as he gripped his hips, moving his body so that Gon was no longer lying face-down but was on his knees, bent over with his forearms still flat against the mattress and immobile. He smiled at how easy it was to manipulate Gon's pliant body with him being so tired.
Since his head was down, Gon could see Hisoka's legs behind him and he watched absent-mindedly as the man shifted to place one knee on the mattress.

The only thing he was aware of at the moment was the dull pain from his spanking and the insistent finger probing at his entrance, about to enter.

Just then, there came the sound of a distant knocking on the front door and the doorbell ringing.

Gon breathed a sigh of relief. *Seems like my ass would be saved today...*

"Hisoka...the d-door..." he said when the man made no move to go answer it.

Hisoka removed his finger, looking down at Gon's butt poised and ready. He licked his lips, reaching up to caress the smooth, reddened skin. "What a shame," he said giving the butt an affectionate pat, "...I was hoping to have some more fun with you before she came but oh well; we'll just have to make it quick...~" His hand moved to grip Gon's erection firmly and he stroked it fast, causing the young man to buck underneath him, nails digging into the mattress.

"Hah—ah...Hiso—ah...ah Hisoka...!" Gon pulled at his bonds but to no avail. He gasped with the effort to breathe and speak at the same time, "Hnnn...ahh...you...q-quick...?" Gon had a bad feeling about this...the last time...back when they were travelling to York Shin, when Hisoka had said that he'd make it 'quick', it had ended in a very intense 'lesson' – one that he would never forget.

"Yes...let's have a quickie...we can't make the lady wait too long now...~" His hand released Gon's phallus and moved to grip his hips, thumbs digging into the flesh of his butt cheeks.

"W-what the heck is a quicki—ahhh...!" Gon cried out as he felt Hisoka roughly and quickly penetrate him, immediately starting a rhythm that was nothing like the slow or steady pace that he was normally accustomed to receiving from him.

"Ah...ah...ah...ahhhhhhh...!" His toes curled as Hisoka pounded into him ruthlessly, going balls deep every time, his hips meeting Gon's backside repeatedly with a loud slapping sound.

"Mmmmmmm very nice~" Hisoka praised as he continued his pace.

Gon kept pulling at his bonds, despite the fact that the rubbery aura would hold him in place until released.

Breathing heavily, he gave up and rested his forehead on the mattress, absently looking between his legs at Hisoka's thighs meeting the back of his over and over.

Hisoka continued to take advantage of him and his body jerked forward with each forceful thrust, making him feel helpless.

Strangely though, that feeling of helplessness only added fuel to the heat in his body and Gon could already feel the waves of pleasure starting to take him higher.

Why was it that being bound, spanked, dominated and helpless made him feel so...so...

"Ummm...mmmm...H-hisoka no...I'm I...I am going to..." He was losing control; his body barely able to hold itself upright, his head swimming from all the sensations.

"Gooooood...this is gooooood...we should be done soon...Gon don't disappoint me...~" Hisoka's fingers dug harder into the flesh of Gon's hips, the resulting marks marring the soft skin even
"Ahhhhh…!" was all Gon could respond with as he was savagely penetrated again and again, his knees starting to bruise on the rough mattress.

His knees, butt and forearms all hurt from the friction caused by Hisoka's brutal movements but amidst all the pain, something distinctively pleasurable was building up...spiraling low in his belly, becoming more and more intense.

He was starting to drool on the mattress. Oh fuck...

His eyes slid shut. Damn...

"Oooooooh…" Gon arched his back even more.

"Yes, Gon-kun…that's it…I'm almost there…~"

If at all possible, Hisoka started to move faster, taking his cruel pace to a whole new level until he pulled Gon flush against him one last time and Gon trembled as he felt the warmth fill him. Oh goodness…wow…

Hisoka leaned forward, breathing heavily as he reached under them to grasp Gon's erection, stroking rapidly. It didn't take long for Gon's entire body to shake with the tremendous force of his orgasm.

It was like nothing he'd felt before and Hisoka had to hold him tighter to prevent him from falling. The exhaustion, the pain, the pleasure and their culmination in his release had his tired muscles quivering deliciously from the joy of completion, mouth opened wide in a silent scream as tears poured down his cheeks at the sheer intensity of it all.

He buried his face in the rough mattress and panted.

When Hisoka was sure that Gon was done cumming, he removed his hand and pulled out from him. Gon groaned when his body wobbled and fell forward on the mattress as it was no longer supported by Hisoka's strong arms.

Hisoka bent over him to whispered teasingly in his ear, "Now you've seen…and experienced what a 'quickie' is…and if this practical demonstration hasn't answered your question, then I can show you again in the living room while she's in here cleaning up. Maybe over the back of the couch or on the floor on top of that Flokati rug you like so much… I promise you that the fear of getting caught would make you cum even harder than this." Hisoka licked his lips. "I'll have to gag you though, because you're usually loud during sex and you'll most likely scream and make us both get caught...although only you would be afraid to be seen in that position~"

"N-no…that…wouldn't be necessary…I…I understand…"

"Are you sure? I'm a very patient teacher you know…and extremely thorough. I don't mind going over a few concepts~"

"I-I'm sure..."

*I don't think my body can take another round...*

Gon shifted as Hisoka moved away from him, finding that he could finally move his hands now that the Bungee Gum was gone.
He continued to pant heavily as he slowly came down from his high, looking up with weary eyes to see that Hisoka was now in front of him – fully clothed again – looking down at his spent body and licking his lips.

In the distance, through the fogginess in his mind Gon could hear the doorbell ringing again, followed by more knocking.

"Hmmm…I should be getting that~" Hisoka said, sparing one last admiring glance at Gon's thoroughly used yet satisfied form, his golden eyes roaming proudly over the obvious bruises gracing the plump butt.

Hisoka eventually turned toward the door but then stopped; looking back at Gon still sprawled out on the bed. "I suggest that you don't remain there for long – unless you want to be seen like that of course…~" He smirked even wider, chuckling under his breath before disappearing out the door.

"Kuso…" was all Gon managed to breathe out as he attempted to move and failed. To 'taste defeat' surely was a bitter pill to swallow…

XXX

Somehow Gon had managed to make it to the shower and while there, Killua had called and asked to meet up in an hour. He had been hoping to catch a nap somewhere where the maid wasn't working on (even if that meant curling up to sleep outside on their private balcony in the hot sun) but upon hearing the anticipation in his friend's voice, he'd readily agreed to meet up.

After dressing as quickly as he could manage, Gon hurried past the dining room, grabbing one of the three large banana bran muffins Hisoka had left out on the dining table for him to have for breakfast. He hurriedly ate it and grabbed another to eat on the way while taking a few hurried gulps from the glass of orange juice that was also there.

The entire process of breakfast took no more than two minutes and Gon spun around to head for the front door with fast, purposeful strides. He did not want to be late again today.

As his hand gripped the doorknob though, he felt Hisoka's familiar presence behind him. He paused.

"So where are you two going today? ~"

Gon fondled the doorknob nervously, while ensuring to maintain a firm grip on the muffin in his other hand. "We might go to the arcade again and maybe get something to eat after."

"That sounds good~"

Gon was surprised when he felt Hisoka's arms circle his waist from behind as the man bent to whisper in his ear, "Do you need money to get anything? ~"

He blushed slightly, still facing the door but leaning back to rub the back of his head affectionately against Hisoka's chest. "N-no…I still have enough…"

Hisoka straightened to his full height and turned Gon around to look at his face, forcing him to release the doorknob in the process as he was pulled flush against his body in a brief hug.

One hand moved from Gon's shoulder to tilt his chin upward. "Have fun today, ok? ~" he said, bending to kiss his forehead.
Gon's entire face blushed the brightest shade of red and it felt as if his heart did a triple somersault in his chest, proceeding to beat even faster than before. "Y-yes Hisoka, I'll h-have fun," he stuttered, finding it unnerving to be pressed up platonically against Hisoka's body after they'd just been having sex no less than an hour earlier.

Regardless, it felt good to be surrounded by those strong arms and Gon buried his face against Hisoka's chest to hide his blush. "Ittekimasu Hisoka..."

"Itterasshai Gon-kun," Hisoka whispered with a smile, finally releasing him and Gon quickly opened the door and darted for the stairs, leaving him to supervise the maid as he left to meet up with Killua.

XXX

Killua propped his chin on an upturned palm, thinking back on their day so far. The first place they went to on meeting up was the arcade and that was no surprise since he had some unfinished business there. Yesterday, as much as he'd tried, he wasn't able to beat Gon's score or even make the high score list on any of the games. It was as if their positions had been reversed. I've obviously lost my touch, but at least things were better today.

Two years ago his best friend didn't even know what a JoyStation or its memory card was like, now he was in possession of the all-time high score in one of the hardest (if not the hardest) game in the arcade. It was as if their positions had been reversed. I've obviously lost my touch, but at least things were better today.

Killua was able to beat Gon in every game they played and even managed to make the high score list in that After Burner game...although he came third – beaten only by Gon's all-time high score and some guy named #1 Magician.

Today's minor victory was a bit of a bittersweet one though, because he was sure that he was only able to beat Gon in those other games because his friend seemed a bit tired.

I wouldn't feel too bad though...I've finally made that high score list.

His thoughts were interrupted as Gon yawned for the fifth time since they'd been sitting in the pastry café.

Killua eyed him thoughtfully. "Were you that tired from yesterday?" He turned away to look over the menu again, contemplating if to get the Double Chocolate Ice Cream Milkshake or the Double Chocolate Creamy Shake with Caramel Sauce. "I'm sorry if I made you lose sleep."

"Ah, you're not the one who's making me lose sleep..." Gon mumbled.

"What was that?" Killua asked, looking up from the menu momentarily.

"Um...I-I was saying that it's not your fault at all, the reason I could not get much sleep last night...was something else..." he amended carefully.

"Yeah you sure look like something's making you lose sleep...you're not sick right?" Killua asked, observing the barely visible shadows under his friend's eyes. "Illness is high on the list of the major causes of insomnia you know."

Gon looked up to see that Killua was watching him carefully. I'm sure there are other number one causes of insomnia...like those that pull the drapes when you're trying to sleep, possess a
voracious appetite for sex and can stay up all night doing just that - having mind-blowing sex. He rubbed his back. Good thing I heal quickly...

Forcing a smile, he focused tired eyes on his friend."No Killua, I'm not sick, it's...nothing like that..."

"Ok... I see," Killua muttered, noticing the slight blush on Gon's face.

*I bet Gon was probably up watching late-night TV again and is feeling guilty about it.*

"Well just make sure to go to bed a little earli—" Suddenly Killua squinted his eyes and reached over the table to poke Gon's forehead.

"Ouch! What did you do that for?!" Gon brought his hands up to stop him from repeating the movement.

"That,"—Killua pointed at his own forehead—"You didn't have that mark there yesterday...is it a bruise? It looks painful, what happened?"

"Huh?" Gon felt the spot Killua had poked and winced. He didn't notice it before; it must have happened when Hisoka had him bent over on the bed and he'd rested his forehead on the mattress as the man was thrusting...

"I-I b-bumped into a door..." he lied.

Killua saw that his slight blush had gotten even brighter. "Are yo—"

Just then Gon's phone beeped twice, indicating that two new text messages had just arrived. He and Killua exchanged confused glances.

Normally, he hardly received any of those, and it was especially strange when the person most likely to be sending him messages – his best friend – was sitting right there across from him.

If it wasn't Killua, then who could possibly be texting him?

Confused and curious, Gon pulled out the device and flipped it open.

He instantly regretted that move.

*You have a sexy ass~*

*Just the way I like it...and I want to push my hard cock up that sexy fat ass of yours~*

His eyes widened and he closed the phone quickly. *What th—*

Before Gon could even put it back in his pocket though, it sounded off again at least three more times, the almost continuous vibrations nearly startling him.

He couldn't help but look down at the screen again.

*I want to smack that fat ass, I want to fuck it...your legs on my shoulders...work you till you're dripping with sweat~*

*Mmmm it's always great, especially when you scream as I push it in and beg me to fuck you harder~*
And I know you like it when I give it to you rough~

You always cum so hard afterwards and I just love watching your eyes roll back in their sockets~

Gon’s throat was parched and he barely heard Killua calling him.

—t Gon! Are you alright?!

"Huh?"

"Are you alright? Your face is red and your hands are trembling...is everything OK?"

Gon swallowed hard. His throat was so dry... His face felt hot and he gasped as Killua reached over the table to grab his phone.

"Who is it?!" Killua asked as Gon leaned back in time, effectively preventing him from taking the phone.

"I-it's no one..."

"Liar! Hah! Like I'll believe that! Your face is all red!"

"N-no, it's just a wrong number. I think that they sent me these messages by accident." Gon quickly shoved the phone into his pocket and looked back down at the menu. His face was still heated and he shifted uncomfortably on the vinyl seat.

Urgh. I'll be sitting here for a while.

Hopefully Killua wouldn't want to leave before I get himself back under control.

Ooooh look, it's a tart... Gon thought as he focused on the glossy photos, trying to distract himself.

Seeing that Gon was concentrating hard on his menu, Killua decided to leave him be.

Maybe it really was a wrong number that was texting him.

"So...what are you getting?" he asked.

"Just lemonade...and maybe some of these pineapple tarts." Ok...I'm doing well so far. I just need to focus on Killua and not think about those messages.

Gon took a deep, steadying breath, looking up at his friend and smiling, "I haven't tried these desserts yet," he continued, pointing at the pictures of the pineapple and apple tarts.

'Yet'? Killua repeated to himself.

"Oh and you should try the Double Chocolate Surprise Cake. I had heard that they change the surprise everyday and it's true, they really do – it is totally to die for!"

Killua frowned. Gon had been here before...and several times too it seems.

How did he know about this shop?

Although one of the best, D' Pastry Shoppe was sort of a little secret among the locals and they normally didn't tell newcomers about it.
This was one of the places that Killua had been looking forward the most to sharing with Gon today but apparently, it was of no use anymore.

Sighing, he looked away from Gon's beaming face. There was no way Gon could have found out about the Choco Robots, Arcade and D' Pastry Shoppe all by chance in the little time that he'd been in York Shin. *Just what exactly is going on here?*

*Gon is hiding something.*

With that thought, Killua's eyes snapped back to him and narrowed when he saw that his friend was now fiddling with the menu and squirming in his seat.

*He's been looking uncomfortable all day, and even more so now.*

That's when Killua remembered that there was something he had wanted to ask Gon since since the day before.

*Seems like it's time to finally put all the questions in my head to rest.*
A/N:

I laughed, thinking of the part where Killua and Gon was in the cafe animated...just seeing Gon's expressions while receiving those texts and lying to prevent Killua from figuring out what's going on would be priceless!

1) Ok so it's official, according to Gon, Hisoka is on the list of the major causes of insomnia LOL. Although I think he'd fall under 'Interferences in normal sleep schedule' haha

2) Hisoka is torturing him again...poor Gon can't sleep now lol. And as soon as Hisoka was done with him, Killua called and he couldn't refuse lol. Can Gon keep this up? Maybe he should clone himself :P
3) Hahaha...those text messages XD After seeing Hisoka texting in episode 54 (2011 anime), he seems like the kind of person who texts a lot and I could imagine him in this story being bored at home and deciding to mess with Gon :D

4) Hmmm and Killua seems to be about to uncover the truth!

Share your thoughts if you like! Things are heating up XD
An Unexpected Situation

Chapter Notes

Ok so this is another big chapter. I think it's bigger than the last, and compared to a few of the others it's about two in one...I hope you all don't mind - splitting it would have left an awkward cliffhanger lol

Haha Killua's reactions here are the best. He's going to get them thrown out and banned from that pastry café if the doesn't behave :P

In this chapter, I honestly find it funny that Gon is talking about getting out of choke holds yet Hisoka usually has him in one LOL :D

P.S.: Thanks so much for all the Kudos (they actually reminded me that I was late in updating!) <333

**Chapter Summary:** HisoGon fangirl waitress makes things worse for Gon lol. And Killua's suspicion leads him to the...?

**Warning:** Minor violence, some cursing / swearing.

**Disclaimer:** Hmmm I still don't have official rights to anything Hunter x Hunter related. Full rights belong to Yoshihiro Togashi! All that I own is this little story I've crafted.

**Reference** is made to episode 148 (for the Kokuchi swans) and manga chapter 345 (Gon doing homework lol)

I hope you all enjoy!

Chapter Sixteen
NB.: Day 9 continues…

Gon is hiding something.

With that thought, Killua's eyes snapped back to him and narrowed when he saw that his friend was now fiddling with the menu and squirming in his seat. He's been looking uncomfortable all day, and even more so now. That's when Killua remembered that there was something he had wanted to ask Gon since the day before.

Seems like it's time to finally put all the questions in my head to rest.

"Hey Gon…"

"Yeah Killua?"

"What were you up to all this time while Alluka and I were travelling?"

"Hmmm? Well a lot of things have happened," Gon replied eagerly. "After I had gone to see the beautiful sight of the Kokuchi Swans with Kaito, Spin and the rest of their team, I went back to Whale Island. I trained really, really hard and then trained even more but nothing happened, my Nen never returned! Then Aunt Mito said that since I'm normal now there was a whole bunch of schoolwork and other things to catch up on. I wrote so much...there was so much math and I was sick of it all…"

Killua nodded, grimacing at the thought of having to do nearly two years' worth of homework. His own days of enduring tough homeschooling sessions from Illumi were bad enough. His brother had not been disinclined to (and was rather generous in) the use of punishment when he felt that it was needed and Mito-san seemed to know how to keep Gon in check too. After seeing the outside world and enjoying all that freedom he must have felt tortured…

Gon sighed. "It really was bad Killua…you have no idea – day after day Aunt Mito made me sit still for hours...first came the activity reports and other official paperwork, then the tests! I-I don't even know which was worst! And she stood right there behind me…never left...just watching. I was itching to go outside and thought she would have left eventually after growing tired but every time I looked back thinking that she'd gone, she'd be looking right at me as if she was always watching me…"

Killua trembled visibly. Women can be so scary when they're determined. Maybe having been raised by his aunt, that's where Gon got that stubborn determination from.

"It was worse than when Palm had me writing all those sentences over and over as punishment! At least I was confident then that she'd give up eventually, but Aunt Mito didn't seem like she would have..."

"Wow…yeah…and back then when I had seen Palm punishing you I'd thought that was bad! What is it with all these women forcing you to do academic work? I see a trend here Gon…" Leaning over the table slightly to smirk mischievously at his friend, Killua teased, "I'm surprised you managed to escape this time!" He couldn't help the bout of laughter that followed.

"Hey Killua, that's not funny!"

Killua snorted as he squinted through watery eyes at his friend's pout. He tried to stop his laughter.
And failed. "Gomen, gomen…"

Gon frowned, continuing, "Anyway… I couldn't take it anymore but there were times when Granny kept her busy enough and when she wasn't looking I'd run off to do some training. That's when I started training much, much harder but this time in hand-to-hand combat with some of the sailors staying on Whale Island. It was great to find people to train with and since their boats were being repaired, they had extra time to show me some cool stuff. They cursed a whole lot, but I learned some pretty decent moves!" He gestured excitedly as Killua looked on.

At least I know now how he came to start cursing… Killua thought, smiling as he observed Gon's lively demonstration. No one would guess that this was the same young man who was practically sleeping on himself no more than five minutes ago.

"Now look Killua, if someone is attempting a front air choke, this is how you counter..."

Despite knowing most of what his friend was talking about already, Killua found himself forgetting about his plan as he got caught up in Gon's animated act. Gon was always so interesting to watch. Okay focus. He took a deep breath and eyed him closely.

I can't get distracted...

Alright so he really hadn't been back to York Shin City since we'd parted but I'll ask him just to be sure.

"Um, Gon…"

"Yes Killua?" Gon looked up expectantly, pausing in his demonstration of getting out of a rear choke hold.

"So...this is the first time you've returned to YorkShin City since we'd been here last?"

"Mmm-hmm," Gon affirmed with a small smile.

"But if you've spent all that time outside of this continent, how do you know YorkShin so well all of a sudden?" Killua couldn't explain why knowing this was so important to him, but there was an uneasiness that kept gnawing at him in the back of his mind that something was amiss here; that he was being kept in the dark about something important.

"Oh...well earlier this week I walked around town," Gon replied elusively.

Killua still wasn't satisfied with that answer. It was too vague. There's no way that simply 'walking around' would allow anyone to learn all of YorkShin so well in that short space of time. And to know some of the places that Gon had taken him to and told him about yesterday would have required the intimate knowledge of someone who was either a resident there or had been to the continent often. I'll get to the bottom of this.

He tried to be more specific.

"Who did you walk around with Gon?"

Gon hesitated for a few seconds, looking away briefly. He really couldn't think straight anymore and blamed it on the little sleep he had been getting over the past couple of days.

Being confronted with a direct question made his brain feel muddled and he was beginning to find it quite difficult to come up with more believable lies or half truths that Killua would not catch on
to so he remained silent.

Killua picked up on his hesitation and grew even more suspicious. What really is going on here?

When Gon met his friend's questioning eyes again, he had come to a decision. He was not going to lie or avoid it anymore; he'd tell the truth – not all of it of course – and hope for the best; whatever that would be. Maybe Killua wouldn't take it as bad as I think he would.

"I...I came here with Hisoka." Gon was nervous at first, but soon his nervousness was forgotten now that he'd finally admitted the truth and his confidence grew. He took a deep breath, excited to share everything with Killua and continued, "You wouldn't believe it; he showed me all sorts of cool things and some really interesting places Killua! Hisoka really knows a lot about this place. Which reminds me...I have to show you th—"

"What?!" Killua felt as if his brain had finally caught up to what Gon had said.

I didn't hear him wrong... right?

"Gon...did you say Hisoka...as in Hisoka?!"

"Yup."

Killua froze. Understanding finally hitting him like a ton of bricks. How hadn't he seen it before?

So that's why at the arcade #1 Magician was second on the high score list... Gon had definitely been to the arcade with that man.

Hisoka is #1 Magician!

Killua felt his anger rising as he looked into his friend's eyes (convincing himself at the same time that he wasn't also angry because losing to #1 Magician's score meant that he had also lost to Hisoka). The fuck? Just how much time had Gon been spending with that man?!

As if to answer his unspoken question, a waitress came to their table and laid out their orders. She paused as she recognized Gon and a huge smile spread across her face. "Hey thanks for coming again!" she exclaimed happily, moving to pat his shoulder. "I'm happy that you like our little shop this much!"

Killua observed the rapport between them, surprised to say the least. He's been here so often that even the waitress knows him?

She turned from Gon's bright smile to him, then back to Gon again. "Oh, you've brought a friend to share the experience! Thanks a lot!" Her smile was pristine as she continued, "Where is your other friend? The man with the nice smile and red hair who normally comes in everyday with you? You two seem pretty close!"

Gon's smile faltered a bit. Oh shit...

She smiled dreamily, looking down at her feet and playing with the ruffled edges of her checkered apron. "Ah it's so nice to see same-sex couples these days. There was a time when they weren't so common you know!"

"Really?" Gon squeaked, sensing the malice pouring off of Killua to which the waitress was practically clueless. First I couldn't sleep and all that stuff that happened this morning, then the sexting...now this. Can this day get any worse?
"And you two look so good together; I could see he really cares about you..."

Gon swallowed hard. "Ah, is that so?"

"Yeah and I helped him pick out the Banana Bran Muffins this morning! He talks about you every morning when he comes in to buy those various treats for yo—" Suddenly she looked back to the service counter. "Forgive me, I have to go now! My supervisor is calling! I know you and your partner have only been here a few times, but I hope to see you two again!"

'Partner'?

She waved at him one more time as she turned to run off, oblivious to the copious amount of cold sweat pearling on his forehead.

The air seemed to go deathly still and Gon took a deep breath. When that didn't work to calm him, he swallowed nervously before shifting to meet his friend's icy blue glare.

"Gon…"

At first Gon didn't answer but just rubbed the back of his head, a shaky laugh now the only sound between them. It was like his brain was frozen.

"Gon."

"Yes Killua…?"

"Explain..."

"Huh?"

"What was that just now?"

"What? That was a waitress."

Killua's fists met the table, causing the plates on its surface to clatter audibly. "Don't play dumb Gon. What did she mean by 'couple' and 'partner'?"

Gon laughed anxiously and time seemed to stop with the realization that he had been cornered. "I think that she misunderstood…" he lied.

"Oh really?" Killua asked skeptically.

"Y-yeah…"

"So…tell me Gon, what exactly did she misunderstand, huh?"

Gon decided to go with a half truth this time. The threat of violence in Killua's eyes was too strong if he didn't try to calm him down now. "Well Hisoka and I just ate here a few times while he was showing me around town and she probably thought otherwise since it was just the two of us…"

Killua didn't speak for a while but just continued to stare at him as if analyzing him for a tiny hint of dishonesty.

Gon willed himself to stay cool and appear relaxed. "You know how these things go..." he said with a casual wave of his hand.
A nervous laugh escaped his lips and he disguised it as a cough.

Killua narrowed his eyes. "Ok, well let's say that that was really the case and she misunderstood. It still does not explain the most important thing…" He paused, clenching one of his fists on the table. "When the heck did you meet him?!"

"Who? Hisoka?"

Killua gritted his teeth. "Who else?"

"Well, that…that was sort of unexpected and –"

"Forget that…" Both fists were clenched now and Killua wanted nothing more than to reach across the table and shake his friend until that brain in his head started functioning properly again. _Can't he see that even hanging around that man is dangerous? How could he be so cool about it?_

Killua pointed a finger at Gon. "More importantly, _why_ the heck are you travelling together with that man?!"

Gon blushed suspiciously and Killua's eyes widened.

Seeing his friend's already dangerous expression darken considerably, Gon added quickly, "Hey Killua, it isn't what you think…"

"Then what exactly is it then?"

"Well…"

"Well what?"

"Well it just…and I was just…"

"You see! I knew it! You're so damn naïve!"

"I am not!"

"Are too!"

"No way Killua, take that back!"

"Take what back? The truth?"

"It's not the truth."

"So what Gon, you're not naïve?"

"No I'm not; as I said it isn't…it's not what you think…"

Killua reached across the table to push his index finger against the center of Gon's forehead for emphasis. He smirked sadistically when Gon winced as the finger came into contact with his bruised skin. "Then what _is_ it then? How is what's going on here any different than what I am thinking?!"

"Well you see, it was sort of unexpected a–"

"Arrgh! Again with the damn unexpected shit! Apparently _everything_ is unexpected to you!"
"That's mean Killua…"

"No, it's the truth. I can't get a straight answer from you; it's like you don't even know what's going on! And you're spending all this time with that man...having him take you to the arcade and show you all sorts of places around YorkShin City! If that's not fucking naïve then I don't know what is!"

Gon must have had a death wish because he decided to try letting Killua know how he felt. Maybe his friend would understand then. "It may have been unexpected at first, but I…I don't really mind it anymore I fe—"

[\[ Bang \]]

"Ouch! What the hell did you do that for?! I was just trying to tell you that I feel good when I am with h—"

[\[ Bang \]]

"Ouch! Quit it Killua! Why do you keep doing that?!!" Gon rubbed the back of his head.

"What the hell are you on about?" Killua eyed Gon incredulously. "That..."—he said, pointing to his fist—"was my diagnostic test to ascertain whether there is anything in that head of yours or if it's just a hollow shell like I suspect." He casually took a sip of his milkshake as if Gon wasn't currently staring daggers at him. "Hopefully, if there is in fact something in there, that hit should have put your senses back in order." Ok, that solves it.

"That's not going to change how I feel you know..." Gon said stubbornly, uncharacteristically serious about something like this. He looked down at the table quickly before Killua could meet his eyes, suddenly interested in studying the psychedelic pattern on its laminated surface, his cheeks tinted pink.

Wait... did he just say how he 'feels'? Killua paused mid-sip, the richness of his Double Chocolate Creamy Shake forgotten (well, almost) as he cracked open one eye to observe his friend. Seeing the colour staining Gon's cheeks, the cerulean blue orb widened and was then joined by another as the candy cane coloured straw fell from his slackened lips. So what the waitress was saying really is true...

Palms slammed against the table and Killua jumped up from his seat as if burned. He raised one accusing finger to point at his friend as he shouted angrily, "You're fucking contradicting yourself Gon! Didn't you just say that the waitress was misunderstanding and that there is nothing going on between you and that psycho?! Now you're talking about how you feel?! Feel? FEEL?! What the fuck is this?! Y-you're serious about this fucking pervert aren't you?!!"

The café fell silent as all the occupants turned to stare in their direction. Killua glared back at them unapologetically and then returned his attention to his friend, sitting down slowly and lowering his voice. "Tell me I'm wrong Gon, tell me again that I'm somehow misunderstanding this...that he's forced you into this situation..."—his voice hitched—"lie to me...tell me something...anything."

Gon hated that his friend sounded so desperate, voice strained and reeking with disappointment as if he'd lost him to some great evil. He didn't know what to say and couldn't find the gumption to look Killua in the eyes.

"Look at me Gon..."

Gon did, and as hazel met blue he found that he didn't have an answer for the question in those
eyes.
He swallowed thickly.

*How can I explain something that I can't even explain to myself?*

"Gon...are you gay?"

Gon looked away. "Umm... I don't know...

Killua tried his best to stay calm, even taking a few deep breaths to help with this but nothing helped. He gritted his teeth as he spoke, "*How the heck could you not know? You're spending all this time with that man and blushing while talking about how you 'feel'! How else do you explain that?"

"Well...he is a Transmuter type like you and—"

"Bullshit! What does that have to do with sexuality and whether or not you're gay?!!"

"...and it's understandable that we'd be compatible in—"

"Gon, are you even listening to me?"

"C-compatible in—"

[[Bang]]

"Ow!" Gon rubbed his head. "I told you to stop doing that!"

Killua ignored his protest. "Compatible in *what* exactly Gon?! Are you hearing yourself?! This... this bullshit... I can't believe it. I should have known that... that sicko would have tried something on you when he fed you that crap in Heaven's Arena about being compatible and how you both could become *very* intimate! And he was *always* turning up wherever we were!" Killua growled, gritting his teeth and angry with himself for not noticing Hisoka's intentions sooner. "YorkShin City...Greed Island. Why the hell didn't he show up when we had to fight the Chimera Ants too?!!" He frowned deeply. "When he could actually be of use he isn't around, but knowing him, if he *was* there for that mission, he probably would have *been* a Chimera Ant and killed us all."

"But Killua! You don't understand, I feel like... I am i—"

"So what? I'm a Transmuter type too."

Gon's eyes widened "Are you saying that you—"

"No!" Killua practically roared, "I'm not in love with you!"

Everyone looked their way again and Killua met their curious stares with his icy blue glare once more. "Mind your business will you?!!"

He turned back to Gon, who was also looking at him curiously as well and continued, "I'm not in love with you," he repeated in a much lower voice. "But you might as well have fallen for me instead."

Gon looked at him as if waiting for him to explain further and Killua sighed. Lifting his hand up between them, the back of his palm to Gon, he said, "If we go by that bastard's reasoning, look, I'm
"But that's the thing Killua..." Gon looked unusually wistful as he pondered the thought. "You and I have always been friends; I treasure you so much more than I do anyone. I am drawn to you, I'll protect you with all that I have and will die for you. I love you Killua, but as my best friend." His throat was suddenly dry and he took a sip of his lemonade. "And although it would have been safer to fall in love with you, there is something about Hisoka that has always appealed to me ever since I first met him. Maybe it's that fearfully exciting feeling I get whenever he's around. At first I did not understand it, but now I do, and I'd never have figured it out on my own if I hadn't come to York Shin."

Killua sighed. _He admits that it would have been 'safer' to 'fall in love with' me but still he willingly went the other way. It is just like Gon to fall in love with danger and excitement...of having his life hanging on the line._ Gritting his teeth, Killua suddenly felt possessive. Had he known that something like this was going to happen, he'd have laid claim on Gon a long time ago, if just to prevent Hisoka from sinking his claws into his best friend and to keep Gon where he belonged.

*At my side.*

*I'm not going to give up Gon to that man.*

_I do not approve of this._

"You know he's dangerous, right?"

"Yes..."

"He might kill you."

"He won't hurt me."

"How do you know that?"

"He's...he's had many opportunities to do so and hasn't. Plus he's told me that he won't kill me."

"Oh come on Gon, the man said so himself – he's '...a whimsical liar' – are you going to believe in that?!"

"I trust him," Gon said with deep conviction.

"Well I don't."

"Because you don't know him."

"And you do?" Killua asked sarcastically.

"Yes." Gon blushed.

"Well I'll pass on getting to **know** him the way you **obviously** have..." Killua stated, his words bitter as he observed the redness that stained his best friend's cheeks as said friend suspiciously averted his gaze once more.
He sighed. "Just—"

[[Cell phone ringing]]

A loud heavy metal intro interrupted him and Killua retrieved his phone, ignoring the stares from the other occupants in the café. "I have to take this," he said to Gon by means of an explanation, getting up quickly to take the call outside.

Gon looked around the café and smiled apologetically at the patrons, as if begging them to excuse his friend's behaviour. They smiled back. There was no way anyone could be angry with such a polite young man they thought. Unlike the other one…

Gon turned back to the door to see Killua reentering the café and shoving the phone back into his pocket.

Seeing the look on his face he asked, "Was it serious?"

"No, it was just aniki," Killua replied in a bored tone.

*Nii-san is so clingy...sheesh.*

*Maybe I should have turned off my phone. But then he might have come looking for me...*

He shuddered.

"Aniki? As in *Illumi*?" Gon's face betrayed his surprise. It couldn't be Milluki, as Killua probably wouldn't have answered the phone just to piss him off. Plus he usually called Milluki by a host of other names, and the ones Gon remembered didn't hardly include *aniki*.

"Yes, it was Illumi, who else would it be?" Killua replied matter-of-factly as if Milluki wasn't also his aniki.

"Remember I'd told you that I was coming to York Shin City on a job?" Gon nodded and he continued, "Well my job is to assist Illumi in *his* job."

Gon's eyes widened. "Huh? Illumi? You're working with him?!"

"Um...yeah. Why are you confused?"

It was Gon's turn to be shocked. "Why are you travelling with that bastard?! After everything that he did to you in the Hunter's Exam? After everything we went through to get you back from that place?!"

"Gon, you're overreacting, there's no need to get angry..."

"Arrgh why not?! We tried so hard to help you escape from your family back then and now to hear that you are travelling willingly with that man... Did he threaten you?!"

Killua smirked at how ironic this all was now that he thought about it. *I'm travelling with the one person I don't want to be in a room alone with and Gon's travelling with Hisoka...* He frowned as he remembered that. "Gon this is kind of hard to explain...it's a bit complicated..."

"How so?!"

Gon looked like he was about to flip the table and Killua could sort of understand why – Illumi hadn't exactly made a good first impression on his friend – but to him, this was different to Gon's
situation with Hisoka.

At least I'm not in any danger with Illumi like Gon is with Hisoka... it's not like he's going to try to molest me or something.

I have to make Gon understand that he's the only one in danger here.

"You see Gon; it's only for this job."

"What is this 'job' about anyway?"

Just then, Killua realized that he hadn't brought up the details of why he was in York Shin in the first place. They'd been too busy spending time with each other to even consider anything else.

"It's an assassination job." Killua replied, face becoming even more serious.

"Oh, I see." Gon was uneasy all of a sudden. His tone was quiet as he asked, "But Killua, didn't you say that you had retired from the family business?" He couldn't believe that his friend had slipped back into the very darkness that he had tried so valiantly to escape.

"Yes, I had retired, and that's why I said that this was a bit complicated. This job is different and the person we are targeting is a really big threat." He looked up at Gon, who seemed more alert than before, his eyes on him with rapt attention. "Besides, my younger brother Kalluto was the one who normally accompanied Illumi on big jobs and since he is not around, Illumi asked that I take his place for now."

"But is everything okay between you and Illumi now? You don't have a needle or something in you right? And what about Alluka?"

"Well it's as 'okay' as anyone can expect while dealing with Illumi." Killua responded, making a face. "And no, I don't have a needle in me either..."

"And Alluka?" Gon prompted. "Back when we were going to the World Tree, didn't you say then that she was at the centre of some complicated family thing? Shouldn't you be protecting her right now?" As far as Gon knew, anything 'complicated' with respect to the Zoldycks had to mean trouble.

"Alluka's fine..." Killua grinned mischievously. "After we returned home, I made sure that they won't ever hurt her again – that they'd treat her like a member of the family and not a thing. Especially Illumi."

Upon seeing Gon's worried expression, he quickly added, "Nah don't worry, I didn't do anything too drastic..." He leaned forward and whispered conspiratorially, palm to the side of his mouth and eyes narrowed as if divulging top secret information. "I've just decided to start taking advantage of my position as heir of the Zoldyck family. That's all there is to it," he finished mysteriously.

"And as extra security, Gotoh-san promised that he'd look out for her the way he did for me when I was younger." Killua smiled as he remembered those days. He'd probably have never survived Illumi's strenuous torture lessons and tough, demanding homeschooling if it wasn't for Gotoh. The butlers' office was like his real home and although Illumi always did find him when he hid there, the brief respite (and copious amounts of Choco Robots that Gotoh ensured was perpetually kept in stock) was totally worth it.

"Ah Killua, you're so cool as always." Gon's worried expression evaporated and was replaced with nothing but admiration for his friend.
"Hey stop that, it's embarrassing!" Killua blushed, the bright red color pretty against his pale skin.

"But it's true!" Gon insisted.

Killua fanned him away, getting serious all of a sudden. "Enough about me, what about you?"

"What do you mean?"

"That man, are you...staying with him?"

"Um...Hisoka?" Gon blushed and Killua got a little peeved again, disliking the fact that his best friend was in Hisoka's clutches. _And why the heck is he even blushing?!_ His fists clenched with the desire to hit him upside his head again but he forced himself to relax, knowing that it would do no good.

He realized that there was no way that he'd be able to pull Gon away from Hisoka.

_Gon would have to see for himself what that man is – a lying, good-for-nothing creep that does not deserve him._

Killua sighed. "Yes Gon, I'm talking about...him who else would I be referring to?"

"Well we have a job to do," Gon said without really answering Killua's question of whether or not he was staying with Hisoka.

Luckily, Killua was too distracted by the fact that his friend was also on a job that he did not notice that Gon had avoided his question.

"A job? Really? What is it about?"

"I can't tell..."

"What? You don't trust me? But I've just told you about my job!"

The pain was visible on Killua's face and it was clear that he was hurt; Gon had never kept anything from him before.

_It has to be that man, he must be corrupting Gon—_

"No it's not that! I do trust you Killua!" Gon said quickly. "But it's just that there is nothing to tell...I don't know much about it."

"What?!" Killua couldn't believe his ears. "You agreed to a job without knowing the details? Baka! What if it's a trap and Hisoka kills you or something?!" He couldn't control himself anymore and reached over the table to hit Gon again but his friend dodged in time.

Apparently Gon was expecting that reaction.

Killua frowned.

Gon sighed in relief at having avoided another hit. He'd endured enough beatings for one day. "He won't kill me Killua," Gon said with such surety that the other was taken aback. Killua narrowed his eyes on him and Gon looked away.

With Gon's weird behavior, Killua's mind had already started analyzing the situation without him realizing it.
How can Gon be so confident that that man won't hurt him? What else is going on here? Hisoka isn't one to do anything if he's not getting something out of it... Wait... These two can't be already...

No.

But..what if...

Just how far did they go?

Killua sat eerily still as he pondered everything that he was aware of so far...the suspicious blushes, Hisoka taking his friend around town, the waitress' words, Gon showing up for their meeting late and hurrying back home yesterday...

It CAN'T be!

His blood started to boil at the possibility of Gon and Hisoka being intimate...of them having...

"—ua... Killua!"

He looked up at Gon, only to realize that it was he who had been calling him. "What is it Gon?!"

Gon flinched from the tone of his voice. It was as cold as ice and spoke of his bitterness. "I was just worried...your...face... You look so angry..."

Killua did not respond, ignoring him.

Ok, ok what if I'm just over thinking all of this?

He forced himself to calm down, and took a deep breath.

This cannot be as bad as I think it is.

He took another deep breath. I need to analyze this carefully.

Gon fiddled with the pineapple tarts on his plate, looking at his friend with a weird expression that seemed to be a mixture between sadness, confusion and stubborn determination but Killua did not even notice - he was too deep in his analysis to really care.

When I had contacted Gon in the town closest to York Shin, Gon had not mentioned anything about Hisoka so he must have met him in the first few days after arriving in this city. It wasn't that long ago and there's no way they would be sexually involved... He took a sip of his neglected milkshake. Yes, that's it...and right now they are most likely just staying in the same apartment building or something.

There is no way that this is anything more than Gon having some silly crush.

Gon probably hasn't even allowed the pervert to kiss him yet.

And of course Hisoka's just taking advantage of this situation and showing him around town hoping to get lucky.

He smirked. As if I'll let that happen. Yes...I still have time to end this crush.

Killua breathed a sigh of relief, now completely comfortable in his own reasoning. There was still time to get his friend back – but it was going to be tricky, Gon would have to come to the realization that he needed to get away from that man.
If I fail to protect him and Hisoka gets into Gon's pants it would be too late. There is no way Gon would leave him after that.

But if I interfere too much Gon might end up hating me or worse yet, closer to the bastard. Talking...and hitting have already been ineffective in putting some sense into Gon's head. I will have to utilize other methods to get him to see that pervert's true colors. With that thought, Killua was suddenly reminded of his recent phone conversation with Illumi. 

That's it! I'll use that!

He finally looked up at Gon to address that ever-questioning gaze. "Just...just promise me one thing okay?"

"Hmmm?" Gon paused before taking another bite of his pineapple tart, his gaze becoming even more curious.

"Promise me...that you'd be a little more wary."

"Killua...that's not necessary..."

"Gon."

"Ok, ok..."

"And one more thing," Gon looked up, picking up on the undertone of importance as his friend spoke. "...Illumi said that he'd be meeting a friend tomorrow and since it's obvious that aniki doesn't really have friends, I'm guessing that that person must be Hisoka. It's too coincidental."

"Ah really?"

"Listen up!" Killua admonished. "I don't know what they're up to, but it might be a good thing to follow them. Maybe you'd discover that your Hisoka..." Just saying those words had brought such a sudden and inexplicably bitter taste to his palate that Killua paused momentarily.

"Killua?"

Meeting Gon's confused stare, he continued, "Hisoka...he isn't everything you think he is."

"Um...is there something that you know?" Gon asked, worried. "This doesn't seem right."

"Just do it."

"Ok then..." Gon wasn't so sure about doing what Killua wanted, but his friend seemed so determined that he agreed just to appease him.

With Gon's decision to go along with what he'd suggested, Killua slid a piece of paper over to him after writing down some information on it.

Gon didn't say anything, but simply looked at it curiously.

"Don't lose it!" Killua said, putting up one finger. "It's the address you're supposed to go to."

XXX

N.B: Meanwhile...
Hisoka looked down at his phone screen, absently wondering if Gon had actually responded to his raunchy messages.

*I'm in town. Come see me.*

"Oh?" He smirked. "...so it's him~"

The message was so Illumi – short and straight to the point. Had it been any longer, he'd have suspected him to be a doppelganger. It's like the 'come see me' part was added in afterthought only because Illumi probably felt that it was important to make himself clear.

*Ok. Tomorrow 1:00pm. Usual place~*

Hisoka smirked as he put the phone away. Illumi's usual apathy was one of the reasons why he liked to refer to him as the *Ice Princess*. Whenever he did though, Illumi would always respond by trying to kill him but that was the *best* part. He licked his lips as he remembered all his near-death experiences at Illumi's hands and the resulting sensations. But nothing could surpass the one time that he really did almost die. Illumi had been so angry.

*It's always so good messing with him; he never disappoints.*

Hisoka wasn't even surprised that the other knew that he was in town. There was little that really did escape Illumi's notice. Most likely he'd just found out from Killua. And since those two were in York Shin together, that meant that it must be for some job.

*What a surprise...~*

From all that Illumi had told him in the past, (not to mention from what he'd witnessed personally in the way Killua reacted to his brother's presence) he could only imagine what it must have taken for Illumi to get Killua to come along.

His smirk widened as all sorts of scenarios came to mind and he had to stifle his laugh.

"Aww now I really want to know what he had to do...~" he muttered to himself, but then sighed realizing almost immediately that it was pointless to think that he'd ever find out. Whether he'd do it consciously or subconsciously, Illumi would opt to pretend as if Killua had come along willingly rather than admit to having bribed him or something.

Hisoka shook his head in disbelief, deciding not to concern himself with Illumi's presence in the city. It's not like it would hinder his job or anything.

Placing one hand on the cool glass of the large window in front of him, Hisoka looked down at the bustling city below. He couldn't help but laugh at the number of unexpected things that had already happened in the past two weeks to keep his life very interesting, just when he was beginning to feel like it was becoming terribly boring. "I wonder what's going to happen next? ~"

"Did you say something sir?"

Hisoka turned to the dining room where the maid was polishing the table and shook his head. He'd almost forgotten that she was still here. "No I didn't, don't let me interrupt you~"

The young woman gasped.
He's looking at me...

His golden eyes were on her and she felt frozen to the spot even though he was not focusing any malice on her. She blushed at his imposing presence, the handsome yet dangerous smile directed at her and the way her life seemed to hang by a thread just by being in the same room with him.

Everything about him spoke of danger and death.

So dangerous yet so beautiful...

Her breathing became shallow and her heartbeat quickened as she gripped the chamois cloth even tighter between her trembling hands. "O-ok..." she replied, turning away quickly to resume buffing the surface of the fine mahogany with renewed vigor.

Hisoka returned his gaze to the window, caressing the smooth glass with his thumb and observing the way the cityscape seemed to change slowly under the afternoon sun. He could feel it...some changes were definitely coming their way. And the undertone of danger lurking within only served to excite him. "I hope you're ready Gon-kun," he whispered as if Gon could hear him. "I know I am..."
A/N:

1) *Points dramatically* Hey maid, first you indirectly caused Gon to get punished in the last chapter (although he ended up liking it, but that's not the point here...), now you're ogling his bf? Get out of here D:

Alright, now that that's taken care of (sometimes my OCs write themselves, must be the lack of sleep lol) let's continue...
2) Ok so Killua's deductive skills had allowed him to figure out the full scope of the relationship between Gon and Hisoka but his denial made him discard the truth. Now he is determined to save his best friend from falling into (Hisoka's clutches) a fate that has already occurred. What could be his plan? Will it work? If only he knew that it is probably already too late to separate his friend from Hisoka… a lot has happened between them and once Hisoka finds something he likes he will not let it go. His leash is loose enough to give Gon quite a bit of freedom but the collar is still tightly secured around his neck…

3) Ohoho so the Ice Princess and the #1 Magician are in the same city together. Can this be good? =.=

4) Yeah and Killua doesn't know that the real Gotoh is dead:(

5) Now let's revel in the cuteness of Hisoka buying Gon treats at the pastry shop every morning and talking about him like those cute husbands that love their spouses XD Ahahaha the waitress revealed his secret... that stinker likes to play tough but he has such a soft spot for Gon ;3

Ah... it's past 5:00 AM right now but I really just wanted to finish this... okie I'm going to bed / fall into a coma. Review and share your thoughts! Thank you for reading :)
A/N: Um...yeah sorry this is late, I wasn't well over the weekend so I was slowed down considerably but I feel a little better now. Plus it took quite a while to do the research for this chapter, edit and re-edit (since it's so many words) thus I'm late with this update but I think you guys would be happy (I hope). I have written enough content for two big chapters and combined them into one chapter! Surprise! And before I present it to you, I just want to say thanks so much to all my readers, you beautiful people for the continued support, the comments and kudos so far XD

Chapter Summary: A two chapter special in one, you get the first section focusing on Hisoka messing with Gon and some fluff in their complicated relationship. And the bonus section is some Killua and Illumi interaction (poor Killua). Illumi tells Killua the reason why in the past he did not want him to be friends with Gon. What do you think it is?

Warning: None… except for Hisoka the Bishounen needing to wear some more clothes and Illumi being Illumi. Oh and some coarse language too. Illumi needs to wash out Killua's mouth with some soap for all that cursing :)

Disclaimer: All rights belong to Yoshihiro Togashi and not me. Togashi-san I am sure, would never torture Killua by doing what I'm about to do…

Words:

Aniki: Big Brother
Otouto: Little / Younger Brother
Jii-chan: Grandpa
Otousan: Father

[[text]]: I use this to mean sound. Like in chapter 15 when Gon was getting spanked and later when Hisoka's phone beeped or Chapter 16 when Killua was hitting Gon on his head. In this
Chapter Seventeen

NB: Night of day 9…

It was dark by the time Gon and Killua had left the café and headed back to their own residences. And as Gon walked home after spending most of the day with his friend, he couldn't help but sigh. It was great to see Killua again, but he felt emotionally drained – it had been a rather eventful day, culminating in his friend reacting terribly to the news of Hisoka's involvement in his life. Although not surprising, he didn't really expect for things to get this messy.

Considering that his life was an eventful tangle of unexpected happenings, he should not be surprised, but even he had to draw the line somewhere. Recently, with the number of things that have been happening to him, it was beginning to feel like he was inside some kind of weird story or something and separate from his own reality.

And now as he ambled along the paved street, the darkness too added to the weight upon his soul. It felt like a glove, closing in around his small body, cloaking, stifling and haunting him like the thoughts invading his mind.

*What should I do? What is the right thing to do?*

He kicked a pebble out of the way as he continued walking along the pavement on his way back to the condo, rubbing his head as if to clear those thoughts.

The lonely wind whispered through the buildings and Gon shivered, hugging himself in an effort to protect his body from the cold.

*It seems that Killua really doesn't like Hisoka…*

He sighed.

"Hopefully I'm doing the right thing," he muttered, looking up to see that he'd finally reached the impressive Condominium Complex that housed their unit.

Gon couldn't help but feel uncertain as he pondered what Killua had made him promise to do.

*I really don't want to spy on Hisoka.*

He paused in front of the elevator, hesitating momentarily before getting in. "But if I don't do it, I'll never know if there is any truth to what Killua was saying…"

*Arrgh!*—He raked unsteady fingers through his hair—*what am I saying? After all that Hisoka has told me, after all that we have shared together, I should not doubt him. I believe him…I know he likes me…*

*But…*

*But still…Killua looked so serious.*

He frowned.

Reaching into his pocket to grasp the key card, his hand brushed the sheet of paper that his friend had given him. What was so important at this address that Killua wanted him to see?
I guess I'm going to have to wait to find out…

Swiping the key card in the slot and opening the door, he immediately froze in the doorway.

What the hell?

On coming home, Gon really didn't expect to find Hisoka on the couch watching TV. The magician never did seem interested in the thing before but the problem wasn't in what Hisoka was doing but in what he was **wearing**.

**Does he think that he's an underwear model or something?**

**He has to be doing this intentionally.**

But despite knowing this, Gon couldn't help but stand in the doorway enraptured by the sight before him.

Hisoka was casually lounging on the sofa as if he hadn't a care in the world, wearing nothing but a pair of black silk boxers and no vest. Gon couldn't stop his eyes from taking in all that was apparently laid out for him to see – he couldn't help it – it was right **there** in front of him.

His throat was parched and he swallowed hard as his eyes followed the contours of the perfectly sculpted abdominal muscles, right down to where the garment was riding a little too low on the man's hips and his hands itched with the desire to run them along that perfect body. And those boxers... they were bordering on obscene with the way they seemed to want to come off his body on their own, revealing t—

Hisoka looked up at him then and Gon froze. **Oh my god…** His free hand grabbed his cheek, hot with the embarrassment of being caught in the act. **Did he notice?**

If Hisoka did notice, he didn't say anything, just continued to stare at Gon a moment longer until he asked, "Are you okay Gon? You're a bit red in the face~"

"Um...well…"

Gon's heart skipped a beat when he met those golden eyes and he found it hard to string together a coherent sentence. He averted his eyes.

Hisoka raised an eyebrow.

Gon sighed, feeling uncomfortable as he stood there in Hisoka's presence. **Why is it that just one look from him is enough to make me like this?**

"Y-yeah I'm okay..." His hand slipped from his face as he finally closed the door and walked toward the sofa where Hisoka was.

Apparently convinced that he really was okay, Hisoka looked back at the TV.

**Ah...this man...** Gon thought as he looked down at him. **How is he able to get under my skin all the time and make me so flustered?**

Hisoka turned his attention from the TV and shifted on the couch to face Gon, who was now standing closer to him. "So how was your day today? ~"

"It was good..." Gon paused, examining the smirk on Hisoka's face suspiciously. The man was
smirking as if waiting for him to remember something.

**Why is he smirkin—**

"Ah!"—Gon suddenly remembered—"what the heck were those text messages about?!"

Hisoka grinned mischievously; looking up at Gon's suddenly pissed off face. He grinned even wider. "Did you like them? ~"

"**Like them**? You almost made Killua catch me! I was so stressed out!"

"I wish I could have seen that..." Hisoka mumbled, disappointed that he had been unable to witness Gon's reaction. "And what do you mean by 'stressed'?!" He reached out to grab the hem of Gon's green graphic T-Shirt, tugging on it to pull him closer. "Like I'll believe you were stressed out by that...don't try to hide it my little apple-chan...I bet you were turned on weren't you? No need to lie to me~"

"Ah! W-what...w-hat a-are you..." Gon sputtered, blushing. "T-that is not the issue here..."

"Hmmm? It isn't?" Hisoka glanced at the television again, switching the station. **Damn, there seems to be nothing interesting on TV as usual—** "Issue...I believe that the 'issue' is that you are probably just embarrassed that you liked those rude messages and were so turned on by the fact that your friend could have caught on to your big secret. You were excited by the fear of discovery...thrilled by it~" He licked his lips.

Gon didn't respond and Hisoka wiggled his eyebrows up at him. "Come on, Gon"—the hand released his hem to smooth under the T-Shirt and over his bare torso—"I've taught you so much about your body already, did you think that I would not know how affected you were? Admit it; you're as much of an exhibitionist as I am. Not to mention a Masochist. Just come out of the closet already... ~"

"Wha—? No way! I'm not a pervert!"

"Pervert? Hmmm... call it whatever you want~"

Gon shuddered as the hand under his vest brushed his nipple and he looked down at Hisoka's smirking face. It was no use even trying to talk to him about this. **What am I worried about anyway? Killua still found out about him...**

"Besides...~" Hisoka continued, his hands moving to lift Gon's T-Shirt and vest slightly. He leaned forward and kissed the exposed bellybutton, pausing to look up mischievously into Gon's clouded eyes. "I was so bored here by myself waiting for the maid to finish cleaning up and decided to show you just how much I was missing you~" He grinned, his eyes bearing a wicked glint as he went back to kissing Gon's tummy.

Gon trembled, but tried not to let it affect him. "By sending explicit sex messages?!"

*I don't believe this...*

Hisoka looked up again. "Hey, different people have different ways of showing affection~"

Gon shook his head in defeat, but couldn't help smiling. Hisoka surely was something else.

"And let's see...I bet the shock woke you up too. Weren't you so tired that you could barely move this morning? Now look at you all lively...and stuff~"
"You could have just let me sleep and saved us both the trouble of your texts…"

"Why? Where's the fun in that? Oh and had I let you sleep, you wouldn't have found out what a quickie was— ~"

"Ah don't remind me!"

"What? You don't like quickies? ~"

"I-It's not that…"

"Well there you have it”—Hisoka's grin widened, the hands on Gon's hips moving to grip his butt cheeks—"a quickie has its time and place you know and the danger makes it feel so damn good...”—he pulled him closer—"Not to mention this morning the fear and excitement of the moment made you tighten up so wonderfully around my c— ~"

"Yahhhh! Hisoka!" Gon pulled away from him, his face practically scarlet.

Good god…

"What? ~" Hisoka seemed disappointed that Gon had moved away.

"Have you no shame?"

"No. Should I? ~"

"Normal people do."

"Well I don't, especially when your ass is involved…~"

Gon took one look at that fox-like grin and knew that Hisoka was messing with him and he'd fallen for it.

"Hey…where are you going? ~"

"To take a shower, I can't continue this conversation anymore…"

"Why? Are you as speechless as you were this morning while you were cumming and I had to— ~"

"Hisoka, do you ever stop?" Gon didn't even want to imagine what the rest of that sentence was; he just continued walking, trying not to let Hisoka's teasing words affect him.

Hisoka turned to watch him as he walked out of his view, slinging one arm over the outside back of the large couch. "Gon-kun...that ass looks great in those shorts you know... ~"

"Damn it Hisoka!"

"Mmmm…I hate to see you leave, but I love to see you go~"

"Just stop it with the corny pick-up lines!" Gon peeked out of the bedroom to shout one more time before disappearing again.

Sheesh…

He padded across the cold tiles of their bedroom floor to the bathroom, quickly shedding his clothes along the way until finally stepping under the cool spray of the shower.
Sighing as the water cascaded over him, Gon shook his wet hair, unable to fight the smile spreading across his face. Just thinking about Hisoka made him blush and he was more than happy that the water was cool enough to tame the rising heat in his body. Pressing his hands against the cold tiles he took a deep breath to steady himself. Sometimes, if not most times, Hisoka was definitely more than he could handle.

Outside in the living room, Hisoka grinned.

_Ah...Gon it is just too good to resist teasing you~_

XXX

Gon returned to see that Hisoka was still on the couch in front of TV. From where he stood he could hear the excited voices of what appeared to be two commentators. He became curious. _Is the programme that interesting?_

"What are you looking at?" Gon asked as he approached, joining him on the couch.

"Nothing really...~"

[[Commentator 1: ...what did you say?! You know, I don't agree with that statement. This is definitely something... how could it not be? I mean, we have three of the best in the world sitting right here! Who can possibly have the edge? What a riveting game!]]

"Bored?" Gon asked, watching the screen curiously and observing the set up. _A poker tournament?_

"Basically... _Quite_ bored to be exact – there's nothing else on~"

[[Commentator 1: What?! What could be more exciting than _this_ right now?!

Commentator 2: This, my friend is a tough call... at the moment the pot is at nine hundred thousand! Wow, what is he going to do?!

Commentator 1:...And he's all in! What a pot, the biggest in history! Is he going to—?

Commentator 2: Oh no...that's it, it's all over for him...almost two million lost in one hand—]]

"Really?!" Hisoka whispered disbelievingly at the television. _I mean, couldn't he see that he would have lost? ~_

Gon laughed at the expression on Hisoka's face; it was a mixture of disbelief and disgust. "Not everyone is as good at cards as you are..."

"It's too easy. All you need to do is learn the rules, and play the game~" Hisoka changed the station again, finally settling on one dedicated primarily to the local news. He put down the remote and turned to look at Gon sitting on the other end of the large sofa.

"You're too far away... ~" Hisoka reached out to gather him in his arms and Gon blushed as he cuddled against the smooth, bare chest.

A hard, exposed nipple poked him in the chin.

Gon blushed even hotter. It was distracting to say the least...

"W-want to put on a shirt?"
"How about no? ~" Hisoka smirked. "Having to actually wear clothes all day while the maid was here working was torture. And she took so long polishing that table too… that was punishment enough, don't you think? ~"

Gon started to laugh and Hisoka smiled at the sound even though he knew that Gon was laughing at him.

"Yeah…I believe you," Gon replied, his tone ripe with sarcasm. "I'm sure that was a whole lot of 'punishment' wasn't it Hisoka? I bet you were practically dying…" He laughed again, looking up to stick out his tongue at Hisoka who tried to pinch his cheeks, but missed when Gon shifted in time, laughing even more at him.

Grinning widely, Gon lifted up partially to poke at Hisoka's perfectly muscled chest. "I don't know what you're complaining about…you should keep this thing covered at all times. It's dangerous; you'd have probably given the maid a heart attack with just a glimpse of this body…"
Hisoka looked down at him and smirked suggestively. "Am I giving you a heart attack right now?"

Gon scoffed. "Ha! Me? I'm indestructible. I've seen this thing too many times to be affected anymore," he lied.

"Oh is that so… I must be quite boring to you then? ~"

"Yep!" Gon lied again, unable to curb the urge to throw a jab at Hisoka.

"Feeling rather lucky and chatty tonight aren't you? ~"

Seeing the mischievous look in his eyes Gon warned, "Whatever you're planning, don't even think about it Hisoka!"

"What?" Hisoka asked innocently, his grip tightening around him just a bit. "This…?! ~"

"Ah! No!" Gon moved to scramble away but it was too late, he couldn't help the forced laughter that was coaxed out of him.

"No! please…n-not that! Ah! hahahaha...ahhhahahahaha...!"

Hisoka was tickling him without mercy and Gon kept trying to get out of his grip but he held him tightly.

"Have mercy! Hahahahahaha….nooo...

"Mercy? What's that?" Hisoka smirked. "Give up yet? ~"

"Ahaahahaha…ah please!"

"I thought that you were all talk. Can't talk now? What's wrong? ~" Hisoka's grin was predatory as he continued torturing him with tickles.

"And since you like to talk so much, I'll give you something to say. I want to hear you say that you surrender, that you can't take it anymore and for me to stop…those are our safe words. Don't forget now… ~"

His grip loosened a bit and Gon pulled away, reaching for the safety of the other end of the couch and hoping desperately to escape but as he did, that exposed his feet which Hisoka grabbed, easily pulling him back towards him.

"No!" Gon threw one of the velvet throw pillows at him but that did nothing to stop Hisoka from starting to tickle his feet.

Gon's laughter echoed throughout the room and he gripped the inside arm of the couch harder, his fingers digging into the soft, brown suede. This is terrible! And I can't remember the safe words!

"Ah so you're even more ticklish here~"

"Ahaahahahaha! Noooo! P-pleaseeee!" Tears were pearling at the corners of his eyes. How did Hisoka know that he was extremely ticklish on the soles of his feet?

"What's the matter Gon-kun? Didn't you say that you were indestructible? You don't seem very indestructible right now though... As a matter of fact, you seem to have crumpled~"

"Ahaahahaha no! This...this is terrible! Hahaha..."
"But I thought that you liked to laugh? You were having so much fun just a minute ago when you were laughing at me~" Hisoka teased, pretending to be clueless. "Isn't this fun for you?"

"Aahahaha… noooooo…n-ot….not l-like this!" Gon gasped for air, unable to stop his laughter. He practically squealed, "Hisoka! Stopppppah!"

"Stopppppah?" Hisoka mocked him, not relenting one bit. "What is that? Those aren't the safe words~"

"Aahaha no Hisoka…noooooo…" Gon writhed, panting. "S-safe words? What is this? BDSM?!" His body wriggled involuntarily but Hisoka held on tightly.

"It is what it is Gon, but I won't release you until you say those words~"

"Aahahaha…It's…it's st-stop… I can't take it a-anymore, I surrender…I said stop…please!"

Hisoka stopped tickling him and smiled even wider, Gon had such a cute laugh that he couldn't resist. "I just love it when you laugh…and beg." He released him and Gon sprang away from him towards the far edge of the couch.

Gon panted, cradling his legs in an effort to prevent any further attacks. He looked at Hisoka accusingly. "You're such a sadist…"

"Only for you~" Hisoka teased, pulling him back into his arms and Gon did not resist, settling happily in the embrace.

"Oh, lucky me…"

"Was that sarcasm? ~"

"Maybe?"

"Hmmmm so you just love talking big huh? Seems like you want to laugh some more? ~"

Gon giggled. "Ah Hisoka, that wouldn't be necessa—"

Just then, the TV programme switched out to a breaking news report that was so distinctively urgent in tone that it caught Gon's attention.

[[— has been discovered in what appears to be yet another mysterious attack. Reports coming in to the station are still sketchy at this time. Our Yoko Hayashi is live on the scene and will give you the latest. We'll take you to her now. Yoko?]]

The camera was now focused on the reporter on location who was standing amidst a tangle of yellow tape.

Forgetting about the threat of being tickled again, Gon's focus shifted to the television.

"Wow… this is the fifth time, isn't it?"

[[…so here I am live at the scene of yet another murder, which would make it the fifth body that has been discovered under similar circumstances this week. Like all the previous bodies discovered this week, I am told that this one has also been drained of its blood. Police, still working on the investigation, are at a loss as to who is responsible for this heinous crime and the fact that this body too has had its b—"]]
"Awww...hey! I was watching that!" Gon tried to wrestle Hisoka for the remote but was overpowered quite easily.

"Why do you want to see that stuff?" Hisoka raised an eyebrow, lifting the remote high above his head, while holding Gon down with the other arm. "It's not like they're going to find out who did it anyway~"

"You never know! Maybe they will!" Gon still tried to reach up for the remote but his efforts were in vain.

"I doubt it. The person who is executing these crimes is most likely very powerful~"

Folding his arms and looking up at him, Gon asked, "How do you know that?"

"No reason...I can just tell; and can't you see? That's usually how it is..."

Gon pouted. "But I still wanted to know..."

Hisoka continued to look down at him, taking in his displeasure. He put down the remote. "Hey...~"

"What?" Gon met his searching gaze, still pouting.

"Enough about blood-draining murderers... I know just how to make you smile~"

Gon felt Hisoka's smooth words pour over him and he blushed as he was pulled closer again. He tried to hide his face but Hisoka tilted his chin up with one finger and kissed his nose. His blush brightened and spread all the way to his ears.

"You see, I bet you enjoy this much better than watching news reports... ~" He bent to kiss his neck.

"Ah Hisoka..." Gon could already feel his anger dissipating under the gentle kisses.

"Tell me,"—he kissed his neck softly again—"is there anything that's bothering you? ~" Hisoka trailed the length of his neck with the tip of his tongue, drawing back slightly to blow on the trail of moisture left behind. Gon shuddered visibly and he chuckled at how responsive he was. "You seemed to have been a bit down ever since you came home tonight... ~"

Hisoka lifted his head then to look into Gon's heavy-lidded eyes, admiring how they were now darkened to a much more intense, richer shade of brown, akin to that of honey.

Gon hesitated, averting his eyes. He was confused.

*How did Hisoka know that I was troubled about something?*

*Could it be that all his teasing tonight had been an attempt to cheer me up?*

He looked up to see Hisoka still looking at him with a profoundly discerning gaze as if waiting for him to say what was on his mind and for a moment Gon seriously considered asking him about his meeting with Illumi the next day.

The troubled feeling inside of him had been mounting ever since Killua had told him about that meeting and had only gotten worse as he was walking home. By telling Hisoka what was on his
mind he would be able to alleviate his fears but...

*Maybe I shouldn't.*

*I can't tell him about Killua's suspicions either. Most likely Killua is just over-thinking things. It would make no sense to bring it up now...*

"No Hisoka...there is nothing bothering me," he lied, adding, "I was just feeling a little tired." At least that part was true. He really was emotionally tired.

Hisoka hugged him tighter, his fingertips doing small circles on his back. He didn't say a word, but surprisingly that small gesture made Gon feel much better than any words could have. It was as if subconsciously Hisoka was telling him that he would be there for him no matter what was troubling him.

He snuggled against Hisoka's chest, listening to the beating of his heart. That sound - it was deep, beautiful...and as he always did, Gon entertained the thought that Hisoka's heart was beating like this just for him and the simple thought made his own heartbeat quicken in response.

Gon sighed happily and a small smile graced his lips; there was no doubt that they'd have to face many obstacles in the future but in these arms he felt protected, loved and happy. For as long as he could remember, Mito-san's arms were the only ones he'd ever felt safe and content within.

They were all that he needed.

Back then, to him, even without the love of his father, nothing had been missing from his life. Nothing...until recently when Hisoka decided to suddenly *make* himself a part of that life. Now he couldn't imagine going back to the way things were without the quirky magician to come home to. This was so unexpected, these feelings...everything. What would be the consequence for such happiness? What price would he have to pay? Whatever it was, he was more than ready to face anything that came their way, as long as Hisoka was here with him.

Gon shifted to look up at the man whose strong arms surrounded him and Hisoka bent to take his lips in a slow, passionate kiss. As the kiss deepened and his tongue ventured boldly into Hisoka's mouth to taste more of him, he moaned.

*He tastes just like strawberry bubblegum* Gon thought idly, his tense muscles relaxing.

The din of the television became background noise and the coolness of the room that surrounded them was ignored as Gon felt his fears evaporate along with his control.

Hisoka broke their kiss to look down into his eyes. "Ready to talk to me now? ~" he whispered and bent to place small kisses on his full bottom lip and all along his jaw before meeting his lips again.

Gon shivered as he leaned even closer to Hisoka. These slow kisses always made him lose himself.

Hisoka released his lips, looking down at him with intense, hypnotic eyes. "So...how was your day spent?" he asked, bringing one hand to brush aside a wispy strand of hair from Gon's forehead.

Gon became entranced by that intense, golden gaze and his heart was beating so fast that he was beginning to wonder if he was okay. It seemed as if the more time he spent in Hisoka's presence, the less he could control his reactions to him. He couldn't help it. And he realized that there was no use in trying to fight it - the moment he met Hisoka's eyes his heart beat in a crescendo for him; only for him.
And that's when something became clear to Gon; there really was no doubt in his mind about how he felt anymore.

*I think I like you a lot,* he thought, unable to voice the words.

His cheeks reddened with the thought but instead of telling Hisoka how he felt, Gon chose to respond to his earlier question. "My day...my day was,"—he shook his head—"no, my day *is* great now Hisoka..."

XXX

At that same time, in the three bedroom YorkShin City apartment he shared with Illumi, Killua was sitting on the couch in their living room staring unseeingly at the television. Whatever the News Anchor was talking about in that Breaking News Report was of no importance to him when his mind was too busy trying to process what had happened that day. The day had started out so good with seeing Gon again and then Gon had almost given him a heart attack when he'd said that...

"That's not going to change how I feel you know..."

*How he feels?*

*But...that man...why...?*

*I really am not fucking dreaming...what the fuck was that about?! Of all people...*

He growled.

*Of all people...*

Killua's brow furrowed and his fists clenched the soft leather of the couch as his mind felt as if it was in the middle of a meltdown, unable to decide whether he wanted to cry or rage.

He wanted to do both but settled on the latter.

*Gon... my best friend with that no-good, lying piece of fucked up sh—!*

Suddenly, his senses became alerted when a spot close to him – too close – indented with the weight of someone sitting down.

"Kil..."

"What do you want?" he asked moodily.

"..."

From the corner of his eye he could see Illumi lean back, one long leg crossing casually over the other as he reclined. *Urgh, no matter how mean I am to him he just won't go away!*

"Killu..." he tried again. "You seem to be in a very...*sour* mood tonight."

"You think?!"

"Now, now..." Illumi said and Killua felt *that* hand on his chin as his aniki tried to turn his head to inspect his expression. He pulled his face out of his brother's grip and put some more distance between them on the couch.
He was *not* in the mood for any deep, analyzing gazes tonight.

Unfortunately, Illumi did not take the hint and closed the space between them by moving around on the couch to sit even closer to him than before. "Why are you in a bad mood tonight?"

Killua rolled his eyes. "What is it to you?"

"Well…you're sort of ruining our couch…"

Killua looked down to see that his now razor-sharp nails had already easily dug their way deep into the cushion he was gripping, to reveal the wool batting beneath the smooth black leather.

He removed his hand.

"I really like this couch you know…" Illumi's eyes were focused on the deep tear across the beautiful, supple – previously unmarred – leather. He frowned.

"Whatever."

*Like I could care less about what he does or doesn't like.*

"Killua."

The hairs on the back of Killua's neck prickled as the air in the room became chilly all of a sudden. *Ok…now when he says it in that tone…*

Illumi continued, "I won't say it again. What is the matter?"

Killua sighed. "It's that trash clown of a friend you insist on keeping company with."

"Who? Hisoka?"

Killua didn't respond, just kept his face straight and eyes focused on the TV as if he was actually watching it.

He stewed as he thought, *What other trash clown is there? And you're asking as if you have other friends…*

He didn't dare say those thoughts aloud though.

"Did he do something to you?"

There was a hint of protective possessiveness in Illumi's voice and Killua groaned in annoyance. *Why does he have to be all possessive over me?*

*Illumi could have chosen Kalluto to go all creepy-bro on…nobody would have cared.* He sighed again.

"It's Gon…Hisoka's travelling with him." Killua could feel his blood boiling once more just thinking of the situation his friend had gotten himself into.

"And what's the problem with that?"

Killua couldn't believe that Illumi had actually just asked him that. He turned to him for the first time since he'd come to sit on the sofa and quickly turned away again when he realized how close
his aniki’s face was.

Ah...those eyes...

Killua could never get used to them; especially up close and was suddenly struck by the desire to get as far away as possible from him.

Unfortunately, there was no more space left to allow him to move away again on the couch. He was jammed right up to the inside arm of the sofa.

*Maybe I should sit on the floor.*

Killua growled. "You're actually asking *me* what the problem with that situation is? The problem? Isn't it obvious?!" he asked incredulously. *How could he even ask?*

"I see…"

Killua was upset that Illumi most likely didn't really 'see' the problem in this situation. "You don't really see the problem do you?" He asked knowingly.

Illumi was at a loss. "Well, no…"

"Of course you don't! Because he's your friend! But that man …wherever he goes, he brings bad news…he *is* bad news and I don't want him influencing Gon!"

"Hmmm…"

Killua wasn't done with his rant yet. "And he is so perverted; I can just imagine what he will try to do to Gon if he gets the chance! Oh my god just thinking of it just makes me want to—!

"Killua. The couch."

Killua looked down again to see that he had ripped through another section of the couch this time. "Arrrrrrrrrrgh!" he shouted, retracting his hand. "Screw this fucking couch! Screw it to hell! !"

"I see that you're very angry…"

"No shit Sherlock!"

Illumi looked at him with a completely confused expression. 'Sherlock'?

*What? Why is he talking about fictitious detectives?*

*This must be serious…*

"Kil…this isn't really about Hisoka, is it?"

"What?! Of course it is about that perverted shotacon predator son of a whoring bit—!

"Killua."

He paused in his tirade immediately and gritted his teeth. Although Illumi no longer held him under his control with the needle, there were times that by just using a particular tone of voice and his first name, Killua would immediately freeze. He pouted. He did not like that at all.

"As I was saying, I can see that this is not about Hisoka at all…"
"Huh?"

"You're too close to Gon and I don't like that."

*Like I could give a shit about what you like.*

Killua looked away stubbornly. "I don't see a problem."

"Well I do."

"You have no authority to say who I can get close to or not," Killua complained. "You can't control me anymore and you know that."

Illumi smirked, knowing that he very well could, if he really did try. But to him, there was no fun in that anymore. "It's not about that Kil."

"Then what is it? Why do you care about what I do?" He asked whilst trying not to notice the arm that was now resting casually behind his head on the back of the couch.

"But why shouldn't I care, Killu?"

Killua's throat was suddenly dry and he swallowed hard to alleviate the uncomfortable feeling. There was something about Illumi's tone that was incredibly disconcerting.

*Wait... And why does his voice sound a lot closer?*

Curiosity egged at his consciousness but Killua didn't dare look to his left to find out if Illumi had actually moved closer to him.

Illumi continued, almost in a whisper, "I've always cared about everything you do Kil."

*I'll pretend like I did not just hear that.* Coming from someone else, like maybe Gon, that would have sounded like a very motivating statement, to know that his friend has always been interested in everything that he did, but coming from Illumi...

Now his throat was not only dry, but uncomfortably tight.

"There's no need for you to care at all," he croaked.

*Please don't.*

"I'll still do it regardless." The hand close to his head was now playing absently with the ends of his hair and Killua shuddered.

He sighed once more, not even surprised that he was sighing a lot that night. A lot had happened after all.

Illumi spoke up again. "Because you see Killua, the friendship that you share with Gon, the fact that you're so close to him...it's dangerous."

Killua resisted the urge to turn to look at his aniki.

*How the heck is my friendship with Gon dangerous?!*

Seeing the way that Killua was frowning (from the part of his face that he was able to observe), Illumi added, "It's dangerous for people like us."
Now Killua was very intrigued. What could Illumi be talking about? He did not ask though, for he had no intention of showing Illumi that he was actually interested in anything that he had to say.

Despite this, Killua did not have to outwardly show his interest in the conversation because Illumi instinctively knew that he had gained his attention. He'd known Killua all his life after all. "Now Kil, what is the one emotion that you think assassins may crave the most?"

Killua hesitated momentarily. Where exactly is Illumi going with this? he wondered, but responded nonetheless, "Love."

"Correct. Do you love Gon?"

"Of course, he is my best friend," Killua responded without hesitation.

"How do you know you're not in love with him?"

"What?!"

"You don't know the difference do you?"

"I..."

"You see, people like us, ones who were born and bred in darkness – who walk in the dark always – usually find it hard to separate romantic love from the love shared between close friends; especially when we first experience it. So when we find someone who we trust enough to call a friend and that friend becomes important to us, it can create a series of undesirable events. With all things considered, that person we find can be as pure as light or possibly a soul as dark and tainted as we are but the fact that they accept us enough and stick around creates a lot of joy whether we want to admit it or not."

Killua scoffed. "And what's wrong with being happy?"

"I guess that nothing is wrong with it for other people. But with that blooming of emotion in our heart, we who are puppets of darkness without passion...we receive a taste of something that is usually forbidden to us, a sweet taste of happiness, peace, contentment, normalcy and the joy of knowing that there exists this one person that accepts us for who we are."

Killua really couldn't help but look at Illumi again since that was exactly how he felt about Gon. How did Illumi know this so well? He'd never really heard his brother speak like this. He sounded so serious and that look in his eyes made him wonder if his nii-san had experienced what he was speaking of before.

There was a hint of sadness in Illumi's eyes as he went on, "Pleasure...for people like us is when someone dies. But friendship makes us feel pleasure too and we can easily confuse it for something more."

He paused as if remembering something. Placing a finger on his own chin in thought Illumi added, "That is why I told you in the Hunters' Exam that I didn't want you to become friends with Gon; the truth is that I didn't want you to get too close to him and experience the pain that would come when you confuse friendship with romantic love – especially when the other person doesn't feel the same."

Illumi looked down at Killua who appeared to be too speechless to respond so he continued, "And that is why I told you that if you become friends with Gon, you'll end up wanting to kill him one day. Have you ever wondered why I had said that?"
Killua turned away from his searching gaze. "I just assumed that you were being a jerk," he replied moodily. "As usual."

"Really? Oh well you were wrong, the answer is that I said it because I knew how you would react when you are rejected. You would kill your best friend in a rage after falling in love with him and having that love unrequited. And it would be then in the midst of the pain of killing your only friend and the pain of his rejection that you will crumble and understand why we were never allowed the luxuries of normal people: friendship and emotional attachment to others. I knew that this would happen to my otouto one day and I tried to stop it."

"What? That is absurd. I have known Gon for this long and it has not happened to me."

"Maybe because you're not in love with him yet. But who knows? Maybe after your reunion and spending more time together you would have started thinking that you were in love. And then, maybe you'd have confessed to him and he'd have turned you down saying that he thought of you as only a friend. What would you have done then? Who'd have known how you would have reacted? It's that blind rage that I was concerned about. Maybe you would have been so depressed that your assassin side would have taken over without your knowledge..."

Killua gritted his teeth. "You don't know that. This is all speculation."

"Yes it is speculation, but would you prefer to hurt Gon? Now that I think about it, had Hisoka not come along, we might have had to deal with a very messy situation in a few years if not sooner. Maybe you should be thankful to him instead of so upset. He saved you from falling in love with someone who may continue looking at you as only a friend."

"Don't you dare say that I should be thankful to that bastard clown." Killua said through clenched teeth. "And what do you know anyway? You tell me all this stuff about mistaking friendship for romantic love, blah blah falling in love with my friend and wanting to kill him and all that crap when you're practically a fucking robot. What would you know about confusing friendship and love? I doubt you even know what love is!"

When his aniki didn't respond immediately, Killua huffed in annoyance, taking a deep breath and meeting Illumi's abysmal black eyes directly as if challenging him to disagree.

Illumi actually looked away from his icy blue glare. "Just because I'm like this...doesn't mean I am devoid of emotions."

Turning back to meet Killua's disbelieving look, he continued, "There is a lot that I know, Kil. Have you ever stopped to wonder why I know so much about this? Or why I would have fervently discouraged you from getting too close to your friend? There is only so much that jii-chan and otousan could have taught me you know." He sighed.

For a moment Illumi wondered if to continue but when he looked over to see that he now had Killua's ardent attention, he decided to go on.

"At one point I was like you, overwhelmed by this friendship thing that I had found but in my case I fell for my friend and well...after some stuff happened, I was eventually hurt when I realized that he did not feel the same way. To him it was just an exciting bonus to our friendship but to me it was much more. Of course I'm over it now but back then I had confused my feelings for him for romantic love. And maybe he took advantage of it at the time...he certainly didn't try to refuse anything."

"Is he dead?"
Illumi looked up puzzled. "Why would he be dead?"

"Well, you did say that after experiencing something like that I would want to kill Gon and then crumble under the guilt of having killed my friend, only to understand why we were never allowed friendship and emotions. So assuming that you did experience such a situation and have obviously come to the conclusion of 'why we were never allowed friendship and emotional attachment', I can only imagine that the bastard who was your friend is long dead. Right?"

"No...I didn't kill him. Almost did…that one time when I was very angry and didn't hold back, but he's still very much alive and a bastard still. Now that I think about it, he must have enjoyed that near-death experience."

"Why didn't you finish him?!" Killua couldn't imagine his brother actually sparing someone – especially since this guy sounded like quite a jerk.

"It would have been a waste, although sometimes I wish I did kill him when I had the chance." A brief look of regret flitted across Illumi's usually blank features but was gone so quickly that Killua thought that he'd imagined it. "He sometimes comes in handy for jobs when I need someone strong so killing him would have been bad for my business." Illumi laughed and Killua observed him momentarily.

_Could it be that this friend he speaks of is..._

"Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that friendship and love are completely different. Now I know how to tell them apart. And since you're still young and inexperienced you need to practice more caution. You see Kil, we may be mostly denied that emotion, but I know that true love is being willing to die for that person, to sacrifice everything for the one you love – even if others judge that love as wrong...even if they look down on what you feel."

The explanation sounded believable enough but Killua was not buying it. He just did not, _could not_ trust Illumi. "How would you of all people know about love?"

Illumi smiled as he continued to stare straight ahead, his expression softening. "Because I have experienced that feeling and for years I've been very patient, just standing on the sidelines. I have even been in denial and I know what it's like to be unable to act out those emotions buried deep inside. To be comforted only by the fact that all I can do is everything in my power to protect him and should the time come that he rejects, scorns and refuses to see me, I am content to just live on in his heart forever."

Now Killua was extremely curious.

_Sounds like forbidden love..._

He didn't know why he cared but he had to ask. The possibility of an honest answer seemed terribly unlikely but since he'd caught Illumi in a talkative mood, this was the best time to try. "Who are you in love with Illu-nii?"

"Hmmm? Do you really want to know?" Illumi asked but received no answer.

The reason for Killua's silence wasn't that he was intentionally ignoring him, but simply that he just _couldn't_ respond. He'd made the mistake of making eye contact with Illumi and his response was literally stuck in his throat as those intense, black eyes were suddenly turned on him. Killua was entranced, consumed by the helplessness of being pulled into their depths, deeper, deeper...his body seeming to move on its own without his knowledge until...
"Why is Illu-nii's face so close?!"

He gasped as the hand at the back of his head closed over his shoulder and Illumi's other hand touched the side of his face gently. The touch was so soft, so gentle, so unlike Illumi that Killua was caught off-guard and his thoughts became all jumbled up.

**Move!**

In the fog that surrounded his consciousness, Killua could have sworn that he heard his own voice shouting at him to move, but he couldn't think clearly enough to command his body to react.

Frozen, he felt like a spectator in his own body, unable to do anything other than look on with a sense of great foreboding. He closed his eyes, hoping that if he did so, this would all turn out to be a dream...a really bad one.

"Kil...I don't know why you always assume that I want to hurt you. Even now, you're so tense," Illumi whispered, studying his face. His thumb on Killua's cheek strayed to the full bottom lip below and as he curiously traced its width, a bright red blush stained both cheeks.

Illumi smiled as if satisfied by this reaction, bending as if about to kiss his lips but stopping when his lips brushed Killua's. At first Killua flinched at the unfamiliar contact but Illumi persisted, holding that position for one long, suspenseful moment as if wondering whether or not to complete the act.

Killua literally felt him smirk before his aniki's lips claimed his in bold, close-mouthed kiss. Killua's eyes flew open and he would have gasped if he could have – if Illumi's lips weren't covering his own.

Illumi's lips lingered and he moaned as if savoring the moment, as if he'd been waiting to kiss him like this for a long time...as if right now he was doing everything in his power to hold back, to keep it chaste despite knowing that there may never be another opportunity to repeat this moment.

Killua felt boneless, the thought of fighting back not even crossing his mind. He was unsure if it was fear or shock that made him remain still, but even so, every nerve ending was attuned – stimulated by what was taking place against his lips. And just when Killua thought that Illumi was going to deepen the kiss, he released his hold on him, moving to kiss his cheek instead.

His cheeks were flushed so brightly and Killua felt as if he was on fire.

Illumi studied Killua's still form momentarily, his free hand moving to brush aside his hair. "My dear otouto..." he said lovingly as if speaking to a rare, treasured doll, "You blush so beautifully. How long shall you make me wait?"

On hearing Illumi speak, Killua felt himself finally coming to his senses. That voice, it was the bucket of iced water to his face that he needed.

Realization of what had just taken place flooded his awareness and feeling as if he could control his body once more, Killua jumped up, bumping into his aniki.

Illumi was that close.

He looked away. "I...I'm feeling tired all of a sudden...I'll see you tomorrow nii-san..." Killua said awkwardly, backing away slowly. And with that, he ran off, leaving Illumi alone on the couch staring after him.
"Hmmm...I think I scared him off," Illumi pondered aloud, making a mental note of Killua's reaction. "I'll have to be a little more subtle next time..."

Switching his gaze to the couch, he observed the deep cuts in the smooth leather. "Ah...seems like I'll have to get this fixed..."

XXX

Killua panted as he leaned against the solid oak panel of his bedroom door, his cheeks flushed.

Why...

W-why am I breathless?

He put a hand to his chest to find that his heart was beating rapidly too. What th—

Okay Killua...take a deep breath, it's not the end of the world...

Arrrgh it is! What the fuck is happening to me?!

Killua felt himself starting to panic as he continued to lean on the door in order to steady himself. His knees were so weak that he was convinced that if his back wasn't against that door, he'd be unable to stand on his own.

It just doesn't make sense, w-what in heaven's name was that just now? Illumi must have done something to me to make me unable to fight back! Don't tell me there's...

He started frantically searching his hair where Illumi had been touching him, then his shoulder and cheek before pausing in confusion. He frowned as if unhappy with his discovery, or more accurately – lack of a discovery.

What?

His heart continued to beat faster.

There's no needle.

So why did I react...?

Killua had thought that the only way to explain why he'd been frozen before Illumi a moment ago was that his aniki had planted one of his needles in him while he was unaware in order to inhibit his movement and force him into submission so that he could control him.

But now that he'd found none, he had no idea how to explain his inability to put some distance between them, to get away sooner.

He touched his lips as if he could still feel the insistent pressure of Illumi's against his own.

His lips were so soft.

The colour on Killua's cheeks bloomed even brighter and his fingers traced the same path that Illumi's thumb had taken only moments ago. His lips still tingled and he sighed before coming to his senses.

What the fuck?!
Why the hell am I acting like a maiden that just had her first kiss?!

Well... it was my first kiss...

Arrrrrrgh! What the hell am I thinking?! That asshole stole my first kiss!

...and now I must have lost my mind.

That's right, I'm fucking delusional and Illumi is enjoying every minute he could spare to mess with me.

Why does Illu-nii like to torture me so much? He's probably laughing right now. Just my fucking luck, I bet he thinks it is funny to scare me like this. And I bet he was just using that opportunity to demonstrate how much power he has over me.

Killua gritted his teeth. "Fucking jerk. Whatever. He's unimportant. I can't think about him, can't let him see that his intention to stress me out – that his games – are working. I...I need to focus on helping Gon. I should be thinking about how to get him away from Hisoka before it's too late."

He walked toward his bed, his mind focused on not thinking about Illumi but he couldn't help it, especially after what had just happened. Stopping suddenly, he brought cold palms to press against his hot cheeks. Illumi had always messed with him in the past; being the usual creepy brother just to piss him off but he'd never done something like this.

Confused, Killua whispered to himself, "Why...why would Illu-nii kiss me...?"
A/N:

Hisoka you...
Illumi what did you...

*Looks away briefly* Give me a moment to catch myself... hmmm...

Ok I'm good now.

I couldn't resist showing Gon and Hisoka's home life. And Gon is realizing just how deep his feelings for Hisoka are! The poor boy is in love lol so cute (≧∇≦) ^o^

Haha ha and did you guys notice how the commentator seemed to be responding to Hisoka? LOL breaking that fourth wall :P

Now for the serious stuff:

1) Ooooh so much stuff happening! What's going to happen next? Tomorrow is the day Hisoka meets Illumi! What did Killua want Gon to see? Will he be discovered? Should he trust Hisoka…?

2) Now, before anyone says it - no, Hisoka is not the murderer on the Breaking News report lol he had an alibi, he was stuck at home bored as heck and sexting Gon lol.

3) And finally...Illumi being Illumi lol. He actually did it! What was that Killua was saying in the previous chapter about not having to worry about Illumi molesting him? He should stop worrying so much about Gon and start worrying about himself (first of all, keep his door locked lol). But as usual he'll just avoid facing the truth. He's convinced that Illumi is just playing games, messing with him but to me Illumi seems pretty darn serious =.=

4) And ooooh can anyone guess who Illumi's lover / friend with benefits was? LOL

Hahaha and Hisoka the underwear model for president lol ok review and share your thoughts! ^.^/

P.S.: The art for this chapter was done by Kamechu from tumblr!
A/N: Thanks for all the kudos so far! The support really helps XD

This is quite the chapter, I hope you're ready for it! I was asked to show what happens with them in the shower and I did lol so there's a bit of everything here: steamy sex, humor, fluff & angst...

This was a lot of work. These big chapters kill me but I couldn't help it, I love writing about these two! And being this big, (about 30 pages long) it's taken quite some time to edit etc. Plus I think I'm getting the flu. Anyway, save this for when you have time to sit back and read :)

**Warning:** I realized that I write my best lemons when I was not intending to do one. This chapter has two... And they are even more detailed than the others I've written so far. Must be the heat (it's 91F right now)...so this chapter is **Rated MM** for graphic depictions of sexxxxxx... *Fanning* is it really hot today, or is it just me? You have been warned.

**Chapter Summary:** The day of Hisoka's meeting with Illumi arrives and Gon, having realized how he feels about Hisoka, continues to try to avoid being hurt by keeping these feelings a secret from him. But Hisoka senses that Gon is hiding something and employs his own methods of finding out. Did he go too far? Will he lose Gon because of this?

**Disclaimer:** I...do not own this. Only the plot.

**Reference** is made to episodes 30 & 31 of 1999 Hunter x Hunter where Illumi tried to kill Gon twice. Once in (supposed) jest to demotivate Killua and the second time seriously.

Chapter Eighteen

NB.: Day 10...

Gon stretched out his body, feeling well-rested and relaxed. He burrowed himself deeper into the thick, warm duvet and cracked open one eye.

_Hmmm?

It was strange; from the way the sunlight filtered through the cracks in the heavy drapes with an intensity disparate to dawn, he could tell that it was at least late morning.

Hisoka – for once – did not wake him up and with the absence of alarm clocks sounding off or heavy drapes being pulled aside rudely to let the harsh sunlight pour in on his face, Gon had been able to sleep a little longer.

"Mm..."

He yawned and hugged the plump, quilted pillow in his arms tighter, feeling incredibly happy for the extra shut-eye.

Yes, it was strange indeed, as the last he had seen of Hisoka – and the last thing he remembered –
was when he had fallen asleep in his arms as they'd lain on the couch the night before.

*Hisoka must have carried me here last night.*

Gon buried his face into the soft cotton pillow, blushing at the thought.

Suddenly, there was movement to his right and Gon tensed up immediately but then relaxed when he realized that Hisoka was still in the bed with him.

Reclining against the textured grey and blue pillows, Hisoka turned to look down at the messy, spiky hair next to him that represented Gon and smiled. Reaching into the thick bundle of the paisley-patterned, pewter grey duvet encasing the young man, he groped around until he found him.

Gon felt himself being pulled closer as an arm came to drape lazily over his waist.

"Awake yet Mr. Late Sleeper?"

Rolling over and opening heavy eyelids to look up at Hisoka, Gon smiled at the familiar nickname. Pausing momentarily, he realized that this was the first time that Hisoka had stayed in bed long enough for him to see his morning face.

Gon's smile became a mischievous grin as he took in Hisoka's appearance, from the smooth, slightly flushed pale skin to the hair tousled from sleep.

His hands itched with the desire to run them through that messy hair and he did just that, reaching up and pushing Hisoka's hair back from his face. "Your hair's getting a bit long," he mused absently, enjoying the feel of the soft, silky strands under his palm.

Hisoka did not protest to his caress but simply returned his smile. "Do you like my hair like this?" he asked and Gon, without thinking responded, "I like everything about yo—"

Putting a hand over his mouth to stop himself, Gon turned to scoot away from Hisoka.

*Oh shit...I can't believe I almost—*

Before Gon could retreat completely, Hisoka grabbed the hand that had been playing in his hair and pulled him back. He examined the bright blush on his face and asked, "Gon…what did you say? ~"

*Was he going to say that he likes everything about me? ~*

Hisoka did not know why, but the thought of Gon admitting this made him happy.

Gon could not look away from the intense gaze currently focused on him, but he also could not tell Hisoka what he was feeling.

He was not ready.

"I…uh…" He swallowed hard, examining the expectant look on Hisoka's face.

*Why is Hisoka watching me like that?*

*I'm sure he just wants to laugh as soon as I tell him.*

*I can't let him know.*
"I was going to say that I like everything about...your hair."

Gon looked away as soon as the words tumbled from his lips, now embarrassed by his lie.

*Why does lying to him make me feel so foolish?*

Hisoka frowned, releasing his arm; he did not want to admit it, but he was disappointed.

Wanting to change the subject and alleviate the awkward silence that had descended upon them, Gon asked suddenly, "So...you let me sleep late?"

Hisoka regarded him for a moment before replying, "There was no reason to wake you up. You had gotten very little sleep the night before so I decided to just allow you to sleep in~"

Gon couldn't help but be touched by the fact that underneath Hisoka's words he could feel the gravity of his feelings for him through the interest in his well-being.

*Hisoka...*

Once again, as their eyes met and his heartbeats became more and more erratic, Gon was almost overcome by the desire to tell Hisoka how much he liked him but he suppressed it, asking instead, "So...you've got nothing pressing to do today?"

Hisoka thought for a moment. *I don't think my meeting with Illumi qualifies as something 'pressing'...*

He smiled, "No... and if you like, I can take you out for breakfast – you must be hungry~"

"I'm not hungry Hisoka but there is something I want to do..."

Gon smiled sadly. *I can't tell you how much I like you, but I can show you...*

"Oh really? ~" Hisoka held his breath while his unwavering golden eyes maintained their focus on Gon's face.

*Something he wants to do? ~*

Gon couldn't be implying what he thought he was...right?

It would be an understatement to say that Hisoka was surprised when Gon sat up, hand moving under the paisley-patterned duvet to trace a curious path down the hard line of his abs.

Gon's observation was bold and undeterred and he maintained eye contact, continuing his slow caress all the way down to the waistband of Hisoka's silk boxers.

"You're actually wearing clothes in bed..." Gon mumbled, confused as if it was the most unusual thing in the world.

Hisoka smirked as he examined Gon's expression. *Yes Gon, I'm actually wearing something~*

But he was not going to let that get in the way of whatever it was that Gon was planning to do. "I can easily solve that problem you know~"

"No...don't." Gon swatted Hisoka's hand away as the man moved to remove his boxers. "I'll do it," he added in explanation when he saw the puzzled look on Hisoka's face.
Feeling the small hands grip his waistband, Hisoka watched the spiky hair disappear under the duvet as Gon slowly eased the boxers down past his hips and thighs.

When Gon reappeared again, he held them in one hand, a victorious smile on his face. Hisoka chuckled as Gon tossed his boxers off the side of the bed, smiling at the eager expression on the young man's face that betrayed his impatience to get started.

Hisoka pondered at that excited look in Gon's eyes for a while, wondering momentarily about what could have possibly gotten into his Apple-chan to make him so horny. From what he'd experienced in the recent past, he'd come to the conclusion and accepted the fact that his Gon wasn't a morning person but apparently, that was not to be the case on this particular morning.

Instead he was faced with this daring and sexually excited young man whose desire was to please him and he was at a loss for words. It was as if all the blood that normally would have assisted in his cognitive functions deserted his brain, leaving to make his cock instantly rock hard.

*Maybe I should let him sleep later more often*~ Hisoka thought idly, remaining still as if worried that by moving Gon might suddenly change his mind.

With rapt attention, Hisoka watched as Gon lowered his head to cover his chest with small, innocent kisses, eventually moving to take a hardened nipple between his lips.

*Gon*

That tongue lapped continuously at his nipple, and without biting down, Gon proceeded to gently tease the sensitive skin until it was even harder from his ministrations.

"Mmmmm~" Hisoka moaned, enjoying the gentle but stimulating touch as Gon switched to the other nipple to pay some attention to it, slowly, deliberately taking his time.

"Oh...Gon-kun~"

Honey-coloured eyes looked up to meet his own and Gon asked, a bit uncertain, "Do you like what I'm doing Hisoka?"

Hisoka smiled down at him, his hand shifting to push away the hair that had fallen in Gon's face. "You're doing very well Gon. Continue~"

Reassured, Gon pushed aside the thick duvet completely to focus on his task once more, one hand coming up to pinch Hisoka's nipple as he continued kissing a slow path down his muscular torso. He paused before he could reach the navel though, looking down to see that the swollen head of Hisoka's erect cock was no more than an inch away.

He hesitated briefly, unsure eyes meeting Hisoka's.

Hisoka smiled encouragingly at him and Gon blushed, backing up on the bed to gain some more space to work.

Reaching forward, Gon touched Hisoka's navel, continuing to trace the path from where his kisses had ended, fingertips curiously running alongside the erection but not touching it.

"Mmmm~" Hisoka moaned, but it was a moan of frustration and slight impatience at Gon's blatant teasing and Gon looked up at him and stuck out his tongue.

"Oh? ~" He raised an eyebrow at him but Gon just went back to what he was doing, continuing
with his tortuously slow, unhurried teasing.

*Ok, that's fine...I'll let you have your fun for now... ~*

Gon's fingertip smoothed over the clean-shaven skin at the base of Hisoka's thick erection before finally moving to grip the tumescent phallus. His hand slowly pumped the impressive, hard length – eyes focused on the smooth, unblemished yet reddened skin and the swollen, purplish head until he was rewarded with a tiny pearl of pre-cum at the tip.

He bent his head and stuck out his tongue to lap at that glistening drop and his senses were overcome by the slightly salty taste.

It was not unpleasant, just different and Gon persisted, because this was something he wanted to do for Hisoka. If this was to be a demonstration of his feelings like he had intended, then he'd put everything he had into doing it.

Gon's tongue circled the swollen, oversensitive head a few times, before moving to dip into the slit at the top. He felt the smooth, subtle jerking of Hisoka's hips, heard the sudden intake of breath and he repeated the action, this time wiggling his tongue in the opening.

Hisoka hissed sharply through clenched teeth and Gon smiled, knowing that he'd caught him off-guard. He snorted in a poor effort to control his laughter and when he looked up at Hisoka's face once more, he saw the man frowning at him.

Hisoka's hooded eyes were drawn from the hazel eyes brazenly holding his stare to the pink tongue extending to circle the head of his erect cock once more.

The wet tongue slowly continued to make its circles; occasionally swiping back and forth to take in the pre-cum that now flowed freely from the small opening.

He moaned, his arousal mounting as his eyes remained focused on Gon's wet tongue, at the saliva mixing with his pre-cum, dribbling down to lubricate the fingers that were slowly...steadily pumping the rest of his length.

And Hisoka found it hard to look away from what was happening before him.

Gon's lips were wet and parted, heavy breaths tickling his skin as he panted with the effort to keep his mouth open like that; there was saliva everywhere; he was being messy...but Hisoka thought that it was all beautiful.

At that moment, Gon stopped licking him to open his mouth wide, lowering his head as he tried to take the entire cock inside of his mouth. Hisoka heard him choke as the tip brushed the back of his throat before his head lifted again, dragging his tongue along the underside of his phallus on the way up.

Hisoka moaned again, feeling the tongue flick across his blunt tip as Gon lowered his head again, lips closing around the base as he managed to take almost the entire length inside of his mouth this time.

Hisoka bit his lip as Gon sucked, his hand moving to grab a fistful of the highlighted hair. At the same time he bent his legs on either side of Gon's head and lifting his hips (while maintaining his grip on Gon's hair) he pushed up even further inside of that hot, wet mouth until those lips brushed his pelvis. Gon gagged a bit, wide eyes darting to look up at Hisoka.

"Don't worry...you can handle it... ~" he reassured him, his voice deep with desire. Seeing his entire
length disappear inside of Gon's mouth made Hisoka want to start fucking that mouth on his own terms. And he did just that.

He didn't allow Gon to come up again, but held him there, his hips doing all the movements as he thrusted rhythmically, pushing his cock deep inside Gon's hot mouth.

"Relax...your...throat ~" he told him as he observed Gon's eyes watering.

"Yes...yes that's it... ~" Gon heard the voice as if it were far away, focusing instead on keeping his jaw slack throughout the continuous thrusts.

Hisoka...

His nostrils flared with the effort to breathe and he heard Hisoka moan again, pushing his head down one last time as his body stilled.

"Yes...Gon...this is all...for you~"

Gon's mouth was soon flooded with the warm cum and he managed to swallow all of it, especially since the cock was so far back in his throat.

Hisoka released his hair and Gon pulled back immediately, gasping for air. He looked up at Hisoka and taking in the pleased, sated look on his face he smiled, knowing that he had done well.

Hisoka's fingertips combed through Gon's messy hair and as he returned to his side, he shifted, moving to pin Gon's smaller body beneath him.

Gon, pressed into the disheveled sheets, felt overwhelmed by Hisoka's dominating presence and by the way the erotic hunger burning in the man's eyes made him feel conscious of his own desire.

"You keep getting better at this~" Hisoka whispered seductively, smoothing the side of his face gently and observing the blush on Gon's face. "If this is how you react to me sleeping in late with you, maybe we should sleep in late more often~" He laughed and Gon blushed even harder, pleased that Hisoka liked what he'd done for him.

"Now, let me return the favor...~"

One of his supporting hands moved to trace the length of Gon's body over his vest, all the way to his boxers.

"You're going to really like this~"

Gon gasped; the way Hisoka touched him was always so intense that it felt as if he was never wearing clothes whenever those hands teased him.

His body trembled in anticipation as the hand reached his hips, teasing him by doing wispy figure eights along his bare thigh before coming back up to cup his erection.

"N-no..." Gon stuttered, even as his hips involuntarily jerked, pushing his straining hardness further into Hisoka's palm.

"Hmmm? ~"

"No Hisoka, we can't...mmmmmm..." He brought a hand to cover his mouth in an effort to silence the moans that were coaxed out of him as Hisoka continued to skillfully stroke his hardening phallus. His eyes closed.
Hisoka bent to kiss his cheek and his eyes opened slowly, meeting the darkened, golden irises above him. "Why can't we,"—Hisoka kissed his cheek again—"do this now? I'm merely returning the favor. Your technique has improved... you know I always reward good behavior~"

"Mmmm..." Gon's control was slipping – the voice near his ear was sultry, hypnotic and lilting... eroding his reservations.

"Hisoka no..."

Gon's hips bucked as Hisoka's hand moved from teasing him through his boxers to pull down the cotton barrier and grip his erection. "I...I wanted to..."—he took a deep breath as another tremor wracked his body—"I wanted to do that for you...so you don't need to return the favor..."

Mito-san always said that love was giving and it never expects anything in return...

Hisoka grinned as he shifted again, this time to sit up. His hand did not move from Gon's hardness and he studied him momentarily.

Gon was trying his best to keep his moans contained even as his body twisted from the pleasure.

"Do you think I'd let you go down on me without wanting to do the same for you? ~" His thumb pressed against the tip, flicking across the slit and Gon whimpered into the hand covering his mouth.

Hisoka smirked at Gon's poorly disguised efforts to hide his enjoyment. "There is no need to hide what you feel from me~" He pulled Gon's hand away from his mouth and bent to kiss the exposed lips, smiling as Gon moaned, opening up to deepen the kiss.

Releasing his phallus and lifting off of him, Hisoka spoke, "Let's go~"

"Where are we going Hisoka?" Gon asked, his voice slightly breathless.

"To the shower of course. You prepared the appetizer, and now it's time for me to treat you to the full course~"

XXX

The only thing discernible above the rushing, steady spray of the water was the sound of Gon's breathy moans.

Hisoka loved that sound and he fought the overwhelming desire to thrust inside of Gon right at that moment. The growl that escaped his lips at that denial was dangerously low, frustrated and demanding as his hips, instead of moving to possess Gon, moved to grind his aching cock against Gon's wet body.

This only caused Gon to moan even louder in response to the heated flesh rubbing against him. Looking down between their bodies, he reached up to grasp the steely cock, pumping it slowly but Hisoka grabbed his hand, pulling it away.

"No, not yet~"

Hisoka bent to kiss his cheek, tongue darting out to lick the droplets of water off the smooth, tanned skin. "I want to enjoy you some more~"

"Enjoy?" Gon moaned as he felt Hisoka's fingertips trail down his back. "Ah, Hisoka no...don't
tease me... I don't think I could last...

He felt so hot...so in need – as if he'd die right now, consumed by the fire that burned perpetually inside of him for this man.

"Hisoka...please...I can't..."

"You'll last. You'll last until this is all over~" Hisoka replied with bold confidence, pushing his erection once more against him. "Do you feel that? ~"

"Y-yes...I do..."

"This is how much I want you right now. It's been so long~"

"B-but we..." Gon could hardly finish his sentence as he felt Hisoka grab his butt. "Ah!"

"Yes Gon, I'm listening~"

"We had sex yesterday...morning..."

"Exactly. That's why...I'm like this~"

"Mmmm...don't you see how long ago that was? ~"

Graceful fingers slipped between Gon's butt crack. "Can you imagine the pain I feel from being denied this, for twenty-four hours?" Fingertips brushed against the puckered rose of Gon's entrance and Hisoka smiled as the young man whimpered at the light touch.

"Ah!" Gon's arms tightened around Hisoka's torso as the teasing fingertips became more insistent until one pushed past the tight ring of muscle.

"Mmmm~" Hisoka's moan reverberated against his ear as the finger in Gon's ass slowly withdrew. "You're already this tight again....~" He chuckled, repeating the movement of pushing his finger in and out. "Seems like I'm going to have to stretch you out again my Apple-chan... ~" He removed his finger completely to hold Gon's waist, picking him up easily.

"W-what are you doing?" Gon gasped, looking down at the strong hands holding his waist and bringing his own hands up to grasp Hisoka's shoulders.

Hisoka looked into Gon's heavy-lidded eyes, now level with his own as he placed him on top of the sturdy Redwood shower bench. "I'm giving you a height advantage, so I could focus on other things~"

"What other—" The fingertips were brushing at his entrance again and they did not linger this time.

"This position...makes it easier to properly prepare your ass,"—Hisoka grinned mischievously—"for what's to come~"

"Urrr...mmmm..." Gon moaned as two fingers were now being pushed up inside of him. He gasped for air and trembled as those fingers curled, rubbing against his prostate repeatedly.

Oh god...

"Please, Hisoka..." he pleaded, feeling his own cock getting even harder from the stimulation.

Hisoka loved the way Gon's body shuddered in his arms, face nestled in the crook of his neck,
cheek pressed there and hot breath skimming over his skin. He loved everything about Gon. And he wanted to see his eyes, to see if he was affecting Gon as much as he was being affected by him.

"Gon~"

At the sound of his name, Gon lifted his head, eyes slowly opening to look at Hisoka.

Hisoka's other hand reached up to push aside a wet section of green-tinted hair that had fallen forward to obscure Gon's face. He looked deeply into those large honey-colored irises and reached up to kiss his forehead.

Tilting Gon's chin up, he met his lips, tongue darting past as Gon opened his mouth willingly, eagerly meeting Hisoka's tongue with his own. Their kiss was hot, deep, wet and needy; Gon's response driven and enhanced by the fingers incessantly pushing in and out of him.

"Mmmmm..." Gon moaned into the kiss and Hisoka's hand left his chin to smooth down his back, palm pressing against it to push him closer. The action caused his cock to brush against Hisoka's hard abs and the movement, combined with the fingers buried in his ass, made him whimper against Hisoka's mouth.

Hisoka pulled away from him and Gon's head swam, dizzy from the intensity of his arousal as the man bent to take one of his nipples into his mouth.

A deliciously warm sensation coursed through him and Gon practically purred, hands moving up to rake through Hisoka's wet hair while the man studiously focused on nibbling the soft, peaked flesh of his nipple.

"Oh, Hisoka..." Gon's knees almost buckled and his hands fisted in the wet, crimson hair, fingers tightly gripping the wavy strands.

Just hearing that needy cry was his undoing and Hisoka's lips stilled on the sensitive flesh. He moved to kiss the other nipple before straightening up completely. "Gon~"

When Gon met his eyes this time, he was almost startled by the intensity of the passion that burned in those golden irises for him. He blushed brightly, a reaction that Hisoka always loved to see. Withdrawing his fingers from inside him and gripping his hips, Hisoka lifted him up off the shower bench without warning.

"—!" Gon reacted quickly, wrapping his legs around Hisoka's waist and holding onto his shoulders even tighter in order to maintain his balance and Hisoka chuckled.

Gon glowered at him and Hisoka smiled up at him sheepishly, shifting to support him with one hand while he held his own erection with the other.

Momentarily too distracted in glaring at Hisoka, he did not notice what the other was doing until he felt the head of the erect cock pushing past his entrance. Gon gasped in surprise, his features arrested by pain, then pleasure as Hisoka continued to enter him slowly.

"Still so tight huh? ~" Hisoka breathed out as he withdrew, only to push up even harder, burying his entire length inside of Gon's ass this time.

"Ahhhh!" Gon fell forward, locking his arms behind Hisoka's neck, his face buried in his hair.

Hisoka stilled inside of him. "Does it hurt...a lot? ~"
"No...continue...please," Gon gasped desperately, the pain causing his arousal to mount even higher.

Hisoka gripped Gon's hips harder, his fingertips bruising Gon's soft skin as he steadily thrust in and out of him, the tightness of the walls embracing his engorged cock harder than Gon's arms were currently squeezing his shoulders.

And he loved it.

"Yes..." Gon mewed as he felt the thick cock thrust into him again. He bit his bottom lip and Hisoka paused to kiss him possessively on the mouth, taking that reddened bottom lip into his own mouth and sucking on it, bruising the tender skin even more.

Gon moaned as Hisoka pulled his hips flush against his own, grinding his hips in a circular motion so that the cock buried deep within him made the same movement. Gon gasped as the tingling pleasure became an electric shock that radiated from his core right up to the surface of his skin.

Hisoka looked down at his tanned skin, peppered with goose bumps and droplets of water and he smiled, licking from his shoulder, right up to his neck. He licked the skin there for a moment, proceeding to bite and suckle it, bruising the tender skin right where the neck met the shoulder.

He pulled back to admire his work, grinning at the bright red bruise that had formed to join the others that had not quite healed yet.

Gon squirmed in his arms as if getting impatient and Hisoka smiled, pulling his cock almost all the way out before thrusting forcefully back inside of his ass.

"Ahhhhh!"

"Is that what you want? ~"

"Urrr..."

He continued to push up inside of him.

"Gon...is that exactly what you wanted? ~"

Gon moaned.

Hisoka pushed his cock right up to the hilt, pressing Gon's back against the bathroom wall. "Say it~" he commanded. "I want to hear you say how much you want my cock in your ass fucking you like this. I want to hear you talk dirty~"

"I...I can't..."

"Do it~" Hisoka pulled out slowly, only to thrust harder and all the way in.

"Ah, ah y-yes Hisoka!"

"What am I doing to you?"

"Y-you're driving me c-crazy!"

Hisoka continued his hard pace, Gon's breathy voice turning him on but he wanted more, he wanted him to lose control completely. "Not...good enough... talk dirtier~"
"Ohhh..." There was a mild tremor coursing through him and Gon gasped, "You're fucking me good!"

"Only...good? ~" came the seductive, breathless voice next to Gon's ear.

"G-great!" Gon gasped again as the water hitting his nipples added to the coiled up tension in his body. "Oooh...Hisoka..."

"Yes? ~" Hisoka grinned. "What...am I doing...to your ass? ~"

"You're fucking...stretching it!"

Smiling, he asked, "And...how does it feel? ~"

"Good! So...f-fucking good..."—Gon bit his lip, overwhelmed by the rapturous thrill—"...oh gods help me..."

"No one..." Hisoka started, "...can save you...from this pleasure... ~"

"Hahhh...I..." Gon whimpered, his reply incoherent.

Wet, but on fire, he was sure that he really did not want to be saved after all.

"Ah...ah...ah..."

With each thrust, the smooth, honed surface of the Quartzite stone tiles rubbed against his back, adding to the sensory experience.

"Mn..." Gon moaned, feeling his orgasm close. Too close. His hands gripped Hisoka's broad shoulders tighter and not wanting to cum yet, he tried to distract himself, looking up at the ceiling to focus on the sharp angles of the large steel shower head.

Oh...

Unfortunately, that did nothing to help as the sight only made him more aware of the fact that the shower's spray was partially thrumming his hard nipple.

Oooh...

"Mmmmm..." Gon moaned again, squirming within Hisoka's tight grip.

This is too good...

Gon was biting his lip hard enough to draw blood and Hisoka bent to kiss him, tasting the blood and feeling his own orgasm close as he repeatedly sheathed his throbbing cock inside of Gon's heated core.

"Yes Gon, don't...fight it~"

"Uh...mmmm...!" Gon's short nails dug into Hisoka's wet, strong back as if trying to pull him closer than he already was.

Drunken by lust, all Gon was conscious of was the sound of Hisoka's guttural moans in his ear – those grunts deep and demanding as he came inside of him, triggering his own orgasm. Gon's body convulsed violently as his orgasmic rapture caught him by surprise and he threw back his head, eyes rolling backwards as a choked cry escaped his lips.
"Hisoka..." he sobbed as his seed spilled between them, his tense muscles going lax.

Hisoka breathed heavily, holding Gon's trembling body close as he came down from his own high. He huffed against the skin of Gon's wet neck, tongue coming out to lick at the water droplets before his lips tenderly kissed the skin. "Oh Gon...~"

"Mmmmm...?" Gon's eyes were closed, his forehead resting against Hisoka's chest.

"How do you feel? ~"

"Happy..." Gon replied, his arms tightening around Hisoka's torso. "And how do you feel Hisoka?" he whispered.

"Good," Hisoka breathed out, stroking his fingers down Gon's back. "Very good~"

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"But I'll get it all wet," Gon complained as he looked between Hisoka and the leather bench.

"Just sit~" Hisoka replied, his back already to him as he reached into the tall linen cabinet next to the shower enclosure.

Gon sat on the upholstered leather bench next to the Jacuzzi, watching Hisoka as he approached him with one of the ribbed cotton bath towels in hand.

He reached out to take it from him but Hisoka shooed him away, moving instead to drape it around his shoulders.

The atmosphere in their master bathroom was buoyant and cozy, illuminated by the soft light of the beaded drop crystal chandelier above; and as Hisoka proceeded to dry him off, Gon could feel the budding connection between them building to the point that it was unbreakable. And instead of reassuring him, it scared Gon, because although he could feel them getting closer, he couldn't shake the feeling that what he was to do today in following Hisoka was like betraying the unspoken trust that had been built between them.

"Are you okay? ~" came the voice close to his ear and Gon almost sobbed at the level of concern that he could discern from it. He nodded, biting his bruised lip nervously and happy that his face was turned away from Hisoka – he did not want him to see his expression right now.

But as Hisoka continued to dry him off, now gently rubbing his hair with the towel, Gon's expression changed to one of bewilderment, his confusion growing with each stroke of the soft, thick cotton towel across his damp skin.

When was it that Hisoka started to seemingly handle him with care and speak to him so gently? When was it that even the gentlest touches burned just as much as the intense, passion-driven ones? When punishment felt pleasurable and fear disappeared, only to be replaced with trust – the trembling from fear and excitement converted to tremors of ecstasy and expectation?

Had it always been there but he just hadn't noticed?

This did not make Gon feel happier, but scared him, as his thoughts were now wrapped up in the mysterious nature of what Killua wanted him to find out that day.

*What is it that Killua wants me to see?*
Is it really as serious as he thinks it is?

What would I do then if it is?

Gon's expression became distant and sad as he deliberated over that last question.

What would I do?

I'll crumble, of course...

He sighed.

That's why I must never let Hisoka know how I feel...

Hisoka finished by wrapping him in the towel, turning his body to face him and as his golden gaze captured Gon's, he asked again, "Are you sure you're okay Gon? ~"

Gon tried to hide the worry from his face, closing his eyes and smiling up at Hisoka before the man could read what was in his eyes. He buried his face in Hisoka's chest and wrapped his arms around his torso. "I'm okay Hisoka..."

Hisoka brought his arms up to encircle him, returning Gon's embrace, as his face lowered to nuzzle his neck. "You wouldn't be lying to me now would you? ~"

"Of course I'm not..." Gon lied, his voice muffled as he snuggled his face deeper into the plush, ribbed cotton material of the magician's bathrobe.

He fought the urge to cry, realizing that he really hated lying to Hisoka. All he wanted to say was what was on his mind... to look up and tell him, 'Actually...I'm scared that I might be falling in love with you...' but Gon did not say what was on his mind. He remained silent.

Thankfully, Hisoka just held him, not bothering to question him further.

XXX

NB: Midday...

Hm? ~

As Hisoka walked into their little dining area, he eyed Gon sitting at the table trying to build a card tower.

His smile widened and he stealthily inched close enough to him to extend one finger.

With just a little more— ~

"Don't you dare," Gon warned, without even turning around.

"What? ~" Hisoka asked – a picture of innocence if there ever were one.

"I know what you were going to do."

"Really? ~"

"Yes; each and every time I try to build a card tower, you always sneak by and knock it down."

"And why would I do that? ~"
"Because you're an evil magician."

"An evil magician hm? ~" Hisoka asked, stepping closer to Gon and bending to whisper in his ear, "You're lucky I don't have much time, otherwise I would have shown you just how bad I could be...~"

"I-I'm pretty much aware of that already..."

"Are you sure? You do have a tendency to forget these things quite easily. Maybe I am too easy on you." Hisoka grinned playfully. "But if we do it now it would have to be quick though... ~"

The last part of Hisoka's sentence sounded as if he was thinking aloud, wondering if he really had the time to have sex with him and Gon swallowed hard, shivering visibly at the dark promise in those words. Oh no. If he doesn't have much time...and wants to make it quick...that could only mean a quickie right? He took a deep breath.

"Wh-where are you going?" He asked, hoping to steer the subject in a different direction.

The last thing Gon wanted was a quickie on top of his incomplete card tower.

It would be ruined...and this is the first time I've ever gotten it this high...

"I'm off to meet Illumi," Hisoka replied. "He wants to meet me since he's also in town~"

"Oh yeah he is; Killua told me yesterday," Gon said turning from his cards to look in Hisoka's direction. Seeing that Hisoka was busy lacing up his boots, he took the opportunity to examine him.

Hm?

He's wearing one of his new outfits...just for today, Gon observed, frowning slightly as he allowed his eyes to roam slowly over Hisoka's body, from the vintage lace-up leather boots and dark blue slim jeans to the grey partial button-up sweater with red checkered shirt underneath.

Oh.

Gon's cheeks tinted to a slight pink shade.

Damn...

So handsome...

He took a deep breath.

"What time would you be back?"

Hisoka looked up as he finished tying the knot on his ankle boots. "Not sure~"

Gon pretended to be busy with his card tower again.

So he's going to be out late with Illumi...

"Oh..."

"If anything," Hisoka started. "We can go out for dinner when I get back."
"Yeah."

"And I won't be out too late~"

"That's good..." Gon mumbled.

"Great, well I'll see you later~" And with that, Hisoka was out the door.

As soon as the door closed, Gon acted quickly, running back to the bedroom to get ready to leave as well.

Suddenly feeling as if his intentions were a bit distrustful, Gon convinced himself that he was doing this only because Killua had insisted.

_I just want to get it done and over with._

_But why do I feel so unsure about Hisoka meeting up with Illumi?_

Gon huffed when his inability to comprehend his feelings started to frustrate him. _If I prove Killua wrong, everything will be okay._

_I'm sure it will be and I wouldn't have to worry about anything again and maybe Killua would accept Hisoka..._

_But will it be that easy?_

Incredibly troubled by all the doubt that his best friend had raised, Gon knew that proving him wrong would help to ease the confusion in his heart, but he still felt terribly worried.

Gon steadied himself with a deep breath. _Okay Killua...I'm going to do this: I'm going to follow Hisoka._

Luckily, he didn't need to follow closely as Killua had told him the name and location of the bar where his aniki usually met clients.

_There's a big chance that Killua's brother would be meeting Hisoka there too._

Gon fiddled uncertainly with the edges of the slip of paper Killua had given him the day before.

Having the address and not having to follow closely would also mean eliminating the chances of getting discovered by the pair.

_I can't let Hisoka see me._

Gon sighed.

_Do I really want to do this?_

His mind was in turmoil as he stood in front of the door leading out of the condo. Thankfully, the more he pondered on what he had to do was the more he became sure that this was what he had to do.

_I can't believe that I'm really going to go through with this, but it's something I have to do if I want to have a future with Hisoka..._

XXX
N.B. At The Bar...

Hisoka did not have to wait long. Rather, Illumi was already there when he arrived.

As usual, it was easy for him to tell when the other was around as he could feel his familiar presence as soon as he entered the bar. And by the time Illumi emerged from the corner to his left, Hisoka had already found a seat at the far end of the bar.

"Hm?" He looked up to smirk at him, taking in his appearance as he came closer. It had been quite a while since Hisoka had last seen him but nothing had changed; except that Illumi was not dressed in his usual clothes – but then again he most likely was not working at the moment. Illumi always dressed casually when he was not on a job.

"You got here early." Illumi said by way of 'hello' as he walked right up to where Hisoka sat, sauntering with the grace expected of someone from his lineage.

"Yeah." Hisoka gestured in the direction of a mousy-looking waitress. "I've already ordered drinks~"

Just then, the waitress came over, carefully placing their drinks on the table. Without sparing a backward glance, she quickly left.

Looking down at the expensive drinks that had been placed before them, Illumi muttered, "You've got the same expensive tastes as always I see."

"Mmm that's just me I guess~" Hisoka replied in his lilting voice. "I always choose the best~"

Illumi didn't bother to respond but simply nodded as he draped his light coat on the backrest of the high-stool, revealing his emerald green vest with chartreuse highlights. "So what brings you to York Shin?" he asked, sitting down and taking a sip of the Aviation Cocktail in front of him.

Getting straight to the point, I see~ Hisoka thought, looking up from the deep purple hue of the Platinum Passion cocktail he had ordered for himself.

"Nothing much, just a job...how about you? ~"

"Same here..." Illumi eyed Hisoka for a brief moment before speaking. "I heard that you have an interesting travelling companion."

Ah yes, Killua must have told him. Hisoka pondered for a moment, smirking. Killua seems to be telling people a lot of things.

"Yeah I do and...? ~"

"Well I know you to be one who normally prefers to travel alone."

"Is that so? ~"

"Well, for as long as I've known you, you always have."

"Well, preferences change I guess~"

"Hmmm..."

"What are you getting at? ~"
"You're not playing with him are you?" Illumi looked at him with those blank eyes and Hisoka met that stare head on.

"What are you on about? ~" Hisoka asked, feigning innocence. "I do play with Gon...sometimes~"

Illumi frowned at the implied meaning in Hisoka's words. "You know what I'm talking about."

"I do? ~"

"Yes."

"Why do you care? ~"

"I don't."

"Of course you don't," Hisoka agreed, momentarily dropping his playful tone. "How could you care when you were the one who tried to kill him twice during the Hunters' Exam?"

The air between them got chilly but Illumi dismissed it. "Tch..."—he looked away—"Gon is Killua's friend," he said as if that sentence would serve to explain everything about his behavior sufficiently.

"You've never cared before~"

"Well it matters now."

"Weren't you the one who used to go on and on about keeping all friends away from Killua? ~"

"And weren't you the one who used to go on and on about solitude and independence?" Illumi countered.

"Ah, you've got me~" Hisoka admitted with a cunning smile. "But Gon has always been someone I wanted to claim one day. You, on the other hand has always been adamant about preventing Killua from making friends."

"Well, things have changed," Illumi explained. "Friendship...seems to make Killua happy. And he would be most upset if something were to happen to Gon."

"What exactly is going on between you and Killua? ~" Hisoka asked, unnaturally perceptive as always.

"There's nothing 'going on' between us."

"Ooooooh your tone seems to imply that there is something going on. Are you guilty of something?"

"No..."

"Are you sure? ~"

"Of course I am sure, I am his brother."

"Well you were always a little too attached to your brother...~"

"What do you mean?"
"Nothing…~"

"What?"

"Hmmm…~"

"Stop it."

"Stop what? ~"

"…"

"Hey now, don't get angry, you're looking as if you want to kill me~" Hisoka hesitated a moment. "Wait…I take that back,"—his wide grin betrayed his excitement—"on the contrary, please do get angry~"

"You're such a bastard."

Hisoka turned toward the door and furrowed his brows in concentration. Illumi watched him, now suddenly on alert too. "Is someone you know out there Hisoka?"

_Ah, so he's followed me here._

Hisoka's look of surprise evaporated as he smiled.

*I'll use this situation to my advantage~*

"Hisoka?"

"Hmmm? ~" Hisoka turned back to Illumi who was still looking at him. "No... it's no one. Now what were you saying? ~"

"I was saying that you are a bastard."

Hisoka scoffed. "That I already know, but aren't you the one changing the subject? ~"

"I'm not."

"Yes you are~"

"…"

"Admit it"—Hisoka leaned in closer—"you're jealous of Gon…~"

When Hisoka got no answer, he smirked, continuing, "I can hardly believe that the Ice Princess is actually showing emotion... ~"

Illumi frowned at the familiar nickname. "I told you not to call me that."

"Why not? That name suits you perfectly. You've hardly ever shown any emotion in all the years we've known each other and it takes a lot of strategy to get a rise out of you. Even when we were fu—"

"Ok Hisoka, I get the point," Illumi interrupted. "I am an assassin after all; I have to be like this. My question is why would you even think that I'd be jealous of a fifteen year old brat with poor fashion sense?" he asked disbelievingly, crossing one long, slim leg over the other. Hisoka's eyes
followed the movement, from the chic leather boots to the slim jeans.

"It's not about fashion or physical appearances~" Hisoka said, voice dropping to a whisper. "It's about the mere fact that Gon has what you don't~"

"And what would that be?"

"Me~" Hisoka replied confidently.

"Pffft…" The sound sounded so strange coming from Illumi. It was as if he'd almost laughed – if he ever were to do so so easily.

Illumi stared at Hisoka as if the man had suddenly grown two heads. "Jealous?" he asked, trying not to laugh while testing the word on his tongue.

A slight frown settled on his lips as if the word had an unpleasant taste. "What we had ended a long time ago. There is no jealousy here I assure you…" Illumi's sentence trailed off as Hisoka's face was a lot closer than it had been a while ago, effectively invading his personal space even more than before.

He sighed. What is he up to now?

"What is your problem?" Illumi asked pointedly and Hisoka responded by closing the remaining distance, his lips pausing briefly near their target before taking Illumi's in an impromptu kiss.

Hisoka smirked against Illumi's lips, surprised that Illumi had allowed him to steal a kiss and relishing the mild floral notes left behind by the expensive cocktail Illumi had been drinking.

No...

What's going on?

Gon couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He had followed Hisoka because Killua's words had kept nagging at him but he did not expect to stumble upon the scene he was currently unable to look away from.

The last thing he had expected to see was Hisoka and Illumi frenching in public.

Why are they doing that?

Why would Hisoka kiss Illumi?

He did not understand, nothing made sense anymore and it hurt to stand there, looking at Hisoka kissing someone else. Gon forced himself to turn away, his hands clenching involuntarily at his sides.

I need to get out of this place as soon as possible, he thought, finally moving to quickly press his back against the wall adjacent to the doorway.

No. I can't stay here.

I've got to leave...

I need to get as far away as possible, from this place...

And from Hisoka.
Gon lay sprawled out haphazardly on the large bed. How much time had passed since he’d returned? He had no idea; nor did he care.

Intending to run as far away as possible from Hisoka, his lies and everything that reminded him of the man, Gon had run at full speed from the bar but in the end, he had run all the way back to the Condo and the memories he shared with Hisoka.

Overcome by a pervading sense of doom, he felt as if there was no other choice but to exist within some kind of infinite loop reliving what he’d just seen repeatedly in an attempt to convince himself that it had just happened.

In an attempt to remove the denial.

He stared unseeingly up at the tiles on the ceiling, not daring to close his eyes, because whenever he did, he saw them...over and over. He saw them kissing, eyes closed, blind to the world around them, lost in their own pleasure.

Gon felt disgusted, like such a fool. *Killua was right – I am naïve.*

And as he lay there, the shocked haze around his mind began to lift and like the pieces of a puzzle finally coming together, it all became clear – the realization hitting him full on.

His fists clenched tightly. *I'm not just a fool, I am the biggest one there is. Why didn't I realize it before? It was so obvious.*

He remembered how Hisoka had told him in the forest that first day that his plan was to take his innocence one day and that it would be only when he'd given it up himself.

Gon slapped his forehead, ignoring the stinging sensation as he realized how perfectly he'd played into Hisoka's plans all along.

*I gave Hisoka my innocence just as he had expected.*

*And I even begged to be taken…*

*Just as Hisoka wanted me to.*

"Damn it…"

Still, Gon was finding it hard to believe how Hisoka's expressions, and the way that he acted around him could be a ploy. Didn't the waitress yesterday tell him how much she could see that Hisoka liked him? And that morning, the way Hisoka had held, kissed and touched him...

Just then, Killua's voice came into his head, *"Oh come on Gon, the man had said so himself – he's '...a whimsical liar', are you going to believe in that?!"*

Gon felt a pain in his chest.

The recollection of how he'd once thought that he would not be surprised if Hisoka was doing all of this in order to achieve some goal came to him as well and he frowned deeper, knowing that they had gone too far for him to be simply surprised.

Now, after learning to trust Hisoka and feeling comfortable with him more and more each
day...after allowing him to take all and more from his body... and his heart, Gon felt strange.

*What do I do now?*

*Have all the things we shared...and experienced together...been just a game to Hisoka? That while I was struggling to avoid telling him how I felt, in order not to be hurt, he was leading me there anyway?*

*How will Hisoka explain this?*

*Will he lie and tell me that this kiss was nothing...that it—*

Gon sneered, his fists still clenched so tightly that his bruised palms were starting to bleed. *There's no way that kiss between them at the bar was nothing.*

Hisoka may have been Gon's first and he might have been terribly inexperienced in relationships and sex when he first met Hisoka, but Gon was not stupid. He had been on enough dates back on Whale Island to know that people never kissed that deeply when greeting each other or on a whim.

*And it was long after they had greeted each other anyway.*

That kiss between Hisoka and Illumi spoke of something much deeper going on beneath the surface.

*Are they dating?*

*What is their relationship?*

Maybe all he had been was a replacement for Illumi until they got back together and now that they had, Hisoka would discard him like an overused, broken doll.

Gon felt sick, he felt used and for some strange reason, there was a tightness in his chest that hurt as if he'd been hit really, really hard there.

*Despite the emptiness, why do I feel that so acutely?*

Putting a palm on his chest as if to make sure that he wasn't physically hurt, Gon rubbed at his eyes only to pull away to look down at the moisture on his hand with huge, disbelieving eyes as if surprised to find his face wet.

*I can't take this anymore.*

Had it been fun for Hisoka to play with his feelings and watch cruelly while he danced to his tune? Was it all an illusion? Was this really the end?

He had felt lucky to have found a friend and something much more in someone who once was his enemy, to be so happy in arms that held him lovingly, and to see now that it was all a lie was tearing into him from the inside.

*This is too much.*

Gon turned over and buried his face into the pillow but that only made things worse because when he did, he could only smell the smooth, clean scent of Hisoka's favorite shampoo that he had come to associate with him. It made Gon remember what he'd done that morning – how he had shown the man his love when he couldn't tell him.
Unable to fight it anymore, Gon gripped the pillow tightly, sobbing quietly into the soft material.

Gon couldn't think of possibly facing Hisoka again. It was too embarrassing. Too painful. If he wanted to be with Illumi—ahh there it was...that pain again—he could go right ahead. But he wasn't sticking around to wish the happy couple well or to be thrown out like yesterday's stale bread. He had to get out of there.

Out of that condo and maybe head back to Whale Island in a couple of days.

He did not know where he'd go, but anywhere was better than where he was at the moment.

Looking around frantically, Gon noticed that it was getting late. Through the crisp glass panels of the sliding doors he could see the darkness starting to encroach upon the city.

Hisoka might be back soon.

Shit. Gon jumped off the bed.

Good thing he did not have much to pack – he was definitely not taking all of the clothes and shoes Hisoka had bought him – the less memories he would have of him, the easier it would be to forget.

I'll go just as I'd come.

He turned toward the bathroom. *I can be out of here in less than fifteen minutes if I take a quick shower.*

Gon briefly considered skipping the shower but decided against doing so as his eyes were probably a puffy mess from crying and he needed to get cleaned up. Just washing his face wouldn't be enough – he needed to feel the spray of the water beating down on his skin to help him forget. And it definitely won't do him good if people saw his tear-streaked face and kept stopping him on the street to ask what the problem was.

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It was tough taking that shower (especially after what had happened behind those sliding doors just that morning), but it was necessary.

Now, dressed in his boxers and vest, Gon stood morosely in front of the vanity. The rare, expensive mirror reflected his weary face with perfect clarity, and he eyed the frown there, putting an index finger at either corner of his mouth, to forcibly stretch it into a smile.

That's better... he thought, but as soon as he removed his fingers, his lips fell back into a frown.

I'll work on that later.

As he continued to appraise his reflection, his eyes caught the redness at the base of his neck.

A hickey?

And it wasn't the only one. There were at least three others that looked as if they were starting to fade, which made Gon feel profoundly grateful that he healed quickly, since the marks would be gone by morning.

Unfortunately, only the fading love bites were low enough to be hidden by a T-shirt. The dark red—most obvious—one at the base of his neck was still healing and was situated in a place that presented a challenge to hide.
Must have been from this morning...

Gon's curiosity morphed into anger as he continued to stare at Hisoka's stamp of ownership.

In a blind fury he punched the mirror hard but the mirror did not break and he retracted his hand to press his palm flat against the cool glass. His eyes roamed absently over his reddened knuckles but he didn't really think about them because they didn't hurt.

Or maybe the pain was there but he just wasn't aware of the it above the dull pain in his chest.

Pulling open the top drawer, Gon searched around frantically, not caring that he was making a mess of what Hisoka had carefully organized just recently.

Finally putting his hands on what he had been searching for, Gon carefully peeled the large square bandage off its paper backing and slapped it on the offensive hickey.

What a relief, he thought now that it was hidden from his view.

"Okay... Where do I go now?" he whispered, realizing that it was getting much later and that he really had to get out.

I don't want Hisoka to return and catch me trying to leave.

But I need to find somewhere to stay the night.

Pulling out his cell phone to check the time, Gon had an idea.

"Killua..." he whispered, feeling the tears well up in his eyes again. As he walked to the foyer to collect his boots, he quickly dialed the familiar number, anticipation building in his heart at the first ring.

Killua would definitely help me, he thought happily as the phone continued to ring.

"Ne Kill—!" Gon started desperately but stopped when he realized that he was talking to his friend's voice-mail.

What?

Walking back to the bathroom, he hung up and dialed a second time but got the voice-mail again.

[[Hey man you know who you called so...just leave a message...a number, whatever or just hang up...suit yourself – I could care less. Maybe I'll call you back. Maybe not. BEEP]]

Gon dialed a third time but Killua still didn't pick up.

"Where the heck is he?"

Shoving the phone back into his pocket and taking his boots with him to the bathroom, Gon huffed.

Whatever. I'll just leave now and call again when I'm on the main road so he could pick me up.

"But first I have to get dressed..."

Gon pulled on a pair of khaki shorts and the boots he'd brought in then grabbed the first T-shirt that was sitting in the hamper waiting to be folded.
He didn't really look at it, but just pulled it on. It wasn't until he turned to face the mirror again that he realized what he was wearing.

_Fuck..._

It was the rib-knit moss green graphic tee that Hisoka had bought for him on their fifth day together when he'd taken him shopping to get new clothes. It had a large print of an apple on the front with two bites taken out of it – one on either side with the words **PRECIOUS FRUIT. DON'T EAT ME** in bold print right under the apple.

Tears welled up in his eyes again as he fingered the banded crew neck, remembering that this was Hisoka's favorite T-shirt out of all the ones that he had bought for him.

"He loves to see me in this..."

Gon's smile was ghostly.

_And he's always calling me his Apple-chan..._

But as Gon continued to look at the half-eaten apple, his smile was now bitter as he thought of all the times Hisoka had already taken a 'bite' out of him.

_If I was this apple, I'd already be down to the core._

_Maybe that's why Hisoka no longer wants me...he's used me enough._

His sadness turned to anger and he ripped off the slim-fit tee, balling it up angrily and throwing it on the ground.

"Fucking bastard!" Gon shouted as he stomped on it repeatedly with his boots.

Hisoka hated it whenever he'd forgotten and wore his boots indoors and that made the whole experience of what he was doing 100x better.

Gon probably raged on the garment for a good five minutes before he proceeded to kick the balled up, trampled mess as hard as he could and it skittered past the Jacuzzi to the far end of the master bathroom.

He smirked, feeling much more relaxed.

Reaching into the hamper again, his eyes widened when he lifted his hand to see that he was holding a pair of Hisoka's white silk boxers. He stared at it blankly for a moment, absently noting that it was the white to the black the man had been wearing the night before while he was lounging on the sofa. Gon's eyes scanned the suit symbols briefly before he actually understood what he was holding.

_"What the hell?!" He threw it against the grey wall next to the mirror in front of him and it slid down to settle against the baseboard molding on the floor in a defeated heap._

_Growling, Gon grasped the edges of the hamper this time, looking in to ensure that he did not grab any more undesirables._

He chose a charcoal grey graphic print open neck tank, straightening to pull the knit cotton material quickly over his vest. Turning triumphantly, he marched out of the bathroom and quickly past the bedroom, ensuring to not look back at their bed.
It's a good thing I took that shower.

Gon felt a whole lot better, especially if he didn't think about the reason why he was leaving. He just needed to get out of that place.

Get out, meet up with Killua and crash with him for a few days or so. After that he'd think of something. The important thing was that he had to get to some place where Hisoka couldn't find him eventually; maybe back to Whale Island.

Just thinking of his home made his heart clench painfully and he longed to see Aunt Mito and granny again. Gon could hardly believe that that was the island he had been desperately attempting to leave a few months ago when Aunt Mito had him on lockdown.

Now he couldn't wait to get back there and back into her arms.

His eyes welled up with tears as he thought of his aunt standing on their doorstep, arms open wide in greeting but he fought the tears – he'd have a lot of time to cry when he was back home. Thank goodness Aunt Mito never questioned him unless he was ready to talk and that's what he needed right now, to just cry, surrounded by her loving arms.

Maybe I'll talk to her about what happened...or not.

The last thing Gon wanted his aunt to know was that after she had trusted him to take care of himself he'd gone and gotten himself taken advantage of.

Getting hurt was all a part of life but Gon just knew that she would not listen to that reasoning and would probably never let him out of her sight again.

That might be for the best anyway...

Picking up his satchel, he paused briefly in the foyer, looking back at the 'home' he'd shared with his unlikely travelling companion for a short time. A tear slid down his cheek and he angrily wiped it away, but it was quickly followed by another two in rapid succession. Gon grunted angrily; he will not start crying again.

I'm okay...I'm okay—another tear slid down his cheek—I'm not okay…

Sniffling, his hand paused on the door knob, which was surprisingly cold in his grip.

Why am I hesitating?

I have to hurry so that I could meet up with Killua.

Gathering his resolve, Gon pulled open the door as if he was once again faced with the insurmountable task of two years prior where he had to push open the Testing Gates to get to Killua.

But unlike back then, he felt no satisfaction in overcoming the obstacle. Instead he paused mid step, frozen where he stood, because standing before him, hand poised as if about to grasp the doorknob was Hisoka.

Fuck…
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2nd Re-edit Note 20/04/16: Re-editing this took almost three days of work. It was a pain, but I'm satisfied now...I reworked a lot of stuff and now it reads better.

A/N: (Yes! I finished it! That was intense...)

1) Yum Hisoka has good taste in drinks... I just love the interaction between him and Illumi.

2) Oh Gon you poor baby, you went from having the best sex to worrying about your card tower getting destroyed by an unplanned 'quickie'...to this. What a day. You have some awful timing…

P.S.: as for 'where the heck is [Killua]', most likely Illumi had just gotten back home and Killua was hiding with his phone in silent mode lol.

3) I laughed so much at Killua's voice-mail. He's such a tough cutie. I'm sure he was tempted to add "And if you're aniki, don't leave any messages...as a matter of fact, don't call again..." LOL

4) And look at Illumi that stinker pretending not to have a thing for Killua while accusing Hisoka of being with Gon. Hisoka's on to you!

Things just keep heating up. What's happening here? Is this part of Hisoka's plan or did Gon really just get replaced as he thinks he has? I hope you liked the chapter as much as I did. Please drop me a review and share your thoughts *hugs*
Chapter Notes

A Note from me: Yep an update is here!!! And a huge one too...biggest chapter yet (25 pages), I'm so excited!

Hello everyone, thank you for your patience during my little hiatus. School is ok but I spent all my time writing for this story than I did for my upcoming assignment… (Don't look at me, I'm definitely going to give school priority after this update) =.=

Anyway, I'd like to thank you, my readers, for your patience, your positive reviews and kudos. You guys are like the cutest most beautiful people ever and your comments really help to encourage me and keep my mind on this story. I'm sorry for the delay but I was being incredibly fussy over this. I hope that you enjoy this chapter as you did the others. It is a very important one and I'll admit that it was hard to write. Not only because my OTP was fighting and it was long, but having to get into character for the continuation of Gon's emotional breakdown (from last chapter) was a heartbreaker. And add to that my pickiness in wanting to get their interaction right, the underlying complex themes, with a bit of subtle emotional and character development for both Gon and Hisoka as they reached the turning point of their relationship and...yeah. This was the make-up or breakup point for our couple and I surprised myself that I was able to pull it off after quite a few revisions *DIES*

Music I listened to:

1) Bring Me to Life, My Immortal & Going Under by Evanescence and Jar of Hearts & The Lonely by Christina Perri to get me in the (heartbroken) mood for the first part of this. Gah! Do not attempt that (or maybe you should, but just make sure you have your tissues), the feels were almost too much D:

2) For the latter part of the chapter, Bad Romance by Lady Gaga. This song suits these two so well!

P.S.: Someone...asked me to write a bit of Gon dominating Hisoka, so I tried :P

Now let's get to it!
Chapter Summary: After realizing that Gon was hiding something from him, Hisoka uses Killua's plot—which intended to expose his past relationship with Illumi—to expose Gon's feelings instead. But he had no idea that this move would hurt Gon as much as it did. Pain is sometimes a necessary element in helping relationships to grow deeper—for when those wounds heal, lessons are learnt. But pain can also pull people apart. Did Hisoka go too far in his desire to push Gon into being truthful? And now, as Gon has reached his limit, will he be able to leave him?

Warning: (bet you thought it was going to be rated G) but oh no...Rated MM for slight violence, cursing and lots of sex (yeah…)

Disclaimer: Hunter x Hunter with this sort of content...no? Well there ya have it! The original story and characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi and not me. I just use these characters for um...well this story.

Chapter Nineteen: My Prison of Passion, Pain and Need…

NB: Evening of Day 10…

I'm okay…I'm okay—another tear slid down his cheek—I'm not okay…

Sniffling, his hand paused on the door knob, which was surprisingly cold in his grip.

Why am I hesitating?

I have to hurry so that I could meet up with Killua.

Gathering his resolve, Gon pulled open the door as if he was once again faced with the insurmountable task of two years prior where he had to push open the Testing Gates to get to Killua.

But unlike back then, he felt no satisfaction in overcoming the obstacle. Instead he paused mid step, frozen where he stood, because standing before him, hand poised as if about to grasp the doorknob was Hisoka.

Fuck…

Hisoka was momentarily stunned. He was not expecting the door to suddenly fly open like that. And most unusual to see Gon standing in its opening, looking as if he was the worse for wear. He opened his mouth to say something but then noticed that Gon was carrying his travelling bag.

"Going somewhere? ~"

Gon averted his gaze.

"I would have thought that we had already cleared this up~" Hisoka started patiently. "Wasn't it decided that we'd stay with each other at least until we complete our mission? ~"

When he was met with silence once more, Hisoka continued, hand on his hip, "…and you were leaving without telling me anything? What if I thought something had happened to you? ~"

No answer. Gon just continued to keep his gaze on the opposite wall, an unusually pained expression on his face.

"Gon~"
"And why are you wearing that bandage on your neck? Were you hurt?" Hisoka reached out to touch the bandage but Gon slapped his hand away.

"What do _you_ care…?" Gon bit his bottom lip in an effort to hold back the tears.

_I will _not _cry _in _front _of _this _man._

"What _the _hell _do _you _care _whether _I _am _hurt _or _not _or _if _something _happens _to _me?!!" _he _shouted, _his _usually _placid _expression _now _contorted _in _anger.

"What? ~" _Hisoka _asked, _confused.

"You _know _what? _Don't _even _bother _responding, _you'd _probably _lie _anyway."

"But Gon—"

Gon slapped his hand away again as Hisoka reached for the bandage once more. "Don't touch me! Don't fucking touch me! Stop pretending as if you care about me! I'm sick of it"

"What's the matter with you Gon, isn't it obvious that you're special to me? ~"

"I'm not going to fall for that lie again you bastard! I saw you…"

"Saw _me _what? _~" _Hisoka _asked _when _Gon _did _not _complete _his _sentence.

"Whatever. I'm not going to stick around here and play guessing games with you all evening." _He _took _a _step _forward _but _Hisoka _did _not _budge _from _the _doorway.

"Where _are _you _going? _~"

"I'm _going _to _Killua's _place." _

Hisoka examined his sullen expression. "…with your _travelling _bag…? _~"

"Yes, I am going to stay with him from now on until I decide to go back home."

"Home? _You _can't _be _talking _about…? _~"

Gon frowned, hesitating a moment, but when he spoke his voice was sure."Yes, I'm going back to Whale Island."

Hisoka's lips became a thin line; he did not like the sound of that. He did not understand why, but he could not tolerate the thought of Gon not being there with him. "So _you're _leaving _me? _Is _that _it?"

"I'm not leaving you."

"Don't lie to me. Why _are _you _leaving, _Gon? _~"

Gon avoided the question and the dangerously possessive look in his eyes. "I'm not leaving...yet. I told you that I was going to Killua's place. You could still reach me there. For now…"

Hisoka didn't like that ambiguous response either. "I'm not satisfied with that answer. Once _you're _not _here _with _me _you _are _leaving. _And _you _still _haven't _told _me _why _you're _doing _that~"
"I don't have to tell you anything," Gon snapped. "I've already decided to get out of here. Now move out of my way, I don't have time to waste!"

Hisoka did not move. "I don't want you to go."

"It doesn't matter what you want…" Gon hissed, his voice low.

The air in the condo became still, impersonal and all he was aware of was the blood burning in his veins and the man standing in front of him blocking his escape. The man he really did not want to see right now.

"Just get out of my way."

"No." Two steps was all it took for Hisoka to get into the apartment; his height advantage and imposing aura forcing Gon to release the doorknob and take three steps backward. Despite being at an obvious disadvantage, Gon looked up at him with determination.

Why is he so worked up about this? ~ Hisoka thought. It doesn't matter; the fact is that he is not going anywhere. I won't let him. "How long must I wait for you to give me a straight answer? ~"

"I'm not answering your question."

"Why?" It was a statement demanding an answer rather than a question.

"You know what you did wrong."

"I've done a lot of wrong things in my life; you'll have to be more specific~" Hisoka smirked and Gon just wanted to punch him and effectively wipe that annoying smirk off his face. It had been a long time since he'd felt the urge to do that and his fists clenched tightly at his sides, the desire to act out on his thoughts almost taking over him.

"Why don't you ask Illumi?" Gon said finally, realizing that Hisoka was content to continue skirting around the issue.

"Why would I ask him anything? ~"

"You're obviously close…"

"Hm?…of course we are, I've known him for years but that's about it~" Hisoka paused, being deliberately vague and eyeing Gon's angry visage as if not knowing the reason for his anger. "Is there something you want to tell me Gon? ~" he asked, pretending to be unaware that he had been caught kissing Illumi. More than anything, he was hoping that kissing Illumi in Gon's presence was enough to make Gon so jealous that he would finally admit his feelings.

Gon made an exasperated sound, quickly growing tired of the entire situation. "Look, I saw everything okay?"

When Hisoka continued to maintain his blank expression, Gon continued reluctantly, "You guys were frenching in the bar…"

Hisoka's expression still did not change, nor did he look apologetic and that angered Gon even more.

How could he not care that he hurt me when I caught him in a compromising situation like that?
He's not even trying to deny…or attempt to make up for it.

Finally Hisoka looked like he was going to respond and Gon held his breath, wondering if Hisoka was actually going to apologize for what he'd done.

Hisoka shifted his weight to the other foot, but still blocked the doorway. To him, the time had finally come to get Gon to say what was on his mind. "Ok…so are you ready to be honest with me now? ~"

The breath Gon was holding came out in a rush, as if he'd been punched in the stomach. "W-what?" he asked, befuddled. "Why do I have to be honest when you're the lying, cheating bastard?!!" He took a deep breath. "You wanted to know why I'm leaving you? That's why!"

Gon was furious as he boldly met those intense yellow eyes that seemed to glow in the semi-darkness of their Condo. Despite his anger he shuddered, feeling a penetrating chill invade the space between them and reflexively he gripped the backpack in his hand tighter.

Hisoka folded his arms across his chest in an attempt to suppress the bloodlust that had started its familiar burning under his skin at the idea of Gon leaving.

And this time he felt as if he almost couldn't deal with it.

His glare was unrelenting as he looked down at Gon and in trying to sound calm, his words were cruel. "Cheating? I don't remember ever promising you anything," he said smoothly. "You know the kind of person I am… ~"

Gon took one staggering step backwards, feeling as if he'd been cut by those words.

"And since I've never promised you anything," Hisoka continued, "You shouldn't leave because I'm not guilty of dashing your hopes~"

Gon had no idea that these harsh words were simply the callous by-product of Hisoka's inability to deal with the idea of him leaving; that they were actually the opposite of what the man felt for him and he stared up at Hisoka with wide eyes full of pain.

"But this morning you'd said…"

So everything we had really was a lie?

A lie...

Why did I believe him? Why did I have to fall in love with this...?

The silence was deafening. It was so quiet that Gon could hear his own breathing and as he looked up at the silly lopsided grin that Hisoka always wore – at the smile that once captivated him – he felt the intense pain in his chest return. He brought his hand up to rest there, unable to believe that it was possible to hurt any more than he already had been.

Even though Gon had already come to his own conclusion that what they had was a lie, to hear Hisoka say something that confirmed it really hurt.

And with the hurt came despair and anger.

"You know what? I'm so done with this!" He shouted, taking one brave step towards Hisoka.
Hisoka countered Gon's movement with a menacing step in his direction and Gon froze, easily dwarfed by his presence so much so that he suddenly felt trapped.

"No. I won't let you leave…" Hisoka said, the determined look on his face intensifying and Gon took one step, then another back, appearing as if he wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

Seeing Gon struggle between fear and anger made him realize that what he'd just said had only made the situation worse and that his attempt to pressure Gon into admitting his feelings had terribly failed to the point that he might really lose him.

*But what can I say?* ~ Hisoka thought, confused. When it came to dealing with emotional situations, he was only ever good at indifference, manipulation or lying and now having and wanting to be honest about his feelings left him at a loss for words.

His brow furrowed; this was not working out as he'd planned. He should have known that, being an Enhancer, Gon was way too passionate about things and would naturally accept them at face value. Using trickery to resolve this situation had been a bad decision and asking Gon directly how he felt would have been the better choice. Now it was probably too late; it was obvious that Gon, currently meeting his glare with a bold, challenging one of his own, did not intend tell him how he felt and was content to simply walk away from him.

"Gon… ~" he started, ready to tell him the truth about the kiss. It was no use forcing Gon to be honest if it meant that he'd lose him in the process. This had already gone too far and Gon needed to know that he shouldn't be feeling threatened, because the kiss meant nothing. Not to him, or Illumi. And after kissing Illumi, as oddly exciting as it was to have that needle pressed against his throat…to barely escape the honor of an extra air passage, it really was not a good way for him to get Gon to be truthful with himself.

He saw that now.

Hisoka took a deep breath. "That kiss was—"

"Save your lies for someone else you jerk," Gon ground out, feeling sick to his stomach. "I've had enough of all your mind games. And you're right about what you said earlier, *I knew the kind of person you are* so I should not have had my hopes dashed…"

"Gon, I was not bein—"

"Don't touch me!" Gon narrowed his eyes, shifting in time when Hisoka tried to grab him. "I already told you that I'm not sticking around here anymore!"

Angry and fed up, Gon tightened the hold he had on his backpack.

Noticing that Hisoka was still blocking his way, he headed straight for the man, pushing past him. But Hisoka grabbed his wrist just as he'd barely made it to the door, not allowing him to pass completely.

"I told you that you're not leaving," Hisoka said, pulling him back.

"And I told you that I'm going to stay with Killua." Gon struggled to free his wrist but the magician did not let go. If anything, he held tighter. "Let me go!"

"No."

Hisoka realized that he did not like the idea of Gon staying with Killua in this situation and it only
made him angrier whenever Gon said that he wanted to leave him and go to his friend. The frown deepened on his face and like a wild animal whose property was violated, he felt the excessive need to mark what was his so that no one would dare to interfere with it.

His voice was dangerously low. "Why do you always keep trying to run away? You're with me now…so face me. I'm not letting you go."

It occurred to Hisoka at that moment that he wanted Gon to not just admit his feelings, but to stand up to him, to show him the jealous rage that he felt from seeing him kissing someone else. He wanted to see how much Gon cared for him instead of just being willing to run away when things got bad.

*Are you going to just leave me so easily Gon? ~

*I will not allow you to—*

At the thought of Gon leaving, the bloodlust flowed out from Hisoka in waves, causing Gon to tremble as its cold, deadly fingers wrapped his slight frame.

Although the bloodlust was not aimed at him, he was too close and being unable to use his Ten as protection left him vulnerable in a dangerous situation.

Gon shivered but stood his ground bravely, staring up at Hisoka defiantly even though he knew that Hisoka could feel the slight tremor beneath his skin, the erratic pulse pressed against his thumb and hear his quickened breathing from quivering, parted lips.

Gon's eyes widened as the aura wave increased and he stopped fidgeting, immobilized.

Mistaking the bloodlust he felt for Hisoka's desire to kill him, he gritted his teeth, gathering his courage. "S-so what? You're going to kill me now? Is that it?"

"What?" Hisoka was brought back to reality by Gon's voice and his surprise caused the bloodlust to dissipate almost instantly.

Gon pulled, trying to free his trembling hand, trying to get away but the grip that held him was unwavering. "Isn't that what you'd said when we'd met in the forest? That you only 'spare those whose deaths would go to waste'?!"

"Gon…we spoke about this already, I told you that I have no interest in killing you anymore."

Gon was not listening to him.

"You don't get it do you?!!" he practically screamed, agitated from being held against his will and having experienced Hisoka's bloodlust at close range. "I know that you don't spare anyone whose deaths would go to waste and look at me, I am no use to you anymore since I'm leaving! I won't be here for your mission, and now that you're back together with your boyfriend—"

"Boyfriend? What? Gon you—"

"Shut up, I'm talking!" Gon was livid as he continued, "And since your boyfriend is back, I'm no longer your fuck buddy! Because that's all I ever was to you right?!" His voice dropped an octave, coated in derision and pain. "So since I'm useless all entirely, is this the point where I die?!!"

"Gon you are not being rationa—"
"What the hell is wrong with you?" Gon interrupted, trying unsuccessfully to pull away again. "Even after I've figured out what's going on you can't even give me a straight answer! You can't even be truthful with me. First you say you want to kill me eventually – you made that pretty fucking clear on Zebil Island. Then you tell me that you want to keep me around because you thought that I'd be an 'interesting ally'... but that was a lie!" Gon's hazel eyes glinted like steel, his anger suppressing his fear and regaining its strength.

"I said I wasn't lying."

"Yes you were!" Gon pounded at Hisoka's chest with one fist in an effort to get him to release his wrist from that harsh grip. "You're a fucking liar! And I fell for it and now that you're done using me, you're going to kill me aren't you?!"

"Gon, you're being irrational."

"Answer me you fucking liar!"

Hisoka grabbed Gon's fist mid-strike before it could connect again. "You want an answer? Okay, but I will not tell you again: I am *not* going to kill you."

Hisoka's tone was so determined and dangerous that Gon knew that he was not going to get away without a fight.

But he was prepared.

Wrenching one of his wrists free, Gon punched Hisoka square in the jaw. "If you're done telling me that you're not going to kill me, what the hell are you going to do now?! Kill me?!

"I'm not going to kill you but I *am* going to have to shut you up."

"What?! Go ahead, see if I let you, you bastard!"

"The pleasure's all mine Gon… ~" Hisoka smirked, adding, "You talk too much and don't listen enough~"

Gon was too enraged to acknowledge the twinge of fear he felt at the flare in Hisoka's aura, by that indomitable look in his eyes. "You manipulative bastar—" His words were cut off by the pair of lips meeting his own and he was too surprised to respond as Hisoka pulled away.

Hisoka smirked in satisfaction as he assessed Gon's stunned expression. "See? I shut you up~"

Gon gritted his teeth, turning away from his mocking eyes. "Why the hell did you kiss me with that lying mouth?! I am getting out of this Condo and you are not going to stop me!"

Hisoka stared him down, watching as Gon wiped at his mouth angrily, a disgusted look on his face.

"Gon—"

"Shut up and leave me alone."

"Are you sure you'll be content without me? ~" Hisoka asked, smirking.

"Of course I will be," Gon lied.
Hisoka tried to pull him close, but Gon refused to come any closer to him or meet his piercing gaze. He kept himself rooted where he stood, stubbornly remaining still and choosing instead to glare at the wall.

Hisoka's smirk turned to a frown. His patience was beginning to wear thin.

"Urrrgh!" In the blink of an eye, Gon found himself pinned to the wall he was previously glaring at. He turned his head, looking desperately at the door perpendicular to where he was held. *If only I can make it out that door...*

But the hand that was gripping his wrist did not let him go. Instead, it lifted so that his arm was now brought overhead, restraining it there as Hisoka's body pressed against his, trapping him against the wall. Hisoka's other hand grabbed his neck and Gon was forced to look up to meet his eyes as he felt the fingers push against his trachea, putting a little pressure there. Slowly, he was lifted to Hisoka's height, and his eyes widened with the increased effort to breathe.

And then it happened – those lips descended...

Those lips...

Gon growled, focused on the steadily approaching lips with wide eyes and pushing at the man, pummeling his chest with one tightly balled fist. There was no way that he was going to make contact with that mouth again. It was not his to kiss anymore, it belonged to someone else.

Were those lips ever mine to begin with?

"No..." Gon gasped, pulling at Hisoka's sweater until the material gave way. But even as the cashmere ripped beneath his fingers he did not let go. Seeing the cause of his pain, misery and hopelessness right there in front of him enveloped his mind in an emotion so dark, so bitter that he wanted nothing more than to hurt as much as he had been hurt. And the thought that all this time he had been nothing but a pawn in a sick game fueled his resolve to not give in to Hisoka.

"I'm...not going to stay here...to be used whenever you're not with him... I'm not his fucking replacement!" Gon choked out through gritted teeth, still trapped in that crushing grip that made it difficult to breathe.

He coughed, trying to take in more air but Hisoka did not ease up on his grip. If anything, Hisoka had a look of confusion mixed in with the anger, as if wondering why he felt that way.

Gon ground his teeth.

That bastard, still acting innocent after all this.

"Don't you get it? He's not my boyfriend and you're no one's replacement," Hisoka said finally, lifting his head to look at him with intense, golden eyes before bending to try and kiss him again.

"Ahhhh stop...!" Gon fought him like a wildcat, clawing at his chest with his free hand and trying to free his legs to kick him but it was impossible as his legs were firmly trapped between the wall and the man's own.

"Look at what you did," Hisoka whispered, looking down at himself. The grey partial button-up sweater he was wearing was now torn right down the center and the buttons of the red checkered shirt underneath were all ripped out.

Hisoka smirked, pondering at his now almost completely revealed torso with an astutely raised
"I didn't know you wanted me this badly," he cooed, deliberately taunting Gon with his words as he continued, grinning mischievously—"I don't blame you though, it's always even better when you're angry."

"Shut. The. Hell. Up." Gon enunciated every word, gritting his teeth even more as he renewed his struggle.

"Quite the foul mouthed one aren't you? Now I'm really excited. I just love it when you get wild with me~" Hisoka teased, his breath ghosting over Gon's sealed lips as he drew even closer.

Soon the lips made contact and as they moved smoothly against his closed mouth, Gon opened his – and bit him.

Hisoka recoiled instantly and Gon smiled, elated at the sight of the bright red blood dripping from his lip.

"Take that you jerk, Gon thought triumphantly, licking his own lips and tasting the blood there. "Ready for more?" he challenged, his smile full of danger and contempt.

"But of course I am," Hisoka responded, his look of surprise deepening to one of erotic desire and Gon's feeling of triumph took a sudden dive. Those intense yellow eyes were on his lips once more and Gon could only assume that they were focusing on the blood smeared there. Hisoka was most likely enjoying this display of defiance – especially in seeing his blood on him and Gon gritted his teeth, hissing, "Damn you, you masochistic bastard…"

"There's no need to whisper sweet nothings to me Gon, I'm already yours~" Hisoka taunted, smirking as he met those defiant lips again, his kiss determined and confident. But even as he coaxed Gon's lips to open, they remained firmly shut.

He lifted up to kiss Gon's cheek, turning to whisper in his ear, "Gon... are you still going to be this stubborn? ~" He licked the reddened ear lobe beneath his lips then turned to kiss, lick and nibble at Gon's lips, enjoying the metallic taste of his own blood that covered them.

"Why are you so angry over something so minor? ~" he drawled, pulling back to examine Gon's expression.

"Minor?! I-I hate you!" Gon replied, his face beet red.

"Oh is that so? ~" Hisoka asked smoothly. "What a bad liar you are..." He smirked, looking into the wary hazel eyes that had never left his. "I told you before that you cannot lie to me. And even when you try, your body is always completely honest~"

As if to emphasize his point, Hisoka pressed his body suggestively against him, bending once more to kiss his cheek.

Gon was unable to suppress the tremor coursing through him in response to Hisoka's proximity, to the kisses steadily moving to attack the sensitive skin just below his ear. He gasped, short nails digging into Hisoka's arm as a reluctant, choked moan spilled from his lips.

Hisoka knew just where to touch Gon in order to make him weak and Gon's stubborn determination to remain unaffected by the caress was only making Hisoka more turned on, especially in seeing his little spitfire fighting fruitlessly against him.

Lifting his head once more, Hisoka pretended to sigh in defeat, licking his lips to assess the damage that Gon had done to him. He saw Gon's eyes follow the movement of his tongue as it smoothed
over the cut he'd made on his lip and despite the fact that there was no remorse in those enraged hazel eyes, Hisoka smiled. "I'll say it one last time...you are no one's replacement."

"You..." Gon said through gritted his teeth. His voice was a dark, choking sound as he ground out, "...you can say it a million times but I...won't believe you...not after what I saw. Your words reek of lies..."

"Well then let me show you the truth...with my body~"

"Wha—mmph...!"

His lips met Gon's again and the young man felt his internal resolve quake this time. The intensity of Hisoka's passion, of what he felt for him was communicated very clearly through that one searing kiss.

Gon gasped as the lips departed him, only for teeth to delicately pull at his bottom lip. He groaned at the delicious pain.

The hand gripping his neck was unrelenting and his head felt light from the reduced supply of oxygen, but instead of passing out, he felt his desire mounting. Those soft, skillful lips returned to move against his own and Gon realized that he had been so busy expending all his energy in trying to breathe and keep his mouth tightly shut that the magnitude of his arousal caught him by surprise. Gon was so embarrassed that Hisoka was making him react this way that his rage began to unfurl and he felt vulnerable.

What...?!

Abruptly he felt sensitive all over, as if all the anger was exposed and he was going crazy with it, only to be stabbed unexpectedly and thoroughly by another brutal wave of hot desire.

No...I can't give in...I shouldn't...but...I want...I need...

His entire body shuddered with want and though he tried valiantly to retain control; the increasingly insistent lips against his own had Gon finally opening his mouth, surrendering as he lost himself in that kiss full of possession and passion.

The audacious tongue moved, slowly, smoothly against his own, coaxing him to respond and Gon's blush deepened, his moan muted by that scorching kiss.

No...

His eyes slid shut; Hisoka tasted exotic, like the most delicious berries and passionfruit...sweet like wildflower honey and brown sugar but so illicit that the lingering alcohol on his tongue was enough to make Gon feel even more heady and lightheaded.

Ah...

He loved the taste.

The grip on his neck loosened as he was lowered, but those lips remained firm, Hisoka bending to supplement their height difference. The hand finally slipped from his neck to trail down his body until it came to cup his already hardening phallus and Gon moaned, pushing his hips forward.

Hisoka's other hand still held his wrist imprisoned against the wall over his head and slowly, subconsciously Gon's fingers loosened and his backpack fell to the ground with a soft thud – the
sound unheard above the blood rushing in his ears and his own slightly muted, breathy moans.

As Gon got lost to the emotions, the only coherent thought that occurred to him was that maybe he liked what Hisoka was doing to him – the pain, the contradiction, the **everything** that defied commonsense, surpassed reason and made him addicted.

Hisoka was addictive, dangerous and he had been taken over completely without even realizing it, unable to free himself from this prison of passion, pain and need.

"Ohhhhh…" Gon moaned helplessly as the lips left to torture his neck. The hand kept teasing him through his shorts and he shuddered, eagerly meeting Hisoka's lips again when the man lifted his head.

The fiery rage had given way to the fire of passion and it burned so brightly that Gon found himself not caring anymore that these same lips were just kissing Illumi's passionately.

All he cared about was what he was feeling with this man right now.

*I'm so foolish...*

Releasing his lips, Hisoka looked down at him, golden eyes clouded with lust. "Are you still angry with me? Do you still want to leave me? ~" When he received no answer, he chuckled to himself as he bent lower, picking up the young man effortlessly and kicking the door behind them closed with the heel of his boot.

Gon's face turned bright red as he was being carried 'bridal style'. "Hey! What are you doing? Put me down!" He pushed at Hisoka's chest but the other did not relent.

"Just *shhhh* will you? ~" Hisoka grinned and continued walking, stopping when his shin touched the side of their large bed. Depositing Gon on top, he hovered over him, grinning even more as the young man looked up at him with a stern pout, arms folded.

"Why are you so angry?"

"Isn't it fucking obvious?!" Gon asked through clenched teeth, feeling himself getting angrier again. Just looking at Hisoka's calm demeanor that trivialized what had happened and seemed to expect him to forget about it all was pissing him off.

"So…you're still angry~"

"Of course I am, genius!"

Hisoka frowned. "But if you're so mad at me, why are you so hard? ~"

"What?"

"Right here… ~" Hisoka groped him through his shorts, feeling his phallus hardening under his touch.

[[SMACK]]

Gon slapped him hard across his face.

"…" Hisoka bit his lip, surprised to say the least. But along with the surprise was a very distinctive increase in his arousal. If this was how Gon reacted when pissed off, he wanted nothing more than to piss him off even more.
Kneeling on the bed, he reached for him.

"What the heck do you think you're doing?" Gon struggled as Hisoka pulled his vest and armhole tank over his head.

"What does it look like? I'm taking off your clothes~"

"Don't…do that!"

Hisoka ignored him, twisting the vest around his arms so that they were bound. And while Gon was trapped like that, he reached for the waistband of his shorts, quickly undoing the buttons and pulling them down.

"I told you not to do that!" Gon kicked at him as his pants were removed and his foot caught Hisoka square in the chin. In the split second that it took Hisoka to regain his bearings, Gon finally managed to pull his hands free of his binds and scrambled to sit up, hiding his nudity with the bunched up clothing. He glared at Hisoka who was reaching into one of the slanted pockets of his khaki shorts to retrieve his phone.

"Hey! What are you doing?!" Gon launched forward to grab his phone and Hisoka raised it higher with one hand, throwing his shorts to the other side of the room.

Gon grabbed his arm with both hands and Hisoka grinned when the movement caused him to drop the clothing in his hand and expose himself.

"Wha—" As Gon finally wrenched the phone out of his grip, he felt Hisoka grab his cock, stroking it. "Fuck!" he gasped, doubling over and dropping the phone.

"Mmm nice~"

"Hey! Let go!" Gon shouted, slapping him hard across his face, but even to his own ears his voice sounded like a pleading moan. "Urrrrghhh…" His palm stilled on Hisoka's cheek and as his hips bucked, his fingers curled – short nails digging their way into Hisoka's smooth alabaster skin as his hands dragged downwards, moving to push against his chest.

"Ah, so you're already this hard, huh? ~" Hisoka commented mockingly as he squeezed the erect member in his hand. His voice was ripe with excitement as he goaded him, bending to whisper darkly in Gon's ear, "Go ahead, keep digging into my skin with your nails; slap me more...put your hands all over me, make me hurt~"

Gon whimpered, struggling as Hisoka roughly pulled his naked body flush against him.

"No... Hisoka...!" The action caused his erect phallus to rub against the man's belt buckle and his body stilled at the rough stimulus, a desperate cry of ecstasy escaping his lips.

"Mmmmm...you're so fucking sensitive right now..." Hisoka looked down between them and pushed his hips forward, making the buckle press against the swollen head and Gon mewled, feeling helpless.

Hisoka listened appreciatively to the sounds of his pleasure and smiled, continuing in a sardonic voice, "I could do anything to you right now and you'll be like butter in my hands~" As if to exaggerate his point further, he ran long, graceful fingers down his back and Gon's body shuddered.

"Oooooooh…"
He laughed at him and Gon tried to pull away, but Hisoka held him tightly, bending to observe his neck.

"Now what is this? ~" Hisoka brought his hand up to touch the large bandage at the base of Gon's neck.

"You seem to be in quite the self-destructive mood this evening. First you're going out into the cold night with nothing but an armhole vest and shorts..."—he fingered the edges of the tawny bandage—"...and you're even wearing a bandage. Tell me, did you hurt yourself? ~"

Gon struggled. "What the fuck do you care?!"

"Oooh I like it when you're feisty, now I'm really curious about this... ~" Securing his grip on Gon with one hand, he held the edge of the bandage and peeled it off.

"Oh? ~" Hisoka closely observed the dark red bruise that stood out proudly on the tanned skin of Gon's neck.

"So you're trying to hide my mark~" He frowned as he traced its irregular perimeter with a curious fingertip, feeling Gon wriggle beneath him. "I was particularly proud of this one you know~" he added, bending to kiss the hickey. His breath skimmed Gon's sensitive skin and he relished in the reluctant shudder that raced through the younger man.

"L-let me go...!" Gon pleaded.

"No," Hisoka said simply, continuing to trace the hickey on his neck. "This reminds me of how good it was to fuck you in the shower this morning.” He paused, licking and kissing higher up on Gon's neck before continuing. "No matter how much you try to hide them, there will always be more – I'll give you so many that no bandage in this world could hide them all~" Hisoka bent to nibble on his neck, licking and kissing the skin and Gon pulled away before he could mark him again, slapping him.

"What the heck do you think I am? Your property?!" Gon pushed at his chest, trying to put some distance between them, even as his bare knees slipped on the silky sheets. "You don't own me. I'm —"

"You're my fruit~" Hisoka said, pulling him closer and Gon couldn't fight the rough, possessive kiss forced upon him. When he attempted to pull away this time, Hisoka let him and the force with which he pulled caused him to fall back on the bed.

Hisoka smiled admiringly as his golden eyes roamed over Gon's prone, naked body amidst the rumpled sheets, taking in the way his legs were splayed wide as if welcoming him in.

"You belong to no one else...especially after I've waited this long for you to ripen...to claim you~" he said, looking up at Gon's enraged face while removing what remained of his shredded sweater and shirt. He threw them aside, and undid his belt, bending down to kiss Gon's thigh gently. "Remember that... only I will do these things to you~"

"What t—" Gon was rendered speechless when Hisoka's hand came up to grip his cock, stroking it slowly.

"What was that Gon? ~" Hisoka raised his head to meet his eyes and Gon started to get angry again at the mocking tone but the finger circling the tip of his cock soon made him throw back his head as a cry of pleasure left his lips.
"Ahhh..." Gon gripped the sheets hard, panting and trying to focus but Hisoka only made things worse for him when he removed the finger to replace it with his tongue, causing Gon's moans to become increasingly high-pitched.

_Shit... why does he always do this?_

Gon's hands fisting in the sheets was the only sign of his anger still struggling to maintain hold even as his hips struggled to disobey his mind, pushing upward into Hisoka's mouth.

Hisoka's tongue deftly circled Gon's hypersensitive flesh, skillfully tracing the underside and flicking the delicate ridge where the swollen head met the shaft.

Gon bit his bottom lip to stop the moan but it came out as a desperate, strangled, gurgling sound that made him so embarrassed that his face went at least one shade redder than it already was.

Hisoka's lips released his straining member to kiss his lower abdomen, smiling when the action caused Gon's hips to jerk upward smoothly.

"Damn you Hisoka..." Gon groaned as he looked up at the man now directly above him through unsteady, glazed over eyes.

"I don't know why you try to resist when we both know that you want this~" Hisoka replied, grabbing his hips.

"Wh-what?!" Gon stuttered when Hisoka flipped him over easily. "What are you doing?!

"You'll see..." Hisoka said, his lips stretching into a confident smile as he slapped him on his butt. "I'm about to blow your mind... now lift your ass higher~"

XXX

"Oooooh... _p-please_...don't...I can't...I can't take it anymo—ohhhhhh!"

Gon felt as if he was ablaze...

And Hisoka was fanning the flames of the fire, content to watch him burn – especially when his adept tongue was doing nothing to cool him down.

"A—ah...ahhhhh... f-fuck what are you—ahhhh...!"

Bent over and kneeling on the bed, his fingernails dug into his palms, bruising them as he fist the sheets – whether it was in anger or pleasure, Gon could no longer differentiate.

"...Hahhhh...!" his body wriggled, wanting that touch, craving it.

Hisoka's smooth, skillful tongue started to do circles around the puckered rose of his entrance before spearing him through and he trembled, feeling as if he'd been speared through his heart instead.

"Hisoka...!" he cried breathlessly.
The man was now wiggling his tongue, doing things to him that Gon had never before experienced. Things that had him gasping into the pillow he now held tightly, legs trembling and tears pearling at the corners of his eyes.

*What is he doin—? Fuck, this is amazing!*

Hisoka flicked his tongue across his skin, pausing to bite him gently and Gon felt as if he literally saw stars. "Oh gods of this world...holy fuck... Hisoka do that again...ahhh...!"

Hisoka repeated the action and another tremor wracked Gon's body. "Hisoka...yes!"

*Good gods this is too much,* Gon thought dreamily. He could barely breathe, much less think clearly anymore. All he could do was mindlessly follow his body's desire to push back against Hisoka's mouth, wanting that warm tongue to go deeper than it already was.

"Ahhhhh..."

The tongue withdrew to circle one last time until finally ending the assault in a kiss on the puckered skin. Before Gon could catch his breath though, he felt himself being pushed until his hard, aching nipples were pressed against the silky sheets.

He moaned, drooling as Hisoka's tongue heated him up even more – tracing a burning path from the base of his spine up, up...slowly, tantalizingly to stop at the base of his neck.

Gon would have never in a million years believed that something so wet could make him feel so hot, so out of control, but after the literal tongue lashing he'd just experienced he was now a believer.

"Mmmmmnnn... ~" Hisoka put a little weight on the body trapped below him, moaning as he rubbed his engorged shaft against the smooth, plump butt.

The action caused Gon's sensitive phallus to be squeezed between his own body and the silk sheets and he whimpered, shaking. Hisoka repeated the movement. "Ah..." Gon's breath caught and his hand gripped the sheets even tighter.

Gon could feel the smirk there on his neck as the man paused, savoring the anticipation until sending his tongue out again to lap at his heated skin. Teeth occasionally pulled and nipped at the tender flesh and somewhere in the back of his fogged mind Gon thought to himself that what Hisoka was doing was surely going to leave a terrible bruise.

"Ahhhhh..." There it was, that tongue on his earlobe.

*What was I thinking about again?*

It felt as if everything had been forgotten.

"Gon...~"

Gon shuddered when Hisoka blew a wisp of cool air on his neck.

"Mmmm...you taste so good...every part of you... ~" Hisoka muttered, biting into his tender skin.

"A—ahhhh..."

Hisoka shifted to lift off of him, allowing his hands to trace the length of Gon's body, eliciting tremors as they swept...down...down...down to finally grasp his butt cheeks firmly.
"Mmmm...~"

"Ah, Hisoka…wh-what are you doing?!” Gon stuttered as the man parted his legs, pushing them open to reveal him completely. His face burned as he tried to turn around to see what Hisoka was about to do.

But those lips were on his neck again, doing things that made his vision swim.

The magician scoffed, "What? Shy all of a sudden…~"—a finger pushed at his entrance—"…after all that we've done? ~"

The finger pushed past the tight ring of muscle. "Ah….ahhhh!" Gon cried out as he felt the single digit enter. In no time it was joined by another.

"Hnnnnnn…” he moaned into the sheets, eyes tightly shut as he relished the smooth movement of the fingers against his prostate.

Just then there was a loud polyphonic ringtone.

Hisoka looked around, then down to see that Gon's phone, partially hidden amidst the sheets, was ringing right next to him.

"Uh...uh…ahhhhh… m-my p-phone..." Gon tried to turn around but Hisoka kept his hand on his back.

"Ignore it~" Hisoka thrust his fingers deeper and Gon bit his lip.

"Urrrgh… mmmmmmmm…"

The ringing stopped.

"B-but it might have been important...ahhh...Hisok—!

The ringing started again.

"More important than this? ~" Hisoka withdrew, then pushed both fingers roughly into Gon's ass again, twisting them for emphasis and Gon cried out, renewing his tight grip on the sheets.

"N-no… y-yes… I… I... uhhhhh… ahhh! Oh gods Hisoka…you bastard…”

Hisoka reached for the phone as it stopped, all the while maintaining the rhythmic movements of his other hand as it continued to thrust two fingers deep inside of Gon. The ringing started once more, the phone vibrating violently in his hand and he looked absently at the display.

Seeing that Gon's friend, Killua was calling, a wicked smile spread across his lips. He was tempted to answer and put the device near Gon's mouth so that Killua would be shocked to hear those wanton cries but he changed his mind; Gon was already angry enough.

It was still tempting though.

*Your interference for today ends here*~ Hisoka thought as he continued to look down at the screen.*Gon's busy right now… ~* He smirked, pressing the button to ignore the call.

Switching off the phone, he threw it to the far end of the bed.

Gon whined, "Hisoka...ahhhh...ummm...w-who was it?"
"It wasn't important, don't worry about it... ~" Hisoka pushed a third finger inside him.

"Ah, oh god…! Hisoka that that's too much I—!"

Hisoka pulled away completely and Gon felt him move as their positions were reversed. Now looking down at Hisoka beneath him, Gon took the opportunity to reach down and trace the hard line of the abdominal muscles as he straddled him.

"Mmmm~" Hisoka stroked his cock as he looked up at Gon leaning over him, pausing to hold that thick erection at Gon's entrance with one hand whilst pushing down on his hips with the other, coaxing him to take it in. Gon blushed as he eased down, enjoying the slightly painful, odd yet fulfilling feeling of being stretched as he did.

"Oh fu—ahhh !" Gon gasped as Hisoka's both hands gripped his hips harder, pushing him downwards and thrusting upward suddenly, going the rest of the way. Almost immediately, he felt those same hands all over his body, caressing, smoothing, and pinching.

He was overwhelmed by the storm of emotions flooding his nervous system all at once and he trembled under Hisoka's hands, his back arching.

"Ahhh…!" Gon moaned as Hisoka pinched and pulled at his nipple, rolling the hardened nub between skillful fingers. He rocked his hips in response and heard the man groan.

He grinned at the sound, watching Hisoka's reaction through hooded eyes. The man's face was flushed and his slim, arched brows were drawn together and Gon knew that for once, he was in control.

Lifting up a bit, he slammed back down and Hisoka gasped, his eyes drawn towards the sudden sadistic grin on Gon's face.

*Oh, so he intends to take his anger out on me this way~* Hisoka thought as Gon repeated the movement a few more times, grinding against his pelvis again and again.

He smirked, licking his lips.

I don't mind at all~

"Ah Gon…~"

Gon leaned forward to capture one hard nipple in his mouth, flicking it with his tongue and then biting down.

"Oooh very nice…~" Hisoka's hand came up to run through that shock of currently messy black hair as Gon switched to the other nipple, licking and biting it. He smiled, sex with Gon was always rougher when the younger man was in a bad mood.

Straightening up once more, Gon rotated his hips again and brought his palms to rest flat against Hisoka's chest. With this new leverage and control, he was now able to lift up and push back down with more freedom, tilting his hips and directing those thrusts exactly where he wanted them.

He lifted off of Hisoka's shaft until he was only impaled halfway, preparing to take him in once more but the man pushed up to possess him completely, trying to regain full control of the pace.

*What the heck?* Gon slapped him across his face.

Meeting those eyes boldly and reaching forward to grab Hisoka's chin, he spoke in a low voice, "Did I say you could *fuck* me? Did I say that you could push that *thing* inside of me?!!"
Hisoka raised an eyebrow. 'Thing'? ~

"Did I?!" Gon repeated darkly, and Hisoka felt those nails pricking at his skin, causing deliciously painful sparks to go all the way to his cock, still halfway buried inside of Gon. He was tempted not to respond or to just keep trying to impale Gon, if only to have the young man hurt him some more.

"Mmmm no you didn't say that I could...although I could d— ~"

Gon slapped him again, harder this time and the strength of the blow reopened the cut on Hisoka's lip.

"That feels good Gon...do it again~"

"Just…shut the fuck up."

The sound of another slap was resounding as Gon sneered, "I never said you could talk out of turn." His grip on Hisoka's chin was harder this time and for one dangerously suspenseful moment, those fiery hazel eyes travelled the length of Hisoka's torso as one finger traced the marks he'd made earlier when he had clawed him.

Those bright red scratches stood out against the pale skin and Gon deliberately pressed into them as his fingers raked over the surface of Hisoka's skin, the desire to cause pain suddenly rising within him.

Hisoka made a muffled sound that Gon differentiated as a cross between pain and pleasure. But wanting to tip the scales in favor of more pain, he curled his fingernails into one of the more serious welts until it bled, rocking his hips at the same time to tease Hisoka.

"Ah~"

Lacking remorse and with a look that promised more violence whether or not the man gave him what he wanted, Gon released Hisoka's chin and traced the bruise on his cheek with a curious finger before easing his hips down a little more.

Hisoka licked at the blood pooling on his lip, eyes almost rolling back as he endured the beautifully painful torture of being denied full penetration.

Finally Gon took the entire length in once more, on his own terms, reveling in the shudder that radiated throughout Hisoka's body.

"Oh Gon...that's great~"

It really is... Gon thought, not voicing his words, but arching his back and licking his lips as he rode the man beneath him.

Gon paused the rhythmic dance of his hips to lean forward slightly once more, voice breathy with desire as he commanded. "Push it in me now. Hard."

Hisoka immediately did as he was told, steadily pushing up into Gon's tightness again and again.

Gon's eyes remained focused on Hisoka's golden stare and he slapped him hard across his face. "More!" he shouted. "That's not enough, harder, push it harder you unfaithful son of a bitch!" His nails dug into Hisoka's chest as his small body bounced from the force of the thrusts as the man gave him what he wanted.
Hisoka was ecstatic. Finally Gon was standing up to him for what he did, showing his anger and rage at him kissing someone else. He loved dominating Gon but this rare instance in which Gon was pissed off enough to try dominating him was amazing.

Right now, the dull pain from the slaps to his face, the nails currently digging into his chest almost breaking the skin and Gon's angry stare were all such an epic turn on that he felt himself getting even harder as he maliciously buried his entire length inside of Gon's embracing warmth over and over.

Gon's fist met his face this time. "That's it...fuck my ass hard you bastard..."

Hisoka bit his lips at the painful pleasure, eyes widening at the dirty words coming out of Gon's mouth; words he didn't even have to coax Gon to say. This was very interesting and he was loving it. Maybe...I should make him angry more often...~

"Ahhh...good job..." Gon groaned, his hips now matching Hisoka's brutal pace effortlessly.

"Mmmmm~"

"Oh --ah...ah...ah...fuck..." Gon's movements were becoming more wanton with each passing minute and he opened his clouded honey-coloured eyes wider to stare down at the man below him, looking but not really seeing.

Hisoka stopped thrusting, allowing him to take control. He watched proudly as Gon rode his hard cock, taking pleasure in the angry, reckless gyrations of those smaller hips. As the exquisite tightness repeatedly swathed his phallus, the bobbing member in front of him caught his attention, fully erect and straining, a single pearl of pre-cum glistening on the tip.

Licking his lips and reaching forward, he flicked that hard erection, smiling wickedly as Gon trembled with ecstasy, his control of the situation waning.

"No...stop Hisoka...I will...I will...ahh—!"

Hisoka sensed the change in his voice, the slightly pleading tone and he knew that it was almost time.

Stopping Gon's movements with both hands on those smaller hips he started thrusting upwards as his hands moved, forcefully pulling Gon's lithe body toward his over and over, in time with his hips' upward thrusts – controlling him as he wanted.

"Ahhmmm...!

Hisoka stopped to flip Gon over, changing their position so that Gon was now on his back and lifting his legs high, feet over his shoulders. He grinned at Gon's spaced-out expression, withdrawing almost completely only to thrust back in forcefully.

"Oh gods...yes oh please...Hiso-- ahhhhhh...ruin me...give it...give it to—" Gon mumbled as if in a trance, holding on to the muscular arms grasping his ankles and looking up at Hisoka's reddened face, partially hidden by crimson hair.

His feet were pushed so high over his head that his toes pressed into the mattress and Gon moaned, his hands sliding down to tighten around Hisoka's wrists. He peered down through hazy eyes at the raunchy scene before him, watching as Hisoka's abdominal muscles flexed with each forceful thrust, pushing his cock into him.
"Yes~" Hisoka grunted, pressing Gon's body downward roughly with each stroke.

Their coupling was violent but Gon did not care. "Oh yes! Give it…give it to me you asshole! Hurt me...harder... D-don't stop!"

"I won't stop."

"Hnnnnn...I...I-I– ahhhh- I'm cummi—!

"I know~" Hisoka said as Gon's legs started to quiver in his grip. "That's it Gon...let it happen~" His voice was husky and his pace quickened, slamming into him repeatedly.

Gon's hand moved to grasp his own cock – slick with his pleasure – and stroked it. "Ah...ah...ah... ahhhhhhhh...f—ahhhhh!" He cried out as his climax hit him hard, the nails of his other hand digging deeper into Hisoka's arm and his entire body trembling.

"Mmmmmm...~" Hisoka moaned as he looked down at Gon to see the anger and threat of violence fade from his eyes to be replaced by an expression of blissful rapture. He felt his own orgasm approaching, getting closer until the pleasure coursed throughout his body and he thrust a few more times at its pinnacle, releasing deep inside of Gon.

Gon, still in the throes of his orgasmic release, gasped as he felt the warmth of Hisoka's cum fill him. The sensation caused him to shudder one last time until finally his rigid body went lax as Hisoka slumped on top of him.

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Gon's back was to Hisoka as he lay comfortably wrapped in the duvet, dozing. He felt Hisoka shift behind him and thinking that the man was getting up to leave, he settled deeper into the warm sheets, trying not to care.

*He got what he wanted, now he's going. Figures.* Tears stung at his eyes but he refused to give in.

Instead of moving away from him as he expected, Hisoka settled an arm possessively across his right hip. Angered by the feeling of happiness in his heart in reaction to Hisoka's touch and the fact that he hadn't left him, Gon brusquely pushed the arm off his naked hip. It was back in no time and when Gon pushed it off again, it returned to settle over his waist this time.

"What the heck is wrong with you?" he groaned moodily, squirming as Hisoka proceeded to easily pull his body against him.

"This is much better…~" Hisoka cooed against the nape of his neck as his arm tightened around him.

"No it isn't!" Gon protested, trying to pry the hand around his waist off.

"I can't believe you're still angry at me~"

"Of course I am, what the heck did you expect? To fuck me and I'll forget?"

Hisoka sighed, releasing him, but instead of leaving him alone, he flipped him unto his back, moving so that he straddled his legs. As he did, Gon's hand came up to slap him and he grabbed it, then the other, holding them up against the mattress and above the messy black hair.

"Let me go!" Gon wriggled underneath him but Hisoka only regarded him calmly.
Gon pulled harder to free his hands that were trapped on either side of his head as Hisoka bent toward him. "What the hell are you doin—" His words were cut off when he felt the man's lips tenderly kiss his forehead.

"Gon…~"

"Wh-what…?" Gon responded awkwardly, shocked by the gentle kiss and to Hisoka, he was as cute as a puppy as he stared up at him with those large, questioning eyes. Hisoka bent to kiss his lips but Gon hesitated, remembering that he was supposed to be angry with him.

Finally, instead of meeting Hisoka's lips, he turned away stubbornly.

"Aww come on, don't be like that~" Hisoka leaned forward and kissed the tip of his nose and Gon giggled but then stopped himself.

_We may have had sex, but I'm still angry with you..._ Gon thought gruffly, averting his eyes and pouting.

Hisoka smiled, releasing Gon's trapped wrists. He supported his weight on one arm as his other hand came up to glide over the soft tear-stained cheek. "Were you crying before I came home? ~" he asked but Gon turned away from his penetrating gaze.

Seeing how much he'd hurt Gon in his effort to get him to reveal his feelings, Hisoka felt a twinge of something he couldn't remember ever feeling – regret.

Bending lower, he traced the visible path of the tears from Gon's chin with his tongue, savoring the saltiness and ending in a kiss when he reached the closed eyelid.

"Kawaii~" Hisoka whispered when a faint blush stained Gon's tanned skin. He cupped his chin, running his thumb along the edge as an inexplicable emotion rose from deep within him. One that not only made him feel the incredible urge to possess Gon to keep him at his side, but was also much more complex than simply possessing.

Hisoka was confused. _What...is this? ~_

Curious when he didn't feel Hisoka make any movements, Gon opened his eyes.

_Honest and inquisitive hazel eyes looked up to meet an emotion they'd never seen expressed on Hisoka's face before._

_Perplexed, Gon's hand came up to touch him, tracing his lips, slim eyebrows, nose – stroking the pale skin and probing its surface as if unsure that he was seeing clearly. He didn't know what it meant, but it pulled at his heartstrings._
He felt his anger dissipate as he finally understood even as Hisoka remained silent. *I see now how you feel, Hisoka...I understand.*

Hisoka felt the small hands weave their way into his hair and tug impatiently, pulling him downwards. He was surprised at first, but quickly succumbed, more than willing to meet those lips.

When Hisoka stopped kissing him to pull away and look down at his face once more, and at the hair mussed up by their sex, he whispered, "You look so cute and innocent~" Gon blushed deeper and he continued, "But you were naughty, I knew you had followed me to the bar."

"How...?" Gon couldn't understand how Hisoka could have known that he was there even after he'd hidden his presence.

"How can I not know Gon?" The fingers on Gon's cheek left to travel down his body, skimming the side of his ribs. "We've spent a lot of time together...*intimately.* Don't you think I'll be able to sense your presence easily by now?" Hisoka smiled at Gon's happy sigh when his fingertips trailed over the sensitive lower abs.

"But if you knew I was there, why—"

"Illumi," Hisoka began, interrupting Gon before he could ask why he had kissed Illumi. "Illumi and I used to be together...a lot."

"So...he was like your boyfriend," Gon deadpanned, frowning.
"Sort of~"

"Then why did you break up?" Gon found himself asking before he could stop himself.

Hisoka, seeing his uncertain expression, said, "It's okay to ask, it's no secret. Back then, although Illumi said that he cared for me, I knew that those were empty words and that what we had would remain stagnant. There was someone else that he was in love with – maybe he knew it at the time, maybe he didn't – but it was someone he was trying to forget."

"Do you know who that person is?"

Hisoka smirked. "Of course I do, but that, I cannot tell you. You'll have to figure it out for yourself or wait until that secret reveals itself. But just know that the person is closer than you think… ~"

Gon eyed the smirk on Hisoka's face and bit his lip, thinking hard. The only person close to Illumi is…

"Gon~"

"Hmmm?"

He didn't understand why he felt the need to say this; all he knew was that he just had to. "Although Illumi and I have a history," he started casually. "I did not kiss him because of that...this time I was just messing around with him…nothing happened afterwards. I was just trying to make you— ~"

"Jealous? Yeah…I understand all that now."

"How did you…? ~"

"I know how you feel about me now…it's…in your eyes and I see it clearly," Gon said with such conviction that Hisoka was shaken by it.

Reaching up between them, those small hands touched his face delicately. "I realize now that since you'd known that I was right there, you must have been trying to make me jealous…"

So he's finally seen right through my act~

"But there's one thing I don't understand though…" Gon wore a confused expression. "Why didn't you tell me this from the beginning…when you came home and saw me leaving?"

"Well I tried, but you weren't really listening~"

"You could have tried harder."

"Yeah, I could have but had I done that, I would have missed out on the opportunity to have angry sex with you~"

"…" Gon was not amused.

"Gon…~"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry that I had to test you like that~"
Gon frowned, quiet for a moment before he replied, "Yeah... and I'm sorry I followed you...it's just that—"

"I know that it was Killua who made you do it. I had guessed that much~"

"Yeah, but that was no excuse for me to still do that..." Gon said. "I should have asked you about Illumi instead..."

"Don't worry about it, I know that you were just afraid to open yourself up to me~"

Gon remained silent and Hisoka observed his pensive features before asking, "Are you still afraid to say how you feel?"

"No...I don't think so...I..." Gon hesitated, suddenly unsure. "I just...I never thought that one day it'd be you that...I'll say these things to," he said in a quiet voice, looking away.

"Go ahead...~" Hisoka encouraged him, tipping his chin back towards him.

"..." Gon took a deep, steadying breath. "I... I like you... a lot." he said softly, blushing. He frowned; not really knowing what to make of what Hisoka had done, going to all these lengths just to make him confess. "You're still a bastard though," he added.

Hisoka smirked. "Say it again~"

Gon was puzzled. "What? That you're a bastard?"

Hisoka frowned. "No, I know that already... say the other thing~"

"I...really like you."

"Now look me in the eyes and say it Gon~"

Gon sighed, but did as Hisoka asked, looking deep into those searching golden eyes and whispering, "I really like you Hisoka."

The smile on Hisoka's face was broad. It felt great to hear those words coming from Gon. "Stay with me Gon. I want to hear you say that to me every day~" he said seriously, looking deep into the endearing honey-coloured eyes below him. His voice dropped to a sultry whisper, "I want to get to know you more, to rediscover your body over and over every day. Don't try to leave me again~"

Hisoka hated forming bonds, for this exact reason. Of having to be concerned that someone important would want to leave his life. He supposed that this all had something to do with things that happened in his past, but he did not dwell on that thought; the past was not worth remembering.

"Just stay by my side~"

"I...—Gon smiled—"...um Hisoka I will stay with you," he replied honestly, watching the play of emotions on his face. He was unsure if this was Hisoka's way of saying that they were officially in a relationship but decided not to ask, parting his lips willingly as Hisoka bent to kiss him.

Hisoka moaned against those dewy lips, his tongue possessively wrapping and teasing Gon's. His mind wandered as he relished Gon's submission, the delicate hands in his hair, the lithe body arching against his.

It was interesting how this had all started with him thinking that Gon was just another to save for
last, to kill when he became worthy enough.

Even that day when he'd found out that Gon could no longer use his Nen and would probably never become a worthy opponent, he had simply planned to make up for that loss by taking his innocence.

Back then he had been convinced that it would be the next best thing to simply ruin him, keep him around until he grew tired of his body then discard him. But instead of growing bored, every time they had sex, it stroked the dormant fire in him and now he couldn't think of giving up what was his to another.

Seeing Gon try to leave today proved that to him.

And apparently, his plans for Gon weren't the only things that had changed recently. Maybe it was because he'd been so distracted lately, but he noticed that the constant urge to kill, that uncontrollable bloodlust... something was different.

It had been a while since he'd felt the gnawing, near crippling compulsion to kill an innocent in order to keep his urges from consuming him. It was only this evening that his bloodlust had become disquieted again when provoked by the idea of Gon leaving and even then, he'd been able to control it much easier than in the past.

Of course Hisoka was still the same cold blooded killer he'd always been, but having more control over an integral part of himself that had once tormented him was a good thing, especially for this mission. The last thing he wanted was to lose control and blow his cover before taking down his target.

Hisoka was beginning to feel that sex with Gon and the camaraderie he'd unexpectedly developed with him was the only way to satiate the bloodlust that usually burned in his veins like acid.

And now as he thrust his tongue further, listening to Gon's content moans while he tasted all of him in that searing kiss, Hisoka couldn't help but think that maybe the bloodlust had actually been a desire for something else all along – something like this.
Think I did a good job on this chapter! Give me some of your love ❤
(It helps me to keep writing)
2nd Re-edit Note: The beautiful Hisoka x Gon art for this chapter was done by Kamechuu from Tumblr! Check them out, they draw wonderful art and their HisoGon is great. Thank you Kamechuu for your fan art *cries*!

Re-edit Note: This chapter was so good to read lol, I can't believe I wrote this...

A/N:

1) Haha yes, the front door was open the entire time they were fighting and making out against the wall lol. The other owners in the building must have lodged so many complaints about them to the association haha. Can you imagine being their neighbor? Geez no sleeping...

2) Awww...so many feels T_T angst...smut and fluff...

You know, this would be a great ending for this fic. Sounds like a nice little happy ever after lol.

The next update, I can't say exactly when since classes are still in progress and a major assignment is approaching for me. Eventually I'm going to have to stop procrastinating and bury myself in books but I promise that it won't be longer than 3 weeks :)

Anyway, don't forget to review and share some of your love with me. I think I need to catch up on some sleep now that I'm done working on this chapter. I've lost enough. Hope you all liked it, and if there is something about it that was particularly interesting, tell me about it in your review!

NOTE: I did a poem based on how Gon's feelings have developed since he first met Hisoka to present and I would post it soon. I'll post it as a separate "work" so it won't throw off the chapter count here so look out for that over the weekend :)

Next Chapter Preview: Gon and Hisoka spend time together as the plot advances and Illumi finally catches Killua who's been avoiding him. See you in the next update :)
A Beautiful Morning Together

Author's Notes:

Hello everyone. Thanks for reading and for the Kudos :) It's time for another update!

Re-edit: Chapters 20 -26 were chapters 20 - 23 now cut in half to make them easier to read.

A/N: Hi again guys! It's update time! *Silly dancing*

And this chapter has fluffy, domestic HisoGon! *Heavy breathing* (lol)

I love it because there are so many things I like in here and I hope you guys enjoy it XD

Oh and before I forget, I had done an extension of sorts to Chapter 19 so you might want to check that out under my other stories (the title is Wanting to Meet You x See You Again).

Chapter Summary: Gon is upset that Hisoka seems to be having second thoughts about his involvement in their mission...

References: Hunter x Hunter 2011 episode 28 where Gon remembers how Hisoka told him how you can (-stalk-) learn where someone is.

Disclaimers:

Plot mine! Characters not!

Finally: Haha... I just love their dynamics. These two even argue like an old married couple – that fights. While editing this I was like, *It's too early in the morning for this y'all* lol…

A moment of silence for the 3200US antique Table Lamp that lost its life in the last chapter and for which no one cares ( still don't) RIP, we hardly knew thee...

Now come, let's get started!

Chapter Twenty : A Beautiful Morning Together

NB: Day 11

"Ummm..." Gon moaned groggily, roused awake when the man below him stirred. He drowsily rubbed at his eyes and groaned, opening heavy eyelids to see Hisoka looking down at him.

"Ohayou~"

"Ohayou," Gon replied, returning his smile with a beatific one of his own.

"How did you sleep? ~"
Gon sat up in bed and stretched his arms wide, yawning. "Mmmhmm…"

Hisoka stroked the messy hair away from his face, smiling wider at the cute sound he'd made. "That's good… ~"

Gon nodded, turning away from him momentarily.

"Huh?” His attention was drawn to the condition of their bedroom.

*Something’s different…it's a bit…neater?*

He looked around.

_Ah yes, that’s what it is!_

Last night the place looked as if a mini tornado had passed through. The reason being that the evening before, during their argument, Hisoka definitely hadn't been gentle in stripping him of his clothes. If he remembered correctly, his shorts, vest and armhole tank was over by the sliding doors along with Hisoka's torn clothes, pants and belt.

He had managed to keep his boots on longer than the rest though, but eventually, that too was pulled off and thrown in the corner, unfortunately knocking over the svelte antique ceramic and brass table lamp.

Gon blushed as he remembered how hasty Hisoka had been, preoccupied solely with removing the bothersome barrier between those hands and his body and not caring about the mess that was made in the process. But today, it was as if the events of yesterday had never occurred. The clothing that had been scattered haphazardly over the floor was all gone and the heavy drapes were drawn, lending a serene quality to the atmosphere in their bedroom.

Even the broken glass from the lamp was not there any more.

_*Hisoka must have cleaned up after I fell asleep._*

A small smile graced his lips as he turned back toward the man lying next to him. "Hisoka did y —"

He wasn't allowed to finish his sentence.

"Ouch, Hisoka…ow…ow…ow…y—...s-stop it!” Gon laughed, batting away the hands that were pinching his cheeks. Having succeeded, he scooted a bit further away from the man, still grinning and giving him a playful glare.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that? I did try to resist~” Hisoka said, easily blocking the small pillow thrown at him.

"Yeah right…” Gon eyed him warily. He knew that face. Whenever the man looked a little too innocent, it usually meant that he was up to something.

"Now come here~” Hisoka reached for him, pulling his body close and absently stroking along his bare arm, moving to interlace their fingers. He nuzzled his neck and Gon giggled.

"A—ah haha Hi-Hisoka, that tickles!"

"It does? ~” Hisoka asked, pretending to be unaware.
"Yes!" Gon turned to face him, holding one hand up to his neck. Hisoka was giving him that same lazy grin that always made his heart beat faster. Smiling, he gently squeezed the hand holding his. "Got anything planned for today?"

Hisoka shook his head. "No…not really~"

"Well, when are we going to start doing the reconnaissance for your job? We've been here for almost two weeks, isn't it time yet?" Gon's hopeful look started to dissipate when he saw Hisoka's almost indiscernible hesitation and he held his breath, already knowing that the man's response would not be to his liking.

"Hmmm, I've been thinking about that..." Hisoka looked away from him. "And I've decided that maybe you're not ready~"

"Wh—" The smile on Gon's face faltered, his good mood evaporating. "What…but…"

"Have you forgotten that you can no longer use your Nen? Things can get pretty dangerous."

"Have you forgotten that you made a promise to take me with you – even after knowing that I could not use my Nen?" Gon countered.

Hisoka stared at him for a moment before responding. "Yes, but I've changed my mind."

Gon did not like the finality in his tone. "Why do you lie so much? We talked about this and you promised..."

"I did not lie…at the time."

Really starting to get upset now, Gon pulled his hand away from Hisoka's. He angrily pushed aside the sheets, climbing atop the duvet on all fours to glare down at him. "Well hold up to your promise!"

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't want you to get hurt."

"So what? You're going to do this on your own?"

"Maybe~"

"Damn it Hisoka, I'm not a child!"

"I know that~" Hisoka smirked at the way Gon seemed to puff out his chest a little more as if to exaggerate the fact that he'd grown. He bit his bottom lip, resisting the urge to laugh.

Luckily, Gon was too upset with him to notice his mirth. "If you are aware that I am no longer a child, then stop shielding me!"

"It's not that—"

"Whatever…" Gon cut in moodily, not wanting to hear anything else Hisoka had to say.

He moved to get off the bed but Hisoka grabbed the waistband of his boxers and he fell backwards.
"Ouch! Leave me alone!" Gon shouted, quickly dodging Hisoka's attempt to tackle him and slapping away the hand he'd just been happily holding a few minutes ago.

Hisoka pulled him back down on the bed and rolled him over. "I'll never leave you alone," he said, his voice determined as he held both his wrists. "Stop fighting me."

"Arrgh!" Gon tried to free the wrists Hisoka had trapped above his head and they wrestled for a bit, rolling around on the bed and messing up the sheets as they fought for dominance.

But there was no way that Gon could win against Hisoka's strength and knowing this, he directed keen, livid eyes to search attentively for that one opening that would allow him to escape.

"Yes!" he shouted desperately as he scrambled across the sheets toward the edge of the bed. Being smaller had worked to his advantage and Gon had ducked out from underneath Hisoka as soon as the opportunity he'd been waiting for arrived.

He quickly slipped off the bed and as his feet touched the cold granite, Hisoka managed to capture his wrist but he pulled away, sending him a scathing glare before walking off toward the bathroom.

"Gon."

At that tone, Gon paused mid-stride and turned his head slightly to look back at Hisoka who was now lying on his front and looking directly at him.

"What do you..." Gon's sentence trailed off as his eyes took in the sight before him. It was very distracting. The silk bedsheets wrapped Hisoka's body a little too closely, hugging him from the waist down in the most inappropriate way, defining those slim hips. If that wasn't bad enough, coupled with his striking good looks and crimson hair disheveled from their little fight, Hisoka's charm was irresistible.

And those eyes, the blatant confidence in them told Gon that he'd simply allowed him to win this round. And Gon knew that he was right. Had Hisoka used his real strength or even his Nen, he'd still be on that bed right now.

And naked.

His heart beat faster.

Bastard, Gon thought, angry that despite what had just happened, he still found Hisoka attractive.

Hisoka propped his chin up on the back of his hand, golden eyes following Gon as the young man started to walk off again. He did not try to stop him.

"Not sticking around? ~"

"..." Gon did not ask 'for what' because he knew exactly what it was that Hisoka wanted from him. It was always like this whenever the man got excited - especially after they fought.

He frowned. But not today.

"Well? ~" Hisoka prompted, his alluring voice a seductive lilt. "Won't you come back to bed? ~"

"No!" Gon replied fervently, keeping his gaze straight ahead and chin tilted upward at a stubborn angle.
If you want sex so badly, do it by yourself.

"Where are you going? ~"

"To wash up," Gon replied curtly, disappearing into their bathroom without another backwards glance.

Ah Gon~ Hisoka smirked as he rolled onto his back and looked up at the ceiling.

Ever since he'd started travelling with Gon, each day had been no less than interesting. And he could see that today would be no disappointment either.

The smirk on his face widened.

With Gon around I'll never have to worry about boring days again~

XXX

"Ouch!"

Gon stood in front of the mirror brushing his hair – or at least trying to. He'd been standing there for a long time and doing his best to ease the knots out but his hair was a mass of tangles.

"Ah damn it!" he muttered, gritting his teeth as he pulled through another knot.

In the time since Gon had left the bedroom, he was able to finish showering and brushing his teeth and still Hisoka was nowhere to be seen. Gon had expected the man to come after him when he'd walked off (like he usually did) but since that did not happen, Gon was beginning to wonder if Hisoka was angry with him.

"Maybe I went too far..." he whispered to himself, abandoning the last knot he deemed unsalvageable and moving to another.

That too proved difficult.

"Ouch...fu—..."

He winced when his attempt to untangle it pulled on his already tender scalp. "I really hate combing my hair."

I...think, maybe it's time I cut it, he thought, lowering the brush.

A crew cut would be nice...

At that moment, Gon saw Hisoka walk in and his heart skipped a beat. He was excited to see him but stubbornly turned his face away from the reflection, pretending to still be upset with him.

Hisoka, eyeing that stubborn pout, came up behind him and wrapped his arms around his waist. Feeling Gon stiffen in his arms, he leaned forward to kiss his cheek.

Gon's blush was hot as it spread across his face and Hisoka laughed softly, releasing him to take the brush out of his hand.

Gon resisted a bit but then gave up, curious as to what Hisoka was about to do.

"Mmm?" Hisoka enunciated, pondering at the mass of hair trapped in the brush. He looked back at
the messy mop of hair below him.

"Having difficulties Gon? ~"

"…"

Putting down the brush on the vanity, Hisoka reached for a jar at the far corner. "You need to take better care of your hair… ~" he said, opening the jar and handing it to Gon. "Hold that for me~"

Gon scrunched up his face as Hisoka proceeded to part his hair. He watched attentively as the man took a sizable amount from the jar and placed it on the back of his own hand, quickly parting and rubbing a little at a time into the sections he'd made as he went along.

As Gon continued to watch him work, his confusion grew. What kind of stuff did this jar contain that enabled Hisoka's fingers to move through his hair as if they were parting softened butter? He twisted and turned the jar, scrutinizing it for some kind of clue but there was no label on it.

"What's this?" Gon asked, lifting the jar a little higher but Hisoka did not even look at him. So focused on his task was he that Gon was not sure if his question would be answered.

"Hmm? It's a detangler…~" Hisoka replied vaguely, now preoccupied with picking carefully through the next set of knots he'd encountered. His hands paused. "Gon…~" Hisoka stopped momentarily to meet his eyes in the mirror.

"Yes, Hisoka?"

"Do you comb out your hair before going in the shower to wash it? ~"

"No…am I supposed to?" Gon asked, seeing an almost aghast expression descend upon Hisoka's features.

"No wonder your hair was practically matted Gon," Hisoka said, surprised. "If you don't comb out existing tangles, your hair will only get more tangled when you wash it and you'd just damage it when you try to comb it afterwards…"—he ran his fingers through the damp locks—"…especially now that it's still wet."

"Oh…"

"Didn't you know this already? I'd have thought that being raised by women would have been an advantage," Hisoka mumbled. "You should have been able to pick up a thing or two about hair care~"

"Well my hair was never a problem before because Aunt Mito usually kept it trimmed regularly. That way it hardly knotted..." Gon glanced hesitantly up at Hisoka's reflection, adding in a low voice, "...and I wasn't rolling around at night to tangle up my hair..."

Hisoka paused. "Mmm...What was that Gon? ~"

"Uh...nothing," Gon replied, avoiding his gaze.

"Really? Sounds to me like you were blaming your knots on our nightly trysts~"

"Ah..." Gon's face flushed.

"Well you are right~" Hisoka said, smirking. "All that rolling around will mess up your hair quite a bit. And since the knots are concentrated mostly to the back of your hair, I think the culprit is that
one position where you're lying on your back and I lift your legs up and push my co—"

"Hisoka! I didn't ask you all of that!"

"What? I was explaining exactly how your hair got tangled~" Hisoka replied casually, continuing to pick through his hair as if he wasn't about to say something vulgar.

"But…must everything you say be so…so…uh…" Gon couldn't find the right words and shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever…"

"Well, you know, I won't be going easy on you just to avoid tangling up your hair. You just have to take better care of it now~"

Gon's face was flushed but eventually he relaxed as he continued to study Hisoka in the mirror, observing his fluid movements and enjoying the tingle he felt whenever those fingers brushed his scalp. He was finding himself continuously surprised these days at how gentle Hisoka could be when he wanted to.

Just then Hisoka shifted, taking the jar from him and replacing it on the vanity. As he leaned even closer to pick up the brush, Gon felt the hard length of Hisoka's body press against his back and he inhaled sharply, feeling intensely aware of him.

Take a deep breath Gon…take a deep breath, he reminded himself, nervously fiddling with the hem of his vest.

"This feels much better, doesn't it Gon? I bet it can slip in easily now…~"

"W-what?!"

"This…" Hisoka lifted the brush, then lowered it to test a section of Gon's hair. "See? It doesn't hurt now does it? ~"

"…" Gon couldn't answer, instead flushing from head to toe.

What the hell was I thinking he meant?!

Of course he was talking about the brush!

Just then, Hisoka's smooth, bare skin rubbed his own and his hazel eyes darted to focus on the grainy pattern of the granite vanity top, desperately seeking a distraction.

"Are you okay Gon? ~" Hisoka asked, curiously looking at his face in the mirror. When Gon nodded eagerly, he went back to what he was doing before, brushing the hair back.

"This is nice isn't it? ~" he mused, feeling Gon relax considerably as he continued to brush his hair. Now that the tangles were all loosened, the brush glided smoothly through the hair and Gon sighed happily in response as he worked the brush from the dark roots right through to the tinted ends. He continued like that for a while until slowly, carefully he trained the strands into Gon's usual style.

Hisoka returned the brush to the vanity top, moving both hands to smooth Gon's hair back and then do a quick sweeping motion across his shoulders.

He smiled victoriously at his reflection.

"…" Gon studied his hair in the mirror momentarily. "Um…" he muttered, reaching up to touch it. Not only did it look better, but it felt smoother, softer. "It feels…different."
Hisoka smirked, proud of himself. "Well I do have a knack with hair… ~"

Gon frowned. "Did you comb his hair too?" he asked, verbalizing his thoughts before he could stop himself.

He saw the proud smile on Hisoka's face wilt.

Hisoka already knew who he was referring to.

*Really Gon? ~*

"Is it that important for you to know? ~"

"..." Gon debated with himself for a moment, unsure if he really wanted to continue this discussion.

"Yes," Hisoka replied without waiting for his response. "I combed his hair a lot~" He put a finger to his chin, a mischievous smile gracing his lips as he pondered aloud, "Maybe that's how I got *this* good at it…because when you do something *a lot*, it's said that you will get *really* good at that activi—"

Gon huffed, attempting to elbow him but Hisoka, despite appearing to not be paying attention, was able to easily avoid the blow. Disappointed, Gon turned around to face him.

Hisoka observed his brooding expression, guarded pose and the unblinking eyes livid with his anger. He smirked, goading him, "Are you *jealous*, Gon? ~"

But Gon didn't answer, only glowering up at him, his mouth set in a hard line.

"Kawaii~" Hisoka leaned forward to hug him and he blushed, stepping away and out of his reach. Instead of leaving him to sulk, Hisoka grabbed his wrist, pulling him into a hug. "You're so cute when you're angry…"—he whispered against his neck as Gon continued to fret within his grip, trying to get away—"and sometimes I can hardly resist riling you up~"

Gon went still, realizing that Hisoka had tricked him. "What?"

"You should know by now that whatever Illumi and I shared in the past is just that – the past. And I'll never regret it, everyone has one~" He turned Gon around to face him, kissing his forehead.

"Hungry? ~"

"No," Gon lied, but then his stomach growled audibly and he blushed as Hisoka chuckled, arms embracing him tighter.

"Now, now my little *terrible* liar…" Hisoka bent to kiss his neck and Gon inhaled harshly. "No need to be stubborn. Come, have breakfast with me~"

Gon sighed, trying to ignore the rising heat in his body. "What will we eat? There's nothing edible around here."

"Hmmm… I believe I saw some dried cereal in the pantry~"

Gon wrinkled his nose and Hisoka smiled at how cute he looked. "It's not so bad. If we add the strawberries and blueberries I bought at D' Pastry Shoppe the other day, it will not only look fancy, but taste great~" Hisoka grinned. "Hmmm…and then I can take you to that pastry shop to have anything you want when we're done here."
At the mention of the pastry shop, Gon beamed, looking up at him. "Really Hisoka?"

"Yes, I promise, I won't lie to you about that~" He paused and then added, "…although, I'm beginning to think that I'm spoiling you… ~"

Gon laughed, responding bitterly, "Spoiling me? You've only just started to make up for what you've done…"

Hisoka pondered for a moment. "…the kiss? ~"

"Nice to see that you remember."

Hisoka looked down at the mischievous smile on Gon's face. "Should I be worried? ~"

"Maybe…"

"Oh~" Hisoka's eyes widened in interest and he smirked. His little fruit knew how to hold a grudge. Very nice~

"That's okay Gon-kun…you can make me pay you back however and how many times you want but I won't mind… you're mine to spoil after all~"

Gon frowned, realizing that Hisoka had turned the tables on him without even trying. "You're not supposed to enjoy this…"

"Well I am… don't you always say that I am a masochist? ~"

"Sadist or a masochist or both I don't even know anymore. You're always flipping the script on me…" Gon grumbled.

"Mmmm you know you love my unpredictable nature~"

"Um…" Suddenly finding himself at a loss for words, Gon looked away. "Forget about it, I'm no longer in the mood to punish you…"

"What? Why? ~" Hisoka asked, dismayed. "I was actually looking forward to a little more of what you gave me yesterday… ~" He smiled, reaching up to touch the scar on his lip.

"…" Is he for real? Gon eyed him skeptically. That dreamy look on Hisoka's face did not look pretentious. "Do you want to get beat up that badly?"

"Only by you~" Hisoka drawled seductively, pushing his body up against him.

Suddenly Gon found himself trapped between the man's body and the vanity. He did not mind.

Hisoka bent to whisper in his ear. "And after you beat me up, we'll spend all day having rough sex… ~"

"Hiso—!" Gon gasped but Hisoka stole his lips in a fiery kiss. Responding eagerly, Gon's grip tightened around Hisoka's bare torso and he arched against him.

"Mmmm~" At the evidence of Gon's desire, a guttural moan left Hisoka, rumbling from deep within his chest.

"Ah…" Gon moaned, trembling as Hisoka pulled away slightly to kiss his neck.
This is it…it's starting.

Gon was aware that very soon he'll probably be pressed up against the vanity, legs wrapped around Hisoka's naked waist to steady himself while being impaled by that thick, hard—

Wait...but what about breakfast?

"Hnnn…H—" Gon's breath hitched when he felt himself being lifted onto the vanity. Hisoka was still pressed close to him and he could feel his pounding heartbeat.

"H-hisoka…" he whispered breathlessly, trying to contain himself as Hisoka's lips and tongue traveled across the sensitive skin of his neck.

Hands were now impatiently pulling down his vest and suddenly the sound of cotton fabric ripping was heard above their moans.

A wandering palm brushed his nipple, fingers moving to squeeze the hardening nub between thumb and forefinger.

"Ah! H-Hisoka…!" He squirmed. "L-let's get something to eat…"

Hisoka stopped, straightening up to look at the face that clearly wanted to do anything but eat right at that moment.

"Hmmm?" He smirked. Gon's face was flushed and he didn't even seem quite cognizant anymore. Hisoka knew he could simply ignore him and easily proceed, taking his body however he wanted, but he didn't.

Maybe later~

He lifted Gon off of the vanity and placed him back onto the floor. After all, he did intend to start taking better care of his fruit. "Yes Gon, let's eat~"

XXX

NB: One hour later~

"It's nice out here," Gon said absently as he shifted in one of the two patio chairs on their private balcony. They were so high up that the fluffy white clouds seemed close enough to touch.

"Mmmhmm~" Hisoka responded, too busy reading York Shin's morning newspaper to notice.

Gon continued to enjoy the view though; amazed at how quickly the sun had positioned itself up high in the bright blue sky to shine ambitiously down on all of York Shin, while the wind whistled around them to cool the heat.

A perfect day for something like this, Gon thought, smiling as he looked away from the gorgeous, clear view of the city below to the redhead still partially hidden behind the newspaper.

He studied him for a moment, watching as the wind angrily whipped at the paper, fluttering its edges and tussling with his hair. But Hisoka seemed to be too preoccupied with reading to bother with the disturbance.

Gon tore his eyes away from him to look down at his breakfast again. It was from a box of instant
oatmeal porridge they'd found in the pantry. Hisoka had prepared it and together they'd added the sliced strawberries. It looked quite exotic.

"You know, you were right. This does look nice."

Hisoka watched as Gon poked at his cereal before putting a spoonful of it into his mouth.

As soon as he started chewing, his eyes brightened and he grinned appreciatively. "Mmmm! This tastes almost as good as the spice porridge Granny would make for me."

"Told you it would taste good," Hisoka started. "I don't know why you doubted me. Maybe next time I'll make it for you without the instant stuff~"

"Mmmm…what else did you put in it?"

"It's a secret~"

"There has to be something more in here…" Gon pondered aloud, honing his senses. "I can taste the cinnamon…but there some other kind of spice…"

"You're close but I'm still not telling you~" Hisoka grinned mischievously.

"Hmmm that's the same thing Granny used to say whenever I asked…" Gon mumbled.

"Hmmm…Is that so? ~" Hisoka paused, eyeing the reminiscent look on Gon's face. "Well maybe you're not meant to find out…~"

"That's not funny Hisoka, I really want to know!"

"Funny? But I'm not laughing~" Hisoka said, his face serious, but Gon knew him too well to be fooled so easily.

Gon turned back to his breakfast, deciding to ignore Hisoka's mirth. He continued, "Granny...she used to always make this for me back home…"—He gestured to the handmade ceramic bowl in front of him—"…so that's actually a compliment when I say that this reminds me of her porridge." His smile was warm, nostalgic. "Not even Aunt Mito could make porridge as good as she does and Mito-san's the best cook!"

Hisoka smiled at him. "I see…well now I'm happy ~" He lowered his newspaper a bit more to examine Gon's expression. "Speaking of home, when is your birthday? ~"

Gon looked up at him, surprised. "Um..."

"Have you forgotten your birth date? ~" Hisoka teased him.

"No! I was just surprised by your question, that's all..."

"Well? ~"

Gon smiled. "It's in a month! May 5th!" he replied, suddenly excited. "I'll be sixteen!" He held up both hands.

"Uh...Gon, I'm sorry to point this out to you, but that's six fingers you're holding up... ~"

Gon looked from Hisoka's smirk to the six fingers he still had up. "I know that! You're supposed to assume the other ten... do you think I can't count?!"
Hisoka chuckled and Gon blushed hotly, realizing that he'd been tricked into getting heated again. "Whatever Hisoka...so tell me, why do you want to know? Want to have a party for me?"

"No~"

"Stop lying!" Gon pouted. "I like pizza...burgers, ice cream, soda, milkshakes, any kind of pie and birthday cake of course. There has to be birthday cake for a birthday party!"

"Junk food..." Hisoka mumbled, not sounding too happy.

"What's so bad about junk food? I would never have pinned you as a healthy eater...more like an endlessly fast-food eating type," Gon teased, sticking his tongue out at Hisoka.

Hisoka frowned. "What?!" he asked in mock offense, deciding to play along with Gon. "Fast-food? How dare you, don't you see this beautiful skin, these muscles,"—he flexed—"there is only so much that genetics can do you know~"

Gon burst out laughing. "Hisoka stop...please,"—he hid his eyes as Hisoka continued his exaggerated flexing—"I can't take this..."

"Really? ~" Hisoka reached across the small cast aluminum table to grasp his wrists, peeling away the hands hiding those large hazel eyes. He leaned in. "There is a lot that you say you can't take from me, but in the end you do...and you take it all, every bit of it~"

There was no mistaking the double entendre laced within Hisoka's smooth words and Gon's face turned scarlet. "I..."

What am I supposed to say to something like that?

"Not everything can be answered with words you know~" Hisoka whispered against his lips before taking them in a kiss.

Gon trembled as he surrendered; inhaling deeply and delighting in the intense way that Hisoka always kissed him – as if he wanted to possess all of him. And Gon was more than ready to let him, moaning in approval as he met the invading tongue boldly in a passionate duel.

Hisoka's caffeinated kiss invaded his senses, and just as he felt himself spiraling downwards, the man pulled back to nibble on his bottom lip before firmly kissing his lips one last time. Gon mewled, already feeling boneless from that one kiss and his lips pursed instinctively for another.

Hisoka released his chin, smirking. "I just love how you're always so pliant and ready for me~" His hand reached up to brush aside a stray wisp of hair and tuck it behind reddened ears.

"I..." Gon couldn't remember if he was going to say something. He looked away. "I...need to finish eating."

"Yes you do, we have a full day ahead~"

Gon quickly shoved a spoonful of oatmeal into his mouth, looking up eagerly. "Really?! What are we going to do?"

"Don't talk with your mouth full~" Hisoka scolded, folding his neglected newspaper in half. He threw it on the table at the side of his bowl. Gon leaned forward to peer down at it.

"What is it?" he asked, not really sure what Hisoka wanted him to see.
"Check it out~" Hisoka said, pointing to an announcement at the bottom of the front page.

"You mean…?" Gon studied it for a moment then looked up, a bit confused and anxious. "But this is an auction…~"

"Don't worry, it's not an auction like the one the Ryodan took control of. It's a smaller one, for elite guests only~"

"Do you want to attend this, Hisoka?"

"Yes, with you~"

"But how are we going to get in? It says here that it's being held for elite, specially invited persons only."

Hisoka scoffed. "'Elite'? Ah Gon, there's a lot you don't know about me… ~" he said, smirking when Gon frowned at him. "Don't be concerned about how we're getting in. I have my connections ~"

He took a sip of his coffee. "This auction is important for our mission. There is a possibility that our target would be there~" he replied mysteriously.

Gon's ears perked up at the mention of Hisoka's 'mission' and he asked hopefully, his tone betraying his excitement, "But…Hisoka, you said that you did not want me to go with you to do reconnaissance…"

"Yes I did say that ~"

"So…what's changed?"

"I figured that a bit of reconnaissance at an auction shouldn't be dangerous~"

"Why do you have to be fickle?"

"It's in my nature~" Hisoka replied grinning, easily dodging the blueberry Gon threw at him.

"When you're not being a compulsive liar, you're being fickle. What am I to do with you?"

"You can do anything you want with me… ~" Hisoka said flirtatiously.

Gon frowned, ignoring the little flip his heart did at the wink directed at him. "I'm serious!"

"So am I," Hisoka said, grinning widely. "Hey!"—he dodged another violet-colored missile—"Stop wasting your breakfast and eat~"

Gon stuck out his tongue at him before shoveling a spoonful of oatmeal into his mouth. He tried his best to keep glowering while he ate but failed when Hisoka aimed one of his trademark sexy smirks at him this time. He blushed and looked away.

Everything was comfortably silent between them once more until Gon looked up from his breakfast again. "Um…Hisoka?"

"Yes Gon~" Hisoka turned away from where he was looking out at the view to give him his full attention.

"How are you certain that this person will be at this auction?"
"I have my ways of finding things out~" Hisoka responded, giving him a sly grin.

"Eh?" Gon was puzzled but then remembered what Hisoka had said to him and Killua back at the Heaven's Arena when he was blocking them from registering for a fight on the 200th floor. "Your Hunter's License!"

"Mmmhmm~" Hisoka affirmed, his eyes mere slits. "Good to see you remembered my little lesson." But then he paused, getting serious. "Remember one more thing though," he started, putting up a slim digit and pointing it straight at Gon. "I may have changed my mind about not involving you in this mission but I am serious about one thing. You are unable to use your Nen and things could get dangerous. I do not want you to get hurt. And should anything develop while we do our reconnaissance, I will not hesitate to pull you out of this."

"..." Gon held his breath as the man continued to direct that intense gaze at him.

"This situation can and may become very dangerous, very fast."

"I'm used to dangerous situations," Gon stubbornly insisted.

"There will be no discussions on this issue. I've already decided," Hisoka said flatly. "Are we clear on this Gon?"

"Yeah..." Gon replied, nodding reluctantly and going back to finish his cereal.

Hisoka leaned back in his chair and brought his mug to his lips again, sipping his coffee but then pausing when the undesirably cool beverage met his tongue. "My coffee has gone cold~" he commented absently, getting up. "Are you done there? ~"

"Yeah, I am." Gon stood up and helped him carry their wares back to the kitchen.

As he packed all the dishes into the sink, Gon came up behind him and wrapped his arms around his waist.

"Ummm?" Hisoka looked down at the young man hugging him. "What's the matter Gon, are you okay?"

"Yeah..." Gon pressed his face against his back, smiling. It was inexplicable, but there were times like these when he needed hugs like the ones Aunt Mito used to always give him. Especially after a disagreement.

Hisoka shifted, turning in his embrace and Gon felt those familiar arms encircle him. At first he was surprised, because he hadn't expected him to return the hug but then he relaxed, rubbing his face into the fluffy material of his robe.

It was like Hisoka knew exactly what he needed without him having to say it. Or maybe he needed the same thing too.

After a while, Hisoka's hands came to rest on his shoulders and when Gon looked up, he kissed his forehead.

"Now hurry up and go get dressed~"

"Why? Are we leaving soon?"

"Yes so we need to get ready~" Hisoka said, returning his attention to the dishes. "Thanks to a
perpetually late sleeper, it's already ten o' clock." He turned to touch Gon's nose with a sudsy finger.

"Ah, no don't do that!" Gon protested, rubbing at his nose.

"Well, hurry up then~" Hisoka attempted to grab him again but Gon ran a good distance away from him, to where he could not be touched with those soapy hands.

He peeked around the corner to see if Hisoka was where he'd left him. "Are we going somewhere other than the pastry shop today?"

"Yeah..." Hisoka responded, without turning around. "And if I'm done washing up and you're not done getting dressed, you'll see what would happen to you... ~"

"Ah!" Gon squeaked, realizing that Hisoka had already almost finished with the dishes. "I'm going, I'm going!" he shouted, running off.

*It's a good thing my natural speed is independent of my Nen...I could be fully dressed in no more than one minute.*

Gon paused in the doorway, seeing only Hisoka's clothes on the bed. "Oh no, I did not take out anything to wear..." he complained, hazel eyes darting to the large nine-drawer mahogany dresser in the corner. "Jeans!" He headed straight for it, retrieving the pair he wanted as well as a sleeveless denim jacket.

*Ah...but I wonder what my punishment would be if I don't finish in time...?*

[[SLAM]]

"Oh ouch damn it..."

The ottoman in front of the dresser toppled over.

*Where the hell did that come from?!*

Gon had been so distracted by his thoughts that he had almost tripped while trying to get one foot into his jeans shorts.

*I need to focus.*

"I'm coming... ~"

Gon's eyes widened. Hisoka's voice was **very** close.

Grabbing the jacket that had fallen on the floor, he looked down at his vest and ran toward the bathroom.

*My t-shirt! It's still in the basket!*

"I really need to pack these clothes away..." he grumbled, grabbing the first t-shirt he put his hands on.

He quickly pulled on the graphic tee along with the jacket and dashed out into the bedroom just as Hisoka appeared in the doorway.

"Hmm?" Hisoka raised an eyebrow, assessing his outfit. "I see that you actually managed to
complete your task. Well done~"

"Y-yes," Gon panted, watching the man drop his robe and quickly don the black casual pants and short-sleeved patterned shirt that was lying on the bed.

As expected, his speed was unnatural. Gon blinked as Hisoka turned toward him, fully dressed.

*And here I am still panting...*

"Is something wrong? ~" Hisoka asked, seeing his frown.

Gon shook his head quickly. "N-no..."

"Then let's go Gon-kun~"
Re-edit Note: I've cut this chapter cuz it was way too darn long at 55 pages (wth was I thinking). I think when I first wrote it it took weeks to complete the writing and editing. Now I see that I should have cut it because there is too much information to absorb in one chapter and that takes away from the importance of the other details since I see that the readers were given too many hints to absorb at once like the auction, Hisoka not wanting Gon to be reckless etc. Plus reading long chapters can be a pain so I don't want people to not read cuz it's too long T_T

So this re-editing have cut the existing super long chapters to make them shorter and easier to read. I have no idea why they had been progressively growing in length *dies*

Next Chapter Preview: Shopping for the auction!

A/N: Awwwwwww damn it... what am I doing to myself with these feels...

So in other news:

They're so cute!
They're insatiable

They're going to an auction!

Gotta love how Hisoka got rejected in the first part haha

Just look at these losers being all fluffy and domestic.

Hisoka always teases him for waking up late but duh that’s what happens when you keep someone up all night lol

See you all in another update. I hope you liked this, exams are still going on for me and are as crazy as ever. I'll update as soon as I resurface from this pit of academia =.=

If you have any questions, suggestions or just want to drop a message, you can let me know in the comments; I always love to hear from you :)
Shopping and a Date

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the Kudos and to loveover for commenting on the last chapter. I really do appreciate it. All of my reviewers’ comments have encouraged me to keep writing and to understand what you all want to see so I always welcome dialogue :)

Thanks also to Kitta-Baby and fullofboredom (not sure if you're the same person) for reminding me that it was time to update on AO3. You deserve an honorable mention for looking out for your brethren XD

Re-edit: Chapters 20 -26 were chapters 20 - 23 now cut in half to make them easier to read.

Note: Hello everyone, so as I've mentioned, I cut the original chapter 20. The auction is an important event and I was wrong to lose their preparation for it inside of a long as heck chapter.

AN: The amount of research I did for this chapter was crazy...

Chapter Summary: Gon learns to deal with their relationship in public as they shop for the upcoming auction

Warning: No warning, just PDA

Disclaimers:

1) Plot mine! Characters not!

2) I borrowed some brand names: those mentioned here that seem similar to actual brands, are those brands, just changed up. For example, Anvin is Lanvin and Elier York Shin is Atelier New York lol. But how I explain their operation (customer service, order process etc.) is not how they work in our world (but in a world where there are hemotropic butterflies, Nen and...Hisoka). I just used them for inspiration and set up.

The tuxedos I describe were based on designs drawn by the artist Custat on Tumblr (Yes, Custat, this is what I was asking permission for. Surprise!)

Now come, let's get started!

Chapter Twenty-one: Shopping and a Date

NB: Day 11 continues...

Gon looked around curiously as they entered the fifth clothing store on that street. Hisoka still hadn't told him why they were going from store to store but he knew that whatever it was that the man was in search of, there was a possibility that it was connected to the auction he had
And it seemed that Hisoka was looking for something specific that he had not found yet.

This store was different than the others though and Gon shifted, feeling a bit uncomfortable in the new environment. It was obviously catering to a specific subset of the population and with its wide, open area, iron shelving lining almost every available wall space, coupled with the polished marble floors, its atmosphere of opulence was a bit intimidating.

"Come, Gon~" Hisoka called, stopping in front one of the garment racks. He glanced at the young man who had been walking slightly behind and to the side of him."I think this store might just have what we'll be needing~" he said, gesturing to the rack in front of them.

Gon looked back at all the open display towers and fixed shelving they'd walked past, wondering what was different about this one.

Hisoka looked down at him. "You've attended an auction before, right? ~"

"Yeah, back when I'd last been to York Shin with Killua. We had to attend to bid on the Greed Island game."

"Did you win the bid?"

"No...it was way too high...and despite all the money we'd saved up, acquiring it was still out of our reach."

"Ah, I see...you must have found another way into the game then~"

"Yes, we got hired by Mr. Battera to try and clear it."

"Ah I see, the tycoon. Well I must say that you did a good job in clearing the game Gon~"

Detecting the pride in Hisoka's voice, Gon looked up at him and blushed, speechless.

"Anyhow," Hisoka continued, thumbing through the selections on the rack—"since you've been to an auction before, you know what you have to wear right? ~"

"A suit with a bow-tie?"

"Yes, but not quite. For this event we need tuxedos~" Hisoka turned to the sales clerk that had just walked up to them.

"Welcome to Elier York Shin." She smiled brightly at them. "My name is Aya, how can I help you today?"

"Well my partner and I need to be outfitted in tuxedos for an event~"

"Partner? Nice," she cooed, looking between Hisoka and Gon. "You've come just in time, we've recently re-stocked so you'll find a wide range of tuxedos here that would go great with any high-profile event in York Shin. Please, follow me."

Hisoka looked back at Gon to see his slightly reddened face. "Are you okay? I know we did quite a bit of walking, but we'll be done soon~"

The sales clerk had stopped too and having attracted her attention as well, Gon looked away. *Hisoka referred to me as his 'partner', but is what we have that serious? It would be nice if it was...*
"If you like, I can bring you some water to drink?" Aya suggested kindly, smiling.

Gon took a deep breath. I can't believe I'm overreacting over something so small...Of course Hisoka does not mean it in the context I'm thinking...

He mirrored her bright smile and shook his head. "No, that wouldn't be necessary. I'm okay."

Hisoka smiled, placing his palm on the small of his back and Gon flushed again, knowing that the man had felt the minor tremor that coursed through his body at the touch.

"Great," Aya said, her smile never fading as she continued to look at them. "Now if you may, I'll take you to the tuxedos we have in-store."

As they followed her, Hisoka turned to whisper to him, "Elier is one of YorkShin City's best menswear stores. They carry all the high-end stuff so you need not look so concerned, we'll find something~"

It's not that... Gon thought as the hand started doing figure-eights on the small of his back. He took a deep breath, stopping when the sales clerk turned to face them again.

"Now gentlemen, we carry all the top designers from across the Yorbian and Azian continent as well as some of the smaller islands," she said, gesturing to the long single bar rack at her left.

Removing one of the tuxedos carefully, she held it up high. "I will now show you the jackets we have in-store. This slim-fit one is wool-Jacquard, meaning that it was cut from lightweight jacquard-woven Super 160s wool"—she brought it forward for them to touch—"and as you can feel from the fine texture, you can deduce that from the addition of this sleek satin collar, the nice contrast created is something that many people would appreciate."

"Ah..." Gon nodded. It was a lot of information to take in, but he tried to pay attention as she continued.

"Also." Aya paused to smile. "It is fully lined and fully canvassed with a wool undercollar, comes with non-functioning cuff buttons as well as a single button enclosure to the front and a hidden hook. Its matching trousers is slim-fitting as well, with five pockets, satin side-stripes and suspender buttons."

Gon looked up at Hisoka who seemed to be pondering if to take the one the Sales Rep was holding.

"Would you like to try it?" Aya asked and when he nodded, she led him to the changing room.

A few minutes later, Hisoka emerged from the room and Aya gave a little clap, grinning widely. "Perfect!" she cheered. "I just love it when our suits complement the male physique as it should."

"Hm~" Hisoka turned to Gon. "What do you think? ~"

Gon's cheeks were tinted pink and an utterly surprised expression enveloped his features as he took in Hisoka's appearance from head to toe. It was the first time he was seeing Hisoka dressed in formal wear and he had to admit that the man looked absolutely handsome.

"I agree with Aya, it looks amazing!" he gushed and Hisoka smiled brighter, looking back towards the clerk. "Now Aya, I'd like to take this, but first I need to know if the designer takes requests for customizations~"
Aya nodded eagerly. "But of course, anything that you want added to or removed from this piece can be done, albeit at an extra cost depending on what you want."

"Great, well I like this material, but I want it in white with the satin shawl collar done in yellow. The tuxedo shirt I want in pink and the bow-tie though...no, lose it – I want a pure silk jacquard necktie with a cummerbund to match the collar. Price is not an issue~"

"Yes, yes," she nodded, writing hurriedly on her little notepad. "That can all be done. This designer, Grioni, is very fast, not to mention flexible and I'm guessing that they'd love your request – it's quite unusual but they love a challenge."

"Well, I'm an unusual guy~" Hisoka replied as he went to change. When he returned, he pointed to Gon. "Now it's his turn~"

"Nice, well we have quite a few things in his size so there's a wide selection," she said as she started thumbing through the rack again.

"Well, give us what you think would suit him best and we'll tell you if we agree~"

"Hmmmm...well this one,"—she held up her new offering in front of them—"is also from the designer Grioni. It is made from the same Super 160s wool but finished with a jacquard weave for texture. The jacket itself has two welt pockets, a single chest pocket, two pockets on the inside and is fully lined. The closures involve functioning buttons on the cuffs and a single button to the front. The trousers is partially lined with four pockets, grosgrain trims with the closure being hook and zip. Would you like to try it?"

Gon nodded, a bit excited and hurried off to try it on.

When he returned, it was to Aya's loud cheering. "That's so cute!" She looked as if she was about to hug him. "It's like it was made for you!"

Gon blushed and turned expectantly towards Hisoka, waiting patiently as the man approached. Hisoka reached out to grasp him by the shoulders, turning him around so that he could inspect the front and the back of his outfit.

"Now walk for me Gon, I want to see how it moves with you~"

Gon blushed and did as he was told, his face flushing even more when Aya's cheering caused nearby customers to look in his direction.

"That's a great suit young man," a middle-aged lady said as Hisoka came to stand next to him. "Are you attending a wedding?"

"Umm..."

"Not yet~" Hisoka said before he could answer and Gon looked up at him confused.

'Not yet'? What?

"It's for an event we have to attend~" he finished, ushering Gon back to where Aya waited. "This is just what we're looking for~"

"Fantastic," she replied, taking out her notepad again. "Any customizations?"

Hisoka looked down at him. "Gon...anything you want done? ~"
Gon thought for a moment. "How much does it cost?"

"Well the price starts at eight hundred and forty-five thousand Jennies. And customizations may incur an added cost."

"Eight hundred and forty-five thousand Jennies...?" Gon repeated in awe. *What the...*

"Yep!" Aya replied. "Plus more for the customizations." Opening her eyes, she saw his slight frown. "Is something the matter?"

"Well..."

Seeing Gon hesitate, Hisoka shifted his hand to his shoulder. "I already said that the price is not an issue," he reminded him. "Now, choose what customizations you want~"

Gon decided not to fight him on the issue. "Well, I like everything about this suit,"—he turned to look at Aya—"...but can I have the shawl collar in grey?"

"Yes you can,"—she pointed her pen at him—"is the shirt fine? And how about the cummerbund and tie?"

"The cummerbund can be grey too I guess and I like the shirt," Gon replied, fingering the wing collar of the classic fit tuxedo shirt.

"You're keeping the tie? ~" Hisoka asked him, smirking. Gon looked cute in that bow-tie.

"Yeah...I like it," Gon replied. "It reminds me of the tie I bought to go with Killua to the auction."

"Great choice," Aya said smiling. "That knitted silk bow-tie is from Anvin, our designer from the Azian continent. It is made from pure silk and the back layer is done from silk and satin. It is the perfect finishing touch to such an exquisite tuxedo."

"I can change now right?" Gon asked, excited to get out of the formal clothes and back into his shorts and graphic tee.

Aya nodded, turning to Hisoka. "Do you want any accessories to go with your purchases?"

"Yes, we'll be needing a handkerchief for him and maybe a corsage pin. As for shoes, I'd like to see what you have to fit him~"

"And for you?"

"You may not carry my preference in footwear~"

"You may be surprised. There is nothing too unusual for us, plus we can custom order for shoes as well."

"That is a pleasant surprise~" Hisoka drawled, nodding.

"Well we are also known on the street as the supplier of queer, extraordinary and fantastic pieces that would take your wardrobe to a whole new level," she finished confidently.

"Now that's what I like to hear~" Hisoka grinned, just as Gon returned to join them.

"Where are we off to now?" Gon whispered as they followed Aya to another section of the store.
"To get accessories and shoes~"

"Now," Aya started, turning to face them. "This is our Amma Willis silk pocket square and it will go perfectly with your tuxedo." She handed it to Gon and smiled as he looked it over curiously.

"I like it," Gon said, fingering the rolled navy trim at its edges before handing it back to her.

She looked up at Hisoka. "You said you wanted a corsage for him right?"

"Yes, I think I want a pink one to match my tuxedo shirt~"

"We have some right here," she said, unlocking the showcase in front of them. "Now which one do you like?"

Hisoka turned to Gon, whose cheeks were stained with the remnants of the blush that had instantly developed on hearing him say that he wanted the corsage to match his shirt.

He regarded him in confusion, unsure as to why his face was red but instead of asking what was wrong, he said, "Go ahead Gon, choose whatever you like~"

Gon leaned forward to peer at the selections, until finally pointing at a pink carnation. "I like this one," he said, smiling.

"Nice choice," Aya said. "Now for the shoes."

"We'll be taking a pair of black leather Derby shoes~" Hisoka said, pointing to a pair on a shoe stand in the corner.

"Perfect," she cooed, reaching forward to pick them up and holding them out for him to peruse. "These are our custom-grade Derby shoes, hand-polished and crafted from black leather with a supple leather lining. Is it to your liking?"

"Yes~"

"Well I'll add it to your order. Now for your shoes and tie."

"Hmmm?" Hisoka enunciated in mild interest as he reached for a tie-box on a high shelf. It contained a black silk necktie with pink hearts and diamonds to match the shirt that he wanted, as well as yellow club and spade symbols in the exact shade he wanted the satin shawl collar on his tuxedo to be. He turned toward Aya. "I will take this, but can you get the designer to use this exact shade of yellow for the shawl collar and cummerbunds on my tuxedo? ~"

"Yes, I'll send him a swatch," Aya said. "I'm sure he already has this color so it shouldn't be an issue."

"Great~" Hisoka looked among the shoes they had on show, frowning as he did so.

"If you see nothing there that you like, we have a catalog you can order from," she suggested, handing him a glossy catalog. "I'll give you a few minutes to go through it, but should you need me, I'll be right over here."

Hisoka turned to Gon. "Let's go sit over there~" he said, pointing to the row of leather chairs directly in front of the large floor-length windows.

They sat in silence for a while as he thumbed through the magazine. Suddenly he stopped, going back one page.
"See something you like Hisoka?" Gon asked, trying to see what he was looking at.

"Yes... ~" Hisoka replied, putting down the magazine on his lap and draping a hand over Gon's shoulder to pull him close. He pointed to a picture and smiled. "These are just perfect~"

"Yes they are," Gon agreed, looking closely at the picture. It was a pair of heeled black soft leather ankle boots with a pointed toe, but what made them unusual was the yellow trim that accentuated all the edges, with the top trim descending in a 'V' to end at a pink heart right at the bottom of the 'V'. "It matches your tie, cummerbunds and collar," Gon said, surprised that such an unusual shoe was available for order.

Hisoka lifted one arm to gesture to Aya and she came over immediately, smiling when she saw his choice. "Wonderful selection," she said, clasping her hands. "These ankle boots will go great with what you're wearing. If that's everything, I will start to process your order."

"Yes, but how soon can we get everything? ~"

"When do you need it for?"

"Our event is in two days~"

Her eyes widened. "Including today?"

"No~" Hisoka smirked. "Can't make it happen? ~"

Aya flushed, straightening her back at the challenge. "Of course I can make it work. The designer for the tuxedos is located on the Azian continent and he is known to have a small stock of unusual designs so he may already have ones with the collars that you're seeking. Hopefully it will be in the correct sizing. If not, the speed at which they do alterations is unmatched. The shoe...is produced right here on the Yorbian continent and there is even the possibility that one of our partner stores here in YorkShin may carry it. Your shirt, we already have in-store,"—she handed him the garment she was holding—"It is slim-fitting through the chest, waist and hips and is a panel construction. I'm sure you'll approve of this."

"Yes, it's very nice~" Hisoka said, running his hands over the fine cotton.

"Now if you'll follow me, we'll complete the transaction. Please note that this rush delivery and the extra customizations will overall also incur quite the extra cos—"

"Price is not an issue~" Hisoka cut in to remind her.

"Great, well now I'm free to make demands on my suppliers. And if you provide your address, I'll deliver everything, wrapped neatly at your doorstep in two days,"—she smirked—"including today."

Hisoka grinned, pleased at how well she'd met his challenge. "Superb~" He got up to follow her and stopped, turning to face Gon. "I'm just going to make the payments now and will be back soon, okay? ~"

"Yes," Gon replied and Hisoka turned to leave. He made himself comfortable on the leather couch and watched as Aya double-checked the stock count for their items, emailed the suppliers and processed the gold card that Hisoka produced, all the while chatting amicably. Her cheery tone carried all the way from where she stood behind the cash register to where he sat and the entire process intrigued him.
But not for long.

Soon, Gon wasn't even paying attention to them anymore. Now that he was by himself, his mind was free to busy itself with other things and eventually it started to muddle over the words Hisoka had said to the lady earlier.

Why would he say that I did not have to attend a wedding yet?

No one I know is getting married.

I wonder if he knows something that I don't?

Gon scratched his head. "Whatever, it would be wise to just forget about it," he mumbled, turning to look outside at the people bustling by on the pavement.

It was Hisoka's hobby to speak in riddles and confuse him and he'd grow old before he even figured out what Hisoka had meant – if he'd even meant anything at all.

XXX

N.B: One hour later...

Ah shucks...

Gon suddenly slapped his forehead, ignoring the wincing pain as his thoughts raced. Where could it be?! He started frantically searching around in his pockets despite knowing that what he was looking for, could not possibly be there.

"Are you...okay Gon? ~" Hisoka asked, watching him twisting in his seat.

Gon glanced up briefly to see Hisoka looking at him with an eyebrow raised.

"It's my phone..." he groaned, trying to remember where he'd last put it.

"It's most likely it's still at home~"

"How are you so sure?"

Hisoka propped his chin on the palm of his hand as he continued to study Gon's worried expression. "Did you go anywhere after you'd last seen it? ~"

"Oh..."

"See, you're worrying for nothing," Hisoka moved to pick up the menu he'd neglected in order to observe Gon. "Don't fret, I'll help you look for it when we get back~"

At that, the worried look evaporated from Gon's face and he looked back down at his own menu.

"Want to try the ice cream today?" Hisoka asked, pointing at the colored picture on his own menu. The day is hot enough that it would be a nice treat for you~"

"Good afternoon!"

At the familiar cheery voice, Gon looked up to see the same friendly waitress from the day he and Killua were last there. The one that always served him and Hisoka whenever they came here. "Good afternoon Laura," he greeted, beaming up at her.
Hisoka gave a short wave and a closed-eye smile. "Hi~"

"It's good to see you guys here again!"

"Well, I just thought I'd take him out for a treat~"

Laura hugged her clipboard and swooned when she saw the redhead turn to openly admire the younger man, reaching forward to stroke his cheek. "Oh my god…” she whispered as she and Gon blushed at the same time.

Hisoka looked up at her. "Is something the matter? ~"

"No…not at all please continue…" she said breathlessly.

Thinking she was referring to their orders, Hisoka said, "Well, I'll be having the Raspberry Iced Tea as usual and he'll be taking the Macaron Ice Cream Sandwich." He turned to Gon. "Which one do you want Gon? ~"

"…” Gon mulled over the ice cream section of the menu briefly before quickly pointing at one of the sandwiches that caught his eye. It consisted of red and white swirled ice cream sandwiched by green macarons.

*That's so cute, those colors makes me think of them...* Laura cleared her throat, grinning even wider. "Nice choice! The Raspberry-Pistachio – that's one of our most popular flavors! Have you ever had it before?"

"No…” Gon replied, looking between Hisoka's smirk and Laura's smile. Is it that good?

"Well you're in for a surprise," she said mysteriously. "I can hardly wait to see your reaction."

"Before you go," Hisoka said, stopping her as she was about to run off. "We'll have a serving of Coconut-Mango Ice Cream on the side."

"Perfect! Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be back in a bit." Laura tucked the small clipboard into the front pocket of her apron and trotted off towards the service area to fill their order.

A few minutes passed before Gon turned to Hisoka, "What kind of ice cream is that, Hisoka?"

"You'll see~" Hisoka replied as Laura came back to their table and started laying out their order. "That was fast…~"

She blushed at the compliment, wiping her hands on the front of her checkered apron. "Haha yeah, I kind of saw when you guys came in and had already prepared the order for the iced tea. And I know you usually take something different for him every time so it was just his order to fill; which was simple."

"Well it's great that you know your customers so well~"

"Thanks, it just makes my day whenever I see you guys come in, so please enjoy!" She waved as she hurried off again before her supervisor could call her back.

"Now Gon…~" He held up the dessert to the younger man's lips, smiling as Gon opened his mouth willingly to take a bite.

Hisoka watched attentively as Gon's tongue came out to lick the white dessert from the corners of his lips.
Soon he was staring into the endless depths of those honey-colored eyes as Gon beamed up at him. "Hisoka this is great!"

"Close your eyes~"

Gon blushed at the soft command and closed his eyes, wondering what Hisoka was going to do. "Now…~" He took a deep breath at the beguiling voice that sounded a tad bit closer. "Open your mouth~"

The unknown nature of it all had Gon's heart beating faster in excitement. He opened his mouth and this time Hisoka gladly put a full spoon of the creamy coconut-mango ice cream between his lips.

He couldn't help but moan as the cold metal spoon slid over his tongue and immediately his taste buds – enhanced by the loss of one of his senses – were assaulted by the tartness of the mango sorbet and the mild sweetness of the coconut ice cream. He could feel his cheeks get hotter as the spoon slowly withdrew from his mouth, pausing to trace the edge of his lips as it departed.

"Mmmm~" Gon heard Hisoka moan as if he were the one eating the ice cream instead.

He licked his lips.

"Now open your eyes Gon~"

To his ears, Hisoka's voice sounded deeper and when Gon opened his eyes to look at him once more, he saw why. Hisoka's golden stare was focused on his lips and that tongue came out as if wanting to taste all of him. He gasped.

"Tell me…how was it? ~" Hisoka asked, looking at him expectantly.

"It…it was amazing…" Gon said, not even sure if he was speaking about the ice cream or the experience of having Hisoka feed it to him. He tried to regain his bearings, looking away from the deep, intense color of Hisoka's eyes. "I-I did not expect you to give me the other flavor ice cream and the nuttiness left over from the pistachio, combined with the sweet, mild taste of the coconut and the tartness of the mango sorbet… It was beautiful…"

"Just the effect I intended~" Hisoka whispered. "And I bet it was even more intense since you couldn't see…~"

"Y-yes…" Gon felt hot. "A-aren't you going to have any Hisoka?" he asked, shifting in his seat.

"Now that I think about it, maybe I should~"

Gon was completely taken by surprise when Hisoka's lips met his and he made a surprised little sound, parting his lips to allow the intrepid tongue the entry it demanded.

"My god…" he said breathlessly as Hisoka pulled away from him grinning.

"You're right, that combination is great~" Hisoka whispered against his lips and bent to place another kiss on his cheek.

Gon had been so caught up in the kiss that he'd forgotten where they were, staring dumbly at Hisoka (who went back to sipping his iced tea), until he heard a choked squeal from the direction of the Service Counter. Gon looked over to see Laura, her face bright red with one of her hands over her lips as if she was both shocked and elated at the same time.
That's when he looked around and realized that the other patrons were looking in their direction too. When he met their stares, some looked surprised, others upset, and a few disgusted but they all seemed to be judging him.

He could even hear their hushed whispers.

"Such indecency, what an abomination."

"We should have laws protecting us from seeing these things."

"Do you think he's forcing him to do that?"

"He looked pretty willing to me..."

"Maybe he threatened his family or something."

"Or kidnapped him...he seems capable."

"Darling, that man looks scary, stop staring."

"Why doesn't the staff throw them out? Is this what we're paying for?"

"Keep your voice down, what if the tall one comes over here?"

"I'm feeling sick. I did not come here to see this."

And amidst the rising clamor of voices, a burly man covered in tattoos made his discontent clear. "What the hell is this?!" he shouted, gesturing openly.

Gon leaned over the table and whispered, "Hisoka, why did you do that? We're in public..."

"Hmmm? ~" Hisoka looked up from his drink to see Gon's concerned expression. "Are you worried about what they are thinking? ~" Hisoka turned around and every single person looked away quickly before he could notice that they had been looking his way.

He scoffed.

Cowards...and I thought this crowd had potential~

He turned back to Gon. "Are you scared? ~"

"No Hisoka, I'm not, it's just that they're right, we shouldn't be like this in public. I mean, it's not like we are a normal coupl—"

"Gon... if we are going to do this, I will not hold back from showing affection to what is mine whenever I feel like it just because a few people may disagree~"

"But Hisoka, it's not just a few p—"

"You're right, Gon-kun," Hisoka agreed as he leaned back against the brightly colored vinyl seat with a smirk. "So many people here seem to have an opinion to share~" His tone was easygoing but loud enough to be overheard. When not one person replied, he proceeded to say in a louder voice, "They must think I don't want to hear those opinions but...I'm open for complaints and suggestions regarding my behavior – should anyone want to lodge one of course~" His tone became challenging, facial expression betraying the depth of his excitement. "I'm a really good
listener you know... we'll have a nice discussion over a game of cards~"

"…"

In that little pastry shop, where the atmosphere was once buzzing with lively conversation, it was now so quiet that Gon could hear the collective heartbeats of the patrons. He looked at the crowd that was carefully keeping their eyes averted then back to the manic expression of expectation on Hisoka's face.

A few chilling seconds passed and when no one said a thing, not even to converse among themselves, Hisoka huffed, now terribly disappointed. "Figures…"

Gon leaned forward to engage him, careful to keep his voice low. "Hisoka, don't look so disappointed," he scolded.

"Mmmm it's been a while since I've shed some blood... ~" Hisoka's eyes searched Gon's face, observing the plump lips set in a frown and the mild color staining his cheeks. Finally he looked into the large hazel eyes staring at him disbelievingly.

"Ohhh... ~" he moaned, licking his lips briefly. Gon's mild shock at his behavior only made him more excited.

Hisoka could feel it, that ever present need mounting inside of him and the more he looked at Gon was the more he wanted to satisfy that need.

It was then that he knew that it would be wise to get home as soon as possible to release some of his tension between the sheets before he released it in the form of a couple homicides.

Gon continued to frown as his eyes examined Hisoka's expression. "Are you that excited to fight a bunch of civilians?" he asked seriously and with a hint of disbelief in his tone. "Why—"

"I'll be fighting for you~" Hisoka interrupted seductively, openly flirting with him. "My fruit is totally worth fighting for~"

Gon sighed, shaking his head. "You are so full of crap…"

"And you are so cute~"

Gon blushed and as Hisoka leaned over the table again to kiss him, this time no one (except Laura of course) dared to even look their way.
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Think I did a good job on this chap

give me some of your love❤️
(It helps me to keep writing)
Re-editing Note: This is the second part of the cut chapter

lol Laura is such a little pervert p...I just love her. Her coworkers probably think that her enthusiasm to serve Hisoka and Gon every time must be because they tip well or something lol.

A/N:

That scene in the cafe...wow

What a way to teach Gon to become comfortable with his sexuality in public :/

2nd Re-edit note: Oh I just love how Hisoka low-key controls situations like making decisions for Gon while they were shopping and ordering food for him…. *fangirling into oblivion*

HisoGonnnnnnnnn…

Next Chapter Preview: Killua gets caught by Illumi to have lunch together and Gon and Hisoka returns home...
ANNOUNCEMENT 20/08/15: I am rewriting chapters 1-10 since my writing style has changed. It won't be anything major, just sentence structure and addition of a few scenes! Expect to see a slightly different structure in chapters 1-5 by the weekend!

A/N:

Here's a weekend gift for all ~ (Thanks Internallybrokendown for giving me that last push to update. Also to Imkillinit for checking up on me - your excitement for this story is contagious)

I'm just going to post this update 'cause I'm driving myself crazy continuously nitpicking over it.

Announcements: For this chapter, check out the Character Data (in my other stories) for information on the new characters that will appear. (Plus I wrote two other HisoGon stories during my absence).

A message to my readers: Thank you everyone for your support and patience during this long wait! These past two months have been beyond crazy at work to the point that I had lost my frame of mind to write :'/ But thank goodness that when I had first started writing this story I did some pretty long, detailed drafts in preparation for an event like this so those helped to get me back on the right track. Plus your reviews and messages...you may think that they are naught but a few lines...but every time I felt like dropping the story because it was not good enough I would see a review and it would bring tears to my eyes just knowing that you all don't intend to give up on this. You guys are the best, thanks for your support it means so much and has done so much in motivating me to become a better writer. This story is here because of you all.

Here is a heartfelt thank you ;w;

Re-edit: Chapters 20 - 26 were chapters 20 - 23 now cut in half to make them easier to read.

Re-edit Note: Hello everyone, so as I've mentioned, I cut the original chapter 20 into three chapters. Fifty-five pages is way too long for one chapter and important details got lost in the clutter.

Chapter Summary: Gon discovers some things about himself and Killua is not happy about being made to have lunch with the one person he doesn't want to see.

References: Hunter x Hunter 2011 Ep. 3 where Tonpa's laxative trick failed on Killua.

Hunter x Hunter anime 1999 Ep. 46 Killua HATES peppers

Hunter x Hunter anime 1999 Ep. 54 Killua watching porn (haha)

Warning: Rated M...for bad language, extreme fluff, the mention of the sexual aspects of
Voyeurism, Exhibitionism and detailed descriptions of sex. Kanakoyuki, this has the phone scene you asked me for many chapters ago...

Disclaimers:

Plot mine! Characters not!

Now come, let's get started!

Chapter Twenty-Two: Discovering Who I am

NB: Day 11 continues...

Urgh

I hate this.

I really...really hate this...

Killua appeared as if he was trying to bore a hole straight through the wall of their apartment. With his eyes. Occasionally he moved, but only to take a deep breath or blink, but generally he remained in that position, hand propped under his chin and cerulean blue eyes fixed on the miniature patterns composing the Victorian-style wallpaper.

"Why are you sulking?"

No answer; Killua just continued to focus his gaze on the wall while absently pushing aside the tomatoes on his plate without even looking down at them.

"There are no red peppers in your food so you should try to eat something."

"Not hungry," he lied.

"It's always good for family to eat together," Illumi said in his usual monotone, stoically observing him. "Mother has always taught us that."

"Yeah...while poisoning our food," Killua grumbled.

"That was a very important part of our training Kil – I'm sure you know that." Illumi's voice was subtly reprimanding. "If it wasn't for your poison tolerance, it would have been difficult for you to have made it this far. That's a mother's love."

"Hmph." Killua had to admit that Illumi was right though; if it wasn't for the copious amounts of laxatives (as well as other unmentionable chemicals) he'd ingested over the course of his young life, he'd never have been able to withstand Tonpa's laxative trick in the first phase of the Hunter's Exam.

But I would never go as far as to describe what I've had to endure throughout my childhood as a 'mother's love'.

No way.

What mother would do that?

Killua paused in his thoughts.
The persistent frown tugging his lips downward deepened.

"Hmmm…" Illumi was silent as he studied the play of emotions that flashed across his brother's face. Killua was picking up his cell phone again to check it and he did not seem pleased.

"You seem agitated…" Illumi started as Killua pushed the phone away. "Is it in fact something else that's bothering you? Are you still worried about Gon?"

This time Killua looked up as if debating whether to answer or not. "Yes," he said honestly. "Gon hasn't returned my calls yet…"

Illumi seemed relieved that the issue, to him was that minor. "Oh, well that's not bad at all."

"Not bad?! What the hell Illumi, you're an asshole but I can't believe that you'd say something like that!"

"Hmmm?" Illumi was genuinely confused. "Why shouldn't I say that?"

Killua growled. "Whatever, we're done talking about this. It's no use talking to you."

"Really?" Illumi smiled peacefully and Killua suppressed his shudder. "That's not a very nice thing to say to your brother…"

"Whatever."

"Killua."

There it was, that chill again, but Killua, (his bad mood having drained the last of his patience) was not feeling to play the obedient otouto Illumi always wanted him to be.

"Aniki, I'm going back to my room," he said firmly. "Now."

The chair made a soft grating noise as he got up but with the tension in the room, it was like the screeching sound of nails raking across a chalkboard.

"Killua."

Illumi's voice was neither rough nor coercive but it made Killua freeze. "You will sit down and finish your lunch."

Killua remained in that half sitting, half-standing position and his hands gripped the linen tablecloth, knuckles a sickly white from the force of his grip. He was really tempted to disobey but he couldn't follow through with that desire.

As much as he wanted to challenge him, it would be unwise to start a fight right now. For one breathless moment he stared straight at Illumi, his eyes defying him but eventually, slowly...he sat back down and turned away from that hypnotic gaze, pouting.

"Now tell me," Illumi tried again. "Why are you sulking?"

"I already told you!" Killua ground out through clenched teeth. His glare was resolutely fixed on the bamboo shades to his right, and the urge inside of him to rip them apart was strong.

"Killua."

"What?!" He really wanted to punch something right now.
"Watch your tone."

Killua gritted his teeth, swearing under his breath. "Whatever."

"What was that?"

"I said 'okay'," he lied.

"Great." Illumi smiled, oddly cheerful. "Now are you ready to have a normal conversation?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"What?"

"This..."—Killua extended his arms to indicate their entire seating area—"...eating with me, talking with me...you've never cared before."

"I've always cared," Illumi paused momentarily, one finger to his chin. "But back then I had the duty of being your mentor, teacher and disciplinarian. Not to mention I was busy most of the time with work. There was very little room to be a brother to you."

"And right now you're my brother? More like a bully," Killua grumbled.

"How so?"

"I don't want to sit here and eat and you're forcing me."

"You've been avoiding me for almost two days now so what else was I to do?"

"I've been avoiding you within good reason..." Killua mumbled moodily, remembering the kiss. His cheeks tinted pink and he folded his arms across his chest in obvious dissatisfaction. **Who wouldn't avoid you after something like that?**

"What was that Kil?" Illumi asked, studying him.

"Nothing..."

"Anyway, mother had insisted before we left, that I make sure you eat regularly because she did not want you losing any more weight. Neither do I."

Killua looked down at his plate. It felt like forever since he'd last eaten. The pesto lasagna looked (and tasted) amazing and he was only able to restrict himself to two bites. He'll never admit it out loud, but Illumi really was a great cook and the only reason he was not licking his plate clean was because he wanted to spite him. There was no way he would make his aniki feel as if he'd succeeded in doing something he liked.

Killua sighed. **This is torture. I'm really fucking hungry...**

At the sound of his sighing, Illumi frowned. "You know, I can promise you that Gon is alright."

"What? You don't know that!"

"Yes I do. If something was wrong with him, I'd have known already."

"How so?"
"Have you forgotten that he's travelling with Hisoka?"

"Urgh. Why did you have to remind me?!"

"Well you did ask," Illumi replied simply. He continued, "And Hisoka's not all bad you know."

"That's what you say. What if he's the reason Gon isn't answering his phone?"

"I doubt."

"You don't know that."

"I do."

Killua's frown deepened even more. He did not like the confidence in Illumi's tone.

"And besides, Hisoka is too fond of Gon to hurt him... permanently that is." He laughed but Killua wasn't finding that funny at all. Illumi leaned back in his chair and added, "I had realized that fact from the moment he spoke of Gon's potential and about not letting anyone else touch him."

"Well if he cares so much, he sure did a poor job of protecting him during the Chimera Ant situation," Killua said bitterly.

"Oh yeah, Gon did almost die..." Illumi put down his fork. "I guess Hisoka's lust for a good fight with Kuroro almost indirectly made him lose Gon. But I assure you that he's learned from that and is never going to let Gon out of his sight this time. Especially since he cannot use his Nen now."

"I can protect Gon."

Killua's voice was low and possessive and Illumi raised an eyebrow.

*Getting carried away again I see...*

He got up to clear the table and as he did, his hand brushed Killua's, causing him to flinch. "Don't forget what I told you about getting too close to Gon,"—Illumi smirked, bending low enough to whisper—"You've been sulking in your room since yesterday but just do as I said this morning and wait till 4pm before involving Milluki and you'll see that Gon is alright."

As soon as Illumi left the room, Killua inhaled sharply, only realizing then that he had been holding his breath.

"And one more thing Kil," Illumi started, poking his head back through the doorway. "We're having Tiramisu for dessert." He smiled but Killua just continued to stare blankly at him until he disappeared into the kitchen again.

"Fuck," Killua muttered when his stomach growled loudly at the mention of one of his favorite desserts.

*Tiramisu...*

His mouth watered as he thought about the ecstasy that awaited him in each bite; its light pudding-like texture, the explosion of chocolate on his tongue, that forbidden hint of liquor...those delectable—

His nostrils flared. "My gods..." he sighed dreamily, dropping his face into shaking hands.
He had not been eating anything much since the evening before, confining himself to his room in an effort to keep avoiding Illumi and he was quickly nearing his limit. There was no way he would be able to resist this course.

"Why...why am I so weak for chocolate...?" he almost sobbed, groaning as if in pain and biting his bottom lip.

Illumi had obviously made the delectable dessert with the intention to win him over, since, as his brother, he was knowledgeable of how important chocolate was to him.

Illumi was playing dirty.

Killua's brow furrowed in frustration as he continued to fight his desire.

*Illu-nii you jerk.*

Now he was even being denied of his right to be passive aggressive. He slammed his fist on the table, causing the flower vase to shake but not fall over.

His frown deepened as he glared at the fresh arrangement of green-flowered orchids and hydrangeas that Illumi had put there just that morning.

"Damn you Illumi," he groused in defeat, finally accepting the fact that Illumi was going to win today's battle of willpower.

XXX

"Hurry up Hisoka," Gon prompted as Hisoka leisurely swiped the keycard in the lock.

Hisoka watched as Gon bolted in as soon as the door opened, quickly removing his sneakers in the foyer and immediately racing for the bedroom.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry? ~" he asked as he put their shopping bags on the dining table.

"My phone! Remember I told you that I'd lost it!" Gon shouted before he disappeared into the bedroom. He poked his head back out of the doorway, looking at Hisoka with an admonishing expression. "And don't forget you'd promised to help me look for it!"

Hisoka smiled as the young man disappeared again; Gon just knew how to get worked up over the smallest things.

He casually walked into their bedroom to see Gon sitting on the ground, legs spread wide and bending forward as he reached under the bed.

Intrigued, Hisoka stood there for a moment, watching the awkward pose that Gon was in. Just then, Gon flattened his body even more, sinking further into what appeared to be a side split, his face almost touching the ground. Hisoka cleared his throat as he felt a familiar stir in his loins at Gon's flexibility. "Um...Gon...are you sure it's under there? ~"

"It has to be!" Gon's voice was muffled and he sneezed, but his arm kept stretching, easily pushing aside one of the large dark brown woven storage boxes under the bed. He added, "I looked all over the bedroom but it's nowhere! And the last place I remember it was, was when you had it while you were...wer—um..." He still.
Hisoka grinned, remembering. "Yes Gon, while I was...what? ~"

Gon straightened up from his awkward pose, standing and dusting off his knees. He met Hisoka's expectant eyes, still waiting for him to complete his sentence and hesitated, turning instead to walk over to the other side of the room.

"Um...nothing..." he replied, looking out at the city through the open sliding doors as he started removing his clothes. "I think...I'm going to take a shower, I'll look for it after..."

"Ever thought that it might still be on the bed? ~" Hisoka asked, moving to straighten the messy bed he didn't have time to fix that morning before they'd left.

Gon paused, now in his boxers and vest. "Oh yeah, I didn't think of that!"

"Found it~" Hisoka held out the phone to him with one hand as he finished putting all the pillows back in place.

Gon threw his t-shirt in the corner and rushed over to grab his phone, quickly powering up the device. "Thanks Hisoka," he mumbled, his voice filled with quiet relief but then his eyes widened as he scrolled through the log.

"What the..."

So many missed calls...

Ah...there's a voicemail too.

Killua.

"Oh damn..." He sat on the edge of the bed and brought the phone to his ear to listen to the voice message.

[[ You have one new voice message. Main Menu. To review your messages now, press one...to send a message, press tw— Hey Gon. What's wrong man?! You called me like three times, three times... and then you don't answer your phone! Are you okay?! Now your phone is going straight to voice-mail. I'm really worried! If I can't get on to you by this afternoon I'm coming to find you, wherever you are. I'll ask Fatso to trace your number – even if that means I'll owe him a favor – I can't have anything happening to you while there is a fucking psycho on the loose in York Shin draining people's blood. Did you hear there was another murder last night? Anyway, just send me a message by 4pm today because right now I'm just telling myself that you forgot to charge your phone. Illu-ni says that you're okay and that he'd know by now if something had happened to you but I don't believe him.. End of message. To delete this message press—]]

Gon ended the call and looked down at the time. 3:56pm. His eyes widened even more.

I hope he really doesn't think that something is wrong with me!

I need to call him...

Hisoka came closer to where Gon was sitting and looked down at him fiddling with the phone, his face clearly panicked. "What's wrong Gon? ~"

"Killua must have thought that I was dead or something!"

"Why would he? ~" Hisoka asked nonchalantly.
Gon raised the phone and Hisoka bent to peruse the log. "Just look at all these missed calls!"

"Hmmm...that's a lot~" he agreed, straightening up again and removing his belt.

"But yesterday, when it was ringing, didn't you say that no one important had called? Why didn't you tell me that Killua had been trying to call?"

"Hmm?" Hisoka shrugged. "Maybe I forgot~"

Gon's voice lowered suspiciously. "And it was turned off too..."

"I guess I turned it off~"

"Why would you do that?!"

"Would you prefer if I had answered it for you while I was finger-fucking your ass? Maybe then your friend, on hearing my voice and your sexy, pleading moans would know just how close we are~"

Gon frowned at the excited look on Hisoka's face. Knowing Hisoka, he probably had seriously considered doing just that yesterday. Gon swallowed hard but then sighed, deciding to ignore the redhead standing a little too close to him – it was no use arguing with Hisoka about this. He had to return Killua's phone call first before his friend decided to tear York Shin apart hunting for him.

As he listened to the ringing on the other end, he felt Hisoka's breath on his neck and goosebumps erupted all over his skin. "Mmmmmm..." His eyes closed as the lips started moving slowly over his neck but then his eyes flew open.

"Oh no, what if Killua answers?!"

"Wait...Stop it! We can't!" (Hisoka though, didn't pause like he normally would have to ask him why they couldn't proceed). Gon's hand came up to stop him but ended up stroking the crimson mane, fingers playing with the smooth strands as Hisoka continued moving downwards to kiss his exposed collarbone.

"Stop it..." Gon moaned as Hisoka pulled on both nipples through his vest. "This is dangerous...!" he gasped as those fingers rolled then twisted one sensitive nipple, then the other.

"I love danger~" Hisoka whispered against his skin, licking the spot just above his collarbone and dipping boldly into the groove.

Gon moaned desperately, gripping the phone tightly and already feeling the heat gathering in his core. Killua's voice-mail picked up.

That was close.

Thank goodness. I'll call him later. At least he would see that I called and know that I'm okay...

But as he put the phone down on the bed, his other hand moving to thread through Hisoka's hair again, it started ringing.

Gon froze, eyes focused on the vibrating object and a look of consternation plastered on his face. That was definitely Killua returning his call.

"Answer it~" Hisoka breathed against his neck.
"But..." He gripped the phone nervously, slowly flipping it over to watch the flashing display screen.

"Do it."

"W-will you behave?" Gon asked, unsure.

His voice was filled with wariness but Hisoka, (still busy giving him a hickey on his neck) only smiled naughtily, truthfully responding, "No~"

"I..."

Hisoka stopped, looking up to meet his eyes. "Listen Gon, we're going to play a little game...can you keep your friend on the line? ~"

"...what?" Gon's hesitation was obvious and he chose to err on the side of caution as his instincts were telling him to take care not to fall into Hisoka's trap. "I don't know if I want t—"

"Are you going to ignore your friend's phone call? ~" Hisoka asked, his voice deceptively concerned.

Gon panicked and in his doubt answered the phone, quickly pressing it to his ear.

He looked down at the mischievous grin on Hisoka's face and realized that he had indeed fallen into his trap after all.

Oh gods...he really isn't going to behave...

[[...Gon? Are you there?]]

"Y-yes Killua, I'm here..." Gon's eyes narrowed.

What the heck is Hisoka planning...?

[[Sorry I missed your call before, I was cleaning up after having lunch with Illumi]]

"Oh you were having lunch with Illumi? That's okay, if you want, I can call you back later."

[[No problem, I can talk, I'm done]]

"Are you sure that's alright? I won't want you to miss lunch..."

[[Focus man, I said I HAD lunch, meaning I'm done, I'm free to talk with you]]

Hisoka pinched his nipple hard.

"Ah! I-I mean well I guess we can talk now." Gon looked down at Hisoka, whose expression clearly said, 'Nice try Gon'.

[[Yes...you sound distracted...are you busy?]]

"N-no I'm not busy...how was...lunch?" Hisoka's hand was trailing over his torso and he fidgeted, suddenly feeling very hot.

Ah...not here...not now. I can't be turned on at a time like this!
He pressed his thighs together.

"Oh it was okay, I ate with Illumi and we had Pesto Lasagne. Dessert was Tiramisu. It sucked that such good food had to be spoiled by being forced to have it with bad company."

Gon took a deep breath, trying to keep quiet even as the fingers trailing lazily over his skin fired up his arousal. There's no way he could let Killua find out what was happening to him at the moment. He forced himself to keep his voice level.

"I see, I'm sorry you had to be forced...into doing that."

He gasped softly as he tried to continue, "But Killua, it...couldn't have been that bad, your lunch sounds like it was...amazing."

"What?! Of course it was bad! Didn't you hear who I had to eat with?!

"Huh? Ok, ok...I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say that, yes the experience must have been very bad..."

Gon could barely keep focus as Hisoka's hand glided back up to skim his side and he trembled under the touch. "But you'd said before that you guys were cool now so I thought—"

"Illumi has his moods and he's been acting up lately, suddenly being all nice and wanting to get too close and I'm not sure how I feel about that."

"I see..."

"Anyway, enough about that jerk. I was really worried about you and I have to give you an earful! How dare you not answer your phone yesterday?! I was so worried I felt sick!"

Just then, Hisoka's other hand tugged on his waistband but Gon grabbed hold of his boxers in time, holding it in place with his free hand. Hisoka smirked, looking up at him.

"Yeah...I'm sorry I made you worry Killua, my phone was off last night..."

"In any case, you okay? Did everything go...as planned yesterday?"

"Yes, I'm alright, nothing happened..." Gon looked down to see that Hisoka was now crouched low in front of him, lifting his vest with one hand, while the other was still on his waistband. He watched helplessly, unable to stop him because his only available hand was busy keeping his boxer shorts up and he didn't dare let go, lest Hisoka win their silent tug-o-war and pull the garment down.

His breath hitched and he felt like a voyeur, watching as Hisoka leaned forward to kiss his belly, tongue delving into his navel. Trembling suddenly in response to the wet caress, Gon had to bite back a moan. He felt the smirk against his skin and resisted the urge to curse out loud.

"Oh, I see...unfortunately, Illumi came back pretty early after those two went out. I ended up spending all evening in my room. Can't even remember when I fell asleep."

"Wow Killua, that's tough... but maybe you shouldn't avoid him so much..." The hand holding up his vest moved further underneath the cotton fabric to grasp his nipple between thumb and index finger, pinching it. Gon bit his lip at the contact, writhing a bit as Hisoka's kisses moved steadily downwards.

"What are you talking about? Of course I have to. Do you know what it's like to have an
argument with someone yet you can't be rid them? And then they constantly insist on being all up in your face even though you don't want to see them?]

Gon managed to laugh awkwardly at what Killua was saying. He looked down at Hisoka and frowned. "I've felt like that before..."

[[You have?]]

Hisoka looked up at him and grinned.

Gon's eyes widened. *Don't you dare* he mouthed at him.

Hisoka ignored the warning glare sent his way and pulled down harder on the waistband, enough to free the trapped member and Gon hissed, almost sobbing in pleasure as the rough waistband skimmed over his sensitive cock.

[[Gon you okay? Something wrong?]]

"No...I'm okay Killua. Yeah."

[[Ok then...]]

Gon tried his best angry look. *Damn you Hisoka*

Hisoka grinned, looking him straight in the eyes as he grabbed his erection. Gon's hand flew to his mouth as the hand tortured him, first moving slowly, languorously, then faster, and his hips jerked upwards suddenly.

He gripped the sheets hard. "Oh shit! Stop it!"

[[What happened?!]]

"N-nothing Killua, s-sorry..." He almost moaned into the phone as Hisoka's mouth closed over his weeping cock, the man's skillful tongue twirling around his shaft and taking him deeper.

[[Anyway, so yesterday I managed to call Al—]]

"Holy f-fuck!" Gon gasped as Hisoka sucked him hard.

[[What did I do?!]]

"No...Killua...i-it's not y-you..."

"Ah..." Gon's eyes widened and he was biting his lip so hard that he tasted blood.

*What...how can he do that with his tongue...?*

Hisoka was driving him crazy with everything he was doing and Gon knew that very soon he'd...

[[Are you sure?]]

"I'm...ah...I'm sure...it really isn't you Killua, it's...it's just something here that's...bothering me..."

Gon looked pointedly down at Hisoka but all he saw was the top of the crimson head – the man was too busy to bother looking up at him.

He groaned, falling back onto his elbows.
Panting softly, his hips started moving reflexively to push his cock farther into Hisoka's wet, teasing caress.

"W-wow Killua...that's great that...that she's no longer alone..." His face burned with embarrassment and pleasure.

Everything was so wrong about this moment, yet the feeling was so right. The lips tightened around his base and Gon did not know how long he'll be able to keep quiet, especially with all that Hisoka was doing him.

It did not take long at all.

"Ahhhh! Oh gods!" Gon's hips bucked as Hisoka came up to lick the oversensitive tip, teeth purposefully grazing him as he took the entire cock in again.

"I...I...ahhh!" Teeth grazed him again and the adept tongue laved at his cock, eagerly dipping and twirling. "Oh fuck!"

"I...I...ahhh!" Teeth grazed him again and the adept tongue laved at his cock, eagerly dipping and twirling. "Oh fuck!"

"Must be because I'm eating..."

"Yes...Gon? What's wrong?"

"N-nothing's wrong with me...mmmm..."

"But you just called my name. Wait...was that...are you...moaning?"

"No, I-I'm not moaning...mmmm..."

"So why do you sound like you're moaning?!

"Must be because I'm eating..."
"Oh god Killua, it feels so good!" His hand flew to his mouth but it couldn't suppress the moan – he was too close.

[[Gon?! Don't you mean it TASTES good?]]

"Ah..."

[[What's wrong with you man?!]]

"Ah fuck! If you only knew..." His hand clenched the red strands in his grip tighter as his hips started moving on their own. Hisoka parted his legs even wider and Gon couldn't tear his heated gaze away from the lewd scene before him – from the face of the handsome man buried between his thighs. His desire was peaking, coiling tighter and tighter inside of him and he was finding it harder to restrict himself verbally.

"Mmmmm..."

"Ah..."

[[You sound completely out of it!]]

Gon was practically chewing into his bottom lip and distantly he heard Killua's voice but he was no longer coherent enough to respond. The only responses that Killua got were soft moans and Gon really didn't care anymore, deciding that he'd somehow find a way to explain it to his friend later.

[[Gon...?! You there...?]]

"Killua...oh god Kill—ua I can't...I can't take it anymore...I'm about to cu—ah!"

[[...Gon! What are you about to—]]

Gon fumbled to keep the phone by his ear just like Hisoka had told him to, but he accidentally hung up.

He didn't have a chance to worry about that though as Hisoka's skillful mouth continued its delicious torture and he bit his lip, eyes rolling back as he climaxed.

"Oh gods Hisoka! Oh yes...!"

The phone started ringing again and Gon could barely breathe, much less answer the device.

Hisoka came up from between his legs as Gon fell back on the bed. He towered above him, licking his lips. "That was a great performance Gon-kun, but you failed~"

"What?" Gon's mind was blank and he just continued to stare up at Hisoka while still trying to catch his breath, overwhelmed by his orgasm.

Hisoka pointed at the phone as it started to ring again, buzzing violently on the bed. "You failed to keep your friend on the line."

"But—" Gon's head swam and he put a hand to his forehead.

"Sit up and answer your phone," Hisoka commanded.

Gon obeyed, answering the call and pushing lax, reluctant muscles into a sitting position as Hisoka dropped his own pants. "W-what...are you doing?" he asked him dazedly, his voice full of
suspicion.

[[What do you mean 'what am I doing'?! What the hell are YOU doing?!]]

"Ah Killua, I'm sorry... I didn't mean what you were doing..."

[[Is someone there with you?!]]

"No one's here with me..."

[[And you hung up on me!]]

"Ah...yes, yes I'm so sorry to have hung up on you, I got carried away..."

[[Carried away? Man you sounded like you were moaning or some shit like that! If I didn't know better I'd swear you were—]]

"No, I was not moaning..." Gon could barely pay attention to what Killua was saying when Hisoka was directly in front of him, stroking his hard cock. He looked up at his face to see that the man was looking down at him with a wicked smile, eyes clouded with lust.

*What are you doing?!* he mouthed but Hisoka's grin only widened, his teeth sinking into his bottom lip. He groaned.

[[What the heck is that sound?!]]

"That sound? You must be hearing things..."

[[I guess...anyway, are the mosquitoes still biting you?]]

"Yeah...the mosquitoes are still here..." Gon trailed off as he saw Hisoka's eyes darken. His own eyes narrowed; the man was obviously turned on by his distress. In the silence of their bedroom, another groan permeated the air, a little louder this time.

[[Who's there with you?! I heard a groan!]]

"No, no one's here with me. That was me."

Another groan, hand moving faster.

[[Stop lying!]]

"I'm not lying Killua..." Gon lied.

[[But if no one's there...and mosquitoes are biting you... Uh Gon, are you sexually aroused by mosquito bites or something?]]

"No, I'm not sexually attracted to mosquitoes!"

A longer...deeper moan than the one before.

[[So what was that sound then? Are you watching some porn? Don't be embarrassed, it's okay if you do. I was wondering when you'd start! And to believe you were the one preferring to go to bed rather than watch it with me when we were last here. Now look at you haha.]]
"No, I'm not watching porn!" Gon gasped as the man in front of him seemed as if he was about to cum at any moment.

Gon pressed his index finger to his lips, indicating to Hisoka to keep it down but Hisoka moaned again, eyes now fixated on his lips.

Gon looked around frantically. *Don't you dare!* he mouthed as he figured out what Hisoka was about to do. His protests were met with a wide grin as the man before him suddenly stilled.

[[You know t—]]

"Yessssss...! ~" Hisoka hissed and Gon's eyes widened but he had to quickly close them to avoid being blinded as he was splashed with Hisoka's cum. He felt it hit one closed eyelid, both lips, the side of his face and the hand tightly gripping his phone.

[[Whoa! Not watching porn? Then what was that? I don't even need to tell you what THAT sounded like! You're so busted my friend, that was a clear giveaway. What's your excuse this time?]]

"It...it's a video game..." Gon lied, trying to keep up with Killua's questions and opening the eye that wasn't covered in cum. He saw Hisoka, fully clothed again, bend toward him.

[[Whoa you're hardcore! I thought it was just porn but you're into eroge? ? Haha they always say that the innocent ones are the most outgoing!]]

"An eroge?! N-no...it's not that type of video game, I swear..." Hisoka's hand was on the side of his face, thumb wiping away the cum there and on his eyelid. The finger then moved to wipe the rest that was on his lips and then plunged into his mouth, forcing him to suck it clean.

[[Personally, I've never played an eroge before, you'll have to lend me yours a—]]

"Mmmmph!" Gon almost choked on Hisoka's finger when the man pushed it deeper.

[[What's wrong now?!]]

Hisoka withdrew his thumb, now coated only with Gon's saliva and smiled down at him.

"A-ah, yes, it was the mosquito again..."

[[I'm beginning to worry about you Gon...]]

"Don't worry, I could handle it...I guess."

[[Well if you say so...but just promise me you'll at least wear some repellent or something.]]

"Yeah, I'll try some repellent, but I'm not sure if that would work though..."

[[It will be better than nothing. Anyway, we definitely have to meet up tomorrow! Maybe...10AM? Are you cool with that?]]

"Yeah we can meet for that time, tomorrow's good." His eyes followed Hisoka as he left the room, leaving for their master bathroom.

[[Well I've got to go, as much as I hate to admit it, that Tiramisu was amazing and I'm really
feeling for more. I hid the last piece in the fridge. But I've got to hurry before Illumi finds and eats it. I think I just saw him go into the kitchen and he might eat it just so that I'll ask him to make more...]

Gon laughed, "I'm sure he would. Alright then, bye Killua!"

As soon as Gon hung up the phone, his face was serious again and he jumped off the bed to head to the bathroom where Hisoka had disappeared.

He froze as he entered, seeing Hisoka already inside the shower, soapy suds running down the length of his naked body.

_His naked...chiseled body..._

_So handsome..._

Gon shook his head to break the spell.

_Okay, focus!_

"What the hell Hisoka, at least close the shower door!"

Hisoka pushed back his wet hair to look at Gon. "Why? Didn't you come here to talk to me? And besides, this is nothing you haven't seen before and it's definitely something you'll see again...and again~" he replied calmly.

Gon's frown deepened. He was determined to keep the conversation on the subject and not let Hisoka distract him.

_I'll get straight to the point._

"What was that about?!"

"What was what about? ~" Hisoka asked innocently.

"You know what I'm talking about."

"I thought you would already know what that's called...I performed fellatio on you...also known as a blow job," Hisoka explained slowly, smirking. "And then I masturbated and came all over your face~"

_Oh, so it's called 'fellatio'..._ Gon thought, storing the word to memory.

"..."

_Wait..._

Belatedly he realized that Hisoka had succeeded in steering him clear from the topic.

_That trickster!_

"What...? No! Not that..."

"Then what? ~"

"Why did you go down on me while I was on the phone?"
"Why not? ~"

"But now Killua thinks I'm some freak who's turned on by mosquito bites!"

"At least he thinks you're a freak...he thinks I am a mosquito... ~"

"...what?" Gon looked at him blankly but then burst out laughing when he made the connection. He wanted so badly to be angry with Hisoka for what he did to him but he couldn't. And he couldn't fight the desire that continued to build as he stared at the handsome man in front of him.

"Come~" Hisoka beckoned to him. "Let's get you cleaned up~"

Gon did not refuse, quickly shedding his clothes and eagerly getting into the shower with Hisoka.

"Want to get in the Jacuzzi after?" came the sultry voice next to his ear.

"Yes..." His response was breathless as Hisoka's hands followed the path of the soap suds and water, all the way down his body to cup his already hardening erection.

"Now this I like~" Hisoka said as he stroked him, nibbling his ear.

Gon felt the hard cock press against his back and moaned in response.

"How badly do you want me to touch you? ~ "

"Mmmm Hisoka, don't tease me..." Gon pleaded as Hisoka glided the loofah down past his butt. The thumb and index fingers of his other hand moved up to pinch his already hardening erection.

He couldn't deny it, he was really turned on, especially after being forced to have Killua experience his orgasm and he knew that Hisoka was aware of this. But it made him feel uneasy to be turned on by something like that.

What would people think if they knew?

"H-hisoka..."

"Mmmm? ~"

"A-ahhhh...maybe I am a freak...after all," Gon said as his body writhed shamelessly under Hisoka's touch.

"And what's wrong with that?" Hisoka asked, pushing one, then two fingers past his tight ring of muscle. "Are you afraid of how others will judge you? ~"

"..." Gon did not respond, only arched his back and pressed his hands against the Quartzite tiles.

"If that's the case, then there is no problem, other people can say whatever they want..."—Hisoka bent to kiss the back of his neck— "but since it's just you and me in this...other people don't matter... ~"

"But..."

"There's nothing wrong with enjoying the thrill of what happened on the phone...or kissing in public. You're just a little bit of an exhibitionist, that's all. Nothing serious."

"And...what are you?" Gon asked, twisting subtly against the fingers moving inside of him.
"I transcend all the boundaries of exhibitionism whenever I feel like it~"

"Mmmm...what's the difference?"

Hisoka removed his fingers, smiling. "I have no shame~" he replied with a confident smile as if it was something to be proud of.

Gon didn't reply, only turned in Hisoka's wet embrace to look up at him as the water washed away the suds covering them.

"Ready to go in the Jacuzzi now? ~" Hisoka's voice was barely a whisper but heavy with excitement.

Gon nodded and before he could give his verbal agreement, Hisoka swept him up easily to hold him in his strong arms. Gon gasped in surprise but did not protest this time to being carried 'bridal style' as Hisoka walked toward the Jacuzzi. Instead, he leaned towards the man's wet, muscled chest, feeling comfortably loved and anticipating the pleasure to come.

XXX

"I can hardly believe this~" Hisoka said, golden eyes scanning the nude, lithe frame of the young man before him.

"..." Gon was kneeling on the bed, close to its edge, legs tucked under his butt as he sat back on his heels. Hisoka was directly in front of him but he did not...could not look at him. Instead, he kept his eyes trained on the white silk sheets, keeping his head down so that Hisoka would not see how affected he was by his presence.

There was a soft sound, a slight shuffle as if feet were moving closer and his breath hitched in expectation…but nothing happened.

He has to be doing this to me intentionally, Gon thought, taking a deep breath in an effort to calm himself. Despite making no moves to touch him or say anything more, those astute eyes were on him – he could feel them – observing, studying and assessing his subtle reactions. It was as if Hisoka was stretching out the moment…relishing in the shallow breaths escaping his parted lips and the rapid beating of a heart that was too excited by the thought of what was to come.

The anticipation was killing him.

The atmosphere was thick with his excitement and Gon swallowed hard, continuing to keep his gaze averted.

"Shameless~" Gon could practically hear the smirk laced within his tone as Hisoka continued, "Do you actually think that you can hide your excitement from me?" The voice almost sounded gentle. "Look at me Gon. Let me see how much you want this~"

The smooth command washed over him like an immense, awe-inspiring wave and slowly, Gon lifted his hazel eyes to meet that deep, golden stare.

Hisoka trembled with excitement, feeling his cock grow harder as he met that hungry gaze. "Mmmm…I like that look~" he said.

Gon bit his lip and Hisoka's eyes were drawn to those lips – red, bruised and plump from all the passionate kisses they'd shared not too long ago.
"You've become absolutely insatiable haven't you? ~" Hisoka asked, smirking openly now. "Didn't I just fuck you? ~"

Gon nodded meekly, squirming on the bed as he remembered their recent encounter.

The memory of wet, tightly embracing arms assailed him. Arms that were holding his trembling body close as impatient bites, licks and searing kisses trailed…

"Ah…" Gon folded his hands over his lap in an attempt to hide his already turgid erection. Just thinking about how Hisoka had fucked him without mercy was enough to make his cock so hard it hurt. Gon couldn't understand it; they'd just had sex in the Jacuzzi yet here he was, secretly longing to be fucked again.

"I have something for you…~" He heard Hisoka say and his eyes were drawn to the tumescent cock now being pushed in his face.

"Suck it~" Hisoka commanded, holding his cock up to those plump lips.

Tentatively, Gon stuck out his tongue to taste him, licking at the blunt tip of the swollen cock until it was wet with his saliva. While he did this, his hands traveled up the muscled plane of Hisoka's torso, playing with the still-healing scratches there and he heard Hisoka moan even harder. Gon opened his mouth wider and Hisoka took that opportunity to thrust all the way in, smiling as he heard Gon gag at the unexpected invasion.

His hand moved to grip the back of Gon's head and he pulled back to slowly reenter. Gon's mouth felt great and as Hisoka watched his cock disappear into that accommodating warmth, he moaned.

"Yes…Gon…~" Teeth grazed him with every entry and exit, tongue undulating along the length of his shaft and Hisoka smirked at how well Gon knew exactly what he wanted every time without being told. The pain, the pleasure – that was exactly what defined their relationship and that was what he loved.

"Unnnnnh!" Gon choked as Hisoka's cock hit the back of his throat again. The man's pace was slow, but his thrusts were deep and probing as if telling him just how deep he was going to fuck him soon.

"Hnnnnn…!"

Gon endured, even though his eyes were now watering with the intensity of Hisoka's callous thrusts and he moaned as the neatly trimmed tuft of crimson hair at the base of Hisoka's cock tickled his nose.

"Good job, you've done well~" Hisoka praised him, withdrawing from his mouth. "Time for your reward~" When Gon looked up at him he made a circular motion with his index finger. "Turn around, get on your knees and lift your ass. It's about time I feed that craving of yours."

"…"

Hisoka admired the plump butt that Gon was doing his best to lift just how he knew he liked. But it wasn't enough. He moved closer.

[[Smack]]

Gon jerked forward in surprise at the slap. "Ah!"
"Wider~"

He moaned as he obeyed the subtle command to spread his legs further apart.

Hisoka's hand was on his lower back, pressing downwards.

"I want your ass high and your legs wide~"

"..."

[[Smack]]

"Ooooh..." Gon wriggled his hips, pushing his butt higher as if wanting to be spanked some more.

Hisoka smirked.

"Very nice, but they're still not wide enough; spread your legs like you did earlier..."—Hisoka grinned as he remembered—"...while you were looking under the bed for your phone~"

"..."

"Yes...that's it Gon. Now hold on tightly~"

Gon's hands struggled to gain purchase on the sheets, while doing his best to mentally prepare himself for the moment the man would enter him.

But as usual, he was always overwhelmed by being stretched by Hisoka's thick shaft.

"Ah gods Hisoka!" he cried out as the engorged member penetrated him in one thrust, filling him to the hilt.

"Perfect... ~" Hisoka muttered under his breath, looking down. His hands smoothed over Gon's skin, still slightly damp from their recent shower.

"Hnnn...go easy on me Hisoka..." Gon complained as Hisoka impaled him roughly again.

"Why...should...I?"

"Ah!" Gon struggled to find his words. "It...I ...mmm...w-we just did it in the Jacuzzi..."

Hisoka stopped, pulling him flush against his hips and letting his hands ghost over his trembling body. "So you're a little too sensitive? Is that it?" Hisoka asked. He bent close to his ear, whispering seductively, "Gon...do you really want me to go easy on you? ~"

When he received no response, he ground his pelvis against Gon's butt, smiling as the younger man moaned and fisted the sheets. "Well, do you? ~" he prompted.

"N-no..." Gon stuttered truthfully, burying his face into the smooth sheets in embarrassment.

*The pain, the pleasure...I want it.*

He felt Hisoka lift off of him but the man did not move. Instead he angled and rocked those hips against his, stimulating his sensitive spot. Gon shuddered. "H-hisoka..." he huffed. "Please stop teasing me..."

But of course Hisoka ignored him, grinning as he began to move excruciatingly slowly,
purposefully teasing him even more.

"Oooooh…"

Hisoka watched attentively as Gon's body shook with pleasure and he smiled sadistically, slowly withdrawing from him, only to maliciously bury his entire length inside of him again.

"Fu—!" Gon gasped. "Ahh!"

"Mmmm…great~"

" Ah...ah…mmmmmm...ooooooh..." Gon mewed, panting lightly. "Hisoka..."

Hisoka looked down at Gon, who was subtly wriggling his hips to get the most out of each thrust. His eyes took in every response Gon's body made to his thrusts and how whenever he withdrew, Gon would back his ass up in an attempt to savor every inch.

Hisoka's eyes shone in the dying light of their Condo. "Absolutely...shameless… ~" he muttered, smirking as he kept thrusting into that tight orifice.

"Hah…hah…hah…oh…"

"Yes Gon...that's it, keep those legs spread like that~"

Gon's legs were spread so wide that the entire length of his shaft rubbed against the sheets every time he was impaled. It was exhilarating but he wanted more. He wanted Hisoka to take him higher. "Please..." he begged.

Hisoka pulled him close and held him there.

"No...don't do that," Gon complained.

"What then?" Hisoka asked in a mocking voice as if he did not know what Gon needed. "I want to hear you say it Gon-kun ~"

"I...I want you," Gon muttered impatiently.

"You want me?" Hisoka asked. "How? ~" He ground his hips against Gon's pelvis.

Gon gasped. "Please fuck me hard..."

"I just love it when you ask nicely…~"

Gon barely had time to adjust before Hisoka started fucking him so vigorously that their sturdy bed shook with the force of his movements and Gon panted as each hearty thrust only made him crave more.

"O-oh...oh...y-es!"

The harsh grip of Hisoka's fingers bruised the unblemished skin of Gon's butt and he spread those cheeks to get a better view; smiling as he watched his cock disappear with each forceful thrust.

"Mmmm I like this view... ~"

"Ah...ahh...oh...H-hisoka...st-op...watching me...there!" Gon protested, his face beet red.

"Oh...oh...oh!"
"Okay… ~" Hisoka replied, pulling out and flipping him onto his back. "I'll watch you from here then~"

"Ah, no Hisoka!" Gon's hands came up to hide his face from him, but Hisoka held his wrists, pinning them back on the bed as he penetrated him again.

Hisoka watched Gon's eyes roll back as his cock filled him repeatedly. The pretty blush on those cheeks was a persistent stain, and accompanied by large watery eyes, bruised lips that parted periodically and the occasional pleading moan, it made for quite the sight. "This really is a beautiful sight... ~" he whispered.

"No..." Gon's body shook, hips heaving up off the bed to meet each thrust despite his mental panic.

"Too bad…~" Hisoka smirked, releasing his hands to hold his waist. "Now I can see all of you~"

After a while, Gon's embarrassment faded with each successive movement of their hips, only to be replaced by a feeling of wanton abandon, a desire to be watched, admired more by those compelling golden eyes.

Hisoka, seeing this, pulled out and Gon immediately lifted his hands up, beckoning him, wanting to feel him again.

"Please..." he begged.

Lying amidst the rumpled sheets, legs spread wide; Gon was alluring and irresistible. Hisoka almost went back to him but stopped himself. There was still more he had to teach him and today they were going to work on his voyeuristic and exhibitionist tendencies some more.

"Please..." Gon repeated, his lilting tone bearing a hint of impatience.

"No," Hisoka replied, moving further away from his reaching arms. "If you want me so badly, show me." His grin was fox-like as he looked down at him and Gon was heated, confused and annoyed at the same time, so much so that he started to touch himself. "That's it, show me what you want me to do to you~"

Gon, understanding what Hisoka wanted to see, bit his lip as his own caresses started to feel even more pleasurable from being watched.

"Pull them harder," Hisoka ordered, stroking himself as he watched Gon pulling on his own nipples and looking up at him.

"Ahh..."

"Umm...that's good Gon," he said, smirking. "Can you see my excitement? Can you see how much I like looking at you?"

Gon definitely saw, and being the object of Hisoka's attention made him even more brazen in his efforts.

"Ohhh…" One of Gon's hands traveled down to his hips to grab his neglected member, stroking it while he alternated playing with his nipples.

"Now fuck yourself like you want me to fuck you~"

Gon was confused for a moment but figured that Hisoka could only mean one thing. He'd never
done something like that before and was excited, but nervous at the same time.

Hesitantly, the hand that was playing with his nipples slid downwards, deserting them for more risqué territory. Gon was unsure but was so aroused that that he was willing to try anything.

All uncertainty left him the moment his fingers brushed against the puckered skin. The contact forced him to elicit a surprised little gasp and as his body shivered deliciously he pushed in boldly.

Since Hisoka was just inside him, it wasn't difficult to work one finger in and eventually it was joined by another. "Mmmm..."

Gon's gaze was hazy and his fingers were determined as he fingered his own asshole while moving the other hand up and down his shaft.

He licked his lips. "Ahhh..."

It was good but not as good as when Hisoka did it to him. Or was inside of him. He moaned harder. Just thinking of Hisoka's thick shaft stretching him made Gon's face flush even more and he opened his legs wider, knowing that he was being watched with rapt attention.

Hisoka looked on, impressed by his dedication to cum at any cost and moved closer to him.

Gon trembled, feeling himself close to completion but he did not want it to end like this."Now, please!" he demanded, lifting his arms up once more and Hisoka did not deny him this time, hips surging forward to impale him.

"Oh yes Hisoka!" he shouted, arms locking behind Hisoka's neck.

Hisoka braced himself with one arm, the other holding Gon's hip so that he could thrust in freely. And as Gon's tightness engulfed him with each movement, he muttered, "Don't...be embarrassed by what we do...by me looking at your body..."

Gon could barely keep his eyes open, but he tried his best to keep up with what Hisoka was saying. "Ah! Y—uh...! Y-yes..."

His nails dug into Hisoka's upper back, so hard that they must have broken the skin and he heard the man moan in response.

"Ahh...ah...H-hisoka..." It was starting; that inherent, indicative tremor that preceded the moment he literally fell apart.

Gon's breasts were shallow and forced as he matched Hisoka's rapid pace, his body caught up in the throes of his orgasm.

"Ohhhh... ~" Hisoka moaned close to his ear, pushing up against Gon's hips one last time and cumming hard inside of him. "Hnnnn... ~"

"Guh!" Gon's body shuddered and twisted in Hisoka's grip. "Ah! AHHHH!" he cried, gasping for air. He was rocked so violently by his climax that stars danced behind his eyelids.

This...this is a—

Arching, his body trembled in prolonged, sheer ecstasy and Gon felt dizzy, his vision blurry and unfocused but he smiled happily as he fell back on the bed, finally satiated but numb.

Hisoka felt Gon's body go limp and looked down at him, concerned and confused for a moment.
"Did he pass out?" he wondered with one raised eyebrow as he looked over him. "Interesting...~"

Pulling out, Hisoka smiled, carefully propping Gon up against the pillows and pulling the blankets over them as he moved closer to lie next to him.

After a few minutes, Gon stirred, curling into the fetal position. He nuzzled his chest and Hisoka draped one arm over him protectively, pulling him closer. "I guess it really was a long day for you..."—he stroked his disheveled black hair, combing out the tangles—"and your body's still getting used to all this...you're still discovering yourself~"

They lay like that for a while, with Gon occasionally uttering nonsensical phrases and cute little sounds in his sleep. Hisoka just continued to hold him close, one hand smoothing casually up and down his naked back.

It was all surreal, especially with the setting sun casting its mystical, orange glow on their bed and Hisoka smiled, looking up through the glass doors, at the resplendent view of the city, bathed in that mesmerizing glow.

Hisoka's attention was drawn to Gon again as the young man shifted, still sleeping. He kissed his forehead gently, fingers idly ghosting over the fine, peach fuzz hair littering his arm. The fine hair was an unusual shade of orange and so light, wispy and delicate that it was practically invisible. A smile tugged at his lips.

"Hnnn...I really...like you Hisoka," Gon mumbled in his sleep, repeating the words he'd said to him for the first time the day before.

Surprised, Hisoka's hand stilled on his arm. He was silent for a moment but eventually he smiled again, looking down at the peaceful, happy face of the young man slumbering against his chest. "I really like you too Gon," he replied, saying the words that he couldn't say then – although he knew that Gon could not hear him.
16/05/16 2nd Re-edit Note: This was so hot I almost combusted... I can't believe I wrote this...wow now it's re-edited and even better. Viva la HisoGon xD
A/N: Awwwwww damn it... what am I doing to myself with these feels...

So in other news:

Killua's resolve was shaken by tiramisu - he was acting like an addict lol

Illumi's a great cook

Poor Killua had no idea what he was a third party participant of

Gon is becoming more corrupted by Hisoka

Gon had amazing sex (when has he not =.=)

Why does Hisoka even bother to make the bed?

LOL

You know what's interesting? The day started with Hisoka telling himself that he intended to take better care of his "fruit" but before the day ends, his "fruit" was knocked out cold lol. Hisoka must have been one of those kids whose toy-box consisted of doll parts and other broken toys...good thing Gon is resilient.

(I'm telling you, this part right here - "At least he thinks you're a freak ...he thinks I am a mosquito..." made me laugh so hard while editing that people must have thought that something was wrong with me haha. Sometimes I forget what I write until I see it again lol)

As for Illumi, honestly, I can imagine him going through the trouble of learning how to cook really well just so he can make Killua happy. He seems like the type. (Especially since their mother asked that he ensure that Killua eats)

**Finally**: I love you guys for sticking with this story and would love to hear what you think or of your favorite parts etc., in the reviews (I view it as our little comment section). Thank you! I hope that I helped to brighten someone's day with this update :)

Next Chapter Preview: The morning of Gon and Killua's day together arrives!

* See you in another update, which should be somewhere in May...I don't know. I can't concentrate fully on planning this story because I'm so anxious these days. My school keeps stressing me out, pushing down the date for my finals (since last year April) until there is no date now. They've decided to announce it at any moment. So it's like I don't even know when it is anymore or when I have to prepare for. It's a miracle I actually wrote this much for our story in such a state lol. Anyway, have a good day / night! Now that I've finally completed my edit I can go sleep! I feel like a zombie haha...
Punished...Again

Re-edit note: This chapter was originally 35 pages so for the re-edit I cut it in half. Instead of trying to write less, I'll just cut them so they are no more than 25 pages.

A/N: omg yessssss it's an update! (now I can go eat lol)

(´▽`)

This chapter has it all - humor, sexxx, punishment and Illumi and Hisoka meeting again. I just love it whenever they do. And of course Hisoka is enjoying playing with Gon XD

^o^

* Another thing, check out my other stories, in between updates I wrote a short story that I'm thinking of linking to this (not sure yet) and uploaded a character info sheet on all the characters (main and side) who are appearing or are to appear in our little story. It would help you understand the characters better I hope.

Warning: Rated MM for Hisoka's filthy language and for lots of sexual content lol. Yes, they're at it again… *wiggles eyebrows*. This is what I was talking about when I said on Tumblr that I took out my school frustration on Gon… Gomennasai Gon (you learned something new though)…

Disclaimer: Sex is not a part of the HxH storyline, only this one, a work of fiction and I in no way claim intellectual rights. All rights go to Yoshihiro Togashi for the original story.

Chapter Summary: It is the morning of the day when Gon and Killua finally get to see each other again. But before they meet up, a lot of stuff is happening!

Chapter Dictionary:

[[sound]]

References:

In this chapter Hisoka mentions that he's never been able to best Illumi when it came to punctuality but in episode 137 of the 2011 anime, he's seen already there waiting for Illumi during the elections so one may think of that as the only time when he was able to - unless Illumi had already been there and was just somewhere else so no victory for Hisoka lol.

Episode 137 Hunter x Hunter 2011 anime (again) where Hisoka had been looking for Ging.

Manga Chapter 10 pages 6 and 19 where Gon was thinking how excited he was on encountering Hisoka

(I had fun taking out my school stress on this chapter and of course I need not tell you all what happens whenever I have fun writing. Now let's get started ~)

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Chapter Twenty Three: Punished...Again
"Hnnn...I really...like you Hisoka," Gon mumbled in his sleep, repeating the words he'd said to him for the first time the day before.

Surprised, Hisoka's hand stilled on his arm. He was silent for a moment but eventually he smiled again, looking down at the peaceful, happy face of the young man slumbering against his chest. "I really like you too Gon," he replied, saying the words that he couldn't say then – although he knew that Gon could not hear him.

XXX

**NB:** Day 12 begins...

The morning was cold and it was still dark outside but Gon felt so hot. He always was whenever Hisoka held him like this.

"Mmmmmmm...Hisoka..."

His back arched, pushing him deeper into Hisoka's kiss and he trembled so much with the force of his desire, his **lust** for this man that it was as if his entire body was electrified.

"Oh~ Gon~" Hisoka moaned in a sultry whisper, tongue briefly tracing parted lips then thrusting inside that hot mouth once more to reunite with Gon's waiting tongue. "Mnnn~" Impatient hands glided up Gon's torso, moving to pinch his sensitive nipples, eliciting a gasp of surprise from the younger man at the contact.

Hisoka smirked, hooded eyes scanning Gon's tanned skin ardently. It was beautifully covered in the evidence of their lovemaking – small, faint bruises visible in the dim light of their Condo and Hisoka longed to give him more.

"Hah...ahhhh..." Gon gasped at the stinging sensation as teeth nipped at his neck. Almost immediately Hisoka's tongue laved at his skin to cool the burn of the bite, followed by a trail of kisses right up to his ear. All of Hisoka's kisses were his addiction, his undoing and he craved them, those lips and the way they bruised him.

"Ahhmmmm..." He felt so needy that he wanted to cry – so intense were the emotions that Hisoka was calling from within him.

This was all too much…and yet not enough.

"H-hisoka...I need y—"

He felt Hisoka move, grinding his thick erection against his thigh and the need became a demand, rising to a pinnacle inside of him, a point of no return...the point where it hurt.

*I want more* .

"Take me..." Gon breathed against the lips moving to seize his again.

"Mmmm? ~" Hisoka took the moist lips into his mouth, sucking and pulling at the full bottom lip.

Gon pulled away slightly to look at him seriously. Right now what he needed was more than a heavy make-out session with Hisoka. "Take me..." he repeated with more urgency, shifting his thigh to push suggestively on the erection rubbing against him.
Hisoka groaned at Gon's brash demand. There was no way he could – or wanted to – deny that request.

Sitting up, he angled himself so that he was able to easily pull Gon towards his straining hardness. "Come ~" he whispered, voice weighted with lust as the tip of his cock probed at Gon's entrance.

Gon put one arm around Hisoka's neck to support himself as he sat astride his lap, his anticipation building as he felt the thick cock slowly start to impale him.

_Ah...oh my it is so—_

"Nnnnnn...!" Gon couldn't help the sound that escaped and Hisoka smirked, closing his eyes briefly to revel in the feel of his thick length surrounded by Gon's tight walls.

They stayed like that for a while, simply enjoying the gratifying sensations until Gon's whisper broke the silence.

"Hisoka—"

"Gon~" Hisoka started, seeking to communicate the intensity of all that he was feeling in that moment. "You're beautiful... ~"

Gon smiled, his heart tightening at Hisoka's smooth words.

The morning was quiet and empty yet filled with the sound of his heavy, harsh breaths and while all of York Shin slumbered, they whispered to each other.

"Hisoka," he said awkwardly. "I think you're beautiful too."

Hisoka chuckled, a deep, sexy sound that set Gon's cheeks aflame with embarrassment and desire. "It's okay Gon, you don't have to tell me that I'm beautiful~"

"B-but it's true," Gon said quickly. "I...I've always thought that whenever I saw you..."

"Oh~ is that so? ~" Hisoka's eyebrows rose at Gon's confession. He placed one finger under the young man's chin, coaxing him to look into his eyes.

"Yes..." Gon replied honestly, entranced by the golden eyes boring into his. Eventually he turned away, unable to withstand their transcendential intensity any longer. He linked his arms around Hisoka's neck, forehead resting on his shoulder. "You were always so exciting and magnificent to me..."

"... ~" It was Hisoka's turn to be speechless as he looked down at Gon's green-tinted hair tickling his chin.

Kissing his neck one last time and smiling at the blush that spread all the way down Gon's neck he asked, "Why must you always be so cute? ~" His hands smoothed past Gon's waist to grip his hips, holding them firmly to help guide his firm thrusts.

"Ahhh...ohhh...!" Gon threw his head back as Hisoka repeatedly stimulated his prostate every time he moved.

"Ah...ah...ah...Hisok...ahhhh!" in the midst of his head spinning from all the sensations – not to mention his erect phallus rubbing repeatedly against the man's muscular abs – Hisoka had bitten down on his neck.
Oh that's definitely going to bruise…

He honestly didn't care though.

This is just too good, he thought, holding on tighter to Hisoka's strong shoulders. His small hands glided across the smooth skin, moving downward to grip the muscular back as he felt himself repeatedly impaled.

Hisoka licked the spot where he'd just bitten down. It was addictive. He couldn't resist marking what was his. He left a kiss there, turning to push up once more into that wonderful tightness, earning him an appreciative gasp. He loved that sound.

Tracing his hands over Gon's body, he saw that there was a light sheen of sweat on his skin even though it was still very early in the morning. Hisoka admired the way it made the skin seem to glow: shiny, sleek and tanned like polished brass as it contrasted against his pale hands. He brought his tongue to glide against that moisture kissed skin and tasted the mild saltiness.

"Gon…you're delicious," he groaned, his seductive appraisal earning him a ragged moan in response. At that vulnerable sound, his breathing became labored, weighed down as usual by the effort to hold back that part of him that just wanted to recklessly thrust into Gon's body – to delight in his cries of pain and pleasure until he was satisfied.

But today Hisoka was not so far gone that he could not control the persistently looming desire and he succeeded in subduing that feral need.

"Hisoka..." Gon whispered, drawing out the man's name like a desperate plea, unawares to the effect his voice was having on him.

"... ~"

"Oh..." he moaned at the pain of Hisoka's fingertips digging into hips, holding him still to drive his cock deep inside of him.

"Gon-kun," Hisoka called, pausing to whisper a warning close to his ear. "You...have no idea how badly I want to ruin you right now..."

"Mmmmm..." Gon could barely control the shiver that ran through his body at Hisoka's words. Words that were so chilling yet unexpectedly erotic that he couldn't help but rotate his hips lasciviously against Hisoka's, enticing him to start moving once more, to bring them closer to their desired finale. Neither of them really wanted this moment to end, but they knew that it had to.

"Ah!" Gon was the first to feel the coiling pleasure inside of him start to unwind and his toes curled, tightening up like every other part of him. "Hah..."

As Gon ground his hips against him, Hisoka felt the hot shaft, sandwiched between their bodies and pressed up against his abs twitch, followed by a longer, deeper moan from Gon. Hisoka grasped one leg, the other hand keeping Gon steady as he started to increase the pace, timing himself so that he'd release with him.

His thrusts were deep, and Gon felt as if he was pushed up against that invisible wall – the border between pain and pleasure where he was caught up in the way Hisoka felt beneath his trembling fingers, his familiar smell and that manic pace until he was crashing through that wall and coming apart in his arms.

"Ah...ahh...ohhhhhhh...!" Gon cried out, trembling as his seed spilled between them and his
Hisoka grunted and gripped his hip tighter, riding out his own orgasm.

"Oh Hisoka…" Gon moaned, collapsing weakly in his arms and nestling his head in the crook of the man’s neck.

Hisoka looked down at him and the motley of bruises that were testament to their intense lovemaking. He smirked. It was like a beautiful painting.

XXX

NB: (A few hours later…)

Seated at the small mosaic outdoor table for two, Hisoka looked up as the man walked under the striped awning to join him.

"So you actually showed up~" he commented when the other sat down on the lone wrought iron chair opposite him.

"You're lucky I was already out buying groceries. Otherwise I'd have left you to have your coffee alone."

"Ah Illumi, always the straightforward one~"

"What else do you expect?" Illumi replied distractedly, busy arranging the plastic bags at his feet so they won't topple over. The last thing he wanted to do was to have to return to the grocery to buy more eggs if these were broken.

Hisoka smirked as a thought came to him. "As you can see, for once I've gotten here before you so I'll mark this as my win~"

Over the years Hisoka had hardly been able to beat Illumi in getting to an arranged meeting place before him and soon enough besting him had become something of a competition.

And although Illumi would never say that he'd been taking part, at Hisoka's statement, he stopped fussing with his bags to look up at him. "Don't cheat, of course you must get here first – you're the one who called me when you were already here."

"It's still a win~"

"And you're still a trickster. Don't make me leave – I have better things to do you know."

"Like what? Waiting for Killua to try to kill you? ~"

"Very funny. He stopped trying years ago."

Illumi thought for a moment then added, "Most likely grew out of that phase."

Hisoka's eyes slanted and he laughed heartily.

"What are you laughing at?" Illumi leaned back in his chair and folded his arms across his chunky beige buttoned-up cardigan and blue plaid shirt. "I could say the same about you."

The hearty laughter died down to a grin. "Oh Really? ~"

"Yes, I'm surprised that Gon hasn't put a knife in your back yet."
"Well he did try to kill me when he caught me kissing you~"

"Serves you right."

"Heh~" Hisoka pushed aside the laminated menu he wasn't really looking at. "I guess so, but what is life if you don't live it on the edge? ~"

"Good morning sirs," A waitress said as she put their orders on the table. "If you need anything else, please let me know."

"That would be all for now~" Hisoka replied, waving her away. He carefully put the take-away coffee and breakfast box (containing the blueberry muffins, mini ham and cheese quiches, a fruit salad and cream cheese croissants) that she'd brought along with his own coffee, to one side of the small table.

"I can see that you've remembered what I like." Illumi said holding the warm drink between cold hands. It was a café mocha, his favorite.

"But of course~"

Illumi sipped his coffee, savoring the delicious beverage and stretched out his long legs next to the grocery bags at his feet.

"So what's made you come here so early in the morning? ~"

"Aren't you the one who called me here? You should know."

"I'm curious, because I can hardly believe that you showed up, especially since the last time we spoke in person you tried to kill me~"

"So you think I've accepted your invitation so that I can finish the job"—Illumi looked down at his cup—"over coffee?"

Hisoka smiled. "What better time is there? ~"

Illumi rolled his eyes. "Hisoka...do you really think I'd make it so obvious if I were going to kill you?" He scoffed as if offended. "I'd make it that you'd never know what was coming."

"Oooh~ Never one to disappoint huh? ~"

"Hmph," Illumi took another sip before asking, "So what did you call me here for?"

"I just wanted some company~"

Illumi made a face.

"Don't act like you had something to do~"

"I did."

Looking down at the grocery bags at the other's feet Hisoka commented in mock sincerity, "Oh I'm sorry I disturbed you, you're probably very busy playing housewife~"

"..."

"You were always an early riser~" Hisoka grinned. "So maybe this role fits you well – you could
wake up early every morning, clean house then make breakfast for Killua—"

"Hisoka you really are trying hard to make me kill you."

Illumi's frown was met with an innocent smile. "Maybe? ~"

"..."

"Heh...it's always so much fun to rile you up~" Hisoka said, delighting in the malevolent aura that had taken over their space.

Illumi pushed aside his cup. "You're making my coffee taste bad."

"Ok, well now that the mood is set~" Hisoka started, smiling wider at Illumi's sour expression, "I wanted to ask you about your job~"

"Why? You want to help?"

"No, not really, I'm pretty busy with the one I have right now~"

"Well in that case I have nothing to tell you."

"Ah Illumi," Hisoka pouted. "Ok, fair enough, answer me one thing though~"

"Oh and what would that be?"

"Is your target attending an auction?"

"Hmmm not that we know of." Illumi pondered for a moment. "It's not in any of the information that we've received from our employer so far."

"I see~"

"Why ask? Are you thinking that our jobs are connected?"

"It's a thought that has crossed my mind~"

There was a pause as they both considered this.

"Well, without risking the integrity of my job, I can tell you that the person we're after is responsible for many terrible things in York Shin."

"So is my target. But he's also responsible for a lot of other murders over the past twenty years."

Illumi looked up from his coffee. "Is that the guy you've been gathering information on all these years? The one you had wanted to ask Ging about at the elections?" When Hisoka nodded, he continued, "Well I can't tell you if it's the same person Killu and I have been hired to kill because there are so many things going on in York Shin right now that match the description of both our jobs, although this person's crimes are a bit more specific."

"And you don't have your target's name yet?"

"No. The client said that he would provide that information when the job is to be done."

"I don't like the sound of that."

"Me neither. But the client could just be practising self preservation. It is a sensitive case after all."
"That's true."

"Hisoka."

"Yes Illumi~"

"Did you think I would have actually released the name of my target to you?"

"Yes~"

"But you're aware that I only do that for people I work with and you've already said you can't help."

"I had planned to ask you nicely~"

"The answer would have still been no."

"I would have just moved on to Plan B~"

"And what would this 'Plan B' have been?"

"Pictures of your brother~"

Illumi didn't have to ask which one. "You always try to barter with me using that. What makes this time any different than the rest?"

"They're from Gon's phone~"

That caught Illumi's attention.

"Interesting. But why would I want pictures of him when I live with him?"

"Mementos? ~"

Illumi carefully considered this for a moment. A few more pictures for his album wouldn't hurt, especially pictures where Killua wasn't growling at, attacking or flipping off the camera… "Hmmmm, I must admit that your 'Plan B' would have had a high chance of success…"

"How much? ~"

"Eighty-seven percent."

"And if I threw in a few shots where he's laughing? ~"

"Ninety-nine percent."

"That's what I like to hear~" Hisoka replied with a smirk. He finished off his coffee and stood up, straightening his military-style outdoor jacket and picking up the take-away coffee cup and breakfast box he'd put aside. Balancing his cache in one arm and reaching into the pocket of his slim jeans, he retrieved some money to leave for the tip.

"Leaving so soon?" Illumi asked as he deposited the money at the center of the table.

"Yes, it's about time~"

"Gon's waking up isn't he?"
"Yes, and he has this bad habit of dozing for hours, trying to sleeping late~"

Illumi laughed. "Those,"—he pointed to the stuff in Hisoka's hands—"are for Gon aren't they?"

"Mmmhmm, he seems to be quite interested in coffee these days so I thought I'd introduce him to some of the nicer flavors first~"

"Nice choice," Illumi said, examining the label on the paper cup. Just then the small smile on his face widened into a rare grin. "You know something?"

"Hmm~"

"You talked about me achieving housewife status, but I have yet to make breakfast. You, on the other hand are taking breakfast back. I think you should reconsider your earlier statement as to who really has that status already."

Hisoka was quiet for a moment but then matched Illumi's grin. "Touché~"

With that he turned to head back to the condominium complex, leaving Illumi to smirk after him.

XXX

The sun had already been up for hours now but Gon was still dozing – or at least trying to. It had been one of those nights where they could barely control themselves (as if they could ever) and he'd lost quite a bit of sleep.

Ahhhh I'm trying to sleep... he thought moodily, distantly aware of a finger drawing disorderly circles on his back. Knowing that this was Hisoka's attempt to wake him up, Gon ignored the movement and tried to remain as still as possible.

Since he was facing away from Hisoka, he cracked open one eye to see that the sun had already risen to invade through the opening created by the drawn drapes. Its rays flooded the master bedroom, causing the turquoise blue paint on the walls to take on an almost ethereal quality. Light, airy, mysterious and dreamy; that was the atmosphere in their bedroom.

Even the quiet hum of the air-conditioning lulled him. Everything right now, except Hisoka, was creating the right conditions to go back to sleep.

Gon suppressed a yawn and the urge to burrow deeper into the mountain of duvet and silk sheets that he was almost completely buried in.

I can't let Hisoka know that I'm awake, Gon thought as he made sure to keep his breathing even. For reasons beyond his understanding, Hisoka had been subtly trying to wake him up for the past twenty minutes or so but he was not ready. He pouted. It's not even that late...

Taking a moment to gauge the time, he focused on analyzing the faint sounds that carried up from the street below.

From this high up an average person would be unable to pick up on the sounds that indicated bustling city life, but Gon's acute hearing allowed him to and after his brief analysis he made his decision.

It's still too early to get up...

The paisley patterned duvet was too cozy, he was too sleepy and if Hisoka wasn't currently trying
to wake him up, he'd have already rolled over and wrapped himself up in the man's arms.

He blushed. *Those warm, strong arms.*

*Why get out of bed when there's nothing to do?*

Unfortunately, Hisoka seemed to have a different opinion at the moment and his finger moved higher, smoothing slowly over the ridge of Gon's spine, getting closer and closer to his neck.

Gon held his breath. It was beginning to tickle a bit. "Mmmmm…" He twisted away from Hisoka.

Hisoka gently pulled him back. "Awake yet? ~"

"No…"

"Then why are you talking? ~"

"Sleep talking…"

"That's not possible~"

"Yes…it's scientifically proven…"

Hisoka laughed, shaking his head in disbelief at the blatant lie. *Oh~ the things Gon comes up with~*

"Gon you're watching too many TV documentaries," he said, smirking as he recalled Gon's newest pastime.

Just last night after the young man had awakened from his evening nap, Hisoka had found him on the sofa deeply engrossed in one on parasomnias and the eccentricities of the human sleep pattern.

Hisoka's smirk widened. "I guess you'd missed out on the part where in this occurrence – if you really *were* sleep talking – you're not supposed to be aware of it…or engaging me conversationally like this…~" His fingers were on Gon's back again, moving to make loopy swirls all the way to his naked hip.

Gon realized his mistake. *Oh shit, he's right! Damn it...I never should have allowed him to bait me into a conversation…*

He kept his eyes squeezed shut but when he felt Hisoka kiss his neck he trembled.

*Don't move!* Gon commanded his traitorous body, doing his best to persevere through the seductive kisses trailing a burning path up his neck.

"Mmmmm Gon~" A kiss was deposited at his nape. "Time to wake up...I've already bought you breakfast~"

*Breakfast?!* Gon's mouth watered at the thought. He had not realized how hungry he was until Hisoka mentioned it. *No... I must not give in to that trap. Who knows what he'll do if I show that I've been feigning sleep.*

"Aren't you hungry? ~"

*Yes I am!*

Gon was ready to give in but the only thing stopping him from doing so was the one thing stronger
than his hunger and that was his pride. Gon knew that his earlier blunder had made Hisoka aware that he had been pretending to sleep and now the game had begun. Hisoka would try to get him to reveal himself and then use that as an excuse to punish him. Hisoka's punishments were always unique and highly enjoyable and even now as he thought about it his body shivered with excitement.

What Gon couldn't tolerate though was the injury to his pride whenever he was punished and he was not about to subject himself to any punishment that Hisoka would no doubt want to enjoy giving him.

*He can't punish me if he thinks I'm sleeping...*

"Gon~ I know you're not sleeping...~"

*What the heck, can he read minds?!!*

"Maybe if you give yourself up your punishment would be less severe~"

Hisoka ducked beneath the sheets to kiss his shoulder then peeked at Gon's face to see that his eyes were squeezed shut so tightly that it was obvious that he was not asleep.

A faint blush was coloring those pretty cheeks and Hisoka smiled as he continued to observe him. He had offered the young man a way out but Gon did not take it and that was to be expected. Naturally, Gon would never surrender willingly but that was the best part about playing with him – seeing just how much it took to break him.

He pulled back the duvet just a little to reveal Gon's shoulders and the cool air in the room caused goose bumps to erupt immediately, peppering all over that tanned skin.

Beautifully blushing cheeks, smooth skin hiding strong, sinewy muscles and a powerfully headstrong attitude – Gon was his type through and through. Hisoka licked his lips.

"Gon, if you're not careful, you're going to get me excited~"

Gon's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red at that seductive warning and his heart raced but he willed his body to be as still as a corpse and just as rigid. Hisoka, on the other hand was not one to give up that easily though and soon he employed the one thing he knew Gon could never resist: his tongue.

The feeling was no short of electrifying as that tongue smoothed from his shoulder blade to his nape.

The wet caress sliding across his heated, oversensitive skin had Gon's nerve endings singing praises to the highest heavens and unable to hold in his choked whimper anymore, Gon's defense disintegrated. "Ah!" It was as if he had been brought back from the dead and he jerked upright in a reflexive response akin to being pricked by one thousand needles.

As if suffering from the effects of electrocution, his skin buzzed with desire but the dizziness he felt outweighed any thoughts in that direction.

"Ah…ouch…" Gon groaned, bringing a hand up to his head. It hurt from the sudden movement.

"You look like you've just been raised from the grave~"

He turned to see Hisoka laughing at him. *That bastard.*
"What? ~" Hisoka asked innocently in response to Gon's glare.

"I was trying to sleep."

"Oooh~ But didn't you say that you were simply 'sleep talking'? Wouldn't that mean you were already sleeping and not trying to? Or did you miss that too in your little documentary last night? ~"

Hisoka's mocking laughter started anew as he took in Gon's disheveled appearance.

Combined with that enraged expression, it was hilarious.

"Just look at you~" Hisoka said while chuckling. "Your…your face is just so funny~"

"…"

Gon frowned when Hisoka's laughter at his misfortune started to annoy him and his hands balled into fists at his side. "Enough already!" he shouted, pushing at Hisoka's bare chest but the laughter persisted.

"Oh Gon, are you angry because you've lost our little game? ~" Hisoka taunted. "You're such a sore loser~" he added, a reckless comment considering that the air around Gon was becoming increasingly dangerous.

"You can't win if you're dead," Gon muttered darkly.

_Nice~_ Hisoka thought as those fiery hazel eyes met his. _How cute…he wants to kill me~_

"Wait—~" Hisoka said when Gon reached out to grab his neck. "You should be thanking me, not trying to kill me… ~"

"What the hell? Why would I ever thank you?!"

Gon attempted to tackle him and failed when Hisoka easily slipped further away at the last moment.

"Gon, that's because you—"

Thinking that Hisoka was distracted, Gon lunged forward again but his fist met smooth silk, sinking into the plush void of the pillow that Hisoka had been leaning against just one half of a second ago.

_What?_

Momentarily confused, Gon whipped his head to the left to see Hisoka waving at him.

_How did he…_

Growling in frustration at his inability to land one hit on the man, Gon could do nothing but stew in his anger as he eyed Hisoka's wide smile.

_Slippery bastard…_

"Heh," Hisoka laughed as he dodged the punch swung at his head. He could never resist teasing Gon and his enjoyment only increased with each passing second that they engaged each other.
Gon looked at him, frustration multiplying tenfold when he noticed that Hisoka's eyes weren't even fully opened, but were mere slits that seemed to be mocking him as well. He's not even taking me seriously... I'll teach that jerk never to underestimate me!

Gon's hand tightened on the quilted pillow now in his grip.

"Don't you have somewhe—" Hisoka skillfully evaded the pillow aimed at his head.

"Damn you!" Gon pushed aside the sheets gathered at his waist to advance on him, his nudity and the coolness of the room forgotten in favor of getting revenge.

*Oooh~ look who's getting serious~*

Hisoka smirked at the young man now towering over him with that determined expression he loved, and another pillow held high above his head.

*Mmm~ Gon...you want to throttle me so badly don't you? ~*

He bit his lip as that expression darkened.

*Oh~ my fruit is always so feisty in the morning~*

Especially when denied sleep.

*How utterly delicious~*

Gon straddled Hisoka's waist, his dark expression now split by a sadistic smile. Revenge was nigh and his voice was a threatening sneer. "I have you now you..."

But Hisoka wasn't really paying attention to all that he was saying. *Yes~ You have me Gon...and what exactly are you going to do? ~* Golden eyes roamed over Gon's lithe frame as he allowed the younger man to think that he had him cornered. *And he's naked too...*

Realizing that he was getting distracted, Hisoka ignored his rising desire, forcing himself to focus on what he had awoken Gon to tell him. "Don't you...have somewhere to be this morning? ~"

At Hisoka's words, Gon froze mid-swing in his attack. He tried to remember if he had any plans but his mind drew a blank. "Huh?"

He looked toward the sliding doors to study the heavy drapes. They were pulled back to reveal the cityscape bathed in warm sunshine. *Somewhere to be...somewhere to be... At this time?*

It had to be at least ten a.m.

"I have somewhere to be...?" Gon muttered aloud this time and it was at that moment that the memory of his phone conversation with Killua came back to mind and his hazel eyes widened. "Ah! Holy shit! I do have somewhere to be! I overslept!"

Gon made to scramble off the bed, throwing aside the pillow that he was about to throttle Hisoka with. *Oh no I was supposed to meet Killua this morning to go to the gym!*

Perching on its edge and pausing as if reluctant to make the last step to get off the bed, he yawned, casually scratching his back and racking his memory.

*Ah, what time was it that we agreed to m—*
"Ow! Let go!" Gon exclaimed when Hisoka grabbed him from behind, interrupting his thought process. He tumbled backwards into the man, his arms trapped against his body. "What th—!

"You have all the time in the world now don't you? ~" the magician asked mischievously.

"Ah Hisoka, no I don't! I'm late; I have to meet Killua now!" Gon struggled desperately in Hisoka's strong grip like a fly caught in a spider's web and the more he struggled, the tighter those arms seemed to hold him. Or maybe he was just growing tired.

"Gon, if you're late, why were you dawdling at the edge of the bed as if you own the concept of time?"

"Arrgh!"

"So much temper this early in the day~" Hisoka commented as Gon wriggled in his grasp.

"Let me go you!"

"But weren't you the one who thought that he had so much time to spare that he was going to go back to sleep...? And now you're taking your precious time as if it's okay to make others wait~" Hisoka's laugh was sinister as he enjoyed the way Gon's futile, panicked struggling made those hips grind against his cock.

Oh yes...

"Let me go, I need to go get ready!"

"Gon~" Hisoka warned, voice lowering. "If you don't stop moving around so wonderfully, you'll soon have a big problem that we'll have to solve~"

"...Huh? What are you talking abo—"

"..." Gon paused.

"Oh yes...~"

"Let me go, I need to go get ready!"

"Gon~" Hisoka warned, voice lowering. "If you don't stop moving around so wonderfully, you'll soon have a big problem that we'll have to solve~"

"...Huh? What are you talking abo—"

"..." Gon paused.

"Can't answer? ~ Well this should unfreeze your tongue~"

Still trapping his arms, one hand came up to pinch Gon's nipple, twisting it hard.

"Ow, ow, ow, ouch!" Gon squirmed but he was helpless to move away.

Hisoka released his nipple. "You seem to have quite the penchant for sleeping late..." —he flicked the bruised, hardened nub, fingers walking across Gon's chest to capture the other nipple—"...which is okay, but not when you have things to do."

"Hah..." Gon panted anxiously, eyes darkening with desire. Delicious pain shot through his body, causing pleasure to erupt in its wake. Yes...oh yes... His eyelids grew heavy and his breath hitched
as the pleasurable feeling intensified, threatening to consume him. He looked down at the fingers
torturing his already erect nipples and shivered. Ah...no... I can't be reacting to him...we can't do
this now; I'll be even later...

"Mmmm Gon, maybe I should punish you,"—Hisoka kissed the back of his neck—"...teach you
the importance of time management~"

"Ah...no... no don't do that, I said I'm sorry...can we put this off for another time?" Gon continued
fighting against the restriction, trying to get out of Hisoka's firm hold.

"Oh Gon~" Hisoka whispered against his neck. "I'm not a meeting and you're not an executive.
You can't simply reschedule me as you see fit. I'm like a tsunami and all you need to do is prepare
yourself for my arrival. It's either you escape in time or you get swept away~" His fingers tweaked
Gon's nipple and he delighted in the sharp intake of breath. "Either way, it's sure to be an intense
experience~"

"...um...Hisoka I—"

"Now Gon, take your punishment and don't be afraid, I'm sure you'll enjoy it~" Hisoka planted a
kiss near his ear. "You should have known how much your poor attempt at lying would turn me
on. It's yet another example of how you're always so confident despite the odds..."—his teeth
grazed his earlobe and Gon flinched—"when lying to someone like me, you must do it properly...
lest you get caught – like this~"

"Ah..."

Hisoka looked down at the writhing figure lying on top of him trying to get free. Gon's legs were
splayed on either side of his, that plump butt right where he wanted it. Hisoka lifted his hips to
press them even closer to Gon's. "This..." he said as he gyrated those hips against Gon's butt. "This
is a nice position you know...a very nice position..."

The struggling intensified. "No Hisoka...I didn't mean to...I-I'm late..." Gon's voice was sounding
breathy and Hisoka laughed, feeling cruel.

"Let me go Hisoka..." he begged, tired out by his intense thrashing.

And it was when he stopped moving that he felt it again.

Gon panicked, heart beating faster at the evidence of Hisoka's arousal pressed up against his butt.
This time it was clear that his pleas had harmed rather than helped his situation.

Hisoka was definitely in an unforgiving mood and he knew that in times like these all he could do
was await his verdict. And like the condemned, Gon remained still, blood thrumming audibly in
his ears as his thoughts raced. Whenever Hisoka gets like this I can't—

"I'm afraid that once again you've earned yourself some very interesting consequences..." Hisoka
said in a voice filled with temptation and promise.

Gon's breaths were slow as he looked down at Hisoka's arms still locked securely around him. His
mind tried to decide upon his next course of action but he came up with nothing.

I'm trapped.

It never works but all I could do is pretend to be clueless...
"Consequences? W-what are you talking about?"

As expected, Hisoka did not fall for his act and the resulting laughter at that weak attempt to delay him tickled the fine hair on Gon's neck and he shuddered, swallowing harshly.

Hisoka rubbed his lips against his skin, countering his question with another, "What do you think?"

He loosened his grip from around his torso and as Gon scrambled off of him to spring away, he grabbed his thighs and pulled him backwards.

"Ow..."

Hisoka's action had unbalanced Gon, causing him to fall forward – and hard – across his legs. Gon stared at the erection now mere inches away from his face and as the breaths left him in harsh gasps he marveled at how the wisps of air across Hisoka's cock only seemed to make it harder. And thicker. He licked his lips.

"Understand now? ~ I did tell you that you'd have a big problem to deal with soon, yet you persisted in struggling~"

"I-I'm late…" Gon said as if that statement was supposed to grant him some kind of reprieve.

Hisoka ignored him. "I know of one way to deal with this problem~" he said. Looking at Gon's naked butt in his face, his smile grew, turning lecherous. "Or should I say – sixty-nine ways…~"

Gon listened to Hisoka laughing as if he'd made a joke.

"Uh…"

I don't get it, he thought, pushing himself up onto his elbows so that he was now on his hands and knees. He couldn't move since Hisoka's hands were holding on to his thighs so he stayed like that while trying to decipher the other's unfamiliar words.

Is 'sixty-nine' a code name for something?

I don't really want to ask him but...

In the end he decided to swallow his pride in order to assuage his curiosity.

"Sixty-nine?" Gon huffed, feeling Hisoka's hand move slowly up his thigh. He tried to look anywhere but at the thick cock below him.

He wanted an answer but Hisoka seemed too busy touching his leg to give him that answer.

"Ah stop touching me and give me a straight answer! What the hell are you talking ab—ah...AH!"

Gon's back arched when he felt Hisoka grab his cock.

"No Hisoka, don't...I can't...can't...contr—oh!" Hazel eyes widened, crossed then squeezed shut when the hand started to stroke his hardening phallus and his nails dug into the sheets, breaths shallow and heavy with the effort to maintain control – to not crumble.

"Gah...oh..." Gon's face reddened with the embarrassing knowledge that despite all his protests, Hisoka's teasing was getting him hard as always.

"This is just so nice~" Hisoka stated conversationally, as if Gon wasn't on the verge of coming apart. "The way you sometimes resist so strongly yet your body always tells me the truth. It's like
you're at war with yourself...and it's always so fun to watch~" He squeezed the cock in his hand as his other smoothed over Gon's butt. "You're like a tower of cards and all you need is... One... Little... Push."

"N-no..."

"Give in~" Hisoka called, smirking at Gon's valiant attempt to resist the needs of his own body. "You know you want this... ~"

Gon could hear the smile in that beguiling voice, the lilting tone that was so enchanting it pulled him in like a siren luring a sailor to his death. I can't give in...

"Hisoka... please..." Gon begged, feeling himself losing the fight against his desires. It was no use fighting but he stubbornly held on to what little control he had left.

"I'm not listening~" Hisoka told him. "If you want this to end, you know what to do~"

Gon looked down at the cock below him, now fully erect. But, Killua is waiting for me...

He tried to move away and realized that he could not move his knees. He looked back at Hisoka who only grinned at him. "You dirty trickster," he growled, trying to get away.

"Um... really Gon? ~" Hisoka shook his head in disbelief, pausing in his ministrations to watch Gon's desperate struggle.

He's actually serious~

"You are fully aware that you can't escape my Bungee Gum right? Or do I have to explain the properties to you again?" He smiled, the gesture mocking and sadistic rather than friendly. "I'm the only one who can release it, so do a good job and maybe I'll think about it."

Gon panted in response, turning away from Hisoka and back to the heavy cock below him. It twitched and Gon gritted his teeth, his hands clenching the sheets on either side of Hisoka's hips.

Pleasure was the last thing that he wanted to give him right now. More like a good beat down and then—

"Time's ticking~" Hisoka called from behind him and Gon's back arched again as a finger penetrated him.

His eyes crossed when one probing finger became two. Oh my...

And the firm hand on his cock was still stroking as the fingers started moving inside him. "Mmmm Hisoka please..."

Gon didn't know what he was begging for anymore. That double stimulation was always his undoing and Hisoka knew it.

"I..." Gon's forehead dropped onto Hisoka's thigh and his eyes closed in defeat. I can't believe I'm this weak...

"Oh I wonder how long your Killua friend would wait for you? ~" Hisoka teased. "Are you going to let your stubborn anger make you even later? ~"

Gon reached for the swollen shaft in front of his face, pumping it slowly. "Ahhh!" He cried out when Hisoka's fingers curled, stimulating his prostate.
"Don't let that distract you Gon, pay attention."

_That's easy for you to say, Gon thought, trying to focus on breathing and not on what was happening in the lower half of his body. Focus...focus...f—!
_

A particularly strong spasm rocked him.

"Oh!" His legs trembled and he fought to stay upright, keeping his attention on the member in his hand, as he started pumping it slowly again.

_This won't do._

Gon knew that if he wanted to bring this to an end quickly and leave, he'd have to do more than just give a hand job.

Opening his mouth, he let his tongue run up the length of Hisoka's cock, sweeping over the blunt tip to taste the precum.

Quickly his mouth closed over most of the length and he sucked hard.

"Yes Gon, that's it…use your tongue~"

Hisoka pulled Gon's cock backwards, proceeding to tease him with his tongue and Gon almost choked on his. Hisoka's poor attempt at concealing his laughter was picked up by Gon's sharp hearing and the young man bristled.

Gon lifted up off his cock to give him a piece of his mind but doing so was harder than he thought it would be. "H-hisoka y-you…hnnn…"—he moaned—"…you ba…bas...bastard…ahh!"

"Mmm…when calling me names, try to be a little more convincing now, will you? ~"

"Ooooh…" Gon was angry but he knew that it wasn't anger that had his cheeks flushed and his palm closing tighter around the cock in his hand. He bent his head to take Hisoka's cock in again whilst his other hand came up to pinch his own nipple hard.

Now he was being stimulated in three places.

_Oh my goodness…_

Gon's vision became hazy and he moaned helplessly around the cock in his mouth, feeling Hisoka's hips buck smoothly.

He'll never admit it, but this sixty-nine or whatever Hisoka called it felt great. His teeth grazed Hisoka's cock as another wave of delightful pleasure rocked him.

It felt mysterious, not knowing what Hisoka was going to do to him back there so he was always in a constant state of arousal and being able to give as he received in such an intimate, taboo and stimulating way was unexpectedly turning him on even more.

Gon had no idea how to describe what was happening but if he had to, he'd say that it was like a conversation, but with their bodies.

It was a scintillating demonstration of give and take.

"Mmmm~" Hisoka moaned, and Gon shivered under the vibration. In response to the relentless teasing he continued eagerly licking, sucking and biting on the tumescent cock in his grip – actions
which only earned him more moans of praise. Moans that vibrated along his length and pushed him closer to the edge.

He stopped licking Hisoka's cock to look back at him, breathing heavily as his hand moved steadily up and down its length in place of his mouth. "Hisoka..." he whimpered.

"Mmmm? ~"

Gon's body quaked. *Ah! don't moan!*

"Hnnn~"

"H-Hiso—ahh!" He bit down on his bottom lip.

"Yes Gon? ~" Hisoka glanced at him briefly before going back to what he was doing.

"I...i-it won't be long..." he huffed. "I'm going to cu—"

"Me too. You know what to do...put my cock back in your mouth and swallow every last drop..." he instructed, adding, "If you can manage that well enough, I'll release you."

Hisoka smiled deviously, wondering if Gon could actually manage cumming and swallowing at the same time. It was actually one of the harder aspects of this position he was teaching him and he knew that it wasn't fair to challenge Gon that much but he didn't care. Shrugging his shoulders, he stuck out his tongue, letting the tip circle Gon's profusely leaking cock.

"Ah!" Gon did his best to focus, sucking on Hisoka's cock even as his legs started trembling even more and his pleasure peaked, racing under his skin with the strength of an undammed river.

Although Gon was on the verge of cumming, Hisoka made sure to keep the young man's mind on what he had to do, fucking his mouth without mercy.

"Mmmmmmnn Gon, yesssss~" Hisoka hissed, pushing up further into his mouth while working his cock.

"Urgmmmph!" Gon moaned in response to Hisoka's harsh strokes that pushed him over the edge.

"Guh!" His moans were muted by the large quantity of cum filling his mouth and he tried to swallow it all, even as his body shuddered with his orgasm.

*Don't choke... don't choke...don't—*

... He took a deep gasping breath as he was finally able to release Hisoka's cock for the last time, falling over the man's legs and breathing heavily - completely spent.

Gon felt Hisoka shift behind him and he tried moving his knees to see if the bungee gum was still restricting him. He looked away from Hisoka's phallus to gaze longingly at the bathroom door. It seemed so far away, especially now when post orgasm, all he wanted to do was to go back under those cool sheets and sleep.

*I can't...I need to meet Killua,* he thought, forcing his protesting muscles to move as he made a slow crawl toward the edge of the bed.

"You did quite well for a beginner. You've surprised me," Hisoka praised. "And as promised Mr.
Late sleeper, you're free to go...~" he added flippantly, smirking at Gon's slow movements.

"..."

"Now hurry up and go get ready before I decide to fuck you." His smile turned predatory, golden eyes narrowing on Gon's still bent over frame trying to crawl away. "You wouldn't want to be even later right?"

Gon licked his lips. He could still taste Hisoka's cum in his mouth and he clenched his teeth in frustration. Hisoka's levity at his troubles pissed him off. Damn jerk laughing and acting as if he didn't just contribute to making me later. If I wasn't already this late I'd beat—

"Are you thinking bad thoughts Gon? Are you sure you have time for that? ~"

Gon started to grumble to himself and Hisoka slapped him hard across his naked butt.

The pain vibrated across his skin as the sound echoed in the quiet room and Gon grabbed the stinging flesh, his surprise causing him to trip on the sheets and fall off the bed.

"Ow!" he shouted, staggering to his feet to pin Hisoka with a harsh glare.

"Thought you were actually going to escape unscathed? ~" Hisoka asked, straightening up as if he was about to reach for him and Gon sprang away quickly.

Now a safe distance away, Gon looked like he was going to respond but decided against it at the last minute, opting instead to give Hisoka one last hard glare before running off.

Appreciatively taking in the bright red hand print on the smooth skin as Gon retreated into the bathroom, Hisoka smirked proudly – that mark was by far his favorite out of all the ones he'd given Gon for the morning.

Satisfied, he turned toward the sliding doors, pulling the sheets up over his body and yawning. Time to go back to sleep...~
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Think I did a good job on this chapter. Give me some of your love 🖤
(It helps me to keep writing)
A/N: Hisoka you jerk...going back to sleep when you woke Gon up lol

And with all that action taking place here at Gon's home, I wonder what Killua is up to?
Breakfast with Aniki

Re-edit: Chapters 20 -26 were chapters 20 - 23 now cut in half to make them easier to read.

A/N:

Thank you multiplied by one million for all the reviews, bookmarks here and for those who've followed on Tumblr. I can't quite tell you all how much I love you but I do and I do my best to show this by continuing to write just what you want to read!. Thanks for the feedback! I read everything, your words touch my heart, make me laugh and motivate me to keep going with this

(´▽`)

This chapter is for those who have been asking to see more IlluKillu interaction. We shall see how Illumi and Killua do domestic lol. Killua just can't be domesticated. And of course Hisoka can't resist teasing Gon and just has to warn him that he may one day get an unrated version of sex. Can Gon escape it, or will he really one day face its brutal force?

Warning: Rated only for Hisoka's filthy language and partial nudity

Disclaimer: I in no way claim intellectual rights for someone else's hard work. All rights go to Yoshihiro Togashi for the original story.

Chapter Summary: It is the morning of the day when Gon and Killua finally get to see each other again. But before they meet up, a lot of stuff is happening in their respective homes!

Chapter Dictionary:

Ohayō otōto: Good morning little brother

Hai: Yes. Can be used for answering the phone.

Shitsurei shimasu: This has several uses especially in social situations where one's actions may be perceived as rude. Can also be used when ending a business call. One can say that it is the equivalent of "excuse me".

[[...]] phone call

References:

Episode 143 Hunter x Hunter 2011 anime when Illumi went after Killua with the Needlemen

Chapter Twenty Four: Breakfast with Aniki

NB: Day 12

Urgh.

The strong light filtering through the white casement windows were doing a very good job of waking him up.
Groaning and rubbing at his eyes, Killua moodily turned on his side, arching his body in a long stretch.

_That feels great._

He directed sluggish blue eyes to one of the two windows on either side of his bed, expecting to see it still opened. _Ah, I forgot to close my windows last nigh—_

Killua's eyes widened and he sat up so quickly that he got a headache.

"What? I could have sworn that I'd left them open…" he whispered, looking from one window to the next and rubbing his head.

The houndstooth-patterned café curtains were drawn to allow the light to flow in but the windows were definitely closed. "Did Illumi close them?" He looked around the room quickly, as if looking for evidence that his older brother had been there.

Of course there was none.

_Sneaky bastard._

A frown marred his features and he angrily pushed away the sheets, moving towards the bathroom.

_Illumi needs to stop being so nice to me. It's…confusing._

He brushed away his thoughts about Illumi. "Whatever. I have no time to think about that manipulative jerk." Quickly brushing his teeth and taking his morning shower, he walked back to his bedroom to carefully choose his outfit for the day.

_Yes, Gon and I have a big day today,_ he thought with a smile, deciding on a red sleeveless top and pair of black training pants.

His mind wandered to the last time he'd spoken to his friend. "Gon really was acting weird on the phone yesterday," he mumbled, pulling on his clothing of choice. "I'll have to ask him about that when we mee—"

_Huh? What's that?_ He sniffed the air, confusion apparent on his face. The overpowering scent of bacon and eggs assaulted his nostrils.

_It's not the neighbors'…_

_Don't tell me…_

Killua hurriedly grabbed his black zip up hoodie and bolted out the door, eager to confirm whether Illumi really was making breakfast.

_First it was lunch yesterday, now this?_

_Is this going to be a regular thing now?_

He halted in the doorway to their neat little peach-walled kitchen, panting and gripping the oak door jamb harder than was necessary as he took in the unusual sight before him.

"Ah…"
So it is true.

Sure enough there Illumi stood, in front of the stove, his back to him. His long black hair, gleaming like polished leather, was smoothed back and pulled up into a tight ponytail that hung past lengthy yellow strings tied into a double bow at his waist.

What? Is that what I think it is? Killua wondered, examining the strings.

He could not believe his eyes. From what he could see, his aniki was most likely wearing an apron.

Illumi turned around to see Killua looking at him with nothing less than a thoroughly aghast expression and he held up his spatula. "Ohayō otōto."

"..." Killua did not return his greeting but chose to continue regarding him with suspicion, while taking care to keep a reasonable distance. Now that Illumi was facing him he took a moment to observe what he was wearing. Sure enough over pewter grey fitted jeans and a black long-sleeved cowl neck sweater not only was Illumi wearing a lemon-colored apron, but a vintage one edged with ruffles and across the front were emblazoned the words: World's Best Big Brother.

Killua felt sick. This couldn't get any worse. Is he for real? Where the hell did he get that and what is he up to now?

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" Illumi's lips twisted into the faintest of smiles. "Let's have breakfast."

"I'm not hu—"

[[Stomach growls]]

"What was that Killu?"

"I..."

"Why don't you eat something?"

Killua shook his head – a gesture that was more to convince himself that to respond to Illumi. “I have to go meet Gon; I don't have time to play house with you," he sneered.

"You should eat. You're going to the Gym right?"

"How do you know that? Have you been spying on me again?!" Killua demanded, his tone ripe with indignation.

Illumi continued to take in his heated expression and angry, guarded pose with nothing short of boredom. Finally he responded, "Your gym bag...is in the living room..."

Killua deflated. "Oh."

"Plus you're wearing gym clothes." Illumi appeared as if he could almost laugh now. Almost.

"..." Killua's cheeks burned in embarrassment.

Looking away for a moment to retrieve the cup of coffee that he'd been drinking, Illumi turned back around to face him. He leaned casually against the rustic cabinets spanning the length of their...
kitchen and smirked at his brother.

"Your face is red."

"..."

"Don't you think it's time to stop avoiding me?"

"No."

Illumi crossed his ankles, supporting most of his weight against the Quartz countertop now. "Hmmm, had I known you'd be so uptight about that, I probably would not have kissed you."

"Uptight?! You freaking kissed me! Don't you get that?! On my lips! Why wouldn't I be?!" Killua threw his arms up in the air, gesturing wildly. "Whose brother does something like that?!"

Illumi ignored his questions. "Wait... Killua, was that your first kiss?"

"..."

"Ah, so it was..."

"Shut up."

"Now I'm definitely not sorry for what I did, even if you're mad at me."

"What?"

"Why would I be when I got such an honor?"

Killua gritted his teeth. "You don't deserve that honor," he grumbled. His voice lowered as he mumbled angrily to himself. "Damn jerk always trying to ruin my life and messing with..."

Illumi put down his cup. "Come, help me carry those."

Killua directed his angry gaze to the plates Illumi was pointing at. "Why?"

"Because we're going to have breakfast; I told you that already."

"I don't want to have breakfast with you."

"It's not a suggestion."

Killua took the plate Illumi was holding out, helping to carry some of the dishes to the dining room. When he was done, he irritably sat at the far end of the table (the furthest point away from Illumi), still fuming and occasionally grumbling to himself.

Eventually, he relaxed, convinced that he'd conceded only because it was too early in the morning and he was too hungry to argue with Illumi right now. I'll just ignore him.

They ate in silence for a while. Well actually Illumi ate while Killua just stared at his plate. Illumi had packed it with food and he was not sure if he wanted to eat what his brother had made.

But it looks so good.

On the outside Killua pretended not to be interested in the contents of his plate but on the inside he
couldn't help but wonder if it tasted as good as it looked.

Ah.

He tried not to lick his lips.

Nicely done slices of toast served with bacon and an egg salad consisting of over easy eggs on top of a bed of arugula pleaded with him to be eaten. There was even an item on his plate that Killua had not seen before.

He poked at the mysterious muffin-shaped thing with his fork. It appeared to be scrambled eggs inside of a hash brown crust and before he was aware of what he was doing, he'd already put some of it in his mouth.

*Wow this is great*, he thought, delighting over the interesting new item, moving to sample some of the bacon, eggs and toast.

Yes, the food was good – all he had to do was continue to pretend as if the person at the other end of the dining table did not exist.

*Easy enough.*

It was not the ideal situation that Killua wanted to be in but it was okay.

Illumi observed him quietly. *At least Killu's eating*, he thought, hiding a smile behind his coffee cup. Eventually he put down the cup and straightened his features into their usual passive mask. "So…"

Killua's fork twirled the lone piece of bacon left on his plate. *Can't I ever have peace?*

"You—"

A faint beeping pierced the silence between them, interrupting what Illumi was about to say.

"Hmm?" He looked down at the caller ID and then back up at Killua who was watching him curiously. "Hai Wakahisa-san it's me."

[[How are things on your end?]]

"Fine, fine. Are you ready to finalize our transaction?"

[[Yes I am...the time is drawing near]]

"Well you know the account number. I emailed it to you."

[[There seems to be a..*problem* with your account]]

"It's not working? Hmm that's strange, well I can organize to have the issue cleared up today."

[[Will that process be lengthy?]]

"No, it will not take long. I will get back to you as soon as the account is up again."

[[I have no qualms about meeting you in person to settle this you know...]]

"No. I do not normally meet with clients in person. It's not necessary."
"Alright then. Shitsurei shimasu..."

As he hung up his phone, he glanced up at Killua, whose indifferent expression had changed to one of mild annoyance. "Why would anyone want to meet an assassin?"

Illumi shrugged. "The transfer of funds to our account isn't working so he wanted to meet me in person to finalize everything."

"So he can't just wait for the bank to sort it out?"

"He must be in a hurry to get things closed off... or using that as an excuse just to get us out in the open. I don't know exactly for what reason, but it could be because of who we are." Illumi's tiny smile widened just a fraction. "A lot of people do often attempt to meet the Zoldycks... and although many of those who've met us don't really live to talk about it, there will always be more who'll keep trying." He laughed darkly.

Killua ignored his morbid humor, getting straight to the point. "I don't like that man," he said flatly.

"Why?" Illumi asked, interested. Killua's senses about people were usually very accurate.

"Something just doesn't feel right about him, it's as if he's being secretive and sly."

"Well a lot of our clients fit that description." Illumi smirked but Killua was still serious. "Don't be so edgy, this job is paying three times more than what we normally get for one as simple as this."

"Yeah, and that's what I'm especially suspicious about." Killua interlaced his fingers and rested chin atop them, deep in thought. "And the client still hasn't given his full name yet, hasn't he?"

"No. But it isn't necessary. We have the details of what we need to do. All that's needed now is the final confirmation to get on the job."

"..."

"Anyway, I'll be out today. Not sure how long it will take."

"To investigate the problem with our account, right?"

"Yes."

"Do you need me there?"

"No."

"I can go to the gym later or tomorrow..."

"No, don't bother about that, I can handle this myself."

"Ok then."

"Besides, you need to spend time with your friend, right?"

Killua froze, looking up at him. What is he planning?
"Are you okay?"

Killua looked away when those eyes met his. "Why ask?"

You were looking at me as if you'd seen a ghost.

"It's just that…"

*How am I supposed to tell him that he's different and I'm not buying his crap?*

"Yes?"

"Nothing."

Illumi did not press him for a response and Killua tried to go back to his breakfast but he could not calm the burning questions in his mind.

Sensing his disquiet, Illumi sat there for a while, looking at him while Killua preoccupied himself with finishing his breakfast. "Are you sure nothing's the matter Kil?"

Killua met his curious eyes with ones narrowed in suspicion. "What are you up to this time?"

"Nothing." Illumi replied, going back to his food. Feeling the weight of Killua's stare, he paused. "You know, it would be nice if I could eat without your blue eyes of death boring into my skull."

Smirking, he looked up at him. "I don't mind you looking at me though, but you should finish up your breakfast before it gets cold."

"I really can't eat now," Killua said truthfully. "There's something I want to ask you."

Illumi put down his fork, ready to engage him. "Mmm? And what's that?"

Now that he had his attention, Killua decided to push forward. There was one question burning in his thoughts and Killua knew that he won't be able to rest until he had an answer that satisfied him.

"You've been acting really weird."

"Oh is that so? And what's made you come to that conclusion?"

"I don't know what you're up t—"

"I've already said that I'm not up to anything." Illumi interrupted. "But now that you've mentioned it, you've got me curious. Why would you keep thinking that I'm plotting something nefarious against you?"

"I didn't say that."

"You didn't have to; it's in your eyes." Illumi examined his expression. "Have you forgotten that I'm your nii-san? I know how you work Kil – you have been making me a study all this time… From the moment we arrived in York Shin I've seen how you've been looking at me, following my every movement with your eyes and I bet you're wondering why I'm not matching up to your expectations." He smirked, adding, "Sorry to disappoint you."

*So Illumi's been aware that I've been watching him closely. No surprise. Maybe that's why he's being so nice, because he knows that I'm on to him.*

Killua met his eyes boldly. *I'll just come right out and say it then. "Why haven't you attempted to
subjugate me yet? I've managed to remove your needle – and you're aware of that – but you're not trying to replace it. There have even been plenty of opportunities to do so in the time that we've been here, but still…nothing."

Illumi gave him a strange look. "Do you want to be subjugated?" He reached one hand into his sweater via its wide neck to pull out a needle. "Because if that's what you desire I can—"

"Of course not!" Killua shouted, watching the light play along the length of the slim needle Illumi was inspecting with mild interest. "It looks unusually sharp…"

"You don't? Oh, I see...then why ask?"

It was hard to tell from Illumi's tone whether he was disappointed or not but then Killua noticed something. His aniki was smirking.

_He had no intention of using that thing on me_, he thought as his eyes swept over Illumi's expression. _Was that Illumi's idea of a joke?_ Killua frowned, watching as his brother put away the needle.

_How is he keeping that in there anyway? It must be uncomfortable to just have those things inside —_

Illumi looked up at him. "Kil?"

Killua cleared his throat. "Well it's just not like you to be acting like this."

Illumi tilted his head to one side. "Didn't we talk at length about this and all your concerns before you agreed to accompany me?"

Killua's astute gaze met Illumi's blank stare. _Yes, but I thought that by now you'd have dropped your act._

"Yes, you promised that you weren't ever going to attempt to harm Alluka and Gon again, but it doesn't add up. Wasn't it just last year that you came after me and Alluka with needlemen trying to gain control of her power?"

"Yeah."

"People don't have a change of heart so quickly. What's different now?"

"I'm no longer interested."

"Why?! That's what I want to know!" Killua shouted impatiently.

Illumi held his gaze, but Killua did not look away from him. Nodding in approval of his determination, Illumi decided to give him the answer he was seeking. If it was that important to him, he'd let him know. _It's simple, really. Why do you think I wanted to control you or Alluka in the first place?"

"How the heck would I know what goes through that crazy head of yours?" Killua replied heatedly.
Unaffected by Killua's words Illumi continued, "As a manipulator I love controlling things...people especially. And the thought of controlling a prodigy such as you who was capable of commanding an unsurpassed power such as Alluka's was something too irresistible to pass up. I desired to harness that power and use it for our family. But when you returned to us after your trip, with Alluka in tow, I realized that something was different."

Illumi paused to take a sip of his coffee and Killua waited impatiently for him to continue. "Then you had that meeting with dad, saying that you were ready to rejoin the family and I lost the desire to subjugate you in that way. I mean, what is the point of controlling you or indirectly controlling Alluka if we're all working together? If we're all on the same side?" He regarded Killua's disbelieving look momentarily. "Oh come on Kil, I have done a lot of things to you in the past - I'll admit that much - but I still have standards. You thinking that I want to control you or Alluka now is like comparing me to a vulture which mainly goes after carrion. There's no thrill in it if my victims are on the same side with me. I won't fight a battle I've already won. It's a waste of energy."

Killua eyed him warily. "You've been spending too much time around him. You're starting to sound alike."

"Who?"

"..." Killua refused to utter that name.

"Oh!" On making the connection Illumi found it so funny that he couldn't withhold his laughter and Killua was caught unawares.

A genuine laugh from Illumi was always so rare that whenever he heard it he'd always be surprised. And unlike in the past, instead of being annoyed, Killua found himself actually liking the sound. He looked up at Illumi again just as the other started to speak.

"That's true; Hisoka really would say stuff like that wouldn't he?" He put a finger to his chin in thought. "Maybe next I'll be saying things like 'I shall wait for the fruit to ripen.'"

"Hopefully not!" Killua said, trying to keep his face blank. He bit his bottom lip to suppress the laughter that was threatening to come forth and went back to eating his salad. Just seeing his aniki repeat Hisoka's usual lines with that same lifeless, indifferent expression he always wore was too funny.

"Ok Kil, then how about this?" Illumi suggested.

Curious, Killua looked up, eyes widening when he saw what Illumi was doing. He was holding an index finger to the outer corner of each eye and pulling outwards in order to make them as slanted as how Hisoka's would get when the man had located prey.

"Oh~" Illumi said, mocking Hisoka's lilting tone. "I can see how much you've matured. It was totally worth the wait~"

"Oh hell no!" Killua exclaimed, unable to prevent himself from laughing.

"Hmm?" On hearing the first snicker, followed by poorly concealed laughter leave his otōto, Illumi smiled, a barely perceptible movement in his normally flat expression and they both felt that gloomy mood considerably lighten up between them.

He picked up his fork as if intending to continue eating, but then turned to Killua who was still smiling. "Now you've seen it for yourself. Why would I want to make you a mindless doll when I
can have you like this?" Illumi lifted his hand in a smooth, graceful gesture. "And I think I like you more this way, rather than under my control."

Killua looked from the hand pointed at him to the man that no longer looked as evil or unpredictable as his mind had chosen to see him. When their eyes met, he took a deep breath, feeling an inexplicable force grip them. The tension in their little space shifted out of the comfortable range to increase exponentially but in a way that was different than usual.

This time Killua did not feel the incredible urge to be far away from his aniki. It was actually the opposite and that bothered him beyond words. He turned away. Did Illumi see how affected he was? Most likely...as an assassin, having strong perceptive skills was a key factor to success in their profession.

*I can't take this anymore...What is wrong with me?*

Killua gripped the edges of his mostly empty plate.

*It's time to get away from here.*

"I'm going," he said as he slowly got up, pushing the chair away from him.

"So soon?" Illumi asked, sounding a bit disappointed. "I was enjoying your company."

*I was enjoying yours too..."

*Oh shit, what am I thinking?!*

Killua tried to make his tone sound as apathetic as possible. "I need to hurry and meet Gon. I don't want to be late."

Illumi stood up as he passed him on the way to the kitchen. "Don't worry about these," he said smoothly, his hand moving to take the wares Killua was firmly holding on to. "I'll wash them up."

*Huh?* Killua's heart rate quickened and he quickly shoved the hand that had brushed Illumi’s into his pocket to stop the tingling sensation.

Killua remained frozen in the doorway as he watched Illumi pack all of their wares into the sink. That detestable apron was back and in addition to that, his nii-san donned a pair of bright yellow elbow-length rubber gloves, immediately starting on his task.

"I don't have to leave until a few hours from now so it's no hassle for me to do this," Illumi said, pausing when he realized that Killua was still watching him from the doorway. "Hmm? Are you okay, Kil?"

Killua turned away from him to retrieve his gym bag. "Y-yeah...

*Wait.*

*When in heaven's name did I start stuttering?*

*And most importantly, when did I start standing in doorways watching Illu-nii wash some stupid plates?*

His cheeks burned as he remembered Illumi’s hand brushing his as he'd taken those same plates. *Oh. That's why...* he thought, slowly checking though the contents of his bag.
It's strange; Illu-nii's hands are really soft for a m—

... Killua paused mid-thought, slapping his forehead. *What*...?

"Really?! What the hell?!" he bellowed, disgusted at the path his thoughts had taken.

Illumi appeared in the doorway, gloves off and drying his hands with one of the patterned kitchen towels. "Kil? What's the matter?" he asked, looking concerned.

*I've lost my bloody mind, that's what!* Killua thought, angrily zipping the bag shut and standing up. "I'm going."

"Wait, I'll see you out."

"No, there's no need to—" But it was too late, Illumi was already at the door, holding it open for him and looking quite pleased to be doing so.

Suspicious... Killua thought, frowning as he started to walk toward the opening. He tried not to look in Illumi's general direction as he passed him.

"Have a good day today, okay?" Illumi said cheerily. "I'll see you when I get back tonight and if you like maybe we can go over the details of our job again."

Killua didn't even bother looking back, or responding. Instead, he lifted one hand to both acknowledge that he'd heard him and to wave goodbye.

Illumi watched him hurry down the front steps and disappear quickly through the gate. He smiled. Killua had actually bothered to wave goodbye this time.

Progress definitely was being made.

XXX

NB: Some time later, In another part of York Shin

He stood in the doorway with only a cup of coffee to warm his hands. Gingerly sipping it, he observed Hisoka as the man lay on his side facing toward the sliding doors. Licking his lips to savor every bit of the deliciously decadent drink, Gon pondered for a moment. *How strange, I'm actually enjoying this*...

Gon did not drink coffee, never did and didn't really care for the stuff but like everything else, in the past two weeks since he'd been together with Hisoka, he was undergoing a slow, steady change.

Coffee was Hisoka's thing and not his but Gon had found that sipping it reminded him of the way Hisoka kissed him on chilly mornings and how those caffeinated kisses always made his nerves buzz. Eventually, before he'd even realized it, he was curiously sipping from Hisoka's coffee cup and now, this morning he had gone out to have breakfast only to find that Hisoka had left him a warm cup of the beverage next to a large breakfast box.
At first Gon had balked at the size of the take away paper cup, thinking that he wouldn't have enjoyed having to drink an entire cup of the stuff – especially if it was the plain black coffee that Hisoka mostly drank. After curiously sipping at it though, he was pleasantly surprised to find that it was different – a mixed type of coffee.

*It's amazing the vast difference a few extra ingredients can make,* Gon thought as he smiled down at the cup and the smiley face Hisoka had drawn on its side. He giggled at the fact that the cartoon had a star and teardrop adorning its cheeks but stopped himself, not wanting to wake the man and alert him to his quiet observation.

Slowly he sipped his coffee again, enjoying its buttery-rich flavor. *Crème brûlée huh? Tastes pretty nice.*

Glancing back up at Hisoka's slumbering form, Gon took in the way the sheets tried to shimmy off his slim waist as he shifted again. His eyes roamed over Hisoka's body from those strong muscled shoulders, back and arms all the way to the dimples at the base of his spine. The sheets hid the rest, interrupting his perusal and he frowned. Gon couldn't understand it but he found himself spending a lot of time these days wanting to just quietly observe him.

"Still lingering around? ~"

"…!" Hisoka's smooth voice interrupted his thoughts, startling him to the point that he almost dropped the coffee cup.

"Hmmm? ~"

"…” Gon's heart thumped in his chest.

He's awake?

*I could have sworn that he was sleeping!*

"Well? ~" Hisoka asked, sitting up and turning to face him when he did not receive an answer. With the movement, the sheets that were already draped obscenely low on his hips slipped further to pool in his lap and so did Gon's eyes.

Gon swallowed hard as his eyes could just make out the curved line of neatly trimmed red hair that was revealed by the sheets. Hisoka lifted an eyebrow, looking from Gon's face to his lap. He smirked, already knowing what Gon was looking at.

"Back for round two? ~"

Apparently his voice broke Gon out of whatever stupor he was in because the instant he realized that he had been caught staring his face bloomed into the prettiest shade of red and he averted his gaze, stuttering.

"R-round t-two? I-I th-thought you were sleeping…"

"Ah~ Maybe I was, maybe I wasn't… ~" Hisoka replied mysteriously, adding, "So by your logic, when you assume people are sleeping, you stand in doorways to assess their semi-nude profiles while drinking coffee? ~"

"I…”

*He knew I had been here the whole time?*
"I have to go, I'm late."

"Are you sure about that?" Hisoka asked skeptically. "You're not acting as if you're late… ~"

"…" Uncomfortably Gon shifted under that focused stare. "How did you know I was here?"

"I already told you before that I can sense when you're close to me… ~" Hisoka ran his hand through his crimson locks and Gon's eyes were drawn to the captivating color. "Did you think I was joking when I said that? ~"

"Um…"

It's hard to tell when you're not joking...

Large hazel eyes followed the movement of those hands as they continued to delicately smooth through the non-existent tangles. Gon marveled at how Hisoka made such a simple movement as finger combing his hair look so graceful…so sexy. Those hands, strong yet gentle…capable of heinous acts but at a moment's notice, able to hold him still while he shuddered in delight under him. Gon's cheeks flushed with the memory.

"Heh~" Hisoka laughed, bending his left leg to rest his elbow on his knee. He then proceeded to rest his chin on the heel of his palm and direct his gaze at Gon.

Gon looked from that golden gaze, down the plane of Hisoka's perfectly muscled torso to the neatly trimmed hair that was now completely revealed by his new position. Expertly shaped in the form of a heart, its bright red hue stood out against that pale skin and as Gon continued to look at it, he felt his own heart beat faster. Just a little more and I'll be able to see his—

His face reddened even more and he looked up to see Hisoka studying his expression. Damn bastard…he knows what he's doing.

"I'm late…"

Hisoka laughed and the sound caused Gon to feel all tingly under his skin. What's happening to me?

"Late? You're like a broken record – that's the only phrase you've been repeating all morning. How long has Killua been waiting now? Fifteen minutes? Twenty? Or is it thirty?" Hisoka smiled. "And being raised an assassin, I bet he arrived even earlier – Illumi always does that and since he trained him I'm sure they bear that in common. Whenever I have to meet Illumi I always have to be there a half hour before our arranged meeting time and even then he'd already be there. I don't think I've ever trounced him when it came down to punctuality~"

Gon didn't even react to Hisoka talking about Illumi as he normally would have. He was too busy thinking about how he'd get an earful from Killua about his late arrival. There was no doubt about it – Killua would finish him off…

"Killua is going to be livid~" Hisoka said, adding fuel to Gon's fear.

"…"

Hisoka did not have to tell him this, Gon already knew it and he gripped his coffee cup tighter looking a little scared. I should be used to this by now; Killua always hits me when I do stupid stuff.
He sighed.

*Geez, this surely isn't turning out to be my ideal day…*

"Forget about it~"

He looked up at the sound of Hisoka's melodic voice. "What?"

"Forget about going to the gym~"

"What? Why?"

"You're already this late, just call him and tell him that you can't make it…lie and say that you're sick~"

"But weren't you the one who just punished me for lying not too long ago?" Gon frowned. "A little hypocritical aren't you?"

"No, not at all, I punished you for lying *badly* – there's a difference~"

"Huh?" Gon was at a loss for words.

"Now, are you going to call him and tell him you're sick? ~"

"No I can't, he's looking forward to spending time with me and I want to see him too."

"Alright~" Hisoka shrugged his shoulders. "Because if you were just going to the gym for exercise, you could have just stayed home and let me train you instead~"

"Train?" Gon looked up at him hopefully. He was always ready for a challenge and being trained by somebody like Hisoka was an exciting prospect.

"Yes, I have quite a few positions in mind and you'll definitely get the exercise. I'll make sure of that." Hisoka grinned handsomely, making a come-hither motion with his index finger. "Now come… ~" he added, licking his lips. "Let me work that ass… ~"

"What?!" Gon gasped as Hisoka focused a provocative stare on him, obviously and shamelessly undressing him with those deep golden eyes. His breath hitched in his suddenly parched throat but he didn't have the strength to lift the cup to his lips again so he just stood there dumbfounded. "I…I…"

"Why are you hesitating?" Hisoka asked, examining his red face in mild confusion. "You're thirsty for cock Gon, I saw how you were looking at me. Come let me satisfy your craving…come let me *train* you~"

"Oh gods…" Gon said, taking a step back and examining the positively scandalous look on Hisoka's face. "Hisoka!"

"Yes, Gon-kun? ~ Made up your mind? ~"

"Yes! Um I-I mean no…I mean that it…I…you…"

"Are you okay Gon? ~" Hisoka quirked a slim brow at him.

Gon looked like he was about to self destruct.
"You don't look okay~"

Taking a deep breath, Gon stilled, attempting to calm himself. He pointed his index finger directly at Hisoka's face. "I...you...you did that intentionally didn't you?!" he accused. "I thought you were serious about actually training me."

"I am serious~"

Hisoka blew him a kiss.

Gon turned away.

"Not training me sexually! Why does everything have to be sexual with you?!"

"Because I am the embodiment of great sex~"

Gon couldn't argue with that.

"Whatever Hisoka. I'm late, I just came back to the room to get something," he said, walking into the room for the first time.

"Was that before or after you were fantasizing about getting fucked? ~"

"..." Gon decided not to answer him, instead walking toward the large dresser with purpose. *I'm not going to let him get to me because that's exactly what he wants - for me to get so pissed off that I attack him and we have wild sex.*

Hisoka's eyes followed him as he picked up the large grey gym bag on the ground next to the dresser. "Well look at that....~" he started casually. "You packed your gym bag last night yet you forgot you had to go to the gym this morning~" Hisoka laughed. "You are forever the delightful mystery aren't you?"

Gon did not even bother to honor that comment with a response.

And at first he managed to keep it that way as he walked toward the doorway, but the need to get back at Hisoka kept growing inside him and pausing just shy of the corridor, he looked back at the magician. "You know, one of these days I'm going to...

"Mmmhmm~ what? ~"

"Nothing." Gon adjusted the padded strap on his shoulder to make the bag more comfortable and stepped forward to leave but Hisoka's voice stopped him.

"Out of steam so fast? ~"

Gon gritted his teeth at the taunt, deciding to finish what he had been going to say. "One of these days, I'm going to dominate you Hisoka – mark my words. I'll make you as speechless as you do me...torture you slowly and make you beg for completion..."—he turned to make eye contact with him—"...and I'm going to enjoy every, single minute of it."

"Oh really? ~" Hisoka almost laughed out loudly. "Should I mark it on my calendar? Do you have the date, time and place all planned out already or is it just a thought? ~"

"Mock me all you want, but I'm serious. It may not be anytime soon but it's definitely coming... just you wait."
Hisoka looked into those hazel eyes boring into his with determination and he felt it for the first time – his heart did a little flip and he shuddered in delight. Gon was serious. For one incredible, fleeting moment instead of the sexually confused young man, he was faced with an older version of Gon and in his eyes he saw inconceivable potential for a sadist.

He could feel it…they had even more in common than he'd previously thought and like him Gon seemed to be leaning toward being both a sadist and a masochist. Hisoka had already confirmed him to be a masochist and with the little signs that Gon had been displaying lately, all he had to do now was keep nurturing that sadistic part of him.

Perfect~ His heart beat faster and he licked his lips. Slowly Gon was maturing into what he'd always known he could become and more.

"Ooooh~" Hisoka brought his hands up to his uncharacteristically reddened face. It was as if he was surprised that Gon had brought that reaction out of him. "Gon… ~ You want to dominate me even more than you did last time don't you? Oh Gon…that sounds positively… ~"—he moaned, his voice lowering—"…positively threatening~"

"…" Gon was speechless, rooted to the spot not by fear but by the desire to find out what would happen next.

"You better hurry along now before I can no longer control that desire to show you how sadistic I can get. Before I can no longer control that part of me that wants nothing more than to bend you over right now and fuck your ass… without holding back - with no boundaries~" Hisoka smiled dangerously. "I suggest you stay only if you're ready for something unrated…something other than the PG version you've been getting so far~"

What?! Gon's eyes widened. PG version? Our lovemaking is always so intense and I can barely stay conscious after so if that is PG rated…then what is this unrated version? Gon blushed, backing away slowly.

I'm not sure I want that experience…

While muddling over the thought he looked back at Hisoka whose face was now in his hands and who was also sporting an obvious erection.

Oh no…

"I…you…um…th-thank you for breakfast!" he sputtered before turning and running off. This was one of the few times that he decided to heed Hisoka's warning about getting fucked.

To be under Hisoka's control while the man was in a mood like this would definitely not be safe.

I might not recover from that…
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Think I did a good job on this chapter! Give me some of your love 😊
A/N:

Explanation: When Hisoka says that what they've been doing is 'PG rated', he does not mean that Gon needed parental guidance (of course not) what he was doing was using a slang that describes things that are offensive but can still be tolerated, alluding to the fact that what Gon would experience should he stay would be so offensive that there's no rating system that could contain / describe it. No wonder Gon ran off.

Hisoka – NR for explicit content, nudity, violence and language (LMAO I couldn't resist since we're on the topic of ratings)

I guess that Gon has learned that there are some things he shouldn't threaten Hisoka about...or better yet, don't even bother threatening him. With Hisoka one can never know what can be a turn on lol.

I should also say that I felt sort of bad in having Hisoka punish Gon for dozing and being late when I struggle with punctuality (not as bad as Gon's though). Maybe Hisoka should start giving out lessons on the 'importance of time management'. Hell yeah...*already at the front of the line to sign up* Wait what do you mean there is no such class? Darn...

Right now I'm still laughing at Illumi and Hisoka's conversation with that bit about 'housewife status' and what Illumi said on how Killua trying to kill him had been a phase (≧∇≦)^o^

And Gon is so clueless... yes Gon now you know that 69 is not a code name for something else lol. Hisoka should have given him a lecture on the properties of Bungee Gum ;p

Next Chapter Preview: Gon meets Killua and things get much more difficult for him!

P.S.: I believe that there will come a time when Gon shall experience that NR version of Hisoka but I think that when that time comes I shall just edit it out kind of like a time skip? Poor Gon, he'd experience it, but we won't have to lol.

Thank you for reading; see you all soon in another update. Don't forget to review and share your thoughts :)
Re-edit: Chapters 20 -26 were chapters 20 - 23 now cut in half to make them easier to read.

A/N:

Here's a weekend gift for all ~ (Thanks to Imkillinit for checking up on me - your excitement for this story is contagious)

I'm just going to post this update 'cause I'm driving myself crazy continuously nitpicking over it.

Announcements: For this chapter, check out the Character Data (in my other stories) for information on the new characters that will appear. (Plus I wrote two other HisoGon stories during my absence).

A message to my readers: Thank you everyone for your support and patience during this long wait! These past two months have been beyond crazy at work to the point that I had lost my frame of mind to write :'/ But thank goodness that when I had first started writing this story I did some pretty long, detailed drafts in preparation for an event like this so those helped to get me back on the right track. Plus your reviews and messages…you may think that they are naught but a few lines...but every time I felt like dropping the story because it was not good enough I would see a review and it would bring tears to my eyes just knowing that you all don't intend to give up on this. You guys are the best, thanks for your support it means so much and has done so much in motivating me to become a better writer. This story is here because of you all. Here is a heartfelt thank you ;w;

Chapter Summary: Killua has long waited to see if his plan to get Gon away from Hisoka had worked but he is surprised to learn that his plan did not work out as he'd hoped...

Chapter Dictionary:

Kon'nichiwa: Hello

*Italicized text*: Thoughts

Ne: (At the beginning of a sentence, as a slang word, means 'hey' / 'say')

Ojīsan: literally translates as 'grandpa' but can be used sometimes to refer to an elderly man (not always though as some people don't like it).

Ano: Uh / Um

The Bar: Name of the bar where Illumi and Hisoka usually meets whenever they are in YorkShin. Yes…between this and D' Pastry Shoppe (where Laura works) I'm really creative with naming things…

[[phone call]]

[[Sound]]

*sinister whisper*
Disclaimers: All characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi. I do not claim ownership of any of the characters mentioned (yes, I’ve finally standardized my disclaimer).

Warning: None, you need only be wary of content that may describe thirsty fangirls, serial killers at their day jobs and lots of bromance. Thus there is just a little sexual frustration, violence, cursing and maybe some feels…

+No fangirls or Ojisan were hurt (other than psychologically) in the making of this chapter...

Okay, well let's get this party started!

Chapter Twenty-five: The Ultimate Sacrifice

N.B: Day 12 continues…

Sharp eyes focused on the dart board ahead, rapidly calculating the trajectory of his next move. Although he appeared to be deeply engrossed in his current pastime, his attention was not completely devoted to it. On the contrary, what held his attention was at the far corner of the room radiating a starkly cold, decidedly dark aura so apart from its otherworldly beauty.

The beautiful, jeweled handle glinted in the darkened room as if it didn't need light to reflect on it but rather had its own. Of all his possessions, this was his most prized; a magnificently ornate antique sword. It was most captivating and occasionally his ebony gaze strayed over the dazzling length of its grip – the only thing visible above the scabbard resting against the wall.

*I'm hungry*.

That voice. It had started calling out to him as it usually did.

It was like this every day now, that constant cry for a sacrifice, but he had to be careful. The police were already closing in with their investigations and the last life he took had almost made him get caught.

In the midst of his thoughts, there was the soft sound of his office door being opened and his eyes darted away from the source of the persuasive voice that only he could hear.

Reclining further in the executive chair, he tried to pay attention to the Head of Operations at his Azian branch office.

[—but Hashira-san what I'm trying to say is that those are really unreasonable odds, I don't think I can do that, considering all the issues we are currently experiencing.]]

"Well if you did not take so long in gathe—"

"Kon'nichiwa Mr. Hashira..."

He hated to be interrupted.

"Mr. Ha..."

His hand tightened around the handset he held to his left ear.
"…in gathering the information for this project, you would have been done by now and able to
delegate the necessary resources to handle your little 'issues.'"

He threw the dart.

[[Thwack]]

*Perfect shot.*

[[But I can't, we're short staffed and the other departments are on strike. I don't have the
manpower to submit anything; you know that.]]

"Just make sure you have the reports in by tomorrow."

"Mr. Hashira, can I leave these here?"

He frowned. *Dawn.* This woman had to be either stupid or brave (and stupid) to be interrupting him
while he was obviously preoccupied.

[[Thwack]]

[[Tomorrow? Can't I have another week? If you insist on such an impossible time frame I
may have to do them all myself!]]

"I don't care *how* you do it."

[[Thwack]]

[[That's going to take a miracle!]]

"Make it happen."

"Mr. Hashira?"

[[I can't…I just can't…it's too much to ask I—]]

"If you insist on being unable to do your job, I might be forced to fly over to the Azian Continent
right now and believe me, I'm not in the mood for a friendly chat," Arashi said darkly.

[[I-I ah Hashira-san…I can't promise anything but maybe I can try…]]

His administrative secretary's voice in the background and the Operations Manager's
ineffectiveness in getting that branch's monthly report to him were really beginning to trip him off.
And he was never one to be known for his patience.

"What the hell did I just say?!!" He roared into the phone's transmitter, sitting up suddenly and
banging his fist on the mahogany desk. It shook with the force of the blow and one of his pens
rolled to the edge and fell off. "Don't try! *Get. It. Done!* I don't want to hear your blubbering, just
*do* it and have it on my desk by tomorrow!"

[[I—]]

[[SLAM]]

The sound of the handset crashing into its switch hook echoed loudly like a clap of thunder and for
a moment everything was quiet.

He eyed the telephone on his desk with derision, one corner of his lips turned down in barely concealed rage. *I'm surrounded by such incompetence. Is it so hard to—*

"Mr. Hashira, here you go, your pen dropped—"

*Speaking of which…*

All Dawn saw was a quick movement, as if he'd flicked his wrist and the next thing she knew she was in pain. "Ouch! Oh my gods…!" The pen slipped from her fingers and fell to the ground with a loud clatter.

"Dawn," he said firmly. "You interrupted me."

Dawn did not seem to hear him though as she was too busy backing away and panicking over the long, pointed dart protruding from her arm. She quickly pulled it out, pressing a firm hand against the spot on her forearm in an attempt to stop the bleeding.

Arashi's eyes narrowed, observing the shocked features of his new administrative assistant as she made several futile attempts to stem the flow of blood. His other assistant…well she had met with some unfortunate circumstances and he was hoping that this one, due to her track record, would have fared better but she too was beginning to get on his nerves.

"Oh my…" Dawn whimpered, bending to collect the papers that had fallen on the floor. Papers that skid further away from her grasp and were quickly getting stained by her bloody hand. *Oh no…I must look so incompetent…*

Another paper fluttered away when she tried to put in back in the leather folder.

"I-I'm sorry sir, I know you wanted these departmental reports right away but I'll have to reprint them…" she sputtered as he continued to glare at her and the mess she was making.

*Blood…give it to me…*

There it was again, that voice and it sounded even more impatient.

"Dawn, didn't I tell you during your briefing that you are never to interrupt me during a phone call?" His voice was hushed and deceptively gentle as he moved from behind the desk.

"I-I forgot…it's j-just that these were so urgent and I…” A feeling of dread descended upon her and she directed fearful eyes up at the man who was now towering over her. *Mr. Hashira hates weak, incompetent people,* she thought, trying to get up but finding it difficult as her knees, weakened by fear, weren't strong enough to support her weight.

"Get up."

Dawn tried but fell again. The fear had her legs buckling from under her and eventually she gave up, resolving to remain slumped and trembling against the wall where she'd fallen.

His disgusted scowl deepened. "You're wasting my time," he said casually, his rage undetectable but Dawn knew that that was the most dangerous quality about him.

As if sensing the approaching violence, she trembled when his hands twitched at his sides. "I—"

One hand reached out to grab her and Dawn soon found herself pushed up against the wall, her feet
dangling at least a foot off the ground. "Urgh…" The force with which she'd met the wall caused
the air to be knocked out of her lungs and for a moment her vision swam right before her eyes
settled on the hand gripping the front of her blouse in strong fist. In the fleeting moment right
before all thought ceased and panic took over, Dawn noticed that for once Arashi was not wearing
the glove on his left hand and on the back of that hand was a pattern of some sort.

A tattoo—

Before she could ponder it further, or commit the image to memory, his other hand came up to grab
her neck and she struggled to get free, pulling at his arm with her uninjured hand but his persistent
hold was firm, determined and deadly. This is it, she thought looking down at the cruel face of her
boss. Tall, handsome and emitting a lethal aura, his normally good looks were twisted by a
expression so evil that it sent a shiver down her spine.

And those eyes...

Normally void of emotion and inscrutable, they now shone with a clearly dark emotion hinting at
vile intent.

She gasped, not only because her airflow was being restricted, but because what she saw in the
depths of those eyes chilled her to the bone.

When Dawn had been transferred and promoted to this position, everyone did tell her that no one
survived being his personal assistant. Back then she had thought that it was a joke, a play of words
to spook the newbie. Now she saw that they were serious. And on my second week in the job too.
"P-please…" she tried pleading with him but his hand tightened even more around her neck.
"Ack!"

"Not only are you proving to be incompetent, but you're now getting blood all over my floor." His
eyes greedily followed the thin, steady line of blood that flowed down her pale, limp arm to end at
her fingertips where it was dripping avidly to settle into a small puddle. "Such a waste," he said
regretfully, eyes snapping back up to her face. "Maybe I should just do away with you now. You
might have more value on the Black Market…"—he smirked—"…in pieces."

Her eyes widened in genuine alarm, knowing that this was a man very capable of carrying out that
threat. "No, please, don't! I promise…I promise I'll do better!" Dawn rasped, thrashing in that iron
grip and feeling as if she was looking death in his eyes.

Maybe she was.

Arashi watched her large, deep blue eyes become watery with unshed tears as they started to cloud
over. It looked as if the sky was crying and for some reason that made him smile.

How would they look when the life is drained from them?

His fingers tightened just a bit more around her trachea and Dawn gagged. Soon, her struggling
made the hair from her neatly twisted chignon come loose and the platinum blonde hair tumbled
from their restraint. It was absolutely beautiful the way she looked as if she was about to die.
Yes...just a little more and then—

Arashi suddenly eased the pressure of his fingers and she gasped for air, her face still reddened and
her long lashes fluttering wildly.

"Hmmm, but maybe I shouldn't," he pondered putting a finger to his chin and looking into
crystalline blue eyes brightened by fear and reddened by intense distress. "You're in the middle of
an important project with the Sachi Group." His hand moved from her neck and without the support, she fell to the ground in a crumpled heap, coughing and gasping.

Black, empty eyes followed Dawn's frantic movements as she somewhat recovered her bearings, moving to shakily gather up the papers that still lay scattered all over the floor.

Quietly he observed her as she occasionally and discreetly wiped at her tear-streaked cheeks. The more he looked at her was the more he became struck by how much she reminded him of something fragile that needed to be handled carefully. And because of that he wanted to destroy her beyond repair.

Arashi turned his back to her and the relentless urge to kill her subsided. Maybe if he stopped looking at the blood the voice would stop calling to him. "Hurry and bring me another copy of those reports, you've completely ruined these with your blood."

"Yes sir..."

"Quickly."

"Not a problem, will do," Dawn said, her voice still raspy but professional as she scrambled to her feet and headed for the door. She could hardly wait to get out of that room.

"And send someone in to clean up the floor."

"I'm sorry for the inconvenience," she replied, quickly bowing one last time and closing the door quietly behind her.

Arashi closed his eyes briefly to pinch at the skin above the bridge of his nose. That was close…I almost sacrificed my assistant. Bodies were much harder to dispose of in this part of the city—experience had taught him this—and being so close to accomplishing his goal, a complication of that sort was the last thing he wanted.

Slowly, he opened his eyes to look at the opposite wall. A wide smile replaced his persistent frown and his heart beat faster as he started to walk in the direction of his gaze.

I couldn't kill her now...but maybe next time.

Slow, sure steps took him closer to the antique sword that was always awaiting his touch and a cold, sinister smile played across his lips, spreading them wide when his hand closed over it's jeweled grip.

This sword...his most prized possession indeed. These days though, its cry was getting louder - more demanding and impatient, making it hard for him to control his bloodlust.

"It's because he's here in this city isn't it?" Arashi asked, his tone gentle as if speaking to a child. Pulling the sword out of its scabbard and turning it back and forth to examine the black blade, he smirked. The cutting edges were stunning, its glitter mesmerizing him with a beauty that was not of this world.

It hummed lowly as if responding to his inspection. "Don't worry; you'll have what you desire." His thumb ran along the sharp edge without getting cut. "I did promise that to you a long time ago didn't I? The ultimate sacrifice in exchange for ultimate power..." His smirk widened, becoming more sinister and crude. "Soon, very soon..."
N.B. Meanwhile, in another part of York Shin...

Gon stopped abruptly, panting heavily, hands on his knees. He had run all the way from the Condo to their meeting place, not sure if he ran because of what he’d just witnessed with Hisoka or because he was late and had no time for a taxi.

*I'm so late...*

He looked around, quickly scanning the crowd for any sign of his friend.

"Ah," he whispered, picking out that atypical mop of white hair from among the crowd.

*Killua.*

Dressed all in black, with just a hint of a red tank top showing underneath his hoodie, Killua's hands were shoved into the pockets of his form fitting gym pants as he leaned casually against one of the few cast iron lampposts scattered throughout the plaza.

Even without those achromatic locks and still surrounded by so many people, it would not have taken Gon long to locate Killua. This was because the young man always stood out wherever he went; as if possessing a special atmosphere about him – handsome, charismatic and drawing stares from all who stood nearby.

People kept glancing at him, and some even stopped to stare but as usual, Killua did not care to notice those curious eyes. Instead he remained motionless, astute gaze focused on some unknown spot at his feet as if he was thinking deeply. Finally he moved, shifting his weight to the other foot and zipping up the black hoodie he wore all the way so that his alabaster skin only peeked out from behind long bangs – a move that caused him to appear more mysterious.

*And dangerous,* Gon thought rifling through his pockets to quickly retrieve his phone. The time seemed to jump out at him and Gon felt his heart sink deeper the longer he looked at it.

Hazel eyes finally pulled away to focus on the huge dial of the clock at the center of the plaza and then down to his phone's display again. There was no way the time on both his new phone and the plaza's clock would be wrong.

*Ten forty-five.*

He was exactly forty-five minutes late and considering what Hisoka had told him, most likely Killua had been there at least a half hour before their meeting time. Gon sighed and it was at that exact moment, as if sensing his presence, the white-haired young man suddenly turned around to look at him directly.

A few purposeful strides was all it took for Killua to reach him and seeing that resolute expression on his face, Gon braced himself for the impact.

"Why are you late again?!" Killua bellowed as he marched to his side.

"Ne Kil—"

[[Thump]]
Gon gasped, holding his head. "Ow, ow, ow! Why did you do that?! What if I have a good excuse?!" He glared at him but Killua's glare decimated his within seconds.

"You have an excuse?!

"Um…no?"

[[Bonk]]

"Ow, ow, ouch...ah that hurts Killua, people are staring!"

"I don't care; this is the third time you've had me waiting! And this time is the longest! Is this a joke to you?"

"…"

"I asked you a question Gon…” Killua grunted in aggravation, cracking his knuckles. Gon didn't answer and finally he huffed, coming to a decision. "You need to be more disciplined…"

Gon backed away, his eyes widening as Killua advanced on him.

Discipline? Ah I've really done it now.

At least Hisoka waited until they were in private to punish him. His friend obviously had no qualms about witnesses.

"I waited so long to see you, worried myself to near death when you went missing for a day, suffered through that horrendous phone call yesterday and now after anticipating our meeting you arrive forty-six minutes, thirty seconds late."

[[Bonk]]

"Ah—!

"Lateness is the biggest insult!" Killua hissed, repeating the words Illumi had drilled into him since he was a child. "And you've insulted me three times wit—"

"Are you alright young man?" an old man asked Gon kindly, whilst coming closer.

Gon looked up at him, feeling undeniably relieved. "A-ano Ojīsan I am oka—"

Killua turned deadly blue eyes on him. "Piss off Gramps! This is between me and him!"

"Now Gon," Killua said as the old man hobbled off. "What is the reason you're late?"

Gon met the darkened, disapproving stare of his friend. On seeing that serious expression, he laughed nervously. "Ne…Killua…I... don't really have an excuse,” —he laughed awkwardly—Not one that would be appropriate anyway… "So...um..."

"Really…?"

"Yeah..."

"You really don't have an excuse?"

"…” Ah Killua, what do I say? I can't exactly tell you that I've been up all night having sex, woke
up late, got punished for procrastinating (with more sex) then rushed here to meet you.

Killua waited patiently for Gon to explain himself but Gon remained uncommunicative, his comportment suspiciously steeped in guilt. "So saying nothing at all is how you defend your actions, huh?" he asked, audibly cracking his knuckles again. "Then prepare yourself for the consequences…"

Gon looked up at Killua who suddenly seemed to be much taller than his two-inch advantage. Hisoka did warn him that this would have happened. All he had to do now was accept the consequences of his dawdling. "I'm sorry Killua…I messed up big time," he said, directing his trademark beatific smile at his friend.

Killua paused just as he was about to hit him again, his face reddening. Gon looked so innocent and vulnerable and he could feel his sincerity in that apology. He sighed, knowing that Gon had won him over as usual.

Seeing that Killua had lowered his fist and his expression had lost its hard edge, Gon smiled wider, feeling relief flood his core.

Once again finding himself comparing his friend's and Hisoka's habits, he saw yet another profound difference between them – although they shared the propensity to deal out punishment for behavior they deemed unsuitable, Killua could be won over with sincere apologies and a meek composure. Hisoka on the other hand, seemed to be immune to all his pleading (or rather enjoyed seeing him beg for mercy) when dead set on punishing him.

*Like this morning,* Gon thought with a frown.

*Anyway…*

"Killua?" he called, stepping closer to him. "I really am sorry I made you wait."

"Yeah I know," Killua replied, not looking at him.

*I can't believe I let him get away so easily again.*

"Well let's just say that I won't *ever* be late again…" Gon said evasively, looking away and blushing.

*I don't think I'd have the opportunity to be sleeping in late anymore if Hisoka plans to keep dealing out punctuality lessons like that,* he thought, trying to ignore the nipple that still ached from that 'lesson' he was taught just an hour earlier.

Killua grunted in frustration, hating that his friend always had that effect on him; the ability to pacify and make him forgive any grudge or slight that he felt as a result of his careless actions.

*I guess I just have to accept it as usual,* Killua thought resignedly as they started to walk toward the gym.

Just then he remembered something. The last time he had seen Gon was when he had told him to follow Hisoka. He looked up quickly to see that Gon was smiling at him again, appearing extra bright compared to how he'd have expected him to look after finding out the truth about that bastard…after being heartbroken.

Killua's brows knitted together – evidence of his irritation and confusion.

There hadn't been a perfect opportunity to ask him yet, but Killua was hoping that Gon had taken
his instructions seriously and gone to the location he had outlined.

_Hisoka needs to be exposed for the lying, cheating bastard that he is._

His hands clenched into tight fists at his sides.

_I'm ready to help you pick up the pieces and start over Gon. It's just you and me again like old times. You don't have to pretend to be strong or anything. Now that Hisoka is out of your life, you could come stay with me and once I'm rid of Illumi we'd travel to all the places I'd told you about._

_Just you and me again like old times_, he repeated to himself, the thought causing him to sigh happily at the idea of the many adventures that awaited them.

It was long overdue for things to return to the way they were between them before Hisoka had interfered.

_Fucking clown..._

Thinking of Hisoka put him in a foul mood again and he gritted his teeth. What are the chances that the magician would be in YorkShin the same time as Gon and how dare he try to take away his friend and corrupt him?

_Regardless, I'll make sure that he never gets to taint him with those lecherous hands._

Killua started walking faster and Gon increased his pace so that he could keep up with him. A few minutes passed by in silence as they focused on weaving through the crowds of people hurrying off to wherever office workers went to make the most of their meager lunch hour.

With each lost in their own thoughts, it was a quiet, peaceful trek until Killua turned to study the face of the one walking close beside him. There was no way to tell what Gon was thinking, no clues that alluded to him knowing of Hisoka's and Illumi's relationship – he just looked happy.

"Hey—" Killua started, ready to ask him about what had transpired the day before but the din from the crowd swallowed his question before he could verbalize it.

Gon only gave him a brief, questioning look but did not try to find out what he was about to say.

Killua understood then that he'd have to be the one to ask as Gon seemed intent upon not being the first to bring up the subject.

He looked around.

_This crowd..._

Seemingly growing by the minute, the crowd that bustled around them continued to interfere with his entire plan, making it impossible to do do anything other than walk...a task that was already made difficult by its encroaching mass.

_Damn_. Despite the fact that his curiosity was mounting higher with every minute that ticked by, Killua realized that he'd have to be patient and wait until the right time to ask. He had spent the last two days terribly concerned about how Gon had fared and now that the time had come to find out if his plan was successful, he couldn't help but feel anxious.

_Hopefully everything had gone according to my plan._

Just then, as if sensing his quiet observation, Gon turned to him with a smile and took Killua's hand
in his to entangle their fingers as they walked. "Let's not lose sight of each other in this, Killua," Gon said, gesturing to the crowd of people surrounding them.

Killua nodded mutely, his expression of surprise settling into a small smile. I can only hope that after what you've seen, you will come to understand what that man truly is. Until then... —he gripped the hand in his tighter—"Yes Gon, let's not lose sight of each other."

XXX

N.B.: Four hours, thirty minutes later ~

Since it was a weekday, the gym was not crowded and that suited them just fine. All the equipment were available to be used without having to wait and Killua especially enjoyed the fact that no one got in his way.

Following their one hundred and eighty minute run on the treadmill and sixty minutes on the elliptical, they sat on adjacent benches in the weight room doing bicep curls.

After holding out for the past four hours, Killua realized that Gon really was not going to bring up the subject of what had happened with Hisoka so he did. There was no way he could fight his curiosity anymore.

"Hey Gon," he ventured, shifting on the padded weight bench to face his friend.

"Yeah Killua?" Gon did not remove his focused stare from the dumbbell in his grip.

"Did you go to The Bar the day before - like I had told you?"

"Um...yeah."

"Well...what happened? If you need somewhere to stay where that freak can't—"

"Everything's okay Killua."

What?

'Okay'?

Am I hearing things?

"What? How can it be? You don't have to pretend to be tough you know."

"I'm not pretending, things really are okay between Hisoka and me."

"No that can't be!" Killua said a little too loudly then dropped his voice into a displeased whisper. "You saw them together, didn't you?"

"Did you know what was going to happen and intentionally sent me there?" Gon asked, his voice bearing an edge of unconcealed suspicion.

Killua took some time to respond, and when he did, he did not go into detail. "No...not really..."

At the ambiguous response, Gon put down the dumbbell he was holding to give Killua his full
attention. "Tell the truth," he said firmly.

"I wasn't planning to lie anyway." Killua countered moodily. "Well, it's just that before I left home
the second or third time—" He paused as if trying to remember exactly when but eventually gave
up. He'd run away from home so many times that he had lost count.

Whatever.

"Anyway, back then I had overheard Illumi on the phone telling someone that they were a 'special
friend' to him despite the fact that our parents would not approve. I'd never really cared to give it
much thought, but when you said that you were here with Hisoka, I figured that he must have been
the person aniki was talking to that day and that they must be involved more deeply than just
friends."

Killua leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees. His incisive blue eyes narrowed as he
thought, *And now after what Illumi's said about this 'friend' that he was with, I am convinced that
those two really are in something.*

*There is no doubt about it.*

He looked at Gon who was frowning while carefully studying him and painted on a smile adding,
"I was only looking out for you."

Gon folded his arms across his chest, still frowning. "Well, Hisoka and your brother are not
involved. At least not anymore."

"How can you be so sure that they—"

"*They're not.*"

Gon sounded so serious, so convinced that Killua was taken aback. And on top of that, he looked
so angry.

*This can't be, it's not fair; he should be upset with that deceitful bastard, not me!*  

*This was the thing that was supposed to open Gon's eyes and get him away from that man.*

Clenching his fists so hard that his nails dug painfully into his palms, Killua was determined not to
give up. "How do you know?!" he insisted, unaffected by the fact that this seemed to be a sensitive
subject for his friend. "They're always together, for all we know they could still be fucking and
doing al—"

"I told you they're not involved!" Gon growled, his anger apparent in not only his tone but the
rigidity of his jaw.

They stared at each other as if facing off, each having their own obstinate opinion on the issue but
refusing to express it in anything other than the withering glares sparking between them. They were
both of the opinion that the other should just 'understand'.

Surprisingly, after what seemed like hours but in actuality was only a few minutes, Gon's anger
was the first to dissipate. "Killua," he called softly, breaking the tense silence that had developed
between them.

"..."
Looking away from Killua and down at his own hands, Gon pulled awkwardly on the rolled hem of his cotton vest and his shoulders slumped when the realization of what was happening between them hit him. The last thing he wanted was to fight with Killua over this; to let a love interest come between their friendship. Albeit in different ways, he loved both Hisoka and Killua and sensing the impending dilemma, he instinctively knew that an argument with Killua was definitely not the way to avoid any difficulty.

*Killua is only concerned about me I guess...*

Relaxing and directing honest eyes to meet the defiant stare that hadn't left him, Gon mumbled, "I confronted Hisoka and he told me the truth about everything, so you shouldn't worry."

Killua threw up his arms in frustration, unable to believe what Gon was telling him. "What? You asked that man ...what were you thinki—"

Just then Gon bent over to retrieve his dumbbell and Killua's eyes widened as something caught his attention.

Shock arrested him instantly as his curious gaze couldn't help but settle on the mark that stood out on his friend's neck and his breath hitched with the awareness of what it was…

That was clearly a hickey and at its centre was…

Killua's skin visibly paled. *Is that a bite?!*

The bruise was faded as Gon's naturally fast healing ability seemed to already be repairing the damaged tissue but it was still apparent. There was no mistaking how Gon had come to receive such an 'injury' in the first place and the knowledge of this was what had Killua sitting stock still, the anger in him steadily rising at what that definitely meant. *How in heaven's name did I not notice that before?!*

Gon looked up at him; stopping his reps. Killua was just sitting there, eerily still. As his friend simply stared at him – or rather, *through* him, Gon raised an eyebrow at the weird expression marring his features. "Are you okay Killua?"

The sound of Gon's voice snapped him out of his pained trance. "Uh yeah…l-let's…let's finish up here and go get something to eat."

"Really?!" Gon asked excitedly. "Can we go back to the pastry shop?"

"Huh? You want to eat at D' Pastry Shoppe? W—"

"Please say yes Killua! I want to try some more stuff and see Laura!"

"Oh, okay Gon…” Killua said absently, sounding a little sad and looking away from the hickey that seemed to be the only thing that he could see whenever he looked at his friend. "Anything you want Gon…anything."

He put down his weights and straightened up into a sitting position. *Damn it. I...I can't stay here...

Killua stood up and removed his weight-training gloves, avoiding eye contact when Gon looked up at him curiously. "I'm going to take a shower," he said curtly, quickly turning and walking away.

"You're done already?" Gon asked but Killua didn't stop, or turn around, just lifted his right hand in acknowledgement before shoving it back into his deep pockets again.
"Ok! I'll be done soon and then we'd head over for some pastries!" Gon called happily after him before he turned the corner, resuming his set and completely unaware of his friend's sudden inner turmoil.

Finally out of Gon's view, in the corridor leading to the male and female locker rooms and showers, Killua stopped for a moment in an attempt to compose himself – he was so angry that his stomach churned, causing him to feel physically ill.

Although he had left Gon's side, the memory of that hickey invaded his consciousness in perspicuous detail, ensuring that he was reminded of how badly his plan had failed. "Get out of my head!" he snarled, lashing out to punch the concrete wall and cracking it.

A small group of young women who had been walking out of the female showers at the same time, laughing and talking amiably, witnessed this and froze – looking at him with expressions that were caught somewhere between arousal and fear.

There was a moment of weighted silence when no one present said anything and the women looked from Killua's bloody fist still pressed against the wall to his expression of intense irritation. Untouched by the atmosphere of thinly veiled malice, their now frozen giggles morphed into excited squeals and whispers.

"Oh my gods he is so scary!"

"But look at those muscles he's so strong…do you think he's a ninja?"

"Probably!"

"I like his hair."

"Why can't I have a boyfriend like that?!"

"Shhh not so loud, he'd hear you!"

"Hey, maybe we're lucky and he's single—"

"There's no way a guy that hot isn't taken – his girlfriend is probably somewhere around here…"

"Who cares if he's taken, I just want to borrow him."

"Hey Jenna what are you doing?!"

"Shhh…just watch and learn."

Taking a bold step forward, one of the young women, obviously the most outspoken in the group, engaged him. "Hey cutie, want to have some fun with us later?" she purred. "I assure you that we'll rock your worl—"

Killua turned his head slowly to look in their direction, pinning them with his assassin stare and without pause they ran off screaming.

Frowning and walking quickly into the male locker room, he whispered darkly, "Good riddance." He had no time for fangirls.

Abruptly the lingering, rancid smell of sweat and old socks assaulted his senses and the threat of becoming physically ill became a real possibility as a strong wave of nausea hit him and he ran into a nearby stall.
Strangely, as Killua gasped between the spasmodic contractions of his stomach, gripping the sides of the bowl until his knuckles showed white, he felt gratitude. At least he was lucky enough that no one was around to witness the sounds of his retching - at least Gon wasn't here to see him like this.

Unfortunately, the thought of his friend brought his anger back and with it another swooning wave of nausea.

Eventually he made it to the shower. *I just had to get away,* he thought as the water beat down on his hair, plastering it to his face and stretching the white strands past his shoulders, until finally separating from them to run in streaming rivulets down the length of his body. Its coldness did not bother him and even now as it bit into his skin he smiled, happy that he could feel, because after seeing what he just did, he felt so dead inside.

Killua looked down at the blood from his hand mixing with the water and running down the drain.

*Maybe I was hallucinating? No…no I was not seeing things…I was not seeing things…I was seeing things I was—*

*Shit.*

*Fuck.*

He took a deep breath. *Damn. What's wrong with me.*

A shaky hand combed the wet hair back from his face.

If he had not walked away from Gon when he did, Killua was not sure what he would have done. *I had to get away, had to stop looking at that …that thing on his neck.*

His fingers struggled to gain purchase on one of the smooth tiled walls as his legs suddenly felt wobbly. There was no way to rationalize his way out of this one. There was no doubt that Gon was sexually involved with someone and he had a pretty good guess who that someone was.

The nausea was back but he held it down. *Oh Gon…why?!*

*Cold be it that all my efforts have been in vain? Could it be that Hisoka has already claimed him…marked him as his? Obviously—*

"Killua, are you okay?"

He gasped audibly. *Gon.*

"Um…y-yeah, why ask?" Killua replied above the sound of the water.

Gon sounded unconvinced that he really was okay. "I just have a feeling…"

"Why don't you go ahead and change and I'll be out soon?" Killua forced his voice to sound normal.

Hopefully it fooled Gon.

And just in case it didn't, he added, forcing his words to sound cheerful in spite of his pain, "And don't you take long, because we have to get to the pastry shop so I can introduce you to the pistachio fraisier before it's sold out like the last time!"

"…
Gon did not respond; all that was heard was his quickened steps, the dull thud of training shoes being thrown in a corner and soon enough, the spray of the adjacent shower.

This made Killua both relieved and dismayed to see how easy it was to fool Gon with just the right words. He was able to sway Gon's attention from him, but at the same time a crushing thought hit him. *Did Hisoka fool you like that too Gon?*
Explanations:

Ever felt so angry that you got sick? Well that's what happened with Killua. He was angry beyond the point of beating up on Gon for being naïve (in his opinion). That's the reason why he was nauseated, not because he was imagining Gon and Hisoka having sex (um well maybe that was part of it too…).

A/N:

Haha Killua is too much for those fangirls lol
Re-edit: Chapters 20 - 26 were chapters 20 - 23 now cut in half to make them easier to read.

Chapter Summary: It's the long anticipated moment: Killua asks some questions, but does he really want the answers he gets?

Chapter Dictionary:

Italicized text: Thoughts

Ne: (At the beginning of a sentence, as a slang word, means 'hey' / 'say')

HuntsApp: This is basically WhatsApp (an instant messaging app) lol. Similar to how 'WhatsApp' is a play on the phrase 'What's up' this is a play on the words 'the hunt's up' so it's basically like telling the other person that the "hunt" is up because you found me, I'm online. And "hunt" is relevant because it is an app for Hunters. Lol yeah I made a stale joke. Ok I'll stop =.=

HuntsApp messages are like this:

Name: Message

'POV person replying or sending message is in italics.'

References: Hunter x Hunter 2011 episode 93 where Gon told Killua about the women he "dated" on Whale Island

Hunter x Hunter 2011 episode 42 where Leorio had haggled with a vendor to get Gon and Killua new phones.

Hunter x Hunter 2011 episode 116 where Gon hurt Killua's feelings when they'd gone to retrieve Kite.

Disclaimers: All characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi. I do not claim ownership of any of the characters mentioned (yes, I've finally standardized my disclaimer).

Warning: None, just cursing and maybe some feels…

Are you ready for the angst?!

Chapter Twenty-six: Confessions and Lies

Gon did not respond; all that was heard were his quickened steps, the dull thud of training shoes being thrown in a corner and soon enough, the spray of the adjacent shower.

This made Killua both relieved and dismayed to see how easy it was to fool Gon with just the right
words. He was able to sway Gon's attention from him, but at the same time a crushing thought hit him.

*Did Hisoka fool you like that too Gon?*

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_N.B._: Day 12 continues…(One hour later ~)

The smell of freshly baked goods permeated the air as Killua looked around, taking in the dusty rose pink walls of the café and the other customers eating and chatting happily. He was surrounded by mirth but felt none of it. All that concerned him at the moment was the knowledge that Gon, the one he'd sworn in his heart to protect, was in a difficult place where he could no longer protect him. This fact placed a crushing burden on his chest that almost made it too hard to breathe.

Finally his eyes settled on Gon sitting opposite him practically bouncing on the vinyl seat like a kid in a candy store.

*He looks the same, yet different,* Killua thought, preoccupied by his internal dialogue rather than involved in the conversation Gon might as well be having with himself.

Just then Gon leaned over to point at something on his untouched menu then returned to perusing his own but Killua was not in the frame of mind to process what he was talking about and was only able to pick up on bits and pieces of his friend's excited banter.

"—nd Killua this looks great!" Gon exclaimed, holding up his laminated menu to the light pouring generously in through the floor length windows. To him, if the pistachio fraisier looked just as its picture implied, it had to be one of the best desserts in the world.

"Yeah I guess it does."

At Killua's morose reply, Gon looked up at his friend to study his face while the other was busy sipping water from the glass he was holding a little too tightly. Something about Killua unsettled him.

Once more, Gon focused on the tight, unsteady grip threatening to crack the glass. "Killua…are you okay?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes I am," Killua replied robotically. His blue eyes were partially hidden by long white bangs and Gon couldn't quite make out his expression. It was then that Gon realized that Killua hadn't looked at him directly since they arrived at the café.

*Is Killua sick?* he wondered, observing how pale he appeared and the way his lips were set in a stern line.

Against the lightweight navy blue turtleneck Killua wore, his skin was as white as a sheet. His gaze drifted to Killua's left hand – the one not holding the glass and currently wrapped tightly in a bandage. He had come out of the shower to see his hand like that and although Killua had worn weight-training gloves while they were in the gym, there had been no indication of a bandage underneath.

*When did he hurt himself?*
It wasn't like that in the gym...

"Ne Killua, is something the matter?"

"Why do you keep asking me th—" Killua's face turned beet red as Gon gently gathered his injured hand up off the table to turn it over. He gripped the glass tighter as those tanned fingers ghosted over the cloth wrappings, his face now bearing an expressionless mask even as his hand hurt from Gon's careful inspection.

"How did you get hurt? This wasn't there before." Honey-colored eyes looked up to meet his blue ones and Killua frowned.

"..."

"Does it hurt Killua?"

"No."

"It doesn't seem as if anything's broken..."

"Do you think I'll sit here with broken bones?!"

"I'm worried about yo—"

"Hey look it's Laura!"

"Really? Where?"

"Hi guys!"

Gon released Killua's hand to wave at Laura as she approached their corner booth. Today as usual, she wore a bright smile in addition to the checkered apron edged with rose pink ruffles over her standard uniform. "Nice to see you Laura!"

"Nice to see you too Gon-kun," Laura replied, pulling out one of the ballpoint pens she wore like chopsticks in her braided bun.

"Ah, you remembered my name!"

"And you remembered mine." She smiled, taking out her clipboard in preparation to receive their orders.

"You remember Killua too right?" Gon asked, turning back to his friend and pointing.

"Hello Killua," Laura greeted him, grinning.

Not wanting to be rude and earn Gon's disapproval, he smiled back at her and waved.

Laura turned to Gon, concern now clearly etched into her features. "Gon, your friend doesn't look too well, is he okay?"

Gon immediately turned to frown at him. "See! I told you so Killua!"

Urgh

Killua groaned internally. Laura's presence here is supposed to distract Gon, not make him zero in
on me.

"So what would it be today?" Laura asked, putting a hand on Gon's shoulder. She had sensed that his friend was not feeling comfortable with the extra attention.

"Do you have any more of the pistachio fraisier?" Killua pointed at the picture on Gon's menu.

"Oh, as a matter of fact, we just happen to have two left!" She announced, delighting in the way Gon's expression of unconstrained anticipation instantly morphed into excitement. There was something about this young man's smile that was terribly contagious.

"Really?!"

"Yep! Want to get both?"—she gestured to them with her pen—"You and your friend…I mean, Killua could each get one."

"Wow!" Gon's trademark smile spread across his face. "Thanks Laura!"

Laura couldn't help but reflect his smile. "Want anything else?"

"Just another water for me," Killua replied, fighting the urge to sigh. "What do you want Gon?"

"Ah…" Gon quickly scanned the page filled with colorful photos of all the drinks available, figuring that he'd simply pick the most attractive one. But they're all pretty...

"You have no idea do you?" Killua asked and Gon blushed. He'd been so caught up in admiring the pistachio fraisier that he hadn't thought about what he wanted to drink. What would go well with this?

"How about this one?" Killua asked, reaching over to tap one of the pictures.

"Blackberry Mojito Tea," Gon read aloud as he traced the edges of the photo. Where had he heard that before?

Killua rolled his eyes as Gon went silent for a moment, obviously deep in thought.

"Ah!" Gon exclaimed suddenly. "Mojito…! Isn't that alcohol?! Do you want to get me drunk Killua?"

"What?" Killua's cheeks reddened in embarrassment. "Of course not you…you…baka it's..."

"But Killua, why would its name be—"

Laura's giggle made them both look up at her. "You guys are so funny." She removed her hand from her lips to point at the information box next to the picture. "This is a sweet drink, very refreshing for a hot day. It is made right here from mint leaves, blackberries, fresh lemon juice, sugar and of course water. So you see Gon? No alcohol."

"I told you so you lunkhead!" Killua said pushing a finger playfully at Gon's forehead. "Why would a pastry shop be serving alcohol?"

If only you practised that much caution around Hisoka you wouldn't currently be making me so stressed that I'm sick, he thought as he looked at the sheepish smile Gon was directing at him.
"Ok then guys," Laura said as she pocketed her clipboard. "I'll be back."

Gon watched her leave, barely able to keep his excitement down until his phone's wild buzzing caught his attention.

[[Erratic beeping sound]]

The weird noise had Killua looking up to locate its source. It was similar to the same beeping sound that had Gon's phone vibrating the last time they were in the café together but not quite.

Who is it that's always sending him messages when we're together?

Unlike then though, instead of ignoring whoever it was that was currently messaging him on the other end, Gon chose to reply immediately.

Killua's eyes narrowed as he studied the look of surprise that arrested his friend's features followed by the small smile gracing his lips.

Who is it that's making Gon smile like that?

"Who is it Gon?"

"No one important," Gon replied quickly, not looking up at him but busy looking down at the phone and typing.

"They seem pretty important to me," Killua grumbled, eyes focused on the guilty blush staining Gon's cheeks.

Gon laughed, scratching the back of his head in his typical nervous habit. The movement caused him to lift the phone he was hiding below the table and that's when Killua noticed that he was using a different one.

"Hey Gon, is that a new phone?" he asked leaning over to get a better look but Gon pocketed the device before he could make out what brand it was. "Was your old phone ruined? I still have mine from when Leorio got us the same ones..."

"Um...well that phone doesn't have enough internal memory to download all the new apps that make talking to friends easier," Gon replied, not meeting his gaze. "New apps like HuntsApp a—and—"

"New apps?" Killua was confused. "Gon what do you need new apps like those for when we usually use text messages to communicate?"

"Well this phone was a gift so I didn't really have a choice but I really love it, you should get one too and then I'd be able to add you to my contact list on HuntsApp!"

"A gift?" Killua already knew the answer but still found himself asking, "Gon, who the hell would buy you such an expensive pho—"

"Hey Killua I almost forgot," Gon interrupted. "Where do you live?"

"Huh?" Killua was at a loss with the sudden change in topic but soon his excitement to tell Gon about his house became overwhelming.

I'll ask him about the phone later.
"Um...well I live in a townhouse-style apartment. It's really nice, Gon and Illumi let me pick it out when we had first gotten to Yorkshin!"

"Whoa...really?!" came Gon's surprised reply. "I can't believe that he let you do that! Doesn't your family have a vacation home here already?"

Killua laughed. "Oh yeah... but he was so totally caught up in pretending to make up for all the crap he did in the past that it was pretty easy to get what I wanted." Grinning, he added, "So naturally I went for the best since he's the one paying the rent. I told him that we needed enough room just in case we have visitors and of course he fell for it."

Curious, Gon asked, "What is it like living with Illumi now though?" Sometimes it was hard to tell whether Killua and his brother were getting along or not.

"It's the same as it's always been when we grew up together. Only now, the difference is that he isn't going on jobs to be out of my hair. He's at home most of the time and with the space between us being much smaller, it's harder to avoid him – so it totally sucks that I can't escape his overbearing presence and especially annoying nagging." Killua huffed. "He's always like: 'Killua don't do that', 'Killua where are you going today?', 'Killua don't forget to eat your lunch...""

Killua gritted his teeth before continuing.

"And then I tell him: 'I'm not a fucking kid; I'm fucking fifteen years old and have been making my own decisions since I was six!' And you know what he tells me?!”—he made a frustrated gesture with his hands—'he tells me: 'Killua stop cursing'. So most of our discussions end in me walking off on him. It's pointless arguing with that jerk."

Gon laughed awkwardly; realizing that he was naive to actually expect a better response. "Killua it can't be that bad. Didn't you tell me yesterday on the phone that you guys were having lunch together? It sounds like he makes nice stuff for you."

"Don't remind me," Killua replied, tussling his hair in irritation at Gon's look of confusion. "Urghhh, Gon you don't know the half of it."

"You know Killua, I've been wondering," Gon started, and seeing that his friend's attention had not left him, he continued. "Is Illumi like that with your other siblings?" Surely Killua wasn't the only one who had caught his attention. And if so, was it because he was the heir that his brother wanted to treat him specially?

"Like how?" Killua asked. "Creepy, overbearing and possessive?"

"Ah..." Those weren't exactly the words Gon was going for but if that was how Killua saw it he guessed that they would suffice. "Yeah..."

Killua didn't have to think at length to give Gon an answer. "I wish that he'd have chosen to bother Kalluto instead of me. After all, mother had placed him under Illumi’s supervision for some time." Killua's bored posture reflected his state of mind. "Unfortunately, as soon as Kalluto went off on his extended assignment and I returned with Alluka, Illu-nii was back to tormenting my existence with his pretentiousness."

"Is he still...you know, a threat to Alluka like before?" When they had last met, Gon had asked him how Alluka was doing back at the Zoldyck's residence, but he hadn't specifically asked how she was being treated by Illumi. At the time he didn't believe that it was important but after thinking about it a bit more, he figured that the 'family thing' Killua had told him about the year before and
the fact that Hisoka mentioned being hired by Illumi to stop Alluka from granting Killua's wish meant that Killua's eldest brother was at odds with her. That made him feel a bit protective towards Killua's sister, even if she was no longer experiencing a threat from the rest of her family. He would not tolerate anyone treating someone who had basically saved his life and who was so precious to Killua badly – even if it was Killua's own brother behaving that way.

Killua was too distracted by Gon's concern for his sister to remember that he had actually never told him that Illumi had been a threat to her. "No need to worry Gon, like I told you before, Alluka's alright. We talk everyday on the phone and she's very happy," he said, smiling gently at the way Gon's expression relaxed a bit. He was happy that Gon was still interested in Alluka's well-being. "As for how Illu-nii treats her, apparently, according to him, his former views have changed since there is no point in trying to control either Alluka or me considering that we are both on the Zoldycks' side." Killua made a scoffing sound in his throat, adding in a low grumble, "Like I believe that jerk."

What he didn't tell Gon though, was that after talking with Illumi that morning, he really was starting to tolerate him more, despite the fact that he was still aggressively fighting that change.

And worse yet, that kiss.

I don't think I'm ever telling Gon about that. How do I even begin to explain that shit?

"Who knows, maybe he really is no longer a threat to you," Gon commented, shrugging his shoulders.

Killua studied his friend's casual expression, utterly nonplussed. Gon seemed to have this innate ability to simplify the most complex situations.

If only I could be so carefree.

"Gon, you don't get it, do you? My brother is not just a manipulator by Nen type, he cannot be trusted."

"I kind of always thought that Illumi didn't bother himself with things like lies and trickery. He seems like a pretty straightforward person..."

"Whatever." Killua didn't even bother considering it. "Anyway, now it's your turn to tell me about where you're staying."

"Well I'm staying on North Street; my place is near that fancy restaurant by the boulevard."

"The Italian restaurant?"

"Yup."

Killua tried to recall which residential buildings were located there. "What? Isn't that where they built all the really tall condos recently?!"

Gon laughed. "I don't know much about York Shin so...maybe?"

"W-what um Gon...don't tell me you're living in a condominium complex!" His eyes widened as a thought occurred to him. "Wait; don't tell me that Park Towers is that condo! Where did you get the kind of money to stay there?! Forget buying a unit in that place, even the rent is a killer!"

That could buy me a lifetime supply of Chocorobots...
"But Killua your place isn't cheap either!"

"Meh, I already told you...the rent money is coming out of Illu-nii's pocket so I don't care."

"Bu—"

"Now back to you," Killua said, not wanting to stray from the subject. He finished the glass of water in front of him in one gulp, then turned back to Gon, deciding to give him the benefit of the doubt first before jumping to any conclusions.

I wonder if Ging's paying for Gon to stay there? With his kind of money he could more than afford to buy his son a condo in YorkShin city.

If that was the case, I could understand. After all, maybe Gon's deadbeat dad is finally trying to atone for having abandoned his kid for the past decade and a half.

"So...Gon, is your dad renting that place for you?"

"Ah Ging…well, no..."

Hmmmm so it isn't Ging...

"Ok...so that means you must have won the lottery then?"

"...

"Well?"

"Killua you know I don't play that."

"Then how did—"

"Okay here we go!" Laura chimed as she placed a large white serving tray containing their orders on the table between them.

Shit...not again, Killua thought, gritting his teeth at the interruption. I didn't even see her coming.

Quickly unpacking the contents in front of them while Gon literally rubbed his hands together, she recited, "Two pistachio fraisiers, one water and one Blackberry Mojito Tea."

"Thank you Laura" Gon said, quickly smiling up at her before diving into the treat with his fork.

Laura retrieved her tray and gave them her friendliest smile. "You're welcome! I'll be over there if you need anything else!"

Killua watched her leave and then focused his stare back on Gon.

I swear I'm going to find out exactly what's going on with you and nothing's going to stop me the next time I ask.

Something's not right.

Are you really fooling around with Hisoka?

He remembered the hickey and how Gon had carefully avoided answering the question about whether or not he was staying with Hisoka the last time they had met up.
Damn it...don't tell me you really are living with him?!

Killua didn't even dare to entertain the thought that he was absolutely right about Gon's living situation and that Hisoka and his friend were probably doing much more than simply 'fooling around'.

That's impossible. Gon isn't that gullible.

"Mmm Killua what are you waiting for?" Gon asked, his dessert already mostly gone. "This is amazing!"

"Huh?" All that was left on Gon's plate was the glazed strawberry and less than a quarter of the cake section he'd started with. "Oh, I'm glad to see that you like it so much…"

Gon focused his attention on Killua's untouched cake. "Does that mean you're giving me yours?"

"Hey! Stick to your own dessert and stop looking at mine like that!" Killua pulled the small gold-tone plate holding his pistachio fraisier closer to him. "Back off or I'll drink your Mojito."

"Killua, don't do that, I haven't even tasted it yet…” Gon whined.

"Ha, then leave my stuff."

Gon stuck his tongue out at Killua and went back to polishing off his dessert happily.

Killua's playful glare softened as he continued to look at him. If only things could have remained like this: just the two of them hanging out together – always. In the past he'd thought that all he had to worry about was Gon getting himself stupidly slaughtered or some woman taking him away. The last thing he expected to have to worry about was that Hisoka would actually succeed in getting into his pants.

Okay...

Killua bit down on his lip, hoping that the pain would help him to ignore the direction in which his thoughts were heading. He wanted to know what Gon was hiding from him and he suspected that Gon was sexually involved with someone but he was utterly afraid that the person his friend was involved with was the one all the evidence was pointing to.

What am I going to do if I ask and Gon tells me that they really are fucking?

Just then an image of Hisoka whispering vile things to his friend, naked and trembling in ecstasy entered his consciousness and immediately his hand flew to his mouth.

I think I'm going to be sick, he thought as his earlier nausea came back with a vengeance.

He got up, pushing the chair away from him and his plate toward Gon.

"Killua? What's wrong?" Gon asked, suddenly alert and looking up from his now empty plate to see Killua standing, eyes darting around the room as if searching for something. To Gon he looked a little green in the face.

"On second thought, you can have my pistachio fraisier Gon…" Killua muttered between his fingers.

"Killua?"
"Is everything okay?" Laura asked, coming up to them.

"I think Killua needs to use the bathroom…"

"Oh I see!" She turned to look at him. "Come this way, there's one right over here."

XXX

N.B.: Ten minutes later ~

On returning to his seat, Killua saw that Gon was still where he had left him with Laura now sitting opposite talking to him.

When she looked up to see him standing there, she quickly got up to allow him to sit back down. "Are you okay now? You look a little better."

"Thanks for your help," he said, pausing to give her a small smile. "I do feel...better."

"You're welcome."

Laura continued to study him for a moment before asking, "You're not allergic to ginger right?"

Killua shook his head.

"Well I put some ginger tea there for you; it will help you to feel better." She pointed at the glass in front of him on the table. "Make sure to drink it all and if you need some more water, let me know."

Killua smiled as she walked back to the service area.

"Ah Killua, did you eat something bad?" Gon asked, watching as Killua sipped the tea cautiously. He was confused since Killua was practically immune to a wide range of poisons. What could possibly have made him ill?

"No I didn't eat anything bad and in any case I feel much better now so wipe that worried look off your face."

"I can't help it Killua! Look at me,"—Gon gestured quickly to himself—"Of course I must worry about you; I was even so panicked that I ate all your dessert!"

In afterthought he rubbed his head nervously. "Sorry about that though…"

"That's okay Gon; I did say you could have it. It's not like I could have eaten it anyway."

"We—"

[[Erratic beeping sound]]

"What's that? Is it your phone again? I've been hearing that sound since we got here."

"Oh that's the notification for when someone sends you a message on that HuntsApp thing I was
"Really? I must admit that it seems kind of cool."

"Yeah it totally is Killua. I downloaded it last night."

"How does it work? Maybe I'll get a better phone so we can chat with this too."

Gon was excited to see that Killua was no longer bitter about him changing phones and now seemed willing to download the new app for them to chat. "It's just like how we text each other but this one is easier to use, more popular and can only be downloaded from the App Market by licensed Hunters. Plus...it has cool emoticons!"

"An app exclusively for Hunters?" Killua asked a bit unsure.

"Yeah, it prompts you to put in your hunters' license number to sign up in addition to your phone number so that makes all messages you send and receive more secure!"

"But wouldn't using our license numbers in an open forum like that make it easy for people with less than honest intentions to track us?"

"Normally, yes. Instant messaging apps usually have security holes and I was worried about that too but it seems that their server is really, really secure," Gon responded with a grin.

"Hack-proof?"

"Mmmhmm, if you take the right precautions to protect yourself."

Killua found himself staring at Gon with his mouth agape and quickly closed it. When did Gon get so tech savvy?!

This feeling was just like a few days ago when Gon had effortlessly beaten him at those arcade games.

"How do you know so much about all this stuff? You were never interested in techie things before."

"I'm only repeating what Hisoka told me. He's always talking about that stuff," Gon replied honestly, unaware of how quickly the last traces of Killua's smile vanished when he mentioned Hisoka's name. "Hey, you know what?"

"What?"

"We could even talk to Leorio and Kurapika with this!"

"Is that so?"

"Of course, they use HuntsApp as well! I was so happy when I downloaded this and saw them on my contact list. But since they're really busy it might still be hard to communicate. I already sent Leorio a message earlier and Kurapika was online a while ago but I didn't want to bother him."

Gon pulled the slim phone out of his pocket and Killua couldn't stop himself from asking. "Gon, who was it that bought that for you?"

Gon blushed, deciding not to avoid the truth anymore. "Well, Hisoka gave it to me last night."
"Why would Hisoka be giving you gifts?!"

"Ah…he said that my other phone was 'outdated'."

"But I still have mine…"

The phone buzzed in his hand.

[[Erratic beeping sound]]

"Hey Killua look!" Gon announced animatedly, trying to distract his friend and change the somber air that had descended upon him. "That's probably Leorio replying to the message I'd sent him so here, I'll show you how the app works." He propped his elbows on the table and quickly slid his thumb across the screen to unlock it. Killua leaned closer.

Evil Magician: Hey Gon-kun having fun? I bet it's not as much fun as we had this morning *wink, wink* (ˇεˇ) (P.S.: just in case you don't know, that's a kiss…just like the ones I like to put all over your fat ass and up past your—)

Gon quickly pushed the phone back in his pocket. Mortified, he looked up to see Killua looking at him and frowning.

Holy shit. I should have known that Hisoka usually messages me at random times when I'm out and—

"Gon…"

How am I going to explain this? "Y-yes Killua?" Gon smiled up at him innocently. Maybe he didn't see the entire message.

"Is 'evil magician' who I think it is?"

Ok…he saw it.

"It depends on who you think it is…"

"…" Killua paused, trying to focus on breathing evenly.

"Gon," he repeated, his voice lower and more dangerous than before. "Do you take me for a fool?"

Gon started to cold sweat. I want to tell him what's going on but I really don't think I'm ready for his reaction.

"No Killua…I'll never take you for a f—"

"I'm giving you up to the count of ten."

"What?" Gon was absolutely befuddled.

"I'm sick of all this nonsense Gon; come clean. You've been hiding something from me, keeping me in the dark like it's some kind of joke and you better start being honest or else…” Killua didn't finish his sentence but Gon could pretty much guess what would happen.

"It's just that I… I…"

"You what?"
"Well if you're ready to talk, I will help you along." Killua started. "First off, you've been acting strangely since we met up in this city. You're not usually a late person and now you are. What is it that has you so tired? Last time you looked like you hadn't slept in days. You have all sorts of weird bruises: the other day it was your forehead, this time there's one on your neck and I can clearly see that it's a bite"—he pointed to Gon's neck—"What the heck is going on with you and Hisoka?" He took a deep breath, fists clenching atop the smooth, patterned table between them. "Because I suspect that he's the reason you've been acting differently."

Gon neither confirmed nor denied the accusations and it sort of scared Killua that he was right. "This man...he's taking you around town, you're going to the arcade with him and now he's bought you a new phone?"

"Uh...that's a lot of stuff for me to answer all at once..." Gon whispered, eyes focused on the table.

Killua made an exasperated sound in his throat. "Ok. Well let's get to the point then. What's your relationship with Hisoka? Friendship, a job or more than that?"

"Well we have this job to do and..." Gon stopped.

**What am I doing?**

**Why am I being secretive to Killua about this?**

He had been about to lie in order to protect himself but then he remembered how much trouble his lies that morning to Hisoka had gotten him in.

**Killua is my best friend and I will only hurt him if I continue to lie.**

**But will the truth hurt him as well...?**

"Gon...earth to Gon," Killua called and Gon opened his eyes to see his friend waving a hand close to his face.

He blinked a couple times. "Huh?"

"You're spacing out."

"Ah, sorry Killua..."

"Are you going to answer my question?"

"Yes...you see..." Gon's index finger traced the blue, pink and purple swirls of the psychedelic art emblazoned on the surface of the laminated tabletop. "Y-you see, the thing is...well this is how it is, I..." He stopped himself and took a deep breath.

**What am I getting so worked up about? I'm sure Killua would understand.**

Finally, he met those questioning blue eyes directly. "The relationship I have with Hisoka is beyond friendship."

Killua was silent for a while as if unsure of what to say next. When he did speak, it was to ask another question. "So did this 'relationship' develop recently or were you lying to me the day before when you said that there was nothing between you, making me feel that it was just a crush that you had on him?"
Gon lowered his head. "That's right Killua, I...I lied to you."

"Did Hisoka make you lie to me?"

"No..."

"I can't believe that...this was all your decision," Killua said, the pain in his voice unmistakable.

Gon quickly put up a hand. "Killua, I wanted to tell you; I really, really did but I..."

"So...what you are saying is that you're both in a relationship?"

Twisting uncomfortably in his seat, Gon found himself hard-pressed to come up with a response to that question. How exactly was he supposed to respond to that? Hisoka never did say that they were together in a relationship although he acted that way.

Killua looked at Gon's expression and found himself getting angrier. *How the heck could he not know?*

"Um...our relationship...well it, you know..." Gon sputtered, trying to find the right words to describe the 'relationship' he shared with Hisoka so that his friend could understand.

But it came out all wrong.

"Killua, I...I'm not sure...we always you know...and he just..."

"Gon," Killua said firmly, interrupting his confused babbling. "So it's just sex then?"

"Um..."

"Are you in a sexual relationship with Hisoka?"

Gon's blush spread from his cheeks right to the tips of his ears and Killua couldn't restrain his gasp. It was just as he'd feared and worse. All the pieces of the puzzle started to fit together. The marks on Gon's neck, the fact that he was usually late or tired when they met and then there was that weird phone call the day before when Gon was sounding like he was...

*Oh my gods was he having sex while talking to me on the phone yesterday?!

"Gon, what—"

"Killua, please don't look at me like that..." Gon pleaded. "I really do like Hisoka you know..."

"So what... you're ready to admit that you're gay now? Is that it? What about the 'I don't know' when I had asked you the last time?"

"I—" he began but Killua cut him off.

"You seem to have made up your mind about this but it's impossible to know something this important so soon... Look at it from my point of view; it's crazy! Your time with this individual has only been like what—a few days?!

Picking up his water glass, Killua regarded his friend over its rim before taking a sip and adding in a dismissive tone, "You're just going through a phase or something."

*And when this crazy phase is over, please choose someone more appropriate..."*
"But wouldn't that just be your opinion?" Gon argued.

Killua tried not to slam his glass back down on the table. "Dammit Gon stop being so...so freaking stubborn!" He took a deep, steadying breath but it failed to relax him. Gon was so hardheaded and sometimes it was beyond difficult to get through to him.

"Do you think I'll just say something like that to you? Obviously I'm speaking from experience! Geez...it took me so long to come to terms with my sexuality an—" he pressed his lips together. Shit.

Gon tried to make eye contact with him but Killua was not allowing him to. "Killua what are you saying?" he asked, his voice filled with quiet wonder. "Are you gay—?"

Killua cleared his throat. You've only just figured that out Gon? ? Like...seriously? "I'm not the subject of this discussion," he replied, his cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red.

I'm not going to let him change the subject again.

"W-what I'm trying to get you to understand is how impulsive this all seems. It was just two days ago when you were utterly confused, now all of a sudden you're sure." Frowning, he grumbled, "All because of this...this guy...What's so special about him?"

"He's special to me and that's what matters," Gon replied stubbornly.

"Your change of heart is too sudden; like all because of this person you've made a life-changing decision and boom you think you're gay," Killua sneered. "What if it's just a passing fancy...a curiosity of some sort?"

"I'm not experimenting with my sexuality if that's what you're implying."

"Yes that's exactly what I'm implying. And knowing that you're not sure, what if Hisoka's taking advantage of you?!"

Quiet for a moment, Gon calmly looked from the finger pointed at his face to Killua's heated expression, and then replied with a question of his own. "To experiment you have to be unsure right?"

Confused, Killua responded, "Well...yes..."

"But I'm sure."

"Tch and what could possibly make you so sure?" Killua asked, still looking skeptical.

"Listen Killua," Gon said with conviction. "It may not seem like a long time and this may all appear to be sudden, but a lot has happened in the past few days; I've been forced to do a lot of thinking and it all makes sense now."

"What does?"

"I've never really been attracted to anyone before."

"But what about all those ladies on Whale Island you told me you kissed? What about Palm?"

"I felt nothing more than friendship towards them. Their kisses felt no different than the ones I always give Aunt Mito. It was fun hanging out together and being nice to them, but with Hisoka,
his kisses are always so intense and they make me want to kiss him more...to have him put his arms around me and—" Gon stopped himself, to look quizzically at his friend who was rubbing his temples as if he had a major headache. "Is everything alright Killua?"

"Have you ever heard of a little something called TMI or too much information?"

"Huh?"

"Figures," Killua grumbled. First he doesn't want to tell me anything, and then he's telling me too much... What the heck?

Now he wouldn't be able to unsee that mental picture of his friend being french kissed by that lewd magician. His eyes strayed to the marks on Gon's neck. How much more did Gon have? Were there others hidden beneath his t-shirt?

"I still can't believe that you..." His words seemed to get smaller, more pained. "I can't believe that you've been lying to me all this time—"

"Killua, I just lied about one thing when we were here previously and that was the extent of my relations with Hisoka. That's all I've been lying about and—" Gon blushed suddenly as he remembered. Since he was coming clean with the truth, he might as well tell Killua everything. "There was something else I lied about too. On the phone yesterday, I was not eating..."—his blush deepened—"well, I wasn't eating food that is...um...and...I...uh...the thing is it wasn't a mosquito that was bothering me either, it was Hisoka and those sounds weren't from me playing a game." Gon's voice lowered and he leaned closer to Killua. "In fact I was having fellatio...you know, oral se—"

"Oh my goodness Gon!" Killua gasped wide-eyed. I suspected as much but I don't want you to tell me!

Unfortunately, Gon continued to talk despite the horror-struck look on Killua's face.

"I'm such a newbie at this stuff...I had no idea that talking on the phone could be so hard while having to sit there an—"

"What the heck is wrong with you man?!" Killua clasped his hands tightly over his ears. "I can't listen to this!"

Gon grasped his wrists, using them to forcibly pull Killua's hands away from his ears, and as he yanked him closer in the same movement, their eyes met. They were silent for a moment as they simply stared at each other and then Gon continued heatedly. "That's the problem with you Killua," he hissed through clenched teeth, his grip tightening around Killua's wrists and his eyes never leaving those familiar blue ones now widened in surprise. "You want to see me as this picture of perfection, this light, but you haven't considered that maybe I'm not as perfect as you think. Maybe I lied but have you ever thought that I wouldn't have had to if you had allowed me to tell you the truth when I was trying? You probably wouldn't have believed me if I'd told you anyway; you kept refusing to see things as they are even though my situation is obvious! You're in constant denial!"

"..."

When Killua did not respond he continued, "I'm having sex with Hisoka, Killua. I like it very much and I like him very much. We may not be in a relationship but I know that he cares for me and right now, I think I probably might be in love with..."

Killua tried to pull away his wrists but Gon's hold was firm. "What nonsense are you spouting
"It's not nonsense!" Gon protested. "My feelings may mean nothing to you but that does not give you the right to be so judgmental! You don't understand Killua, because you've probably never loved anyone, but when you do you'll know how I feel."

Killua managed to free his hands from that iron grip, quiet for a moment and hurt by Gon's words. This felt familiar. When had this happened before? Oh yeah, when they'd gone after Neferpitou and Gon had told him that he had it easy because Kite's retrieval meant nothing to him. You were wrong then...and you're wrong now Gon, he thought. I may have never been in love, and it's true, maybe I don't understand how you feel...but if your feelings meant nothing to me, I wouldn't be so concerned about you.

Gon looked at Killua's face, and on seeing the pain there, regret flooded him at having hurt his friend. He really had not intended to offend him with his words, but still feeling slighted by what Killua had said to him, he was in no mood to apologize.

So for a few tense minutes, no more words were exchanged and despite the fact that the cafe was lively with the banter from the other customers, the silence between them became strained to the point that it was deafening.

Rubbing one of his bruised wrists, Killua finally spoke. "Why did you let him go that far? Why did you have sex with him?" he asked, meeting Gon's heated but curious gaze. "I don't understand how you could say that you like him...it's too soon..."

"I have been attracted to him for a long time you know," Gon confessed quietly. "I just didn't really understand what I felt then."

"Does Hisoka have feelings for you?"

"Well..."

Killua was aghast. "You don't know?!"

"It's not that simple."

"And you let him do those things to you?!"

"Well he asked me to stay with him."

"That means nothing!" Killua shouted, slamming his fist on the table.

Wait... 'stay with him'?"

Killua looked up quickly. "Gon! You're not going to tell me that you accepted that bullshit and you're living with—"

"Yes I am. And it's not bullshit. I'm sorry I've been avoiding your questions about my living situation. I had also been concerned about your reaction to that as well." Before Killua could say anything else, Gon continued. "I have been living together with Hisoka ever since I came to YorkShin over a week ago." He looked down for a moment, fishing around in his pockets for paper and effectively missing the way Killua paled even more than he had previously.

Although Killua had really strong suspicions about Gon's living situation, especially after learning that he was living in a condo, hearing it from Gon and learning that that was the case since before
they had reunited hurt more than he expected.

_Gon has been hiding this from me...since the beginning?_

"Gon...are you serious?" Killua asked as Gon started scribbling on the piece of paper he had found.

"Here you go Killua," Gon announced, looking down at the small sheet of paper briefly to make sure he had gotten the address right. He focused on him again. "I'm sorry this is so late but now that you know truth, I really want you to know everything that's going on with me; I don't want to lie to you anymore." Grabbing Killua's hand, he pushed the paper into his palm. "This is our address. Maybe you could come visit sometime!"

"Huh?" Killua looked away from Gon's bright smile to absently regard the crumpled paper currently in his palm.

_'Our'...address?_

What Gon was asking of him was the impossible. There was no way he would be able to get used to this situation with his best friend and that man any time soon.

"Gon, there is no way I'm coming to see you with that man there!"

"But—"

"Gon you don't get it do you?" Killua asked.

"What am I not getting Killua?!"

"This man could be using you for his own satisfaction."

"You don't know that."

"Then what proof do you have?! That he put you up in an expensive condo...that he asked you to stay with him and gifts you with expensive things?! That proves nothing more than the fact that you're just his little se—" Killua stopped before he said what was on his mind.

Gon's eyes narrowed. "That I'm just his what Killua?"

"It's not important, Gon...just open your eyes and see the truth."

"How could you talk to me about 'truth' when you keep refusing to acknowledge what's going on…?"

"Explain it to me then."

"It's not about expensive condos or gifts...you know me better than that Killua." In spite of the dispirited atmosphere between them, Gon smiled to himself, turning to look out one of the floor-length windows at the people bustling by on the pavement. His tone got dreamy when he recalled the way Hisoka made him feel sometimes. "When I'm with Hisoka I feel...happy and I can tell that he's happy when he's with me too."

"It could be a trap – he did boast in Heaven's Arena how dishonest he is," Killua said rolling his eyes. How much more obvious could it be for Gon to realize that this was just a temporary thing for Hisoka? "He'll get bored of you soon you know."
Gon tried not to let it show but he couldn't prevent himself from flinching in response to Killua's words that pulled at his insecurities. "I don't think so," he countered. "Hisoka would never get bored of me."

Killua ignored the way Gon's fists tightened on the table and his eyes hardened with his belief. "Gon, you can be so clueless sometimes." He saw Gon frown at him but he intended to get his point across and continued, "As I said before and he said himself, he's a liar. What if he's lying to you?!

"He's not!" Gon insisted.

"I can't take this," Killua mumbled. Hisoka obviously had his friend brainwashed. "You are such a naïve fool."

"Killua, take that back!"

Instead of apologizing, Killua turned away and a gloomy silence settled between them. Just then Laura came by, oblivious to the tension between the two young men. "Hey Gon I forgot to ask you how the coffee was," she said as she packed their used plates and glasses onto her tray.

Gon tore his gaze away from Killua to look up at her. What was she talking about?

Seeing his confused expression, she tried to clarify. "The crème brulee? I did not work this morning but my colleague told me that your partner was here and he was trying to decide between the cafe latte and the crème brulee for your first trial and decided to go with the crème brulee." She smiled. "It must be so nice to live with someone so thoughtful."

Killua gritted his teeth. He really couldn't take this anymore.

"Where are you going Killua?" Gon stood up to follow him as he walked off. "…"

"Hey wait up, let me pay!"

Killua did not stop; he continued walking and Gon quickly pulled some money out of his pocket and dropped it on the table. Most likely he was overpaying on the bill but he didn't care, there was no time to stop to check what they owed when Killua was already almost out the door. He couldn't let him leave like this.

"Ki—"

Killua pushed open the door and was already outside. The jingling of the attached bell that sounded so cheery whenever customers entered now sounded ominous and disharmonic, like a harbinger of terrible things to come.

In his haste to catch up to Killua, Gon almost ran right into him as he suddenly stopped on the sidewalk. "Gon, I'll be honest with you. I really don't know how to deal with this."

"What? Killua…do you have a problem with me being gay?"

Killua's brow furrowed in confusion; if he wasn't currently feeling so devastated, he'd have slapped his own forehead…or shook some sense into Gon. "Gon, how the heck could I have a problem with that when I'm also g—ah…"—he stopped himself in time, stumbling over his words a bit
—"you could wear a T-Shirt announcing your sexuality to the world and I couldn't care less."
Sighing sadly, he continued, "That's not the problem; the problem is who you're with…and what you've done."

"What do you mean?"

"It's the lies...I can't handle the fact that you've been consciously lying to me from the beginning. Even Laura knew what was up with you. I feel so dumb."

"But Killua I told you, I wanted to be truthful since we met but you wouldn't let me!"

"So instead of owning up to what you did, you're blaming me?"

"..."

"You just don't understand, and that's what's frustrating. What bothers me is that you were content to continue lying to me and only came clean because I became suspicious! You were satisfied with me believing that you two were just travelling together."

"I..."

"What?" Killua asked tersely, folding his arms across his chest while still keeping his back turned to Gon.

"..."

Gon said nothing so Killua turned his head to look back at him. "You didn't want to tell me because you were worried about how I would deal with knowing that you two were doing all that." He paused to take a deep breath that sounded tired. "So how do you think I feel now? Have you any idea how tough the past few days have been for me thinking that you were in danger with this man and worrying about you when you disappeared? I practically worried myself sick while you were probably under him having a good time."

"Killua..."

"..."

Gon took a good look at what he could see of his friend's face. Now that he did, he saw the shadows under his eyes and the skin that was a little too pale. His heart hurt to see Killua like this. What could he say to him when Killua was right? The past few days while he didn't know how much his friend was worrying about him, he had been having sex…and lots of it.

*How could I have been so...*

"Killua I'm so sorry, I—" He had reached out to touch Killua's shoulder, to turn him around so that he could talk to him face to face but when he felt him stiffen under his touch Gon's hand fell away to hang lifelessly at his side.

Killua continued to look back at him, unable to keep the sadness from his eyes. "How could you lie to me Gon? Aren't we friends? Am I not someone you could trust?" He felt like he was about to cry and bit his lip to stem the desire. "I must admit, you really did try to tell me and I guess I overreacted because I didn't want to hear it at the time. In the end I fooled myself into thinking that everything would be okay again despite all the overwhelming evidence that you two were..."

Killua couldn't say it; it was as if by saying it he'd be admitting to himself that this really was happening. He couldn't fight the feeling that he was losing Gon and it made him sad. What about
their plan to travel the world together?

*I don't want to lose you.*

He turned away from Gon again and from those all-seeing hazel eyes that seemed to bore right through to his soul.

"Look at me Killua..." He heard behind him.

Killua looked down at his sneakers instead of looking back at Gon again. His expression hardened.

"No."

"Why?" Gon asked, a hint of his pain sneaking its way into that one word.

"I can't."

"Look at me..." Gon's words became more insistent and he clenched his fist to resist trying to reach out to Killua again.

*Please look at me.*

"I can't," Killua repeated. "I really can't bear to look at you." Truthfully, he didn't want Gon to see how devastated he was.

"Killua..."

Just then, Killua felt two arms wrap around his waist from behind and he gasped, immediately tensing up, but this time the arms did not let him go.

"Do you hate me?" Gon asked, his voice muffled against the smooth fabric of Killua's navy blue turtleneck jersey.

*Of course I don't hate you Gon. How could I? I hate myself for being such a fool and not realizing this sooner.*

When Gon received no answer, he tried again. "I'm really sorry."

"You said that already," Killua said, his voice sounding meaner than he intended.
"Y-yes…” Gon sounded like he was the one about to cry now.

Killua squeezed his eyes shut, remaining motionless in Gon’s hold. He hated that his friend sounded so hurt.

*I hate myself for being hurt and hurting you Gon.*

"Killua I don't know...can't we just…”

Gon paused for one tense second.

“…forget about this?” he suggested in a small voice, a whisper that was barely audible.

Killua felt Gon's cheek press against his back and those arms tighten around his torso but he still did not move. What he really wanted to say to Gon he couldn't tell him. *I hate that you chose the one person to be with who I cannot accept. I just...I just can't accept this... I can't pretend to be okay with watching you speeding down this path to self-destruction.*

"Killua, I…”

The pain was obvious in Gon's tone as he fought to say something to make Killua understand how he felt but nothing good enough came to mind.

Killua finally turned around in Gon's embrace and put both hands on his shoulders. He looked away when their eyes met, unable to tolerate the look of pain in those expressive hazel eyes.

*Of all people...why did you have to fall for him?*

*You're asking too much of me.*

"You've always been so open with me Gon...so honest; we shared our dreams and our hopes together for the future. I can't help but think that being around that man will change you somehow," he said. "It already has."

"I won't change Killua," Gon avowed.

Killua did not respond but simply looked at him, studying his resolute expression. It seems as if *Gon doesn’t even realize how much he’s already changed in the time that he's been in Hisoka's company.*
What if he changes to the point that I'm left behind?

Maybe eventually, one day, Gon would no longer want to be my friend and would want nothing more to do with me.

"Is this because I left you alone for a year? Are you trying to get back at me somehow?" Killua asked quietly. He needed to know…

Maybe this is all my fault for abandoning him.

"What? How could you say that?" Surprised, Gon looked up at Killua and then leaned close to bury his face in the crook of his neck. "Of course not Killua, we needed that time apart." His voice hitched as he added, "I promise that in time I won't change and even if I do, I'll always be Gon Freecs and you'll always be Killua Zoldyck, my best friend. If I seem different now, it's only because... I just happened to fall in love."

"Gon, I have to go," Killua said, pushing him away slightly, his gaze now averted. He knew that he had to leave before more hurtful words came tumbling from his lips.

Gon hesitated, but eventually his arms fell from around Killua's waist and he awkwardly folded them in front of him.

"Killua, I can't let you go like this..." he insisted when Killua took a step back to increase the distance between them.

"Gon, it's a lot I have to think about. I feel like such a fool right now and I need to... I don't know, I just need to be alone for a while." Killua finally met Gon's eyes and gave him a weak smile. *I'm sorry for this Gon. "I promise – I do not hate you," he reassured him.*

"Okay..." Gon replied as Killua turned around to leave. Watching him walk away was harder than he thought it would be. His hands clenched and unclenched repeatedly with the desire to grab on to him, to stop him from leaving and tell him how much he did not want him to go...
But he said nothing.

Finally, his lips quivered with the realization of his greatest fear – what if one day Killua walked away from him and never returned?

At that thought, Gon took two steps forward, almost running after Killua, but he stopped, resolving to watch his friend walk further away from him instead. What would he do when he caught up to him anyway? What would he say? There was nothing more he could say or do that hadn't already been said or done with the hope of helping Killua to understand his feelings.

Deep in his heart he felt guilty for not being brave enough to tell Killua about Hisoka from the beginning, for thinking that he could have handled being with Hisoka while keeping it a secret from his best friend. "I acted so selfishly," he whispered to himself, watching as Killua finally disappeared around the corner.

Instead of running after him, Gon turned away to walk back into the pastry shop. As he returned to their table to collect his gym bag, Laura came up to him. "I'm sorry if I said anything offensive," she said softly.

"No, it's not your fault, I...lied to my best friend and now he's angry with me. If I was truthful from the beginning, this could have all been avoided," Gon said as he adjusted the strap on his shoulder.

Laura put a comforting hand on his arm and he stopped fiddling with the bag's strap. "Don't beat yourself up about it." She smiled down at him when he looked up at her. "You see, friends go through lots of challenges together and these challenges are an important part of living and becoming stronger – because that's how we thrive and become better versions of ourselves. Many times there are a lot of unexpected developments in life but you must stand strong and stay focused, never losing your will...otherwise you'd be swallowed up by your fears and lose sight of who you are."

Gon nodded as her words made him feel a little better. "Thank you Laura, I feel better already."
"Look," she said, her hand sliding down his arm to take hold of his palm and rest a small box in it. "I saw how much you liked the pistachio fraisier but we didn't have any more so I packed a little treat for you."

Gon looked from her genuine smile to the little pastel blue cake box in his hands. "What is it?"

"A molten almond cake," she replied, smiling wider.

"Is it good?" he asked doubtfully.

Raising one finger as they walked to the door together, Laura explained, "The molten cake is a sinfully delightful treat and its delicate texture would remind you of the delicate beauty and sweetness of friendship and how much it is to be treasured. So enjoy it, it's a memorable treat. And just like you won't forget this cake, don't forget all the things you've shared with your friend."

"Thank you Laura...for everything," Gon told her before pushing open the door and walking out into the afternoon sunshine. Although he still felt sad about what had happened, he was determined to keep the words she'd told him about friendship close to his heart and concentrate on the good things that he shared with Killua until his friend was ready to face him again.
2nd Re-Edit Note: Hisogontrash2815 was so kind to draw that VERY painful scene between Gon and Killua. My heart hurts just looking at it...it's made me very emotional (I just want to hug them both now T.T). Thank you my dear <333

Explanations:

1) Alluka: I got a comment about Alluka's gender in this fic so I'll address it here just in case other people are wondering. I haven't changed anything from canon. There are five Zoldyck brothers – which would make Alluka one of them and consequently biologically male – but (bear with me here) Nanika is female (ep 146), Alluka identifies herself as female and Killua recognizes that, referring to her as such. So, in this story, I will as well :) But that is just my interpretation; I am in no way saying that this is how it is, so you guys are open to your own interpretations!
3) Although it may seem that way, Killua is not ashamed of admitting his sexuality to Gon. He just didn't want to bring up the topic and detract from what he's trying to get Gon to understand.

A/N:

Gon is something else. "...well, I wasn't eating food that is..." and then "In fact I was having fellatio..." Oh Gon, Killua wanted you to be honest with him, not for you to be so detailed. Hisoka has tainted you lol.

I've just realized that in this chapter, I unintentionally answered the question someone asked me a couple chapters ago about what would have happened if Killua had seen those sexts Hisoka had sent Gon when they were in the cafe the last time :p

So the truth is out and they're fighting...oh no. Come on boys, get your act together...

It's ironic how, in a twisted way, Hisoka unintentionally helped Gon to come clean about what's going on between them (the mark on his neck, punishing him that morning for lying badly, the text...ha)

**In narrator voice** And whilst that drama is happening between our two friends, we have the evil blight in YorkShin, that was finally revealed, continuing to loom nearby!

See you guys in the next update! Thanks again for all your messages here and on Tumblr, even the ones that reminded me that it was more than time to update. Your messages are the world to me – some of them made me laugh and others made me smile – I loved them all.
A/N: I wish I didn't have to apologize for this or even explain myself, but based on some reviews, it seems that I have to. To have a story, one can't have smut all the time and OCs are sometimes a necessary element to support the plot and the main characters. Now with that said, there's no smut here again but the plot must move forward and Gon can't have sex when he isn't at home XD I promise though that when the smut does arrive, it'll knock you off your feet ;p

And some good news: due to feedback received, I've decided to write the NR sex chapter in the future. There are still a few chapters before that comes...poor Gon but at least this time it's you guys who want to see him have a hard time and I don't have to feel guilty ;D

20/09/15 ANNOUNCEMENT ON RECENT RE-EDITS: So, as you can see, I did a lot of intense re-editing over the past couple weeks for the entire story of UxD. I added new content to some chapters (see foreword for details) and the super long ones like chapter 20, 21 and 22 I chopped in half. Based on reader feedback, the long ones were a bit hard to read so I wanted to make the entire story easier to digest by re-editing for sentence structure / added scenes in the earlier chapters and cutting down those blindingly long later chapters. I realize now that I made a mistake in writing them that long as some important hints were lost in the fray. So it's corrected now :) Chapters with a 25 page cut-off point make it easier for me to return to review them (as I plan later scenes), for people who want to re-read and for faster updates. You will also notice that with this edit I have also added chapter names :) 

Thanks all for your support and understanding... and thank you a million for your messages and reviews, they gave me the strength to stay focused.

**Chapter Summary:** Dawn's true intentions are revealed and Gon seeks help from his friends.

**Chapter Dictionary:**

Phone calls are like this:

With only two persons involved, the person on the other line is: [["Speech"]]

More than two people involved, the persons on the other line are separated: [[ Name: Speech]]

[[Name: (voice muffled) Speech]] Means that the person on the other line is talking to someone in the background and even though they're covering the phone, their conversation can still be heard.

HuntsApp messages are like this:

(Incoming message): Name: Message

'POV person (the person with the phone) replying or sending a message is in italics.'

*Don't forget that outside of a HuntsApp message, italics are thoughts.*
We have three new characters appearing in this chapter! I bet you won't be able to guess who they are *evil laughter*.

Let's go XD

Chapter Twenty-Seven: The Sweetness of Friendship

N.B.: Day 12 continues... (thirty minutes after Killua left, circa 4:30pm)

Since Gon had come to sit on the lone park bench opposite D' Pastry Shoppe, the day had gone from hot and breezy to cool and still; the proud sun now hidden behind fluffy white clouds tinged with splotches of grey.

_Seems like it's going to rain_, he thought sullenly, feeling as if the current weather was a sign of things to come. His senses were acting up again, leaving him with a sense of urgency that he couldn't shake; a feeling that time was moving by slowly, like a countdown to something big.

And he felt that when the count was up, his life would no longer be the same.

_Two days..._

His hands gripped the concrete bench harder.

_Something's going to happen in two days._

Gon had always had an uncanny sense of danger and right now his senses were going wild. They were telling him that York Shin was the last place that he should be right now, yet underlying that caution was the conflicting feeling that he should not leave York Shin.

_Why?_

He had no answer to that question.

Taking a deep breath, Gon felt confused and suddenly on edge as he tried to assess his surroundings without appearing to be too conspicuous about it.

What if the source of that weird feeling he was having was here at this moment…observing him?

_No…the danger isn't here._

His eyes focused on the busy street running alongside the public plaza in which he sat, not really paying attention to the multitude of cars racing by. If he could sense that there was a steadily encroaching danger, yet be unable to feel its eyes on him specifically, could it be that someone connected to him was the target?

"Killua?" he gasped. His breath stopped and he pulled out his phone in the same movement to
quickly dial his friend's number.

Gon felt his agitation mounting with each unanswered ring.

He dialed again.

Same result.

Damn it.

His fingers were already moving, typing out a message that he was sure Killua would respond to but then he stopped himself.

What am I doing? Gon thought, looking down at the incomplete message. I'm acting all paranoid just because Killua isn't answering his phone. A deep sigh escaped his lips and he lowered the phone to his lap.

Of course Killua is safe. He couldn't possibly be the target. And even if he was, not only is he capable of protecting himself, Illumi is with him as well.

So if Killua isn't in any danger, then who was?

Maybe it isn't just one person...

Gon paused at this thought. Could it be that it was all of them? Or all of York Shin? Damn. He hated feeling this way, as if danger was looming nearby, faceless and brooding, just waiting.

Waiting for what?

Would it be too late when they found out exactly what that thing was?

Gon clenched his fist and continued to stare at the bustling street traffic. His posture was tense and worry was etched into his expression. All he could think of was the disagreement he'd just had with Killua and silently he hoped that his friend would get over this funk so that they would all be emotionally equipped for whatever it was that was coming.

But what if Killua never got over this?

What if I had completely messed up our friendship and Killua never speaks to me again?

Closing his eyes and trying to calm his frantic nerves, Gon did his best to recall the words Laura had just spoken to him about friendship.

When he opened his eyes again, it was to look down at the little pastel blue cake box next to him on the bench.

Carefully opening it, he studied the caramel-coloured cake dusted with powdered sugar.

The 'sweetness of friendship' huh?

Taking out the mini cake and biting into it, he was instantly overwhelmed by the mango gelato it was filled with. Coupled with the almond flavor mingling with chocolate overtones, it was—absolutely amazing. His eyes closed happily with that thought and he relished each bite until, unfortunately, it was all done.

It's true...
Gon looked down again at the now empty little box in his hands that once held the mini almond cake and his heart warmed.

Laura was right; the delicate texture and beauty of that treat really was a lot like friendship. Treasured, delicate yet strong, steadfast and terribly missed when it's not around.

His contented smile was wide as he recalled all the times he had spent together with Killua, Leorio and Kurapika. Regardless of how tough things got, they were always manageable because he had the support of his friends.

Support...

His breath hitched.

That's it!

Gon quickly pulled out his phone, already dialing a new number.

But...

His fingers paused on the keypad as he silently debated whether or not to finish dialing.

Momentarily regarding the slim device, Gon couldn't help but feel a bit uncertain.

*I shouldn't be bothering him,* he thought, but despite feeling a bit guilty, he still found himself continuing to dial that familiar number as if wanting...*needing* to hear his friend's voice – the one who always had something wise and thoughtful to say whenever he was in doubt.

Gon was sure that his call would go unanswered, especially now that the expedition to the Dark Continent was coming up, but he continued to hold the phone to his ear, hoping that maybe, just maybe this was the one call out of many that would be picked up.

"Ah, this is so selfish," he muttered finally. He felt a bit embarrassed. "I'm in a rotten mood but that doesn't mean that I should burden him with my problems."

*But all I wanted was to hear a familiar voice.*

*Is that selfish too?*

Finally, Gon lowered the phone, absently watching the animated display on its screen as it continued to ring.

*Why can't I hang up?*

He huffed, unable to answer his own question.

*Maybe I'll just let it ring itself out and then I'll leave him a message.*

Gon felt that even if it was just the voicemail that picked up he'd be happy. Anything just not to feel alone; as if all of his friends had left him.

Eventually though, his finger moved to terminate the call but hesitated over the end key and just as he was about to press it, a distant sound caught his attention. He froze. Did the voicemail pick up already?

*No...that doesn't sound like...*
"Kurapika?" Gon practically shouted into the phone, surprised that his friend had actually answered.

"Wow are you that happy to hear my voice Gon?"

Gon blushed, laughing awkwardly. "I'm sorry for shouting like that, I was just really surprised," he explained sheepishly.

"No need to apologize, we're close enough that you have the right to shout in my ear whenever you feel the need to"

"But now I'm wondering what had you so ecstatic to hear my voice. Did something happen to you? Is everything okay?"

"Well…"

"What's wrong?!"

"Nothing happened," Gon lied, feeling a bit awkward to burden his friend with his problems.

"Last time we spoke was when you were preparing to leave Whale Island to meet Killua in York Shin. It's already been three weeks since then… Sorry I didn't have a chance to call you to see how you've settled in; things have been pretty intense here"

"That's okay, I understand how it is. When are you leaving for the Dark Continent?"

"I can't go into much detail, especially not over the phone but things have been put on hold, pending some investigations. You probably already know that though, since what I'm telling you is already in the public domain"

Gon laughed. "Well, that's actually new information to me as I've been only keeping up with local news lately." Smiling, he added, "I'm happy that you guys are still here."

"Me too. Hey, how's Killua? You've met up with him already right?"

"Ah…well..."

"Gon?"

"Are you busy Kurapika?"

"Not at the moment…so we can talk if that's what you want"

Gon could hear him making shooing noises as if chasing someone away.

"I'm not talking to you"

"Kurapika—"

"I said go away"

"Do you want me to call back?"

"No Gon, just a sec"
"Is that Leorio?"

["Yes…"]

"Let me talk to him!" Gon demanded excitedly.

There was a slight shuffling sound as the phone exchanged hands and then his other friend came on the line.

["Gon! Is that you?!"]

"Leorio! How did you know it was me?"

["How can I not? I am Leorio you know!"]

Gon laughed when he heard Leorio tell Kurapika that he was 'not showing off'.

["How are things?! How's York Shin? Anything new?!"]

"York Shin is alright, but how come you guys are at the office this late? Are you working?"

["Yeah...sort of"]

"I hope you're not slacking off."

["Hey, I'm the hardest working one here you kno—"]

[[(to someone in the background) "Stop trying to grab the phone! I'm not done talking!"]]

-A brief pause-

[[(voice muffled) "I'm not talking nonsense!"]]

["Anyway, enough about us…Gon, tell me about yourself and Killua. How are things? How are you two faring in York Shin on your own?"]

"We aren't exactly alone you kno—"

[[Kurapika: Hey! I asked him that first!]]

[[Leorio: But I have the phone now!]]

[[Kurapika: It's my phone, you can't just monopolize what is not yours and—]]

[[Leorio: Let me see you try to take it from me shorty! I bet you can't even—!]]

To Gon it sounded as if there was a small scuffle, a loud thump, muttered curses from Leorio and then he heard Kurapika's voice again.

[[Kurapika: Now Gon, as we were discussing, what's up?]]

[[Leorio: Get off me!]]
“Kurapika: Be quiet]
[Leorio: For someone who looks so small—OUCH! What did you do that for?]
[Kurapika: You should watch your language]
[Leorio: I was just going to say that you are quite heavy despite how you look]
[Kurapika: And *how* exactly do I look?]
[Leorio: Um…well you look kind of like a gir—]
[Kurapika: *Choose your next words carefully*…]]

There was a long pause and Gon spoke up. "Kurapika? Leorio? You there?"

[Kurapika: Yes Gon I'm here]

"Kurapika…is Leorio okay?" Gon asked, worried.

[Kurapika: Yeah, he is, I just taught him what happens to people who are unable to control what they say]

He heard Leorio's muffled voice in the background but his speech was incoherent.

*Did he tape his mouth?*

"Do you want me to call another time Kurapika? You sound kind of busy."

[Kurapika: Of course not Gon! Now that the distraction has been dealt with, I'm free to talk with you]

"I see…" Gon was still unsure. Were things always so animated at the office for his two friends?

[Kurapika: Okay Gon, so how is York Sh—]

[Leorio: Mmmmmmph mmmmmnnn…]]

[Kurapika: If you don't shut up and stop squirming I'll do more than simply tape your mouth and tie your hands]

Gon felt awkward, as if he was hearing something he shouldn't.

[Kurapika: Ok, ok, I'll put it on Speakerphone so you can hear too]

[Leorio: Mmmmph mmmoooh (translation: thank you)]

[Kurapika: You're welcome. Now, sorry about that Gon…you can proceed now.]

"Ah…well I don't think YorkShin has changed much since we were all last here," Gon started, looking around at the people hurrying about near the fountain at the center of the Plaza.

"Everything is still the same; the nights are dazzling and the days are unpredictable: the weather is pretty fickle." His eyes drifted to the building nestled between the Plaza Hotel and one of the many shops opposite the public plaza. Despite being shorter than its neighboring buildings, the fact that it was painted in an eclectic selection of bright colors made it stand out. Just then Laura came out
of that building to prop open the door and take the menu board back inside. "I've met some really nice, understanding people so far," he finished with a smile.

[[Kurapika: That's nice to hear. You've been there for about two weeks right?]]

"Yes, almost."

[[Kurapika: And how's Killua doing?]]

Gon's hesitation was noticeable. "He's..."

[[Kurapika: Did something happen Gon?!]]

"Nothing serious..."

[[Kurapika: Well, it's serious enough that you don't sound too happy. Want to talk about it?]]

"..."

[[Kurapika: If you don't want to go into details that's okay but—]]

"Kurapika I messed up!" Gon blurted out, unable to hold back any longer.

[[Kurapika: What? Why would you think so Gon?]]

"It's...I..."

[[Kurapika: Gon, it's alright, you can tell me anything]]

Gon could hear the gentle smile in Kurapika's voice and it calmed his fears, making him feel confident enough to tell his friend about what was bothering him. "I...I had a chance to be honest with Killua and I missed the opportunity..."

[[Kurapika: So you lied to him?]]

"No um...kind of... well actually I did...but I didn't mean to! I was just scared and worried an—" He exhaled heavily. "It's complicated."

[[Kurapika: Well, you don't have to, but I think talking to me might help you to feel better]]

[[Leorio: Mmm coh meh cooh (translation: And to me too)]]

[[Kurapika: Yeah, and to him too...]]

Gon took a deep breath. "I was dishonest...well I didn't lie blatantly, but I didn't tell him the truth either. I kept a big secret from him."

[[Kurapika: What made you feel like you had to keep a secret from Killua?]]

"I tried to tell him the truth when we'd first met here in York Shin but he reacted violently so I decided to keep things hidden so that he wouldn't be hurt."

[[Kurapika: Sounds to me like you were thinking of his best interests like you always have been.]]
Stretching out his legs and leaning back, Gon frowned. "Maybe. I just can't help but think that I was being selfish to believe that I could have had the best of both worlds..."

[[Kurapika: I don't think so. The first thing you said to me was that you didn't want to hurt him. There was no mention of your own interests or fear for the repercussions of what you were doing in secret. So in my opinion, you weren't being selfish Gon.]]

"..." Gon was silent as Kurapika's words sunk in.

[[Kurapika: Gon? You there?]]

[[Leorio: Mehfe yu scarefim off (translation: Maybe you scared him off)]]

[[Kurapika: I did not scare him off!]]

"I'm here Kurapika..."

[[Kurapika: If you don't mind me asking, what were you keeping a secret from him?]]

"Um..." Gon hesitated a bit. "Well, it's just that I'm sort of seeing someone and—"

[[Leorio: Mmmfh mwhatu?!!]]

[[Kurapika: Dating? That's great! Did you tell him in the end?]]

"Yes, and it all played out just as I'd feared," Gon mumbled.

[[Kurapika: What do you mean?]]

"He got angry that I lied to him and accused me of being naïve for hanging around such a dangerous and untrustworthy individual."

[[Kurapika: 'Dangerous and untrustworthy'? Hmmm]]

[[Leorio: Met mee thalk tooh fim (translation: let me talk to him)]]

[[Kurapika: (muffled) Hush, I'm trying to think ]]

[[Kurapika: So Gon, do you think this individual warrants the fear that Killua felt for your safety...or his mistrust of them?]]

"Yes, they do," Gon replied, but quickly added, "I too didn't trust that person either, but...the more I get to know them, the more I..."

[[Kurapika: Sounds like you really like this person Gon]]

"I do," Gon admitted.

[[Kurapika: I don't think you have anything to worry about with Killua]]

"What? But—"

[[Kurapika: Killua loves you, you're his first real friend who he cares about a whole lot and just as you cared about him enough to think that keeping this a secret from him was for the best, Killua cares about you so much that his concern for your safety has made him react this way. He could..."
never be angry with you. Well, at least not for long."

"But Kurapika, you should have seen him, he hardly looked at me when he walked off. It's like he didn't even want to see my face anymore." Gon's voice became a sad whisper. "Maybe I disgust him now and—"

[\textbf{Kurapika}: No, don't say that. I don't believe that could ever happen and you shouldn't either. It's not that he's disgusted by you or didn't want to look at your face... I think that he didn't want you to see how hurt he was to find out the truth – which is why he left.]

"I never meant to hurt him," Gon said softly. "I hope that this resolves soon."

[\textbf{Kurapika}: Gon, Killua may be hurt now, but I think that he simply needs time to adjust to the truth. I can assure you that when he calms down he'd be very upset with himself, so you need to be patient and not rush his adjustment.]

"..." Gon shifted on the hard bench. "Do you think I should call him? I already did but he didn't answer."

[\textbf{Kurapika}: No, don't do that. As I said, he needs time to adjust to the new situation and that won't happen suddenly. Even if he accepts the reality of what's happening, there's a possibility that he may still harbor some ill feelings depending on the depth of his dislike for or mistrust of that person. When Killua works things out on his own, he'll be in contact with you, you'll see]

"Okay..."

[\textbf{Kurapika}: Just trust me]

[\textbf{Leorio}: Hey Gon! Don't worry buddy! You're too young for that kind of stress!!]

"Leorio? Is that you? Are you okay?"

[\textbf{Leorio}: Ha! Of course I am! There's nothing old Kurapika here can do to me that I can't take! Ey! Ouch, that hurts! You're one angry blonde aren't yo—hey! Stop hitting me!]

I thought that he said that there was nothing Kurapika could do to him? Gon thought, laughing genuinely for the first time since he'd started the phone call. The smile on his face was broad, lingering even after his laughter faded and momentarily he forgot his worries. As he listened to his friends tussling in the background, a wave of nostalgia hit him. He missed them.

"Leorio do you—"

[\textbf{Leorio}: Hey Gon, things are a bit crazy right now with this current investigation taking place but how would you feel if we were to take a trip down to York Shin some time soon?]

"Wow really?!" Gon gasped. "Leorio, you're the best!" He sat up straighter on the bench, his excitement painted across his face in a happy blush.

[\textbf{Kurapika}: Leorio, that was my idea, and it was supposed to be a surprise!!]

[\textbf{Leorio}: It was a surprise. Didn't you hear how surprised he sounded?]

[\textbf{Kurapika}: ...]

[\textbf{Leorio}: Come on Kurapika, cut me some slack, the kid was feeling down so he needed some
good news!]}

[[Kurapika: That's not it, it's just that you always...]]

"Leorio, Kurapika, I hope you guys can really make it!" Gon interjected, practically bursting with excitement.

[[Leorio: Well, as I said, this investigation has us busy, but it also means that we won't be leaving for the DC soon and—"

-a brief pause-

(muffled) Yes, yes I know it's classified. I'm not saying anything more so stop nagging me!]}

[[Leorio: As I was saying Gon, we'll make sure that we can come see you guys, won't we Kurapika?]]

[[Kurapika: Yes we will]]

"Thanks Kurapika, Leorio...you helped me out a lot today." He smiled broadly. "Thanks for listening to me."

[[Kurapika: Oh Gon, any time]]

[[Leorio: Little buddy, you can always talk to us about anything, and if you need some tips on how to handle your girlfriend, you have the number one ladies man right here to give you some pointers, just—]]

[[Kurapika: Don't listen to him Gon, he'd give you tips on how to not have a successful relationship]]

[[Leorio: What do you know, Blondie?!]]

[[Kurapika: What do I know? How about you? You're not even in a relationship and you're talking like you're a guru or something!]]

[[Leorio: Anyway Gon, I'm curious about your girlfriend. Who is she? Do we know her? We probably already do since Killua does, right?!]]

"Ah...well...'girlfriend' is not exactly the right word—"

[[Kurapika: Leorio, stop pushing him, he'd tell us when he's ready.]]

[[Leorio: Alright, alright well at least give us the hair and eye color]]

Gon blushed. "Well you can say their eyes are gold and—"

[[Kurapika: Leorio! Stop bullying him!]]

[[Leorio: I'm not bullying him!]]

[[Leorio: Geez how about you stop fretting and help me figure this out. Do you know any pretty girls with golden eyes?]]

[[Kurapika: No...]]
Leorio: This is harder than I thought...

Leorio: Ok so she has golden eyes but what color is her hair?

"Um..." Gon sighed but decided to just tell his friend what he wanted to know. "I guess you can say the hair is like blood."

Leorio: Red hair, golden eyes?

"Y-yeah."

Leorio: *whistles lowly* What a combination... Gon she sounds like quite the looker! Very intense. And you know what they say about redheads, if ya know what I mean—OUCH! I mean how tall is she?]

"About a little over six feet."

Leorio: What?!

Kurapika: Not so loud Leorio! We're still at the office, control yourself]

Leorio: But you heard what he said...she's a foot taller than he is!]

Kurapika: And what's the big deal? If he likes tall girls then that's his business]

Leorio: That's no girl. Compared to him, that's a woman...or a giant!]

Kurapika: You're talking as if he's three feet tall. It's not much of a difference and as I said, that's his business. Short guys date tall women all the time]

Leorio: But with over a foot between them how would they even kiss...or have se—OUCH! Geez Kurapika you're so violent!]

Kurapika: Only when you're out of line]

Leorio: Gon, we'll continue this conversation when I get to York Shin...]

"I guess..."

Leorio: I hope I can meet the lucky lady when we get there!]

Kurapika: You mean 'we']

Leorio: yeah, yeah Kurapika, whatever— ouch! You need to watch that savage streak you know. What do you think Gon's girlfriend is going to do when she sees us acting like this?]

Gon laughed nervously.

Yeah...

Girlfriend...

Just then he remembered something.

Today...the date is—
Ah I almost forgot!

"Hey Kurapika!"

[[(Kurapika: Huh?)]]

"Today is the fourth! Happy birthday!"

[[(Kurapika: …ah...)]]

"Kurapika?"

[[(Kurapika: You remembered...)]]

"Of course I did! What kind of friend would I be if I didn't?"

[[(Kurapika: Probably one like Leorio...)]]

[[(Leorio: Hey!)]]

[[(Kurapika: Don't you 'hey' me, you forgot!)]]

Gon listened to them bickering on the other end and smiled. "Hey Kurapika, I hope you enjoy the day!"

[[(Kurapika: Of course I will! Although a certain person forgot.)]]

[[(Kurapika: (muffled) Huh? Oh...I see)]]

[[(Kurapika: Gon, we have to go now, thanks for the birthday wishes but Mizaistrom is here with some documents for us to look over)]]

"Okay, don't work too late! Remember it's your birthday, you have to enjoy it!"

[[(Kurapika: Ah, I'll try)]]

[[(Leorio: Naw we won't let him, won't we Mizaistrom?)]]

[[(Mizaistrom: Of course not)]]

[[(Kurapika: But the paperwork..)]]

[[(Leorio: Kurapika...haven't you figured it out yet? There are no documents to be 'looked over'. Mizaistrom is here to collect us. He's driving and the other Zodiacs are already downstairs waiting.)]]

[[(Kurapika: …)]]

[[(Leorio: Don't look so surprised. Didn't you already figure it out when I was only looking at fancy restaurant brochures over the past week? For a smart guy you can be awfully daft sometimes an—ow ow ouch! Don't pinch me!)]]

[[(Kurapika: Hey I was busy helping with the investigations; do you think I had time to notice something like that?!!)]]
Leorio: I'm taking you out to a fancy dinner for your birthday and this is how you reward me? With violence?

Kurapika: Ah...I believe you're right]

Kurapika: Thank you Leorio...

Leorio: What...w-what are you doing?]

Kurapika: *smooch* Is that better?]  

"Hey what was that?" Gon asked at the sound of a kiss. Talking to his friends was like listening to a live drama and he was already wrapped up in the scene.

[Everyone:…]

There was no response as if the line was dead.

Gon looked at his phone's screen to see that the call was still in progress. "Kurapika? Leorio?"

[Mizaistrom: *laughing*]

Was Mizaistrom that guy's name? "Mizaistrom-san, it that you? Is everything...okay there?"

[Mizaistrom: yes it is, Kurapika kissed Leorio on the cheek and Leorio...well, he can't talk right now. Come on guys, let's go or we'll miss our reservation.]]

[Leorio: O-okay]

[Kurapika: Hey Gon, we gotta go now. Thanks again for the birthday wishes]]

Gon heard the Mizaistrom guy laughing again in the background.

[Mizaistrom: Leorio, remember you're the one paying so pull yourself together]

[Leorio: Shut up, I know that; the blonde bastard just caught me by surprise that's all]]

[Kurapika: I can't believe that there are actually things in this world capable of making you speechless Leorio.]]

[Leorio: Shut it Kurapika]]

"Leorio are you okay?" Gon asked doubtfully.

[Leorio: Of course I am, don't let them give you the wrong idea]]

"Okay..."

[Kurapika: Would have been nice if you and Killua could have joined us]]

"Yes it would have been," Gon replied, feeling a little sad.

[Leorio: Don't worry little buddy, we'll make up for lost time when we get to York Shin and hopefully your girlfriend can make it to join in the fun]]
Gon wasn't looking forward to that part of their visit. "Y-yeah..."

[[Kurapika: Anyway, we really have to go now]]

"Bye Leorio, Kurapika and...Mizaistrom-san!"

[[Everyone: Bye!]]

Gon smiled as he ended the call, leaning back and then eventually lying down on the hard bench with arms folded behind his head to look up at the cloudy sky. Although the weather was still pretty much the same, everything seemed less gloomy after that phone call.

"Seems like it really is going to rain," he mused absently but made no move to leave his spot.

*Whatever comes, we can handle it...because we're together.*

This time Gon did not allow the concerns of an unforeseeable, encroaching danger to worry him; he was too happy with the hope his friends had given him from just talking to them. Hearing the surety in Kurapika's voice and the cheerfulness in Leorio's was just what he needed to be reminded of the fact that he was not alone and he could only hope that Killua, like Kurapika had said, will find peace with this situation soon.

"Yes," Gon whispered in one breath as he continued to look up at the bursting clouds. Tapping his feet against the concrete and smiling wider, he repeated the words Hisoka had told him when they had first met, "It's always good to have friends."

***

**N.B.** (While Gon and Killua were in the gym, circa 11:00 am)

_Damn._

On removing the gauze she had been using to stop the bleeding, Dawn examined the puncture wound carefully. It was an eyesore and as tempting as it was to simply use her Hatsu to heal it and be done with the thing, she resisted the urge, choosing instead to turn on the faucet.

Residual blood mixed with the running water to form a translucent red pool that lingered momentarily, standing out against the white porcelain, before quickly disappearing down the drain pipe as she washed her hands and arm. Dawn focused on treating the wound: carefully drying the area, applying the antibiotic and finally the bandage. Throughout this act, the only visible sign of her intense concentration was the way she gripped the cloth bandage tightly, wrapping it around her forearm with practised precision.

_This will do for now..._

Despite the extent of the injury, she wore a blank, even slightly bored expression – completely different from the panicked one she'd had in front of the company's manager a few minutes earlier. _There is no doubt about it, she thought. It is him._

Her lips twisted into a frown.

It was tough pretending to be docile, spineless and incompetent just to fool Arashi into thinking
that she was harmless but it was one of the many things that Dawn was willing to do in order to help protect the people of York Shin City. Enough lives had been taken over the years and she was about ready to take this guy down now that his identity was confirmed.

What annoyed her though, was that although she was certain that this was the person committing the crimes, it wasn't wise to act now and without a solid plan.

Yes...

Dawn felt trepidation prickling at her consciousness and her breaths became short.

Something wasn't right, there was something more about him and this situation that she knew they had to figure out before taking action.

*And we won't be able to move forward until we learn what it is.*

As she turned away from the sink, her blank expression grew concerned.

*I can feel it; we're running out of time, he's going to make his move soon.*

*If that's the case, then it was time for us to make our move as well.*

Locking herself inside the lone stall in the small, private bathroom next to her office, Dawn sat down on the covered toilet. It was time to make an important phone call and this was the only place she was sure hadn't been bugged.

Quickly retrieving the hidden cell phone from the safety of her brassiere, she paused to look down at the crystalline screen cradled in one palm before moving quickly to dial the number she knew too well and pressing the device to her ear.

Her heart thumped rapidly as the other line started to ring and the feeling was akin to stopping suddenly after an aggressive chase. Understandably though, it wasn't fear that had her heart racing, but excitement at the knowledge that finally, after all these years she had gotten her first major breakthrough on the case.

"Hello Nick, it's me," Dawn said as soon as the call was picked up.

[["I thought you weren't going to call."]]

Nick Takahashi was currently the lead investigator working on the case in York Shin to apprehend the serial killer. He was also Dawn's close friend.

"I always call," she replied, looking down at the bandage on her arm and adjusting the pin.

[["Are you okay? You sound distracted."]]

"Yeah, I'm alright, I was just adjusting a bandage."

[["Bandage? What happened?"]]

"Well..." Mentioning the bandage had been a slip of the tongue and now Dawn was unsure whether or not it would be wise to tell Nick how she had been injured.

[["I knew two weeks couldn't pass without you acquiring some kind of injury on the job."]]

He laughed casually but on the other end his eyes had narrowed. Her initial hesitation had told
Nick all that he needed to know; Dawn had done something foolish again to get herself injured and whilst he pretended to assume that it was a minor office accident, in truth he was attempting to figure out what exactly was going on with her.

[[What is it this time…a stapler fell on your foot? Haven't I told you countless times not to keep them at the edge of your desk?]"

His tone was playfully admonishing, aiming to tease her, to bait her into telling him the real reason behind that injury but he could not keep the concern out of his voice.

And Dawn picked up on that concern so instead of telling him that it was not a minor office accident, she mirrored his laughter, trying to distract him from asking directly about the extent of her injury.

He's fishing for information.

She smirked; Nick should know her better than to assume that she'd let him learn exactly what had taken place. There was no way she could allow him to figure out that the bandage was not to cover up a simple consequence of being clumsy and that she had in fact used yet another unorthodox method to gather information – he would have a fit.

"Oh Nick, you know office work isn't my thing. I prefer to work out on the field." She tried to laugh again but coughed instead, her throat still feeling a bit scratchy after being choked.

[["Are you getting the flu?"]"

"Ah…no," she mumbled, clearing her throat again.

[["Dawn, you've been on assignment for what? Eight years now? You should be used to office work."]"

His tone had become tense, he was obviously growing tired of her pretense, but instead of telling him what she knew he wanted to know, her voice was smooth as she continued to play along. "Don't get me wrong, my cover is impeccable, it's just that there will always be some things I'll be clumsy with."

[["I sense that you're trying to distract me."]"

"No I'm not," she lied in a rather even, convincing tone but Nick was not so easily fooled.

[["What are you hiding?"]"

"Nothing."

[["How did you really get hurt Miss Weekes?"]"

Nick's question hung in the air unanswered as the silence dragged on. Dawn crossed and uncrossed her legs, studied the tiles on the walls, then her fingernails before deciding to answer him. "Is that important?"

[["Yes."]"

"That's not what I called you to discuss."

[["But that's what I want to know."]"
"Nick." Her tone was exasperated. "I am not one of your suspects; stop questioning me," she warned.

[["No you're not, but your behavior is incredibly suspicious."]]

"Whatever. How I got injured is not important," she said elusively.
[["Or is it that you don't want to tell me?"]]

The chill in those words was clear and apparently realizing this, Nick's next question was considerably calmer. Getting angry with Dawn would achieve nothing; he knew that much from their years of friendship.

[["Anyway, why don't you heal yourself?"]]

"I can't."

There was the sound of something toppling over followed by a couple of indistinct curses.

[[(voice muffled) "Damn coffee..."]]

[[(background noises) "Sir...Mr Takahashi, are you alright?"]]

[[(voice muffled) "Yes, yes I am."]]

[[(background voice) "Here you go."]]

[[(voice muffled) "Thanks."]]

"Are you okay Nick?"

[["Dawn! I thought I heard you say that you couldn't heal yourself... The connection here gets so bad at this time of the da—"]]

"That's what I said."
[["What?"]]

"Nick it's not—"

[["Is it so terrible that it surpasses your skill?!"]]

Her colleague sounded as if he was ready to stop whatever he was doing and come to her aid.

[["If that's the case, I will drive over and pick you up...or...can you walk? Come back to the office now; I'll have our nurse take a look a—"]]

"Nick, just stop."
[["What?"]]

"You're being unreasonable. I never said it was serious."

[["But you said you couldn't heal—"]]

Dawn sighed audibly. Nick was such a worrywart and she really did not want to go into detail
about how she had gotten injured but realized that if she did not, he'd never stop harassing her about looking at the injury himself. "Nick, here's the thing...but first you have to promise me that you won't overreact."

There was a brief silence laced with suspicion but eventually he agreed.

"I sort of tested my boss to see if he had the potential to...you know – kill."

"The suspect? What?! Dawn you are so damn reckless!"

"Nick."

"Okay, okay I know I promised."

"That you did," Dawn confirmed flatly.

"Alright."

He sounded a bit resigned.

"So I'm assuming that he's the cause of this injury you refuse to go into detail about and you're not healing it perfectly because doing so would make him suspicious."

"Bingo."

"Right...so you recklessly tested him; did you find out anything?"

"Yes. I've confirmed that he's not above violent acts."

"Um...seriously Dawn? You didn't need to get yourself hurt to realize that."

"Nick."

"Right, right. Geez..."

"Anyway, I needed him to get really angry with me so that I could look around his office under the cover of being flustered. I baited him with my blood and it was when he started choking me—"

"Blood...choking... What did you let him—"

"Hush," she said firmly, then continued. "So while doing that, I noticed several things about his personality. He was quite volatile, moving from calm to irrational in an instant but in the midst of his seemingly uncontrollable urge to kill, he was a bit distracted. It was as if despite being so hotheaded, he is very shrewd." She took a deep breath, her voice lowering even more. "And you know what else Nick?"

"What?"

Dawn smirked, her voice a heavy whisper. "He has the sword."

"You can't mean the Ketsueki Sword. Are you one hundred percent certain of this?"

"Yes, there was an unusual antique sword in the corner of his office."
"Are you sure that is what it was? The last time you were in his office it wasn't there. Why would he keep a murder weapon in plain sight?"

"For someone like him: many reasons; one of which could be that he thinks that I'm not a Nen user and assumes that I'd be unable to sense that the sword is not another one of his collectibles. But my biggest haunch is that there is simply no way to trace any crime back to it."

"So it will always appear as a harmless collectible."

"Yep."

"Damn. That would make him even more brazen."

"And dangerous."

"I agree. But there is one thing that concerns me. How exactly is he carrying the sword?"

"I haven't figured that bit out yet." She frowned. "I would think that someone would stand out pretty much with a sword that unique; whether or not they move under the cover of darkness."

"Mmmhmm and we have no eyewitness reports so far in York Shin. If we think about this in terms of the forensic test results, the weapon is similar to my katana is it not?"

"Yes, but it has a jeweled handle…it's a very captivating sword, something that would be—"

"Impossible to hide?"

"Yes."

"I will continue looking into this so don't concern yourself with getting any closer to that thing. Just keep an eye on Arashi."

"Right."

"Hey Dawn, Are you coming back to the office now?"

"No." There was a shuffling noise in the corridor just outside the bathroom and she immediately stilled, using her acute hearing to ascertain if anyone was lingering nearby.

*It's only the janitorial staff…*

Her voice lowered even more. "Have you forgotten? I am Dawn Weekes the Administrative Assistant. I have some bloodstained reports to reprint, then after work I have a meeting with my partner."

"With me? You don't have to tell me that; I'm aware that we have to meet up later."

"No not you, my other partner. Have you forgotten that we're a team?"

Nick groaned in aggravation.

"Urgh, not him…"

Dawn was well aware that reminding Nick of who she was also working with would annoy him but at this point she didn't care anymore.
He has to get used to it sooner or later.

Her tone became sardonic. "Are you going to lecture me again Nick?"

["Will it have any effect?"]

"No; but you could still try," she replied absently, too busy inspecting her nails to pay much attention to him. Seems like I need a manicure.

[I told you Dawn, you need to stop associating yourself with these characters. One day you're going to get seriously hurt.]

"Hisoka is an important part of our team."

[I'm in no team with that guy.]

"Say whatever you want, I need him to help in capturing the suspect."

[Just because your boss at the Hunters' Association said you could recruit any hunter to work with, I doubt he meant that one.]

"So you're going to tell me how to do my job now?"

[You won't listen to me anyway.]

"You're right, I won't." She smirked. "Mizaistrom has faith in my decisions and ability to handle this case and you should too."

[Of course I have faith in you. We've been together since we were kids, Dawn. Even after you lost your parents and decided to become a private investigator our friendship remained strong.]

"Yes," she agreed, even though she did not want to remember those tough times right now.

[I'm not trying to tell you how to handle your assignment. It's just that you've always had a reckless streak and sometimes those crazy methods you use to get things done...I'll admit that they honestly scare me.]

"You see worse things every day on the job Nick."

[But it's not you those things are happening to Dawn.]

Dawn sighed. "My 'reckless streak' is what makes me a unique PI and perfect for this undercover op. If you wanted to keep an eye on me you should have become a Hunter and a private investigator as well."

[You know I like to be closer to the people and that if I were to change my current position, Special Branch is my objective.]

"Right, well stay in your section."

[Dawn you know I'm only worried about you.]

"I know," she said, her voice a bit gentler. "But it's my job to put my life in danger for people who can't protect themselves. That's my oath."
"I understand that and I won't try to change your mind, that stubborn head of yours is insuperable. Just don't go playing super hero when this situation reaches its pinnacle."

She couldn't promise him that. "Nick, I want you to remember that although we work for two different organizations, we share the similar goal of protecting people. It's just that I have my own way of carrying out my job."

Nick didn't bother replying and Dawn just continued, "One more thing before I go. I don't need to tell you this but I guess it's something you should know." She cleared her throat. "I want to get closer to him."

"Who?"

"Our suspect."

"Goodness Dawn…""

"Listen Nick, this is important so you have to keep your personal feelings out of it."

"Fine."

"I noticed something back there in his office. During my initial briefing after the transfer I couldn't be sure because his left hand is always in a glove but when I walked in on him unexpectedly a while ago, he wasn't wearing the glove and I could clearly see that there was a tattoo on that hand."

"A tattoo? I haven't heard of that."

"Yes it's on the back of his hand and I think that it's mirrored on his palm as well but I'm not sure."

"Interesting..."

"That's another reason why I'm so confident that this is our suspect. Hisoka had told me about it before and I confirmed it for myself today. From what I've observed, he keeps it hidden almost all the time."

"So if we go by what your partner said and add that to all the other evidence, then we have just positively identified our suspect."

"Yes and that's why I need to get closer to him. I need to know what kind of tattoo it is and what purpose it serves."

"Like he'd be that stupid to tell you."

"Or he might be conceited and overconfident enough to. People who are convinced that they are unable to suffer defeat usually have loose lips. And even if he's shrewd enough to not talk, my knowledge of archaeological symbols means that all I need is one glance and I can identify it."

"Oh yeah, sometimes I forget that you spent quite some time touring with Ging at one point."

Dawn waved her hand dismissively although he could not see the gesture. "Ha...'quite some time' was more like me chasing after him but managing to stay in his sights only because we were both interested in archaeology." She sighed. "That was over 15 years ago and we were so young at the time but I still remember a lot of what we discovered together back then. Ironically, he was the one
who piqued my interest in ancient symbols and languages."

["Well I guess the time has come for us to make use of your knowledge...just be careful."]

"I will." She smiled, a comforting move she was used to making whenever she was with him. "Anyway, I have to go now."

["Okay, I'll see you later at the office."]

Dawn ended the call, idly turning over the slim phone in her hands repeatedly and staring at it a bit before quickly scrolling through her contacts to find the one she was looking for. Opening up the HuntsApp application, she started typing her message: 'Are you free later?'

As usual, his response was quick.

*Hisoka*: Yeah, I am~

'There are some things we need to discuss.'

*Hisoka*: I had a feeling that you'd be contacting me before the auction~

*Hisoka*: In that case, meet me at the usual place~

'Perfect. 4:00pm at The Bar? I'm getting off work early today.'

*Hisoka*: Good. I'll be there~

She locked her phone and stood up. Now that that was done, it was time to go back to work.
A/N: Lol kurapika and Leorio's interactions were just too funny to imagine XD I like to think that in this fic, Leorio deliberately acts this way (teasing him) to help take Kurapika's mind off of the
stress that the suspension of the expedition to the DC (and his revenge for the Kurta) is no doubt causing him (because Leorio is such awesomeness).

(1) Oh so this chapter revealed quite a bit in terms of the plot. We see now that Dawn is much more than the scared, abused secretary from the last chapter. That's just her guise. Surprised? Lol. She's a PI and Hunter who works for Mizaistrom and was once Ging's "associate". She's also the one who called Hisoka to York Shin and her Nen, from what Nick said on the phone involves healing (poor Nick, he tries for Dawn to be more careful but she just ignores him).

The Ketsueki Sword they mentioned over the phone is just a name given by the media because of what was observed with the victims (you know how the media likes to name things). "Ketsueki" is the Japanese rōmaji reading for けつえき or 血液 EDIT: and while the word "ketsueki" means "blood", "chi" 血 is the word you'd find used more often when referring to "blood" in day to day conversations (as pointed out by BlueberryWolf94).

FUN FACT: In the original draft for UxD, both Dawn and Laura were never intended to have much of a role or even interact with the main characters. Laura was to be 'the waitress' without a name and Dawn was to be just choked. Somehow they developed on their own without my consent lol. Apparently they did not like my original plan for them.

(2) Ooooh so Gon's adopted mom and dad (Kurapika and Leorio) are coming soon to see the bae XD Oh no, what will poor Gon do?! Will they approve of his dating choice? And will Hisoka care (does he ever...)?

See you all in the next update, which shall be between the 15th - 20th of next month. I'm trying to have a set time for posting.

Thanks very much for your words of encouragement so far and don't forget to review if you can :3

Next chapter preview: We learn more about Hisoka's mission as he meets up with Dawn.
Vested Interests

Chapter Notes

Announcement: Yeah, so...I re-edited chapter 14 on the 05/10/15. If you had read it before that date, there is new stuff. I guess that would be the re-edit's edit? *Awkward laugh*

A/N:
Hello everyone! Here's an update (sorry that it's late, I kept fiddling with it)! We have some serious stuff being discussed here, humor, sexual tension and of course Hisoka and Gon drawing closer together as Gon grows comfortable enough to talk to him about more personal things.

Chapter Summary: Hisoka meets with Dawn and they discuss the case but Dawn wants to know more about Hisoka's past. Does she succeed?

Chapter Dictionary:

Sumimases: Sorry
Kuso: Damn

Phone calls are like this:

With only two persons involved, the person on the other line is: ['"Speech'"

Sound is ['noise']

HuntsApp messages are like this:

(Incoming message): Name: Message

'POV person (the person with the phone) replying or sending a message is in italics.'

Don't forget that outside of a HuntsApp message, italics are thoughts.

Disclaimer: All characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi. I do not claim ownership of any of the characters mentioned.

Warning: None, just some bad language.

References: Episode 18 of the Hunter x Hunter 2011 anime when Gon was telling Hanzo that the won't give up because he wanted to become a hunter and find his dad.

Episode 37 of the Hunter x Hunter 2011 anime where Gon told Killua that he'd accepted the possibility that his mother was dead.
Chapter Twenty-Eight: Vested Interests

**N.B.:** Day 12, circa 3:55pm (This meeting takes place about the time when Gon and Killua were leaving the café to while Gon was on the phone with Leorio and Kurapika)

As Hisoka entered the bar, the light from the doorway outlined his imposing figure with a mysterious glow that lingered in the darkened space whilst the doorman chatted with someone by the entrance.

Dawn sent a brief, curious glance in his direction before turning away to lean her elbows on the copper-trimmed oak countertop. It had been quite some time since she'd last seen him and it didn't surprise her that he looked more or less the same.

"Playing the role of average citizen now I see," she drawled, listening to the soft, almost indiscernible clicking of his low-heeled boots as he drew closer to her.

Hisoka paused with one hand on the high stool next to the blonde. "There is absolutely nothing that can be described as 'average' about me~" he replied with a lopsided grin, before taking a seat.

"I'll agree with you on that," Dawn said. "Nothing in this world can surpass your greater than average self-confidence." She didn't even bother to look at him again, but hunched over the counter to trace the rim of her glass with one finger.

Still smiling and not deterred in the least by her unwelcoming posture, Hisoka continued, "I must mention now, that although I was expecting you to contact me soon, I was still surprised by this sudden…"—he lifted one hand gracefully—"summons Ms. Weekes. I can hardly believe that you really did successfully manage to gather information for our mission~"

"Thank you for your unconditional faith in my abilities," Dawn mumbled, her comment as dry as the drink in her hands.

"Boohoo, it's no fun riling you up~" Hisoka leaned a little closer to inspect her dour expression. "At least try to look a little more offended when someone insults you. Sometimes, teasing you is like throwing rocks at a brick wall~"

Dawn scoffed. "And yet you continue..."

"I'm a very persistent man~"

One side of Dawn's lips curved downwards. "In that case, next time I'll try harder to show you how offended I am," she muttered sarcastically. "But don't be surprised if you get a fist to your face."

"Now that's the attitude~"
Dawn ignored Hisoka's jeering tone and instead brought the glass she was holding up to her lips. "Is that a Martini you're having? ~" he asked instead of apologizing.

"Yes. Dry. On the rocks."

"Looks nice~" Hisoka turned away from her to smile handsomely up at the bartender who was walking toward them as if having sensed that he wanted to order something.

"What would it be?" the man asked in a heavy accent.

"I'll have what she's having~" Hisoka replied, pointing to Dawn. Returning his shrewd gaze to her to continue their previous conversation, he smiled. "You can't blame me for my lack of faith in your success. This is quite a sensitive case~"

"I'll agree with you on that one thing; it is a very sensitive case," she said, finally twisting in her seat to look at him. "And you can doubt me as much as you want but I've got a positive ID on our guy this time."

"This time..." Hisoka raised a slim eyebrow. "Is that so? ~"

Dawn looked from those mocking golden eyes to the skeptical smirk she knew too well and huffed. "As I said, go ahead, doubt me all you want but I think that my boss must be the one doing the killings."

Hisoka's teasing smile faded. "How sure are you of this?"

"Very sure. I wouldn't have been working at one of his overseas branch offices all these years if I didn't think that there was a possibility. All I needed was a chance, just one, to get close to this guy and my chance arrived with my new position. But let me tell you, here at Headquarters, it isn't a walk in the park; working with that guy...there are a lot of dark, hidden things around." She shivered as if something cold and unseen was crawling beneath her skin. "I can feel...sense something amiss every day I go to work there."

Dawn brushed away a stray lock of hair that was threatening to fall into her drink and the movement drew Hisoka's attention to something he hadn't noticed before. "And is that,"—he pointed to her bandaged arm—"supposed to be a memento from your foray with the 'dark side'? ~"

"Oh this?" She stroked a finger over the tightly wrapped bandage. "I guess you could say it's a consequence of my job."

"Really? ~"

"Go ahead Hisoka, mock me," Dawn muttered. "But in the end, you'd be glad that I did what I had to for this case."

"Glad?" Hisoka scoffed. "I came to YorkShin because you contacted me—"

"Yes," she cut in. "Because I knew you were after this guy and needed the help to locate him."

"'Help'..." Hisoka repeated the word with a sardonic smile. "Who's helping who? I'm no fool Ms. Weekes, you only called me to work with you because you're the one here needing the 'help'"

"I'm no greenhorn Hisoka," Dawn reminded him with a frown. "I know what I'm doing."
"So you're saying that, with all your experience, you could have handled this by yourself?"

"Not really," Dawn replied, suddenly feeling uncertain, "But…"

"This man is more than anything you've ever faced," he warned, his expression darkening.

"I've faced a lot and have endured worse," she said ignoring the seriousness in his tone. "Speaking of which, there was this one time—"

"So I've heard," Hisoka interrupted. "But rather than tell me again about the random unrelated encounters you've had with death, tell me one thing,"—he leaned toward her once more—"Why are you engaging people who may or may not be the individual we're after? Without confirmation?"

Dawn realized that he had caught on to what she had done, but as guilty as she felt for her unorthodox ways in getting the job done, she wasn't happy with his tone. "I'm supposed to be the one doing the confirmation in our little team,"—she pointed at her chest and her voice raised slightly—"have you forgotten the role I play here? It is my responsibility to confirm his identity and whether I use gut instinct, gathered evidence or my own blood, that's my business."

"No I haven't forgotten." His eyes held her recalcitrant ones. "You are to do the confirmation, but you were not supposed to physically engage anyone, regardless of how sure you were; not without conferring with the rest of the 'team' first."

At the truth in his words, her voice lowered and she became passive. "But that was the only way…"

"That wasn't the plan and I won't risk my objective if you intend to be reckless and botch this mission. Is this really the positive ID you insisted you had in York Shin? Did you make sure of that before engaging this person?" His eyes narrowed and he glanced at her bandage. "Because engaging him is how you got injured wasn't it?"

Dawn hesitated, looking away from him momentarily and Hisoka stood up. "Where are you going?" she asked as he turned toward the door. When he didn't respond but started to walk away from her, she jumped off the stool and grabbed on to his sleeve. He stopped walking and looked pointedly down at her hand, then back to her face. As their eyes met, her heart skipped a beat and her blood ran cold. Sometimes, because of his light-hearted facade and adopted persona, it was easy to forget that this man was a killer.

Taking a few deep breaths and releasing her hold on the sleeve of his button-down T-shirt, she smiled awkwardly up at him. "Don't leave. I admit that I took a chance and engaged someone I wasn't completely sure was the person we're after but you know I wouldn't have acted without—"

"You're reckless," Hisoka pointed out suddenly.

"Ah, yes, I do reckless things but do you actually believe that I'd have messed up our mission with that?" She placed her hands on her hips and looked up at him defiantly. "I never would have acted without being mostly sure of his identity."

"I don't have time to waste on your phantasmal pursuits." Hisoka frowned. "If this turns out to be another dead end like the others—"

"It is him," Dawn insisted, meeting his bold, golden stare. She didn't want him to walk out on her… she couldn't afford to lose the one person who she was sure could take on Arashi. "It won't be a dead end."
"How do you know this?"

"I just do."

"More vague answers Dawn Weekes? If you're wasting my time I will continue to hunt this guy down on my own you know," Hisoka said, looking back at the door as if contemplating leaving. "And when I find him, I can't guarantee that he'd be alive when I'm done."

"Whoever said that I want him alive?"

He looked down at her crooked smirk. "Oh? So is killing him the final consensus? ~"

"I'd never have involved you of all people if that wasn't the case. Do you take me for a fool?"

Dawn took one bold step toward him and lowered her voice. "I know that you're a killer and you know that I'm a different kind of Blacklist Hunter; I don't like rules and most of the time I don't play by them."

Hisoka mirrored her move, stepping closer to her until he was invading her personal space and folded his arms. "So this has turned out to be another dirty job for you huh? ~"

"And what of it?" Dawn folded her arms too and maintained eye contact with him. "I like dirty jobs."

Hisoka smirked, pleased that she wasn't intimidated by his aura. "Sounds like it would be a delight to continue working with you then~"

It was clear that his mood had changed at the prospect of killing someone and now that she had his attention again, Dawn turned to walk back to their seats, knowing that he would follow her.

"So are you ready to formulate a plan? Or are you going to blow your cover again? ~"

"When have I ever blown—" Dawn stopped herself. "Anyway, that was a long time ago and for another case…it's…not going to happen this time," she concluded.

The frown on her face was clear indication that she did not appreciate him reminding her of her one failure but Hisoka did not care. "Are you sure? ~"

Dawn looked at him with a strained smile. "What more do you want me to say Hisoka?"

"This person is…very dangerous and a simple, reckless act can end in your death," he said with a smile that wasn't reflected in his eyes.

Dawn didn't allow herself to get spooked by his chilling tone. "I'm never afraid when death comes knocking," she grumbled.

"But you're stupid enough…"—Hisoka punctuated his sentence with a smirk as he positioned himself at the bar again—"…to die~"

Dawn drummed her fingers on the countertop, a sign of her budding frustration. "What do you take me for? Some newbie who rushes head first into a pit of vipers? I know what I'm doing," she reminded him. "When one has worked for a long time in the underworld, death is a thing that must be befriended, because it can take you any day."

"That may be so, but sometimes you're too careless and whilst you may have accepted the possibility of death, that carelessness can affect your work." Hisoka paused momentarily before
adding, "Maybe the Association should have sent someone else to—"

"Why you..." she hissed, her cheeks red with anger. "How could you—"

"How could I what? Say something like that? Hmm...let me see, because I can? ~" Hisoka smirked at her seething soundlessly next to him. "I'm not Nick to sugarcoat everything for you, you know~"

"..."

"Now then Ms. I-know-what-I'm-doing," Hisoka started in the emptiness left by her brooding silence. "I suppose that injury,"—he pointed at her arm—"is a keepsake of some sort? A reminder of your troubles? Why didn't you heal it? ~"

Dawn's lips became a thin line. "I couldn't heal it because I couldn't let him know about my abilities."

"Hmmm...careful for once~" Hisoka mumbled as the bartender placed the drink in front of him. "If you of all people are exercising caution, then that must mean that this really is serious~"

"Yes," Dawn responded, ignoring the jab. There was no way that she was going to let him antagonize her anymore for that day. "The seriousness of this situation is also why I had to act quickly in spite of Nick's warnings," she said with stubborn determination. "I suspect that something big is going to happen and soon."

"Mmhm~"

"Plus," Dawn added with a slight frown, "I did not risk blowing my cover as you seem to think. He just lost his temper and lashed out at his 'assistant'. I doubt that he suspects anything untoward."

"So what did he do to your arm?" Hisoka asked, suddenly curious as he reached for his drink. "If this really is the suspect, then it must have been a dart, right?"

"Oh? Why am I not surprised that you know?" Dawn asked as she followed his gaze to the bandage on her arm. "It's not as bad as it looks."

At her dismissive tone, Hisoka studied her with a weird expression. "I never took you for the masochistic type~"

"What? Do you think I liked getting shot at with a dart and choked?"

"So you were choked too...~"

She raised an eyebrow at the look on his face. "It's no big deal, I've had worse."

"So you keep insisting~" Hisoka stirred his drink, as the silence lengthened between them. "You still haven't told me why you chose to call me to YorkShin out of all the other options I'm sure you had~"

"I guess I haven't said anything directly...but you've probably already pretty much figured it out."

"Maybe I haven't figured it out and you need to tell me directly? ~" Hisoka prompted when she did not go into detail.

Dawn rolled her eyes. He wouldn't leave her be until she said it.
Why are the people around me so damn insistent?!

Finally she replied, "Mizaistrom said that as soon as I arrived in York Shin I could call on whichever Hunter I felt could do the job; so I chose you."

"Oh~" Hisoka gave her a delighted smirk. "So out of all you knew you picked me~"

"Yes," Dawn confirmed humorlessly.

Hisoka made a sweeping gesture with his arm as if paying respects to royalty. "I'm honored~"

"Whatever Hisoka, it's not like we're strangers."

Hisoka grinned. "No we're not. But I've never told you about my connection to the one you're after. How did you know that I was after him too?"

"You know I have my ways of finding things out."

"That you do~"

Dawn looked straight ahead, but her eyes were far away. "In my research on this guy I found some pretty interesting things. The pattern of his present crimes match a string of incidents that occurred over two decades ago."

Hisoka stopped stirring his drink to give her a sideways glance. "So that's how you found out."

"Yep. And you're not the type to help anyone unless there's something in it for you so I figured that if I presented this to you there was no way you'd refuse."

"What can I say to that? ~" Hisoka drawled cunningly. "You've got me~"

"Yes I have." Dawn's gaze sharpened on him. "Now care to tell me a little more about that incident?"

"What incident? ~"

"The one that involves you."

"I know of no such incident~"

"You're lying," Dawn frowned. "I want to know. Don't you think it's time you told someone—"

"Knowledge can kill."

"Knowledge is the key," Dawn countered.

"Why are you asking me this though? Aren't you the investigator? You should already know."

"How can I when the person directly involved refuses to talk?"

"Last time we met in North City, when you first spoke to me about this case, I told you what you needed to know."

"Yes, but there are things that just don't make sen—"

"I told you what you needed to know," Hisoka repeated in a firm tone that indicated that the
discussion on this particular subject was over. "There's nothing more to be said unless I decide that there is."

Dawn put up both palms briefly in mock surrender before turning back to her drink. "I'm just curious you know."

"As I said, knowledge can kill. There are some things that people aren't meant to know about, or see."

The seriousness in his tone intrigued her inquisitive side but Dawn resisted the urge to question him anymore. This was obviously a sensitive topic for him and she did not want to risk having her trump card walk out on her, so she changed the topic – for now.

"So...for this job...do you have a helper?"

"I'm sure that I don't need to tell you that either; you probably already know who it is~"

"Yes," Dawn admitted. "Ging Freecs' son." She thought carefully before asking her next question, "Do you have a reason for...involving him in this?"

"Do I have to have a reason? ~"

"Hisoka I'm sure you know that there are people who are keeping an eye on that young man."

"Yes, I am well aware~" Hisoka replied, his tone bored.

"Although Ging acts like he doesn't care, he's fully conscious of everything that happens in Gon's life; and while he allows Gon to make whatever decisions that would ultimately make him happy,"—Dawn paused to take a sip of her drink—"there are people who would seriously hurt you if you hurt him."

"Wouldn't be the first time I've heard that~" Hisoka laughed, his eyes sharp. "You're one of Ging's eyes aren't you?" He propped his chin on an upturned palm but didn't look at her. "And I bet you have people in the city that inform you all about Gon's whereabouts~"

"I won't deny it."

"I knew it."

"So if you're planning to hurt—"

Hisoka waved his other hand dismissively in front of her face. "Don't waste your time. As much as I want to fight Ging, I have no interest in hurting Gon in order to get that opportunity~"

"So you're saying that you...like Gon's company?"

"What's there to hate? He's a lively, interesting young man~"

"And what exactly is your relationship—"

"Are we here to talk about the case or entertain twenty-one questions about Gon Freecs? ~" The bored look on Hisoka's face intensified. "If you want to know about the type of relationship I have with Gon so badly, go ask those people you have watching him; maybe they could help you~"

"That doesn't sound like it'll help much..."
"Well that's too bad~"

Dawn leaned back and away from the polished oak countertop and crossed her legs. Tilting her head to one side, she continued to study him with a wary gaze. "I'm curious, that's all."

"Apparently you're always curious~"

"Anyway, it's just that I've known you for years and I still can't tell if you intentionally enjoy being mysterious; are an enigma; or just simply are a jerk." Dawn squinted at him. "What I'd give to know what goes on inside that head of yours…what motivates you…"

"Careful now," Hisoka warned. "I don't think you really want to know what's going on inside here~"

"I'm beginning to think you're right." Dawn sighed resolutely and leaned forward to pick up her glass. Bringing it to her lips, she paused when a thought occurred to her. "So…since you're interacting with Gon, do you think he's up to the mission? The way things are going you may have to engage Arashi at any moment."

"I think he is, but I still have to test him to be sure~"

"Test..." Dawn's hand paused in swirling what was left of the martini around in her glass.

"What's wrong? ~" Hisoka asked, sending a curious glance her way.

"I suddenly got a bad feeling," Dawn replied as if she didn't quite understand it herself.

"Is that so? ~"

"Yes. I'm concerned about you testing Gon. It doesn't sound like it would be a pleasant experience for him."

"I don't intend it to be~"

She raised one eyebrow suspiciously. "Are you sure you're not trying to kill him?"

"Dawn..."—Hisoka turned to give her a brief, fake smile—"You know how I treat the things I like. And when I see something I particularly favor, the more I like it the rougher I am with it...~"

That response made Dawn pause for a moment, forgetting everything else she wanted to ask him about Gon's 'test'. She did not want to think about what Hisoka meant and was afraid of what she might learn if she asked any more questions on the subject. "Um...ok let's not talk about that anymore."

"Oh really? ~" Hisoka asked innocently. "What happened to your infallible curiosity? ~"

"Whatever." Dawn's expression grew serious. "Are you willing to accept responsibility if Gon dies during this job?"

"Gon won't die."

"He doesn't have his Nen."

"So you know about that too? Why am I not surprised~"

It was Dawn's turn to smirk. "Back when Gon did the mission with the Ant King he had his Nen
but was still quite inexperienced. Netero was the one who had to ultimately decide to include him, but the old chairman liked taking chances like that.

"So do I~" Hisoka smiled. "I guess Gon is surrounded by people who just love to take chances~"

"Lucky him," Dawn deadpanned. "I heard that that mission had been quite problematic and I'm concerned how he would do in this one, especially without his Nen."

Putting a thumb to his chin in contemplation, Hisoka's voice took on a more serious undertone. "I have a little theory about his Nen that I want to try out during this mission~"

"Care to divulge?"

Feeling her intense gaze already analyzing him, Hisoka shook his head. "Nope~"

"Why?"

He smiled at her obvious disappointment. *Not this time~*

"You, Ms. Weekes, have a troublesome ability that I'd rather not fool around with~"

"Are you that afraid of the truth?"

"No, I just feel more comfortable slathered in lies~" Hisoka admitted.

Dawn shook her head. "Anyway, take a look at this." She reached into her leather attaché case to withdraw what appeared to be a photo and slid it slowly along the counter toward him.

"Hm? ~" Hisoka looked down at the blank piece of paper curiously, and already knowing what he had to do, used Gyo to uncover what had been captured on it. "I know him...isn't this Arashi's son?" He looked up at her, not even concealing his excitement. "Are we going to kill him too? ~"

"No...Well yes, but here's the thing." She tapped the picture. "I think this is not Arashi's son but Arashi himself."

Hisoka cocked his head to the side. "You do know that Arashi should be about fifty-eight years old now right? ~"

"Yes."

"And the person in this picture is no older than 30..."

"But that is Arashi. That is the guy I'm working for."

"Of all the crazy things you've told me," Hisoka mumbled. "This guy...he could have just given his son the same name. What proof do you have that it's otherwise?"

"He has the tattoo you told me about before."

"On his left hand?"

Dawn nodded.

"Arashi does have a son. From what I know, I'm certain of that. He could have given him the same tattoo to throw off the police~" Hisoka's frown deepened. "This is a man who is not opposed to sacrificing whatever he can to achieve his goal. And if that sacrifice includes letting his son take
the fall in his place, I'm sure he'll do it."

"He had the sword. Now how do you explain that? Is that a plan...or a coincidence as well?"

Golden eyes narrowed to slits. "What? Are you serious?"

"Yes, the Ketsueki Sword...I felt an intense, malevolent aura from the moment I stepped into his office this morning and when I saw it I knew..."—she took a deep breath—"I knew that that thing was the reason I had been feeling so uneasy at work for the past two weeks."

"But you've been in his office before, why is it that today is the first time you've seen it or felt the aura so intensely?"

"I don't know why this is the first time I've seen it out in the open, but my theory is that he has a way of keeping the sword hidden."

Hisoka was silent, appearing to ponder this new information carefully. After all this time, the wait was finally over and Arashi had shown himself. If the man was no longer keeping the sword hidden, then that could only mean one thing...

*The time for the execution of his plan is near.*

Hisoka's expression hardened but he did not look at her. "I don't think you should follow this case so closely anymore."

"Aww and here I was thinking that you didn't care about me," Dawn teased.

"I don't~"

"Ouch," Dawn replied, pretending to be hurt.

"We don't need to be feeding that thing anymore blood, especially from skilled Nen users~"

"Hmmm." Dawn deliberated a bit on his words before responding, "From the victims who have been targeted so far, his actions seem random so we don't know if he's actually targeting Nen users. And if that were the case, my Hatsu isn't all that impressive anyway. I'm sure he wouldn't want to waste time on someone like me."

"But you're still a Nen-user and I don't think Mizaistrom takes on just any fool to work with him. Plus, I've wanted to tell you since I got here,"—Hisoka leaned closer to her—"you smell delicious enough to kill..." His eyes glinted. "You got stronger since we last met haven't you? Your points must have increased by at least twenty~"

Dawn made a face. "Thanks...I think?"

"I'm sure Arashi's already noticed you~"

"I've hidden myself well. He doesn't know that I'm a Nen user. He just thinks I'm an inept assistant."

"Your pretense is futile~"

Dawn bristled, assuming that he was purposely trying to scare her. "This is my line of work Hisoka, I know how this works and I can guarantee you that he has not figured out anything about me."

"You don't know him~"
"And you do?"

Hisoka didn't answer her question. Instead he continued, "Even if you hide your aura, Arashi will know that you're special because something about you will stand out. Something he'll be drawn to and he won't stop until he kills you."

Dawn shivered a bit although the afternoon was warm and the air-conditioning was cool in the dimly lit, uncrowded room. "If the price to solve this case is my blood then that's a price I will gladly pay. I will not desert the people of York Shin all because I'm afraid of being stabbed through my heart."

Hisoka listened to her valiant proclamation and scoffed. "Don't be stupid. Nen users like you are rare~"

"The life that Arashi has taken so far is more precious."

"That's your own belief~" he replied flippantly.

"Do you really think that?" Dawn asked, wondering if deep down inside Hisoka really did not care about the fact that so many people had died. "I'm sure that you feel at least something..."

Seeing the serious expression on her face, Hisoka warned, "Let me give you some advice,"—his tone became darker, more detached —"it's easy to make the mistake and think that I actually care. Don't make that mistake~"

"But you're seeking revenge too," Dawn insisted. "Isn't it because of something you believe in... probably a memory of someone you want to protect?"

"I'm not like you to have such a morally just reason~"

He's lying, Dawn thought. "When will you tell me what happened that night—"

"So if the guy in that picture is Arashi," Hisoka said, interrupting her. "Where is his son? ~"

Dawn allowed him to change the subject. It wouldn't be the first time. "Maybe he killed him and assumed his identity?" she offered. "That way, people would assume that it's the son who's running the businesses and the father is somewhere in hiding or—"

"Dead~" Hisoka finished for her. That was definitely a possibility. A very strong one.

"You know what's weird? There are no records anywhere about this son," Dawn started but then stopped. It seemed as if she had paused for effect, but in actuality, Dawn's mind was astute as ever, carefully going over all the information that had been made available to her over the years. "It's as if someone went to great lengths to ensure that there was no record of him growing up or anything. By this I mean, no records of schools attended etcetera. All we know is that he had a child...that it was male and if alive should be about thirty by now but that's where all of our leads end."

"Every one? ~"

"Every. Single. One."

Hisoka frowned. Something bigger than what they were aware of was at work in this situation and it was not simply something that could drastically change their lives if they did not put an end to it. It was vile, cunning and mysterious and if what he knew about Arashi proved true in this case as well, if they failed, everything would take on a dangerous, unpredictable edge. "I feel as if the
answer to this mystery is right under our noses~"

"So can I." Dawn flipped her hair out of her face, and directed both of her captivating eyes at Hisoka who had gone back to stirring his drink.

"What's on your mind? ~" Hisoka asked, his eyes still trained on the swirling liquid.

Smirking at how perceptive he was, she started, "I'm just thinking about this whole situation. What exactly is that sword and where did it come from? Why does he have it, and why is he killing all these people? Is it a requirement of some sort?"

Hisoka did not meet her eyes, knowing that if he did, he'd be compelled to tell the truth and without knowing what Dawn would want to ask him, he decided not to take any chances. "Why are you asking me? Haven't your cronies figured it out yet? ~"

"We need to know his motive, and"—Dawn's focus was completely on him now—"I believe you know more than you're letting on."

"I am as unsure as you are so I'm not saying anything~"

Another lie and Dawn knew it.

"I don't believe you."

"You're free to do whatever you want~" Hisoka countered.

The way he continued to refuse talking about something so critical made Dawn rescind her decision not to question him any further about his past. His knowledge of certain events had the potential to directly affect the outcome of their case and the more she thought about how elusive he was acting, the angrier it made her.

Dawn irritably raked through her blond mane before pinning Hisoka with a livid blue glare. "Stop bullshitting me; I already told you that I know what happened that night."

"Ok…" Hisoka replied with a sigh. "If you know, stop asking me then. You know how much I detest to speak of the past~"

She continued as if he hadn't spoken. "Police records are one thing but some of it was tampered with – there's a lot of missing information."

"I will admit that I may have been a witness to certain things but that was so long ago. My information is not credible~"

"Credible or not, you're still pursuing him. What is it that you know that makes you so persistent? Are you trying to stop something before it happens?" When Hisoka didn't respond she added, "I am trying to put an end to this as much as you are so help me to understand."

"You don't need to understand everything in order to do your job and you know that~" Hisoka replied absently, appearing to be more interested in finishing his drink and getting another from the bartender than in what Dawn was saying.

Dawn looked at him hopelessly, knowing that it was all futile but she still tried. "So are you going to lie and tell me that this case isn't important to you? That the fact that you thought the person here in York Shin was his son is not what kept you from killing Arashi a long time ago?" She slammed her fist on the counter and pointed at him. "I gave you the confirmation and I'm allowing
you to kill this ghost from your past. At least give me something!"

Finally turning to meet her livid glare, Hisoka smiled. "You're so beautiful when you're angry~" he ventured teasingly.

"I already told you to cut the crap," Dawn said through gritted teeth. "Flattery will get you nowhere."

Hisoka pretended to pout, looking away from her to focus his wandering gaze on the mirrored wall behind the fully stocked bar in front of them. Through the neatly organized shot glasses and pitchers, he could see Dawn's reflection glaring at him as if she was ready to kill and he resisted the urge to laugh. "Ah, such a temper you got there~"

Dawn just hissed in response, as if she was no longer willing to speak with him.

"What more do you want me to tell you?" Hisoka asked, his eyes still focused on the mirrored wall. "I told you about the sword, the tattoo and about him possibly having a son. And I've accepted your little mission to go after him. There is nothing more I can tell you that can be of use~"

"Kuso…" Her fingers drummed the blank photo between them harshly. "I want to know the details of that night!"

"Hmmm oh really? ~" Hisoka asked with a disdainful little chuckle. "I wouldn't have guessed~"

Dawn could see now that she had wrongfully assumed that persistently asking Hisoka about what had happened in his past would eventually give her the answers she was after. She thought that he would have grown tired of her questions and told her what she wanted to know, but apparently, she was the only one growing tired of engaging him.

Huffing in defeat, she tried one last time, "I just thought that if I knew more, I would be able to figure something out about his intentions. The suspense is killing me…"

"Oh Dawn..." Hisoka said, pretending to be pitiful of her plight. "That's beyond the purview of our job~" he pointed out coolly, giving her a brief, iridescent smile. "Now. Have you given up this battle of wills yet? It's obvious that you've lost~"

Dawn sighed, bringing her glass to her lips and looking over its rim at the cheerful look on his face. Did frustrating her make him that happy?

Damn.

As usual, with Hisoka there was no point in trying to best him. Unless he wanted to, it was futile to believe that she would learn anything more from him – he would keep leading her around in circles and loving every minute of it.

_I guess I'll just leave him be for now._

"Hmmm? ~" Hisoka raised an eyebrow at the sound of her sighing again. "Careful with all that sighing now Dawn," he cautioned with a smile. "If you keep on like that, you're going to get all wrinkled~"

Dawn almost choked on her Martini. "What did you just say to me?" she sputtered, forgetting about the earlier promise she'd made to herself to not allow Hisoka to frustrate her. "Hisoka…you… you're such a d-damnable—"
"Oh yeah, I forgot," he cut in, completely ignorant of her irritation. "Thanks~"

Dawn was at a loss. "What…?" His sudden expression of gratitude had her utterly confused. "What are you thanking me for?" she asked suspiciously, her eyes narrowing.

Taking a sip of his drink, Hisoka meditated momentarily on its cold, smooth taste before responding. "You were right, about the guy. I had been after him for so long and he kept eluding me. Even though there was this person bearing his exact resemblance, only younger, I was wary that this was either just his son or someone that he had masquerading as him in order to draw me out. But the sword…there's no way he'd give that to someone else."

"So you're done doubting me then?" Dawn asked hopefully. "You're finally admitting that I did a good job?"

"I had never doubted you completely~" Hisoka replied, wearing an expression of mock surprise. "What would ever make you assume that? ~"

Dawn narrowed her eyes once more to spear him with a glance filled with disapproval. "Playing tricks even at a serious time like this… Do you really enjoy torturing me that much?" Hisoka only smiled and she continued in a low grumble, "Sometimes I can't tell if you're seriously bullshiting me."

"You can consider meeting me today as having been practice to sharpen your abilities~"

"My ability to resist punching you?"

"No, your ability to seamlessly detect the truth~" Hisoka responded, pretending to sigh disapprovingly. "You have a pretty interesting talent and I got all excited anticipating the challenge..."—he smirked—"but being that you were unable to tell whether I was being honest or not, it's clear that your skills have possibly deteriorated over time." He turned to give her a closed-eye smile even though closing his eyes while she was glowering at him was a dangerous thing to do. "I've always told you that you're too reckless. Had you been more levelheaded, maybe you'd have been able to know—"

"It's been a while since I last punched you, you know…" Dawn muttered with a dark scowl, cracking her knuckles.

"Oh yes~" Hisoka only smiled wider. "Bringing back such wonderful memories…you're so endearing~"

"Whatever." Dawn pouted, deciding once more to ignore him. Giving in to Hisoka's taunts would be giving him exactly what he wanted. "Some people can never change I see," she mumbled.

"Change is exciting but when anticipated can be boring. I like to do the unexpected~" he said smoothly.

Dawn didn't even bother responding. Instead she said, "Speaking of unexpected things, I'd like to propose our next move."

"What have you got in mind? ~" Hisoka propped his chin on an upturned palm. "On my end, I can't quite make a move yet. There is no way I can get close to him without letting him become wary of my presence in York Shin…and my involvement with you~" His lips stretched into a shrewd smile. "And if my cover is blown, I'd have to kill him before you get to find out his motive~"

"Well I'll do it."
"You want to get even closer to him?" Hisoka met her determined stare and lowered his voice to a dark whisper. "You'd surely die this time~"

"What is with your obsession about me dying?" Dawn grumbled with a frown, not allowing his morose tone to scare her. "As I stated before, I'm perfectly aware that that's a possibility." She mirrored his pose, propping her chin and looking at him out of the corner of one eye. "But time is running out and we don't know when he'd kill again."

"And if he chooses you as his next kill? ~"

"I'm fine with that," she finished with determination.

"Do as you please then~"

"That's my intention—"

[[Cell phone ringing]]

As her cell phone started beeping loudly, Dawn reached into her bag to retrieve it. "Good afternoon Mr. Hashira," she answered politely, already back into her administrative assistant facade. Directing her gaze at Hisoka, she smirked on seeing his sideways glance and the way his hand tightened just a fraction around the glass in his hand.

["Are you free this evening Dawn?"]

"Yes sir."

["There are some things I need to discuss with you that are of utmost importance."]

"I see."

["Think you could meet me in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel, or do you want me to collect you?"]

"I can meet you there sir. What time shall I be there for?"

["Nine o' clock seems like an appropriate time. Walk with your notepad. There are some things we need to go over before the Auction."]

"Ok, I will. Nine o' clock it is," Dawn confirmed, looking absently down at the display screen for a while after Arashi had hung up.

"How long are you going to stare at that thing? ~"

Dawn ignored Hisoka's taunt, too busy wondering about what had just taken place to bother with him. "I think our suspect has just walked right into our hands..."—she looked up at him—"...and decided our next move for us."

"I told you that you'd attract his attention despite your act~"

"I can't back out now," Dawn mumbled, more to herself than in response to Hisoka. "Maybe this is the best thing to happen."

"Oh? ~"

"Yeah. Actually, it would be the best thing if tonight I can get close enough to him to—"
"To not die~" Hisoka finished for her.

"Yeah, yeah, that too." Dawn waved her hand in a dismissive gesture, quickly replacing the phone in her purse. "But what I'm thinking is that if I can get close to him and find out more about his character than either of us knows, then we'd have our final confirmation about who this person really is – that is, if he's an imposter or the real thing. I might even be lucky enough to learn more about that sword.

"Don't underestimate him," Hisoka warned. "He won't be stupid enough to give away information so easily – or without a price."

"How nice it would be if you didn't underestimate me," Dawn grumbled. "I am a private investigator and sometimes my job demands that I go with the flow to get the information I seek, so stop trying to scare me."

"And how do you plan to get your evidence Ms. Private Investigator? ~"

Dawn straightened up and pointed to the back of her left hand. "His tattoo. That would be my objective tonight. I have a feeling that if I see it I would know what it does."

"If it serves any purpose, that is~"

"It does," she said with conviction. "I only got a glimpse of it this morning and I can tell that it's no ordinary tattoo"—she paused—"and I suspect that you are aware of this too." Hisoka scoffed, neither confirming nor denying this.

[[Erratic beeping sound]]

Just then, his phone vibrated, interrupting the tense atmosphere and he looked down at the screen.

(HuntsApp Messenger: 1 unread message from 1 conversation)

Gon : On my way home now but I think I forgot my keycard on the end table…I'll be locked out _GB< ( °Д° )ʃ олучь

Smirking, Hisoka quickly typed his response. 'I'm guessing that you've only just figured that out~'

Gon: I don't have to answer that you know…

'Your refusal only makes you look even more guilty~'

Gon: Whatever.

'That's pretty careless behavior Gon-kun. And you know what I do when you behave carelessly. Maybe I should punish you~'

Gon: Hey don't tease me. I'm not in the mood. Today really was a crazy day (；atoi

"Was'? It's not over yet~'

'And who said that I was teasing?'

'I'm serious.'
Gon: You home or not?

'I'm not. Want to come to The Bar for a drink? ~'

Gon: Why the hell would I want to come to a place like that?

'It's not a bad place~'

'So let's meet up~'

'We can get drunk and go home together afterward to have wild sex. That way, you'd get in the condo and I'd get sex~'

'And of course you'd be satisfied...as always~'

Gon: What?

'I said that we can get drunk and go home together afterward to have wild sex. That way, you'd get in the condo and I'd get sex~'

Gon: You didn't have to repeat the message...I saw what you said. It's right here on the screen.

'Then why ask? ~'

'Just hurry up and come here~'

'The sooner you come the sooner I can get you drunk~'

Gon: What the...I'm not old enough to drink.

Gon: You're acting like such a responsible adult *♂*

'When have I ever been such an atrocious thing? ~'

Gon: I don't even know what to say...

'Don't say anything. Just come. Haven't you ever wondered what drunken sex would be like? I want to show you~'

Gon: No! Why would I even wonder about such a thing?!

Gon: There is no way I'm coming to meet you in The Bar Hisoka ー

Gon: And I'm not going to let you get me drunk.

Gon: So forget it.

'Well...I guess you'll be waiting outside the condo for a long time ≥•□•≤'

Gon: How long?

'Maybe...all night. After all, you don't want to come meet me. I might happen to get distracted here...by people...who knows...? ~'

Gon: WHAT? Are you with Illumi again?
"Illumi? Why do you think that? ~"

**Gon:**（^-^）

Other than that angry emoticon, Gon didn't respond again and Hisoka looked back up at Dawn who was watching him. "Do you have to go?" she asked.

Hisoka shook his head, a smirk settling across his lips. "Not just yet, I think we could stick around here for a bit; there's someone I want to show you~"

"Who might that be?" Her brow furrowed. "Do I know who—"

[[Cell phone ringing]]

As Hisoka's cell phone rang, he flashed Dawn a conspiratory grin before taking the call. "That didn't take you long at all~" he answered mockingly.

["Just cut the crap Hisoka, you were tricking me weren't you?"]

"I was? ~" Hisoka asked innocently. "I'd never do that~"

["Yes you would! You were lying about Illumi being there!"]

["A-and about getting me drunk!""]

"Oh…I never **did** say that Illumi was here with me~"

[::-]

Gon's heavy breathing could be heard over the line and Hisoka's grin widened. It was obvious that he had probably just run all the way from wherever he had been just to get to The Bar.

**Mission accomplished~**

**So predictable~**

"Why would I do such a cruel thing as to resort to tricking you? ~"

[::-]

Hisoka could feel Gon's irritation through the phone. "And you still came all the way here despite knowing that I was probably baiting you. You're so predictably interesting~"

[::-]

["Sh-shut up. Just come give me the key, I'm by the door."]

[[Dial tone]]

Hisoka took his time in walking to the entrance of the bar. Just outside stood a very pissed-off-looking Gon, gripping the strap of the heavy grey gym bag on his shoulder tightly. From the young man's callous expression, it was obvious that he wanted to be gripping his neck instead.

Hisoka suppressed a moan. "That's a lovely expression you're wearing," he said with an amused look on his face. "What have I done to deserve such a pleasant greeting? ~"

Gon grunted in exasperation, his cheeks reddening and gaze now averted. "You're such a jerk."
Placing a hand on one hip and studying Gon with a sexy smirk, he drawled, "Mmmmmmmm tell me something I don't know~"

Thoroughly peeved, Gon closed the distance between them, pointing up at Hisoka and ready to give the man an earful for deliberately tricking him.

"You can't just keep—" Gon stopped mid-sentence, suddenly alert.

"I see you've noticed my presence," Dawn said, stepping out from behind Hisoka to stand at the man's side. "A very commendable feat considering your circumstances." She openly observed Gon who was still standing in front of Hisoka with his hand frozen in mid-air. "It's good to see you haven't lost your touch…along with your Nen."

"Do I know you?" Gon asked suspiciously, looking up at the woman. She was tall, almost as tall as Hisoka with long, loose platinum blonde hair and dressed in a business suit. She did not seem threatening but with the way she was observing him, Gon decided not to take any chances; especially since he could sense that she was a Nen user.

His voice dropped even lower, taking on a dangerous edge. "And how do you know about my Nen?" Not many people knew about his present condition and in Gon's opinion, that was reason enough to be wary.

Dawn smirked, putting one hand on her hip and extending the other toward Gon. "Let's just say we have mutual interests." Seeing Gon hesitate to make contact with her she added. "I know your dad, and—"

"You know Ging?!!" Gon piped up suddenly, all caution instantly ablated.

Dawn laughed at his change in mood. "Yeah I do. There's not much more I can tell you about him that you haven't already learnt from your last meeting though." She looked down at her hand and then back up at him. "So what do you say?"

Gon blushed, feeling rude for leaving one of his dad's acquaintances hanging like that.

Dawn smiled when he finally took her proffered hand. "You've got a strong grip there young man, just like Ging." She giggled at the way he seemed to blush more at her words. "My name is Dawn Weekes."

When she released his hand, Gon clasped both in front of himself and bowed respectfully. "Nice to meet you Miss Weekes," he said.

"Call me Dawn," she corrected him and he smiled widely. "No need to be so formal."

"Um…how do you know him?" Gon asked pointing at Hisoka.

"Hmm?" Dawn spared Hisoka a cursory glance and then looked down at Gon again. "You could say we have history."

"Huh?" Gon was confused. What's that supposed to mean? Usually 'history' with someone like Hisoka meant that he desired to kill that person but eventually decided that they were more useful alive.

*I bet that's exactly how they met.*

Hisoka smirked at his overly thoughtful expression. "Gon, remember when I was telling you about
the auction and my contact for this mission?" When Gon nodded, he continued. "Well this is my contact~"

"She's really pretty for a contact," Gon muttered.

"Why thank you," Dawn said with a small smile while Gon blushed in embarrassment.

"Ah sorry, I didn't mean to say that out loud..." he mumbled, looking away from both her and Hisoka.

Hisoka laughed, walking up to him and putting a hand around his shoulders. "Don't mind him Dawn, he always says the first thing that comes to his mind~"

Gon puffed out his cheeks and looked pointedly up at Hisoka. "Just shut up and give me the keycard; I want to go home."

Looking down at Gon's extended palm and then back up at his face; Hisoka pulled him closer as Gon tried to wriggle away from him. "I'm not giving you the key~"

"Why not?" Gon protested, pulling away from Hisoka to point dramatically at the bar. "You know I can't go in there!"

"You don't have to go in there. The reason I'm not giving you the key is because we're going home together~"

"But..." Gon blushed. "Your meeting with Dawn—"

"Don't worry about me," Dawn said. "I was leaving anyway. I have an assignment to get ready for tonight."

"Do your best not to die,"—Hisoka smirked—"It'll be a pain to find another contact at such a short notice~"

"Will do," Dawn replied as she started to walk off but then paused to look back at Gon. "It was nice to have finally met you Gon Freecs. I've known your dad since before you were born and it is a pleasure to see what you've grown into." After a brief moment of hesitation she added, "You can ask me anything...and should you ever want to know about your mom you could ask me about her too."

"You knew my birth mother?" Gon frowned. "Ah no, I don't really want to know anything about her..." Seeing the pained look on Dawn's face before she turned away, he became confused and quickly moved to clarify what he had said. "Sumimasen...I mean well, it's just that I already have a mom, Aunt Mito, she's all I know...and want to know."

"Oh well that's fine, but we can talk anytime, so don't hesitate," Dawn said with a smile. "We'll definitely be meeting again."

"Thanks Ms. Weekes."

"Don't forget, it's okay to call me Dawn."

"Thanks Dawn," Gon said, waving as she walked off. He turned to look up at Hisoka. "Well that was awkward..."

"How so? ~"
"I think I hurt her feelings."

"Hmm…"

"Maybe that person was a friend of hers."

"That person’? ~"

"You know who I mean."

"Who? ~"

Gon sighed. "My biological mother…you know, the person who had given birth to me."

"I know what biological means Gon~" Hisoka frowned. "Didn't you grow up with your aunt? Don't you want to know who your mother was? Or find out about her character? Dawn seems to know her~"

"No." Gon replied stubbornly.

Hisoka pondered Gon's resolute mood for a moment, wondering why the subject of his mother had suddenly brought about such a determined expression on his face. "Wouldn't it be like tying up loose ends, or putting the ghosts of the past to rest? ~"

Gon's lips twisted into a deep frown. "In that case those ghosts could haunt me forever."

"Hmmm…” Hisoka raised an eyebrow. "You seem pretty determined to not know…and for things to remain mysterious~"

"You don't know it, but I've had many opportunities to solve that mystery," Gon explained, focusing his gaze on the pavement beneath his grey sneakers. "I lived with granny and Aunt Mito back on Whale Island and could have asked granny anytime. Then I'd found information about my birth mother that Dad had left for me but I chose to ignore it." He paused to meet Hisoka's eyes. "Even when I finally met with dad after my hospitalization, we talked about everything but her."

Hisoka put a hand on his lower back. "I understand; some things in the past are better left undisturbed after all."

"Yeah..."

To Hisoka, Gon was pretty interesting. He'd have expected the young man to jump at the opportunity to learn about his real mother as soon as Dawn offered, with the same enthusiasm he had displayed to Hanzo when telling the ninja about his resolution to find his dad, but that wasn't the case.

Why? he wondered, not understanding his desire to find an answer to that question, or why he even cared. It was as if everything about Gon was suddenly intriguing to him these days.

"Do you ever think about her?" Hisoka asked suddenly, giving voice to his thoughts before he could silence them.

"Rarely, because when I think of the word 'mother', all I see is Mito-san." Gon gave him a brief, sad smile before looking away again. "She...whoever my biological mother is could be living or dead and it doesn't concern me anymore since I came to accept the possibility that she was dead a long time ago. Sometimes it makes me feel horrible to think that way but that's okay, because
knowing that dad left me to become a hunter was something I had no problem with; but if I learn that she is alive and had left me too, without looking back...to know that the both of them...

When Gon's eyes shone with unshed tears, Hisoka was surprised, not to see him like this, but by the way seeing Gon like that made him want to gather him close. But he made no move to do so.

"You see Hisoka...Aunt Mito...is my mother. She's been more of a mom to me than some stranger who gave me life and forgot about me."

At the downtrodden look on his face, Hisoka offered, "If that is what happened, I'm sure there is a good reason why you were given up. It probably wasn't easy for her either." After a brief silence, he added awkwardly, "And I'm sure that whoever she was...that she loved you~"

Words of consolation were not something Hisoka ever found himself having to offer to anyone and as awkward as he felt having to do that for Gon, he found that he didn't really mind it much. He'd much rather have Gon smiling by his side than sad or confused.

Gon's internal struggle was clear as his brow furrowed and his lips twisted with unspoken words. He hesitated. "I..."

"What are you afraid of Gon? ~"

"I don't want to forget Aunt Mito...who has given me so much more...who has given me life too, but in her own way."

"You won't forget her." Hisoka smiled, trying to lighten his mood. "It's not like Dawn is going to sit you on her lap and force you to listen to stories of your biological mother you know~"

Gon giggled, wiping the tears from his eyes and Hisoka knew that he was most likely envisioning that scenario. When soft giggles turned into a musical laugh that surrounded them in the lingering humidity to join the sounds of the nearby street traffic, Hisoka found himself feeling pleased to have been the one to make Gon laugh. Instead of wondering why he felt like that, he continued, "All Dawn did was offer to tell you about her and from your reaction, I'm sure that she knows now that you're uncomfortable with the subject and won't bring it up again."

Sighing, Gon slowly raised his eyes to meet Hisoka's when a finger under his chin encouraged him to lift his head again. "I shouldn't have said that I wasn't interested in knowing who my biological mother was...it's the truth, but it feels like I was rude to Dawn. She was probably looking forward to telling me about her."

"Well you were just being honest~"

"But she looked hurt when I said that a—"

"Don't stress about it," Hisoka assured him. "You see, Dawn was an orphan so that's probably why she seemed offended, but she really wasn't. Maybe she had just remembered something..."—he shrugged—"Who knows? ~"

"An orphan?"

"Yeah, her parents were killed in an incident similar to what's happening in YorkShin right now. The person responsible for the crime was never found and I guess that's why she feels so strongly about this case."

"Does that mean she's a police officer now?" Gon asked excitedly, his previous mood mostly
"Not quite. She's a private investigator working for Mizaistrom – you know...one of the Zodiacs?"
When Gon nodded, Hisoka added, "That's why she's here in York Shin~"

"Ah, I see." Gon's face was painted with a distant expression as he mulled over this new information. "I wonder if she knows Leorio and Kurapika?"

"That's a possibility~" Hisoka mumbled. "You should ask her the next time we meet. Now,"—he put his hands on Gon's shoulders and looked down into his eyes. "Want some ice cream? Although it might ruin your appetite for dinner and it's a bit late; the weather is still kind of warm, so I'll treat you to any flavor you like from D' Pastry Shoppe~"

Gon nodded eagerly. "Can we have the...uh,"—one hand came up to rub the back of his head as he tried to recall the name—"Macaron Ice Cream Sandwich with the...Coconut-Mango Ice Cream like the last time?" His face warmed over with excitement. "I really liked that combination Hisoka!"

"Of course, but on one condition~" Hisoka smirked, bending close enough to whisper seductively in his ear, "And that condition is that I get to feed it to you...like the last time~"

"Ah..." Gon's face immediately reddened as the color rose from below his collar to spread all the way to the roots of his hair. Just the thought of Hisoka feeding him the exotic treat again had him feeling incredibly flustered. "E-every spoon?"

"Yes~"

"O-okay I..." Gon started to respond but his voice trailed off when Hisoka did not straighten up immediately. He swallowed hard to ease the lump in his throat but that action did little to calm the butterflies in his stomach. "H-Hisoka...?" he croaked, but there was no reply. Hisoka's soft breath only glided past the fine hairs on his neck and immediately those butterflies in his stomach went from fluttering wildly to rioting.

"Ah..." From Hisoka's proximity Gon could feel that delicious added warmth and indecent thoughts assailed him.

*His lips are so close.*

Gon's eyes slid shut and he tilted his chin subconsciously, offering himself up to Hisoka. It felt as if at any moment the man would close the little distance left between those lips and the heated skin of his neck and he held his breath, anticipating the move and forgetting where they were.

Hisoka's eyes were drawn to the smooth, tanned, pulsing skin close to his lips. He wanted nothing more than to feel it against his lips, to lick a slow path all the way up until he could nibble at Gon's earlobe.

*Wow~*

He inhaled deeply, desperately wanting to give in to his desire to ravish Gon right there in front of the bar. To make things worse, Gon's submission and obvious desire for the same wasn't making it easy to resist.

"Absolutely irresistible~" Hisoka whispered against Gon's neck, his lips skimming over the heated surface.

"Huh?" Gon gasped, finally cognizant when Hisoka's voice broke the lustful spell he was in. He
opened his eyes, confusion and desire written all over his features.

*Did Hisoka just say that I was irresistible?*

He wasn't sure if he had heard Hisoka correctly, but a large part of him wanted to hear the man say those words again.

Unfortunately Hisoka didn't repeat himself but straightened up to look down at Gon's burning face. His fingers slowly travelled upwards to curiously smooth over the tanned, reddened skin. "You're so hot Gon-kun~"

*I'm 'hot'...?* Gon stared up at him hazily. *What exactly is happening here...my heart—* He took a few deep breaths and blinked rapidly to clear the haze. "W-what do you mean by—?".

"Your face," Hisoka interrupted, pointing to his own cheek. "It feels hot. Are you okay~?" he asked smoothly. "You seem quite flustered~"

"Ah..." Gon felt as if he was lost in the depths of Hisoka's perceptive gaze. I must have been imagining things...

He put a hand to his hot cheek.

*So embarrassing...*

Seeing that Hisoka was waiting for him to respond, Gon replied, "Of course I'm okay...why wouldn't I be?" Looking away from that intense golden stare that seemed to consume all of him, he stuttered quickly, "I'm just looking forward to you... I mean...the uh... ice cream that's all."

"Oh so that's all it was~"

*No...that's not all it was...* Gon thought, but didn't dare admit it. He was convinced that if Hisoka only knew how much he had been thirsting for him just a moment ago he'd never hear the end of it.

"I see. In that case, I won't keep you waiting any longer. We can pick up the ice cream on our way back to the Condo~" Hisoka smiled gently at him as his hand tightened around his shoulder. "Come on Gon-kun...let's go home~"

Gon felt his heart warm at hearing Hisoka say those words. "Let's go home," he repeated to himself in a barely audible whisper as a wide smile spread across his face to accompany the prevalent blush already there.

"Yeah, Hisoka, let's go home," he replied a little louder, allowing himself to be pulled closer to Hisoka's side as they turned away from the entrance to the bar and to the busy street ahead. It was time to take the long, serene walk back to their Condo.

*Together.*

Gon smiled at this thought, feeling incredibly content.

In the distance the sky was set aflame by the torch of a retiring sun and all around them, everything seemed to be painted in an orange, reticent glow. The air was heavy with smog and the noise of impatient traffic, but to Gon, there wasn't anything better than that moment. York Shin City was beautiful, and after such an emotionally draining day, he was happy to be with Hisoka again.
This is where I belong, he thought, peeking up at Hisoka and blushing slightly. Right by his side...

As if feeling the weight of his quiet observation, Hisoka looked down to give him a closed-eye smile and Gon's heart fluttered. I want to stay with you, he thought, returning Hisoka's smile. I want to stay with you because there's nowhere else I'd rather be.
A.N: Hisoka's favorite pastime – playing mind games lol. Poor Gon and those texts… Poor Dawn for having to tolerate Hisoka.

She probably doesn't want to meet him again for a long time. I'm beginning to think that Hisoka loves torturing all of my support characters (except Laura). I don't mind though ;p

I love how Gon came all prepared to beat him up and then one look at Hisoka and he was almost won over ha. Too much sexual tension *wink*

Ahhhhh fluffy HisoGon at the end...I live for that stuff. It's cute how Hisoka wanted to cheer him up and it seems like Gon is slowly getting into his heart without Hisoka even knowing that he's falling for him...or is he really falling or him, who knows ^.^ Don't fight it Hisoka – Gon is like a virus and by the time you notice the signs, you'd already be infected…

I hope you liked the update! Drop me a review if you can and until the next chapter, take care ;)

Next Chapter Preview: HisoGon moment *wiggles eyebrows* and Killua tries to make sense of what he's learned about Hisoka and Gon.

Right now I'm wondering just how much I should torture Dawn. Should I be kind? Hmm maybe not lol. The content in the next chapter will depend on whether my conscience wins / loses. Let's see how our main and support characters continue to deal with the changing events in their lives!

Oh and with all the things going on, it will be 'day 12' for a little while lol.
NR Sex 1 Part I: ¿Hisoka es pervertido?

Chapter Notes

My birthday treat to you is to fulfill the requests I’ve gotten from readers over the past year, so here are those that I will be fulfilling in part one:

1) Kanakoyuki – in the very early days of UxD requested some possibly risky public sex!

2) Gon Is Still Bae & Nagito both asked for Hisoka to get jealous at another man coming on to Gon. We’ll pray for the poor sod who's foolish enough to attempt to take Gon away. Hopefully Hisoka is in a good mood.

This smut was inevitable, the tension between Gon and Hisoka has been building up (it continues from what I had hinted at in the last chap)!

A/N (Please read this first, it's IMPORTANT, esp. the warnings!):

It's UxD's birthday! And I would first like to say thanks for all the reviews so far, the messages on Tumblr and also the encouragement some of the fans shared with me recently (as I was contemplating dropping this story). I was a little discouraged because some people did not appreciate the complexity of crafting a story that is not solely based on smut, but has plot (and other characters supporting the main cast) as well. That sapped my motivation to write and gave me writer's block but now I'm better. Anyway, here's my thanks in the form of...

Smut! Yes you've read that right and you get a two part smut special this week since it's such a memorable occasion. This is part one. Part two where Hisoka gets a bit more sadistic, will be posted on UxD's birthday (25/11/15). Remember the NR sex that I had promised? Well Gon is going to get two experiences with that in the storyline of UxD and not just one! This chapter is the prelude to his first experience with a more sadistic Hisoka (*whispers* Hisoka approves).

Chapter Dictionary:

What is NR sex?

'NR' means 'not rated' so I coined this term to mean that Gon will experience sex (that goes beyond my usual MM rating) from Hisoka in a form where Hisoka gives in to the sadistic side of himself that really wants to hurt Gon. He normally keeps this side under control but sometimes there are situations that trigger it...

Chapter Summary:

Gon soon realizes that, like Laundry Days, a fancy dinner with Hisoka is anything but normal. Things begin quite normally though, but unfortunately, they take a turn for the worst when Gon
receives an unexpected suitor whose intentions he's clueless about but who Hisoka does not like. What happens when Hisoka sets out to teach them both what happens when someone messes with what's his? Will Gon overcome yet another obstacle and learn more about himself or crumble under the pressure of Hisoka's requirements?

**N.B:** Don't forget that in this story, since Hisoka speaks with a sing-song / teasing tone, he loses the "~" whenever he gets upset, angry or serious.

**Disclaimers:**

1) All characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi. I do not claim ownership of any of the characters mentioned.

2) I know there is no 'Italy' in the HxH world map but they're in an Italian restaurant k ;p

**Warning:** This is Part One of the first NR sex experience for Gon and there is no sex, but it's **RATED M** for blow jobs, sexual tension, dirty talking, filthy fantasies, accidental voyeurism, non-consensual voyeurism, non-consensual exhibitionism, public display of affection (PDA) and short shorts.

Curious about how this all fits together? Well follow me (if you dare)...as we descend into HisoGon hell!

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**Chapter Twenty-nine: NR Sex 1 Part I: ¿Hisoka es pervertido?**

**N.B:** Evening of Day 12~

Gon sighed happily. The Macaron Ice Cream Sandwich with the Coconut-Mango Ice Cream had been worth going to D' Pastry Shoppe for, and now they were at the same outdoor cafe that made the great garlic butter shrimp he had eaten the week before. This time though, instead of having dinner outside, Hisoka had announced that they'd be eating inside.

*Interesting…*

Walking next to Hisoka between rows of occupied tables, Gon looked around, entranced by their surroundings and the fact that they were fortunate enough to acquire a seat inside one of York Shin's most popular Italian restaurants on a weeknight. Their luck of course, was largely due to the fact that it happened to be one of those nights when the after work crowd, tired of being cooped up inside of air conditioned offices all day, had aspired to eat outdoors, making obtaining an indoor table without a reservation an attainable goal for the pair.

As they approached their table at the back of the room, one thing was glaringly obvious to Gon; this wasn't the typical upscale restaurant in a big city; it was a **very** fancy restaurant in a genre of its own, with all the round tables fully outfitted with cutlery and spaced wide enough to offer conversational privacy. And their table, while bearing all of the similarities of the rest, had taken advantage of the corner it was in to have a U-shaped banquette bench as part of its seating. It was a table that would naturally be given to a group of four to six but since it was the last table available, they managed to get it and Gon wasn't complaining, because to him, this was undeniably the best
seat in the restaurant.

One side of the banquette's "U" lined the back wall and the other lined the wall where there was a large picture window running along the entire length of the side of the restaurant facing the street. This window was expansive, providing a clear view that allowed those inside to see the busy street and the people eating under the canopy outside. And if that wasn't impressive enough, adding to the opulence of the room was an intricate chandelier above them, which was one of many hanging from the high wood ceiling and its warm, dim light was soothing, reflecting off of decorative charger plates that marked each place setting, and gleaming satin tablecloths that each held a regal vase at their center.

Gon picked up the elegantly folded napkin sitting atop his plate and turned it over in his hands curiously. The dining area outside had a charm of its own, with its spectacular view and open air dining, but the atmosphere indoors was equally amazing and Gon found that this difference made him increasingly curious about the type of food that would be served to them. Would the menu be the same or different?

_I can't wait to try some new dishes!_

"Well you're looking rather thrilled tonight~"

Gon tried to suppress his excitement but failed. "Hisoka this is beautiful!" he exclaimed, turning his gaze from the picture window at his left to the man sitting across from him.

"Hmm~" Hisoka smiled in response to Gon's enthusiastic outburst. "I just wanted to treat you to dinner tonight instead of having takeout at home again~" he said simply.

Gon blushed. "Thanks, I've always wondered what it was like inside here." He hesitated a bit. "Although I wasn't sure they'd have let me in."

"Why wouldn't they—?" Hisoka started to ask, but when he saw Gon looking down at his lap he smirked. "Oh~ were you concerned that they'd have refused to let you in because of your…"—he tried not to laugh—"outfit? ~"

Pulling at the hem of his shorts Gon muttered, "Yeah, my pants are kind of…"

"Short? ~" Hisoka supplied.

Gon pouted. "Yes, they're 'short' but—"

"They're _shorter_ than usual~"

"But," Gon emphasized. "That's only because I didn't know you'd be taking me here before we went home."

"My intention was for this dinner to be a surprise - of course you wouldn't have known beforehand~" Hisoka said with a smile. "But if you're so concerned about your shorts Gon-kun, why not come over here,"—Hisoka's friendly smile evaporated and his eyes darkened with lust as he made a come hither gesture with his index finger—"and I'll _volunteer_ to have a closer look at them. Afterwards, I should be able to tell you whether they're inappropriate or not~"

"But you already saw them. How would looking at them again help..." Gon's voice trailed off and he huffed. "I'm not falling for that trick Hisoka! Why would you need to take a 'closer' look at my pants? Isn't it bad enough that you already grabbed my—"
"Your what Gon? ~" Hisoka prompted when Gon paused.

"You know what..." Gon grumbled, looking around cautiously and unsure if he should be talking about such things in a place so divinely elegant.

"Hmm? I'm waiting Gon~"

After a bit more hesitation, Gon leaned closer to the redhead sitting across from him and whispered, "My butt..."

His words were jumbled, hasty and soft and although Hisoka knew what Gon was trying to say, he made a pretense of not being able to hear him by putting a cupped palm to his ear as if he was having difficulty understanding. "You're sitting so far away that I didn't quite hear you; can you repeat that phrase? ~"

Gon frowned, balling his hands into fists on either side of his plate. "I said you grabbed my butt you jerk! !"

It was only after the words tumbled from his lips that Gon realized that he had spoken a little too loudly, and in the quiet restaurant, the words seemed to echo off of the glossy, beige colored walls.

Gon couldn't believe that he'd said something like that out loud.

His face flushed rose red and he feigned interest in the smooth grain of the satin tablecloth at his fingertips whilst what seemed like the entire restaurant focused its attention on them and Hisoka chuckled unashamedly to himself.

When he could no longer feel the curious eyes of the other diners focused on him, Gon looked up to glare at Hisoka. "You grabbed my butt," he complained, careful to keep his voice down to a harsh whisper. "And with both hands too while we were leaving D' Pastry Shoppe!" His face bloomed redder as he grumbled, "I really can't believe you did something like that while Laura was standing right there! Didn't you see how shocked she was? ?"

"And what's the problem with that? ~"

"There's a lot of things wrong with that!" Gon gasped, appalled that Hisoka was not only unapologetic but wore a proud smirk as if he was thinking of grabbing his butt again, right at that moment. "I knew something was wrong when you were being all nice and holding the door open so I could walk out first. What did you think—"

"You're mine - that's what I was thinking; it's as simple as that," Hisoka said with a salacious grin. "And watching your ass jiggle while you walked by in those short shorts was such a sexy sight that I couldn't help myself~"

"My butt does not 'jiggle' Hisoka," Gon said sternly.

"To me it does~" Hisoka insisted. "You're lucky I didn't slap that naughty ass too~"

"Lucky? Um..." Gon's eyes widened as he watched him proceed to lift both hands above the table to make an indecent gesture of grabbing his butt with one hand, while slapping it with the other. Gon looked back quickly to see if anyone had noticed what Hisoka was doing before turning his gaze on him again. "That—"

"Don't you know that this is what lovers do? ~" Hisoka drawled, licking his lips seductively. "They
touch each other a lot and that is not limited to something that is done in private only." His gaze sharpened, not leaving Gon's confused face for a second. "Want me to show you how much I want to touch you right now? In front of all these people? ~"

"Ah…" Looking into those eyes that trapped him like prey, Gon was speechless. "I…” He couldn't say anything because he was too shocked by the fact that, right at that moment, he wanted Hisoka to touch him all over his body.

"Is something the matter Gon-kun? ~"

Hisoka's question only served to make him even more uncomfortable as the smooth words washed over him with the intensity of a harsh wave during a typhoon. Gon almost moaned aloud, feeling impossibly hot and in need. He made the mistake of looking down at Hisoka's lips and when the man licked them again, he felt as if that tongue was on his body instead and his nipples became instantly erect.

Ohhh...

Gon couldn't understand how Hisoka seemed to always have such immense power over his body even when he wasn't touching him and he shuddered involuntarily as Hisoka's eyes pointedly focused their attention where his nipples were visibly pushing against the thin material of his white T-shirt.

"Your body seems to have decided for you my dear Gon~"

Gon's eyes widened. What the—

"Good evening gentlemen and welcome to our restaurant. My name is Denny and I shall be your waiter for tonight."

Gon tore his gaze away from Hisoka to look up at the handsome, well-dressed man who had seemed to appear out of thin air. He took a deep breath, finding that he could think a bit more clearly now that it wasn't just him and Hisoka sharing that space. It was like the waiter's unexpected interruption had suddenly cut through the overbearing tension in the air and he was freed from Hisoka's spell.

"G-good evening Denny," Gon greeted with a wide, painted-on grin as he tried to ignore Hisoka, whose stare he could still feel on his body. He shifted a bit on the leather seat, hoping that the waiter had not noticed his discomfort or his prominent nipples that only seemed to get harder under Hisoka's watchful gaze and the chafing of his T-shirt across them.

"Welcome," the waiter, who was probably only a few years older than him cheered. He ran a hand over his hair and its smooth colour, like that of mint leaves, caught the warm light from the chandelier as he pulled the pen out from his low ponytail in preparation to take their orders. "First time here?"

"Yes," Gon replied. "I was wondering…do you have any nice desserts on the menu?"

Hisoka raised an eyebrow. "You have quite an intense appetite don't you?" he asked in a voice that seemed not to be referring to food. "Didn't you just have ice cream? I'm surprised it didn't ruin that appetite~"

"Nothing can ruin my appetite," Gon boasted, still not looking in Hisoka's direction. "I'm always hungry."
Denny giggled. "Is that so?"

"Mmmhmm." Gon grinned, nodding as the menus were placed in front of them.

"Well, if you like, we have quite a wide range of appetizers to choose from."

"Wow really?!"

"Of course," Denny confirmed with a smile. He sat down next to Gon on the leather banquette and opened one of the menus. "Our restaurant is famous for its appetizers and we have a wonderful selection,—he pointed to a beautifully crafted piece that looked like it belonged in a museum rather than on a plate—"this one is the cold shrimp platter that you can share and these are the shrimp cocktails, then there is also fried mozzarella in marinara sauce and even prosciutto served with honeydew melon." His grin was wide and friendly as he took in Gon's excited expression. Something about the way Gon was looking at him as if he trusted completely in his judgment was magnetic and inexplicably exciting. He could see that serving a customer like him would be an interesting experience. "And you know what?" he went on to ask, placing a hand on Gon's shoulder and bending toward him as if about to share a secret.

Hisoka frowned deeply as he observed their rapport. Too close~

"What?" Gon asked with barely contained excitement, too engrossed in what Denny was about to tell him to notice Hisoka's frown.

Denny looked down at his lips and then back to those large hazel eyes that twinkled with anticipation. "That's only a few of what we have. If you like those, you'll love what you see in here." Tucking a stray lock of green hair that had escaped his ponytail behind his ear in one elegant motion and sparing Hisoka a brief smile before looking back at Gon, Denny continued, "Appetizers are a great way to start your meal. They really open up the appetite and make you crave more..." He pushed the other menu towards Hisoka, who he assumed would be paying for the meal and winked at Gon. "I'll leave these menus here with you so you can choose anything you like. It would be great if you could both get something nice; and with the two for one special we have today, it would be a shame if you did not take advantage of it."

"I agree!" Gon said excitedly, turning to finally look in Hisoka's direction.

"By the way," Denny started, tapping on Gon's shoulder to bring his attention back to him. "What's your name?"

"My name's Gon," Gon said with a bright smile. "And you're Denny right?"

"Yep."

"I like it here," Gon went on, chatting with him as if he'd known Denny for longer than a few minutes. "I think that this restaurant is beautiful!"

Denny's smile was warm and incandescent. "Thank you! I helped to design it."

"Really?!"

"Yes, my uncle owns this place so I help out a lot here whenever I have free time."

"Wow!" Gon exclaimed, easily impressed as usual. "So that means all the chandeliers, tablecloths..."
"Sure, I picked them out." Denny nodded. "Interior decorating happens to be a hobby of mine. And although people may think I'm strange for saying this, the truth is that I like to fish too - specifically for panfish nearby, but whenever I have more time I travel to the Lake to do salmon fishing as well." He tilted his head to one side as his eyes roamed over Gon's face. "Do you think I'm strange Gon?"

"No!" Gon gasped excitedly. "I like to fish too!"

"What are the chances of that?!!" Denny muttered in awe, his voice hushed and his face inches away from Gon's. "Can you believe it?"

"Yes! You're the first person I've met in York Shin who likes to fish!" Gon's eyes shone brighter. "What's your favorite bait?!"

Denny's hand was still on Gon's shoulder and his fingers idly toyed with the hem of his sleeve as he pondered this. "Well I like to—"

Hisoka cleared his throat; it was time to break up that little chit chat. He had been watching their entire rapport with a frown and in his opinion, it had been going on too long. Plus he didn't like the way the waiter was smiling at Gon. And touching him.

Denny looked over at the man he'd seen Gon come in with and smiled. "And you are?"

"That's not important~"

"Hmm," Denny tapped his chin. "I like to know my customers by name."

"Well you don't need to know me~" Hisoka replied with a fake smile that was hiding the fact that he really wanted to kill the young man who was trying to befriend Gon – his Gon. His homicidal thoughts only made him smile wider and the expression caused him to appear deceptively friendly. His eyes narrowed on the hand that was still lingering on Gon's shoulder. "Weren't you in the middle of something?" he reminded him.

"Oh!" Denny gasped, mortified that he'd gotten carried away and neglected his duties. He jumped off the seat and turned to Gon, bowing. "Forgive me, I got carried away talking to you and you must be hungry!"

"No, it's okay, it was nice talking to you."

"You had said you wanted to try the appetizer and one of our desserts, right?"

"He said no such thing," Hisoka grumbled.

"Ah, it's okay, I want to have an appetizer and a dessert!" Gon cheered. "What do you recommend Denny?"

"Well—"

"Hold on," Hisoka looked down at the menu then back up at the waiter. "I'm not sure if he can eat all of this stuff. He's already eaten enough today as it is."

Gon pouted. "Please Hisoka, I want an appetizer and dessert."

"You had ice cream."
"Only some of it," he reminded Hisoka. "Laura packed the rest of it away for us to carry home."

"And you know what Laura also did?" Hisoka wagged his finger at Gon and frowned. "She told me how surprised she was to see you again so soon after you had a lot of stuff to eat earlier."

"..."

As Gon remained silent he raised two more fingers to join the first. "Three servings of cake Gon?"
He put up one more digit. "And a Blackberry Mojito tea?" Shaking his head in disappointment he added, "I'm guessing that you haven't even had a proper lunch."

"Oh..." Gon laughed awkwardly, rubbing the back of his head in his usual nervous habit. Laura had probably told Hisoka that after the man had gone to pay and he'd seen them talking by the cash register. "The cakes were pretty small," he explained quickly, gesturing with both hands to assure Hisoka that they really were small. "And they were healthy..."

"Healthy? ~" Hisoka asked skeptically.

"Yeah," Gon replied. "One was an almond cake and the other two were pistachio fraisiers."

"They may have the names of nuts and seeds in their title but that doesn't make them healthy." Hisoka pointed out.

"But I went to the gym for four hours so I was hungry," Gon protested. "And besides, you buy me pastries all the time."

"There's something called moderation," Hisoka admonished. "You're supposed to be training to maintain your strength, not overdoing it with pastries after going to the gym. You could have packed the extra desserts away for later, not had them all at once."

"Ah...well...that was just today," Gon mumbled, secretly feeling happy that Hisoka was showing interest in his well-being. He looked away from the disapproving stare focused on him to glance down at the tablecloth to hide his smile. It was strange, but being reprimanded by Hisoka in public for something that the man considered a disappointment sent a rush of excitement through his body.

Unaware of what Gon was thinking, Hisoka continued, "Had I known that you'd eaten so much, I never would have gotten you that ice cream. Now look at me Gon." When Gon's eyes met his he pointed at him. "You'd only be having the main course for dinner and probably a salad. No more dessert. Do you understand?"

"But..." Gon protested, pretending to be disappointed.

Would Hisoka punish me because of this?

He bit his lip, feeling unnaturally excited.

"No arguing. And don't even think about putting on your usual cute act to change my mind," Hisoka warned him.

Denny, who was still standing nearby, decided to interject when it was clear that he won't be selling any of his specials to the pair. "Well our appetizers can be considered to be low calorie when compared to pastries," he tried. "You can always choose any one of the salads or soups if you're concerned about whether they're healthy or not."
Hisoka was starting to get even more frustrated with this waiter. He flexed his fingers, resisting the urge to deal with this young man the way he dealt with all the things that annoyed him – one card right to the cranium.

_Hmm~ what would it be...Jack of Hearts or the—no, the Ace of Spades should be sufficien—_

"And you know what?" Denny continued, ignorant of how close he was to death. "Even if he chooses not to have one of the healthier options, appetizers are too small to be a big deal in my opinion."

"No one asked for your opinion—"

"See?!" Gon stuck out his tongue at Hisoka, deciding that Denny's informative input had undermined all that Hisoka had told him. "Now I wonder... What should I have?" he mumbled to himself as he started riffling through the menu in search of the section for desserts.

"Gon, I just told you..." Hisoka looked up at the waiter with a deeply disapproving frown. He was not happy that his interjection would most likely make Gon think that he could choose anything from the menu.

The air seemed to chill and whilst Gon was busily studying the menu, Denny was all too aware of Hisoka looking at him as if he really was about to kill him. The smile slid off of his face and Denny looked away from that intense, cold glare that foretold his death.

"I'll...give you two enough time to decide on what you want and then I will return for your orders," he said before quickly hurrying back to the service area.

"Thanks Denny," Gon responded to his retreating form before busying himself with the menu again.

"So you've made a friend~" Hisoka ventured, studying what he could see of Gon's face.

"Denny's cool," Gon replied between muttering to himself whether to take the Tiramisu, Chocolate Panforte, or the Panna Cotta. They all looked really good. "Aren't you getting anything Hisoka?" he asked when he looked up to see Hisoka looking at him instead of at his own menu.

"Yes I am, but I've been here before so I already know what the menu is like~" Hisoka told him, studying the way Gon seemed enraptured by the colourful pictures in the menu in front of him.

Without looking up again, Gon continued, "What are you going to eat then?"

"I'm having what I will be ordering for you – the Prawn Linguine with the Grilled Vegetable Salad~" Hisoka frowned. "That way I can make sure that you don't have anything unhealthy."

"Oh, okay," Gon agreed absently, too absorbed in trying to choose from the selections before him to pay attention to what Hisoka had said.

Seeing his distraction, Hisoka smirked, deciding to take advantage of the situation to release his tension. "And you know what else I want? ~"

"No," Gon mumbled, flipping a page and still reading through the menu.

"I——"

"Wow, this looks great, can we have the Stuffed Calamari and the Shrimp Scampi?"
"Of course, anything you want Gon-kun~" Hisoka responded but then realized his mistake. "No, I already told you that I'm ordering your food—"

"And this too!" Gon pointed excitedly at another picture. "I think I'll like this! Is it pronounced 'Veal Parmigiana'? Hisoka do you think—"

Hisoka leaned forward to place one finger over Gon's lips to stop his excited chatter. When large hazel eyes finally looked away from the menu to glance up at him, Hisoka shook his head. "Don't get carried away," he said firmly. "Don't forget that I told you that you're not to have any appetizer or dessert~"

"But Denny said—"

"He could say whatever he wants," Hisoka countered. "But forget about that menu for now." A vulgar smile spread across his face. "There is one thing I want more than food at this moment~"

"Huh?"

Those hazel eyes looked so large and innocent that Hisoka had to struggle not to smirk but appear serious. "Do you want to help me? ~"

Gon wasn't sure but Hisoka looked so sincere that he doubted that it was another trick. He nodded. "I'll help you if I can."

"You promise? ~"

"Yeah..." Gon replied with a bit more hesitation.

"Come here~" Hisoka commanded softly, making a come hither gesture with his index finger. "I need you to sit closer to me~"

Gon was suspicious now but still shifted himself on the banquette bench so that he was no longer sitting opposite, but next to Hisoka on the leather seat.

Hisoka took his hand, interlacing their fingers as he leaned closer to him to whisper in his ear, "I have a big problem~"

"Mmm...? What is it?" Gon asked, not knowing what to expect. Hisoka nibbled, then licked the shell of his ear and he shivered, already responding to him.

"This~" Hisoka practically moaned, bringing the hand he was holding to rest in his lap.

"What? !" Gon gasped when he felt the obvious bulge beneath his fingers.

"What do you mean by 'what'? ~" Hisoka whispered against his lips, whilst moving Gon's hand over his hardening erection.

"But we're in a restaurant!" Gon exclaimed, but then lowered his voice, not wanting to attract attention. "What if people see?"

"And what about it? ~" Hisoka scoffed. "You didn't seem concerned about our location when you were content on having your own way a few minutes ago~"

"..." Gon could feel his heart thumping in his chest. *He wouldn't...not here...*

"When you allowed another man to touch you in that way... when you kept arguing with me...
ignoring me,"—Hisoka blew a wisp of air over Gon's skin and delighted in his resulting gasp —"your defiance was so arousing I couldn't stop myself from thinking about disciplining you~" He kissed Gon's cheek and then the corner of his lips. "So in a way you're responsible for making me like this~"

Gon could feel the hard shaft twitch beneath his fingers as it got even harder and his cheeks went red. "I don't think it's really my fault—"

"Do you rather people see me like this? ~" Hisoka asked with a fake hurt expression. Of course Hisoka didn't care whether people saw him that way or not, especially when he was used to cavorting around like that in public, but he knew that Gon most likely wouldn't think of that. And he was right.

"Oh…" Gon replied, not remembering the many times when the man had noticeably been that way without a care. Had he thought of that, he'd have realized what Hisoka was up to, but he didn't.

"So, what will it be? ~" Hisoka asked, pushing his hips upward so that Gon's hand was closed even tighter around his shaft. "Didn't you just promise to help me? Are you going to go back on your word? ~"

"Ah…" Gon realized that Hisoka really had been tricking him in asking for his help after all. "I should have known…"

Hisoka laughed. "But you didn't~"

When Hisoka removed his hand from his own to cup his cheek, instead of removing his hand too, Gon started to stroke him through the material of his jeans and despite being a bit peeved that he had been tricked, was delighted to hear the resulting moan close to his ear.

"Oh Gon-kun," Hisoka moaned softly. "I wanted you since you came to meet me at The Bar with that aggressive expression~" he confessed. "How can you expect me to resist you when you're always wearing shorts and looking so defiant? ~"

"Huh?" Gon was finding it hard to believe that such a thing was arousing to Hisoka. What did his shorts have to do with anything?

"Oh yes~" Hisoka's voice was breathy as he took Gon's lips in a hot kiss.

Gon's cheeks burned with embarrassment and desire but he kissed Hisoka back eagerly, opening his mouth to taste the lingering alcohol as their tongues wrapped and slid in a kiss that was becoming incredibly hotter and wetter. "Mmmm…Hisoka…" he muttered as Hisoka pulled back to kiss along his bottom lip; chin and all the way to one of his heated ears.

Opening his eyes a bit, all he saw was the soft crimson waves of Hisoka's hair as the man licked and nipped at the sensitive spot near the base of his ear. "Hisoka…"

"Mmmm? ~"

"What do you like about my shorts?" Gon couldn't help but ask.

"Ohhh~ everything~" Hisoka whispered against his neck. His other hand came up to glide along Gon's bare legs, all the way to where, unfortunately, his shorts ended. "Your legs always look so tempting in them~"

"Really?"
"Yes...~ Firm and strong yet sleek and sexy~" Hisoka's tongue came out to lap at his pulse briefly. "And you know what that makes me think about?"

Gon had an idea, but he wanted to hear Hisoka say it. "What?" he gasped in anticipation as Hisoka's hand lingered at the junction of his thighs.

"I think of pushing those beautiful legs up over your head and fucking you hard of course.... And we both know how good it feels when I do that~"

Gon held his breath as Hisoka's fingers now ghosted over his erection. "Ah..." A slight tremor rocked him.

"And that's just what I'm thinking of doing right now~" Hisoka audibly breathed in his scent as he nuzzled his neck. "I want to fuck you Gon. I want to cum inside you, mark you as mine and only mine~"

Hisoka's crude words and the embarrassment of doing something so deviant in public had Gon struggling to contain his desire. His eyes felt heavy, weighted by lust and he wanted nothing more than to be fucked just as Hisoka was describing. He bit his lip in an attempt to stem his urges and through hazy eyes, while Hisoka continued to attack the smooth skin of his neck with kisses, he could see a few people trying not to look curiously in their direction. Instead of being afraid of the extra attention, he felt bold and the little embarrassment that lingered only served to excite him.

Hisoka did not miss this change in him. "Are you turned on by being looked at right now? ~" he whispered while giving him a hickey on his neck.

"Mmmm…” Gon moaned, as the hand on his crotch became more insistent. "Yes," he admitted honestly.

Hisoka smirked against the warm skin at his lips. "Are you embarrassed? ~"

"Yes…I am…"

"Hmm...so you're turned on by being humiliated my little Gon-kun~" Hisoka concluded, his lips hovering close to Gon's temptingly moist, plump mouth.

Gon didn't respond but boldly closed the little distance between them to initiate a kiss. His initial attempt was a bit clumsy because of their height difference, but as Hisoka bent lower, Gon's kiss soon became fiery as he used both his teeth and tongue explore Hisoka's sexy smirk...to mark it as his own. Hisoka moaned at the pain of Gon's rough kiss and kissed him back possessively, thrusting his tongue into his mouth to taste more of him.

When Hisoka's lips and hand suddenly stopped teasing him almost simultaneously, Gon almost voiced his disapproval but Hisoka cupped both his cheeks and kissed him hard on his lips.

"Gon-kun~" Hisoka whispered, his voice hoarse. "This isn't enough~"

"But you know we can't do——"

"I know," Hisoka cut in before he could finish. "I'm not talking about that~"

"Then what——"

"There are other things we can do here~"
Hisoka turned his attention from Gon to pick up the elegantly folded napkin on the charger plate in front of him. Sparing Gon a brief, cunning grin, he dropped it to the ground between them. "Well won't you look at that, I dropped my napkin~"

Gon looked at Hisoka as if he had suddenly gone mad. "Hisoka, what are you—"

"Wouldn't you be a good boy and pick it up for me Gon-kun? ~"

"Oh…okay…" Gon said, still not quite understanding what Hisoka was getting at. "I guess I'll pick it up for you."

He quickly ducked under the tablecloth. But as he got down on his hands and knees on the burnished, tiled floor to reach for the napkin near Hisoka's boot, the man kicked it a bit further away. Frowning, he reached for it again and Hisoka repeated the move with his other foot and soon Gon found himself crawling around on the floor until he was finally able to grab the napkin before it could be kicked again.

At that moment, Hisoka pulled up the tablecloth in front of him to glance down at Gon's thoroughly pissed off face looking up at him from where the young man was kneeling between his legs. "Why thank you Gon~" he said when Gon shoved the napkin into his hand. But as Gon made to get up to return to their seat, he placed a hand on his shoulder.

"What do you want?" Gon asked gruffly.

"I was thinking that since you're down there already, you could do me a favor~"

"What do you want?" Gon repeated, frowning. "I'm not picking up any more napkins."

"Oh, no of course not. The napkin was just a ruse to get you on your knees," Hisoka said chuckling. "And me kicking it was to get you in position~" His slightly amused smile morphed into a shrewd grin. "The real favor I want…"—one hand moved to deftly undo his belt—"is for you to take care of this~"

"What?" Gon stared at the turgid erection Hisoka was holding out for him. "I…can't do that here…" He looked around nervously, although doing so did not allow him to see anyone from where he was crouched. "What if someone sees?"

"No one is going to see you. You're under a table, completely hidden by all this tablecloth~"

Gon swallowed anxiously, realizing that Hisoka was right. Thankfully their table was located at the back of the restaurant and the tablecloth went all the way to the floor. Just then, a thought occurred to him – was Hisoka taking advantage of the situation, or had he planned for this to happen from the beginning? It all seemed too coincidental.

Before he could contemplate some more on the situation he had suddenly found himself in, with Hisoka practically exposed in front of him, a hand reached under the table to tilt his chin upward.

"Stick out your tongue Gon and try not to make a mess~ Here's that appetizer you wanted before the meal~" Hisoka instructed with a lewd smirk. "Didn't you say that you have a big appetite? ~"

Gon blushed, reaching out to take hold of Hisoka's cock. It was best to stop hesitating before they really were discovered and thrown out of the restaurant.
"Ah...that's it~" Hisoka moaned, threading one hand through his hair when Gon started to slowly trail the rough part of his tongue in a wavering line from the base of his cock all the way to the bulbous tip. On getting to the top, Gon circled it a few times, alternating between the rough top then smooth underside of his tongue. When he was done, he deposited a small kiss at the point where the head met the shaft and wiggled his tongue there briefly, before returning to lick the entire shaft again.

"Nice… Such a good boy~" Hisoka muttered. "You're learning really fast just what to do to get me off~"

Hisoka's other hand continued to hold the part of the tablecloth directly in front of him and Gon looked up at him, meeting his eyes and purposely, lazily flicking the tip of his wet tongue across the leaking slit. He smirked when Hisoka's carefully controlled expression momentarily shattered into a look of exquisite delight and he felt good to have caught him unawares, if only for a brief moment.

Wanting to make Hisoka completely lose control, Gon knew that he had to do more than just lick him, and he opened his mouth wide, attempting to take most of his cock inside in one try. He only gagged a little when it hit the back of his throat and seeing the pride on Hisoka's face, he undulated his tongue over the entire length in his mouth and moaned.

Gon relaxed his throat, just the way he remembered Hisoka teaching him to, and lowered his head a bit more, trying to take all of Hisoka's cock inside his mouth. His nostrils flared and his breathing became labored.

*It's so deep inside...*

He moaned.

*Hot so hot...I feel...*

His other hand that was on the floor came up to grasp his nipple and tightening his grip on the sensitive bud through the material of his T-shirt, Gon moaned again.

The vibration from Gon's moaning and the sight of the young man pinching his own nipples while sucking on his cock made Hisoka moan even louder. It was a good thing that their table wasn't close to the others but even if it was, he wouldn't have cared to be heard. He was so close to—

"Sir?"

Hisoka looked away from what Gon was doing to see the waiter from earlier looking at him with a thoroughly confused expression. From his angle, it was impossible for him to have seen what he had been watching and the young man seemed curious to know what he had been looking at under the table with such rapt attention.

"Yes? ~" Hisoka asked, unaware of how sexy his voice sounded.

"I…um." The waiter fidgeted a little, still confused and blushing as the husky voice washed over him. "W-where is the young man who was with you?"

"Mmm…he's busy right now~"

"Busy?" Denny's expression became even more befuddled. "Is he in the restroom?"

"Wouldn't...you like to know~" Hisoka said, licking his lips.
"I'm here to take y-your orders, ah you know, for anything you want...that is, the food, of course...um...for the both of you?" Denny muttered awkwardly, gesturing to the empty spot on the leather banquette seating where Gon had been. He couldn't understand why, but looking at the handsome redhead in front of him with his slightly ruddy cheeks and dark, golden gaze had him feeling uncomfortable in a way that he knew he shouldn't be feeling while on the job.

Why does his voice sound like he's having sex?!

"I…uh,"—he looked away from Hisoka's captivating golden stare—"Should I return to take his orders?"

"No, I'll order for him~"

"D-do you… I mean, have you decided on an appetizer?"

"No~" Hisoka gave him a positively carnal smile. "I told you before that we're only interested in the main course~"

"And how about your companion? What would he be having as an appetizer? Shall I recommend the—"

"Mmm~" Hisoka moaned, his eyes closing briefly as Gon started to move up and down, occasionally pausing to suck harder on his shaft. "Nice. Keep doing that~"

"Keep doing what?" Denny furrowed his brow. "Did you say something sir?"

"Did you? ~"

"I was asking if your companion wants the appetiz—"

"No he doesn't~"

"Are you sure? The two for one special is only for today, you could take advantage of—"

"I'll pass~" Hisoka paused momentarily as he'd almost forgotten what he had been about to say when Gon's ministrations became more determined. "We'll be having the Prawn Linguine… mmm…and the Grilled Vegetable Salad~"

"Prawn Linguine," Denny repeated, scribbling quickly on his notepad. "No appetizers or dessert? Maybe you should wait until he comes back before giving up on such a deal. It's not every day that—"

"Sir~"

"My name's Denny."

"Whatever~" Hisoka replied casually. "My partner…mmm…he is **not** interested in your two for one special. And where he is right now…mmmmmmmm,"—he grinned—"by the time he's done with that **other** appetizer, he'd only have room for the main course~"

"What do you mean he's having an appetizer? I don't see him anywhere." The confusion on Denny's face seemed to multiply tenfold. "Did he leave?" he asked, looking around the restaurant before his eyes settled on the grey gym bag on the floor near the table.

*That's the bag Gon came in with, isn't it?*
"Did I say that he left?" Hisoka asked, to which Denny gave him a blank look. "Mmm... I did say that I'm ordering for him, which means that he's still around here you know... somewhere," he drawled, golden eyes looking pointedly to where his hand was now holding the side of the tablecloth.

Hisoka smirked as he watched the young man's green eyes follow the movement of the material as he slowly lifted it.

*What would his expression be when he sees...~*

"What?!" Denny gasped when familiar grey sneakers came into view. It was obvious that those belonged to Gon and that Gon was on his knees between the man's high heeled black boots.

"What is he doing... what are you two—?!" One hand flew to his lips when a few of the other diners turned their attention in his direction.

When he looked back to the table, the redhead was looking at him with a smug smirk and the satin tablecloth was back to its original position as if it had never been disturbed. "I... um..."

"What are you going to do now?" Hisoka asked boldly. "Are you done taking our orders? ~"

"I-I th-think so..."

"You're not going to try selling me that special again right? ~"

"..."

"I can always ask my partner if you're not sure~" He started to lift the tablecloth again and this time he got it as far as Gon's thighs before Denny put up both hands.

"Ah," Denny gasped, quickly waving both hands in a placating gesture. "I understand, so please don't. I'll just go get—"

"Running away?" Hisoka asked cruelly, one eyebrow raised and a mocking expression on his face. "Why leave so soon? Didn't you... mmm... want to ask Gon if he wanted an appetizer? ~"

Denny's face flushed all the way to his hairline.

*Is he going to make me watch...*

"Don't worry~ I'll ask him for you~" Hisoka lifted the front of the tablecloth and tilted his head to look down to where Gon was hidden beneath the table with his cock still in his mouth. He gently threaded one hand through his spiky hair. "Gon-kun, do you still want an appetizer before dinner? ~"

"Mmmumph...!" Gon tried to reply, but quickly found it impossible to do so as his red, puffy cheeks quivered, his eyes watered profusely, and he almost drooled.

Pausing, Gon remembered that he had been instructed not to make a mess.

*Oh shit.*

His lips closed tighter around the thick shaft, trying not to let any drool leak out of his mouth.

"Mmmph..." Swallowing the increasing amount of precum and saliva in his mouth, Gon finally shook his head in defeat. It was truly impossible to give an answer and suck Hisoka's cock without
making a mess.

Hisoka looked back up at the waiter. "He said he's not interested~"

*What the hell.*

Denny's face was beet red and he took one step back, then another.

*What kind of guy is this...*

"Well I'll be going now...but um...that w-would be two Prawn Linguine, one Grilled Vegetable Salad and no drinks right?" He took a deep breath and clutched his clipboard tighter. "I-I'll be back soon!"

"Please hurry back with the entree, you know how *appetizers* tend to make people very hungry~ *They really open up the appetite and make you crave more'...~" Hisoka stated, repeating the words the waiter had told Gon earlier when he was trying to sell them the special.

Denny didn't respond but ran off toward the kitchen and Hisoka just laughed. *He won't be back for a while~*

Just then Gon gagged and Hisoka's hand gripped his hair tighter. "Oh~ Gon-kun~ Don't stop now...I'm almost there~" he whispered huskily but despite saying that, he took over the pace, smoothly pushing his hips up to send his cock even deeper into Gon's hot, wet mouth. He was in his element, doing such a vile and outlandish thing in a place where anyone could turn to them at any moment and realize instantly what was happening below the table.

It was dangerous, marvelous and above all, Gon's hot mouth felt so good as his throat contracted around his cock with every deep thrust. "Yes~Gon~" Hisoka muttered, his eyes slanted.

Finally looking down at Gon one last time before those eyes closed tightly, his entire body quivered and he grunted, filling Gon's mouth with cum.

"Hnnnnn...~" His grip remained firm in Gon's hair until he was sure that Gon had swallowed every last bit of his cum, and hearing him choke again as he licked his cock clean, Hisoka smiled, feeling incredibly sated.

When those fingers finally let go of his hair to allow him to sit up, Gon pulled away immediately to take a gasping breath of air into his lungs. "Ouch!" he grumbled when, at the same time, he tried to get up too quickly and bumped his head against the underside of the table.

Hisoka grabbed the elegant vase at the center of the table before it toppled over. "Careful now Gon-kun, you wouldn't want to hurt yourself~"

"Oh shut up," Gon replied as he emerged from under the table to sit down again. "It's your fault I was stuck under that table in the first place!"

"But you did such a good job while there~" Hisoka said, reaching out to tuck a stray lock of Gon's now messy hair behind his ear. "Awww, your face is so red, how cute~"

Grabbing one of the menus, Gon chose not to answer him but stood up instead.

"Where are you off to? ~" Hisoka asked, eyeing the menu Gon was holding in front of himself. "I made your order already~"
"I know, I heard,"—Gon looked away—"unfortunately."

"Well come back here~" Hisoka patted the spot next to himself but Gon shook his head. "What's the matter? ~"

"I…" Gon's cheeks burned hotter. "I have to use the restroom…" He risked a glance in Hisoka's direction and saw the man look down to where he was holding the menu to hide the outline caused by his erection pushing against the front of his pants.

"Oh~I see~" Hisoka smiled wider, and as Gon started to walk off, he asked, "Need any help? ~"

"No!" Gon shouted hastily, his voice echoing in the open space. Promptly, the entire restaurant got quiet and everyone looked directly at him.

Not again...

There were so many eyes seeking an explanation for his outburst and Gon fidgeted, wishing he could just disappear. Regrettably he couldn't and he clutched the menu tighter, frozen for a moment.

Umm...

Gon smiled awkwardly at them, but as they continued to stare wordlessly, he found it difficult to mutter an apology or even meet their gazes.

His blush intensified under their collective observation and before anyone could say anything, he ran off and didn't stop running until he was where the restrooms were located, far away from their judging eyes and alone at last.
Think I did a good job on this chapter; give me some of your love ❤️ (It helps me to keep writing)

A/N:
1) Once again Hisoka is torturing side characters...

2) "My butt does not 'jiggle' Hisoka!" (lmao)

3) Ohoho Gon, Laura wasn't shocked when Hisoka grabbed your butt...she was probably having a fangirl heart attack xD

**More Notes:**

Awww Denny is a bad waiter. At least he's better at decorating. Poor guy is going to be thinking about what he experienced at work for a long time. Hisoka seems to know just how to discipline young men who get out of line... (Ok, that didn't come out right =.=)

But boy was Gon brave to talk back, stick out his tongue, then ultimately take Denny's advice rather than listen to Hisoka. I was like 'Ooooh you've done it now Gon!' And for the next chapter, Hisoka's going to teach Gon just how to watch his words...

**Next Chapter Preview:** Be warned, I was in one of those weird mindsets while writing this two part special so you know, whenever that happens, as bad as the situation is now, things will only gets worse for Gon!

Gon will get a big surprise if he thinks that that was all Hisoka had in store for him. Stay tuned for part two of the NR Sex Special where I shall continue fulfilling the previously mentioned requests and add yet another!

Sneak peak of the full warnings for the next chapter: Chapter 30 will be **RATED M** for erotic games, sexual tension, dirty talking, nipple play /torture, filthy fantasies, sexxxx, bondage, voyeurism, exhibitionism, public display of affection (PDA), sadomasochism and a slightly abnormal appreciation for short shorts.

Join me in a few days as we descend further into HisoGon hell :/

Oh and in addition to that, you'll be getting an angsty scene with Killua at home.

P.S.: This chapter title...lol. Saying that Hisoka is perverted is like saying the sky is blue haha...

Review and I shall be eternally grateful for your thoughts!

Much love.
A/N (Please read for additional story information):

Happy belated birthday UxD! Sorry this is two days later than promised, but it's even more worth it. I had to go back to re-edit some stuff and then last night at 2AM, before I could post I fell asleep. Anyhow, I hope this chapter meets you guys well. For me, I can't wait for the weekend to catch up on lost sleep! Until then, *zombie mode, activate...*

1) A note on Denny (based on my reply to Labuser05): Ohhh Denny was so bad ;p he knew that Gon and Hisoka were together as a couple so he sort of deserved his punishment. But to make that punishment oh so much more worse, he was not only embarrassed / traumatized / scarred after that experience but Hisoka made him realize that he's a bit of a voyeur hahaha (you'd notice that from the way he was reacting when he was watching). What could be more traumatizing for him than to have thought that he was so innocent, knowing with every fiber of his being that what he was seeing Hisoka and Gon doing was wrong, yet to still feel unexpectedly turned on by it? Fitting punishment?

Sigh, Hisoka is warping the minds of young men lol.

2) Lol you guys are seeing that Gon is now enjoying the repercussions of his actions that lead to Hisoka punishing him (ohoho who wouldn't ;p). It is just as he was thinking in an earlier chapter (23): he does like it (since it's like jumping into the unknown, and not knowing how creative Hisoka is going to get with his punishment feels wonderful for a thrill seeker like him), but what he hates is the injury to his pride and the humiliation (since Hisoka enjoys embarrassing him). This explains why he's usually angry with Hisoka afterwards. In the last chapter he thought that after acting up and being rebellious that Hisoka would have waited until they got home to get rough with him but boy (was and) is he in for a surprise! The whole experience was terribly humiliating for him but strangely, Gon is beginning to realize that even the embarrassment he feels is starting to become arousing…

Oh Gon =.=

3) All the requests I fulfilled in the last chapter would also be fulfilled in this one as well (i.e. public sex, Hisoka's jealousy) and one more from:

African Queen forever – who asked so long ago for me to use sex toys in the story so I guess the creative use of something (not saying what it is ;p) in the nipple play scene can count as a sex toy for now. And recently, Gon Is Still Bae asked for that too so I hope this is good until possibly more in the future *wink, wink*;
P.S.: Killua's part is going to be a bit angsty.

Chapter Summary:

Gon soon realizes that, like Laundry Days, a fancy dinner with Hisoka is anything but normal. Things begin quite normally though, but unfortunately, they take a turn for the worst when Gon receives an unexpected suitor whose intentions he's clueless about but who Hisoka does not like. What happens when Hisoka sets out to teach them both what happens when someone messes with what's his? Will Gon overcome yet another obstacle and learn more about himself or crumble under the pressure of Hisoka's requirements? And at the same time, while this is happening, will Killua be able to make sense of his reaction to what he has learned about Hisoka and Gon?

N.B.: Don't forget that in this story, since Hisoka speaks with a sing-song / teasing tone, he loses the "~" whenever he gets upset, angry or serious.

Chapter Dictionary:

Baka: fool (or if used as an adjective, "foolish")

HuntsApp messages are like this:

(Incoming message) Name: Message

'POV person (the person with the phone) replying or sending a message is in italics and encased within single quotation marks.'

Don't forget that italics outside of single quotation marks are thoughts!

Disclaimers:

All characters belong to Yoshihiro Togashi. I do not claim ownership of any of the characters mentioned.

Ouch! I will not be held responsible for any injuries caused by the incorrect use of office tools, whether inspired by this chapter or not.

References: Hunter x Hunter 2011 anime episode 90 - Gon isn't too good at math.

Warning: This is Part Two of the first NR sex experience for Gon and it is RATED M for erotic games, sexual tension, dirty talking, nipple play /torture, Orgasm Control, filthy fantasies, sexxxx, bondage, accidental voyeurism, non-consensual voyeurism, non-consensual exhibitionism, public display of affection (PDA), sadomasochism and a slightly abnormal appreciation for short shorts / Gon's butt.

Well don't be shy, there's no turning back now! Here we go…deeper...*intentionally trips you so that you hurtle downwards faster* into HisoGon hell!

Chapter Thirty: NR Sex 1 Part 2: ¿Hisoka es pervertido?
"No!" Gon shouted hastily, his voice echoing in the open space. Promptly, the entire restaurant got quiet and everyone looked directly at him.

Not again...

There were so many eyes seeking an explanation for his outburst and Gon fidgeted, wishing he could just disappear. Regrettably he couldn't and he clutched the menu tighter, frozen for a moment.

Umm… Gon smiled awkwardly at them, but as they continued to stare wordlessly, he found it difficult to mutter an apology or even meet their gazes. His blush intensified under their collective observation and before anyone could say anything, he ran off and didn't stop running until he was where the restrooms were located, far away from their judging eyes and alone at last.

So humiliating…

Quickly locking himself inside one of the stalls, Gon slumped against the wall partition, his face hot with embarrassment. He couldn't believe it. Why did that have to happen?!

Looking down his body at the noticeable bulge in his shorts that only seemed to get harder with his emotional turmoil, he wondered, Did those people see?

No, most likely they hadn't, but maybe one or a few of them had figured out what he had been doing with Hisoka.

And…

His breath hitched.

What I was coming here to do…

"Oh," Gon moaned, his voice sounding pained. Just the thought that one or all of the people had known what he had been up to made him feel so...aroused, even more than he could remember ever feeling and his erection became painful, pressing against the confines of his shorts.

Ahhh…

The resulting sensation was a mixture of pleasure, pain and an overwhelming frustration that was impossible to contain.

No matter how hard he tried to suppress it, Gon couldn't hold back anymore, and in the end he was left gritting his teeth as a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

He needed release.

Eager hands fumbled with his belt and soon he was gripping his erect cock, stroking it as he thought about all the people looking at him, at the way the waiter sounded shocked upon learning what he had been doing under the table, the way Hisoka's shaft felt in his mouth and how he had to swallow all that…
Wow...

His hand stroked faster, as the memory of Hisoka fucking his mouth was still vivid in his mind.

"Mmm..." The way Hisoka had held him still and violated his mouth in such a public setting made him feel so used, so aroused.

*Hisoka is always so rough...*

Gon squeezed his cock, gasping as he imagined that right at that moment he was masturbating while Hisoka was still fucking his mouth.

His other hand curled against the wall, nails peeling off the paint as his thoughts conjured up another image of Hisoka in the bathroom with him, hand on his back, forcing him to lean forward over the toilet and spread his legs wide while thrusting into his ass and commanding him to keep masturbating at the same time.

The thought excited him and at that point, as Gon panted with his approaching orgasm, he regretted stubbornly refusing Hisoka's offer to 'help' him.

*If only he was here right now, he'd...he'd have...oh....*

Gon's hand left the wall, moving to his chest to grasp one of his nipples, then the other and he moaned at the delightful pain. They were terribly sore from playing with them while sucking Hisoka off a few minutes ago but he didn't care, pain had become a high that he couldn't get enough of.

"Mmmm..." Gon pinched his erect nipple even harder and a shock of pleasure shot through his body, right to where his hand was still fervently stroking his cock. "Ohh... Hnnrgh..."

He was so caught up in getting off that he did not realize that he had not properly bolted the lock on the stall's door and while he panted and trembled with his approaching climax, someone slipped into the stall behind him.

"Hnnnnn...ahh..." Gon moaned louder, unable to keep his voice down now that the tremor started from the curling of his toes and inched steadily up his legs.

Releasing his nipple to grip the wall again as his legs trembled even more, he fought to maintain his balance while his hand pumped his slick, hard cock. *Here it comes...*

"Hisokaaa...ahhh...ah!"

"Yes Gon-kun? ~"

Several things happened at that point: Gon's rapidly pounding heart lurched, his hand stilled and his entire body went rigid as if forgetting that he was about to come. Was he so caught up in fantasizing about Hisoka that he had just imagined his voice? No, his senses told him, *Hisoka is—*

"I'd be lying if I said that I'm sorry to have interrupted you~" came a sexy, familiar voice close behind him and Gon almost jumped out of his skin. "Why so surprised? ~" it continued, "I can't believe you actually thought that I'd remain sitting out there after seeing your cock straining for release inside these,"—a hand smacked Gon's butt—"short shorts~"

"Hisoka wait I—"
"Hush~" Hisoka breathed the command into Gon's ear, cutting off his hasty explanation and leaning close to press his erect cock against his back.

"Oh..." Gon felt that obvious bulge trapped within Hisoka's jeans and his heart started to race again in anticipation as his hand regained its rhythm. Having Hisoka there was an unexpected turn of events but it was quickly becoming just what he had been wanting.

*Did he come just to see me do this?*

"Mmmm..." His hand pumped faster, his nostrils flaring and suddenly the familiar feeling descended over his trembling body again. It was right there, so close, he was about to come hard and while Hisoka watched too. This only made him even more aroused. "Ah...ah...Hisoka...I'm com —"

"No you're not. Stop," came another command from behind him and Gon's hand stopped stroking, although he was practically on the verge of a powerful climax.

Utter confusion, need and frustration riddled him and Gon tried to turn around to face Hisoka but was stopped when two hands closed over his shoulders.

He gasped helplessly. "Hey you—!"

"What did I just tell you?"

Gon was panting; his brain was feverish and hazy from having his orgasm interrupted twice but he muttered, "'Hush'?"

"Yes," Hisoka replied, one hand gliding to where Gon's hand was still holding on to his cock.

Grabbing hold of his wrist, he forced him to let go of the tumescent member. "You're going to play with me now and these are the rules of our game: You will keep looking straight ahead, speak only when I tell you to,"—he pulled Gon's arm up over his head to join the other that had been holding on to the wall—"and come only because I've allowed you to."

Now that Gon's arms were out of the way, Hisoka's hands glided down over them to pause at his chest.

"Mmm...~ let's see what you're hiding under here~"

Circling the pouty areolas briefly with just the tip of his index fingers, Hisoka grabbed hold of the pebbled nipples through his thin T-shirt. "Oh, just look at that, they're even harder than before~"

"Ahhhhh..." The insistent caress made Gon squirm subtly. "Why...do I have to stay quiet and...and —aahh—!" The sudden sharp pain on both his nipples as Hisoka squeezed them startled him and Gon wasn't surprised that when he tried to move his hands he couldn't.

"What...why did you—?!

"Don't forget the rules." Hisoka released the grip on his nipples and when he heard Gon sigh in relief, his cock pressed hard against his pants. Gon's naiveté was terribly arousing. If only his little fruit knew that there won't be any release for a while still, he wouldn't be feeling so relieved.

Hisoka smirked, his golden eyes never leaving Gon's lithe frame as his hands continued their journey, traveling slowly, hungrily downwards to delight in the feel of every rib and taut muscle that was his to touch.
"What would you have done if someone other than me had come into this stall?" Hisoka asked calmly as his hands dipped under Gon's T-shirt to glide up his bare torso. "What would you have done if someone else was touching you like this now...with you powerless to do a thing about it? Feeling your warm, smooth skin?" His hands stopped when they reached his nipples. "Someone who was not me...?"

Gon knew better than to respond to those questions. They were rhetorical and each held both a dangerous and playful hint to them. It was evident to him that Hisoka was feeling angry and turned on at the moment but instead of being scared, Gon's pulse quickened with the expectation of what was to come. Hisoka was always more sadistic when he was upset.

"Gon-kun," Hisoka pinched one of his nipples gently. "Do you know how many people can come into this restroom in the space of fifteen minutes?"

Gon remained mute but shook his head.

"Do you want to know?" He pinched his other nipple, pulling the two away from Gon's chest.

Moaning and twisting uncomfortably, Gon knew that he did not want to think about who could be walking into the restroom now while he was getting teased by Hisoka. Still, as if driven by some ghostly compulsion, he nodded.

"It is said that fifty percent of all customers coming to a restaurant use the restroom each day. There is a full house here tonight with the main dining area seating one hundred and twenty, the cocktail bar seating twelve and the two private dining rooms also seating twelve each. For a restaurant this size, there are two facilities. How many do you think have already been here?"

Does he want me to give him an answer or is that another rhetorical question?

"Gon? ~"

Do I have to add up all the customers and divide by two then by the total number of minutes in a day, then multiply by fifteen? But then I can't use twenty four hours because this restaurant isn't open for twenty four hours... A 'day' would be 12:00pm - 9:30pm or nine and a half hours, or five hundred and seventy minutes.

Gon was starting to get a headache but he persisted.

Ah so that's...one hundred and fifty-six divided by...five hundred and seventy, multiplied by fifty percent...

Wait he asked how many were already here and not how many use the restroom per fifteen minutes. So since it's 7:45pm; I have to first find fifty percent of the total number then multiply...no divide by...by...

Guhhh...

Gon felt as if his brain was frying just trying to work out the numbers and he sincerely hoped that this situation with Hisokawasn't going to turn into a math test.

I hate math...

"Are you paying attention Gon? ~"

"Ah..." Since he was facing away from him, Gon couldn't see Hisoka's face so he closed his eyes
and prayed silently.

*Please no more math...*

Hisoka leaned closer to him and kissed the shell of his ear before adding, "And how many do you think would walk in while you try to keep quiet? ~"

*Oh... So this isn't about math?*

Hisoka laughed while Gon stilled in his grip upon realizing his intentions and the full scope of their 'game'. He took a peek at Gon's face and shuddered. "Such a determined expression you've got there,"—he squeezed his nipples again and saw Gon bite his lip to keep from crying out—"I wonder how long you will last before crumbling? Can you *really* keep quiet?"

Gon wanted so badly to tell Hisoka that he won't lose the game he had proposed but knowing that talking would only make him lose instantly, he gritted his teeth and stayed quiet. Feeling Hisoka shift almost imperceptibly behind him and release one of his nipples, Gon decided that he was ready for whatever was about to happen.

*I won't fail this—*

"Ha—aahhh—!" Gon gasped as pain shot through his body. "Stop...what are you...ahhh!" He wriggled, but couldn't get away from the burning pain on his nipple.

"Did you say something Gon-kun? ~" Hisoka whispered teasingly in his ear. "Have you lost the game so soon? ~"

Gon shook his head quickly, wanting to look down at his aching nipple but not sure if he was allowed to. The pain was searing hot, and his head swam with the sensation of it, but before he could adjust, the same intense pain grasped his other nipple.

He felt nauseous.

*Ow, ow ow! What the hell is Hisoka doing to me—*

"I bet you're curious about what's going on down here~" Hisoka asked mockingly, pulling at whatever he had placed over his nipples and causing Gon to almost cry out.

"Here." He gripped the hem of his T-shirt and pulled it up over his nipples and tucked it up at his back to keep the garment out of the way. "You can look down now~"

Looking down through hooded, teary eyes, Gon was surprised to see two bulldog clips, the ones usually used to hold sheets of paper, clamped securely over his nipples. They both looked and felt painful as they bit down on his tender flesh and he moaned.

*Where the heck did Hisoka get these things from?*

"Oh my~ Gon-kun! ~" Hisoka ground his hips against his back. "You're so needy aren't you? ~"

Gon only panted in response. When Hisoka held on to the clips and pulled at them to stretch his nipples he yelped.

"By the way, did you know that these things hurt even more when they're removed? ~" he asked, toying with the metallic rings at the edge of each clip. "For a while, your nipples would be left painfully sensitive to even the lightest touch~"
Hisoka's voice lowered dangerously, as if preparing to make a dark confession. "Do you have any idea what I'm feeling right now?" He scoffed, muttering in a black whisper, "I really...really want to hurt you Gon-kun...to torture you slowly...to revel in your anguished cries~"

"Mm!" Gon's body arched as Hisoka's hand finally closed around his neglected cock, stroking slowly at first, but then suddenly increasing the pace ruthlessly.

An evil laugh sounded behind him and Hisoka leaned forward to lick the side of his face where the beaded droplets of sweat had started to accumulate with his effort to hold back.

"Ah!" Gon squirmed, biting his lip and once again teetering along the edge of his budding orgasm.

_Oh dear gods...I think I'm going to come...finally..._

"This is marvelous~ you're so hard and wet~" Hisoka pulled on one of the clips and when Gon sobbed in pleasure, he kissed the corner of his mouth. "Since you're so sensitive, this must really hurt...yet you're practically dripping. Is it because you love the pain so much? ~"

Gon gasped when Hisoka stroked faster. "You can't hold it in can you? It feels like you're about to come, but unfortunately for you that won't be happening any time soon~ Or would it? ~" He laughed and Gon continued to pant under his torment. "Do you want to come Gon-kun? ~"

Gon nodded eagerly.

"I want to hear you say it~"

"Yes please Hisoka," Gon choked out, wanting to cry from the intensity of his need. "Please...**Please** let me come..."

"Not yet~" Hisoka smirked releasing his cock and Gon groaned loudly in disappointment. He stepped back from him to admire the wonderful sight Gon made with his arms restrained over his head, T-shirt hiked high up to expose his smooth, strong back and legs spread wide. Golden eyes took it all in, roaming from beautiful ankles that peeked above white cotton socks, to travel up over what seemed like an endless road of lean, tanned calves and slightly defined thighs until finally meeting the hem of Gon's grey cotton twill short shorts. Hisoka's eyes lingered there momentarily, appreciating the view before he finally reached out to touch Gon where the material pulled tight across his buttocks.

"Mmm~" A perverted smile stretched his lips and he laughed maliciously when Gon squirmed as if the slightest touch burned him.

"I think all those pastries are going in the right place," Hisoka whispered heavily. "Maybe I should have let you have some more dessert after all, I like what the extra calories are doing to you~"

Gon gritted his teeth but said nothing, determined not to let Hisoka win.

"So fat~" Hisoka continued in a teasing tone, groping both his butt cheeks roughly as if to give credence to his statement. "Your ass jiggles because it's **so** fat~"

From the blooming color that extended down the length of his neck, Hisoka knew that Gon was doing his best to stay mute throughout his mockery and he smirked; it was time to take this to the next level. "Let's do something about these shorts mm? ~"

A helpless moan escaped Gon's lips as Hisoka grasped the waistband of his pants and pulled them
down to his ankles. "Now isn't this lovely? ~" he muttered, running his palms from Gon's ankles, all the way up his firm thighs until they were cupping that smooth, pert ass he had been thinking about all day.

One slap across the plump flesh and Gon was instinctively stepping backwards and bending over as much as the Bungee Gum at his wrists allowed him to. Seeing his difficulty, Hisoka smiled and reached forward to lower his wrists so that he could bend even more.

"My oh my Gon-kun~" Hisoka moaned appreciatively as he observed him. "I have just the thing for that fat ass of yours~".

At the sound of a zipper being undone, Gon gasped and his entire body thrummed in anticipation. He didn't think that it was possible to get even more excited but his heart beat faster when Hisoka's hard, thick shaft brushed against his butt.

"Mmmm, you're so sexy," Hisoka muttered against his nape. "So sexy masturbating in a place like this,"—he spread his ass cheeks and paused to look down at him—"now I'm going to fuck your tight, sexy ass in a place like this. Get ready~"

Without a moment given to process what he'd just said, Hisoka was already pressing the swollen head of his cock to his entrance and Gon's eyes squeezed shut at the intensity of the pain and pleasure that pulsed through him from the moment Hisoka breached him, to that of the first few shallow, yet rough thrusts.

"Too soon? ~" Hisoka asked in a heavy whisper against his shoulder as Gon whimpered under him. Another thrust and he was inside up to the hilt. "You're so hot and tight in here...as always~" He withdrew almost completely and thrust back in with everything he had.

Gon couldn't keep quiet anymore. "Ah, ah Hisoka!" he gasped. "Ah it's so fuckin—" Before he could say anything else, a sharp pain shot from his imprisoned nipples and he looked down to see Hisoka's hands pulling on the green clamps.

"Hnnnnn...!" His eyes widened when Hisoka thrust in him again whilst continuing to pull hard on the clamps to stretch his nipples.

The abused pink nubs sent a sharp signal of pain all the way to his cock, which seemed to get even harder from the pain of his nipples being pulled and the intense pleasure of Hisoka's thick cock pushing against his swollen prostate.

"Remember, mmm... no talking until I say you could...no cumming until I allow you to~"

Gon's soft moans, punctuating his thrusts showed that he understood what was required of him.

"Mmm so obedient," Hisoka teased, finally releasing his hold on the clips to trail his nails down Gon's trembling torso while rotating his hips. "Is this what you wanted while you were stroking your cock in here all alone? ~" he asked, enjoying the sound of Gon's breathless whimpering.

"Mmm..." Gon nodded, breathless and unable to respond even if he wanted to. Looking down at the bulldog clips that swung from his reddened nipples in time to Hisoka's thrusts, Gon found himself wanting to cry from the intensity of it all but he knew that at the same time this was exactly what he wanted and more. After his nipples had been imprisoned by the cruel clips, the pain had subsided as his body got used to the tension but every time Hisoka pulled on them they'd hurt even more and now while his ass was being plundered from behind and the heavy clips continued to swing, the pain was even hotter to the point that it was almost unbearable.
Ah...

And he loved it.

Gon moaned, pushing back his ass to meet each of Hisoka's thrusts. *More...* He huffed, trying to remember to breathe. *I want MORE...*

"So...irresistible~" Hisoka muttered between hearty thrusts. "So insatiable~" His fingertips dug into Gon's waist, marking his skin. "I missed your ass..."—he kissed his neck—"I missed..."

*Me?* Gon wondered, anticipating the word but Hisoka instead of completing his sentence, only paused to lick all the way up the back of his neck, leaving a wet trail of saliva across his smooth skin. When Hisoka started thrusting again, Gon gasped in need as a shudder traveled under his skin.

"Yes Gon, yes...~" Hisoka muttered. "You're...squeezing me so hard...I'm going to come soon~" He leaned closer to Gon's ear to whisper, "Do you want me to come...inside you? Do you...want me to fill you with my cum? ~"

"Ah! Yes Hisoka I—"

Just then the smooth, distant creak of a hinge turning interrupted him and Gon realized that someone had entered the restroom. He tensed up immediately but Hisoka only moaned as, unbeknownst to Gon, his panic had made his already tight muscles grip the cock buried deep inside him even tighter. He bit his lip to keep silent but a whimper escaped as Hisoka continued pounding ruthlessly into him.

"Is there someone here?" a voice called cautiously.

"Oh...Gon-kun~" Hisoka pressed his lips to his ear. "Did you know that...I left the stall's door open when...I came in? ~" His arms wrapped around Gon's torso to hold him still as his hips continued to piston his ass. "What do you think would happen...if they walk down here and see...mmm...you getting fucked like this? ~"

*No...* Gon bit his lip harder, trying valiantly to mute his moans while his body did its best to disobey him, writhing within Hisoka's grasp, and he fought the overwhelming urge to cry out.

"Do you think someone's here? I'm hearing weird noises..." the same voice pondered aloud.

"Me too..." another affirmed warily. "Want to check it out?"

"I...don't know if we should..." came the uncertain response.

*Oh shit...* Gon shuddered. *There's two of them?!*

"Are you...embarrassed? Or scared? ~" Hisoka asked, grabbing his cock. Gon reacted instantly by gasping in pleasure. "I wonder what's going to...happen now? Can you...keep quiet with...all this *happening* to your body? ~"

Gon kept his lips pressed firmly together through Hisoka's merciless teasing and thrusting but it was getting harder to keep it up as the man started stroking his cock faster. "Ah..."

"I think someone's having sex in here!"

"Oh my gods what's wrong with people these days?! Let's get out of here!"
"Wait!" the first person gasped. "We can't leave yet…"

"Why would you—"

"Shh, they'll hear you! Be quiet! I just want to—"

"Want to what?"

"Hear how this ends…"

"What?! Are you some kind of perverted mmmph—!"

"Shh! I told you that they'd hear us!"

Hisoka chuckled at their hushed conversation. "Oh my...Gon~ it seems like you've got some fans~" He slapped Gon's butt and the sound echoed in the room that was now silent except for the sounds of their bodies meeting repeatedly. "Let's give them an idea of…mmm just how…messed up we are~" he whispered close to his ear. "Come for me Gon-kun…show them how insatiable you are~"

With that, Gon didn't have a choice when Hisoka let go of his cock to grasp the ends of the clips and pulled them off his nipples without releasing the tension first.

Removing the clips was just as he had been warned; they hurt like hell and the raw pain radiating from his oversensitive nipples intensified even more when Hisoka held the now freed, bruised nubs tightly between the thumb and forefinger of each hand.

"Aieeee!" Gon's entire body lurched instantly. "Oh shit it hurts! Hisoka don't…please don't touch them! It's too soon, Hisoka...too soon!" he cried out but Hisoka only pinched his nipples tighter and Gon couldn't control it, couldn't even think anymore as his legs trembled and he crumbled completely.

"Guhhh...!" Hazel eyes crossed. "Oh gods...oh gods it's coming...it's finally coming. I'm coming!" he gasped, resting his sweaty forehead against the wall in front of him. "Nnnnrrgh...Hisoka…it feels so good! Aaah…!"

His orgasm ripped through his trembling body and Gon panted, toes curling in his sneakers as he forced himself to stay upright while his heart pound out a frantic beat to the rhythm of Hisoka's thrusts. And throughout this, Hisoka only grunted behind him, pumping even harder. "Oh, Hisoka please!" he gasped, arching his back as Hisoka pulled him closer and he was filled with his cum.

"Oh yes...ohh...yes!" Gon cried out one last time as his seed spilled and for a moment he saw nothing but a flash of white behind his eyelids.

"Hahhh…ahh…" Gon swallowed hard, his throat feeling parched. "Damn…" he muttered shakily, trying to catch his breath and looking down at the mess he'd made all over the covered toilet and the previously spotless floor. Hisoka kissed his sweaty cheek and ruffled his hair and as Gon tried to gather his bearings, he heard the door leading out into the dining room open and close again as their unexpected audience left without a word.

"That was amazing…"

The words fell from his parted lips in a rushed whisper as if more in awe of the intensity of his orgasm than concerned about having been caught doing something so private in a public place.
Leaning back to rub the back of his head against Hisoka's cheek, he was surprised when the jester did not move, but seemed content to stay buried inside him for a moment longer.

Gon didn't complain, but relaxed in his hold, enjoying the feel of the man's arms around his torso. His breaths still came in ragged bursts and he glanced absently down at the fingers that had started to slide playfully down each of his ribs. It tickled, but when those fluttering fingertips trailed across the sensitive spot below his navel, Gon gasped, surprised that Hisoka's touches were starting to call the fire from deep within him again.

"Hisoka...ohhh..." He moaned as his cock started to harden in response to Hisoka's touches and to the increasing pressure against his prostate. It was clear that Hisoka was quickly getting hard again and that soon they'd be...

"Hisoka!" Gon repeated in a more urgent tone when Hisoka withdrew to push up inside him.

_We can't do this again..._

"Mmm? ~"

"Our food..." he gasped as Hisoka's cock hit his most sensitive spot once more and he trembled. "It will...it will—"

"The food...can wait, I'm not done with you yet~" Hisoka cut in possessively. "There's still more in here for you~"

Another smooth thrust and Hisoka moved a hand slowly up Gon's torso to circle one of his perky areolas.

"Nnnnrgh...ahh...what? Mmmm..."

"Five more minutes~" Hisoka promised. "That's all it'll take~"

That was definitely a lie and Gon knew it; there was no way another round would take five minutes but he found himself nodding as he writhed in wanton abandon within Hisoka's tight hold.

Gon knew that he should be feeling guilty about what was taking place, but for some reason he could not gather the will to care. Scarcely a hint of regret lingered, and that's when the realization of just how much he had changed hit him more than it ever had before.

_Goodness..._

What had he become, to enjoy doing something so incredibly indecent inside the restroom of York Shin's most popular Italian restaurant? And without a care in the world?

Anyone could walk in on them again, but instead of trying to talk his way out of his current predicament and convince Hisoka to release the Bungee Gum holding his wrists to the wall, he was verbalizing his obvious enjoyment, moaning like some whore Hisoka had picked up on a street corner.

"Hnnnn..." Another deep thrust and Gon rocked his hips to prolong the delightful fullness.

"Mmmmm...H-Hisoka I think..."

"Yes? ~" Hisoka stopped thrusting in and out of him and his other hand reached up to brush over a swollen, bruised nipple.
Gon moaned harder under the tender caress and his chin dropped to his chest as he panted. "I...I think I've fallen..."

"Tell me Gon-kun,"—Hisoka pulled on the neckline of his T-shirt to give him a sharp love bite, causing Gon to shudder in want—"what's wrong with falling into the depths of depravity? ~" He withdrew completely, only to take his time slowly sheathing his cock inside Gon's tight, hot ass again. "What's wrong with all this filth? ~"

Gon grunted as he was stretched repeatedly, in a slow, methodical rhythm. "A-absolutely …" he mumbled, the lingering regret in his tone no longer apparent, "...nothing at all."

XXX

Gon tried to pretend as if he didn't know that Hisoka was looking down at him and grinning. He shifted uncomfortably. My nipples hurt. His teeth chewed on his visibly bruised bottom lip, clearly reddened from too many hot kisses. This is all his fault.

In the end, Hisoka had fucked him twice more before releasing him from his bonds and the experience wasn't any less intense than the first. Afterwards, he'd told him that they were going to sit through dinner and enjoy it. Gon tried not to groan. How am I supposed to comfortably sit here after he came so much inside... He shifted again, trying to sit with his back straight.

Urgh... Finally growing tired of Hisoka's open observation he turned to the grinning redhead next to him, took one look at the jovial expression on his face and frowned. "What do you want Hisoka?"

Hisoka made a sound in the back of his throat that sounded like a cross between a satisfied sigh and a moan. "You~"

"You can't be serious," Gon muttered disbelievingly.

"Why not? ~"

"First you had me crawling around on the floor,"—his cheeks tinted—"and then in the restroom you..." Gon looked away momentarily before looking back at Hisoka's lewd grin. "I can't believe you want more."

"I always want more of you~"

Gon blushed harder, frowning deeper and pretending that the blush on his cheeks was from anger and not desire. "Whatever."

After a moment of silence, Hisoka spoke up again. "You're getting better at it~"

Gon didn't even bother to pretend as if he didn't know what Hisoka was talking about. "Don't remind me."

Hisoka lifted one hand to hold his chin. "Are you angry with me? ~"

Gon's heart did that familiar, delightful little flip when his eyes met Hisoka's. "I—"

"Ah!" Denny gasped as he came up to their table. "Ahm I-I'm s-sorry for interrupting," he
sputtered nervously as Gon turned quickly away from Hisoka to pretend as if he was picking invisible lint off the sleeve of his slightly wrinkled T-shirt.

Denny glanced at him for a moment as if about to say something but stopped himself and instead of addressing him, he off-loaded the contents of his large platter, carefully placing their plates in front of them. "Here you go, two Prawn Linguine and one Grilled Vegetable Salad." He stood at attention with the large gilded platter pressed against his immaculate black suit. "Will there be anything else you need?"

"No, we're good~" Hisoka replied, toying with Gon's palm atop the table and barely sparing him a glance.

"In that case,"—Denny tried not to look at Gon's reddened lips—"I hope you enjoy your meal." Bowing dutifully, he added, "I'll be back to refill your glasses later." And with that, he spun around quickly, already stepping away from their table.

Gon continued to keep his gaze averted until he knew that Denny was gone, then looked up at Hisoka with a dark look.

"Aww, you're so cute when you're embarrassed~" Hisoka cooed.

Gon gave him a petulant pout and turned away abruptly.

"Still not talking to me? ~" Hisoka asked, his voice holding more humor than disappointment. "It's a pity you couldn't be that quiet in the restroom~"

"What?"

"Hm? ~"

Gon's eyes narrowed. "Denny can't even look me in the eye," he grumbled deciding to ignore what Hisoka had said. "It's so embarrassing."

"Wow...embarrassed now that you're no longer thinking with your smaller head huh? ~" Hisoka chuckled lightheartedly while Gon growled at him. "And how do you know he wasn't looking at you? You weren't even looking at him~"

"I wonder whose fault it is for making us both uncomfortable?" Gon asked moodily, gesturing in the general direction the waiter had disappeared. "Maybe those people in the restroom went and complained to him and now he knows~"

"Knows what? ~" Hisoka interrupted with a grin. "Just how much of a screamer you are? ~"

"That's not funny Hisoka..."

"So you're a victim now? ~" Hisoka laughed good-naturedly, baring white teeth in a wide grin. "Oh Gon-kun, just when I thought you couldn't get even cuter~" He leaned toward Gon once more but this time instead of holding his chin, he kissed him briefly on his lips. His voice dropped into a sexy whisper and he let go of Gon's hand to boldly fondle his bare thigh. "Were you thinking about how much of a victim you were while you were in the restroom,"—his hand snaked up a bit higher —"stroking your cock until I caught you? ~" The hand on Gon's leg, on encountering the hem of his short shorts paused to tug at it. "Have you any idea how much your ass makes me want to keep cumming inside—"

"Can't you shut up?" Gon gasped angrily, but his voice came out as a harsh, needy whisper.
Hisoka pulled away from him, deciding to leave him alone before the night ended with him throwing Gon across the table and fucking him...again.

_That would be great...right on top of the Prawn Linguine~_ He looked down at the plate in front of him but then shook his head in an attempt to clear the image of Gon gripping the tablecloth and moaning loudly while he held on to his waist to thrust deep inside him.

"Hisoka..."

_Yeah, he'll sound just like that...~"

"Hisoka!"

_I wonder how long it'll take the restaurant to clear out~_ Hisoka chuckled to himself, thinking of all the people running out of the building. _Oh and of course there would be those who'd be too shocked to do anything other than to stand and watch~_

_Just like the two that were listening to us fucking in the bathroom~_

He moaned at the memory and at the thought of people passing by on the sidewalk outside, peering in through the floor-length windows to look at him having sex with Gon on top of the table. He bit his lip, wondering if there might be some accidents in the street as well.

His smirk became an even wider, evil grin.

Debauchery; ruin; panic; chaos.

_And all because of Gon's sexy ass~_

"Hisoka?"

Realizing that the voice was actually Gon calling out for his attention next to him and not from his fantasy, Hisoka turned to smile at the young man. "Yes Gon-kun? ~"

Gon's lips became a thin line. "What were you thinking about?"

"You really want to know? ~"

"Um..." _Do I really want to know?_ Gon thought doubtfully.

"It was a fantasy," Hisoka said, without waiting for him to respond. "All about what would happen if I stopped resisting your sexy legs and fat ass~" He gestured to the table in front of them while Gon stared at him wide-eyed. "And in that fantasy you were right on top of this elegant table with me balls deep inside of your ass while everyone watched...~"

"Oh...gods..." Gon immediately regretted asking.

"Yeah, you'd be saying that, along with crying out my name while you came hard, over...and over...~" Hisoka moved to kiss his lips and Gon let him, too shocked by the fact that he was actually finding Hisoka's fantasy quite erotic to do anything else. "Do you see what you do to me? ~" Hisoka mumbled against his lips.

Gon nodded, not saying a word or making a movement other than to part his moist lips and submit as Hisoka plundered his mouth. _Oh yes..._

Hisoka released Gon's lips to examine his face and caress his plump cheeks lovingly. "Think of it
this way," he said, putting an arm over Gon's shoulders to pull him closer. "Since Mr. Waiter
knows what you were doing, I don't have to hear him harp about the two for one special
anymore~"

"Oh and that definitely was worth the embarrassment," Gon replied sarcastically.

"No~" Hisoka trailed a wobbly line up his bare thigh with his index finger. "It was worth you
getting a taste of what it's like to be an exhibitionist~"

Gon didn't respond, knowing he couldn't lie to Hisoka about not having enjoyed being looked at by
the waiter or heard by the people in the restroom.

"So~" Hisoka kissed his chin. "How was it? How did it feel to cum after being humiliated like
that? I want to hear you say it~" His voice was slightly muffled and laden with desire as he nuzzled
Gon's hair. "I want you to admit just how much you've 'fallen' ~"

"I…” Another kiss on his cheek and Gon shuddered. "It felt really good," he admitted.

"And what did you like the most? ~"

"I liked the clips on my nipples while you..."

"While I what? ~"

"Fucked me..."

"Oooh such a dirty mouth Gon-kun~" Hisoka cooed. "Nice to see you finally being honest with
yourself~"

"Yes," Gon replied, quickly noting that even if he ignored his desire, the intense awareness he felt
from just sitting next to Hisoka while the man kept one hand on his leg and the other slung over
his shoulders would keep him aroused. He needed a distraction from the indecent thoughts that
were starting to plague him.

"So...how was your meeting with Dawn?" Gon asked, trying to take his mind off of the idle
movement of Hisoka's hand on his thigh. "Did you learn anything about our mission?"

Hisoka stopped making circles on Gon's thigh to reach for his water glass. "I would say it was a
success~" he replied simply.

Gon blushed as Hisoka's eyes held his gaze while the glass slowly tipped toward those smooth lips.
Instead of drinking from it, Hisoka paused and a pink tongue darted out to glide its tip along the
edge of the glass and immediately Gon felt hot all over, wanting to demand that Hisoka put that
tongue all over his body. "Oh..."

As Hisoka's tongue continued to glide slowly, Gon's nostrils flared and his breathing became
labored. His tongue is...going all around the rim of the glass...

Gon gasped as he made the connection.

Rim of the glass...rim of the...rim...rimming...oh my gods Hisoka I want...

He inhaled sharply. I need to stop thinking about it...but I can't...

His vision blurred but remained focused on Hisoka's lewd demonstration and when the tongue
dipped down to touch the surface of the water and flick upwards, Gon felt as if his heart had suddenly seized up.

*Mmmmm*...

Gon shook his head to clear the haze. "Hisoka I want you to..."—one hand clenched the soft leather—"ah...I mean what did you talk about in your meeting?"

"Hm? ~" Hisoka finally took a sip of the clear liquid and replaced the glass on the table. "You of course~"

"What?" Gon's heated blush disintegrated into confusion. "Stop lying!"

"I'm not~"

"Are you lying about not lying?" Gon asked warily.

Hisoka chuckled. "Nope~"

"I thought you said she was your contact," Gon said with a frown.

"Yes, I did say that~"

"So why would you spend precious time discussing me?"

"As I said before, she seems to know quite a lot about you~"

"Well I don't know her,"—Gon hesitated—"well not personally." He had met so many people both on Whale Island and on his journey after becoming a Hunter that it was hard to tell who he had or had not met and something did seem quite familiar about Dawn.

Maybe it was because she knew his dad?

Hisoka smirked. "Would you believe she actually threatened to 'seriously' injure me if I hurt you~"

"Am I supposed to feel sorry for you?" Gon asked disbelievingly. "You'll be getting what you deserve."

"Pity? ~" Hisoka grinned. "I don't want your pity~ You're supposed to feel happy for me; that I've finally acquired something that makes people want to kill me if I destroy it~"

"Don't talk about me like I'm a possession," Gon started to chide him but on looking up at Hisoka's grin, he sighed. "And naturally with that death threat still fresh in your mind you went on to start the evening by tricking me into going under the table..."

"I'm training you not to fall for lies and tricks~"

"And I'm sure you're telling a lie right now."

"Maybe~" Hisoka shrugged. "Plus I didn't hurt you~"

"My head still hurts from hitting it on the table."

"Oh Gon~" Hisoka playfully ruffled his hair and Gon pouted. "That was the table's fault, not mine~"
"But you made me go there!"

"Mmmmm...yes I did~"

"Whatever." Gon batted away his hand. "Tell me what you learned about the case."

"Oh, well Dawn just wanted to tell me that she has a strong lead on who the person we're after is~"

"Who is it?" Gon asked breathlessly, instinctively leaning closer.

"Dawn thinks it is her boss," Hisoka whispered.

"What? Really?" Gon's eyes widened. "Will she be okay?"

"Well she has been working with him under the suspicion that he was the one she was after~" Hisoka leaned back against the leather backrest and stretched out his legs. "All she needs now is to do the final confirmation and we should be set~"

"How is she going to do that?"

"Remember that assignment Dawn said that she had to get ready for tonight? ~"

Gon nodded.

"She plans to get close enough to him to identify a tattoo on his hand that she insists has a purpose~"

"I think it has a purpose too."

"You do? ~" Hisoka tapped his chin pensively. "I haven't told you much about this case; what would make you say that? ~"

"Well this guy is enough of a threat that he has a private investigator trailing him for what has possibly been years. I think this means that he's not just some random person that can be arrested or killed so there has to be a reason he's being allowed to stay alive." Gon rubbed his chin, an unusually thoughtful expression on his face. "And the Hunters' Association is involved..."—He looked up at Hisoka—"And you too, you're involved, which would mean that this man is a Nen user right?"

"Hmm~" Hisoka touched Gon's nose with a light little tap and smirked as he giggled.

"I'm serious Hisoka!" Gon protested, fanning away the hand from his face.

"I know you're serious Gon-kun~"

Gon tried to ignore his sexy smirk and continued, "So that's why I'm also thinking that his tattoo has a purpose – too many people are involved in this for it to be a simple case. Maybe that tattoo has some strange power or something." Pausing, he mumbled as if thinking aloud, "Something more is happening here...something that a lot of people seem to be curious about..."

After a moment of silence descended on them, Gon tilted his head in confusion. "Hisoka—"

Just then the hand around his shoulders pulled him even closer and Hisoka wrapped him up in a tight hug, looking down at him while he struggled. "You're smarter than you look aren't you? ~"

"What's that supposed to mean?!" Gon demanded heatedly, still struggling to pull away from him.
"Are you saying that I look stupid—!"

"No~" Hisoka replied smoothly, depositing a kiss on his cheek, chin, and then a lingering one on his lips. "I'm saying that I like you~"

"Wha—" Gon's face turned red.

"That's what so special about you, you didn't even know much about this case other than the fact that I have a contact and I've been hired to dispose of this guy, but you were able to analyze the little information you had and the observations you made to make an accurate conclusion. I'm proud of you~"

Hisoka kissed his forehead and Gon turned away to discreetly put a hand to his chest. *Does he mean he likes me in an approving way or in a more romantic—*

"Oh and by the way...how was your day Gon-kun? ~" Hisoka asked. "Earlier you mentioned something about it having been a"—he mentally searched for the same phrase Gon had used —"'crazy day'? ~"

Gon looked up at him as if surprised that he had remembered what he'd told him in the HuntsApp message, but said nothing.

"Did you have a fight with your friend? ~"

"How did you—"

"You've been a bit moodier than usual," Hisoka explained. "And that's the only thing that could really have you acting that way~"

"Yeah..."

"What happened? ~" Hisoka asked, putting a finger under his chin to lift his face so that Gon couldn't look away from him again. "Tell me~"

"Killua knows," Gon admitted, unable to hide the hurt that flashed momentarily in his eyes at the memory of their heated disagreement.

"Knows what? ~"

"About us...about what we're doing."

"Hmmm really? ~" Hisoka's finger trailed a lazy path from his chin to his cheek and lingered there. "And is that all Gon-kun? ~"

"No...he was angry...**really** angry, but that wasn't the worst part." Gon bit his lip nervously, his teeth sinking into the soft flesh so hard that it started to bleed a little. "You see, it hurts. It's that look of disappointment, of disapproval and the way he acted as if his trust in me was broken because I lied..."

"Well, lying does have a tendency to break people's trust~"

"Hisoka..." Gon started to frown at him but stopped when the pain from the movement made him realize that he had cut his lip. "Ouch..." He brought his hand up to his lip to wipe away the blood but Hisoka grabbed his wrist.

"Come now, don't fret~" Hisoka said gently, seductively leaning forward to lick the blood off his
lip. "Where does it hurt? Here? ~" He raised the hand he was still holding to rest on Gon's chest and kept it there, between their bodies, over his heart. "Or is the pain here instead? ~" Gon gasped when the lips moved from hovering over his mouth to kiss his cheek. "Let me heal you where it aches~"

"Hisoka..." Gon mumbled, turning to meet Hisoka's lips with a kiss. They kissed slowly, the union of their lips communicating their feelings for each other without a word having to be passed between them.

Hisoka was the first to break their kiss, moving his lips in a deliberately slow, steady path all the way to Gon's earlobe. "Why are you worried? ~" he whispered. "Don't you think that Killua considers you to be a true friend? ~"

"...yes," Gon replied, not sure what Hisoka was trying to say.

"Do you doubt your connection with him? ~"

"Of course not Hisoka." Gon furrowed his brow. "What are you trying to say? I—"

"You see Gon-kun," Hisoka interrupted. "What I'm saying is that if someone considers you a true friend, and you feel the same about them, it would take a lot more than something like this for you to lose them~" He smiled. "Because that's what worries you isn't it? You're afraid of losing him~"

"Yes," Gon admitted, averting his eyes. "And I was also afraid of having to give you up in order to keep him. I can't choose between you two, it's too hard."

"You don't have to choose~"

"But what if Killua—"

"I'm not going anywhere," Hisoka announced, smirking. "So Killua is just going to have to get used to seeing me by your side~"

Gon wasn't sure if that would help his current predicament or hurt it, but he figured that things couldn't get any worse between him and his best friend.

"Now, before your food gets any colder," Hisoka twirled a bit of the linguine around his fork and speared a prawn. "It's time for your dinner~"

"Mmmhmm!" Gon looked down at the mouthful Hisoka was holding in front of his lips and opened his mouth happily.

Hisoka watched attentively as Gon's lips closed around the fork and smiled. Yes Gon, you're mine and no one can change that. I wouldn't let them~

XXX

N.B: Meanwhile, in an apartment shared by Killua and Illumi...

Padding across the room soundlessly, Killua entered the kitchen and made a beeline for the refrigerator.
He sighed.

*Nothing edible.*

Well to be fair, the fridge was packed with food but not the type he could eat right away and he wasn't in the mood to cook anything for himself. Illumi was the one who liked to cook, not him.

*Where is Illu-nii when I need him?*

*Wait.*

*What did I just...*

He shook his head and frowned, unhappy with the thought that he actually wanted Illumi to be home right now.

*But what's taking him so long at the bank anyway?*

Looking up at the large clock on the wall, his brow furrowed. 8:00pm. *Isn't the bank closed by now? So if he's not at the bank, then where is—*

*Whatever.*

*I don't want to know.*

*And I don't really want him to be here. I can cook something for myself, it's pretty easy I just have to...*

Killua gazed blankly down at the wide assortment of ingredients and suddenly cooking felt like an insurmountable task.

*It's going to be ok, I just have to turn on the—*

He looked away and in the direction of the stove...then back to the contents of the fridge again, his heart now filled with doubt.

*And denial.*

*It's not like I can't cook... I just don't want to,* he convinced himself. *I don't need Illumi for anything—*his knuckles whitened from his tightening grip on the door—*I've never needed him. And wanting him to be here doesn't mean I want to see him or that I'm concerned that he hasn't come home yet to get started on dinner for me...I mean us...damn...*

His frown deepened.

*Damn it all...*

Killua realized that he was contradicting himself.

"What the hell is wrong with me?!" he grumbled aloud, pausing dramatically as if waiting for an answer from the heavens.

*Of course there was none.*

*How did my thoughts go from wanting to get something to eat to convincing myself that I do not want to see Illumi?*
Killua's entire body went rigid.

Since when did I have to convince myself that I do not want to see that bastard?

His pale hand gripped the door of the refrigerator even tighter, to the point that a dull pain pricked at his consciousness but he was far from aware of it. Killua really did not like that his thoughts were now focused on his brother. That seemed to be happening a lot lately, and to be honest, it scared him.

For years he had been able to keep all thoughts of Illumi shrouded in hate and caged with the things from his past that he'd rather not recall, but why was he now…

No, no, no…

Wide blue eyes snapped back to his current task, dragging his thoughts from the edge of despair and just like that, he'd made himself forget again.

Another sigh and he scratched his head over the towel that had been draped over his hair after a lazy attempt to dry it.

What was I thinking about again?

His stomach growled and he bent lower, peeking out from under the towel that had fallen forward even more.

Oh yeah…food.

Blue eyes scanned the neatly packed and labeled containers that held the chopped vegetables that Illumi had already prepped for their next few meals. Everything was so well organized that it was easy to realize that what he was looking for wasn't there.

Leftovers...Tiramisu...anything edible...

Nothing. His stomach growled angrily in protest to the futility of his search.

Looking down at the hand he'd placed over his abdomen, Killua grunted in exasperation. "What the hell do you expect me to do? There's nothing!" His stomach responded with a pang of hunger that was akin to a sharp, slicing pain and he almost doubled over.

Urgh…

Since he had nothing on his stomach (due to the nausea earlier that day that had forced him to expel his entire breakfast), and had to carry on for the rest of the afternoon with only the water and the ginger tea Laura had given him while he and Gon were in D' Pastry Shoppe, it was understandable that he would feel the way he was feeling now.

But his stomach was having no mercy for the circumstances surrounding his present state.

Another sharp hunger pain and Killua shut the refrigerator door in anger. "I'm not calling that bastard!" he announced stubbornly through clenched teeth, swiftly turning on his heel to head toward the pantry.

I'd rather die from hunger than resort to telling him that I want him home as soon as possible.

Ever since he'd arrived in York Shin with his brother, Killua hardly ever had to search this intensely for food, since Illumi always made it a priority to either cook or buy takeout for them to eat. And now that he was suddenly faced with rows of canned food organized by content and
expiry dates in a pantry he'd never had to look in before, Killua felt confused.

*What the heck is that Illu-nii bastard preparing for? A hurricane?*

The frown tugging his lips downward persisted, and instead of choosing to spend valuable minutes staring aimlessly at the perfect line of cans in front of his face, Killua ultimately grabbed a bag of salt crackers that was hidden behind a row of pasta sauce tins.

*That jerk,* he thought as he headed for the island at the center of the kitchen and snagged one of the apples there. *Always hiding the good stuff.*

Plopping down on the soft leather couch like a decrepit old man that had just run a marathon, Killua felt mentally exhausted.

*What a day.*

He turned on the television and blankly stared at it without really paying attention to what was on while alternating between the now half-eaten apple and the crackers. When he was satisfied, he lay back, and as he did, his foot bumped something.

*Huh?*

Reaching forward, Killua grabbed the shopping bag that he had forgotten having deposited there before going to take his shower.

*What was this again?*

There was no logo or anything on the bag and finally pulling the towel off his hair so he could focus on the item in his lap, he carefully took out the box inside and examined it.

Seconds passed and he simply continued to stare at the elegant box with its gold lettering and lone picture of a svelte phone as if it was his first time seeing it...as if it wasn't the result of a random purchase he'd made on his way home.

"What am I doing?" Killua groaned, realizing that he was just sitting there, staring at the package in his hands. *First this purchase, now I'm spacing out…*

He had been feeling strangely depressed ever since Gon had told him the truth about the relationship he shared with Hisoka and as he was walking home from D’ Pastry Shoppe with a heavy heart, somehow his steps had led him into a store that dealt primarily with the sale of cellphones.

Killua could no longer remember what had motivated him to walk into that store. Maybe it had been the large vinyl poster in the front window that advertised an exact replica of Gon's new phone. Maybe it was something else that had drawn him, but whatever it was and however he had ended up inside the store, the CSR there had immediately zoomed in on him as a potential customer.

Killua cringed, recalling how she had gone on and on about the new devices they'd just received and how 'cutting edge, rare and simply awesome' the H6 and hPhone8 smartphones were. And while she talked...and talked, Killua had just stood there, part of him listening to her, part of him not, while a small part of his consciousness wondered why he was even there.

Then, just as he was about to leave, she'd grabbed his arm, pulling him further into the store and toward the lit showcase at its center where the two phones were displayed like some kind of
sacrifice to an unholy power. They were so beautiful that he didn't even mind that her hand had touched him without his permission. They were so captivating that he couldn't take his eyes off them.

Maybe she had seen the change in him, because it was then that she really started to gush about how everyone wished they owned either one of the displayed models and how awesome it was that these phones had the capacity to handle all the new apps with the upgrades they had recently received before their launch.

'Buy either one of these and you'll be the envy of every one of your friends' she'd said but Killua didn't care about social status. As he had watched the phones all he could think about were Gon's hands holding the new phone **Hisoka** had bought him and Gon's lips talking about how convenient it was over texting to use HuntsApp on that new phone…the one **Hisoka** seemed to message him on regularly.

And that's when he had lost control over his wallet. It had been an impulse purchase, driven by haunting thoughts and an inability to deal with the knowledge that Hisoka was able to communicate with Gon in ways that he couldn't.

*Now I can message him on HuntsApp too,* he thought with a smirk but then his palm came up to rest against his forehead in shame. *What am I really doing? Am I trying to compete with Hisoka?*

*Since when do I have to play catch up with that clown bastard to get Gon's attention?*

He was silent for a moment.

*Oh shit. Is this how it starts? First I buy a phone to keep Gon's attention…*

*Then one day I lose his interest completely because…because I don't shine brightly to him anymore?*

*And then Hisoka completely takes my place…*

*Or has he already?*

Rage swelled up inside his gut and churned with such ferocity that Killua felt nauseous. He did not want to entertain the possibility of losing Gon to Hisoka.

*I'll never let that fucker interfere with our friendship and take Gon from me without a fight.*

*But Gon is…having sex. He's letting Hisoka do all those things to him…would he even want to listen to me anymore?*

Killua couldn't fight the hopelessness that had started to creep in on him.

How exactly was he supposed to even fight Hisoka to protect a friendship that felt so fragile right now? When he had no idea how to fix this messy situation that had developed between himself and Gon?

How was he supposed to fight someone that Gon claimed to love without looking like the enemy? Such a messy situation indeed.

Feeling himself starting to get depressed again, Killua decided not to think any further on the issue with Gon and finally focused all his attention on the box in his lap again, lifting off the cover to
take out the slim black phone neatly packaged within.

The one he had chosen to buy wasn't the same brand as Gon's, which was the hPhone8, but it was an H6 Surface, its partner in the newest generation of popular phones.

Killua had to admit that the phone was stunningly beautiful and worth not having any more savings in his account. *It's only three more weeks before the end of the month and then I'd get my allowance.*

**Three whole weeks...**

"Ah..." Just then the thought that, with this purchase, he wouldn't be able to splurge on chocolate for the rest of the month hit him. *Ok...it was probably worth spending all that money.*

Frowning, Killua focused on the phone again. *Nothing I can do about that now.*

Caressing the smooth device in his hand, he unlocked the screen and switched on the WiFi before starting the setup for HuntsApp. The lady in the store had already put in the SIM card from his old phone so all he had to do now was download the apps he wanted that weren't already issued with this phone.

*Nice.* He smiled. The download was complete and he eagerly refreshed the contact list to see if Gon's name would show up among his contacts that were using HuntsApp.

Gon's was the only name he looked for, the only one that mattered.

*There he is...* Killua's smile widened and he felt excited for the first time in hours.

He tapped on Gon's profile picture and a little dialog box popped up with some additional information.

**Gon Freecs**

Last location: YorkShin City Public Plaza

Last seen today at 5:42pm

Status: ((( • If friends are like fishes, then my best friend would be the perfect catch • ))

Killua froze, his thumb hovering over Gon's contact information momentarily as he read what Gon had chosen to write for his status. His face reddened and instead of clicking the icon to start a conversation with his friend, he exited the app, his cheeks still burning.

Gon always knew what to say to make him feel like a kid with a crush. It was always so awkward and Killua was happy that this time, Gon wasn't in the room with him to see his reaction.

*Damn...*

Lying back on the couch and flipping over to rest his chin atop his folded arms, he let out his breath in a huff. *I want to message him, but how can I when I don't even know what to say? I'm not good with words and stuff.*

*Besides, Gon is probably really upset with me after all the things I told him today.*

Killua felt regret and sadness fill him as he recalled the little fight that he had had with Gon.
But I said what needed to be said, he stubbornly convinced himself. Gon is acting like a complete idiot in deciding to live with that clown of all people! He could die! Why can't he see that?! Why am I the only one who seems to care? Why...why can't things just go back to the way they had been? I just want it to be me and him again. I just want to...to...why...

His breath hitched and Killua pressed his forehead against his forearms, fighting the desire to cry and rage in frustration over the situation that had developed between them. He both felt the need to apologize for hurting Gon's feelings and to tell him that he would never apologize for some of the things he had said because it had been the truth. He was conflicted and once again found himself regretting the fact that his interpersonal skills were terribly lacking.

He sighed. I was trained to be an assassin, not a friend.

How does one repair a broken friendship anyway?

Do I just wait for him to—

[[Erratic beeping]]

Just then, his phone beeped and he quickly sat up. It was the same sound Gon's phone had made when Hisoka had been messaging him in the café and Killua knew what that meant.

He held his breath and his heart started to beat faster.

The HuntsApp alert tone; Gon's messaging me!

He hesitated, getting flustered and debating with himself whether to ignore the message prompt or respond when his finger moved on its own to unlock the screen.

The words jumped out at him.

(HuntsApp Messaging: You have 1 unread message, from 1 conversation).

I knew it. It's Gon! His heart skipped a beat and his thoughts felt all muddled.

Wait...but what do I say to him? he thought in a panic. Maybe I shouldn't read the message, because he'd know I'm online and then I wouldn't know what to say and—

Ok...Breathe...breathe...

He took a deep, steadying breath.

Ah, this is so stupid, what am I worried about? Let's just get this over with.

Clicking the notification box, his excitement evaporated instantly and a frown descended on his lips as he read the message.

Baka-Aniki: Hey Killu, I see you got a new phone, now I can message you here instead of texting you.

Baka-Aniki: And I can see whenever you're online.

What a disappointment. Killua exited the app. But before he could throw the phone aside, it was already buzzing again and he opened the new message.

Baka-Aniki: This is so much more convenient for us, don't you think?
Killua was about to exit the app again but another message quickly followed.

**Baka-Aniki:** Aren't you curious as to how you're receiving messages?

He was going to simply continue ignoring him but couldn't resist the opportunity to nail Illumi with a sarcastic response.

'Wifi. Duh.'

**Baka-Aniki:** Nope. Wrong answer. Guess again.

Killua was at a loss. What was Illumi talking about? Back when he'd bought the phone, he had not given in and purchased the Data Bundle that the CSR had been trying to sell him, having planned to use the stable WiFi connection they had at home to do most of his browsing. He needed to save money wherever he could.

'What else would I be using? Of course I'm using the WiFi.'

**Baka-Aniki:** The LNS wasn't working and I'm buying a new one today so you can't possibly be connecting using that.

'Oh'

**Baka-Aniki:** Using apps that rely on an Internet connection is going to drain your phone credit you know.

'I don't care.'

Actually Killua did care. He already had very little savings since most of the time his money usually went to his Choco Robot addiction and now after buying this new phone, there was close to nothing left in his account.

He wasn't going to let Illumi know that though.

**Baka-Aniki:** Why didn't you purchase a Data Bundle? WiFi can be unpredictable.

'How are you so sure I don't already have a Data Bundle? I could be using it right now.'

**Baka-Aniki:** Because when I told you about apps draining your phone credit, by responding with 'I don't care' it shows that you were planning to rely solely on the WiFi at home.

'And how did you know that I was home? I could be using the WiFi at any of the cafes in the city.'

**Baka-Aniki:** First, when you responded with disappointment because you didn't know that the LNS was non-functional, it was clear that you realized that you were using your credit instead of the WiFi at home.

**Baka-Aniki:** Second, HuntsApp makes it easy for anyone to know the location of their contacts.

'Why am I not surprised that you'd instantly use HuntsApp to spy on me?'

**Baka-Aniki:** Killu, why don't you focus on what your onii-chan has done for you instead of getting so defensive?
'What?'

Baka-Aniki: Check your Data

After dialing the code to check the Data plan he knew he had not signed up for, Killua returned to their conversation more confused than before.

'It says I have 29.5 GB of data still available. But I didn't buy a Plan. Maybe the lady at the store made a mistake.'

Baka-Aniki: Do you think they'd actually make a mistake like that? I'm disappointed that you haven't made the connection yet.

Killua was quickly growing tired of conversing with Illumi.

'Then what is it genius?'

Baka-Aniki: What would I get if I tell you the answer?

'My Hatsu to your face if you don't tell me'

Baka-Aniki: lol (isers) my Killu is so funny.

Baka-Aniki: But since you're so curious, I'll tell you.

Baka-Aniki: I put you on my Data Plan.

Killua didn't even bother to ask how his nii-san had not only found, but was able to data share with him so quickly after he'd only just signed up on HuntsApp a few minutes ago. Apparently nothing was impossible for Illumi.

This was definitely going to be troublesome.

Ignoring the fact that Illumi seemed to always be aware of every move that he made, Killua chose to verbalize the other thoughts in his head.

'What the hell are you doing with that much data anyway?'

Killua knew that in order for anyone to use up that vast amount of data in a regular 30-day plan, that person would have to be a heavy internet user. It would take something like sending over 900 emails a day, viewing hundreds of webpages and posting lots of videos and pictures to social networking sites to actually exhaust that ridiculous amount. And those were things that he was sure his socially awkward brother did not do.

Baka-Aniki: It's a 3-month plan and now I get to share it with you. That makes me ridiculously happy - use it as much as you want.

Baka-Aniki: If it gets used up, I'll upgrade to a bigger plan or just go unlimited; but you shouldn't need that much data anyway because you still have the laptop I bought for you.

Baka-Aniki: What concerns me though is that you should have let me know that you were desirous of acquiring a new smartphone; I'd have picked one up on the way back. I'm sure you would have liked the new H6 model that's on sale now.

He knew I would have wanted the H6... Killua just stared at the screen, feeling angered by the fact
that Illumi always knew exactly what he wanted, then confused at and wary of yet another act of kindness from his aniki. This was beginning to get suspicious. First it was the expensive laptop, then came the increased monthly allowance, regular meals that soon became home cooked meals and...now this.

'What I decide to buy with my money is no concern of yours,' he typed quickly, 'I never said I wanted anything from you.'

**Baka-Aniki:** I love you and it's my responsibility to take care of you. I always want to ensure your happiness.

Killua didn't respond, exhausted already by Illumi's overprotective nature toward him. He had to deal with it on a daily basis at home...now he was faced with it on social media too.

Burying his face into one of the velvet throw pillows, Killua knew that he had made a grave mistake. He should have kept his old phone with the same number and simply used a different SIM and new number to contact Gon, Leorio and Kurapika, thus maintaining the wall between him and Illumi but it was too late now to regret.

At the time, all that had been on his mind was that he really wanted a way to keep in contact with Gon and now he'd unexpectedly also created a way for Illumi to track him and keep in contact at the same time. His grip on the phone became limp and it almost fell when it buzzed again.

**Baka-Aniki:** I hope you realize now how much I care about you.

'Yeah right' is what he wanted to type, but instead, Killua grudgingly typed something else.

'**Thanks.**'

**Baka-Aniki:** I'll be home soon. I hope you're not too hungry.

Killua looked at the message and just switched off his phone, throwing it in the corner of the couch. He was not pleased that deep inside, he felt a bit happy to know that Illumi was coming home soon, and not just because that meant dinner. After traveling with Gon and Alluka for so long, he had learned that sometimes it was nice to have someone familiar nearby.

No...

**Illu-nii's not familiar, Illu-nii's the enemy... Illu-nii's the —**

His frown was back and now not only was Killua depressed about Gon, he was confused about Illumi.

Why doesn't he just...leave me alone?
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Think I did a good job on this chapter... give me some of your love ❤️
A/N (some important notes):

"Your ass jiggles because it's so fat~" (hahahaha)

Lol I just realized something - if you count from when the day started, Hisoka x Gon had sex like four times already (not counting that 69 scene) and the day isn't done yet... They're like newlyweds... or rabbits :/

This was a rather interesting chapter...Gon in the throes of pleasure and Killua skirting along the depths of depression. And they both made discoveries about themselves.

Random person in restroom:

"I think someone's having sex in here!" (Author: Yessss deal with it)

Dawn:

So I got precisely two questions as to whether I'm introducing her as Gon's mother in this story. Don't worry, the answer is that there is no answer; it'll never be revealed who she actually is so one can think of her as Gon's possible mother who gave him up at birth because she was too young at the time (she's 33 now). Or...she could just be some childhood friend of Ging's who had met and followed him around for a while after he'd left Whale Island, and who had desired to have a relationship with him but he chose Gon's real mother instead (lol that sounds like a story by itself... lots of drama and love triangle trouble. Nice--). And with Gon's mother not around, it could be that she feels responsible for him.

Killua:

I'm sorry that his part was so angsty here but Killua is not himself right now. Do you remember how devastated he looked back when he split up with Gon and went off with Alluka? Well just imagine how he'd feel if he thinks that he's possibly losing Gon, forever and that it's probably his actions (inability to accept Gon's relationship) that would drive a rift between them. And add to that, he has to deal with Illumi too...

The boy's got problems.

Anyway,

1) 'Baka-Aniki'...lmao ;p

2) Oh yes, H6 Surface and hPhone8 LOL who knows, the laptop was probably an hMac too :/ I'm
not sorry (kudos to those who get the reference).

3) Aww Killua is sad about what happened with Gon. He thinks Gon doesn't want to talk to him but doesn't know that Gon had tried to call him right after he had left without success (Chapter 27). Unfortunately that happened while his SIM card was being switched to the new phone.

4) Oh so Killua is experiencing a change. Maybe some Killumi moments are on the horizon... maybe not. We'll see (I'm thinking of a dark past for them, which is the reason why Killua avoids him but my conscience keeps fighting me). For those not into the ship, depending on my conscience—oops I mean what I decide to write for them, I will put warnings at the top of the chapter so you can skip it. For those who want to see them together, let me know in the reviews if there's something specific you want to see. If you have nothing, I'll just go ahead with what I'm contemplating but I just want to give you the opportunity to request since I'm giving the HisoGon fans what they want, and it's only fair that I take care of you guys too, isn't it?

Ilumi:
Ilu-nii just wants your love Killua

(Oh no, Ilumi has discovered emoticons...now the world shall fall into ruin...)

Hisoka:
Apparently he thinks that marking Gon as his territory to ward off potential suitors is the right thing to do lol (stingy, stingy =.=).

Well at least in the end he gave Gon some good advice about his friendship with Killua...

Gon:
Stop following Hisoka down that path of depravity. I shiver (with joy?) to think of what else he'll have you doing :O

Chapter End Notes

I'll be putting UxD on a mini hiatus because a lot of work is piling up on me :O I have another HisoGon story that was put on hold for six months because all my time is usually spent writing UxD (awkward laugh) so I plan to update that before Christmas with a smut chapter. Also I have two requests for two other stories to work on and release in a month, then I have to locate and sort the future drafts for this story (sadly
when I write I do so all over the place, on post it notes, a notebook, my 3 notes apps and in assigned future chapter documents…it's crazy ;w;). Many of my future chapters for UxD are half-written already but I have some serious editing, thinking and plot analysis to do to make sure they're ok. And then there's that fight with my conscience about the level of emotional pain these characters might endure. But don't worry, because with me, (when I'm done duking it out with my conscience, fulfilling requests, updating my other story and organizing my notes) I'm sure I'll still be writing this when I shouldn't be and if anything comes up concerning the future of UxD, I'll make a post on Tumblr! Sorry I can't give an exact date when I'll be back but I won't be gone for long.

Thanks for the support throughout this year everyone, I hope you liked the filthy smut in this chap and now it's time to give me your love! Um I mean it's time to leave a review to share your thoughts. All your lovely reviews shall be used as motivation to strengthen the future chapters of UxD so never think that your words to me don't help. Much love to you wonderful people, please take care of yourselves and thanks for reading!
Death Strikes at Night

Chapter Summary

An encounter with the unexpected leaves Gon with a lot more questions than Hisoka is
willing to answer...

Chapter Notes

A/N: Did you miss me? I missed you! I didn't die or anything, life was just crazy and
in the midst of it all I've been doing tons of writing on the drafts for this story (would
you believe I wrote a 106 page outline?), re-editing this as well as writing the other
short HisoGon stories in preparation to update this one (which you've probably already
taken a look at). I have also been fighting the discouragement that came from the
thought that the fandom was dying! I will like to thank those of you that have
favorited / followed or reviewed this or any of my other stories in my absence and
thank you too for your follows on Tumblr! Those were the little gestures that helped to
motivate me whenever I was in a slump / discouraged and made me realize that there
are people out there that are still interested. Thanks a million to all of my fans, old and
new...I love you all and this is for you.

Chapter Summary: An encounter with the unexpected leaves Gon with a lot more questions than
Hisoka is willing to answer...

Chapter References: Hunter x Hunter 2011 episode 15 when Hisoka was attacked during the
fourth phase of the exam but refused to fight.

2) Hunter x Hunter 2011 episode 1 when Gon was remembering what Aunt Mito had told him.

Chapter Warnings: There is no smut here to give this an M Rating, but there is the description of
a death scene, some violence, the mention of blood, and of course... sexual tension.

IMPORTANT: As a big thanks for your patience, an audio version for this chapter is available
online. I'll post the link below!

NOTE: As hinted, the story gets a tid bit darker and will continue to. Revenge can be just, bitter or
selfish and tends to show us the darkest bits of our soul that sometimes even we do not know exist.
The part with Gon is part of my headcanon where I believe that Gon is still affected by what
happened with Kite and what he had to do with Pitou. He is hesitant about losing control like that
again, of becoming a monster...

Chapter 31: Death strikes at night (Part II of UxD)
Evening of Day 12 continues; circa 7:20pm ~

Thick, puffy white clouds crept across the tenebrous sky to hide the majestic glow of the moon. The air was still...too still and there was not even the slightest sound or movement in the eerie alleyway where they stood.

No sound.

No movement.

Until...

"Urr..."

A choked, bloodied groan left her cracked lips as if trying to curse him with that shaky dying breath while cold blue eyes continued to stare unseeingly back at him.

For a suspense-filled second, he looked into her dead stare almost lovingly until their eye contact was broken by her head lolling backwards as her weight, and gravity, caused her to fall back, and for the sword to be withdrawn from her heart.

"You're so beautiful..." Arashi muttered as if it was some sort of macabre praise, observing that as she fell, her golden hair floated momentarily around her before settling like a halo around her head on the murky ground.

"You remind me of her."

He smiled as the memory of crystalline blue eyes and platinum blonde hair came to mind.

"Dawn..."

"You're both almost as beautiful as Yuki was..." he whispered as the vision of another woman, although long dead, assaulted him with astounding clarity.

Never had he met anyone as captivating as she was, and as he looked down at the corpse at his feet, he saw her, purple eyes and long white hair lying there instead...bloodied and broken.

He chuckled, shaking his head as if to clear the sight.

"Oh my beautiful Yuki..." His voice was a strained whisper. "Even after all this time your beauty haunts me."

Crazed eyes darted from some forgotten, obscure point in his past to the corpse before him again.

"Mmhmm..." He smirked, recalling the muted thump that the body had made as it fell to the ground. The sound resonated in his mind as if seeking to haunt him, but Arashi laughed, this foul delight adding to the grim atmosphere, and as his laughter faded, he closed his eyes to relish in the recollection of the way his victim's crystalline eyes had changed in the instant death had claimed her.

Her beautiful blue orbs had become so different: void of life, hope, fear, insecurity and rebellion – all the things that were present in them just a few minutes before. Now those eyes were nothing but a hollow, bloodshot, teary shadow of what they were. And he was the cause of that.

His hands clenched involuntarily at his sides and he bit into his lower lip.
This feeling...

Mmm...

Happiness swelled within his chest and tears of joy pricked at the corners of his eyes, blurring his vision.

The satisfaction that came with killing...the feeling that was so unmatched, so unlike anything else that he knew, was nothing short of amazing.

Succeeding in seeing each person he targeted die, feeling them grow cold in his hands as the life left their body, was the most extraordinary thing that he had ever experienced.

To believe that such a beautiful feeling exists in this foul world, Arashi thought with disdain. And before I can bring about The Change...

He shook his head as if not believing what he had felt even though he was fully aware of having just experienced it.

No. I can't be swayed so easily...

There's nothing good left in this world.

It must die.

"Yes. This world must die," Arashi whispered, his words dipped in acid and fuelled by his selfish will.

Reminded now of what he had to do in a few days, he looked up at the full moon now exposed by the slithering clouds, and for a moment, the decidedly wicked smile he wore was Illuminated before his eyes flashed back to the lifeless body on the ground.

Although the police had been giving him a rather hard time in the past few months since the division's new investigator had arrived, tonight's kill, in his opinion, was rather easy.

He chuckled.

Too easy.

Another wicked laugh.

"You've failed again, Investigator Takahashi."

Looking down at the body to poke at it with the tip of his polished leather boot, he mumbled, "See? Your city's beloved Investigator couldn't save you. You're dead." A malicious grin parted his lips wide. "Heh. That Takahashi bastard. I'd have loved to see his stupid face when he learns of what he could not prevent tonight."

Feeling the sword's jeweled handle vibrate pleasurably in his hand, Arashi's vile smirk widened with the knowledge that with this life, he had pleased Ichor and was now closer to his goals. This kill, and the blood that it provided would add to the many lives that he had taken before.

It was yet another sacrifice.

And they would serve me.
He smirked.

The puzzle was almost complete; there were only a few things left to acquire and tonight, after his meeting with Dawn, he'd be yet another step closer to acquiring those things.

And one step closer to bringing about The Change that the world needed.

xxx

NB: One hour later, two streets away (same vicinity)~

The city was cloaked in the caliginous robe of an unforgiving night by the time they left the restaurant. Unlike other days, tonight the smooth sidewalk hugging the busy streets were pretty deserted and as a result, quiet except for noises from the occasional pair of lovers that giggled as they strolled by.

The weathered iron railing that rose up from the ground stretched alongside the sidewalk, separating it from the street and idle couples leaned against its unyielding metal frame, using its sturdy support as an anchor for their combined weight as they cuddled and whispered to each other. Musical laughter and hushed love confessions were barely heard above the blaring sounds of the nearby street traffic and walking close to Hisoka, Gon looked away from his own feet to bring his eyes up to observe him but the man did not seem to take notice of this.

Expression blank and eyes staring straight ahead, Hisoka was obviously lost deep in thought and Gon smiled, realizing that he was getting better at recognizing Hisoka's various moods – a feat that he had once thought would be close to impossible.

Hisoka...

This was a man that had many different sides to his personality; sides which were usually split into times when he seemed utterly outlandish and crude, and times when he became like a completely different person – utterly silent, withdrawn and pensive.

This was one of those times, and to Gon it was all interesting: the way this one man seemed to have so many different facets to his personality, some dangerous and some that were simply...

Normal?

Gon made a face as if unable to believe it himself.

Just then he realized how, even now, compared to when they were in the restaurant, Hisoka's mood was like a complete change. It was as if he was walking with a different man.

Back there in the restaurant, while he was talking to Denny, Hisoka's mood was a mixture between apathy, disapproval and then there was that time when, while they were in the restroom, that he had seemed almost...angry.

Really angry.

By now Gon had figured out that this anger was due to Denny showing a more than friendly interest in him but he was still finding it hard to understand why this would make Hisoka angry enough to react the way he had.

Gon was already displeased by Hisoka constantly insisting that he owned him, but what confused him now about his whole situation was that if Hisoka was so confident in this so-called possession,
why would the appearance of someone that he did not even know make Hisoka so upset?

*Did Hisoka see Denny as a threat?* Gon's slim eyebrows crinkled in confusion. *But—*

"Mm darling, why are you so angry that I went to dinner with your sister?"

"How dare you even ask me that you—!"

Interrupted by their bickering, Gon looked curiously to the fighting couple at his left. The man, leaning easily against the railing had his arms linked around the woman's waist, holding her to him as she struggled as if wanting to hit him.

"Aw you know I only love you," he whispered close to her ear. "Your sister means nothing to me..."

"Then why did you take her out?! I bet you thought I wouldn't find out an—"

"Today was her birthday wasn't it? Taking her out for a nice dinner was my gift to her."

"But you didn't tell me anything you bastard! What were you trying to—"

"Are you jealous?"

With that question, Gon stopped listening in on their exchange as a sudden thought hit him, and he looked quickly back at Hisoka, the small frown already on his lips tipping further downwards.

*Jealousy?*

*Ah.*

*So that's why...*

It was in the midst of this deliberation that it occurred to Gon that there was the possibility that Hisoka wasn't just annoyed by Denny's advancements but jealous that Denny had succeeded in gaining his attention for some time.

Attention that he felt belonged to him alone.

*Hisoka was jealous...* Gon thought, mulling over the idea and still unable to accept it. *Ah...to think that someone like him would feel like that...*

Gon smiled slyly, momentarily pleased that he could bring about such an emotion in Hisoka. That surge of elation was short-lived though.

*But he thinks that he could control me.*

Puffing out his cheeks and making a face, he stuck out his tongue at Hisoka, although he knew that the man wasn't looking at him.

*This is—he stuck his tongue out further—for thinking that you can remind me of whom I belong to. I belong to no one.*

Huffing in frustration, a stubborn pout puckered his lips.

*But I still...I don't understand.*
We're not a couple. This is Hisoka...it's obvious that he doesn't want something like that, but why does he act like—

"..."

Grunting and thoroughly dissatisfied with his inability to comprehend Hisoka's actions, Gon finally looked away from Hisoka as the words that Aunt Mito had once told him when he was a child came to him. 'You can never understand a person unless you understand what makes them angry. It's how you get to know someone.'

So if I can understand why Hisoka got so angry and jealous in the restaurant, then I'd know more about him and how he feels about me?

Suddenly coming to a stop, Hisoka turned to look down at Gon. "Want to take a shortcut? ~"

Gon nodded as he looked up at his handsome, cheerful smile; feeling a bit confused as to why a shortcut would make Hisoka happy.

Maybe he just wants to get home faster, he suggested to himself but when Hisoka's hand slid down one arm to take his hand just as they left the street to turn into a dark alley, the blood rushed to his cheeks in a heated frenzy.

Is this why Hisoka wanted to take a shortcut?

His breathing quickened.

He wants to be alone with me?

Gon's blush brightened and he tried his best to not look to where Hisoka was walking next to him; not wanting the man to see the way he was reacting to such a simple touch.

This is stupid...so st-stupid—Hisoka's hand tightened around his—...ah...

What am I anticipating? Why am I acting like this? He's just holding my hand.

Calming his racing heart, Gon turned to Hisoka only to see that his face was still a blank unreadable mask and that he wasn't looking at him.

Regardless, he pondered, I wonder if I ever affect him the same way he affects—

"Mmm...seems like we've got company~" Hisoka mumbled with a smile, interrupting Gon's feverish thoughts. "How wonderful~"

The absence of expression on Hisoka's face evaporated into a look of mischief and feeling the excitement rolling off of him, Gon looked straight ahead to where he could sense someone in the darkness up ahead watching them.

"Ah..."

He too had known that there was someone lurking in the shadows, but he had been pretty much ignoring them all this time in hopes that they'd eventually go away.

Unfortunately, Hisoka did not seem keen to do the same.

Gon frowned. If Hisoka is interested in this guy then that must mean... He shivered slightly and leaned closer to Hisoka as the chilly breeze shifted and the stranger in the dark took one ominous
step forward. "Hisoka! Do you think—?"

"Oh~ Here he comes," Hisoka interrupted, releasing his hand and stepping back suddenly. "I hope you're ready, Gon-kun~"

"What?! Why me?!” Gon exclaimed, whipping around just as someone came charging towards them. He immediately felt colder without Hisoka's warmth next to him but pushed that feeling out of his consciousness, deciding to busy himself more with their present situation than with anything else.

"Who are you?” The words spilled quickly from his cold lips but he might as well have been talking to himself.

[[Pit]]

[[Pat]]

[[Pit]]

[[Pat]]

[[SPLASH]]

The hurried, sloshing sounds of heavy, worn boots trudging through the murky puddles littered about echoed in the still atmosphere as the stranger rushed right at them.

"I asked you a question!” Gon tried again. "Who are you?! What do you want with us?!!"

His words fell on deaf ears as their attacker seemed not to be focusing on him, but on Hisoka instead.

What's going on here?!

I have to stop him.

Gon instantly dropped into a crouch, palms flat on the sludge covered cobblestone as he straightened out one leg to trip the man, but as their attacker came barreling past him, this move failed to slow down or intercept him as he'd hoped.

"Huh?!!"

It had happened so fast; the burly man, despite his size, easily jumped to avoid the attack and Gon was left to remain in that position in the dank, dark alleyway, feeling agitated as he watched the scene unfold before him.

Quickly standing and wiping his crummy hands across the front of his grey shorts, Gon's lips became a grim line before tipping downwards.

To be ignored so easily caused a feeling of irritation to well up inside of him but then it dissipated just as quickly as it had appeared.

"So it's Hisoka that he's after..."

This would be over soon then, he thought, remembering the fight in the desert and all the other times that he had witnessed Hisoka fight.
An uncharacteristically wicked smirk spread across his lips.

*That guy, out of the two of us, couldn't have chosen a worse possible opponent. Does he even realize that with Hisoka there would be no mercy?*

One did not need to have control over Nen to see that Hisoka was trouble. That warning was there with the man always, like a dark promise to all who came close.

A promise of death, danger...and possible torture.

Hisoka reeked of all those things and as a matter of consequence, a quick death was probably the nicest thing that could happen to someone who challenged him.

Gon swallowed hard, his excitement making it almost too difficult to remain still. He grasped at the hem of his shorts to quell the nervous feeling as he watched Hisoka's lips twist into that beautiful yet wicked smile that never failed to send unmistakably pronounced chills through him. He had no idea why this mysterious man had attacked them, but for the moment, his interest was no longer in that direction. Right then, more than anything, Gon just wanted to see Hisoka fight.

He wanted it with every fiber of his being, to witness the gruesome dance of death that was Hisoka's trademark, to be enraptured by the grace and skill of this dangerous magician that always excited him.

*But...*

Something wasn't right.

Gon's eyes narrowed as he looked on.

Hisoka's behavior was stranger than usual. It was nothing like back in the desert, nearly two weeks earlier, when they were facing off against the entire gang of hoodlums that had attacked them. At that time Hisoka was more than eager to finish them all in a flashy, macabre display of his prowess as a hunter, but tonight, Hisoka's behavior reminded Gon of a situation that had occurred years before, during the Hunters' exam when he had been attacked by another participant who was hoping to fight him to the death.

Hisoka had refused to fight him then, just like he was currently doing with their attacker.

*But...his opponent isn't gravely injured,* Gon thought, remembering from then that this was one of the reasons why Hisoka would refuse a fight.

*So...why?*

"Damn it!" the man growled, his frustration echoing off the bare, crooked walls of the nearby buildings they were sandwiched between. "You're the one he's looking for!"

"Mmmm? ~" Hisoka chuckled lightheartedly as he jumped backwards to avoid a high kick. "Are you sure you have the right person? ~"

"Stop acting dumb...a man with distinct features and hair the color of blood...there is no doubt about it, that's you!"

"Me? Are you really sure?" Hisoka quirked an eyebrow and pointed to himself curiously. "Redheads are pretty common in York Shin you know~"
"Stop bullshitting!"

Hisoka only shrugged. "I'm sorry, but if you want me, you're going to have to wait. My schedule is pretty packed, so an appointment might be more feasible if—"

"Shut up!" The man gritted his teeth. "Do you take me for a fool?! What are you doing here, this close to where he just took a sacrifice—" He stopped himself and his eyes became slits as his suspicion increased. "You're after him aren't you?! Tell me!"

"I don't have to tell you anything~"

Futilely swinging his short blade and catching empty air, the man growled in frustration. "Why don't you stay still? Why can't I kill you?!"

"Now, now," Hisoka chided mockingly. "I'll be a fool if I just stand still and let someone slash at me, won't I? ~"

"Well fucking fight me you ass!"

Hisoka laughed. "You're quite the foul-mouthed one aren't you. Sorry to disappoint, but I'm not in the mood to fight, you caught me at a bad time~"

"What the hell?! How could you suddenly decide—!"

"Yes, as it would happen, I was in the mood to kill something...anything...a little while ago, but I just had some really good sex and now all of my frustration is gone, so you might want to try again another time~"

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!"

Steel glinted as if reflecting his anger and Hisoka skipped back with a smirk, bending backwards into an effortless flip just as fast to dodge a couple punches and the reckless slashing of that angry sword. "I'm not lying~" he chuckled. "I do get rather worked up sometimes...and I do constantly long for the pleasure of feeling bones snap within my grip and to hear someone plead for their life, but..." He licked his lips and his golden eyes flicked to where Gon was standing not too far away. Making sure to talk loud enough for Gon to hear him, he continued, "But whether it's intentional or not, my lovely accomplice seems to know all the right moves to keep me satisfied when the need arises...so unfortunately it's been a while since I've killed anyone~"

"What?!" Both Gon and the man shouted in unison. They looked briefly at each other before Gon turned back to Hisoka and gasped, "Hisoka what's wrong with you, why won't you fight?!"

"I've already said it," Hisoka mumbled, looking down at his nails and yawning as he dodged another swing from the guy without even having to see the blow coming. "You outdid yourself in there Gon,"—he pointed back to where the restaurant was and gave Gon a thumbs up—"I'm satisfied and have no desire to fight. I'm not in the mood~"

"Um..." Gon could have sworn his ears were deceiving him and he was actually too shocked to be humiliated by Hisoka's admission of the details of their relationship in front of a complete stranger. "Hisoka how—?"

"Fuck!" Gritting his teeth and sheathing his sword, their attacker growled in frustration. "I don't care how the fuck you're feeling or what the hell you two were doing, are doing or will fucking do," he grunted. "But I'm going to kill you before you kill the boss!"
Hisoka jerked back, easily stepping out of the trajectory of his strong, rapid double punch, but the man grinned when his fist grazed past the billowing red hair, almost hitting him.

*Just a bit more and you're mine. With my next attack I'm going to—*

*Huh?*

He paused suddenly when Hisoka stopped dodging and remained in the same spot as if baiting him to come closer. His eyes narrowed and it occurred to him that he had only almost succeeded in his last attack because Hisoka had left himself wide open. Intentionally. Surprised and suspicious, he jumped backwards to eye him warily.

*He wants me to hit him?*

*Why...?*

Hisoka grinned shrewdly, his expression one of pure evil and he took yet another cautious step back.

The air chilled considerably.

"What are you—?"

"You're saying *you* want to kill me?" A foul, contemptuous laugh bubbled past Hisoka's lips and his slim eyebrows arched in disbelief. "*It'll be a cold day in hell when I allow someone like YOU to kill me.*"

At the dark tone ripe with evil intention, their attacker, noticing the sudden change in Hisoka's demeanor, stepped back again. "What are you...planning?"

This was strange. Just a moment ago, he had him on the defense, but now things were much different.

And to worsen the situation, the redhead's aura seemed to have increased exponentially.

*He's this strong?!*

*Does Arashi know this?*

*I was not informed that...*

*Just who is this man?*

Right before being instructed to scout the area, he had been told to be on the lookout for either the police or someone matching Hisoka's description; an easy enough job, but now he was beginning to wonder about what he had gotten himself into.

"Who the hell *are* you?!!" He asked, his agitation making him shout. "Tell me now!"

Hisoka chuckled. "Weren't you just one hundred percent convinced of my identity? ~"

Growling, the man looked around quickly, briefly considering escaping and pretending as if he had never met the unusual pair, but then he realized that this was not an option.

*Damn, Arashi would kill me if I tell him that I met and couldn't finish this bastard.*
But killing this freak might not be possible after all.

Not at my current level...

That aura. It's too much...it's—

He shifted from Hisoka to look at the young man with the rambunctious stance who seemed like an easier target. The one that was currently giving him a nasty look. He knew those loud-mouthed types, all bark and no bite.

So that's his weakness, huh?

He grinned. This would be too easy.

I know what I need to do now. I'll create a distraction. All I have to do is kill this little brat...and then that redhead bastard is finished.

"Hm?" Gon saw the way the man was looking at him and felt a sudden chill from the intense hate directed his way. When he figured that the man was about to come at him with everything he had in an attempt to kill him, he did the most unexpected thing; he smiled.

Seeing that smile made their attacker even angrier and he charged right at Gon, now no longer focused on Hisoka.

And Hisoka didn't stop him.

"Who are you?!" Gon asked once more, dodging the sudden, rapid flurry of punches so fast that his spiked hair bowed and fluttered in the wind created by the force of his movements, whipping at his face.

One, two, three. Gon counted each whirlwind attack with a look of awe on his face as the man came at him each time with the intention to kill.

Left.

Right.

Low.

He commanded his body to move quickly in order to not get hit.

Dammit! He jumped back just in time to escape a skilfully executed feint that turned out to be an actual attack.

His opponent's speed was impressive and those punches were so focused and deadly that Gon gasped when the following attack almost caught him again, causing his heart to start thudding with joy at the dangerous undertone of the situation he was in. As angry as he was to be suddenly attacked by this nameless person, he couldn't deny the accompanying excitement that flooded his core.

This is great!

He ducked low and jumped to the side.

Wow!
It's been a while since I've been able to fight anyone.

Ducking his head again to avoid the fist aimed straight at him, Gon twisted his body to avoid another.

His eyes darted quickly to Hisoka.

But will he interrupt this time?

"Look at me!" the man grunted.

Before Gon could retaliate or block, a kick sent him flying back into a pile of trash cans nearby.

"Get used to those trash cans," the man grumbled, spitting as he stepped closer. "They're going to be your grave because,"—he punctuated his sentence with a sinister laugh—"you're going to be dying in your friend's place tonight."

Wiping the blood from his lips and standing up quickly, Gon crouched low and held up his guard. Although the man didn't appear so, he was clearly very strong.

He's a Nen user? Gon balled his fists tighter, completely devoid of fear, despite the odds that he was facing. Those attacks...I could barely see or sense them.

"What are you grinning for you freak?" The man ground out as he eyed Gon's bloodied smile. "You shouldn't be able to stand right now. That last attack should have killed you, but I won't make the same mistake this time"—he held up one fist—"...let's see how many of these it'll take to kill you."

"Come," Gon called fearlessly with a faint smirk and a come hither motion. "You can try your luck with me...let's see if you really can kill me..."

"Don't mock me you little shrimp!" The man bellowed, rushing forward to hit Gon but quickly finding that it was not so easy to do that again. "I work for Arashi...you two have no idea who you're messing with. You picked the wrong bounty to go after."

"Bounty?" Gon asked in confusion. His opponent did not respond to his question but kept swinging those heavy punches at him. Just then Gon felt a slight sting when the small hidden blade in the man's punch slashed his cheek as he was dodging the fist aimed at his head. Jumping away, he brought his hand to his face and it came away wet with blood.

"Ah..."

Gon looked down at the man's fist and caught a glimpse of the barely perceptible sharpened tool that was gripped between the middle and ring finger of his right hand. It wasn't big enough to be a dagger, but was closer in likeness to that of a scalpel.

He was hiding that...

As the man approached him, he looked up to see Hisoka some distance away, watching him closely but seeming as if he did not intend to interfere.

What is he doing just standing there?

 Barely managing to dodge another punch, Gon gasped when the force of the blow cracked the concrete wall a hairsbreadth from his head.
What the hell is this guy?

"Gon~" Hisoka called in an almost bored tone. "If you don't stop dodging, you're going to die~"

"You're one to talk!" Gon shouted back. "Why don't you handle your own problems?! It's you he's after, not me!"

"Why don't you hurry up and handle it for me? I want to go home and sleep. Besides, aren't you the one who's always harping at how I don't let you fight and I treat you like a kid? ~"

Gon growled. Hisoka can be so annoying.

Hazel eyes watched as the man withdrew his hand from where it had been stuck in the wall with the last punch.

"I'm going to fuck you up," the man grumbled, whilst cracking his knuckles and Gon reacted quickly, realizing that if he didn't take an offensive stance, he really would die if hit by that fist.

Here it comes...~ Hisoka thought happily, trembling slightly with excitement, whilst wearing a shrewd smile that Gon was too busy to notice. Let me see what you can do, Gon-kun~

Without dodging or trying to escape another hit, Gon met the man directly with a powerful uppercut that caused him to stumble and fall backwards onto the sludge covered street. "I will not ask again! Tell me who you are! Who is Arashi and why does he want us dead?!"

"Heck if I tell you!" The man rolled away before Gon could land a hit on him. Before he could say anything else, Gon was charging at him again and just as he jumped up off the ground, attempting to retaliate, Gon cornered him against the side of a building.

"Well if you won't talk, we have no use for you..." Gon said darkly.

"You runt!" The man was positively enraged now to realize that someone he considered to be weak and unimpressive had him at a disadvantage.

"I'm going to kill you...I'll kill you!" he roared, kicking Gon away from him. Moving in to finish him with a strong uppercut, he gasped.

What the— His left hand clutched his abdomen where Gon had hit him.

When did he...?!

Gon had moved so fast that he couldn't judge the angle where he was coming from or his intention. After having dodged his attacks for most of the fight, he had no idea that the younger man would have been skilled enough to land such a critical blow. Before Gon could hit him again, he revealed the small, hidden blade in his palm, aiming for Gon's throat in one robust slash.

I'll kill him...he'll choke on his own blood and then I'll kill that redhead—

When his attack met air and a sharp pain erupted from his other arm, he looked to see that Gon had broken his left arm with one punch.

Fuck!

This kid's fast! he thought, slashing wildly into the air around him in hopes of catching the young man with at least one of his attacks.
I'll cut him, and as soon as he slows down, I'll cut his throat.

But...

He was quickly discovering that there was a big problem with his current plan: he was finding it difficult to cut what he could not see...or sense.

Where is that little fucker?

There was a glimmer of movement to his left but it was gone as soon as he turned toward it.

Shit!

Becoming frantic now when his attacks continually missed, he roared in anger.

Where is he?

Where is he?!

I'll fucking kill—

Just then there was laughter. It sounded pure, jovial and almost childlike and what was even creepier was that he couldn't see where it was coming from.

It was as if it was all around him.

Gon snorted derisively. "I'm over here...didn't you want to kill me? What are you doin—"

"Bastard!" Before he could slash again, a kick sent him sprawling over the muggy concrete, but in no time, he was getting up again. "How dare you mock me? I'll—"

"Huh?" Gon kicked him and fell back again. "You'll what?"

"Dammit!"

Left arm hanging useless at his side, he struggled to his knees but before he could fully stand, another kick floored him.

He was coughing up blood but that did not stop him from making another gruesome threat. "You're so dead! Do you know who I am?! I've killed many and I'll kill you and that asshole and then I'll find and kill your friends...slowly...one by o—"

This time it wasn't just a kick, but a barrage of punches that met him and he vomited blood amidst the seemingly endless attack. When it finally ended and he looked up into the expressionless face that was looming over him, it was to look into the yellow eyes of a demon. "Monster..." he muttered, trying to swing his one good arm at Gon.

"What?" Gon asked calmly. Too calmly. "I'm not the one who was waiting to attack in this alley." He formed his hands into fists. "How many people have you killed?" His knuckles made a cracking sound with the tightening up of his fists. "You attack me...you attacked the man I lo—"

Gon cleared his throat.

"You attacked Hisoka..." He grasped the man by his collar and lifted a fist, ready to hit him one last time. "But worst of all, you threatened to find my friends and kill them." Gon paused as he remembered talking happily on the phone just a few hours earlier with Leorio and Kurapika. He remembered their smiling voices as his fingers dug into the thick fabric of the man's coat and the
veins at the back of his hand bulged.

This...

He wants to take my friends away from me...

Several things flashed across Gon's consciousness at that point: The plans he'd made to meet up and hang out with his friends like old times, the fact that he still had to apologize some more to Killua...the uncertainty of whether or not Killua would forgive him for what he had done...

Is this man...

Gon's breaths quickened, becoming more ragged and harsh as he recalled the air of danger he had sensed that afternoon looming in the city.

Is he connected to the threat that I felt?

Is he going to hurt my friends...?

The corners of his lips turned downward.

Yes...He wants to hurt them! He said so!

He wants to hurt...

I can't let that happen.

Not again...

Tears of rage pricked at the corners of his eyes at the painful memory that resurfaced.

Kite...

I will not lose anyone again...

I will protect those who are precious to me.

The shadows marring Gon's face darkened, his lethal stare intensifying as his grip on the man's collar tightened and his fist descended. "Now die."

"How about you die!" The man thrust the small knife he was still holding into Gon's side and laughed but that laugh died when Gon did not react or flinch.

His blood went cold.

Just what is this boy...

"You!" He yelled. "You're really a monster—!"

Gon punched him with all his strength and there was an audible cracking sound in the agitated silence of the night as the man's body, bloodied and broken, fell back limply onto the murky ground.

Straightening up and maintaining his deadly stare on the broken body at his feet, he scowled. "Don't call me a monster."
The silence lingered for a bit longer before a slow whistle of appreciation pierced the air. Panting angrily and still revved up from the thrill of that encounter, Gon looked quickly behind him to see Hisoka walking toward him with a contented smirk.

"Mmm Gon I knew you had it in you, but I didn't believe that you'd have killed the guy~" Hisoka moaned. "That was so entertaining to watch...just look at how much blood—"

"He's not dead," Gon snapped, already irritated from having to spare the man's life when he had threatened the lives of those close to him. "The jerk will live—"

"No Gon, he is dead~ Do you think that after a punch like that that, anyone could live? ~"

Two pairs of eyes looked to where the man lay motionless.

"Is he really...dead?" Gon stepped towards the spot where the man had fallen and crouched low, before finally dropping to his knees. As he did, the haze of rage that blinded him slowly began to dissipate and he saw just how messed up the body before him was.

There was blood everywhere and the face was barely recognizable.

The man was in a really bad shape.

At that moment, Hisoka moved closer to him but Gon was so distraught that he did not even feel the firm hand that was placed on his shoulder.
Did I do all this?

His lips twisted as his eyes scanned over the bloodied distortion that was the face of their attacker.

This...

His hands trembled.
I...killed again...

I killed someone.

I...tried to hold back...but I still did it... I still—

Gon's breaths were ragged and his eyes went wide as he looked down at his bloody hands.

These are my hands...

Hands that killed...

He swallowed hard as his hands trembled slightly and his fingers curled inwards.

Blood...there's so much of it...

Just like that time...

That time when I...when I became a monst—

"A delightful sight isn't it? ~" Hisoka asked in a voice too close to a moan. The hand he had on Gon's shoulder trailed closer to his neck and with the feel of the bare skin under his palm, he was suddenly overcome with a strong desire to wrap both hands around Gon's neck.

Giving in to that instinct, his left palm closed over Gon's other shoulder and he leaned closer to his heated skin.

Mmm Gon...~

Eyes narrowing in ecstasy, Hisoka reveled in the smell of sweat and blood that clung to the young man.

I want you...

His golden gaze intensified on the smooth tanned skin at the nape that called to him, but just as he felt himself starting to lose control he took a deep, calming breath.

You're so strong~

You excite me so much~

Oooh~Gon...~

Licking his lips, Hisoka quelled his primal desire to inflict pain on Gon and muttered shakily, "Mmm...such brute strength without your Nen. That guy didn't even have a chance..." Chuckling, he straightened up reluctantly and looked down at the younger man who was still frozen, kneeling on the ground, before turning to walk away from him. "Gon-kun, if you're not careful, you're going to make me fall in love~"

Gon was still too wrapped up in the shock of what he'd just done to hear what Hisoka had said. "Hisoka!" He gasped with a bit of hope in his voice. "I think he's still alive!"

"What?" Hisoka asked, now a bit disappointed. "He won't live long anyway~"

"I guess. But if we call the ambulance now, at least we can keep him alive until—"
A whirring noise surprised Gon and he dodged just in time to avoid one of Hisoka's cards.

"What are you doing you bastard!" Gon shouted, appalled when he realized that he would have been hit if he had not moved as fast as he did. "You almost hit me!"

"But I didn't, did I? ~" Hisoka pointed down at the body. "Now look, he's no longer dying but dead~"

Following the direction to where Hisoka was pointing, Gon looked back at the man to see the card that was thrown at him lodged in his throat. With the absence of the faint, gurgling gasps, it was easy to deduce that he was no longer breathing as he lay there, clearly motionless...and dead.

Eyes taking in the blood pouring from the severed artery to add to the growing crimson pool around the body, Gon was delayed momentarily by the mesmerizingly gruesome sight.

What...

Why...

His lips separated but no sound came out and Gon forgot what he was about to say until Hisoka's quiet chuckle broke the spell. He looked back sharply at Hisoka. "Why'd you do that?!

"Hm? ~"

"Why did you kill him?!

"But he was dying~" Hisoka shrugged. "I just quickened the process~"

"No! I was going to call the ambulance!"

"What? ~" Hisoka looked at him with a weird expression. "So you wanted to save him? What happened to all that talk about protecting your friends? ~"

"…"

"Have you lost your mind as well as your Nen? ~"

Gon ignored Hisoka's mocking tone. "I wanted him to live long enough so that we could have questioned him! I think he knew something about our case but you ruined that Hisoka, you—!"

Marching toward him, Hisoka grabbed Gon's arm, roughly pulling him to his feet and to his chest.

"Gon—"

"Let me go Hisoka!" Gon gasped angrily but Hisoka only tightened his grip. "Don't touch me, you can't—!"

"What are you upset about Gon-kun? ~" Hisoka asked in a relaxed tone that did not match the unyielding grip he had on Gon's slim arms. "That guy was just a grunt, he wouldn't have known anything more than we already do. There is no point in keeping trash alive~"

"But still I... no you didn't have the right to kill him!" Gon struggled against Hisoka's body but Hisoka continued to hold him regardless.

"Gon-kun..." Hisoka started. "Did you want to be the one that killed him? Is that it? Are you angry that I killed him? ~"
"No!" Gon shouted, bringing his arms up to push at Hisoka's strong chest. "I'm not a killer...I'm not like you!"

Hisoka laughed, holding both of Gon's shoulders now so that the young man couldn't wriggle much anymore. "Whether you like it or not Gon-kun," he said seriously. "We have a lot in common...you and I..."

"No we don't! I'm—mmmph!" Gon was surprised when Hisoka suddenly closed the little space between them to capture his lips in a kiss and as angry as he was with him, he surprised himself by moaning into that fiercely possessive move that quickly became a passionate and almost violent exchange between them.

Blood still pumping hotly in his veins from the excitement of the deadly encounter he'd just had, Gon responded with as much valor as he could muster to Hisoka's forceful kiss, already primed and ready for anything that the man had in mind.

He's doing it again...

He's distracting me...he's hurting me...but it feels good...it feels so good. Why does he always do this to my body?

Gon moaned, the sound lost in that union of lips, tongue and teeth.

How does he always know what to do to me...and when to—?

"Mmmn...!" He gasped as Hisoka jerked him even closer as if wanting to consume all of him. The kiss between them deepened, becoming harsher, more violent as Hisoka kissed him roughly, aiming to dominate him, to tame the wildness that constantly challenged him.

Simultaneously, Gon's nails dug into Hisoka's back through his T-shirt as Hisoka's raked down his arms and as Hisoka's tongue swept confidently and repeatedly into his mouth, he moaned, eager to take more of that dangerous kiss...eager to satisfy his lust even if by doing so he would be signaling his own destruction.

Mmmm...

Their tongues clashed and twisted, each expressing their frustrations, desires and weighty need in that kiss that was a scant demonstration of just how much more they really wanted to do.

So intense was that union that when Hisoka finally released him Gon was a gasping, excited and red-faced mess.

And he wanted more.

Hisoka licked his lips and looked down at Gon panting and glaring up at him. "See? We do have a lot in common~ Fighting gets you just as excited as it does me~"

"Sh-shut up."

"Oh Gon-kun..." Hisoka kissed the tip of his index finger and pressed it against Gon's slightly swollen lips. "What is it that bothers you?"

"Hisoka, we can't just leave a dead body in a dark alley."

"Why? There's nothing wrong with doing that~"
"…" Gon eyed him disapprovingly. "Hisoka—"

"Haven't you killed a man before? ~"

"Yes...sort of but—"

"Sort of? Gon I don't think that it's possible to 'sort of' kill someone. It's either you killed them or you—"

"I said I sort of killed them, so drop the subject," Gon confirmed curtly, obviously not wanting to get into the details of how he'd done so.

"O...kay...~" Hisoka looked at him a bit weirdly for the second time that night. "Anyways, I'm sure you didn't go worrying about where you left the body."

"That..." Gon looked away for a moment. "Worked out somehow."

"Then why are you acting like it's your first time?"

"That was in a mission Hisoka, but this...this guy was probably just—"

"What? A random hooligan?" Hisoka laughed. "Oh Gon, you're so cute...you have a hit list on who to kill and who not to? Was this guy not high enough on your list of priorities? ~"

"No!" Gon shouted but then his voice lowered a fraction. "There's a big problem here; we're in a City – a dead body might attract the wrong attention to us."

Hisoka chuckled at Gon's panicked expression. "What is it Gon? Afraid of going to jail? But you look so good in green. Who knows? You might look positively dashing in orange~"

"Hisoka you're not taking me seriously! You're—!"

"Well if you insist, I'll get rid of it."

At Hisoka's jovial expression, Gon started to growl, ready to argue with him but Hisoka clearly wasn't paying attention to him anymore, now busying himself with retrieving his phone. Sighing when he saw that getting angry with Hisoka was going to be another useless venture, he decided to assuage his curiosity instead.

"So who is this Arashi guy by the way? Is he the guy who is behind what we spoke about before?"

When Hisoka did not respond but continued to fiddle with his phone, Gon added, "What are you doing Hisoka?"

"Making a phone call~" Hisoka replied before walking a little distance away from him.

"I can see that, but—!" Gon puffed out his cheeks when Hisoka, whilst putting up a had to shush him, turned away to pay attention to the person on the other end.

In a situation like this...—he tried not to look in the direction of the body—Hisoka's acting so casually.

I shouldn't be surprised; he's always been too casual about things like these.

Hm...?

Seeing the widening smirk on Hisoka's face only made him even more curious. I wonder who he's
"calling...?"

"Hmm~" Hisoka smiled slyly when the familiar voice answered.

["Why are you calling me?"]

"A pleasant good evening to you too my dear~"

["Cut the crap Dipshit, what do you want?"]

"Hmmm such wonderful phone etiquette you have there~"

["I'm in the middle of my job Hisoka...you know that. I don't have the time or patience to entertain your little games tonight."]

"How unfortunate. I have something for you~"

["What is it? Did you get some intel?"]

"Oh, excited now aren't you? ~"

["Just tell me."]

"So impatient~"

["I'll fucking hurt you...I swear to the ancient gods I'll rearrange your face—"]

"Really? ~"

["Hisoka, I'm warning you."]

"Mm? ~"

["What. Is. It?"]

"A dead body~"

["What?! Where the hell...?!]

["Has there been another killing?!"]

Hisoka paused deliberately to stretch out the moment. "Mmmm...Your reaction has just made my night... apart from seeing Gon fight the guy of course~"

["Wha—wait...Hisoka! Gon's there?! You better not have gotten him injured and—!"]

"What did I tell you this afternoon? I said I won't kill him." Hisoka smirked. "He might get banged up when he's with me though~" he added, laughing at his own lewd double entendre and not caring whether or not Dawn had caught on to it.

["Do you really have a dead body there?!"]

"Mmmhmmmm~"

["Are you lying?"]

"No I'm not lying. I think he is one of Arashi's cronies...or should I say he was~"
Hisoka's smirk returned. *I'm such a comedian. It's a pity the common folk don't see it~*

"But Mr. Takahashi can. This *has* to do with the case anyway, he'll understand~"

"The body's located at the alleyway near 24th street. Just come handle it like I know you could~"

"Thanks, you've been so helpful, gotta go. Gon's waiting for me~"

"Hisoka! we're not done talking! Don't you dare hang up on m—!"

"Bye~"

When he hung up, Gon wasted no time in trying to find out what had just taken place. "Who was that?"

"My contact. They're going to—"

"Ah so it was Daw-mmmph!"

"Gon." Hisoka removed the hand he'd placed over Gon's mouth to silence him. "You're not really good at this aren't you?"

"What?!" Gon bristled. "Of course I am! I've been in many missions before! I—!"

"Then why were you about to name who my contact is while we're standing in a dark alley?" Hisoka frowned down at him. "We're in public...anyone could be listening right now," he added sternly.

"Ah sorry Hisoka," Gon mumbled. "I didn't mean to..."

Stopping as a thought occurred to him, he looked up at Hisoka's hardened expression.

"Hisoka?"

"Mm?"

"Are you going to use this as an excuse to punish me when we get home?" Gon asked suspiciously, his breath hitching in anticipation of what he'd most likely have to endure. This pleasurable anticipation nearly engulfed him and his lips folded briefly to hide the small smile that was forming on them before he added, "Like you *always* do whenever I mess up?"

"Hm?" Hisoka regarded him in confusion. "Why would I do that? You're still learning."

*Damn.*

"Oh, okay."

"Are you disappointed Gon? ~" Hisoka asked, his highly perceptive gaze analyzing Gon's features. "Because you're *looking* disappointed~"
"No!" Gon shouted quickly, stepping back a bit. "I'm not some pervert you know!"

Wait… am I disappointed?

Gon sighed as a powerful surge of guilt re-established itself in him. *I was just quarreling with him for acting recklessly in a situation like this now look at me.* Ignoring that feeling, he pointed back to where the body lay.

"So…" Deciding that changing the subject was the best thing to do at this point, Gon asked, "Why would your contact have to 'handle' getting rid of the body?"

Hisoka looked down at the residual blush on Gon's cheeks and shrugged. *He gets embarrassed so easily...makes me want to embarrass him some more~*

"Didn't you hear what the guy was saying? ~"

"Yeah he was saying something about killing us before we could kill the Arashi guy." Gon paused for a moment in thought. "Ah!" He finally understood. "Is that his boss? So this really does have to do with our mission...just as I suspected!"

Hisoka smirked at the excitement on Gon's face. "Yes it does so that's why my contact would be able to take care of things. And soon enough..." Hisoka turned away from Gon to stand before the dead body with a smile. "...you'll meet the other member of our team~"

"There's someone else? And I'll get to meet them?"

"Mm~" Hisoka moaned as he looked down at the bloody, mangled body near Gon's feet. "I'll have to tell them how you did such a good job here tonight Gon-kun~"

"Hey! Are you mocking—!"

Hisoka laughed again.

"Bastard...You better shut up or else!"

"Or else what? ~" Hisoka put out a hand to stop Gon's advancement on him. "Want to go home and have sex? ~"

"What the—?!" Gon froze, quickly pushing aside Hisoka's hand before he could grab him. "Where did that come from?!"

"Gon~ Just look at yourself~" Hisoka groaned as he took in Gon's disheveled appearance and Moody composure. His eyes lingered on the bruised, blood-stained hands. "You're obviously over-excited and—"

"I'm so done with this shit," Gon muttered, turning away from him to wipe both hands on his pants. "Don't talk to me until—"

"Here you go, don't mess your clothes up," Hisoka said, handing him a large white and pink handkerchief. "Clean yourself up. If your clothes get too much blood on them, the maid might start asking questions when she comes in to do the laundry tomorrow." He made a scoffing sound. "She might even think that we're a couple of murderers~"

"At least she'd be right about you," Gon grumbled, scrubbing at the quickly drying blood on his hands until it was gone.
But now he had another problem.

_Ah. Now my fingerprints are all over this…_

Carefully looking around and folding the handkerchief, he shoved it deep into the pocket of his jeans shorts.

*I can't lose this now.*

"Give it to me~" Hisoka said, holding out his hand.

Gon hesitated a moment but then handed him the handkerchief, watching as he quickly clapped it between his hands. When Hisoka opened his hands it was gone and Gon gasped. "Wha—!"

"Hm? ~" Hisoka looked from his hands to Gon's appalled expression.

"Y-you just made it disappear!"

"Nifty trick huh? ~" Hisoka asked with a proud grin. "Now look at this."

When the card that was lodged in the dead man's throat disappeared as well by Hisoka simply pointing at it, Gon did not know how to react anymore and his mouth remained open for a while before he whispered, "Hisoka you..."

"I'm cool aren't I? ~"

"No, you just destroyed evidence."

"Destroyed?" Hisoka shrugged. "Oh no, I'm just cleaning up. I don't like to leave a mess~"

"You seem to be pretty good at this. _Too_ good…"

"Of course~" Hisoka laughed, lifting both arms with a bit of flair. "I'm a magician Gon, what did you expect? ~"

"Magician? More like a murderer…" Gon started to grumble, looking up as he heard Hisoka walking toward him.

"Mm Gon you seem displeased," Hisoka whispered, reaching out one hand to him. When Gon took it he pulled him close. "What is it that's _really_ bothering you? Is it me?"

Gon had been trying to pull away but then stopped at the serious undertone in that question. How was he supposed to respond to that? Of course he was bothered by the ease with which Hisoka killed, the fact that he was so good at it and even more so that he _enjoyed_ it, but that was a part of Hisoka. That was to be expected.

So if this is who he is and I'm bothered by it, does that mean that _he_ bothers me as well?

Without waiting for him to finish deliberating on that thought, Hisoka leaned close to him, essentially forcing him to walk backwards until he was pressing him against the rough wall of one of the nearby buildings. "I like this part of you."

"And what part is that?" Gon inquired breathlessly, his voice raspy with the need that had begun to swell in him in response to Hisoka's proximity.

"Naturally, it's the part of you that has the potential to take lives….but it's not just that. I'm finding
myself liking every other part,” Hisoka replied, looking down at Gon with a lust filled gaze. "As you can feel..." He pressed his hips against him. "I really do like every part...of you, my lovely fruit~"

"Hisoka!" Gon wouldn't have believed it if he wasn't currently feeling it. The hard line of Hisoka's need was pushed up against him as if demanding to be noticed and with this knowledge his breathing became increasingly labored as Hisoka's excitement started to make him excited as well.

"Hisoka..."

He directed his lusty gaze up at him through lowered eyelashes, unable to understand why Hisoka had to be like this every time.

And he was even more puzzled to be struck by the realization that he was beginning to act like him too.

"I like the part of you that gets really intense during a fight~" One finger tipped Gon's chin up and Hisoka kissed him briefly on his lips. He smiled at the curious look in those honey-hued eyes that had no idea how much they affected him.

"I like..." His next words halted themselves at the tip of his tongue. "Hmmm..."

Ah~

Hisoka realized then that he had essentially almost confessed all of his feelings to Gon, something that no one had ever made him feel to do because he had never had a need to do so.

If Gon knew just how much control he had over him, would that be safe for someone like him?

"Hisoka?" Gon asked in confusion as the man suddenly stepped away from him.

Taking his hand in his again, Hisoka stepped casually around the body on the ground as he started to lead the way out of the alley. Feeling a bit of resistance from Gon, he looked back to see the young man frowning at him. "What is it Gon?"

Gon didn't answer but simply looked pointedly from him to the dead body.

"Are you still worried about that thing? I already told you that it will be taken care of. Now let's go~" When Gon still didn't budge, Hisoka turned around to face him.

At the questioning glance directed at him, Gon huffed, feeling a bit frustrated. He's keeping something from me. I just know it.

"If you don't tell me what's wrong Gon-kun, I wouldn't know~" Hisoka reminded him patiently.

"While trying to fight you, this guy was saying something," Gon replied without hesitation, his words coated in suspicion. "What was he telling you?"

"Hm~" Hisoka pondered for a moment. "You did not hear him? ~"

"No, I was focusing on something else."

Hisoka tried not to smirk.

Good~
"In that case I won't tell you the truth~

"Hisoka?"

"Oh Gon, don't worry about it," Hisoka said shrewdly. "It was just something derogatory about redheads~"

"Huh?" Gon's eyebrows knitted together in his confusion. "Why would he say that?"

"I don't know~ Maybe he hates...or should I say, hated redheads~"

Gon frowned. Hisoka was so good at lying that sometimes he could never tell for certain when he was being lied to. "And...there's another thing that bothers me. You intentionally made that guy fight me. You knew he would have come my way if you kept avoiding him, didn't you? Why—"

"What are you talking about? ~" Hisoka asked. "It's not like you would have died so easily~"

"Yeah, but the last time we were attacked in the desert you went out of your way to stop me from fighting." Gon put both hands on his hips and flinched when he aggravated his injury. For a moment he had forgotten that he had been stabbed but quickly schooled his pained features into a scowl. "What happened to your 'Don't fight, just stay there' line huh?"

Hisoka smiled slyly. "Do you like to see me fight for you Gon? Were you disappointed that I did not come to your rescue this time? ~" He stepped closer to him and his voice adopted a flirtatious undertone. "Is that why you're so upset? You wanted to be a damsel in distress? My damsel? ~"

Gon growled at Hisoka's mockery and put up a hand to block the man as he bent to kiss him. "I'm no one's 'damsel in distress'. I can take care of myself."

Trying not to laugh at Gon's spunky display of independence, Hisoka straightened back up to his full height when it was clear that Gon wasn't going to let him kiss him any time soon. "So if you're so capable of caring for yourself, what's the problem? ~"

Gon pouted at Hisoka's pretense and narrowed his eyes on his teasing smirk. "What I want to know is; why the sudden change this time? What is your motive...your plan——"

"Gon, it's like I told you while you were fighting the guy. You're always either telling me not to interfere when you're fighting or to stop treating you like a kid, so I accommodated you this time." He patted Gon's shoulder. "Consider this as the first step in me acknowledging your strength and prepping you for this mission~"

"So it's like you're training me then?"

"Yeah~"

"But I'm already used to fighting the normal guys." Gon frowned. "I want a challenge."

"Challenge?" Hisoka raised both eyebrows as he regarded the recalcitrant young man before him. "He was a Nen user Gon, I don't think that qualifies as normal by any standar—"

"I'd rather fight you."

"What was that?"

"..." Gon chose not to repeat himself, knowing that Hisoka was only probably going to tease him
about wanting to fight him.

"Oh so you want to fight me hm? ~" Hisoka chuckled at Gon's determined stance. "Well we can do that some time in the future then~"

"Really?"

"Of course," Hisoka confirmed with a small shrug. "It's no big deal~"

"'No big deal' huh?" Gon pouted and pointed up at him. "Don't underestimate me, you...you..." His lips twisted with the frustration of being unable to find a word to describe the smug-looking magician. "Don't you dare underestimate me you...Hisoka! I may not have my Nen but I can still wreck you, so you better—!"

"Are you sure about that? ~" Hisoka cooed, looking down at the finger pointed up at his face. "You said that the last time too and I'm still not **wrecked**. What are you going to do the next time we fight to ensure that I'm 'wrecked'? ~"

"I..." Gon growled at him. "I'm going to defeat—"

"Next time..." Hisoka's mocking laughter started again. "Are you going to sit on my chest and try to punch me to death? Or are you...going...—"

"Mmm...~"

In the middle of taunting Gon, Hisoka froze as all mirth suddenly left him.

*Oh? ~
'Sit'...? ~

"Heh."

"Ohoho~" A faint blush colored his cheeks. "Yes...~" he whispered as a vision of their future fight came to his mind.

Yes **Gon-kun**...~

**Sit on my chest**...~

"Mmm~"

**Punch me**...~

Yes! ~

**Ah~ I want you to sit on my face now~**

"...and I'll **win**, that's what I'll do," Gon promised. "And then—"

"Oh, what did you say Gon? ~" Hisoka asked when he realized that Gon had been saying something. "I wasn't listening, I was having the most delightful thought just a moment ago...~"

"I said I'll win!" Gon shouted brusquely. "And don't you forget it!"

"Ah, one question though~" Hisoka started calmly. "One very important question before I agree to
"Will you be fighting me naked?~"

"W-what?" Gon sputtered, speechless for a moment. "Why the hell would I be doing that?!"

"Just answer the question," Hisoka insisted. "This is important information for my fantasy~"

"Your what?!"

"My fantasy..." Hisoka repeated, unperturbed. "I need to know just how happy I'll be when you sit on my face...~"

"No!" Gon shouted. "I will not be naked! And I will not be sitting on your face!"

At Hisoka's laughter, he added, "Go ahead you...keep underestimating me just because I don't have my Nen..."

"I'm not underestimating you Gon-kun, it's just that you are always so adorable...and sexy when you threaten me~"

Gon blushed. "Whatever."

"By the way~" Hisoka continued. "How exactly did you lose your Nen?~"

"That's...not important."

"I think that it is~"

Suddenly Gon was moodily silent and that made Hisoka even more interested in the answer to his question. "Gon?~"

Gon looked away from those searching eyes. "Just drop the subject, I don't want to talk about it."

"I see." Hisoka was quiet for a moment. "Okay then." Looking down at the hands Gon was wringing nervously in front of him, he reached out to gently take them both. Gon flinched at the contact and Hisoka muttered, "Your hands are bruised~"

Gon gasped as Hisoka lifted one of the hands he was holding to his lips to gently kiss his badly battered knuckles.

"This happened when you hit the concrete didn't it?" He kissed them again. "Without Ten to protect you, you will get pretty battered up whenever you fight~" A tongue came out to lick the more serious, weeping wounds.

A pair of golden eyes looked up to hold Gon's honey-hued gaze in their spell before Hisoka leaned into him to lick the cut on his cheek.

"Oh...look at this~" Hisoka muttered pleasurably between licks. "You're still bleeding here...and you taste so good~"

"Ah!" Gon backed up a bit but Hisoka followed him, one hand now on the small of his back. The warmth of Hisoka's tongue and the moist heat of his breath was almost too much for him to bear. "Hisoka..."
"Mm Gon..." Hisoka moaned as he swallowed, the taste of Gon's blood making him even more excited. "I just love it when you get rough~"

"Well I don't."

Hisoka stopped licking Gon's cheek to look at his face as he took both his hands again. "Why is that? I remember quite the opposite...You were always so excited whenever you got serious..."—he kissed the palm of one of Gon's calloused hands—"...The Hunters' Exam...Heaven's Arena...Yorkshin City..." —another kiss—"...and oh~ Greed Island are just but a few instances I'm sure...~"

"I don't want to become what I hate," Gon replied flatly. "I don't want to be a mo—"

"Ah~" Hisoka muttered in understanding. "Is that why you got so angry when the guy called you a monster?"

"..."

"Mmm~" Hisoka released Gon's hands and folded his arms while bending toward him. "Well I like that side of you...it excites me~"

"Excites you?"

"Yeah. Now come Gon, we've been here long enough."

Gon looked down at the hand that Hisoka was holding out to him and shook his head.

"What's the matter?"

"Not yet. I'm not leaving until you answer my earlier question...until you tell me who Arashi is."

"It's not safe here Gon," Hisoka reminded him. "That's sensitive information."

"So do you promise to tell me when we get back home then?"

"Maybe...maybe not~"

"Hisoka!"

Hisoka put the hand he was holding out to Gon on one hip and the index finger of his other hand to his lips. He grinned flirtatiously at him. "You really want to know don't you? ~"

"Of course!" Gon demanded. "What would it take for you to tell me what I need to know?!"

"Want or need? ~"

"What?"

"You needing to know who Arashi is, is not important to your role in this job and I have no obligation to tell you~"

"Hisoka!"

"Yes? ~"

"What do I have to do for you to tell me? Just tell me and I'll do it."
"Oh? ~"

"Yes..." Gon nodded bravely at the question in Hisoka's eyes. "I'll do anything..."

Hisoka chuckled. "Always so ready and willing to barter with me, hm? ~"

Gon looked from Hisoka's naughty smirk to narrow his eyes on the shrewd stare directed at him. He was aware that if he were to barter with Hisoka that it would involve some kind of sexual favor but he was not ready to give up because of that. He was prepared to keep trying until he found out what he wanted to know.

This is connected to you... I just know it.

I want to learn more about your past, Hisoka...

No matter what it takes.

"But...as a warning..." Hisoka started in a sultry tone before his smirk widened and a hint of his canines flashed in the darkness. "You shouldn't be so eager to always trade—" his eyes ghosted over Gon's lithe frame—"stuff with me. You may think that you've experienced the darkest parts of my appetite for you..." Hisoka took one step toward Gon but Gon held his place and did not step back or falter. He smiled. "There are things that I want that not even you may want to do to satisfy me...my needs... Things that you may regret after you get your little bit of 'information'."

Gon's breathing quickened and he swallowed hard. Hisoka had to be purposefully trying to scare him.

I'm not going to let him win.

I'm not going to let him scare me...

"I'm not scared of you," he stated boldly, not looking away from him. "And I won't give up until I know what you're hiding about this case."

"I don't expect you to give up my little Apple-chan~" Hisoka cooed. "It's your fiery persistence that makes you oh so delicious~ It's your desire to never crumble or give up that makes every bite I take of you so addictive~"

"Stop mocking me," Gon growled. "I will learn the truth, and you're going to be the one to tell me," he hissed.

"Maybe..."

"What's the big secret? As your partner..." Gon blushed when he remembered that the word could have two meanings "...um...as your partner in this mission, I have a right to know who this man is...and what your connection with him is!"

"I guess you do, but stop talking so loudly, I'll tell you when you're ready. As for now, it's not important that you know."

"Well don't take too long; because if you do, I'll just ask your contact for the answer."

"Are you threatening me Gon-kun?"

"No, but you can take it as a threat if you want, that's your choice." Gon pursed his lips before
adding, "I'm just letting you know that I have options, that's all."

"Oh so you do huh?"

"Of course." Gon stuck out his tongue at him. "I always have options."

"Heh." Hisoka smiled at Gon's casual, detached tone. "Well, well... Look at you being all cheeky." Bending even closer to his height, Hisoka whispered against the shell of his ear, "You're such a shameless, careless boy... continuously getting me more excited than I can bear tonight. I'm beginning to think that you like it when I can't stop myself from..."

Hisoka pulled away a bit, pausing to lick his lips as he stared hungrily down at him and Gon held his breath.

Stop yourself from what?

As a lascivious expression arrested Hisoka's features and a moan reverberated in the tense silence between them, Gon suddenly felt acutely aware of the man that never failed to easily excite him.

He's close.

So...close...I...

Already caught up in Hisoka's spell, Gon's eyelids lowered and his breaths became shallow. He wanted nothing more than for Hisoka to finish that sentence, to tell him what he wanted to do to him, to captivate him with his honeyed words.

Say it.

Say it...

Enraptured by the lewd stare focused on him, Gon was unable to look away from Hisoka.

Tell me what you want to do to me...

And then do it...

Hisoka brought a hand up to Gon's shoulder and smiled when he felt the barely noticeable needy tremor course through him. He tilted his head to the side, drawing closer as if he was about to kiss the lips that seemed lonely without his against them. His eyes darted back to Gon's drunken stare. "Do you like it when I lose control Gon? ~" he asked almost breathlessly. "Do you like it when you're the one who makes me lose control? ~"

Yes I do! Gon almost replied eagerly but that proclamation remained unspoken as he kept his lips sealed, while trying not to moan at the thought of all that Hisoka was strongly implying that they do...right there, against one of the many rough unfinished walls bordering that dark alleyway.

They had just had sex in the restaurant, but it was clear that they each wanted the other again. Their lust was insatiable and Gon felt as if he would die in the flames of its intensity if he did not give in.

I want him.

The words were loud in his head and the lips he loved to kiss were so close to his that he almost gave in.

"What do you want Gon-kun? ~"
Instead of commenting, or doing what he really wanted to, Gon licked his suddenly dry lips and grabbed hold of Hisoka's hand.

Hisoka spared him a curious glance and traced his thumb across the smooth skin at the back of Gon's hand in slow, looping circles. Although Gon pretended to be unaffected, he could see from the rising color in his cheeks that the younger man was doing his best not to lose focus.

"Hisoka..."

"Yes? ~"

"Mmmm..." Gon's eyes closed briefly.

*I really want him.*

Yes...ah...we can—

Just then, as he was about to confess his desires...as he was about to lose himself, common sense kicked in, giving pause to his wayward thoughts.

*No...no...no...we can't do this...not again...* 

*But...*

*No!*

*I need to go home...take a shower and wait for Killua to call. We won't be having sex again.*

Taking a deep breath to steady the raging need inside of him, Gon opened his eyes again but tried not to look directly at Hisoka or pay attention to the movement of the man's thumb on the back of his hand.

Pointing up ahead, he gestured for Hisoka to look in that direction too, to where the dim street light flickering in the distance marked the end of the long alleyway. "Hisoka..." he mumbled. "Let's go home."

"Home?" Hisoka was surprised by the sudden change in Gon's mood but then he smirked. "Mmm I get it..." He looked back to Gon's slightly blushing face and the way the young man was averting his eyes. "You want to take me home and continue this, don't you? ~"

Hisoka's sultry laugh strummed his nerve endings and Gon held his breath, choosing not to respond.

"Oh Gon, I love it when you try to ignore me. It makes me want you more~" His other hand left Gon's shoulder to stroke down the length of his arm and Gon stiffened up as if the slightest movement on his part would cause him to combust. Hisoka chuckled. "Why don't you be honest? You're all revved up now and want to ride me don't you? ~"

*Ride him?!* Gon's eyes widened but he continued to look away. He knew that it would be a big mistake to look into those captivating golden eyes and get pulled in by their spell. "No..." he finally responded, his voice hoarse and strained with the effort it was taking to keep himself under control. "I just want to go home and take a shower. It's been a long day."

"Oh so you want to do it the shower too hm? Nice~" Hisoka's hand tightened around the smaller hand in his. "You're so insatiable...but I'm always ready to give you what your body's craving." He
leaned closer to him and smirked when Gon's breaths became more audible as the younger man's awareness of him increased. "You know you don't have to worry about being satisfied with me...I'll make that bad day you've been having a whole lot better when I'm inside you~"

"Whatever," Gon mumbled, trying to make his tone sound aloof as he sidestepped Hisoka to get out from under his suffocating presence.

Starting to walk toward the main street ahead and not waiting for Hisoka to follow, Gon pulled him forward. With that, he heard Hisoka make a gleeful sound at the back of his throat and he frowned. "Just hurry up and come, we need to go. I never said we were going home to have sex."

"Ah~ so it's a surprise~" Hisoka mewled in his singsong tone. He was grinning now. "You're such a naughty boy Gon-kun, there's no need to cover up that fact~"

"…” Gon did not reply but simply stopped to look back and frown disapprovingly up at him.

"So impatient. I'm coming," Hisoka said with the same happy grin plastered on his face as he fell into step beside Gon, but then he started to laugh. "Well I'll also be coming when we get home of course, but in a different way—"

Gon stopped abruptly and looked sternly up at him. "Hisoka?"

"Yes~ Gon-kun~" Hisoka asked with a delightfully pleased closed-eye smile.

"Shut up."

Hisoka raised his eyebrows as Gon impudently whipped around to continue walking out of the alley and grinned even wider as he was roughly and discourteously pulled along again by him.

*Oh Gon-kun...* He kept his moan contained as Gon's rude behavior toward him only caused his desire to mount exponentially higher than it already was.

*Mmmm...you always know the right words to say to me…~*

He bit his bottom lip and let his eyes stray from where Gon was tightly gripping his hand to Gon's small waist and plump butt. Allowing his gaze to drift lower, Hisoka took a moment to appreciate the firm, athletic thighs that were exposed by the outrageously short hem of Gon's jeans shorts as he breathed out contentedly.

*And you always know just how to make me want you even more…~*
End of Season 3! Get ready for a darker story pla

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Think I did a good job on this chapter, give me some of your love ❤️  
(It helps me to keep writing)
A/N:

This begins UxD Part Two! I’m getting the rest ready and while life keeps getting in the way, rest assured; work is being done on the drafts I’m preparing! :o Please follow my social media to keep in touch with me and see what I'm up to (spoiler: I'm always either writing or drawing).

15/08/19 note: The outline for the future chapters is now over 300K words!! So don't be discouraged...I'm getting there. Even when so many things get in the way to stop me!

Chapter notes:

So the secret is out...Gon's booty keeps Hisoka reasonably tame. Well, that is unless someone tries to take it away of course :o

Oh dear...These two are the worst. Geez...there's a dead guy on the ground, control your hormones =.=

(NOTE: Some more stuff has been revealed in this chapter, which brings up questions like who was Yuki? Who or what is Ichor? And what does Arashi mean by the statement 'they will serve him'? Also, the woman Arashi killed was just someone who looked like Dawn, because yes, he really wants to kill Dawn but needs her at the moment.)

Hehe...

Oh my, and if you think about it, Gon is having such a bad day. The day starts (officially) when he wakes up, gets punished by Hisoka, after which he falls flat on his face, then after all that drama with Killua, has to go through the restaurant ordeal then face some not so random hooligan in a dark alley...and now he gets stabbed too.

But…

*Gives enthusiastic thumbs up* Don't worry, Gon would be alright (I think).

Right now he's like *Quotes Monty Python* "Hm, tis' but a scratch...I've had worse...it's naught but a flesh wound" haha

Um...and another Laundry Day is coming up...so I hope that he REALLY will be alright :O

And don't forget guys, review! For reviews are love! So love me :3

Haha anyway I have lots planned and I'm hoping with all my heart that I can do justice to the maelstrom of ideas in my head and notes I have scattered about ;w; Sometimes its overwhelming with how much I want to make sure that what I write is the way I want it to be and it doesn't help that life is busy and my classes have started back this week for a new programme I'm studying...
Now I guess you all see why reviews go a long way in encouraging writers even more to continue writing. We can be our own worst enemies and discontinue stuff lol but it is you guys that keep us afloat many times and that's why although I may sound a bit repetitive, I always thank you for your support, because I really am grateful. Anyway, I love you all and I'll see you again hopefully soon.

P.S.: Here's the link to the audio version of this chapter available now on YouTube:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NYGWkFUC8pg

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!