Revenge Of The Nerds:Bad Boys Edition

by SexyBVirgo

Summary

Six lambs attend college and get caught by wolves. Chaos Ensues!!!!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Moving In Part One

I Do Not own any of the Characters! *Though I wish I did*

Let's GO

A/N: This is my guilty pleasure…IT will feature a multitude of couples. Warning: Do not read if you are not into bondage, slavery, etc. This one will be pretty hardcore. Also it is AU reality to give my self more room. There is no vampiracy here (Sorry) and set in a completely different setting.

This will be NC-17 so beware even though it may not seem like it at first. ABSOLUTELY NOT FOR CHILDREN!~~ Read and Review and tell me what you think!~~

Summary: Zero starts a new school and wait! He's a nerd? But nerds do it best as attested by our Bad Boy Semes!~~

Pairings:KanamexZeroxIchijo: Vampire Knight (Yep, it's a threesome!)
SasukexNaruto:Naruto
IchigoxUryuu: Bleach
RikuoxKazahaya: Legal Drug (Because they don't get enough play)
KuroganexFai: Tsubasa

Plus some more if you want to see them: You have to read and review…..Alright, let's get started!~~~~

Chapter One: Moving In Part One

Zero

Zero Kiryuu sighed as he looked down at the paper outlining his dorm assignment then back up to the brick red building that was going to be his new home at Ani Man Ga University. He knew that he should have gotten a private apartment, but Yuki had gone on and on about University life and had insisted the best thing to do was to move into the dorm. Now he was stuck with a roommate he didn't know with no privacy. Damn Yuki!. It was his first year and she gone on about living in the dorm and making friends.

Knowing it was of no use to protest now, Zero brushed the sliver bangs that shielded his eyes from his face and picked up the box in front of him and preceded to enter the building, throwing a short glance back at Cross and Yuki who were moving more stuff from the car. Just as he was about to enter the building the low, expensive roar of a motorcycle distracted him and he looked back, his hand in the handle of the door. Just in time to see a black Augusta F4Cc pull into the parking lot. His mouth salivated as he eyed the expensive bike, totally overlooking the rider. So he didn't see the glossy brown hair that was revealed moments later, or the deep sienna eyes that turned to his direction as if they were tracking him, immediately aware of him. Instead he concentrated on the shiny finish of the black paint job, before turning back to enter the dorm once more.

3101, was the room number so he deduced that he would be on the third floor. It was the second door on the left and turned that way, slipping his electronic key into the lock. The door unlocked
with a discreet click and he pushed the door open to step inside. Only to be greeted with an electric group of boys standing in the middle of his room. At his arrival, a short blonde boy moved to the center of attention looking quite sheepish. His eyes were the color of blue diamonds, so brilliant they hurt Zero's eyes, his hair the color of unadulterated sunshine. Three, slender scars adorned each cheek, though it didn't take away from his almost delicate beauty. His personality shined just as brightly. On the whole, Zero thought he was too bright for his own dark, serious personality. And he had to live with him for the rest of the year.

"Sorry! Today is move in day and all of my friends came over so that we could go to dinner together." The small blond stuck out his hand. HI! I'm your new roommate Naruto Uzamaki!" He gestured behind him to the small group that had gathered. "These are my best friends so you will be seeing them a lot!"

He pointed first to a tall, slender blond with sky blue eyes. "This is Fai Fluroitei!" Next came another blonde that was diminutive in height and slim, his hair falling into large green eyes and his face made of up of sharp, delicate planes that gave him a feminine appearance."Kazahaya Kudo!" A raven haired cool beauty was next, his straight stare causing Zero to sweat drop before he gathered him composure. "And last but not least this is Uryuu Ishida! You are welcome to join us!"

Zero studied the motley crew in silence before moving around them to the empty bed that was situated on the right side of the room. " Zero Kiryuu. Nice to meet you. But I think I will just eat out tonight. I have to move the rest of my stuff in and if dinner is now I'm not ready."

Naruto smiled widely. "No problem! We just happened to move in early. But you are more than welcome to sit with us any time!" The short blonde gestured to his friends. "Let's go!"

Zero watched them file out, shaking his head. He had no idea of just how his life was about to change!
Move In Day Part Two Reconnections

Chapter Summary

Meeting Again

I do not own any of the Characters *Sigh, though I wish I did*

A/N at Bottom

Let's Go!

Chapter Two: Move In Day Part Two: Reconnections

Naruto

As he was walking through the door of his new dorm at Ani Man Ga University, zipping up his orange nylon hoodie, Naruto Uzamaki felt as if destiny had dealt him another hand. He was free to start a new life! A new adventure. Excitement coursed through him and he pulled his phone out to call Fai Flourite, his best friend. He started talking as soon as Fai answered the phone.

"Where are you?"

"Stuck in the president's dorm in an RA meeting," Fai answered laconically. "You know the dorm for smart people and all. Not something you would pay attention to, though Uryuu is here. That should be interesting." His voice was indolent with gentle, playful sarcasm. He loved Naruto though he'd acknowledged a long time ago that his best friend was an idiot. "What's going on?"

"Dinner, tonight in what they call the cafeteria. To celebrate a new year."

"Ugh. You know I hate cafeteria food I'd rather just cook. And the school conveniently provided a kitchen."

"Awww." Naruto pouted. "But then you'd make me wash dishes!"

"As payment," Fai quipped back. "Do you know how much you eat? And let's not even talk about ramen."

"Aww c'mon the first night on campus lets be politically incorrect," Naruto wheedled. "And the cafeteria has ramen. I'm doing ramen on my first night."

"You got it. I'll be there." When Naruto whined Fai would agree to anything to get him to shut up.

"Great. Meet me in my room five. Kaza and Ury will be there." Naruto clapped his phone shut, happy that they'd all arranged with the school to move in a day earlier. Now he had an extra day to walk the campus and get situated. Life was good. He would have to email Kakashi tonight and give him a run down. His dad was over protective and if Naruto didn't email him as least once a day, he wouldn't put it past him to show up at the school.

"But, then I can always get Iruka to distract him," He muttered to himself. "Since they're still in the
honeymoon phase." Just recently his had figured out he was gay and his new boyfriend just happened to be one of his old high school teachers. It was convenient. His horny dad couldn't wait to get Naruto out of the house and his boyfriend into his bed. It helped him be a little more lenient where his son was concerned. Any thing that let Naruto slip out of the house was fine with him.

His phone chimed in his hand and he flipped it open to peer at the screen again, smiling when he saw it was from Kaza.

So five? Ugh I really hate cafeteria food.

All in the life of a college student. Naruto texted back, grinning.

We should just have Fai cook. Healthier.

Naruto's smiled turned into a frown. Not you too! I don't feel like doing dishes tonight. You'll eat in the cafeteria tonight and it will be the best meal you have all year!

So intent was he on texting, it was no wonder he ran into a stationary body. He bounced backwards (he'd been walking pretty fast) and promptly fell onto his ass. He scrambled to his feet quickly, not paying attention at first to who he'd run into in the first place. It was only after several minutes of wiping the dirt off the ass of his pants that he noticed the silence. Frowning in confusion, wondering why the other party wasn't yelling in indignation, Naruto looked up. And became marble. His heart refused to beat again He was breathless as he looked into the face of his scariest nightmare.

Sasuke Uchiha.

Fuck. Fuck fuck and triple fuck! What the fuck was Sasuke Uchiha doing on this campus?

Cold air blew into his mouth and he realized it was open as he stared into the death of his college life. He hadn't seen the Uchiha in four years, not since the day he'd confessed and been rejected, and that definitely wasn't long enough to forget the utterly gorgeous person that was Sasuke Uchiha. Long black bangs framed black eyes that seemed to look straight down into Naruto's soul, though they were lifeless at the moment. As he remembered. The thin mouth was at the moment compressed into a line. And he'd gotten taller, topping Naruto by a good five inches now, though his face was the same triangular face Naruto recalled sometimes in his nighttime fantasies. He wore a black hooded Nike sweat suit, that looked like it had just come from the runway. Naruto schooled his features into a parody of confusion.

"Sorry about that. I wasn't looking where I was going." He gestured with the phone. "Teach me to walk and text." He joked, starting to move away, looking away, anything to get away from the sight that seared his eyes.

Long pale fingers snapped out, circled his wrist, wrenching him to a halt. Unbidden he looked back. Dark eyes bore into his own sky blue orbs. Dark and suddenly filled with satisfaction.

"Well, if it isn't the dobe."

Naruto shivered before he could contain the reaction. Sasuke's voice was like sandpaper, low and gravelly, stroking against him; polishing him until he was smooth.

Well, fuck me six ways to Sunday, wait Naruto don't go there. Because that brought up visions of Sasuke fucking him six ways to Sunday those dark eyes lit with something other than cold indifference. Fire engine red tinted the curve of his cheeks as the picture floated through his mind.
Painfully conscious of the effect the raven was having on his body, Naruto deliberately narrowed his eyes in mock anger. He was glad that he was good at acting. "Dobe? You can't think of another name to call a complete stranger? Rude teme, very rude."

That's right push him away before he realizes who you are.

Because Kakashi was a valued employee of the Uchiha corp with a line direct to the president of the company. The head who just happened to be Sasuke's brother Itachi. Naruto had attended numerous functions at their mansion before he'd started to decline the outings citing, that high school was getting the better of him. It had been a relief. In truth he'd just had to stay away after he'd confessed to the older boy at one of those very functions. Sasuke's eyes had been expressionless then also as he'd informed Naruto that he didn't find him attractive in the least, him being too loud and stupid for the heir. That night Naruto had cried his pretty blue eyes red and vowed never to see the Uchiha again. A promise he'd kept good on until now.

Trying to keep up his fake hauteur, he shook his hand as if trying to get the heir's attention. "Could you release me please? I have somewhere to be."

Silence.

It was a lie, but he didn't have anything better. Sasuke was still staring at him and holding his wrist and before long he was going to give away that he still recognized the Uchiha. Suddenly, though his face didn't change, Naruto felt amusement emanating from the dark haired, rich boy. His arm contracted, pulling Naruto closer so that they now stood face to face.

"Are you telling me that you really don't remember who I am? Are you serious Naruto?"

Shit! He knows it's me and he knows I should know him!

"H-how do you know my name?" He tried again, not willing to admit defeat when it came down to his reputation. All Sasuke would do would was make fun of him and ridicule him; he couldn't allow that to happen here. He shook his head again. "You're scaring me. Can you let go now?"

Silence.

Sasuke's free hand darted down and grabbed the phone as he held him with his other hand. "Fine, if you want to pretend you forgot me, the boy you professed your love to, I'll just have to make you remember." He opened Naruto's phone and began to punch in numbers. (His phone hadn't had time to lock.) Naruto stared at his phone, held in the other boy's hand, in incredulous wonder. He swore he could hear his heart beating. He reached for the phone, trying to take it back.

Big mistake. Sasuke's hand tightened almost painfully on his wrist as he swung him around until Naruto's back measured the length of his chest, his arms trapped by Sasuke's. Ignoring the diminutive blonde's struggles, Sasuke casually continued what he was doing. Inside his pocket his phone began to vibrate, belt out 'The Catalyst' by Linkin Park. His warm breath bathed Naruto's cheek and the blonde shuddered at the decidedly erotic hold.

"What the fuck!" He protested. "Why do you think the you can just manhandle someone and think it's okay!"

Sasuke shut the phone and he was free, facing the Uchiha once more, his phone securely back in his hand as Sasuke pulled his own phone out and checked it. His black eyes returned to Naruto. He didn't acknowledge the blonde's previous statement.

"I'll call you and we can catch up on old times. I'll make you remember in no time." It was said
playfully, but Naruto's spine hardened.

"Just what in the hell is wrong with you? Teme! Go to hell!" He turned, freeing his hand with some difficulty because Sasuke at first refused to release it, and stalked away, heart hammering. It wasn't until the scenery passed before his eyes that he realized that he'd walked further than he thought. But it was a distant thought, the peace of his day blown. He'd walked five more steps before the horrible realization hit him. Sasuke attended the University. What other reason was there to be on the campus? Butterflies fluttered in his stomach as he thought about what that entailed.

Damn and I thought I was over that!

But apparently not because he was still shaking hours later when his friends arrive to walk to the cafeteria and his new roommate Zero Kiryu arrived. He affected a wide smile any way as he welcomed his new roomie and introduced his friends, hoping that none of his bewilderment showed on his face
Move In Day Part Three: Conversations with Friends and Secrets

Chapter Summary

Fai

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I do not own Any Of the Characters/Plot only!

A/N at Bottom

Let's GO!~~~

Chapter Three: Move In Part Three: Conversations with Friends and Secrets

Fai

Naruto affected his usual bright, talkative attitude as they headed to the cafeteria. He skipped ahead of their small group and back. "I can't wait to eat ramen!"

The four of them walked the campus, Fai knowing where the eatery was since he'd actually made it to the campus tour months before they were even accepted. He eyed the small blonde curiously though. He was going out of his way to seem like his old cheery self, but Fai could see the strain that pulled the skin around his eyes taut and that his blue eyes seemed darker than usual. If he hadn't known the blonde so well, he wouldn't have even noticed it. But he did know the blonde that well and he did notice. His own blue eyes resembled arctic glaciers as he contemplated what could make the blonde act like that. He would corner him later tonight and ask. For right now he resigned himself to enjoy the evening ahead of him. It was always enjoyable to spend time with the loud, brash blonde. He was never censored and he could make you laugh at yourself. That was something he sorely needed in his life.

His hands found their way into his pockets as he strolled along, breathing a sigh of relief. It felt good to breath air that wasn't contaminated by the antics of his over protective parents. He was glad that Yui was currently the one stuck in the city going to college close to home, going through the rigor of becoming the next head of the company. The fresh air of freedom ruffled his hair. He smiled, a genuine one as he eyed Naruto. It tasted like ambrosia to his starving senses and allowed himself the pure enjoyment of not having to report every action to his parents.

Naruto crowed with delight as they entered the cafeteria. "Ramen!"

"Ugh." Uryuu commented from his right. "I can't believe that you actually like that swill."

Naruto paused. "Swill? Are you kidding? Ramen is the best thing they've invented!"

Naruto paused. "Swill? Are you kidding? Ramen is the best thing they've invented!"

"I'll take your word for it." Dry as he always was, Uryuu pushed his glasses further up his nose. His dark slate grey eyes flickered around the room observing the room, spotting an empty table far from the door. "I'll grab a table," He pointed to Naruto. "You, charge of swill. I don't want ramen though, sushi would be good." He didn't wait for Naruto to follow directions already headed for the
table Kaza in tow. He looked at the small blonde with light curiosity. Though he was shy, it was never around his friends.

Fai followed Naruto. "I'll make sure that he's the only one eating ramen tonight." He commented without looking back. He eyed the food selection leisurely, at the same time eyes on the hyper active blonde. "I'm cooking tomorrow," He murmured to himself taking the wilted food in with horror. "It's much better than dying from food poisoning."

Collecting some of the best plates and Naruto, who had a steaming bowl of ramen in his hands, he headed back for the table, thanking God that he'd been supplied with enough brain power that any school would roll out the red carpet, thus enabling him to a full apartment equipped with a state of the line kitchen. "And he's going to wash dishes for the rest of the year."

"What was that?" Naruto asked suspiciously from his side.

"Nothing. Let's just get back. I want a good nights sleep tonight."

Naruto looked at him in disgusted fascination. "No wonder you're in the President's Dorm. You're no fun!"

Fai didn't bother to comment, placing the food laden tray on the table and nudging it in Uryuu's direction. "No more cafeteria food. My arteries are shriveling and I haven't even taken a bite."

"I second that," Uryuu returned. He poked at his food with no enthusiasm. "This is going to give me indigestion."

"Oh shut it!" Naruto was already lifting a forkful of ramen to his mouth. "You guys are acting like wusses! You would think that you were still home with your parents! Mmmmmh!" The rest of what he was going to say was cut off by an ecstatic moan issued through a mouthful of ramen. Fai's face scrunched up. "Fine hurry and eat before I get sick."

"You just don't know the joy of ramen," Naruto complained and settled down to devour one of his favorite meals.

It took his mind off Sasuke. Temporarily. Food being the most important thing in his life.

"So what time is your first class?" Fai asked Uryuu, suspecting that like him, the blue eyed raven had opted to start classes early. His own was at eight-thirty.

"Eight-thirty." The raven echoed. "English. You?"

"Same. Chem."

And who would think of teaching a chemistry class at eight in the morning. It was cruel and unusual and if he didn't need the class he would tell the administrators to fuck off. But he did need the class, it being one of the prerequisites for his major. Nothing said he loved school more than blowing things up at eight in the morning. He looked at Naruto who returned the glance too innocently.

"What time is your first class?"

"Twelve," The blonde answered happily.

"I should have known."
Naruto poked Kaza with his elbow. "With Kaza!"

Uryuu groaned. "Don't tell me this idiot's starting to rub off on you. Going to class early is a benefit. You get out of school early."

"Hey!" Naruto protested strenuously mouth still filled with ramen.

Kaza poked his lip out. "I don't want to get up early. It's one of the reasons I'm living on campus. Imagine the joys of not being awakened by Rikou in the wee hours of the morning."

Fai shivered dramatically, his proclivities well known. "If it was him doing the waking I wouldn't have any complaints. I would love to wake up to that tall, dark, handsome face any day."

"Try it," Kaza muttered, pushing his food around on his plate. "You'll think differently."

A commotion at the door, interrupted whatever Fai was going to say and he glared in its direction. Only to gape as a tall, dark haired male walked past, garnering the attention of the female population that dotted the cafeteria. Just the sight of his profile was enough to send Fai's heart into irregular palpitations. He was well over six feet, the glint of his black hair drawing Fai's eyes up. He sighed, watching the strong, broad shouldered back disappear. "Now that is worth waking up for."

"I wouldn't recommend it," Uryuu said, speaking up for the first time since they'd started the meal. "I hear he's part of the bad boys club."

"Bad boys club?" Fai's eyes swung back to the doorway. "Now that's something I would seriously be into."

"Only if you want to be collared. Because that's what they do to their current pet."

The entire table turned to stare at him in stupefied silence, three pairs of eyes incredulous.

"P-pet?" Naruto stammered, blues eyes huge. "What the hell? And how do you know that?"

"I pay attention, it's the reason I get good grades in school," Uryuu retorted, unconcerned with the attention his words were getting. "Word has it that they only go for males."

"Well, well, well." Fai smiled, speaking into the bubble of silence that surrounded the table. He picked up his chopsticks. "I would say this year just got interesting."

ROTN

Naruto was more subdued on the way back to the dorms and Fai waited until they'd split from the group before confronting the positive blonde.

"What's wrong?"

Naruto began to walk a little faster. "Wrong? What would be wrong? I'm finally away from home, far away from Baa-chan! Why-"

"Naruto."

Fai's soft voice cut off Naruto's protests in the middle. "I know something is wrong. You're acting just like you did when I first met you."
A bead of sweat trickled down Naruto's forehead. Of course Fai would pick up that he wasn't himself. He knew Naruto the best out of their crew. But how could he tell Fai the bane of his existence was right here on campus? Of the three, he and Fai had witnessed the turmoil he'd gone through in trying to forget the raven. So he shrugged it off. Sasuke couldn't do anything if he couldn't find him right? And the campus was large enough that the chances of him running into the brunette were second to none.

"You're mistaken. Nothing could be wrong with this perfect first day of the new year."

Famous last words.

Until next time……

SexyBVirgo…

Chapter End Notes

I'm importing this from Fanfiction.....Haven't gotten used to AOF yet, but working on it!
Surprise! Surprise!

Chapter Summary

Uryuu

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Do Not Own ANy of the Characters!~/Only the Plot!

A/N at Bottom

Lets GO!~

Chapter Four: Surprise, Surprise!

Uryuu

As he separated from his friends, Uryuu decided that only a V8 could combat the dull cafeteria meal that twisted and turned in his belly. He rubbed his stomach as he made a detour towards the nearest market.

"Damn Naruto!"

He grumbled to himself as he walked, his bright white button down glowing in the light of the shining moon. That caused extra grumbling. He hated when it got dark early. He loved the daylight.

"Just like I hate cafeteria food."

There was a lot of things he hated and cafeteria food wasn't number one on the list. Thinking about it now brought a slight frown to his face. The most hated thing on his list was his father, who he couldn't have a decent conversation without feeling like he was the scourge of the earth.

Thank God for boarding schools, he thought absently, his limbs relaxing as the candace of his walking began to soothe him. He'd attended one for the last two years of high school after practically begging his father to let him change schools. It had give his father an axe to hang over his head but the reason had been worth it. But then anything would have been worth getting away from the sexual deviant known as Ichigo Kurosaki.

His eye twitched beneath his glasses as thoughts of the other boy replaced those of his father. Things had been going well in the land of Karakura Town until Kurosaki had decided that Uryuu would look perfect tied to his bed. Uryuu still dropped sweat at how close he'd come to being the object of the strawberry's fantasies. But that wasn't the worst. The worst was that he'd wanted to be there, had jumped gladly at the chance to study with the boy who prompted his cold heart to come out of hiding. Only to find himself half naked beneath the teen and well on his way to losing his virginity. That had been fine with him. Until he realized that Kurosaki would be more controlling than his father. The memory was still enough to chill his skin.
"Say it. You belong to me."

Dizzy and out of breath from the kisses the boy had already bestowed on him, Ichigo's long body layered over his, that tempting mouth so close to his own he could taste it, Uryuu was understandably confused. He licked his lips, looking at Ichigo, his eyes dark with arousal. "I belong to you."

Ichigo smiled as he lowered his head eyes full of predatory prowess, his lips rubbing over Uryuu's softly, making the darker teen moan. He was so lost in bliss of having Ichigo hands on him that he almost missed the strawberry blonde's words.

"That's right all mine. You'll look so good all-"

"Ichigo!"

The red haired teen made a vexed sound at the interruption, pulling back slightly so that his lips weren't attached to Uryuu's. "Don't move," He ordered, hazel eyes lit by hard lust.

Uryuu nodded in agreement and stayed on the bed. In the absence of the bewilder ing strawberry, Uryuu let his eyes wander around the room . The hint of black among the white sheets caught his eye and he immediately sat up to take a better look. He held the thin black collar up, his eyes wide in astonishment. He knew Ichigo didn't have a dog. But-

His brain connected the dots lightning fast tying Ichigo's words to the small, black bind. He quickly realized what the strawberry had meant when he said 'belong to me'.

Trembling, suddenly aware of the ramifications of his crush's statement, Uryuu jumped from the bed, his heart trying to tattoo its beat on his ribcage. In his flight from the bed he noticed the open drawer on the nightstand. Feeling like a victim in a scary movie, Uryuu slowly pulled the drawer opened completely. Heat rushed to his face at the multitude of toys that filled the small space. All new, still wrapped in their packaging. Obviously for him.

Needless to say he'd escaped at the first opportunity, his clothes immaculate when the strawberry had come back into the room, slipping past him when he opened the bedroom door. The strawberry had been miffed when Uryuu explained that his dad had called and ordered him home. From that day he'd avoided the blonde, making sure that they'd never been alone again. In the days leading up to his transfer, he'd often found hazel eyes on him full of frustration, calculating how to get him alone. Thank his lucky stars for Rukia who'd run interference. He'd transferred without ado and even now he sighed in relief at the escape though if he were honest with himself what had scared him most was that he'd hadn't been adverse to the idea at all as long as it was Ichigo.

And why the hell was he even thinking about Ichigo? It must have been the conversation about bad boys. Shaking such thoughts from his head, really he wouldn't see Ichigo again, he entered the well lit store in search of his favorite drink. He was lost in his own world when the hand reached over his shoulder to pluck a soft drink from the cooler.

Indignant that his personal space was being invaded, he turned sharp words already formed on his lips. And stopped as his world stopped, spinning on its axis. Bright hazel eyes stared back at him in satiety. Long slender hands, reached out to steady him as his world tilted, tried to right itself and slumped to the side.

"I-Ichigo."
"Uryuu."

His name, said in that tone of voice made him shiver. Uryuu took a careful step backwards trying to dislodge the hands, tilting his head up to look at the strawberry fully. Then he wished he hadn't. Those hazel eyes glowed with triumph and something else that made Uryuu want to flee. But Ichigo was blocking his way with his lean body.

"What are you doing here?" His voice sounded like it was trying to be heard through a wall, high and slightly panicked.

Ichigo raised a brow at him. "Shopping, of course."

Uryuu shook his head in desperation, the beauty of the tall strawberry going straight to his brain. "No, what are you doing here in this town."

Ichigo smiled at him. It reminded him of the picture of the wolf from his book of fairytales. Uryuu felt his body quake in response. "I attend Ani Man Ga University. Second year. Didn't you know?"

How could he? He'd severed all ties when he'd left Karakura Town. Or so he'd thought. He decided that the V8 would be better in the morning and tired to slide away from Ichigo only to have his actions thwarted as Ichigo mirrored his movements exactly, causing him to lean against the tall cooler behind him. His hands came up in automatic defense pressing against Ichigo. He quickly snatched them away as the well defined muscles of the other boy registered on the soft flesh of his palms.

"You go to Ani Man Ga?"

Uryuu nodded absently, his mind trying to think of avenues for escape.

"You must be a first year or I would have noticed you before now." Ichigo mused, stepping even closer, crowding Uryuu against the cooler. "But I can't say I'm disappointed." He continued probing Uryuu like a hawk. "Which dorm do you live in?"

Overwhelmed by his knee jerk reaction to the strawberry, Uryuu didn't, at first, grasp the question. He was too busy monitoring his heart rate. When his mind caught up to his body a full blush decorated his form. His hands came up again to push Ichigo back. "As if I would tell you that, " He gasped out, upset that Ichigo could still have this effect on him even after two years without seeing him.

Ichigo's eyes flickered down to his hands and back up to his eyes. "I'll find out sooner or later Uryuu so it's just best that you tell me now."

"Asshole!" The expletive burst from his mouth before he could stop it. "I'm not telling you where I live!"

"And why not?" Closer and closer. Ichigo was so close now that Uryuu could feel warm breaths against his cheeks as he leaned in, the scent of summer peaches pervading his nostrils. "Don't you want me to know where you live Uryuu?"

"Arghh!" This time, his hands exerted enough force that Ichigo was pushed backwards. Without waiting for a reaction, Uryuu slid from underneath his body and ran for the door. He didn't stop running until he was in front of the President's dorm. Keeping his eyes on the terrain behind him, making sure that Ichigo hadn't followed, Uryuu swiped his key card. He breathed easier once he was behind the glass door, relieved that Ichigo hadn't followed. His harsh breaths echoed audibly in the deserted foyer.
A sense of dread descended on him as he remembered talking about the Bad Boys Club. There was no way that Ichigo's presence here was a coincidence, 

What in the hell was he supposed to do now?

Chapter End Notes

Just Moving Along.......I have about twenty seven chapters of this story done.....after I post those I'll try to post every two weeks....Try being the key word. And I'm still learning how to post here so the memory would should be in italics is not....

Whoo! Hoo! Almost done with the introductory chapters! Yay! Kaza's pov will be next and we will swing back around to Zero-Yummy! I can't wait for his first meeting LOL

Please RxR

Until Next Time…..

SexyBVirgo
Chapter Five: Brother Complex

Kazahaya

Kazahaya unlocked the door to his room and stepped inside. It was silent in the room, by some quirk of fate he'd ended up with no roommate, and he thought for a moment to call Naruto and ask him to stay over. He curbed the impulse. He was a big boy now and he needed to grow up. Or that was what he'd told Rikuo when he insisted that Kaza shouldn't live on campus. Fucking worrywart! But it's okay for him to live on campus! Talk about double standards. Never mind that he always seemed to find himself in some bind. A fact his overprotective adopted brother capitalized on. Fai’s words drifted through his head. A sexier than he needed to be adoptive brother with a brother complex.

Gah! He didn't even want to think about it right now. Because really, wasn't it just wrong to be attracted to your brother, even if you weren't related by blood? But man oh man, Rikuo was what the epitome of a man and I thought you weren't going to think of this right now! Right he wasn't. He was going to think about the first day of school. He'd escaped. He was free. There was no use dwelling on it now.

With that thought entrenched firmly in his mind, he gathered his bath toiletries and headed for the communal bathroom. A shower would relax him and he could get a good night's sleep and be bright eyed at the hour of twelve o'clock for his first class. He almost sighed in bliss. It would be great not to have to wake up at the crack of dawn. Facing your fantasies that early in the morning was never good for your health. And that reminded him. He had to call Kakei, his sadistic dad, though he knew his father wouldn't really worry unless he went too long without checking in.

Thoughts of his home slowly disappeared under the umbrage of the hard university water as he soaped all of his troubles away. When he returned from his shower, dressed in short gym shorts and a clinging black tank top he was calm. His sense of calm promptly flew out of the window when his phone beeped. His eyes flew to the bedside clock that rested on his night stand. Seven O'clock. He tried to tell himself that it wasn't too late for one of his friends to be calling. They always checked up on him. But he knew even before he pulled up the text message who it would be.

They hadn't spoken in the two days after their big blow up over him moving to the campus and to
his horror when he opened the phone, there were several missed calls from the tall raven. Knowing his brother, a feeling of dread making him lightheaded, he opened the text messages.

Kaza.

Still not talking to me? I'll be there in five.

He checked the time of the last message and felt his heart started to beat faster. That had been four minutes and fifty-five seconds ago.

Right on queue, the phone in his hand began to chime. He stared at it as if it were one of the seven sins come to life. He let it go to voicemail. Because there was no reason to answer it. He was out on his own, living on campus. He could survive without Rikuo for one day.

"Kaza."

The voice through the door, a dark melody to his ears, made him jump out of his skin and he turned to give the door a look of pure disillusionment. How had he even gotten in the building? You needed a key card to get in.

"Kaza, I know you're in there. I can hear your phone ringing. YOU wouldn't leave your phone at home. OPEN THE DOOR."

Kaza acted on pure impulse, used to orders from the raven. As his dorm room door swung open, he cursed his predilection to listen to his older brother when the sight of him hit Kaza like the back of a semi truck gone wild. So tall that he could rest his hand on the top of the door jamb, black hair swinging in his eyes, Rikuo looked good enough to eat. Somehow Kaza found the strength to remain in the doorway, blocking the raven's entrance.

"What are you doing here?" He let the glare he felt in his heart reflect in his eyes.

Rikuo wasn't the least bit effected. "Checking up on you that's what." Black eyes roamed over his scantily clad figure, lighting with appreciation. "You didn't answer your phone,"

"Idiot! I was in the shower! Couldn't you have waited to show up at my room?" He flinched, his voice sounded breathless even to his own ears. "Are you going to pester me this year?"

His brother smiled. A smile full of such intent that Kaza automatically stepped backward. The raven took full advantage of his senseless plight, pushing him back to step inside. He eyes conducted a thorough search of the room before he headed into the next. Kaza followed him, green eyes the color of emeralds in his distress.

"Baka! What are you doing?"

Without warning Rikuo stopped and Kaza fetched against his back. Hard. That's how fast he'd been moving. His brother turned, reached out to steady him, large, long fingered hands settling on his hips. Kaza felt the breath in his chest halt. As he struggled to breathe, pain spreading through his chest, he realized that he was going to have to cut off all ties with his brother. He desired him too much to live his life effectively. His mouth opened to say the words and Rikuo beat him to it.

"Too make sure you are safe."

Kaza felt his face heat with embarrassment. "So you don't think that I can survive without you?"

The words flew out of his mouth before he could stop them and before he knew it, he was in
Rikuo's face not paying attention to the precarious position he'd put himself in. Rikuo wasn't one to miss a chance however and before he could think about it, those strong hands had tethered around his wrists together, backing him up against the door. He watched in fascination as Rikuo's face came closer.

"You can't survive without me. Admit it."

The warmth puff of his breath halted anything Kaza was trying to formulate in his head, the presence of Rikuo's long, well muscled body next to his creating a type of dementia. He couldn't answer. All he wanted to do was throw himself in Rikuo's arms and let him show him what he'd been teasing him with. Instead he found an authoritative voice inside him that protested the way he was being handled. Pressed between Rikuo's body and the wall, the body he'd dreamed of for years at his disposal, he somehow found the inner strength to push back. Not that his big brother budged.

"Stop it Rikuo!"

He could feel his reaction to the older boy in the heat that was pooling low in his belly. Desperate to stop it, he pushed harder.

"I have to do this."

The quiet words stopped his struggles and Kaza looked up at his brother's face. Really looked at him, allowing common sense to overwhelm the panicked response he was emitting. Determination turned Rikuo's eyes to black flames. "You shouldn't have left home Kaza."

"And why is that?" He asked, sarcasm lacing his venomous tone. "Because you don't think I can take care of myself?"

"Because of this." The words were said so simply that Kaza didn't grasp the intent until it was too late. Before he could move, could stop it, the feel of Rikuo's lips; like freshly garnered silk slid across his mouth, his tongue taking advantage of Kaza's gasp to slip inside, caressing the roof of his mouth. Kaza couldn't stop the groan as the long awaited taste of Rikuo flooded his taste buds. Chocolate.

"Mmmnnh." The taste of his brother burst over his tongue and Kaza slumped back agains the wall, willing his body into some semblance of calm. It wasn't to be. Rikuo drew his wet tongue over the sensitive nerves of his mouth and nerve endings he didn't know existed flared to life. Rikuo's hands tightened on his wrists to keep him in place as his eyes took on a light of sympathy. "As long as you stayed home, Kakei could protect you.

"That's why." Kaza trembled, Rikuo's voice like crushed silk as it flowed over him. "As long as you stayed home, Kakei could protect you." His eyes took on a light of sympathy. "But now there's nothing to stop me from claiming you."

His dark eyes didn't leave Kaza's once as he maneuvered them into the bedroom his fingers till tight around Kaza's wrists as his eyes memorized every detail of his bedroom set. In the interim, sanity began to return and Kaza pulled at his wrists. "Let me go Rikuo!"

"I won't ever," The raven returned, amusement now coloring his eyes the blackest onyx. "And soon you'll be collared and no one will even think of trying to take you away."

The words brought back the memories of Uryuu's words and whatever he was going to say stilled
on his tongue. "Where do you live Rikuo? On campus?" He clarified as he saw the evasion.

"At the BBC house," Rikuo finally responded after a long drawn out silence. "I joined the club last year. Because of you."

"Because of me," He echoed stupidly. "What is the BBC?"

He suddenly wished he hadn't asked, knowing the answer before it fell from his brother's lips, his eyes lighting with smug satisfaction. "The bad boys club."

Rikuo finally pushed him fully against the wall, letting his mouth rest on the corner of Kaza's. Kaza's heart started to beat in triple time as he realized what the confession entailed. Yeah, him collared like a favorite pet. In his amazement, Kaza failed to notice what the raven was doing and before he knew, it his back was pressed to the bed and Rikuo was over him, the weight of his long, lean body imprinting on Kaza's smaller form into the mattress. His mouth caught Kaza's again and it was all the blonde could do not to voice his enjoyment with moans and sighs. Instead he grabbed the reins of his control and forced his body into submission and stayed quiet as Rikuo's tongue explored his mouth ardently.

Finally his brother sat back as if to acknowledge his defeat, his words sending a shiver of fear up Kaza's spine.

"You can resist, but it won't last. Soon you'll be collared and every wish I so think of you will jump to fulfill."

Then he was gone, coldness taking over where his warmth had been previously.

Stunned, Kaza could only watch him go, his mind spinning in convoluted spheres.

Oh shit! I am so in trouble!

Chapter End Notes

Drop a comment. They let me know what I'm doing right and wrong!~~~

Until next time…

SexyBVirgo….
When Zero walked back outside for more stuff, he was surprised to see Cross and Yuki talking to someone. A very, hot someone. It took a second for that to process. When it did, he flushed and slowed his stride. The hell? He'd never thought of a guy that way, but he could see how both sides of the population would appreciate the view. It was….Gorgeous for no other way to describe it. If he hadn't been so tall and his shoulders so broad Zero would have thought he was a girl. Heat whipped through him, flushing his cheeks like a fever as he stared at the man. He wore relaxed jeans, boots and a leather jacket that clung to his appealing form snugly.

It didn't help that his eyes sharpened with Zero's arrival as if he could feel his sudden attraction. Zero watched as the knowledge slid through eyes the color of blood chocolate. He felt disoriented but the sight. Could someone's eyes actually be red? Self conscious, his reaction so far out of this world it was fantasy, Zero looked away, focusing on Cross instead. No good. Cross beamed at him widely and gestured to the tall, model material.

"Zero! This is Kaname Kuran. He's here to show you around some and make sure that you are settled."

If possible, the heat that flamed his cheeks deepened. Did Cross think he was a child? He turned to the tall, dark haired man. "No need to worry yourself. I'm sure I can get along just fine. I wouldn't want to inconvenience you."

"Nonsense," The brunette returned smoothly. "What type of gentleman would I be to let a helpless freshman fend for themselves? I would never repay Cross' friendship that way."

Zero frowned at his guardian. "Friendship?"

Cross had the grace to look discomfited. "Long time friend of his mother's, but we really don't broadcast that fact. Being from two different clans and all." He giggled nervously under Zero's glare. "And he's a student here so it all works out! Now you won't be lonely and Yuki won't worry!"
Zero threw a sharp glance at the girl to have her serve him with a confused albeit discreet look. She didn't know either.

"And we'd planned on treating you to dinner tonight."

Seeing the question voiced through his eyes the tall brunette answered. "My brother and I. He wasn't able to make it as he had a meeting today, yet we made plans with a local eatery."

Kaname smiled disarmingly. "It would be an honor for Cross' adopted son to accompany us."

Zero's lilac eyes narrowed as he studied the tall brunette. It was an obvious ploy. But why? They'd just met. His attention swung to Yuki and Cross who waited beside him, the air of their thoughts reading anxiety. He started to refuse, his obvious, abnormal attraction to the walking cliche should have been enough, however Yuki's lecture scrolled through his mind. Make friends.

"Fine. I'll go." He scowled at Yuki. She smiled back, oblivious to the reaction her little speech had caused.

"Good," Kaname all but purred, completely ignoring the other two. His eyes didn't move from Zero's and seemed to glow in the pre evening light. "I'll help with the boxes but I need to make a quick call."

"That would be great!" Cross announced, before he could open his mouth.

"Wonderful." Kaname smiled and Zero noticed the slight indent of a dimple. He suddenly realized what the phrase 'hot under the collar' really meant and resisted the urged to adjust his. Almost against his will he let his eyes follow his new associate as he pulled out his phone and pressed a single button.

Kaname threw a seeming casual glance over his shoulder to make sure he had complete privacy for his call. He waited patiently while the phone rung. Once. Twice. The click of the other line being answered made a satisfied smile curve his mouth.

"Yes?" His brother's cultured tones prompted him to speak and he didn't waste any time. "What are you doing tonight?"


"Actually pool would be a good idea. It's Harley's right? Tell Sasuke there'll be two more."

"Hmm?" Interest perked his brother's voice.

"You'll see when we get there."

"Okay but give me one word."

Kaname sighed. "Perfect. We'll meet you guys there in an hour and half."

He hung up without waiting for an answer and turned back to the trio but he only had eyes for the silver haired tyrant whose glares threatened to burn him. But he'd caught the earlier interest. The remembrance caused a pleasant tingle to buzz up his spine. It was like a dream come true. The image of the silverette spread out for he and his brother's eager hands, collared and blindfolded sent the blood rushing to obvious places.

"Zero Kiryuuu," He murmured to himself as the returned to the group. He savored the name on his
Moving the boxes didn't take long with the four of them and Zero was secretly grateful for the brunette's help though his initial reaction to him made him self conscious as they moved the rest of Zero's things in to his dorm. Yuki chatted happily as they worked, red streaking across her cheeks every time she came close to Kaname. Zero rolled his eyes the entire time, glad that he didn't have that much to move in. Putting the last box in and surveying the room he decided that his roommate was the same. The thought of the short blonde almost made him sigh, thinking of how he was going to survive this year. His roommate was way too bright and outgoing from the look of things.

"Oi! That's all of it! Do you want to unpack now?"

Zero half turned at Yuki's exclamation, suddenly irritated with the loud precocious girl. "It's-

"It's fine, he has the entire day tomorrow to unpack."

It was faintly commanding, the tone of someone used to being obeyed. Zero resisted the impulse to turn fully towards the duo or rather Kaname. A self aware thrill numbed his fingertips. Shit! It was totally unlike him, hell he rarely had any attraction to any sex so why now? He turned back to the room to hide the blush that was slowly creeping up his neck. What the hell was wrong with him? He was seriously considering declining the invitation to dinner. But fair was fair and he'd never been called anything but.

Silence reigned in the room as Zero refused to look at the brunette, too confused by his reactions. Instead he walked further into the room. "I'm just going to grab my coat."

"Okay." The brunette murmured. "I'll meet you downstairs."

Zero nodded, waiting. It didn't take long. Yuki's eyes shimmered conspiratorially as she leaned and whispered in his ear.

"Did you see the way he looked at you? Definitely interested. And on your first day too!"

Zero's eyes rounded to lilac circles. "What?"

Yuki laughed. Her friend was so oblivious. "It's totally obvious that he's into you."

"H-he's a guy!" He stammered, cheeks heating.

Yuki gave him a disgusted glance. "So? He's so damn hot I wouldn't think it would make a difference."

So true, Zero thought before he could stop himself. Then he mentally slapped himself. I am so not interested in a male. He grabbed the coat he'd tossed on the bed and shrugged it hurriedly before he could change his mind. Yuki would lecture. And he didn't want to hear it. Besides it was only one night. And the campus was so big it would be a miracle for him to run into him. So just bite the bullet!

Shut up! He berated his mental voice. I'm going.

His nervousness increased with every pace, Yuki once again chattering aimlessly at his side. He wanted to tell her to shut up, that she was only adding turmoil to his already bemused thoughts. He resisted, knowing it was only his thoughts that were chafing him. It was even worse when he spotted Kaname and Cross next to the bike he'd admired earlier. He wondered how he could have missed the rider. Cross gave a huge smile at their approach. Zero just barely stopped the glare that
wanted to shine back. Damn man was always getting him into these awkward situations. And now that Yuki had pointed it out, he noticed that Kaname's eyes turned to him. And didn't turn away. He fidgeted under the stare, realizing after several seconds that with the bike he would have to ride uncomfortably close to the handsome man.

As if reading his mind, Kaname opened the seat and withdrew a black helmet that matched the one hanging off the handlebars. Kaname handed him the helmet. "Shall we?"

Cross jumped in before he could answer. "Of course! Come Yuki and we'll be off."

Kaname straddled the bike, his glance amused at Zero's hesitancy. "Hop on."

Zero swallowed roughly before swinging his leg over the seat in imitation of the brunette. Instant heat saturated his chest as he slid into the seat, trying to keep as much between them as possible. Even so he slid forward incrementally. The flush spread over his neck, as his thighs rested along the other man's. He cursed inwardly wondering why it had turned out this way. Damn Cross! I'm going to break his neck next time I see him!

Kaname leaned forward and started the bike, and revved the powerful engine. Zero shivered as the vibration echoed through his bones. He donned his helmet to hide the reaction and leaned back to grasp the backseat bar only to find that it didn't have one. He felt Kaname's smile rather than saw it as he put on his own helmet.

"You have to hold on to me."

Zero jumped, the voice transmitting directly into his ear. His inner voice immediately protested. "It's the only way. This bike is very…….Powerful. I wouldn't want you to slip off."

Put that way……

Gingerly his arms went around the trim waist before hands grasped his and pulled them in snugly. He stiffened but the hands refused to release him, sealed him close to the finely structured back. "That's no good, you have to hold on tight."

Kaname's voice took on a teasing note. "Don't worry the ride isn't that long. This time."

Damn! He couldn't get any redder, but his skin tried and the heat doubled between them. Kaname dislodged the kickstand leaning forward to grasp the throttle. "Here we go."

They roared out of the parking lot and Zero was glad that he'd followed (been forced to) the suggestion as the wind rushed past trying to push him back. His arms tightened in instinctive self preservation. He didn't want to die today. Kaname's chuckle caressed his ear. "Told you."

The ride was short but trying. When they pulled into another parking lot that housed an unmarked building the color of black steel with a single door, Zero was wound tight. He barely waited from Kaname to re engage the kickstand before he was off the bike, tearing the helmet from his head. Kaname followed at a more sedate pace as the purr of the engine died down. Zero placed his helmet on the seat and turned to eye the building with faked curiosity. Anything to keep from meeting Kaname's knowing gaze.

"What is this place?"

"A pool hall." Kaname, pocketed his keys. "The food is good too. Come on." He brushed past and headed for the door. Zero sighed and followed, aware that it was going to be a long night.
Cool air bathed his face as he stepped into the pool hall. It wasn't seedy like the pool halls at home were, he noted looking around at the tastefully decorated establishment. The walls themselves were the same color as the outside and with the low lighting it gave it an intimate setting. In the middle of the huge room were strategically placed pool tables while large red booths lined the walls. They looked comfortable in the extreme, their cushions mounded. Kaname was already moving in the direction of one of the booths, deep in the room where two males sat across from each other, chatting casually. The boy facing away from him was raven haired, his blue shirt fitted, stretching over his shoulders.

It was the presence of the blonde that shook what was left of his composure. Emerald eyes honed in on him like the focus on a camera, sharp with interest. Golden hair swept back from his face, showing the proud, aristocratic features to their full advantage. Zero slowed in astonishment. How could there be two insanely beautiful men in the same building? And what the hell was wrong with him?

Get yourself together Zero. It's just because you've never seen any men who looked so handsome as these two are. Once you get used to it, it won't affect you as much. Or that's what he told himself. However the returned blush said differently as said blonde slid from the booth. His body was long and lean, his relaxed jeans and long sleeved cotton Nike shirt showcasing it. When he spoke in the same, cultured tone that Kaname had, a small jolt went through his body.

"You must be Zero Kiryuu. Nice to meet you. I'm Takuma Kuran and this is Sasuke Uchiha." He waved a hand at the raven who waved in return. His dark eyes were curious.

Zero's eyes flew to Kaname at the name and he nodded. "My brother. Twin to be exact." He looked between the other two. "So? We'll order and start a game?"

"The usual?" Sasuke asked. He looked at Zero and Zero blurted the first thing that came to mind. "Cheeseburger and fries. Coke."

"Hn." The raven stalked away.

Kaname's large hand covered his shoulder nudging him toward the booth. "Sit."

Obediently he slid into the booth and settled in against the wall. When Kaname slid in next to him and Takuma on the other side, he decided that the booth was too small or Kaname was way too close because his leg slid along Zero's as he relaxed in the seat, causing a fresh blush. Takuma smiled and for a moment it didn't seem friendly. It felt almost predatory before it eased into softer contours.

"So I heard you made Kaname work today." He laughed. "He deserved it, he's quite lazy."

"Um….No, I, he volunteered," He stammered out the disjointed sentence, flustered, sure that he'd imagined that hungry look that'd passed through the blondes eyes. Kaname's look when they'd first met had been similar and he thought about Yuki's words as Takuma's knee scraped across his. His green eyes deepened at the contact and he leaned in over the table. Zero tried to scoot closer to the wall, realized that he was essentially trapped.

By two of the most beautiful men he'd ever seen and for some strange reason he was attracted to.

It was going to be a long night.
Until next time!
Chapter Seven: Saturday Hysteria

General POV

Zero cursed, turned over and pulled the pillow over his head. After a few moments he cursed again, Yuki this time and gave up on sleep. No one could sleep with the amount of noise that seemed to surround his roommate like his own air bubble. He glanced at the clock on Naruto's nightstand and had to stifle the urge to curse some more. He was up at nine o'clock. On a Saturday. When he hadn't gone to bed until four. But of course his roommate had been asleep when he'd entered stealthily through the door last night making sure not to wake him. He sat up and scrubbed a hand through his hair, looking at the unpacked boxes. But then again maybe it was for the best. He needed to unpack. His roommate's voice drifted in from their small living area.

"You knew!?!" The short blonde demanded from whomever he was speaking to. He sounded highly agitated. "I'm changing my number!"

He went silent for several minutes, listening to the other party and by the annoyed huff it wasn't something Naruto wanted to hear.

"What do you mean no!?! This is not always running from unsociable situations! This is Sasuke Uchiha we're talking about! Remember him? The one who told me I wasn't good enough to grace the bottom of his shoe? And now he has my phone number!" The last part was damn near hissed.

Zero, by this time was looking at the door, deep in an epiphany. No wonder he'd caught the Raven's attention last night.

"Why didn't you say something!?!" Zero cringed as the voice rose slightly. The blonde was clearly shaken. "No, he's not going to just go away!" Pause. "I just know okay!" The blonde spoke a little quieter. "At least he doesn't know where I live. I'll just avoid him all school year. He's an upperclassmen so it shouldn't be too hard. But if he keeps calling, I'm going to change my number!"

Zero winced at those words. Because if he hadn't known he did now. Zero had all but told him last night……
Sitting, trapped between the wall, Kaname, the table, and Takuma, all of Zero's self preservation instincts kicked in. He knew when he was in trouble and these two were loads of it. And it wasn't because of the occasional hungry looks he intercepted from the both of them, like he wore a red hood on his head. No, it was the insidious heat of his own reaction that blushed his cheeks and made warm happy trails down the length of his body. His own reaction perturbed him. He'd never been into men and here he was reacting to two. He squirmed in his seat, risking a quick glance towards the bar where the uncommunicative raven was ordering their food.

How long did it take to get food anyway? Because he was definitely ready to start a game of pool, which he happened to be quite good at; anything to get away from the cage of bodies that hemmed him in the booth.

Takuma smiled wider, like a predator that had caught sent of succulent game and leaned forward on his elbows, once again pressing his knee against Zero's. As if it were choreographed, Kaname slid closer, leaving no more room to retreat.

"-Dorm do you live in?"

He started, realized he'd spaced out and frowned slightly at the golden haired half of the set.

"The Academy Dorm," The brunette at his side answered before he could formulate a reply.

Takuma hummed appreciatively, eyes gleaming. "Cross' adopted son…I'm surprised we haven't met before. He's a long time friend of my mother's."

"Same here," Zero muttered, pressing back in his seat in an attempt to dislodge his knee from Takuma's. Surprise, surprise. It didn't work.

"I'm glad we met though," Kaname continued the conversation. "We can help you get acclimated and you'll know someone on campus if you should need help."

Zero felt all the muscles in his body tense. The words were inconspicuous enough, yet the tone brought to mind dark nights and sweaty sheets. The temperature crept up a scant degree. He felt a bead of sweat dampen the silver hair at his temple. "Oh no need to inconvenience yourself, my roommate seems pretty cool," He murmured in circumvention.

"Plus I really don't have a problem making friends." It was a cut direct, a simple denial to whatever they were offering.

"Oh?" Kaname's tone sharpened. "I'm surprised that you've gotten close so quickly."

Zero's eyes slitted to him. "Like I said Naruto is pretty cool."

"Hn."

All eyes at the table turned to the raven who was currently sliding back into the booth.

"The food will be here soon." The raven's black, glittering eyes settled on him and just like that the temperature was back to normal. He breathed a sigh of relief as the twins attention shifted from him briefly. Not so the raven's. He looked as if he were trying to bore holes through his skull. He felt like a hen that'd wandered in the wolf's den. What the hell was up with this group anyway?

Takuma's knee slid across his almost casually, causing him to jump slightly. He wondered if he had feathers on his head…. 
Their food had arrived shortly after that and they'd eaten amidst conversation and light ribbing between the other three. It spoke of a long friendship. After that they'd spent the night playing pool, swapping partners with every game. The twins had been attentive to say the least if it meant invading his personal space at every turn. When he'd ended up with Sasuke, the raven had been cordial enough but more curious than Zero would have attributed to from their initial meeting, slowly getting him to open up. Now he knew why.

And shit. He would have to tell his roommate that Sasuke definitely did know where he lived as that topic had come up during what he now felt was a deliberate interrogation. And he also knew who the raven had called when he'd excused himself to use the phone outside. He flopped back on the bed.

Damn. Here one day and already he was giving away trade secrets.

Naruto clapped the phone shut and then stared at it like it was poison as the voicemail notification chimed. He'd yet to check his messages and as of right now he had no intention to. He knew whose voice he was going to hear. He wasn't going there. The raven was like an addiction, if he went back he'd just be hooked all over again. He re opened the phone against his better judgement. He didn't have to listen to it. He would just erase it. He stared at the phone for a full five minutes while his finger didn't move. He finally shook himself away from the walking dream. Okay so he wasn't going to delete it. But he wasn't going to listen to it either. Maybe Kakashi was right and Sasuke would just disappear into obscurity. The campus was huge. He had a fighting chance.

He jumped as the phone blared in his hand and he almost dropped it. He smiled ruefully when Uryuu's number popped up and hurriedly pressed the talk button. "Uryuu, what's up?"

"Breakfast. One hour in my room."

Naruto stared at the phone in bemusement as Uryuu clicked off. The raven wasn't normally so rude. He shrugged off an uneasy feeling and went to retrieve his bathroom accessories. He was surprised to find his silver haired room mate awake and rummaging around in one of the boxes, considering he hadn't crept in until four. He smiled brightly at him in apology.

"Sorry if I woke you."

The silverette waved it away, his lilac eyes shifting back to the box. "Ah, it's okay. I'm just lucky it isn't a school day and I have to unpack anyway."

The energetic blonde's smile became brighter. "But it's so early in the morning. Tell you what, Uryuu is doing breakfast this morning. You're more than welcome to come and that way you don't have to eat the cafeteria breakfast." He shook his head with a look of deliberate derision. "Breakfast at the cafeteria is gross. And then you'll have energy to unpack all day." He pressed a hand to his forehead and fell back onto his bed dramatically.

Zero stared at him. His roommate was way to sunny this early in the morning. But breakfast did sound good and besides he still had to tell him about his faux pas. And there was that little white lie he'd told Kaname last night about being friends. So he nodded against his predilection to stay to himself and accepted, hearing Yuki's lecturing voice the entire time. "I'll come. I need all the energy I can get."

"Great!" Zero watched in amazement as Naruto hopped off the bed, full of boundless energy. Loud and energetic. His complete opposite. He grabbed his towel and body wash and followed the blonde to the communal showers.
And that was how he found himself walking side by side with his roomie and answering any question the blonde could think of. He was dressed comfortably in ash washed jeans and a brand new Ani Man Ga Uni sweat shirt he'd purchased on his campus tour, while Naruto was wore a bright orange hoodie. Strangely enough he didn't find Naruto asking questions as intrusive as he'd felt last night with the raven doing it. Probably because his roomie was genuinely curious as opposed to just looking for information. And speaking of that, he hadn't yet found a good way to tell Naruto his cover was blown. So he just decided to bite the bullet and waited for a lull in the torrent of questions.

"Naruto?" When Naruto turned to look at him he look faintly apologetic. "I couldn't help but overhear you talking on the phone this morning and I'm sorry to say Sasuke Uchiha actually does know where you live."

"W-w-w What!?!" Naruto stopped walking, his blue eyes wide with incredulity. "But how can he know?" His blues eyes narrowed. "Are you his spy?"

Zero fidgeted. "Well, because I played pool with him last night. Once he knew I was your roommate he seemed really curious and I ended up telling him where I lived. And he knows you're my roommate so……." Zero trailed off at the horror on the blonde's face. "Is he trying to kill you?" He asked hesitantly.

"No, worse," Naruto moaned. "He thinks I'm the scum of the earth. He'll make my life a living hell!"

Zero seriously doubted that. Not in the way Naruto meant, if the look on the raven's face last night was anything to go by. He'd seemed way too interested to just want to torture the boy. But there was no telling the horror stricken Naruto that. "He hates you that much?"

"Yes, And wait a minute. If you're not his spy why were you with him last night?"

"Oh." Zero waved that away. "I wasn't with him per se. Kaname invited me to dinner and pool and he just happened to be there."

If he thought that Naruto's reaction to Sasuke was extreme then his reaction to hearing Kaname's name was downright hilarious. His chin would have hit the floor if the hinges had allowed. "You were playing pool with Kaname Kuran? The Kaname Kuran? Was his brother with you also?"

"Umm, yes." Zero watched Naruto's expression become even more amazed. "You're just barely moving in and you're having dinner with the King and Prince?"

King and Prince? Well, the nickname did seem to suit them. "But how do you know them if you just started too?"

Naruto shrugged. "I heard about them during my campus tour. They are the most popular students on campus, if I heard right. I'm surprised they're taking interest in mere mortals."

Zero didn't know if he should be offended or not. Naruto's phone began to sing and the blonde's attention switched to it.

"That's Uryuu he's a stickler for time. C'mon let's go. But you have to help me figure out what to do with Sasuke, since it's your fault he knows where I live now. I wouldn't put it past him to plant anti-Naruto posters on the building."

"Don't you think you're over exaggerating?"
Naruto huffed. "You don't know stuck up Sasuke, heir to the Uchiha fortune."

"How do you know him?"

"We went to high school together. My father works for his company as the head of security. He made high school unbearable. I transferred to another school. End of story really. And then I ran into him yesterday. The worst coincidence of my life."

Both of them were vaguely awed at the President's dorm, a tall modern structure of chrome and glass that was obviously a new addition to the college. Naruto whistled in appreciation as he called Uryuu to let them in. "Dad always said being smart paid off. I wished I'd believed him then. I would have put more time into my studies," he commented idly while they waited.

The pale skinned dark haired boy was surprised to see him, though he could only tell by the slight tightening around his eyes as he let them into the building. He nodded politely with a low murmured good morning and led them to his room which was luxurious compared to theirs, complete with living room, private bathroom and personal kitchen. The other small blonde that he'd met yesterday was already sitting on the floor in front of the couch with his arms around his legs and his head resting on his knees. The tall blonde was sitting on the couch next to him and rubbing his back. He looked up when they entered and he looked as tired as Zero felt. Fai smiled and waved. The smell of cooking filled the small apartment. Uryuu slammed the door behind him.

"Naruto I'm going to kill you!" Red scored the high cheek bones.

"But I didn't do anything," Naruto whined. "Yeah I was like five minutes late but it isn't like we have to go to school today. Breakfast can be late."

"That's not what I'm talking about," Uryuu growled. "Guess who I ran into yesterday?"

Naruto backed up with an alarmed expression. "I'm scared to guess. Who did you run into yesterday?"

The red darkened as Uryuu took a threatening step forward. "Ichigo Kurosaki! You talked me into attending this University and Ichigo is here! I should strangle you!"

Naruto's hands flew up to ward off the murderous vibes. "Hey! How was I to know that he would pick this school too! You can't blame me for that," he protested.

"I can and I will," Uryuu snapped. "Every time I listen to you my life somehow goes awry!"

Zero covered his mouth with a discreet hand to smother the laughter that wanted to burst forth at the comic scene. Naruto looked terrified and Uryuu looked down right pissed off. Naruto glanced over and saw the mirth turning his eyes to amethyst and glared at him.

"Well, at least I didn't tell him where you lived."

His look and words made Uryuu pause in the middle of his of tirade. "What?"

Happy that the attention was off of him, Naruto began to speak quickly, pointing at Zero. "Well, he went out with The King, Prince and Sasuke Uchiha last night and told them he was my roommate and which dorm we lived in."

It was Uryuu's turn to look alarmed. He knew first hand how long it had taken Naruto to get over the Uchiha heir. "What? Sasuke is here too?" His eyes swung to Zero. "You went out with The King and Prince?"
"Yeah…"

Kaza lifted lifeless eyes to the small group. "We are all screwed."

"Why?" Zero knew he was not going to like what came next.

Uryuu pushed his glasses up his nose, looking sympathetic. "Because word around campus is they share. Everything." His expression became meaningful. "And they are part of the BBC too."

At Zero's cluelessness he sighed. "Have a seat and I'll explain."

Twenty minutes later hearing the rumors and remembering Yuki's observations and the body cage from the night before, Zero echoed Kaza. "I'm so screwed."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the kudos and comment

Until Next Time........
Chapter Eight: Raven Hunt

Naruto

During their walk back to their dorm, his roommate was silent. If it weren't for his own plight, Naruto would have felt more sympathy. However, he was too busy thinking of ways to avoid Sasuke for the year. He guessed he could become a hermit and never leave his room except for classes but he wasn't a coward so that would totally not work. He shook the errant thoughts from his head. Maybe Sasuke would just leave him alone like Kakashi suggested. It was highly improbable, but then again why would Sasuke bother with him? Surely there were enough game on campus that he wouldn't have to concentrate on him right? Right? Relief came with that thought and his sunny smile revived itself.

As if to negate the good feeling, his phone chimed notifying him of a new text message. Steeped in his self solution he popped the phone open to read it, sure it was just one of his many friends. Dismay made him light headed for a moment as the words of the text jumped out at him. His feet stalled and Zero was several paces ahead of him before he realized it.

*I need to talk to you Naruto, and we can do it the hard way or the easy way. It's your choice*

Okay well that blew his brilliant idea to brilliant bits of flotsam.

"Teme!" He snarled at the phone, getting Zero's attention. "Bastard! Who does he think he is? Oh wait," He muttered sarcastically. "he's an Uchiha and no command shall be disobeyed. I'm going to kick his teeth in!"

"Shouldn't you just talk to him?"

His head flew up to find Zero reading the text over his shoulder. "Maybe he wants to apologize."

"As if he would!" Naruto glared at the phone. "Easy or hard. I'll take the hard way. No way I'll just sit quiet while he does what he wants."

"Stubborn are we?" Zero inquired.
"You don't know the half of it." Naruto started walking again, turning his phone to silent. He'd already made plans to meet the gang for dinner so they wouldn't call unless they absolutely had to. Right now every one was doing their own thing each preparing for the first day of school. All he wanted to do was relax. He'd awakened way to early, too agitated by meeting Sasuke again to sleep.

He stretched languidly "I just want to sleep until dinner."

Zero made a sound of agreement. Both were so engrossed in their own thoughts that they didn't see the knot of girls until it was too late. Too late for Naruto to avoid the dark eyes that had spotted him while he was still yards away. He stopped, staring at the raven perched on the, midnight blue, low slung Viper SRT-10 parked in front of their dorm dressed in jeans and a dark blue t-shirt. It was 2006 model. Naruto knew because it was one of his favorite cars. And damn if it didn't strum the strings of his heart. He had to abstain from falling to his knees in worship. And then he had to resist the urge to just run away as Sasuke's dark eyes began to brighten. It sent a bolt of terror through his heart. Sasuke had never looked at him like that. The only emotion he'd ever seen in the raven's orbs had been derision.

He took an involuntary step back, realizing that Sasuke was ignoring all the girls clamoring around him. All of the Uchiha's attention was focused on him. At his action, Sasuke stood saying something to the pink haired girl currently vying for his regard. The girl's face fell as he detached himself from the group and headed towards the two boys standing at stunned attention.

"That's indecent." He finally found his voice. "Who just drives a Viper anyway?" It took great skill and concentration as it was manual and it lacked any electronic driving aids. It was a car that didn't suffer fools gladly. He glared at Zero. "You owe me."

His roommate only nodded. It was the only thing he had time for before Sasuke was in their midst. He gave a short hello to Zero and then he was standing right in front of Naruto, who hurriedly looked to Zero for help. His roomie only shook his head slightly and made good his escape.

"I really have to unpack Naruto, I'll see you back in the room."

He opened his mouth to protest and thought better of it. Sasuke's eyes seemed to dare him to. His mouth clicked shut with an audible click of teeth. He stared back mutinously, refusing to give Sasuke an opening. The raven really was standing too close to him. He snuck a quick glance around Sasuke's shoulder. He could see the group of girls, their eyes like multicolored piercing darts. After a few moments of silence he finally found his wits.

"Was there something I can help you with?" He asked the question as politely as he could, when all he wanted to do was kick the raven and run away.

Coward, the small voice in his head accused.

Shut up! He refused to lend it credence. Anyone would be a coward with Sasuke Uchiha standing in front of him, looking at him as though it was Thanksgiving and he was a turkey. A plump, moist, delicious turkey.

He jerked when Sasuke answered the question, his voice a low, rough sensual purr. "I'm glad you asked, Naruto. You can help me. A lot."

"H-h-how?" He stammered.

Sasuke smiled in satisfaction. "Let's take a ride and I'll tell you."
"Umm, no that's all right. I told Zero I would help him unpack and set up. I really need to make good on my promises."

Sasuke stepped even closer, his voice dropping alarmingly. "Really Naruto? You want to do this the hard way?" He glanced over his shoulder. "I really would hate to drag you away and embarrass you in front of half the female population of the university."

"And what would they say about you?"

"Hn," The Uchiha grunted, unconcerned. "It doesn't matter. They know what I like. They just keep throwing themselves at me in the hope that it isn't true." His smile became sly. "Should I just show them the truth? It would get them off my back."

Naruto trembled as emotions he thought he'd vanquished returned abruptly, aided by the Uchiha's closeness, his spicy, sharp scent connecting with all his emotional centers. He was abruptly submerged in a pool of heat, his body remembering abruptly that this was the boy he'd crushed on severely in high school. "Where do you want to ride to? It's barely noon."

Sensing his capitulation, Sasuke's smile became a little gentler. But not by much. "That's a good thing. You know what they say about early. And we don't have to rush back. Get in the car."

It was a command plain and simple. And the Uchiha was used to being obeyed. He stared up into Sasuke's face, still like a rattlesnake. Sasuke was his charmer, captivating him with midnight eyes, and incomparable beauty. The raven beckoned, and he followed, tongue tied. A first for him. The sea of girls parted, muttering angrily among themselves as Sasuke opened the passenger door and nudged him into the low, black leather seat. Sasuke didn't even acknowledge them as he rounded the boot of the car and slid inside himself.

Naruto was dumbfounded as both of his passions manifested. He was sitting in a dodge viper with Sasuke Uchiha. Dream car and dream man combined was enough to fry his circuits. He flinched as the engine roared to life, vibrating through his system. The voice in his head was laughing hysterically as the car backed out of the parking space. The radio blared, 'Elevation' pumping from the speakers, canceling out speech. He settled back in the seat as the car prowled out of the lot, the scenery flashing by as Sasuke shifted gears, leaving his fan club behind rapidly.

The first fifteen minutes went by without speech between them before Naruto came to his senses and leaned forward to lower the volume preparing to reprimand the raven. Sasuke frowned over at him, stalling him. "Don't touch. Just sit back and ride." He watched in terror as Sasuke let go of the stick shift to raise the volume again.

"Don't take you hand off the shift teme!"

"Relax, I've practically driven this car from the crib," Sasuke snapped.

He sat back, grumbling under his breath. Damned Uchiha. He turned his hand and watched the highway fly past. The city fell behind him, replaced with a coastal view. Before he knew it they were cruising besides, gleaming, aquamarine water. It fascinated him, as nature always did and he lost himself in the ride, forgetting his nervousness amid the beauty. Sasuke controlled the car with complimentary aplomb, taking the winding hair turns with graceful shifting that would have scared the shit out of him if were anyone else. It was terrifying and exhilarating all at once. By the time Sasuke pulled off the highway onto a long road that dissected the beach he was in a car induced trance. He could only stare numbly as the mansion seemingly rose out of the water, almost bigger than all the houses on his street combined. His eyes widened when he realized that was where they were headed.
"What is that?" He asked, his voice shaky. "Where are you taking me?" He finally got the nerve up to ask slapping himself mentally at the fact that he'd just gone blithely along, dancing to the raven's music.

"It's our beach estate. It's one of the reasons I chose the university. I take my down time here."

"Down time," he repeated stupidly.

The Uchiha nodded and pulled to a smooth stop in the circular drive way. Try as he might, Naruto couldn't take his eyes off the gigantic 'beach' house. Really who had a beach house almost bigger than the beach?

"Naruto."

Reluctant, he took his eyes off the house and looked at Sasuke who was bouncing the car keys in his hand. When he gave the raven an inquiring look, Sasuke gestured to the house. "Do you like it?"

His brows rose in an expression of amazement. Sasuke was asking his opinion on something? "Who in the hell are you?" He croaked. This couldn't be the same Sasuke that had told him that what he felt didn't matter in the least. He leaned back against the door. "Are you a pod? What did you do with Sasuke?"

And then an even more amazing thing happened. Sasuke smiled. A real, genuine smile. A million bells rang in his head, stunning him.

"So you've finally remembered who I am? Good."

Before Naruto could think of a good comeback, Sasuke was out of the car. The soft click of his door opening pulled him back from the surreal reality. He could only get out of the car trying to avoid Sasuke when he reached for him. Sasuke grunted with irritation as he slipped by him, but let it go. Naruto began to chatter nervously as they approached the enormous front door. He didn't want to go in. He really didn't but since he was stuck with the teme he crossed the threshold, feeling as if he were sealing his own fate. A fate that he wasn't aware of yet. The interior of the house was quiet and even more beautiful than the outside. Unlike the estate he'd visited more than once, this house was done in warm, inviting colors, the hue of each room different. He followed Sasuke up the staircase leading to the second story becoming more and more anxious the higher they climbed. He talked to fill the silence.

"Why did you ask me If I liked the house?" He asked faintly. "What does it matter?"

"Because you'll be spending a lot of time here."

Whaaaat?

He was so surprised he tripped on the last step. "How do you figure tha-"

"Shut up Naruto," the raven ordered, still walking casually as if he did this every day and maybe he did. What did he know about Sasuke now? This raven was alien to him exhibiting behaviors that he'd never expected to see. Yes, he was still the same overbearing, bossy Uchiha yet in the same token he was slightly different like that puzzle piece that almost fit but didn't. It was scaring the hell out of him.

The room he was ushered into scared him even more. It was clearly a bedroom and from the deep, midnight blue that covered the entire room he could only ascertain that it was the Uchiha's own
room. And just like the car and the man, it was a dream come true; huge, with ceiling to floor windows that opened out onto a wrap around balcony. There was a small living area that was decorated with a love seat. The bed could have fit five people with room to spare. As if sensing his jittery nerves, Sasuke bypassed the bed, tossing the keys on the table as he went and opened the door leading to the balcony wide.

"Sit. I'll have the maid bring us something to drink."

Naruto sat, his head was spinning anyway. Yet once Sasuke was out of the room he couldn't sit still. He wandered out onto the balcony, gulping in deep breaths of fresh air trying to calm his nerves. What the hell was Sasuke up to? Treating him as if his opinion mattered to the raven. Acting in a way that he deemed was sweet for the Uchiha. Shit. He planted his elbows on the railing and sighed dejectedly. He tried to reconcile this event in his head with the Sasuke he knew. They wouldn't connect in his mind. Shit. Shit. Shit. The waves on sweeping up the beach lulled him into some semblance of calm so he jumped in surprise when Sasuke joined him on the balcony.

"I see you still can't keep still."

He turned too quickly and had to lean back against the rail for support. Sasuke stood just behind him recording his every movement.

"Why did you bring me here?" He blurted out. This entire situation had jumped out of his control. He clutched the wood behind him when Sasuke slid closer.

"You still haven't figured it out yet?" The raven smirked at him, eyes like clear moonless nights. "You really are dense dobe." The heat of him made Naruto tremble as he drew even closer. A long, pale finger touched the pulse at his throat. "I'm rectifying a misunderstanding."

"A m-misunderstanding?" He cringed. He sounded like a bumbling idiot.

"Four years ago I let you go. Now I'm going to take you back."

"Ah." His mind melted down totally. He was suddenly caught between Sasuke's slender, muscular body and the rail. The raven's chest and shoulders blocked his view completely and his lips brushed across the rim of his ear as he spread his hands along the rail behind Naruto making the lockdown complete. Warm breath sent tingles down the side of his neck and Sasuke's scent enveloped him.

"When I said all those things it was meant to push you away Naruto."

"Why?" He couldn't manage more than one syllable words. He couldn't think. A wildfire was burning through his body. Sudden and hot, taking away cognizant thought. He stiffened when those soft lips trailed down to caress the sensitive lobe. Strong, teeth scraped softly before Sasuke answered.

"Because at that time you weren't ready for what I need."

"Need?"

Sasuke straightened suddenly encircling his throat with a ruling hand. He moved slowly, letting Naruto feel every finger as it moved up his neck in a gentle but inexorable hold. Naruto couldn't stop his eyes from sliding shut as Sasuke's grip forced his head back. His hands grasped the wood behind so tightly the skin across his knuckles strained.
"You chained to my bed for one. Collared for two. I'm going to let everyone know you belong to me."

The words should have petrified him, but with Sasuke so close, his words were beguiling and Naruto was falling before he even realized he'd tripped. The soft press of lips against his own opened his eyes and he found black eyes waiting, glittering. When the tongue slid into his mouth, he couldn't find the will to resist. The taste of mint was a shock to his system and he moaned as if in pain. It was the sweetest pain he would ever experience. The kiss was more gentle than he'd thought it would be and just as dominating as he'd suspected. The raven invaded his mouth, his tongue setting up residence as if belonged there. His thumb stroked across the ridge of Naruto's collar bone as he deepened the kiss, the tip of his tongue swiping up the nerve laden center of Naruto's before teasing the roof of his mouth.

With the last of his will, he reached up to grab Sasuke's wrist, tried to force his mouth away from his so that he could think. The raven didn't allow it, pressing him back, making sure their bodies were molded together. The kiss became wild as Sasuke twined their tongues, teasing every inch until Naruto was squirming against him, body responding as if Sasuke had been kissing him for years. The carnal contact blew away barriers to the feelings he realized that he hadn't gotten over. He'd just hid from himself so that he could survive without the Uchiha. In a matter of seconds Sasuke dumped him back into the vat of his heart and he was suddenly swimming in emotions.

Not once did the raven look away from him or close his eyes to break off the eye contact. Naruto could only imagine how he looked. He was dazed and breathless by the time Sasuke released his lips, retreating with one last caressing stroke. But he didn't step away nor did he take away his hand. His own eyes were low-lidded and his body hard where it connected with Naruto's.

They stood that way for long moments, an intimate statue made of flushed heated skin. Naruto couldn't have spoken if he wanted too. His pulse thumped in his ears and his body ached. Slowly, Sasuke stepped back giving his freedom back. When he stopped with a questioning glance, Naruto realized he was still holding on to his wrist. He let go, blushing furiously. In the absence of the close contact, his awareness of his situation sunk deep.

He'd been kissing Sasuke! Sasuke had kissed him! He wondered if the world had stopped spinning while he was sleep last night. And- oh shit he said he was going to collar me! The thought cooled his ardor as suspicion reared it's ugly head. But he wasn't going to ask, no he just wanted to get away as fast as possible. He was going to change his number. He was going to move in with Kaza. He didn't have a room mate. Yeah that was what he was going to do. Sasuke was teasing him. Tomorrow he would denounce him again.

Sasuke shook his head, smirk in full view as he read the thoughts running through Naruto's head. "It's no use. I'm not going to let this opportunity pass. I wanted you years ago and sacrificed that want because you weren't ready."

"And if I don't want you?" Naruto couldn't stop himself from asking.

"You just let me stick my tongue halfway down your throat and you're telling me you don't want me?" Sasuke smiled again. "Try again."

"I didn't let you! Teme! You forced that kiss on me like you forced me here!"

"Because you wouldn't listen."

Sasuke cut off the words that were about to spill from his mouth. "Watch it or I'm going to kiss you again just to shut you up. You look a little flushed, come and have a cold drink."
Naruto blinked at the abrupt change of topic then recovered himself. "Take me back to the dorm."
And wait, the maid entered the room while we were kissing? Oh his fall went deep.

Sasuke scoffed. "I'll take you back when I'm ready."

"But I made plans for later."

The sudden change in the raven was frightening. His eyes hardened to obsidian, his face becoming granite and he was looming over Naruto again. "Plans with who?"

He shivered answering where he hadn't intended to. "My friends."

Sasuke relaxed. "Call them and tell them you're not going to make it this time."

"What the hell! Teme! You can't just kidnap someone."

"I can do whatever I want. Make yourself comfortable."

I told Zero he wasn't going to apologize!

Until next time…

Chapter End Notes

Until next Time!!!!
Best Friends

Chapter Summary

Rifts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I do not own Any of The Characters/Only the Plot

This is a request pairing for AllenxLavi from D-Gray Man

A/N at Bottom!~

Lets GO!~~~

Chapter Nine: Best Friends

Allen

Allen Walker dropped his fork back onto the plate and pushed away from the table looking around the cafeteria in discontent. He was bored or better yet lonely. And that was a feeling he hadn't had in a long time. Four years to be exact. So he was understandably irritated. He hadn't planned on eating lunch alone. No, he'd expected his best friend to be here eating with him. Yet here he was and Lavi was no where in sight. He'd begged off, citing that he had errands to run and shop for items he needed for his dorm room. A dorm room they were no longer sharing. His eyelid twitched. He'd seen Lavi for a brief moment when he'd helped Allen move into his own dorm. They'd planned for the last two years, since Lavi had left for college, to attend together and live in the same dorm. But over the summer Lavi had changed; become more distant. He didn't visit as often as he'd used to and didn't stay that long if he did. And now he was stuck in a dorm room with a roommate he didn't know and right now in his current state, didn't really want to know. He'd met Lavi four years ago at a dojo where they'd both studied Karate and there'd been an instant affinity between the two and they'd instantly become inseparable though Lavi was two years his senior. He was the only one who didn't tease and taunt Allen for the scar that bisected the left side of his face. He'd often remarked that Allen was mature for his age. And he was. Losing his father earlier in his life had forced him to grow up faster. Lavi on the other hand seemed younger than his years, a ready, mischievous smile a cover for all his immature antics. They seemed to balance each other out. Until now. It was enough to make him go and kick some sense into him. He wanted to know what was wrong; wanted to get to the bottom of it. He would if he knew where his new dorm was. But try as he might, he hadn't been able to locate the BBC house on any of the campus maps. It was frustrating.

He stroked slender fingers through his pale, silver-white hair and pushed fully away from the table. He'd hunt him down if he had to and make him talk. He was still the same friend right? So there would be no problem. Because if it was one thing that he couldn't live without, was Lavi. That thought brought several different scenarios to the table. Maybe he'd seen the emotions that were getting harder and harder for Allen to hide. He didn't know when his feelings for the tall, red
haired, green eyed boy had begun to change. Gradually, Lavi had become more to him than just a
best friend and he'd yearned for him to hold him with more than friendly casualness.

Maybe Lavi had seen those emotions and had been disgusted by them. Lavi was after all a
consummate skirt chaser, each girl relegated as the 'flavor of the week', before she was tossed into
obscurity while he moved on to a new type of 'ice cream'. The thought stopped him in the act of
getting out of his hard cafeteria chair, paralyzed for the moment. Maybe Lavi had seen and hated
him for it. That would be unbearable.

And maybe he should stop speculating and just go find out the truth for himself.

With that intent he left the cafeteria, pulling his cell out of the pocket of him sweat jacket. He
dialed Lavi's number and waited patiently while it rang. He counted each one, fearing that Lavi just
wouldn't answer the phone at all. Just when he was ready to give up, the line clicked and Lavi's
voice crackled across the line as cheerful as it always was and if it seemed just a little guarded he
chalked it up to his imagination. Though he would never admit it that slight hesitation made his
heart ache.

"Hello."

He took a deep breath and bit the bullet. It was long past time to speak to Lavi and let him know
exactly how he felt. "Lavi? What are you doing tonight? I need to talk to you. I thought maybe we
could go to the local hangout."

Again that slight hint of reluctance before Lavi covered with too much animation, putting on the
same game face that he showed everyone else. The mask Allen hadn't seen since the beginning of
their friendship. Allen suddenly wanted to hang up; he knew what was coming.

"Ah, actually I plans for tonight. Why don't we get together tomorrow yeah?"

He sighed. "Yeah, but--"

Lavi was gone already. For some reason he wanted to cry.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah it's short but it was a special request after I'd started the story and I'm fitting this
couple in!

And if you hadn't peeped out my writing style I get straight to the point so some of my
chapters are short.
Chapter Ten: Ante Up

Zero

He turned a critical eye to his side of the room and decided it was good. He'd just finished unpacking and arranging everything to his specific liking. It was a little spartan, but he couldn't abhor clutter so it was fine. There was nothing left to do now but relax. As it was still pretty early he could throw in a nap before dinner. That made him think of Naruto. He'd invited him to dinner in Fai's room, whom from what he gathered, happened to be close to a Cordon Bleu Chef. He'd sat at his mother's knee while she opened and then turned her restaurant into the top in their city. The idea appealed greatly to Zero as he always ended cooking at home. Cross or Yuki couldn't step into the kitchen without almost burning it down.

But he'd left Naruto downstairs with Sasuke over an hour ago and he'd yet to appear. He glanced at his watch and wondered if he should be worried. He decided against it. The vibe he'd gotten from Sasuke was far from murderous. And besides the room was quiet without the blonde explosive. It was the perfect atmosphere for him to catch some z's. If Naruto wasn't back by dinner he'd just figure something out.

Xover

Firm knocking at the door woke him several hours later. For a split second he thought about ignoring it and going back to sleep. But the thought that the blonde might have forgotten his key, which he doubted. But the blonde did seem like the sort to forget things. His black gym shorts swished around his knees as he walked through their small dorm apartment, yawning as he went. He thought nothing of answering the door in his bed outfit, black shorts and black tank top.

That was until he opened it.

Kaname and Takuma stood in the hallway looking like the night and day version of GQ's man of the month, Kaname looking dark and sexy and Takuma bright and hot. Zero felt his brow lift in surprise as Kaname lifted a white takeout bag, with a disarming smile on his face. How had they gotten in the building? Each dorm had their own set of keycards.

"We thought we could interest you in dinner."
He looked at the wall clock in astonishment. He'd slept longer than he'd intended. Maybe he'd been more tired than he thought. Maybe this was a dream, or considering the unaccounted for attraction he felt towards the duo, a nightmare. But no if it were a dream they definitely wouldn't be standing there looking at him as though he were dinner. He felt the red blush tint the skin of his sharp cheekbones. He was glad he had a good reason to decline.

"Actually, Naruto invited me to dinner at a friend's tonight."

Takuma's smile was like the sun peeking from beneath the clouds after a long day of rain. "Ah, that's why we are here," he announced leaning against the doorframe. "Naruto won't be able to make it. I believed he called?"

That raised his hackles a bit. "How do you know that?"

An unfathomable look passed between the twins before Kaname answered, "He's with Sasuke. I wouldn't expect him anytime soon. Sasuke loves spending the weekends at his beach house."

Zero winced at the thought, imagining the blonde's ire when he got back. Somehow he knew it hadn't been Naruto's idea to go.

"So?" Kaname prompted, his rich brown eyes twinkling suddenly. "Will you allow us to feed you?"

Zero crossed his arms, his look skeptical as his blunt nature rose to the fore. Uryuu's words blinked in his head like a vacancy sign, Yuki's observation the electricity that lit it.

"Okay, what are you two up to? What are you doing here for real?"

Both of the twins laughed, a warm sound that made the marrow of his bones glow, and crowded closer, forcing him to back up a step.

"In an over simplistic answer, you." Kaname took the lead as their attention became razor sharp. His words didn't leave any room for misconceptions.

"The answer to that is simple also. I don't like men." Zero retorted swiftly. Maybe a little too swiftly.

Now it was the twins turn to look skeptical. "So your reaction to us yesterday was our imagination?" Takuma asked softly.

Well, shit!

He wasn't above lying when it was to get his ass out of the fire. "Obviously." And he really felt no guilt at doing so. He'd ask God's forgiveness after he'd escaped.

"Care to test that theory?" And suddenly both sets of eyes were hooded, dark with challenge.

Zero felt as if the mouse trap was closing in on him. "No." Because he so wasn't going there with these two. He could feel the dangerously hungry aura emanating from them and it didn't bode well for him.

"Why not leave it up to chance," Takuma suggested gently. "Or we could just chase you until you're too tired to run any longer."

Zero's mouth went dry as he was confronted with The King and Prince. Their easy going facades
fell away like a movie set being dismantled. They looked like they would move the Earth aside if it were sitting on something that they wanted. Rebuttals flew through his mind at warp speed as he calculated the possibilities. It was either get rid of them here or deal with them for the rest of the school year. He shrugged in resignation.

"Fine what do you suggest?"

The smiles of victory were identical and the mouse trap closed with a snap. "Poker."

"Poker?" He almost smiled in relief. Cross had been a consummate poker player and had made sure that he could bluff with the best of them. "Sorry I don't have a pack of cards on me at the mo-"

His words trailed off as Kaname produced a deck of unopened cards like a tawdry magic show. Zero decided right then and there that he was going to kick Yuki the next time he saw her. Damn fangirl! This would have never happened if she hadn't pushed him to go to dinner with the pair of wolves in front him. "You carry a pack of cards with you when you leave the house?"

"Are you going to let us in?" Kaname countered. "Or do you want to play in the hallway on the floor?"

He'd rather not play at all, but he'd agreed so there was nothing for it. It was obvious that he'd played right into their hands. Damned idiot! He stepped back, gritting his teeth as he unbarred the way. "Fine what are the stakes?" He watched as they filled the small living area with their tall, broad shouldered forms. He couldn't move from the door as he watched themselves make comfortable. The food was set to the side as they settled around the low coffee table, looking extremely at home as they relaxed on the floor, leaving a small unoccupied space that was clearly meant for him.

"Zero?" He startled, his name on Kaname's lips sounded as if the tall, brunette was savoring something delicious. His attentive eyes didn't move off of Zero as he deliberately opened the cards, keeping his hands in plain view. Every move was made with calculated precision. "Sit down."

"Fine." Like that tone left room for argument. He felt the inevitable crashing down around him. "What are the stakes?"

"Dates. The pot will open with one week."

One week? The alarm made him feel slightly lightheaded. One week of dating these two? He'd never survive.

"One game only. Texas hold 'em. If you fold, you lose automatically."

Damn!

He sat down with undisguised suspicion. They were up to something. He knew it and they knew it. But he was trapped by his own pride. His heart hammered in double time as Kaname dealt the hold cards, still making sure to keep his hands in view. Okay so no cheating. That's a relief. He picked up a pair of queens. Great so he had a fighting chance. He kept his face carefully blank when Takuma raised one week, feeling as if his heart was trying to crawl out of his chest. Both he and Kaname called.

Only Cross' teaching kept him from sighing in relief as two aces hit the table on the flop. He relaxed a little as he concentrated on the table. Two pairs with Aces leading. The odds of him winning increased slightly. He could only pray that a Queen came up on the turn. He felt sweat dampen his scalp. All he could detect on the twins faces was the determination to win. Any other
time he would have found it admirable. But not when they were trying to win him.

The only sound in the room was breathing; his own sounded particularly loud in his own ears.

Nothing useful came with the turn. Well, not for him at least. Both twins raised a week, taking the total weeks up to four. It was all he could do not to just fold and kick them out. His last hope was the river card. Let it be a Queen, he prayed. But the inevitable was working with the twins. Kaname turned over another ace and he immediately began to recalculate his percentage for success as The King raised two more weeks and the Prince called.

Six weeks. The hole just kept getting deeper and deeper.

"I call." His voice was perfectly composed. As if he could anything but.

"Gentlemen?"

He glared at the silkiness of Kaname's voice before he turned his cards over. There was no use in waiting, either he won or he lost.

Zero: Full house, aces over queens.

Takuma: Three of a kind, aces.

Kaname: Full house, aces over kings.

He stared at the cards for a full five minutes as the full import of the cards sank in. He'd just given six weeks of his time in agreement to let two devastatingly handsome men woo him. Two, devastatingly handsome men that he did feel a curious attraction to. And they intended to do it together. His voice came out in a strangled whisper.

"Best two out of three."

This time, the twins didn't even bother to look at each other as they both shook their heads in perfect unison and said, "No."

"One game only, Zero." Kaname went on, and if his voice was soft, the sharp edge of resolution ruined it. He slowly looked up from the cards to meet clear, brown eyes. Trapped. And done so neatly that he'd accepted without really truly examining the results of his actions. His neck itched as the blush spread there, as if he could already feel the collar wrapped tight around it.

"You're worrying too much," Takuma scolded. "It will be fun and I suspect for you, very enlightening."

Yeah, if enlightening was cinching a diamond studded collar that shined in the light around his neck! His panicked lilac eyes flew to the emerald eyed blonde. Takuma was serious but the decision that was writ across his face was as great as the resolution in Kaname's voice. They wanted him and they meant to get him. Takuma curved towards him, touching his pulse softly. Zero froze at the soft graze, threads of warmth following as the finger began to stroke back and forth. He could feel the mantling of his blush grow hotter.

"See?" Takuma's voice was a mere whisper. "You respond to just the barest of touches. If you had not, we wouldn't be here."

On the other side of him, Kaname leaned on the table, his elbows supporting him. "All we want to do is get to know you and have you get to know us."
He glared at the brunette, moving slightly aside to dislodge Takuma's finger, his voice was slightly strangled. "That's not all you want. I know all about you and your little club." He made to get up and was instantly caught besieged from both sides, slender long fingered hands clamped down on his shoulders.

"So what is that you think you know about our little 'club'?'" Kaname asked amused. "What the little gossips around campus say? All the jealous little boys that want to be us or the jealous little girls and boys that want to be in this exact position?" He met Zero's eyes causing him to stiffen. "What they know barely scratches the surface. We've looked for a long time for someone who fits our needs exactly. Make no mistake Zero, we don't plan on letting you go. Whether your attracted to men or not doesn't matter. We'll be the only men that you have to worry about."

"W-w-what are you talking about?"

The twins were operating in perfect accord. Takuma answered from his left. "Yes, we've dabbled, but no one has managed to hold our attention for long. We have a feeling you're the end all for us."

"How can you know that?" Zero demanded not even trying to get away now.

"Chalk it up to intuition. Usually, when we both feel the same, we're not wrong."

The hands loosened, but Zero didn't move, transfixed by their words. His gaze swung back and forth between them, as he assimilated all they were saying. Kaname sighed and stood, hand shifting position so he took Zero up with him. It was done so swiftly, all he could was allow himself to be pulled up. Takuma followed and suddenly the cage was tighter as the twins closed in on him, moving as a single unit. He felt, acutely, the well toned shape of their bodies pressing close as Kaname tilted his head up and Takuma's hands slid down to his hips. Zero's mouth opened to protest and snapped it shut abruptly.

Oh wow, even their scents complimented each other. Kaname smelled like a clear, clean night after the rain and Takuma like the bright, sunshine that heated the day after that same rain. It was undeniably appealing. The realization surprised him, registering on a deep visceral level within him. The flush morphed into a feverish heat and he shivered under their hands. Kaname smiled down into his widened eyes as if to say, see?

"You really are intriguing Zero, such innocent reactions. Are you a virgin?" Kaname's voice dropped to a husky murmur at the prospect.

Takuma hummed in appreciation behind him. "This is going to more fun than we thought."

Zero didn't respond; their scents, the feel of them along the outline of his body, the low timbres of their voices generating an unfamiliar, tempestuous feedback that took all of his attention.

I'm really attracted to them.

Before the revelation could really sink in, the twins were stepping away from him, releasing him from the web of heat. Zero looked at them in bewilderment as cold seeped in to the spaces they'd occupied, Kaname chuckled lightly as he and Takuma stood shoulder to shoulder. "This is enough for one night. I wouldn't want to push you too far. But expect us tomorrow."

Takuma winked. "Good night Zero."

He could only watch, flustered as they left him alone in the room. He couldn't make himself move, his feet felt too heavy to go in any direction, the confusion building inside of him as he examined his feelings. It was laughable. They hadn't even kissed him and he felt as if they'd dropped him into
a boiling cauldron of emotions. Kaname had hit the nail on the head. He'd kissed several girls throughout his high school life but had never felt compelled to go further. And yet the simple touch of two men rendered him speechless. He turned his head and looked at the deck of cards that still displayed the winning and losing hands.

And, he still had to resist them for six weeks.

I am so fucked.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah these boys are nothing nice!

Okay so I'm not really going in any particular order with the couples, I'm just going with the flow of the story. Please be patient with me!~~~

Until next time……
Chapter Eleven: The Other Side Of Midnight

Naruto

Naruto sat on the stool at the marble white island, staring unblinkingly as Sasuke moved around the sinfully large kitchen……Cooking? He was diabolical. It was all part of his nefarious plan. Naruto was sure of it. The raven was rolling various bits of seafood and vegetables in tempura batter, keeping his eye on the pot of oil that was heating on the stove. He wore black sweats that rode low on his hips and nothing else. His black hair was pushed away from his face, still damp from his shower. The lean muscles under his pale skin bunched and eased with his movements, presenting a mouth watering display of grace. To avoid temptation, Naruto kept his eyes confined to Sasuke's head. The raven was doing it on purpose, putting himself on full display like a scrumptious bowl of ramen that was just out of his reach.

He, himself wore only the orange swim trunks that Sasuke had tossed at him, right before he'd forcefully dragged him down to the beach, teasing him when Naruto had adamantly refused to get in the water with him. He hadn't let it get to him, after all his refusal was done in the light of self preservation. Sasuke hadn't kissed him again but he was never far away and the seemingly accidental touches were just as bad. So, he'd sat in the beaming sun on a dark blue towel, watching Sasuke swim in the water; wondering why he had orange swim trunks in his room. He knew for a fact that the raven hated the color orange.

Or so he'd told him years ago.

Or that could have been a lie too.

He wondered just what else Sasuke had lied about.

He was jerked out of his reverie by the sound of the refrigerator door closing. He looked at it, the stove where a pot of oil was bubbling in anticipation of the battered food and then at the raven whose back was to him. Was he going crazy? Because this world with a playful, cooking Sasuke was definitely……Unreal.

Sasuke looked over his shoulder with that eerie half smile curving his mouth. If Naruto had known better he would have said that Sasuke was in a good mood. Happy even. It was scaring the shit out
"Hn. Why are you just staring at me?"

He was teasing again. He knew damn well why Naruto was staring. He turned back and began lowering the food into the hot oil.

"What are you doing Sasuke?"

Impatience flashed in the black eye that he could see as Sasuke looked at him again. "Cooking dobe. Are you blind?"

Naruto gave a sharp shake of his head. "That's not what I'm talking about teme!" His arm swept out in an abbreviated arc. "What in the hell is today all about? Why are you being so nice all of a sudden?"

He went rigid on the stool when Sasuke turned from the stove and stalked towards the island. Stalking was the only correct word that he could come up with to describe it. The smooth, sinuously slow gait, as if he expected Naruto to bolt at any minute. He didn't attempt to back up as the Uchiha rounded the island. He found that resistance only activated that dark place inside the raven intent on domination. He didn't turn when Sasuke came up behind him, casually brushing batter coated finders over the bare flesh of his shoulder and neck, trailing to the spot just below his ear. He did shiver as soft lips followed the path of those fiendish fingers.

"Sasuke wai-" His voice faltered when Sasuke's warm tongue flickered out, sweeping across responsive skin, following the bread trail. His hands locked on Naruto's waist to keep him still as his mouth slowly seduced.

Just that quickly he was caught in a web of heat. He couldn't stop his head from tilting to the side in invitation, giving Sasuke unimpeded access. Just like he couldn't stop the attraction he felt to the raven. Or the guttural moan that managed to escape his lips when Sasuke drew the sensitive skin beneath his ear between his strong teeth. The suckling pressure cut off his second protest before it could begin. He struggled to maintain as molten pleasure spread through his blood, but Sasuke held him firm as he slowly, methodically devastated his senses. The long moment was almost torturous as Sasuke's tongue danced over the captured flesh. He didn't realize that his hands were tangled in the raven's hair until the soft strands caressed his fingers.

"Please."

He rocked back into the raven, unsure what he was asking for. He almost moaned in loss when Sasuke released him with one last lingering lick. "Why would I be other than nice to the pet I'm going to screw six ways to Sunday Naruto?"

Oh shit!

Hearing his own thoughts from the raven's mouth tightened the web around him until his skin felt like taut silk over his bones.

"You can let go now. The tempura is going to burn."

"D-damn it Sasuke!" His breathing was heavy, his voice rough. The fight to release Sasuke's hair was even rougher. His fingers wanted to cling to the velvety hair; wanted to keep the raven's mouth right where it was.

"That was unfair." He watched with hazed eyes as Sasuke returned to the stove, cool as if he hadn't
just kicked Naruto into an erotic tailspin.

"Then you shouldn't ask useless questions dobe. I told you before didn't I?" His low, rough voice added to the heat that was already melting his nether region.

Naruto sagged forward against the island to bolster himself as Sasuke continued cooking. He had to get out of here. Now. "When are you taking me back?"

"Oh, I was thinking in the morning."

Whaaaat? His eyes widened in horror. Visions of Sasuke and he tangled in that stupidly large bed with Sasuke's mouth all over him flashed in his head. The blush raced up his face. There was no question that Sasuke would let him sleep anywhere other than with him. Sasuke smirked over over his shoulder as he took in Naruto's stunned expression.

"Don't worry I won't fuck you tonight."

Yeah right. His thoughts echoed in his eyes, causing the raven to laugh. His phone rung, breaking up the moment and he fumbled it open with shaking hands, grateful for the interruption. He hopped from the stool when he saw that it was Uryuu, ignoring the sharp glance Sasuke shot him as he walked a little distance away.

"Uryuu."

"Naruto, are you all right?" He winced at the concern he heard in Uryuu's voice. It only manifested when he was really, really worried about something. He'd hoped to avoid it, which was why he'd called Fai to deliver the message that there had been a change in plans. Though Uryuu hadn't been privy to all of it, he'd still witnessed how extreme Naruto's withdrawal symptoms had been while he'd tried to get over Sasuke.

"Um yeah." He ruffled his hair sheepishly glad that his voice was somewhat calm. "Just a simple change in plans. It seems I had a date that I forgot." He announced dryly. "But I'll be-"

He gaped at his empty hand in astonishment, then glared at Sasuke who snapped the phone shut.

"Baka!" He swung around to face the already retreating raven. "What the hell?!"

Sasuke shrugged unconcerned, pocketing the little black phone. "It was cutting into my time."

Okay, scratch that. He was still the same inconsiderate, selfish Sasuke Uchiha!

"You can't just do whatever the hell you want!" He stopped as his phone began to ring again.

Sasuke didn't turn away from the stove, didn't acknowledge it, but his voice reached Naruto loud and clear. "I can do whatever I like when it concerns you."

"The hell! What gave you the right?"

"Would you like another demonstration?"

That shut him up. He knew exactly where that road led; him senseless and holding on to Sasuke like he couldn't survive without the raven. He ended up sulking through most of the dinner, refusing to speak. He was a little surprised that it was good. He was understandably stunned. What did the Uchiha need to cook for? He had a bevy of servants at his command damn it! It pissed him off even more. Sasuke ate, smug as ever, hardly taking his eyes off the disgruntled blonde.
"Are you going to sulk all night?"

"Are you going to give me my phone back?" He countered glaring.

"When I take you home."

"Asshole," he muttered under his breath, looking down at his plate.

Sasuke smirked. "I didn't know you were still such a child."

Naruto narrowed a blue stare on him. "You're talking? I'm not the one holding a phone hostage."

Sasuke's eyes darkened. "Nope just you."

"Arrgh!" He couldn't even win an argument against the raven. He stuffed more food his mouth so that he wouldn't say anything else that would set him off. So the rest of the meal was completed in silence. He looked up in surprise when Sasuke spoke to him.

"C'mon dobe." He stood and stretched, leaving his plate. "The maid will take care of that."

Naruto looked out of the window at the sinking sun. "Where?"

"We're going to watch a movie. You do like movies right?"

He loved them. Loved sitting in a dark room with only the story to occupy his mind. "I do, but how do you know that?"

"Kakashi told me."

Well, that was the last thing he expected. "Kakashi? Why would he tell you that?"

Sasuke made a sound of irritation. "Because I asked him." He led him away from the kitchen into another abnormally large room that was strewn with, comfortable looking, heavily cushioned couches and love seats all black. Wall speakers dotted the wall although he couldn't tell what they were connected to. Before he could ask, Sasuke pushed on a panel next to a fancy electronical light switch. He watched as the wall facing the couches rolled back, revealing the biggest flat screen TV he'd ever seen. It distracted him from his thread of conversation. Sasuke Uchiha was way, way too rich.

"Sit down dobe." The words drew his eyes from the television and over to Sasuke who was sprawled out on one of the couches, his head resting on the arm. He obeyed without thinking, still too amazed and sat on the couch a little ways away from the raven. Sasuke didn't waste time arguing, he reached over and pulled Naruto to lay on top of him, pushing him back down when the blonde tried to rise.

"I wish you'd stop manhandling me," he griped as Sasuke's spicy scent invaded his nostrils.

"If you rather I just kissed you, that would be much better than a movie," Sasuke threatened pushing a small button on a remote he'd gotten from who knew where. Probably a secret compartment on the sofa itself.

Naruto gave up and relaxed against his chest as the lights dimmed and the screen flared to life, knowing he'd be too distracted to keep his eyes or mind on the movie. Sasuke's skin was hot where it touched his own, the heat seeming to meld them together. It was way, way too intimate. He expected to be tormented by Sasuke's close presence. What he didn't expect was to be lulled into
sleep by that warmth and the heartbeat thudding beneath his ear.

Lesson Number 121: Never fall asleep on Sasuke Uchiha.

He woke to the incendiary heat of Sasuke's tongue smoothing over the head of his naked cock. His eyes opened slowly (he'd never been one to wake up quickly) as the flaming pleasure obliterated sleep. His confused eyes met Sasuke's over the stalk of his erection. The raven paused, his own orbs glittering in the light of from the screen, his lips pursed as they settled on his slit. It wasn't lost on his dazed mind that his fingers were already tethered in the midnight hair.

"What are you doing teme? You said-

"I'm just tasting."

His tongue dipped into the small opening, gathering the already heavy pre cum before slipping back into his mouth to savor. His hands pushed on Naruto's knees, spreading them further and he realized that he was completely unclothed.

Just how long had he been asleep?

His thoughts fractured as Sasuke's hungry lips surrounded his head, tongue tracing the inflamed ridge before licking up the underside, then back to sip more of the liquid he craved. He lapped at it like it was the sweetest of nectars. Naruto's hips jerked forward in response, asking for more, his sleepiness turned into fervid delirium.

"Sasuke," he moaned. It was almost unintelligible. Sasuke's mouth slid lower, wetting more of his cock, lips licking over tender nerves. It was accompanied by a soft suction that had him sighing in bliss. It rippled up his spine with every stroke of the slightly rough tongue. It was too hot, too fast. He felt the scorching orgasm approach before he was ready. Nevertheless, he groaned in disappointment when Sasuke lifted his head. His hips bucked involuntarily, trying to push his throbbing length back into Sasuke's sultry mouth.

"Not yet," Sasuke scolded gently, reaching behind him for something. His dazed mind didn't comprehend until Sasuke's slick finger pressed against the puckered entrance to his body. He gasped at the cold sensation so different from the fire that raged through him. His eyes flared wide, engaging with Sasuke's as he drew his finger around the sensitive opening.

"Damn it Sasuke, that's-"

"Mine," the raven cut in harshly. His face was stark, showing his own lust clearly. He didn't release Naruto's eyes as he began to press inside, his finger breaching the tiny aperture. Naruto groaned as pain replaced the crackling pleasure. He tried to retreat only to have Sasuke halt him, wrapping his finger around his cock. His twitching passage clamped down on the tip of the invading finger as some of the enjoyment returned.

"Only for a little bit," Sasuke informed him quietly, ignoring his discomfort as he pressed even
deeper, touching a spot that made him grunt with renewed euphoria. He paused there, giving Naruto time to adjust slightly before sliding his mouth back over his erection, blending pleasure and pain together.

"Ahh!" His cry topped the volume of the movie as Sasuke began to suck again, lips gliding up and down his cock, his tongue moving in concert; fingers petting his core with every stroke. The orgasm he'd staved off burst forward in a boiling rush. He pulled hard on Sasuke's hair trying to pull his mouth off his pulsing hardness. He resisted sucking harder. Naruto tensed, driving his erection into the raven's throat, white morphing his vision.

He went limp on the cushions, panting, his cock jerking as Sasuke withdrew his finger, mouth catching every bit of cum as if it were his favorite drink. He was still laying senseless when Sasuke covered his body with his, hands still firmly entrenched in black hair. His legs cinched automatically around the raven's waist as he pushed hard against him, letting Naruto feel the hard evidence of his own desire.

"I really should fuck you right now," Sasuke rasped in his ear, his own fingers digging in the cushions beside his head. "Leaving yourself so open. But I never go back on my word." He nipped at Naruto's ear before he covered his mouth, plunging deep inside the moist interior. Naruto could only accept the kiss, the mingled taste of mint, tempura and himself delicious.

He was really glad that Sasuke had some restraint, because at that moment he would have given the raven anything he asked for.

Chapter End Notes

    Until Next Time...........
Inevitability of Strawberry

Chapter Summary

Fated

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Do Not own the Characters/Plot only

A/N At Bottom

Let's Go!~~

Chapter Twelve: Inevitability of Strawberry

Uryuu

He just stared at the phone incredulous, not willing to believe that Naruto had hung up on him. His mouth tightened as he redialed. It was that idiot Sasuke. He'd bet his father's hospital on it. His frown carved delicate lines in his face as the phone just rang and rang and then clicked over to voicemail. He cursed silently to himself and dialed Fai.

"I'm going to kill that jerk," He slotted in roughly after Fai's greeting, and preceded to tell him about the aborted phone call.

"I'm sure it will be all right. He didn't sound too stressed about it," Fai drawled soothingly.

"Why are you being so blasé about this?" He demanded acerbically. "I'm not going through all of that again."

"Oh, I don't think you'll have to worry about that this time." Fai sounded like he was laughing. "I think our boy Sasuke has come to his senses."

Uryuu let out an irritated huff.

"Since you seem so worked up about it, let's go out. I heard about a club on campus. Let's round up Kaza and blow off some stress. And then Naruto will be jealous he didn't get to go."

"Yeah." Abruptly he was smiling. If it was one thing they all loved to do it was dance. "Okay I'll call Kaza. I'll meet you downstairs in two hours and we'll swing by and pick him up. Do you have Zero's number? Maybe he would like to get out too."

Fai hesitated. "I'm pretty sure he's a little busy right now. Like doubly busy."

Uryuu perked up. "You're not saying what I think you're saying."

"All I know is that Sasuke suggested that they take care of him in Naruto's absence. Though I don't think he had to push too hard." The blonde laughed almost manically.
"You are seriously disturbed, you'll have to tell me about it on the way."

"Cool."

He sighed and clicked off, hoping that Fai was right about Sasuke. He headed to his closest.

Xover

He began to feel a lot better once music thumped under his heels and the chaotic atmosphere of the club engulfed him. He was able to push thoughts of Naruto and Sasuke to the back of his mind. Besides he had his own problems to think through and worry about. He rubbed his neck discreetly, imagining the thin black collar wrapped around it. Stark and to the point, just like Ichigo. That thought led to another and suddenly he was thinking about Ichigo rocking between his legs while he wore nothing but that. Realizing, he quickly forced his mind to concentrate on the ocean of bodies on the dance floor and it surged and receded in tune to the current music, glittering strobe lights flickering over the waves.

The club was underground, small but decorated well. As he would expect of a prestigious campus like this one. Small booths outlined the area, with two glass door leading to a huge patio that was filled with more booths as well as a wrap around bar. The patio was dotted with tall heat lamps for those brave enough to face the cold night. He caught sight of an empty booth and decided he was feeling very brave tonight.

"I'll go snag a booth, you get drinks." Though it wouldn't be anything of note while they were wearing these underage wristbands. It didn't matter to him, he could hit any dance floor without any boosts.

Kaza followed, his eyes bouncing around the entire scene with curiosity. Of their little rag tag group he was the most sheltered, his brother effectively keeping him under lock and key. Talk about brother complexes. Having witnessed several run ins involving the brothers all he could say was that he was glad they were not related by blood. It was only a matter of time before Rikuo got the delicate blond right where he wanted him.

The music was muted the moment the glass doors closed behind them, replaced by the private conversations going on, some loud and some moderate, and the noise from the bar. They attracted immediate attention as they walked to the chosen booth, all of them dressed in black and beautiful and unique in their own way. He ignored them, careful not to make eye contact with any of them. He didn't want anything but to feel the music tonight.

He slid into the booth, unhampered by his tight skinny jeans and the tight short sleeved v-neck top. With the heat lamps it was comfortably warm. He watched from the corner of his eye as Fai ordered drinks, gaining more attention with his bright blonde hair and sky blue eyes. Even though he didn't give evidence that he noticed, he knew Fai was a complete attention whore and was well aware of it. If it hadn't been for his overly high IQ Uryuu suspected he would midnighting as a host instead of partaking of the college life.

His eyes wandered back to the dance floor where bodies gyrated to the rhythm in wild abandon. Kaza was tapping his fingers against the table, his head nodding to the beat. The petite blonde seemed almost as eager to get on the floor and lose himself as Uryuu did.

He sighed inaudibly. Two days on campus and already the world was topsy turvy. Except for Fai's. The blonde made it a rule of his life not to form any strong attachments. If Naruto wasn't as persistent as he was, Fai would never had joined and stuck in their small rag tag gang. But that was Naruto for you. It made him wonder if Fai was right about Sasuke.
That path of thought led him right back to his anger. He swore if Naruto came back in anything other than perfect condition he was going to skewer the self centered raven with his bow.

"Stop looking so murderous. We're here to be happy remember?"

Fai placed three cokes on the table and seated himself next to Kaza. Facing the blonde, Uryuu could see that his tone was light though his expression was totally serious. "It's not like you to brood when there's music playing." He nudged a coke in his direction. "Drink up and get on the floor. That's an order," the blonde ordered cheerfully.

"I will when a song I want to dance to comes on," He retorted. Though he did love the song that was currently playing.

Fai eyed him knowingly.

"Fine." He gulped half of the coke. "It's the only way I'll stop worrying anyway."

Kaza shook his head. "I'll stay and watch the drinks." He made a moue of irritation. "With my luck Rikuo will be somewhere in there."

"Try not to get carried off." Fai pushed Uyruu through the doors and then onto the dance floor. Fai, being the social butterfly that he was, was quickly lost in the crowd. He danced through two upbeat songs, letting the music transport him to a world where only he existed. He automatically synched his movements when the DJ slowed it down, his lids half closing when the sultry beat of 'Motivation' began to vibrate the soles of his feet.

His hips began a slow swivel, a rocking temptation that was ages old, designed to draw the eye. He ignored the interested gazes from the men and women around him, his aura saying 'don't touch'. So he was completely surprised when the arm circled his waist, tethering him to the body behind him. At the same time a large hand slid over his eyes. His rhythm faltered as a familiar scent washed over him. A low voice whispered into his ear.

"Gotcha!"

He stiffened, lurched forward in panic as the voice registered on his eardrum. He was yanked back against the hard muscular body, enclosed in the slightly punishing grip.

"Where are you off so fast? Aren't you tired of running yet?"

He'd purposely stayed on the edges of the dance floor so that he wouldn't get stuck in the thick of the crowd, a decision that worked against him as Ichigo began to muscle him off the floor, almost carrying him as he tried to drag his feet. He suddenly couldn't tell the difference between the thumping beat of the music and his heart as he was turned and pushed against the wall. Ichigo placed his hands, bracketing his head with long arms, effectively locking him in an intimate jail. Amber eyes roved down slowly, flaring with interest so that they were heated when they met his again.

Seeing the intent in Uryuu's eyes a split second before he acted, Ichigo preempted him, crowding him, forcibly breeching his legs with a knee as he pressed his flush against his. Stunned at the strawberry's highhandedness, he was too slow to counteract.

"You look so scared Uryuu. Are you that afraid of me? Or." His lips feathered over his in a soft kiss. "Are you afraid of what I make you feel?"

Uryuu couldn't stop the quiver that ran the length of his body. The warm timbre of Ichigo's voice
churned the memories of his near conquering up like fresh cream. His body responded, he found Ichigo very attractive after all, and this close the strawberry couldn't fail to notice. He chuckled running a hand down Uryuu's side until he cupped his hip, pulling him even closer, if that was possible. Uryuu gasped as his hardness rubbed against his own.

"Your body isn't scared."

Uryuu made a muted sound, half protest half sob, as desire rose in him, as swiftly burning fire that quickly threatened to incinerate his famed cool. Frantic to get away he pinched Ichigo's hip viciously, causing him to grunt in pain. He only leaned in harder.

"That's not going to work. You're not getting away this time. C'mon let's get out of here."

Damn! Surrounded by the delectable heat of Ichigo, he'd completely forgotten they were in the middle of a jumping club. He searched the floor madly over Ichigo's bent shoulder trying to spot blonde hair. It was no use with the flashing strobe lights flashing different colored lights everywhere. He tried the patio next but it was blocked by the human ocean of seething bodies. Then he was being dragged again, towards the exit this time. He yanked on his captured hand. Ichigo only squeezed harder in warning.

"Damn neanderthal!" He shouted it once they were free of the stifling noise of the club, and him past the startled door attendant. "What damn right do you have to drag me from the club?"

Ichigo whirled on him, golden brown eyes blazing with fury. "What right do you have running away after you admitted you belonged to me?"

"That was under duress." He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose with his free hand and gave Ichigo a frown that was meant to drop him dead.

Ichigo's hand snaked down his body to rub the evidence of reaction through his jeans. "This is duress?"

He flushed like a forest fire, feeling like one too. "I'm a young man, it's obvious I would react."

Ichigo's mouth curved into a mocking half smile, his eyes suddenly flinty. "Do you get turned on by anyone?"

"If they rub against me like a cat in heat, then yes," he snapped back oblivious to the sudden dangerous atmosphere, his cool completely evaporated. "Now let go!"

"No." Ichigo was moving again, towing him along at a rapid pace.

Uryuu felt inevitability crashing down on him as Ichigo tugged him, his grip like an iron shackle. He found himself pulled around the to the other side of the building and hemmed again. Electric silence crackled between them as both of them struggled with their separate desires. Uryuu wanting to get away before he was completely exposed and Ichigo wanting to expose the rawness of his craving for the strawberry. He struggled to maintain a composed mask. He knew Ichigo would act on impulse as he always did.

Ichigo tipped his face up so he could see it more clearly, not allowing Uryuu to hide. Navy blue eyes met amber and sparked. The danger around him abated a little bit as Ichigo caught a hint of his vulnerability.

His breath escaped in a soft gust when Ichigo brushed his finger back and forth across his bottom lip. He saw his downfall in those eyes. The skin of his neck itched.
"Why did you run?"

Uryuu weighed his words carefully, but he couldn't lie to those eyes. "I found the collar and the toys." His voice was low. "I-" He couldn't go on.

Ichigo supplied the words. "And you didn't want to be collared." That voice caressed his skin, bright and silken. "And you were scared that you would allow it. If it were me."

It wasn't a question. They both remembered vividly Uryuu's capitulation that night.

"You don't have to be scared. I won't hurt you."

Uryuu licked his lip, nervous with the strawberry's proximity and regretted it instantly as the taste of Ichigo melted over his tongue. His eyes widened and he tried to jerk his head back only to run into the strip of wall behind him. Hazel eyes darkened and Ichigo pressed down, swiping the pad of his thumb across the sensitive inner velvet of his lip. Uryuu cursed inwardly as he began to tremble from the sensuous teasing.

"But I am going to collar you."

Uryuu started to protest and found his mind and body consumed in a conflagration of erotism as Ichigo caught his lip between his teeth, nibbling gently before sucking to soothe the tiny hurt. It was like they'd never separated, he fell into the kiss so easily. It always surprised him how gentle Ichigo could be. He'd always pictured him like a tornado in a glass shop. It knocked his high wall down a peg.

It started off slow, Ichigo rubbing softly in a bid for entrance, deepening the kiss gradually, melting their mouths together until he had no choice but to part his teeth and let him in. His tongue slid in just as slowly, but not hesitantly. Oh no never that. It was a patient savoring as if the strawberry was trying to commit every curve of his mouth to memory. He submerged himself in the steamy interior, slanting his head for complete access. His tongue licked over Uryuu's in a hot, coaxing glide, until he was deeply entrenched. The patient conquering sent an arrow of sensual excitement down the center of his body, making it even harder. His shaft pulsed with each deliberate rub, and his fingers clenched in the material stretched across Ichigo's shoulders. He didn't even remember raising his hands.

"Mmmm." The husky groan vibrated through him, and he tensed as Ichigo's hand ran down his chest, over his sides and gripped his hips, reacquainting himself with Uryuu's lithe body. Ichigo pulled him forward, holding him firmly as he rolled his hips, grinding the hard edges of their erections against one another. He moaned around Ichigo's tongue and suddenly the kiss was harder, more aggressive. The strawberry retreated, then forged in strongly as if he couldn't be deep enough, couldn't get enough of his taste. All Uryuu could do was hold on, overwhelmed by the lushness, the delightful feel and taste of the man in his arms. The only thing that held him up now was his grip on Ichigo and Ichigo's grip on him. He didn't think about the fact that anyone could come around the corner and see them. He didn't care. He was rocked with dizzying sensation as Ichigo pumped against him almost lazily, his marauding mouth playing viking to his small homestead.

His inhibitions were dust. He met Ichigo stroke for stroke, thrust for thrust. Their tongues twined like twin flames, mouths feeding breaths back and forth, stoking the fire into searing glory. His head fell back against the wall as he surrendered completely. He was hot, his skin agitated by the tight constricting clothes. Reading his body language, Ichigo's hands pushed under his shirt, tracing over the smooth muscles of his abdomen. That was even better, the skin to skin contact satiating a craving for the strawberry that he hadn't even realize still existed. He breathed harshly, every sense
focused on the pleasure spreading out from the three focal points of contact. He felt as if he were going to explode into tiny shards of desire.

"Shit!" Just as sudden as the kiss started it ended, Ichigo withdrawing with a growl. "You fucking taste like peaches. Sweet just like I remembered." The words were rough and even that turned him on even more. He could imagine that voice whispering commands in the dark as Ichigo sated his every need.

His eyelids lifted, his mind moving in slow motion, too lost to come out quickly. Ichigo's eyes were glowing with greedy lust, a blush scoring the sharp blade of his cheekbones. He looked like a hungry tiger left without a meal for too long, stalking Uryuu's tongue as it licked across his lips, tasting the lingering flavor of Ichigo.

"Let's get out of here." The strawberry was tugging him again, leading him away from the club. He stumbled several steps before his fuzzy mind remembered that he'd left Fai and Kaza in the club.

"Wait! I can't just leave. My friends are..inside." He sounded like the melting wreck he was.

Ichigo snorted impatiently not even pausing. "They're grown right? I'm sure they can find their way back by themselves."

The sexy fog in his head cleared a little. "They'll worry. I can't just up and leave without telling them."

"You are."

Damn it! He was doing it again; acting like he was the King to Uryuu's subject and Uryuu could only obey his commands. "You selfish oaf!" He had to force the words out around his kiss swollen lips. "I can't leave without telling them, that is against friend etiquette."

Ichigo stopped trying to kidnap him, halting abruptly, his eyes suddenly alive with another emotion. "What kind of friends did you leave inside?"

"Well, not that kind."

Their heads jerked around, towards the source of the new voice and Uryuu almost screamed in relief. Fai stood with his arms crossed, brows raised as he took in the flushed couple. Ichigo's hand tightened pulling Uryuu into his body, a move to let the tall blonde know exactly where he stood, as he turned fully to face him.

"And you are?"

Fai laughed at the combative tone. "Fai and you must be Ichigo."

"Right." Ichigo's tone was brusque with thwarted lust. "Uryuu is going with me. Any problems with that?"

Fai shook his head, eyes twinkling with amusement. "I'm fine with it, but what about him?"

Amber eyes turned to meet blue in a clash of wills. "You have a problem with that?" Ichigo challenged.

He was thinking more clearly now, Fai's presence knocking him right out of the lewd stupor the strawberry had kissed him into. "Damned neanderthal! Of course I have a problem with that! I'm not leaving my friends." But it was more than that. He could feel a ghost collar around his neck.
He'd been that close to granting Ichigo any wish he desired and he would have done it gladly. Ichigo searched his eyes for a long moment, smiling slightly at what he saw.

"Fine. But tell me how to get in touch with you and I'll let you go for now."

Uryuu's eyes snapped in refusal. "Like I-"

"President's dorm, room 3501."

"Arrgh!" Uryuu turned that fierce glare on Fai, promising a slow agonizing death. "What the hell?"

Ichigo smirked. "I think I like this friend." He pressed a quick kiss on Uryuu's lips. "I'll pick you up tomorrow at five. Maybe we'll catch a movie."

"What?" Uryuu gaped at Ichigo's retreating back. He watched until he disappeared back into the club without even a backward glance. Then he rounded on Fai. "What in the hell were you thinking? Why did you tell him that?"

"What in the hell were you thinking? Letting that sexy beast get away?" Fai quipped, shaking his head.

"I hope you get collared!" He snapped back. "Then let's see how fast you run!"

Fai rolled his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, unconcerned. "As if I would let that happen. There's no one strong enough or sexy enough to get away with it. Let's go get Kaza and go home. Oh and by the way, your glasses are fogged."

Chapter End Notes

Thank You for your Kudos and Comments!
Chapter Thirteen: Undeniable

Kaza

"So, it's safe to say you'll be collard too?" Kaza chortled, then stepped aside, narrowing avoiding the palm to the back of his head.

"I don't think you should be joking about it!" Uryuu's tone was sharp with irritation and spoke hard volumes through his glasses. "You're the easiest target of us all!"

Kaza pouted. "Why do you say that?"

"It's true. Your brother has an eternal excuse to keep tabs on you and your father will always back him."

Damn! Uryuu was right. He couldn't even run home and hide. All Rikuo had to do was spout nonsense about keeping him out of trouble and Kakei would be all for it.

"Maybe I'll just move to another country altogether!"

"Yeah, just try it and Kakei will lock you up faster than you can say move," Uryuu retorted dryly. "And Rikuo would make sure he's holding the only key."

"It seems like someone's grumpy," Kaza teased, smiling over at the raven to take the sting out of it.

The three of them were walking home, enjoying the leisurely stroll through campus. Or it would have been leisurely if Uryuu hadn't been in a snit. Fai just walked along quietly, not deigning to offer a word, though there was an obvious tension between the two. They'd surprised him when they came back into the club and announced it was time to go. He knew it had something to do with the strawberry blonde that had leaned against the bar and watched them until they'd reached the patio door, and neither of them was talking about it. But he could only guess. The infamous Ichigo.

"He was pretty handsome," He remarked keeping a close eye on the pale blue eyed male.

"I don't want to talk about it." Uryuu sounded totally put out. He threw a terrible glance in Fai's
direction which the blonde blithely ignored.

"Well, look at the bright side. At least he can't track your every movement. And he's an upper class-man so you won't have to run into him too much!"

"Well, since someone told him where I live, I don't think that matters," Uryuu drawled sarcastically. "But hey I can just not go back to my dorm until the wee hours of morning and pray like hell, he's not waiting every night."

Fai sighed. "Give it a rest. Anyone would be happy to have a bloodhound like him on their heels."

"Yeah, I mean what's a little collar?"

Kaza looked back and forth between the bickering friends, choosing to stay silent. Getting in between them was like asking for it and he didn't want it tonight. He was too busy thinking of the ways he would avoid Rikuo. Really, he was too sexy for his own good and his brother for fuck's sake.

"He was damn sexy."

"And he'd be worse than my father! You don't know what it's like to talk to a friend and have Ichigo glaring at you the entire time! The last week of school was the worst. I though he was going to kidnap me."

"Maybe he should have. Then you would be in a better mood."

Kaza winced at that and waited for Uryuu's explosion. He didn't have to wait long.

"I'm going to go the damn BBC house myself and put in a petition. Hopefully someone there would want to chain you to a damn bed and screw your brains out all night."

Fai clapped his hands. "Doesn't sound half bad. When are you going so I can be ready when he comes? Pun intended."

Kaza laughed inwardly, happy his friends were so entertaining. It kept his mind off his own problems, though only temporarily. Tomorrow was Sunday and Sundays were designated as family days in their house. He, as well as Rikuo, was expected to make an appearance. He didn't want to have to spend several hours with the tall raven and pretend everything was normal. Well, as normal as they would ever get. And especially after that kiss. It made him shudder with horror.

"It's barely eleven, I'm going to watch a movie," he announced. "You guys in?"

"A Long Kiss Goodnight?" Fai asked knowingly. It was Kaza's favorite movie.

"Yep." Kaza crooned happily. "I can always watch Gena kick ass."

"Well, I could definitely go for an ass kicking movie right now." Uryuu agreed. "And then I can pretend…"

Kaza never heard the end of the sentence as Uryuu's voice trailed off. Kaza looked over at him curiously, turning his head away from the dorm that was coming into view. And Uryuu switched topics abruptly. "I don't think a movie is in our forecast tonight Kaza."

"Huh? But we don't have school tomorrow and it's still early!"
"Yeah but I think he wants to watch it more than we do."

Kaza stopped and finally, really focused on the front of his building, at the parking lot more specifically. His eyes widened at a car slotted directly in front. They were all quite familiar with the custom remodeled fire red 1990 Camaro Iroc Z, as well as the tall, dark haired boy leaning against the driver's side of the car, his phone held to his ear. Belatedly, Kaza remembered his own phone that was buried snugly in his pocket, set to silent. He extracted the phone and frowned when he saw several missed calls from his brother. Doesn't he ever give up?

"Apparently not when it comes to you." Uryuu answered wryly at his side and he realized he'd asked the question out loud.

"Teach me to tease," he muttered. "Shit! Let me get rid of him."

Fai laughed, a short startled sound. "You think you're going to be able to get 'rid' of him? We'll see you tomorrow evening after you get back from family day."

"Huh? Wait!" He said desperately. He definitely didn't want to be alone with his brother.

"Un uh." Uryuu waved. "That guy is as bad as Ichigo when it comes to you and I would like to see a new day."

Kaza watched the two head off in the opposite direction before stomping over to where Rikuo was lounging against his baby, the phone now secreted away as he watched Kaza approach. Kaza pulled the ever ready anger up to combat the sight of his brother looking as tasty as an apple pie straight from the oven. He was that hot.

"What are you doing here?" He hissed, glaring up at Rikuo as he came into range. "Couldn't wait until tomorrow to torture me?" He stabbed a finger in to the well defined chest for emphasis, not noticing how close he was in his anger.

Quick as lighting, his hand was caught in Rikuo's. Too late, he realized and tried to back pedal but to no avail. His brother held him fast with minimal effort. His eyes held dark flames as he looked down at Kaza almost curiously.

"Torture? That's what you think it's going to be?"

"What else could it be?" He said it softly, under his breath, uncertain now with the diminished space between them. Rikuo heard it however and took it as a literal question rather than the rhetorical one it was.

"Fun and immensely satisfying." The last was said in an all too knowing voice that sent a tremor of sensual awareness flitting through his blood.

He didn't think it would be torture, what Rikuo was referring too, and therein lay the problem. He knew he would enjoy whatever his brother did to him, if his response to that kiss was any indication. He would enjoy it all too much. He changed the subject, averting his eyes from the tall glass of temptation that was Rikuo.

"Well, now that you've finished running my friends off, I'll go to bed now." He tugged on his hand effectually, then acknowledged that he wasn't going to set himself free without the express permission of his tormentor. "Let go. I'm going in now."
The 'you're not welcome' didn't need to be voiced.

Like that would deter Rikuo!

His brother straightened to his full height, which was formidable as the rest of him when compared to his own. This close the difference in their statures was glaring and dare he say it? could imagine how it would be if he was under the raven, with his broad shoulders eclipsing the rest of the room and- Fuck! He shook the sudden though from his head before it went to far. He made sure he wasn't looking directly at Rikuo, knowing his brother was well adept at reading his facial expressions.

"Where were you? I called several times."

Kaza rolled his eyes but didn't try to free his hand again. "Cut the big brother act. You don't need to know my every move."

"It's not a big brother act Kaza."

He went completely still. The inflection of Rikuo's voice had darkened; it spoke suddenly of something heated and tempestuous. And jealous. He pulled on Kaza's hand slowly until he was standing on the tips of his toes, their faces way too close together. The memory of that long, hard body surged through him and his blood and heart thrummed to hard beating life.

"Maybe you thought I was joking, but I wasn't."

He shuddered as warm breath gusted over his lips. He hadn't thought that at all.

"I want my own life without you interfering in it," he managed, undone by the sheer physical presence of Rikuo.

"Is that what you really want?" Rikuo's voice was skeptical. "Funny I don't think you were feeling that way when you were having all of those wet dreams."

"What?" Startled, Kaza finally looked up at him, his mouth hanging open. He spoke before he thought about it. "How did you know about that?"

Rikuo smiled and it transformed his face from aloof coolness to tempered hotness. "Who do you think held you through most of those dreams?" His voice dropped, the low timbre petting dark forbidden places deep inside him. "I heard every little moan, every time you whispered my name when you thought it was your pillow you were hugging and rubbing against."

He was stunned, flabbergasted, then horrified. Now he knew all those times he'd thought he smelled Rikuo on his pillows and sheets he'd been right. Color the exact hue of Rikuo's car sheeted down his body. "You didn't."

Rikuo's laugh opened the door to new temptations. "Oh I did. I couldn't resist, knowing all those delicious sounds were for me. How could I?"

"Damned pervert!" He finally started trying to free himself again. "Go away! I don't want you."

"Prove it."

"What?" He asked stupidly, still reeling from the confession. "Prove what?"

Rikuo's smile became sly. "That you don't want me and I'll go away."
Yeah right, because he couldn't prove that. Anytime Rikuo touched him, he'd betray himself.

"How?" He was astonished at his own question. Was he asking to be collared? And he'd teased Uryuu. This must be his comeuppance.

"This isn't the place for that. Let's go up."

Shit! He hesitated, his heart thumping so loudly he knew Rikuo could feel it.

"Scared?" The tall raven taunted. "Don't think you can resist?"

"Idiot," Kaza uttered breathlessly. "You don't intimidate me!"

"I'm not trying to intimidate you." Dark eyes showed him exactly what Rikuo was trying to do. "Prove it." Rikuo repeated.

"And how do you propose to do that?" He tugged on his captured hand. "You won't just let me walk away." He snapped it, frustration clear in his voice.

"Let's talk about this inside, this is not an outside topic."

"There is no way I'm letting you back into my room," he said through gritted teeth.

"So you are scared." Rikuo pulled him even closer. "Fine I'll just prove it right here."

"Okay, okay. You can come up, though it isn't going to do any good." Hot darts of sensation traveled straight to his cock. He was speaking against soft lips, each word feeling like sin as his mouth slid over Rikuo's. He felt his brother smile and it echoed in his eyes, before he was allowed some modicum of freedom. Rikuo let him drop back to the soles of his feet but didn't release his hand, keeping him close. Kaza gave him the dirtiest look his raging blood would allow. "But if I can deny you then you walk away and we'll never speak of this again."

The triumphant smile that Rikuo displayed didn't do any thing to calm his disposition. He tried to gird himself mentally, knowing whatever his brother had in mind was going to be at the expense of his own feelings. He was in deep trouble and both of them knew it. He realized he was was trembling and he knew Rikuo could feel the slight vibrations.

"Fine and if you can't deny me then you become mine. Wholly mine."

Kaza nodded wordlessly, his conscience screaming at him to just get away anyway he could. He wasn't going to win. Rikuo had been his fantasy since he'd hit puberty. And now that fantasy was within touchable reach. Rikuo was right, it did scare the hell out of him. That he felt that way about his brother was unconscionable.

"You know you're going to lose this time." Rikuo's words were teasing now, what he wanted almost within his grasp.

"And if I do?" Kaza's own voice was barely a whisper of sound.

Rikuo pulled on his hand. "Let's go up."

He walked, dazed, his hand still firmly clasped in Rikuo's. How in the hell had it come to this? He felt as if he were leading the way to his own slaughter. Asking for it even. Rikuo followed silently, no need to speak now with his victory so close at hand. He felt like a hot stove at Kaza's back. He fumbled the key slightly, the full import of what he was about to do hitting him full on as they
walked through the entrance of the dorm. He stopped when they reached his door, suddenly unable to
cross the threshold.

Rikuo made a sound that was both exasperation and amusement and pushed him forward with his
body, shutting the door quietly. He didn't give him a chance to turn the light on or move deeper
into the room, instead leaning back against the door and taking Kaza with him. Strong, lean arms
wrapped around him, preventing him from going anywhere. Neither of them were inclined to speak
and the dark silence surrounded them intimately. In the dark, Kaza allowed himself to relax,
savoring the Rikuo without having to conceal his depravity. He tried to commit every road and
path of the deliciously defined body behind him to take into him dreams each night.

"You don't have to fantasize about it anymore." Rikuo's soft voice broke the silence sweetly.
He swallowed thickly, imagining for one crazy moment that Rikuo was reading his mind.

"You can have everything you've ever dreamed about." Rikuo's voice resembled the darkness of
the deepest midnight. "Every little fantasy can be fulfilled Kaza."

The words devastated, pulled up every wet dreamed he could ever remember having about the
raven. He bit his lip to stop the moan of assent as Rikuo placed a gentle kiss on his nape. Just that
small touch had him reeling, and he was glad that Rikuo's arms were around him or he would have
fallen into a limp, aroused puddle at his feet. He'd lost already, hell he'd lost yesterday when Rikuo
had submitted him to that rapaciously, plundering of his mouth. But he resisted the desire, no the
need to just let Rikuo have anything he wanted, do whatever he wanted.

"This is wrong." He felt the denial tear through his heart when the only thing he'd ever really
wanted was right there in sight. Behind him he felt Rikuo tense with anger. When he spoke his
voice was hard with it.

"Why? Because we're brothers? I've never looked at you in that way," Rikuo imparted harshly. The
words caused a stab of pain down where he held all of his truest feelings.

"From the moment Kakei brought you home, I knew you were mine. After a while Kekei knew it
too. That's why he cautioned against you living on campus so close to me. And when you
insisted….Well, let's just say he gave up the fight."

Though the words were said harshly, Rikuo's hands weren't. In fact they touched him like he was
the finest silk as they began to trace the contours of his body. Hot tongues of flame erupted where
they'd traveled. Over his flat abdomen, burning a path up his chest. He found himself captured
more securely as long fingers gripped his, the others cupping his chin, tilting his head back so that
firm lips could kiss the warm skin of his throat. Rikuo's hard reaction pressed against his ass and
his own responded, making his pants uncomfortable as they pulled tight over his erection.

"Make no mistake Kaza, you're mine. Or can you walk away right now?" His hand ghosted over
Kaza's throbbing length and he gasped at the torrid sensation when it pulsed in answer.

A quick change of position and his back was pressed against the hard wood of his door, Rikuo's
body glued to his. His surprised yelp was suppressed as Rikuo's tongue plunged into his mouth
tasting his surrender with bold strokes. Too fast to stop him, Rikuo had the the button to this skinny
jeans undone, his hands delving deep as their mouths strained against each other hungrily, the
barrier blown away in a voluptuous flood. Rikuo devoured him, forcing his mouth wider with
greedy thrusts that he accepted, his arms twining around his neck, pushing into the hand that was
suddenly around his needy hardness pressing it close to Rikuo's.
He couldn't keep quiet, keened softly into Rikuo's mouth as satiny flesh glided across his own. Some where in his besieged mind he was aware that Rikuo had released himself also. The sensation shocked him, the pleasure so acute that all he could do was lay back against the door in supplication as Rikuo slid his hard shaft across his, one large hand chaining them together. He accepted his defeat as the hand slicked up and down, driving the ecstasy of the naked touch higher. The fiery wash of it stole his breath, the white hot intoxication burning down his spine with every glide of their cocks.

The release lit up his senses like a string of brilliant fireworks, blowing away any denial he would have voiced. His length twitched in long hard pulses, wetting Rikuo's fingers. He sucked on his tongue mindlessly, riding on the wave of gratification to its end.

When the wild ride came to a stop, all he could was pant, Rikuo's body and the door behind him the only things keeping him upright. They didn't move, each lost in his own thoughts as their breath evened out, tongues still playing and curling around each other.

Rikuo didn't have to disclaim his victory and Kaza didn't have to voice his loss.

Chapter End Notes

I love writing this story! It originally started out as my writer's block story...but it has grown to be much more than that.

Until Next Time.........
New Awakenings

Chapter Summary

The Morning After

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Do Not Own The Characters/Only The Plot

A/N At Bottom

Let's GO!~~

Chapter Fourteen: New Awakenings

General POV

For once it didn't take him long to wake up. He credited that to the warm, hard pillow that was drumming against his nose.

Since when did a pillow have a heartbeat?

His eyes flew open when he realized. He blinked, then frowned at the pale, expanse of back his nose was currently pressed to.

Okayyyyy. So it hadn't been his pillow, but Sasuke's back. In fact he was draped over the raven like his own personal blanket, his leg curled over his hip and his arm over his chest. As if even in his sleep he didn't want to relinquish his hold on him. He stifled a curse and began to scoot backwards slowly across the obscenely large bed. He grimaced in shame. A bed the size of a small planet and he still ended up plastering himself to Sasuke. That more than told him where his mind lay.

He got no further than a scant inch away before a pale hand cinched around the back of his knee, effectively keeping him in place.

"I'm surprised. I didn't figure you as an early riser." Sasuke's voice was gravely with sleep, but he was quick, turning over and pulling Naruto back against him.

Oh great, and now he was plastered to the front of the raven in the same position he'd tried to escape. He was mightily glad they both wore shorts.

"What time is it?" He asked shakily, his nose now pressed into the hollow of Sasuke's throat.

"Mmm…eight."

He was up way too early for the second day in a row. Sasuke's curtains were pulled tight so that the room was cloaked in darkness, though the soft, soothing slough of the sea against the sand permeated the room, trying to lull him back to sleep. It didn't help that Sasuke smelled good either,
like exotic spices. His mouth watered and his stomach grumbled, causing Sasuke to laugh.

"Hungry already? You really are a bottomless pit."

"Anyone would be hungry first thing in the morning," he grumbled back, stung. He was a healthy growing boy damn it! "Are you going to cook breakfast too?"

"If you like. I'd thought we'd feed another hunger though." Sasuke shifted and Naruto realized they weren't the only ones awake.

He pushed away again and scowled. "I would have thought you had enough of that meal last night, pervert."

Sasuke, undeterred just followed so they were pressed together again. "I'll never get enough."

Gah! He stopped squirming, knowing it would only fuel the raven's fire. As it had last night. True to his promise, Sasuke hadn't gone all the way but he'd more than made up for it in several creative ways that would be imprinted on his mind forever. As a result he suspected that the raven knew his body more intimately than he, himself did. His body burned with the memory. He could literally feel his temperature going up as he thought about it. It seemed like Sasuke was going to be detrimental to his health. He was insatiable. And possessive. And what burned more, was the fact that the abstinence was all due to Sasuke. He hadn't been in the frame of mind to say no. The only protests that he could think of was "more" and "don't stop" as Sasuke played him like a master pianist. If they raven had truly wanted to make him his pet last night then he would have woken up begging for the collar.

He was so glad that Sasuke couldn't see his flaming face right now.

"You're so cute when you're embarrassed," Sasuke whispered in his ear.

"I'm ready to go home," he blurted out. He was mortified at his behavior. One day back in his life and already the raven had him wound around his little finger.

"It's too early," Sasuke returned promptly. "Sunday is the only day I get to sleep in. Relax."

"Stop it."

"Stop what?" Sasuke sounded genuinely curious.

"T-this." Naruto pushed away from him yet again and this time Sasuke let him go. "Stop acting as if this is normal." He glared at him and scooted further away. "As if it's commonplace for me to wake up in your bed."

"Give it time and it will be."

He was serious. Naruto was incapable of speech, rendered uncharacteristically silent for long moments before he could speak without babbling hysterically.

"I don't want it to become normal," he growled, sitting up. "I have a life without you and I want to keep it that way."

Sasuke followed suit, his eyes suddenly frosty with anger. "Second thoughts? Because I swear last night you were begging to be mine."

"Idiot! I'm attracted to you! Who wouldn't be? You're very….good looking. But that's all it is.
When I go to bed with someone I want it to be more!" He was almost screaming and to his further embarrassment, tears were forming in the corners of his bright blue eyes.

"Oh?" Sasuke glowered at him menacingly. "And who is this someone?"

Naruto was startled out of his tears. He gave the raven an incredulous look. "Is that all you got out of that sentence teme?"

"No, but I don't listen to lies. And that was all that was. Because you're too frightened to reach out and take what you really want."

"Frightened? How about self preservation? You tore out my heart and served it to me raw. I would have done anything for you!" He shouted.

"Finally, we get to the crux of the matter." Sasuke was suddenly smiling, his hand reaching out whip quick, grabbing hold of his ankle and pulling him back with a fast yank.

Before Naruto could scold him, he was underneath the raven yet again.

"So you're running because I hurt your feelings? I had to. It was the only way. I'll tell you again, you weren't ready for what I needed."

"And how do you know?" Naruto asked petulantly. "You never stopped to ask me."

"So, if I'd told you that I wanted to tie you to my bed and play with your body until you cried, you would have been okay with that?" Black eyes glittered down at him with skepticism. "Or if I wanted you to wear a clear badge that said you belonged to me and only me?"

"I-i don't know," he stammered. "And you never gave me a chance to find out!"

Sasuke's eyes glowed hotly as he lowered himself onto Naruto fully. "Let's find out now then."

"Oi Itachi, I think the screaming match is over for now."

Their heads turned in the direction of the door at comic speed. Sasuke cursed as someone rapped on the door sharply, then pressed a regretful kiss to the side of his mouth before going to answer it. He cracked the door, making sure that it was only open enough so that Naruto wouldn't be seen.

"How long have you guys been here?"

"We got in late last night. Deidara decided I needed a short vacation. And what better than to come and see my little brother?" A sanguine voice replied.

Naruto almost groaned. Itachi was here? Now? Could things get any worse? And then they did.

"We're having breakfast on the veranda. Invite Naruto."

"Will do. He'll be happy." He shut the door before Itachi could say anything else. "Well, it seems you get a reprieve to actually think about it. We'll continue this conversation at a later time. Get dressed. The maid cleaned your clothes last night."

"I'm not going." He hid his face in his knees, his only consolation was the house was so big there was no way they could have heard him moaning and begging.

"What are you a child?"
Naruto served him the coldest look he could imagine, not sure he pulled it off with the red cheeks. "I hate you."

Sasuke shook his head, unconcerned. "Everyone hates their boyfriend every now and then. It wouldn't be a relationship if they didn't."

Sasuke really was going to turn him into a babbling idiot. "B-boyfriend? Teme, don't just decide things on your own! We've only met up again!"

Sasuke bounced the bed, reassuming his position, pushing him onto his back. "What did you think I meant by bringing you here? I never bring any one here." He brushed his lips across one blushing cheek.

"But I didn't agree to that." He drew in a sharp breath as Sasuke's mouth meandered down to his throat, his teeth nipping at the tender flesh.

"But we both know you're just being a hard case right?" He pressed a soft kiss to the abused skin.

"T-teme, until yesterday I thought you hated my guts! I need time to reconcile this Sasuke with that Sasuke."

"I always get what I want so you might as well give in right now." He bit down gently, and Naruto moaned at the sudden return of all the sensations the raven had caused in him the night before, arching his neck so Sasuke could have better access. His reaction was that quick, Sasuke's presence mind blowing. His hands threaded in the soft midnight locks as Sasuke began to suck on the coveted spot. In no time flat he was a shivering, panting wreck, his body arcing up to imprint on Sasuke's.

Eventually, Sasuke pulled back to admire his handiwork, smirking down at the undone blonde. "C'mon, before Itachi decides to come back up here and get us."

"I really, really don't like you right now." He muttered under his breath as Sasuke started to dress, cool as a fan.

Xover

"It's good to finally see you again, Naruto."

Itachi's casual greeting caused the newly vanquished blush to flare again as he followed Sasuke, dressed in black basketball shorts and fresh blue tee, out onto the gleaming veranda. The crashing surf provided a beautiful vista for the handsome couple seated at wood washed table that was loaded with steaming food.

Sasuke popped a piece of beacon into his mouth before pushing Naruto into an empty seat. "Sit."

The blonde sitting next to Itachi snickered. "He's worse than you Tachi."

The older raven rolled his eyes. "I know. He's going to be hell on the company," he drawled, fixing his eyes tight on Naruto who was glaring at Sasuke.

"Don't worry, it comes with the territory," The blonde said. "I'm Deidara since neither of these brutes remember their manners."

"Watch it," Itachi warned playfully. "You love this brute." He pulled the blonde into a short kiss.
Sasuke made an abbreviated sound of disgust. "Go do that in another room."

Deidara stuck out his tongue at the younger raven. "Don't worry give him time and he'll act the same way." He settled back in his seat, giving Naruto a wide smile. "So you're the Naruto I've heard so much about."

This time it was Sasuke who issued the warning. "Watch it Deidara."

Naruto was too busy trying to swallow the piece of bacon that was stuck in his throat. So much about him? He threw a questioning look at Sasuke and was ignored. Deidara was immune to Sasuke's death glare. "Why? It's true right? You moped for weeks after he left."

"Deidara, no embarrassing Sasuke. That's my job. Though the regular updates from Kakashi certainly helped."

Naruto choked loudly. Sasuke pounded on his back, handing him a glass of orange juice. Naruto blinked back distressed tears, deciding that he was going to murder Kakashi the first chance he got. No wonder he'd pushed for this University so hard. Traitor!

"I'm going to kill that bastard!" He coughed out.

"Now, now. He just wanted what's best for you Naruto." Itachi laughed at the flustered blonde. Sasuke didn't even bat an eyelash. "Cut it out. I'm the only one who can tease Naruto."

"And I bet you're good at it, if last night was any indication." Deidara winked.

Naruto wished the sea would just flood and swallow him.

The rest of the breakfast continued along the same vein, Naruto beet red as the trio bantered back and forth. By the time Sasuke was ready to return to campus he was almost dead from mortification.

He gave the raven the silent treatment all the way back to the school but couldn't avoid being kissed soundly before he was released.

ROTN

"Oh yeah, Cross said don't play poker with those two. They'll take you to the cleaners and then rob your mother. Those were his exact words."

"What?" Zero pulled the phone from his ear and looked at it as if it were a purple one eyed monster. "He could have told me that before he left."

"What?" Yuki echoed.

"Nothing."

"Yeah right," Yuki snorted. "What happened on your date?"

Zero turned into a board, the question hitting too close to home.

"Nothing and it wasn't a date," he snapped. "I have to go now."

He hung in the middle of her protest and sunk into his bed, staring into space. Thinking of the ill fated game of poker. He'd been had. He was of a mind to call and cancel the whole deal. Then he
remembered he didn't have either of the twins phone number. He couldn't even cancel properly. And they wouldn't let him go so easily. So he was back at square one. Give them a chance or spend the whole year trying to stay one step ahead of them. And the truth was, he didn't trust himself to keep running. It was tying him up inside. He'd tossed and turned all night recalling how he'd felt trapped between them; how his body had betrayed him wanting to feel their touch. He imagined it would be ten times worse tonight.

His phone chirped, shaking him out of his current trance. He picked it up, anticipating seeing Yuki's number. He frowned as an unknown number flashed across his screen, wondering who it was even though he knew already. Cross wouldn't. But he would. He answered with a curt greeting, almost dropping the phone again when dulcet tones stroked across his ear.

"Good Morning Zero."

"Good Morning Zero."

Shit! Did they do everything together?

He didn't answer right away. He was too busy trying to stop his body from reacting to just their voices. It was a struggle. His body remembered the small touches they'd bestowed on him last night and wondered what other pleasures they had in store for it.

"Good morning Kaname. Takuma." He hated that he sounded hesitant. Scared even. "Funny getting a call from you when you don't have my number."

"Cross provided it when you were moving in," Kaname answered the unspoken question, warm amusement giving life to his low voice. "Did you sleep well last night? I must admit I couldn't."

"Too busy thinking about touching you kept me awake." Takuma's voice curled around him. "We had so much fun last night. We anticipate today with bated breath."

It was like a well coordinated tag team match, both of them knowing just when to tag the other in. It knocked him off balance, made him irritable. "Do you guys sleep together too?" He snapped.

Takuma laughed a rich, sultry sound that sent shivers of sensual cognizance through him. "We only sleep together when we have someone between us Zero."

Namely him. He shouldn't have asked. Now all he could think of was the three of them tangled in sheets, the duo all over him, touching him all over. His skin took on a boiling ruddiness that he could feel. Thank God they couldn't see him right now. He relented mulishly.

"So what do you have in mind?"

"We were thinking a late lunch or an early dinner. Whichever you prefer." The ball dropped into his corner with an almost audible thump. "Late lunch." That sounded better. Daylight hours. "That way I can get ready for school tomorrow." Not that he had any early classes, he'd avoided that, but he knew these two would take miles where he offered inches.

"We'll pick you up at two-thirty. Until then, have a good day Zero."

They rang off, leaving Zero sitting on the bed his mouth tight with apprehension. What was he doing? Dating two men. And at the same time? Not that he'd had any particular interest in the women who'd chased after him but two men? And two men he was attracted to. How had that happened? Why hadn't he just been able to tell them the whole deal was off and walk away? Well, on the bright side he didn't have to hide one from the other. He sighed and looked at the clock. It
was only ten now so he had plenty of time to worry about the whole affair. He scrubbed his hand through his hair. Now he sounded like a woman damn it! He cursed Cross for what seemed like the umpteenth time.

There was nothing for it now. He hadn't called it off so he had to deal with it.

The front door opening pulled him from his rumination forcefully. He was out of bed and heading for the living room area before the door could close. He met Naruto just outside of the bedroom door and he stopped dead at the sight of the disheveled, bewildered blonde. His mouth was red and slightly swollen and his blue eyes were brighter than usual, though his ready smile was dimmer.

"So he didn't kill you huh?" He kept his tone light.

"No." The blonde shook his head. "Something far, far worse." He brushed past, close enough that Zero spied the bright red hickey just below his ear. "But let's just say it sure as hell wasn't an apology."

"I can see. But from where I'm standing it looks better than an apology."

Naruto looked up him with a startled expression. "I guess it depends on who's doing the looking." He shucked his freshly washed orange hoodie, revealing a trail of hickeys down his throat.

"I see." Zero leaned against the wood of the doorway, his arms crossed. "I had an interesting night too."

"I'm sorry." Naruto threw himself on the bed. "That bastard wouldn't bring me back and those two insisted." He peeked at Zero with one blue. "I think we're in a lot of trouble. You more than others."

"And that won't be the only understatement you make this year," Zero returned dryly. "I'm now dating those two for the next six weeks."

"What!?" Naruto bounced back up, his hyperness suddenly returned. "How in the hell did that happen?"

"Let's just say a poker game gone wrong."

Naruto frowned. "There's something going on. I don't believe in coincidences."

ROTN

"Say it. You belong to me."

Dizzy and out of breath from the kisses the boy had already bestowed on him, Ichigo's long body layered over his, that tempting mouth so close to his own he could taste it, Uryuu was understandably confused. He licked his lips, looking at Ichigo, his eyes dark with arousal. "I belong to you."

Ichigo smiled as he lowered his head eyes full of predatory prowess, his lips rubbing over Uryuu's softly, making the darker teen moan. He was so lost in bliss of having Ichigo hands on him that he almost missed the strawberry blonde's words.

"That's right all mine. You'll look so good all tied up and collared." The strawberry smiled and reached into the drawer even as he covered Uryuu's mouth again.
He didn't even hear the collar close around his neck with a snap.

Uryuu sprang up, his heart trying to fight its way out his chest. He blinked rapidly, trying to bring the room into focus. He gave a great sound of relief when no hands touched him and reached for his glasses. He settled back against the headboard of his bed, deep in thought.

Something didn't add up. It felt like a puzzle missing pieces. Ichigo, Sasuke, King and Prince, Rikuo. What were the odds that all of them would attend the same University? It left Fai the odd man out unless—Shit! He grabbed his phone and called the blonde.

"You're lucky I'm an early riser," Fai drawled into the phone as soon as he picked up, the background traffic noise echoing into the phone.

"Have you met anyone on campus?" Uryuu demanded without preamble.

Fai sighed. "No. Mores the pity. But give it time."

"I would caution against it."

"Why?" Fai asked sharply.

"Because I don't think it a coincidence that all of our love interests attend the same University. Doesn't it seem odd to you? Rikuo, okay. He lives in the same town. But Ichigo and Sasuke? And King and Prince for Zero."

Fai was catching on. "Is Sasuke part of the Bad Boys Club too?"

"Not that I know of, but he's the most sought after man on campus, the girls may not want to admit it. That only leaves you."

"And I'm the wildcard," Fai chuckled. "And I make sure that I don't have love interests."

"Just don't meet anyone tall, dark, and make you throw your scruples out of the window until I sort things out."

"Do you know what you're asking," Fai whined. "Fine I won't."

"Where are you?" Uryuu asked suddenly.

"On my way to the coffee shop and I doubt that there is a bad boy up this early so don't worry," The blonde quipped.

But he was. And Ichigo was coming at five.

He was more than worried.

ROTN

He snuggled deeper into the covers, trying to keep the new day from intruding. He didn't feel up to facing this new day in a changed world. Rikuo had left early this morning with sweet murmurs and deep kisses that invaded his dreams until he'd had no choice but to wake. Finally, seeing that he wasn't going to be able to go back to sleep, he tossed the covers away and stared at the ceiling. His body felt tender and oversensitive and the memory of Rikuo pumping against him refused to go away. Or the fact that the raven had spent the night tangled with him.

Damn it! He could kiss his free college life goodbye. Rikuo would see to that quite effectively and
he wouldn't be refused. He turned onto his belly and the edge of white paper immediately caught his eye. He reached out and grabbed it, scowling at it.

Good Morning Kaza,

I'll pick you up at two.

Rikuo.

"Idiot. I could have gotten there myself."

But it did seem kind of stupid to take the bus when his brother was going to the exact same place. But hell, he didn't really want to talk to Rikuo right now. He just wanted to hide his head in the sand and forget last night had ever happened.

"Food," He muttered, getting out of bed. He hated worrying on an empty stomach. He showered and dressed casually in jeans and a clinging black t-shirt. After throwing a white jacket over the ensemble he headed out. He didn't call any the gang, he really didn't want to explain what happened, but he hated eating alone. The cafeteria wasn't as crowded for breakfast and he assumed that everyone was still recovering from the night before. If only he could do the same damn it!

The hair color drew him, more white than silver as if he'd seen more than his young eyes could handle. An inordinate amount of food sat before him though he really didn't seem interested in it. His sad expression made Kaza pull out a chair at the same table.

"Anyone sitting here?" He asked jokingly, letting the smile he hadn't felt all morning curve his mouth.

The white haired boy gestured to the chair with less enthusiasm. "Be my guest, no one's coming anytime soon." The way he said it made Kaza's heart clench. It wasn't until he sat down and faced the boy that he noticed the scar bisecting his left eye, leading up to a scar over it that resembled a pentagram. His eyebrow arched. This would be interesting.

"Except for me. Kazahaya Kudo, first year. Nice to meet you."

The boy offered a small smile. "Allen Walker. First year."

ROTN

He was happy to see that the coffee shop was lively but not overcrowded. Sparkling new laptops dotted the tables as the early birders took advantage of the free wifi. He felt an amazing sense of well being as he joined the club, sipping on his newly ordered coffee as the waited patiently for his MacAir to go through it's one-second boot up.

"Right on time," He murmured to himself as his IM popped up, his brother's screen name already shining, announcing that he was online. That was one of the things he missed desperately. Talking to his brother. It felt like half of his soul was missing. This was the first time that they would separated for more than one day. But it had to be done. His brother had to stay and learn the ropes to take over the business and he'd had to get over over protective parents who didn't understand him. He loved them true. But from a distance. He smiled as an IM popped up almost immediately.

Mirror: What's up? How's Ani?

Image: So far so good. How are the parents?
Mirror: Missing you like crazy.

Image: I miss them too, tell them I'll call later. How's UC?

Mirror: Okay. The girls on campus are hot!

Image: LOL ever the hound. You've only been there for like what two days?

Mirror: But man! How's the gang?

Image: You wouldn't believe. Ichigo and Sasuke are here.

Mirror: What?!

Image: I know right?

He felt the change in the atmosphere, like an electrical wire had tripped in the room, and he looked up automatically. Uryuu's warning flew out of his head like the Bat mobile leaving the bat cave.

Holy hell batman! It's hot in here!

Oh wow!

He was even more appetizing up close, his dark presence eclipsing that of the red head walking next to him. Almost a foot taller than everyone in the room, his shoulders stretched out so far he blocked the view of the blushing barista taking his order. Black hair gleamed in the short cut designed to take nothing away from his impressive frame. Fai practically salivated, completely forgetting Yui on the other end of their connection.

Sorry Uryuu, but that is one tree I can't help eating from.

Or trying to. Even when he did his sexiest saunter past the duo waiting for their coffee, with the excuse of getting more sugar, all he did was gain a cursory glance from the tall statue of awesomeness, though the red head gave him an appreciative wink as he returned to his seat.

He was left feeling vaguely disappointed when the two left the cafe, with him no closer to meeting the raven.

Uryuu would be happy.

Oh well, there's always tomorrow, he thought sagely, finally returning to the mac. He grimaced at the increasingly irritated IMs on his screen.

Sorry, he typed, I spilled my coffee.

ROTN

BBC House

"I think we should throw a party to celebrate our newest member." Sasuke propped his feet on the low coffee table decorating the commons room, pushing the six photographs to the side, as he relaxed on the cushions behind him.

"You seem well pleased," Kaname spoke up from his own couch, looking up from the computer on his knees, taking in his impassive face.
"You have no idea. I love it when a plan comes together."

The seven of them were gathered in the commons room of the ten bedroom house that he'd personally oversaw the remodeling of. He was ecstatic. He hadn't counted on running into Naruto so soon.

"With a little push of course," Takuma murmured. He and his brother were on identical couches that sat side by side. "Though we were lucky to have Cross do all of our dirty work." He shared a conspiratorial look with his twin.

"Yeah and Sakura was embarrassingly easy to convince."

"She's hopelessly in love with you so it didn't take that much," Ichigo observed. "If she finds out the real reason you wanted those brochures sent, she's going to skewer poor Naruto."

Sasuke smirked. "I'll make sure she finds out. I can't have her chasing me the whole year." He shook his head in disgust and got back on topic. "So we'll throw a party Saturday after next. They won't be able to resist."

"For sure the blonde won't." Lavi laughed from where his long frame was slung across his own couch. "He practically threw himself on Kuro here."

Kurogane chuckled. "By then he'll agree to the chains he hates."

"So it went well?"

"Like it was supposed to."

"I told you. All you have to do is know your target. It's just too perfect. God must favor us. I'm going to take a nap." Sasuke rose and stretched. "Dealing with Itachi and Deidara always take the life out of me. Plus, I woke up too early."

He left behind the six black and white photos, every one of them a picture perfect moment of their targets staring directly into the camera.

Naruto, Zero, Uryuu, Kaza, Fai and Allen.

Chapter End Notes

Well, you know what they say: All's Fair in Love and War! Bwahahahaha!~~

Until Next Time…..
Allen

He left the cafeteria feeling better than he had in a long while. Kazahaya had turned out to be an amazingly funny, regaling him with tales of his best friends' past exploits; especially the one who was a consummate prankster. It had made for an amusing breakfast and his appetite had returned full force. It had also gratified him to find out that Kazahaya lived in the same dorm. So when he walked out of the communal eating area he was feeling replete, yet still unsure about what to do about Lavi. All his bravado from the day before had disappeared and he was once again scrambling in his own mind for an answer. Did he really want to confess? What if Lavi just shot him down? He really didn't want to destroy their friendship.

He was so deep in thought it was not wonder that he ran right into another moving student.

"Damn it, can't you first years keep track of where you're-" The deep strident voice cut off abruptly as he looked up, his expression apologetic.

And up, at the imperiously handsome face that towered over his head. He watched in amazement as the harsh lines soften into exquisite lines the could have adorned a museum. Hair so black it bordered on blue, was pulled back severely, allowing the sun to grace that beautiful face and sable eyes regarded him with sudden interest.

"Well, well, well. It must be my lucky day." Allen shivered as the voice swept over his skin like smokey silk. "I'll accept your apology if you go out with me."

What?

He couldn't stop the surprise from taking over his own expression, felt his mouth drop open with it. This heart stopping, gorgeous man was……Asking him out?

"Um..well….that is-"

"Do you have someone?" The dark haired man interrupted his awkward reply, appreciation shading his voice.

Allen shook his head vigorously, feeling like his tongue was tied into a christmas bow. "Um, no-I don't," he finished lamely. "I don't-I don't have anyone."

"Well, do you prefer women?" The stranger asked bluntly. "Because that would be a pity."

"No, it's just that no one asks me out. Ever." He blushed. He could have kicked himself for sounding like a complete idiot or like the oldest virgin in the world.
The tall man took pity on him. "Yu Kanda. But I usually go by Kanda."

Allen found himself introducing himself for the second time that day. "Allen Walker."

Kanda smiled. "So, can I take you out tonight?"

Dumbfounded, Allen just stared, his mind working frantically, connecting dots like with lightning fast precision. The epiphany exploded over him in a rain of realization. He'd found an answer to his problem. He'd date Kanda and get over his fascination with Lavi. There would be no need to confess to his best friend. And he could keep the friendship intact. Problem solved.

"Number?"

The end of the question jarred him out of his inner deductions. "Huh?"

"Your phone number. How else am I going to get in touch with you?" The words were presumptuous, brazen in the extreme. Allen found himself nodding and rattling off numbers anyway, still dazed by sudden solution to his problem.

It had practically fallen into his lap.

Xover

Some three hours later he was humming to himself as he worked over sheet music composing a new song that had entered his head while he was walking back to his dorm. He was still thinking about his chance meeting with Kanda. Still amazed. The third year had invited him to a poetry reading his friend Lenalee was hosting tonight at a private lounge. It seemed the perfect setting for a first date. He froze when his phone rang, the electronic pulse of Lavi's ringtone echoing through his system. He debated with himself whether to answer or not and then berated himself and clicked it on.

"Allen."

"Lavi."

His tone was lighthearted and this time not forced. Allen relaxed, his happiness increasing.

"What are you doing?" Lavi asked suspiciously and he realized that he'd gone silent.

"Oh, just writing a song."

"Right. Should have known," Lavi teased, his smile clear as visine through the phone and Allen's heart lightened even more. "But are you going to spend the day right before the start of school writing, working? We were supposed to get together today. What do you want to do?"

This time it was he who hesitated, a visible crossroads opening before his eyes. One sign featured a heart on a sleeve and the other featured a heart in a box that read 'tramp along down this familiar road'. He quite literally felt the cardboard as he stuffed his heart back in that box. He answered as lightly as he could. "Oh I won't be working all day. In fact I was invited to a poetry reading tonight. I thought it would be fun to go."

"A poetry reading." The drawled statement sounded like Lavi's eyebrow was raised in slight derision. He ignored the fact that Lavi's voice also sounded a little strange and powered on. "Yeah. I've never been to one and hey this is a year for firsts. I thought that it would be enlightening."
"But, didn't you want to talk to me about something?"

"Oh, that can wait until later," He hedged. "I know you must be busy and all with school starting tomorrow. I don't want to take any of your time right now. It wasn't that important anyway, we can talk about when we both get settled." He was babbling. Today must be the day for lameness.

"Allen." Lavi's voice was lower and darker than he'd ever heard it before, more subdued than he ever imagined that Lavi could pull off. He shivered. Somehow it sounded like the beginning of a huge storm that was about to break. "How did you find out about the poetry reading?"

For some reason alarm skittered up his spine, tingling his spider sense. "I met some friends on campus today."

"Friends," Lavi toned and Allen stiffened on the bed. Lavi sounded hollow. Empty. It was if he'd deliberately emptied it of all his emotions. Was he jealous of him making new friends? It was true that he wasn't good at making new friends so he hadn't really had any but Lavi, but it wasn't impossible. Did Lavi think he couldn't make any at all?

The idea of that suddenly made him angry. He hadn't been the one to damn near bail on their friendship, ignoring him when he'd started school. "Yes, friends." He responded a little more tartly than he'd intended. "You're not the only one who can make them. I have to finish this song before I go. I'll talk to you later."

He clicked off before Lavi could respond, tossed the phone on the bed beside him and then scowled at it for good measure. Almost immediately it began to ring again. He snatched it up and sent it to voicemail, his concentration totally blown.

It never occurred to him that Lavi was jealous for a completely different reason than he was imagining.

Xover

He stewed over it while he picked an outfit to wear. He stewed over it as he showered. He stewed while he groomed in front of the bathroom mirror. So he was in a fine temper when his phone belted out the generic tune announcing an unfamiliar number was ringing through. He sighed in relief, Lavi had called several more times, and answered with what he hoped was a moderately happy voice.

"Hi, Allen. Ready?"

He smiled as the deep, dark inflection traveled over the phone waves, excited for the first time in a long time. "Yes, I'm in the Collegiate dorm. Room 3001."

"Good, I'll be there in a minute. I thought we could walk. The lounge is not too far from campus."

"Cool. Then I can see a little more of the city."

His good mood was restored, but only a little. He stepped out of the door, feeling like he was taking the first step to certain recovery.

Chapter End Notes
Grr! Okay so that chapter totally sucked! But I'm going somewhere with this so don't kill me~ I really could not resist throwing Kanda in the mix. Poor Lavi......We'll see. (Devious Smile)
Double Trouble

Chapter Summary

Double Trouble

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Own None of the Characters and All of The Plot

A/N At Bottom

Let's Go!

Revenge of The Nerds Chapter Sixteen: Double Trouble

Zero

He dressed with the utmost care, remembering how his body had reacted to the twins touches. With that in mind he geared towards more clothes instead of less. With those two more was best. He donned dark blue relaxed jeans and a long sleeved black top. Black and white Nike air finished the casual outfit. The black top made his eyes darker than usual or was it the trepidation he felt over having a date with the hottest men he'd ever lain eyes on?

"Damn it!" He swore softly. He was in the mirror preening like a lovestruck girl.

Naruto laughed from his side of the room where he was relaxing on his bed in a boneless heap. "That long sleeved shirt is not going to deter either one of those two."

He frowned over his shoulder at blonde roommate. "Shut up before I call Sasuke back over here."

Naruto flushed then pouted. "You wouldn't."

Zero smiled sweetly. "Why should I be the only one pestered today?"

"What?" Naruto protested indignantly. "Last night was my turn Mr. 'Oh I have unpacking to do, see you later Naruto,'" The blonde mimicked him.

"Hey! I did have unpacking to do and I was not getting in Sasuke's way!" Zero said laughingly. "Did you see the look on his face when you were about to run?"

"I wasn't about to run!"

Zero snorted. "Keep telling yourself that. And besides, the way he was gleaning information on you the other night I have a feeling that you don't have anywhere to run that would be safe."

"You'd be right," Naruto muttered under his breath.

Zero glanced at the clock and turned his eyes aside in irritation. He felt like a girl waiting anxiously for her prom date. And he wasn't anxious damn it! Just a little worried. And who
wouldn't be with those two wolves on their heels? The look in their eyes hadn't exactly reminded him of ice cream and cake. He sighed, it was two minutes past two and he somehow knew that the twins would be a picture of punctuality. He swept his jacket from the closet and headed for the door.

"I'd wish you luck, but I don't think even that would save you." Naruto called after him, his voice dry with knowledge. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Zero shut the door on his uproarious laughter.

His anxiety returned the closer he got to the main entrance of his dorm. The memory of their hands on him made the tiny hairs all over his body stand up and purr and a bead of sweat traveled the length of his spine. He was tempted to just turn around and barricade himself in his dorm room. But he couldn't hide out forever and he was pretty damned surer they'd find him on campus sooner or later. Hell, the town wasn't that big to keep from running into them.

He realized suddenly that he'd stopped walking and was just standing in the middle of the hallway. He took a deep, cleansing breath and wondered why he was so spooked. They were just men. Hot ones to be sure, but just men all the same not gods. They were normal just like he was. He could hold his own right? He'd never been afraid of anything in his life and he wasn't about to start now.

So get going, his inner imp prodded. As long as you stay determined, you'll get through the next six weeks fine.

He would. He talked his feet into motion, the tightness in his chest easing. All he had to do was get through a few hours. And it would be in a public place. Even better.

Or so he told himself.

Any sense of normalcy was dropped out a ten story window and then run over with a 747 as he stepped out into the cool afternoon sun.

A snow white Maybach idled in front of the dorm, the tint on the back windows black as a night in hell. It sat on twenty-four inch chrome rims. He stared as the back door swung open silently. He watched in horrified fascination as Takuma stepped out looking like the fresh breath of winter, his gold blonde hair immaculately styled in waves that left his beautiful face bare to his eyes. His green eyes were shaded by silver Louis Vuitton's. He wore white jeans that looked tailor made to fit his tall frame. A light weight jacket opened over a green button down that matched the Louis Vuitton zip ups on his feet. He looked like he'd just stepped between the pages of some terribly expensive fashion magazine.

That's just indecent. Naruto's words echoed in his head as he stood in the bright fall sunlight, heated in a way the sun couldn't account for.

A slow smile put the sparkling finish on Takuma as he stepped around the car door and held it wide ice white interior gleamed at him, marred slightly by a glimpse of dark jean clad leg. The world slowed down when Takuma pushed the glasses to the top of his head, revealing the complete beauty of his face, and beckoned him forward. Zero felt his feet move him forward as the imp inside of him cackled.

That's why you're so scared.

Yep. Because with just a glance, he was a muddle of mixed emotions and determination to withstand their wiles was not at the top of the list. Try a dash of craving, a smidgen of lust and a
whole lot of curiosity. He was curious to see if their touch felt as good in the light of day as it had in the fading evening.

"Good Afternoon, Zero."

He trembled in alarm as the smooth voice hit decibels low in his stomach. It seemed like he couldn't hear his own voice over the din of his thundering heart when he answered.

"Hi." He said it hesitantly, his feet pausing when he drew even with the door, facing the golden twin over it. Jade eyes bore into his, gleaning all of his anxiety and unsure emotions. He reluctance.

"Get in."

It was said gently, but Zero recognized it for what it was. An order. His mouth thinned to an unhappy line as he considered just turning around and walking away. In fact his body tensed as if to take a step backwards. Jade eyes sharpened to uncut emeralds and Takuma stepped back around the door in a movement so quick he almost flowed, taking away the option of escape as he stretched his arms out, hands clasping the top edge of the car roof and the top of the door; trapping Zero between him and the entrance into the car.

Zero's eyes widened slightly as heat and the delicious smell of a clear, hot sunlit day invaded his nose. Without meaning to, his head tilted so that his eyes met Takuma's, engaging him in a wordless conversation.

Do you really mean to back out now? Green eyes asked, darkening like leaves in the shade.

And if I do? Amethyst eyes challenged back.

Takuma's mouth curved into a smile that didn't fit in with his sunshiny image. It sent tremors of awareness coursing through him. Try it. That smile said. I'll enjoy it.

Insidious heat crept up his face at the threat. No, it wasn't a threat, but a promise. One the golden twin knew he could keep. His heart began to beat in triple time at the implication.

"Zero."

This voice was just as soft, more cajoling. Kaname leaned forward to smile at him from the blinding interior. His eyes darted between them, feeling like a lamb that had escaped from the pen only to find it's way to the wolves den. Takuma curled closer, lips brushing against his temple, the words a warm caress.

"The first step is always the hardest."

He got in the car, trying to tell himself that it wasn't apprehension at Takuma's touch that drove him into the car.

Physical awareness slapped him in the face as he slid into the dark, confined space. Kaname's shoulders stretched against the soft fabric of a black crew neck t-shirt, interlocking g's decorating the front. Casual relaxed jeans molded to his long legs and gray Gucci's clung to his feet as if they were made just for him. Zero noted absently that the center divider was non existent. With just the two of them it would have been comfortable, but as Takuma took up the space beside him, it became down right claustrophobic. The twins invaded his personal space without even trying to. He stilled as their combined scents twined around them as they had the night before. And they affected him just the same. Their knees rubbed against his, the touch like heated electrical currents. He forced his eyes to focus on the black glass that separated them from the driver. For all the good
it did him. They were perfectly secluded in the back.

Kaname's chuckle was hotter than a stove that'd been on all day and way too close for comfort.

"Relax," Kaname ordered, settling back against the plush seat, more comfortable with the limited space. "You'll get used to being….Between us."

The not so subtle double entendre narrowed his vision down to his tiny world, and the twins were suddenly the sun and the moon. He could feel the ebb and flow of their emotions pulling at his own like ocean tides under the moon. Without even touching him they became the center of his small universe.

Shit!

He took a deep, harsh breath, trying to free himself from their conscious seduction. They knew damn well what they were doing to him.

"Where are we going?" His strident voice didn't break the spell they cast around him, nothing could it seemed.

"To our favorite restaurant in this area. It's owned by a friend. Very casual," Kaname commented as the car pulled away from the dorm, his eyes glowing with appreciation where they touched on his ensemble. His long, chestnut hair brushed his shoulders, glimmering in the darkness of the car, calling to Zero's fingers. "You'll like it. Now then. We haven't said hello properly."

He felt them move, his inner alarm suddenly ringing. He tensed as Kaname's hand slipped over his knee, Takuma's cupping his nape in perfect concert. The blonde leaned completely over him.

Startled, he tried to back up and found himself nestled firmly against Kaname. They moved as if they were two beings in one skin. Zero's breath echoed in the enclosed space, heavy in his surprise as they closed in on him, tightening the cage around him. He couldn't stop himself from flinching as Takuma's full lips coasted over the corner of his mouth, his thumb applying pressure to the underside of his chin so that he had no choice but to tip his head back.

"W-w-what are you doing?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Takuma's voice was pure seduction, like a dark night spent in silken sheets. It rippled around him. "Saying hello of course." He said it as if were just a commonplace thing. But every word caused pinpricks of electricity zinging through his blood, drew the skin across Zero's bones like a living shroud of yearning. Just that simple touch. He was horrified to think what a full touch would do.

"Is this what you call getting to know someone?" It was a last ditch effort to halt them. It didn't work. And then he didn't have to wonder anymore.

Takuma's soft lips settled over his, causing sunbursts of sensation to explode just beneath his skin, they sung in his blood. It stunned him, his body suddenly aching with a desire so strong he felt as if he was already naked and underneath them. Takuma stole his next protest and returned it to him in a stroke of wet, heated silk. The world went hazy around him, his lips caught firmly. He'd taken Takuma as the harmless twin, but with that decadent mouth moving over his, he realized he'd been wrong. Dead wrong. His gasp of surprise was nothing more than a breath and he shuddered in their holds as Takuma nipped gently at his bottom lip, raking his teeth over the tender inner velvet.

Asking for entrance.

"Knowing your reactions. How you move when you're turned on. How you look when we touch
you. All this is a part of getting to know you. You're every shiver, you're every moan. We want to know it all."

Kaname's voice wrapped around him in perfect tandem to Takuma's mouth, his hand stroking higher up his thigh. Closing the trap around him completely. He arced, amazed at his own reaction as Takuma probed just a little deeper, coaxing his lips to open a little wider, running the tip of his tongue over the sensitive nerves inside his mouth, but never touching his own tongue. Little teasing tastes that made him writhe between them in sexual agitation.

They held him balanced on the edge of a razor-edged precipice. They wouldn't let him fall, wouldn't ease the tightrope they'd stretched him over. Kaname's hand stroking closer to the center of his body where all of his desire pooled but never touching. Takuma's mouth hinting at a deeper, fuller contact but never quite following through. They rocked his universe, the center of it, until his only awareness was of them. He lost all sense of passing time as he pressed up against Takuma trying to engage his tongue fully, only vaguely aware as they switched and Kaname took over the kiss, his hand replacing Takuma's.

And still they didn't relieve the carnal tension, the brunette leading the arousingly simple kiss, his tongue dipping in to taste but never giving him the contact that he wanted. And all the while his thumb stroked back and forth over his pulse, never letting him forget their ultimate goal.

And true to Kaname's words, they became familiar with his every moan, his every shiver, and filed it away for future contemplation. They tantalized, familiarizing them self with his every reaction, just as he became familiar with their intermingled tastes. But never taking it that needed step beyond.

His chest was heaving when they finally pulled away, cradling him between them like a precious gem. His lips tingled from the residual pressure of their mouths and their tasted flavored his tastebuds. His lips felt swollen from theirs and his tongue slicked across them tasting them there also. His eyes snapped open. White obscured his vision and he realized that his head was still tilted and he was looking at the ceiling of the moving car. For a moment his mind was too dazed to focus. His head was resting on a broad shoulder and he was half reclining against a well defined chest. He jerked, finally realizing they'd maneuvered him in his mindless haze so that he was sandwiched between them, a tangle of limbs across the back seat. He hadn't been cognizant of anything but them while they were doing it. That he'd fallen so completely, so quickly frightened the shit out of him. And they hadn't even actually kissed him! They'd only played with him. And he'd practically begged them for more, pressing himself against them like a hungry cat starved for attention. He shifted trying to free himself and found that his hand was clutched in a fist around a handful of material. He'd certainly hadn't been trying to push them away!

Damn it!

"That was dirty." He felt like he hadn't spoken in ages, his voice grating over the flesh of his throat.

The twins laughed in unison and the sound itself was like a sexual caress.

"If you thought that was dirty-"

"Don't even finish that sentence," he warned Kaname. "And let me up." Faint threads of anger began to weave through his voice.

"And why would we do that?" Takuma questioned softly. "We want you Zero. We'll pull every rabbit out of our hats to get you. All's fair and all of that. And you should get used to it."
"Six weeks is not that long. You shouldn't count your eggs and all that." He was egging them on. He couldn't help it. He was angry. At himself. With them.

Unhappy silence filled the small space that held him. They didn't let him go and he gradually became used to the way his body conformed to theirs, Takuma's hard chest against his back, Kaname's warm breath against his chest. It almost felt like he was made to fit between them, even in their uncomfortable position within the confines of the car.

"So stubborn," Kaname breathed, amusement ringing like a clarion bell in his tone. "Do you really think you can resist us for six whole weeks?"

"I have to." That was his answer and he wasn't changing it. No matter how tight they twisted him. He'd just have to resist their brand of charms.

But resistance was futile as Kaname's mouth swooped up to capture his once again.

Really it wasn't that long. Or so he tried to convince himself.

XOVER

The restaurant was open and cheery. The complete opposite of how he was feeling at the moment. Pictures showing the passage from babyhood to adulthood decorated the walls and the vibe was that of business that catered to families. A large dark haired, buxom woman had greeted them at the door with a kiss on the cheek for each of them, her eyes brows waggling at the added presence of Zero. She'd been a shining laughing presence that'd matched the decor of the restaurant and he'd instantly felt at home with her but not with the twins. They sat in a round booth in a secluded corner of the restaurant. Of course he was seated between them. As if they would have it any other way. They were hell bent on making him theirs.

So now they sat around the table eyeing menus and trying to figure out what they wanted to eat. The place specialized in steaks with hearty baked potatoes and large salads filled with every vegetable you could imagine, anyway that you could think of with every seasoning possible. Currently he was contemplating a broiled rib eye seasoned with garlic and herbs and a big baked potato to partner it. Or thick homemade fries. But really, his mind was on the twins, his consciousness keeping track of their every move, his nervous system perfectly attuned to them.

He growled under his breath as their knees pressed against his yet again. They were making the most of the limited space, pressing against him with every chance. He had no room to maneuver, no room to get away. And his body was reacting as if they'd programmed him. The restaurant was hotter than it should be. Finally he threw down the menu, frustrated beyond belief. Their torture hadn't stopped with just that one kiss but had continued on until the car had stopped in the hole in the wall's parking lot the twins trading kisses until his mind had been in a total state of melt down. They'd almost carried him to the front door his legs were so unsteady.

"I know what I want." His voice was sharp with ire. Both twins looked up in response, eyes soft with concern. If it would have been possible they would have moved closer. As it was they were as close as they could get.

"What's wrong?" Kaname asked, his voice light, petting him like a fleeting breeze at dawn.

"Are you not feeling well?" Takuma, his voice teasing like sunlight peeking around the corner.

He took his time to glare at both of him. If purple were hot they would be set aflame already. "You wanted to see me angry? Well, you've got it. I'm angry."
"With us or yourself?" Kaname's intent eyes caught his and wouldn't let him look away. "There is nothing wrong with being attracted to us Zero."

"I'm not attracted to you," He snapped, irrationally perhaps, but he couldn't help it.

Neither twin rose to the provocation. They moved that small distance that didn't even exist between them. "Tell me about growing up with Cross," Kaname prodded gently, drawing his mind away from his anger. "We always wondered what it would be like."

"Cross?" He sighed. They weren't going to let him hold on to his anger apparently. "It was like living with a chameleon. Sly and sneaky but you would never know it unless you caught him in the act. Which anyone rarely did. But there was the one time…"

He got caught up in the stories, the remembrance of his childhood calming him somewhat. It amused the twins thoroughly and their laughter warmed him down to the marrow of his bones, his anger put on the back burner until he could think about it far from their presence. So he told them tales of growing up with a trickster like Cross, all the while vowing to strangle the man for putting him in a position like this. He kept them laughing through dinner and when they stood outside his door later that evening, he could barely remember being angry.

But he didn't forget their kisses. So he was warm and flushed as they cornered him against his door, his cheeks red with the memory. Two sets of eyes glimmered with the knowledge of what they did to him, as different as ice was to flame and he knew that it was going to be a fight for the entire six weeks. He didn't demur as he was once again caught, first Kaname's then Takuma's mouth bestowing light kisses on him. He watched them go, the wooden door supporting his weak knees.

He wondered how he was going to deny them when they decided to turn their full powers of seduction on him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the kudos!

Until Next Time........
Straight Through The Heart

Chapter Summary

Denial

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Own None of the Characters and all of the plot

A/N At Bottom

Let's Go!

Chapter Seventeen: Straight Through The Heart

Uryuu

He fidgeted with the collar of his navy button down shirt. His nerves jangled, silver alarm bells that worked better than his alarm clock. It was two minutes to five and he was more nervous than a turkey on the weekend before Thanksgiving. His eyes studied the clock again. He didn't know how Ichigo would get inside the building but when the strawberry said he was going to do something, he did it. So here he was waiting and jumpy as hell, anticipating the best and expecting the worst. Because he and Ichigo could only end one way and he was pretty sure Ichigo was betting on that. It had taken him a full night of bad dreams to admit the truth he'd known all along to himself.

Ichigo was his kryptonite. He just plain did it for him. Only the fact that once he gave in to the ginger that his freedom would be severely limited stopped him from admitting it to him. The memory of just how easily Ichigo had gotten him into bed still had the power to unbalance him. But then again, he'd never wondered why his eyes always searched for Ichigo in the hallways and why he was always incapable of looking him in the eye whenever the strawberry caught his eyes. He'd told himself that it was simply because he was a vibrant, seeable part of the in crowd. That was until Ichigo had stripped him naked and touched him in places hadn't even known were erogenous.

It rankled him to admit it. But he should have admitted it long ago. Knowing your weakness was half the battle. Or so he was told. It only served to make him even more fidgety as he waited. He would have just left and let Ichigo knock on the door until he gave up. But that was the problem with Ichigo. He never gave up.

I just can't let him touch me this time.

Shit! Like that's going to happen.

No matter how hard he tried to fight or run, the strawberry always managed to pull his card. Every single damn time! It infuriated him, how easily he fell whenever Ichigo turned on his powers of persuasion. He made Uryuu believe that he wanted to be his property. Made him think a collar around his throat was a good thing. And while he was trapped in his arms he believed it wholeheartedly. It was only when the sensual fog receded that he remembered it wasn't, that Ichigo
was worse than his dad. He'd only just managed to escape before because Rukia had been more than a match for him. But he didn't have that protection here. None of them did. And there was no mistake. All of them were under attack. It was too convenient to be coincidence. His eyes narrowed as his mind turned to the conundrum. How did all of them know each other? The boys had all come to the boarding school from different cities and towns. Hell, Zero hadn't even known them or the twins before he'd come here. So how were they all connected?

The brisk knock rattled the door, yanking him from his nervy reverie. His eyes latched onto what he was currently considering the portal to hell. He walked to it slowly.

Oh, how the fates must be laughing at him.

He paused just at the door, his hand millimeters away from the handle. He could almost feel the carnal energy flowing through the door; could feel the other male on the other side, a waiting stillness that pulled his nerves tight. He imagined he could hear Ichigo breathing.

"Uryuu, I know you're there. I can feel you. Open the door."

He jumped, startled as the deep, persuading voice penetrated the wood of the door. The blush was instantaneous, sweeping up his neck in shocking fire of emotion.

His Achilles heel. The one person who could get him to accept the chains he'd worked so strenuously to avoid. And he realized suddenly that he was on the cusp of surrender, that flagrant display of lust last night having shaken his defenses. He snatched his hand away from where it had been hovering over his throat like a trapped moth and grabbed the knob. He bit his lip, cursing himself for just not leaving when he had the chance and swung the door open.

And just that quickly, that simply, he was caught, mesmerized by the sensual, visual feast that Ichigo provided. Ichigo was dressed simply in blue jeans and a brown leather jacket that opened to let Uryuu see the cotton shirt that clung to his chest, outlining the muscles there. He jerked his eyes up, still blushing furiously. His dark blue eyes collided with amber and he couldn't look away. He wasn't strong enough.

The years they'd spent apart had carved the last of the adolescence from Ichigo's face, leaving a more refined sculpture of masculinity behind. The strong angular cheekbones that framed his stubborn chin; the straight, clean line of his nose. The full grace of his lips. All of it appealed so greatly to him that he knew all he had to do was take that first step of surrender and he'd never get away again. And everything that exuded from Ichigo screamed at him to just let go, the will saturated aura pulling at him, urging him to just give in.

"Are you just going to stand there staring at me all night?"

Warm fingers circling his wrist jolted him out of his fixated observation. He barely had time to brace himself with a hand flat against Ichigo's chest to avoid being pulled against it. Even that small contact shortened his breath and he acknowledged to himself that he was in trouble. He should have just ran when he'd had the chance. He covered his reaction with anger as he always did, glaring into hazel eyes.

Ichigo grinned back, unperturbed by his temper. "I don't mind though, as long as you're staring at me." The fingers tightened pulling him inexorably closer.

He resisted trying to push the strawberry away with his free hand. "What are you doing?"

Ichigo chuckled. "Saying hi."
Uryuu bared his teeth as lips with the consistency of silk brushed fire over his cheek, rivaling the blaze already there. Only Ichigo's grip kept him from stepping back. Or so he told himself. He had a terrible feeling this year was going to be a year of lying to himself.

"You look good," Ichigo breathed against his cheek and the stain on his cheeks became brighter under Ichigo's lips.

He hadn't even been in his presence five minutes and already the strawberry was working his magic. His stomach twisted with dismay. He really had to nip this in the bud before it really got started up again. With great difficulty he schooled his features into his usual expressionless facade.

"What are you doing here Ichigo? I thought I made it quite plain last night that I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Yeah, I picked up on that while you were sucking on my tongue."

His mouth fell open, chin hitting Ichigo's chest and the blush reached super nova status. He wrenched his hand away and took a firm step back. "If I remember correctly, you were the one sucking on my tongue, you uncouth barbarian."

Ichigo rubbed his chest like he was in pain, still smiling. "Oh the insults."

Uryuu frowned. "You've wasted your time. I'm not going anywhere with you."

"Even if it's to shoot?"

That stopped his retreat as effectively as if Ichigo had opened the doors to heaven, hating the all too knowing look in the ginger's eyes. "What have you done now?"

Ichigo smirked and pulled a ring of keys out of his pocket, swinging them before Uryuu's eyes like a hypnotist. "Here, I have the keys to the archery club's room. I thought you would like to see it before it's pristine walls are crowded with people. You were going to join the archery club right?"

He forcibly separated his eyes from the keys. "Yes, I was." He pushed his glasses up to hide his surprise. He should have known that Ichigo would remember.

"So quit arguing and come see."

He hesitated a fraction of a second, the offer too tempting to pass up. "Fine. Let me get my bow." He deliberately didn't see the triumph that made Ichigo's eyes glow as he turned away, feeling them taking in the tight cut of his jeans. Trying to convince himself that he hadn't dressed for Ichigo's benefit.

Yep, this was the year of lying to himself.

They walked in silence, watching students mill around campus. Though he tried to observe the campus they were walking across, Uryuu was hyper aware of the male walking at his side like he owned the school, his stride long and confident. He noted the way everyone gave them a wide berth, the girls eyes homing in on him then darting away. Uryuu wanted to look and see what expression the strawberry was wearing. He didn't dare, but it just outlined just how serious his situation was. The students were scampering around them like Ichigo was a member of the mob. It made him desperately want to know what exactly the bad boys club was.

He opened his mouth when he couldn't take the silence anymore. "How are Yuzu and Karin?"

"They're good. Happy that I ran into you here. Yuzu wants you to sew another costume for her pet
lion."

This time Uryuu did glance at him, but only because he was surprised. He'd forgotten all about the little stuffed animal that Yuzu doted on, forgot he'd sewn for her.

"Ummm." He really didn't know what to say.

Ichigo turned so that he could see the smirk that graced his tempting mouth. "You really are handy with the needle and thread. You'll make a good house-

"Shut up!" He snapped, knowing just what Ichigo was going to say.

"But it's true." Ichigo was laughing now. "In fact I can't wait to get you-"

He stopped walking and speared the amused ginger with his eyes. "Do you not get the concept of shutting up?"

Ichigo turned too, eagerness turning his eyes to pale gold. "How else would I get a rise out of you? You're so entertaining when you turn that fake anger on me. Not to mention really, really cute."

"Arg-" Uryuu stifled the irritated scream that wanted to erupt from his throat, his cheeks feeling like a solar flare. He just couldn't get the last word in on the strawberry. He blinked, studying Ichigo. He looked ready to tussle and not in the literal sense of the word and he was suddenly dumped back into the night before. Ichigo certainly hadn't minded molesting him in the middle of the club. "What is it going to take to get you to. Leave. Me. Alone?"

It was Ichigo's turn to look surprised. His eyes narrowed in on Uryuu. "Now who's not 'getting the concept'? When have I ever given you the impression that I'd let you go?" He took that half step that brought him too close for comfort, using his height to his advantage. "If you still have thoughts of getting away, throw them out of the window right now. I'm not going anywhere and neither are you."

Dark blue eyes edged nervously away from determined amber ones and landed on a girl who was watching them with obvious fascination. He realized that yet again, Ichigo had made him forget his surroundings. He might as well wear a sign on his head that said 'Ichigo's'. Truly pissed at himself now, he whirled and stomped away. A hand gripped his elbow before he'd taken two steps, propelling him forward.

"The archery club is in that building just up ahead," Ichigo whispered in his ear.

Uryuu went ramrod straight and would have stopped if Ichigo hadn't still been moving. Taking him where he wanted to go.

"Damn it let go! I'm not going!" It was like a bad reenactment of the night before.

"Well, we could just go back to your room."

That was soooo not happening. He thought of all the surfaces that Ichigo could get him on. And there'd be no one to interrupt and save his ass this time.

"Fine. But after this we're not seeing each other again."

Ichigo laughed, a deep, vibrant sound that touched places low in his body where no hand was meant to go. It caused his body to harden, the anticipation of hearing that laugh while he was tangled in Ichigo's sheets making him trip over his own feet.
Get it together Uryuu Ishida!

He imagined his father's strident voice in his head hoping that it would be a deterrent to his errant desires. But it wasn't. Ichigo knew all his blind spots, knowing just where to hit him for the knock out. Without even half trying.

He batted Ichigo's hand away as the strawberry flung the door open and pushed him inside, huffing in angrily as he rounded on his nemesis. "Why do you always have to be so high handed?" He demanded, eyes shooting daggers, ready for the confrontation now that he was mad enough. The hallway was empty. Blessing of all blessings.

"Why won't you just give in?" Ichigo turned the question on him. "You've already admitted that you want me."

"That was years ago damn it! I got over that."

"Really?" Ichigo's voice was all kinds of incredulous. "Because last night all I had to do was keep kissing you and if your friend hadn't interrupted you would have woken up in a different bed this morning."

"Fuck you." The heat that warmed his cheeks wasn't from anger only.

"I'm trying to, but you won't let that icy guard down and let me in." Ichigo reached out stroking the pad of his thumb over his cheek again. "Always so angry. But you aren't really that angry are you? Just trying to push me away again. I want to wipe away that anger and replace it with something else. Something equally pretty." His blazing eyes said exactly what he wanted to replace it with.

"You're just like my dad," Uryuu bit out desperately. "Always trying to run my life."

Ichigo smiled and it was truly frightening, how soft the look in his eyes was. The same smile he'd worn the night he'd almost collared him. He watched as Ichigo came closer, for the life of him not able to talk his feet into retreating. He stopped when they were almost pressed flush against each other. "I'm a hundred times worse than your dad," Ichigo warned huskily. "But more gentle and a lot more loving."

Uryuu didn't have a comeback for that one, Ichigo's eyes were so tender as they stared down at him; promising him things that he secretly craved.

Ichigo held his eyes for what seemed like eternity before suddenly stepping away. "C'mon. I want to see you shoot."

Humbled by his own need, Uryuu only nodded. He didn't want to set the ginger off again. He didn't think his burning cheeks could handle it.

The archery room was large and airy, the walls white and untouched by the stream of students they would not doubt see. Uryuu fell in love with it instantly. He left Ichigo at the door as he explored, admiring the colorful bulls eyes that lined one wall, his fingers itching for the string of his bow. So intent was he on the room that he missed when Ichigo leaned on the wall, his eyes following his trim form appreciatively.

Uryuu strung his bow, a recurve almost as tall as he was, no longer paying attention to the male behind him. The world fell away as he focused on the targets. His tension eased away as he sent arrow after arrows singing towards the targets, as it always did when he was engaged in his favorite pastime. It took him back to days he'd spent with his grandfather, absorbing all the knowledge he'd fondly imparted. He forgot his current predicament as he shot, let the fact that his sweetest dream
or his worst nightmare was standing directly behind him. As if the selfish strawberry would let him forget for long.

"You know, I've always loved watching you shoot." Ichigo's svelte voice licking across his ear drum broke his concentration. He was lucky the arrow had already zinged to the target or he might have shot his foot off. He parted his lips to hiss an insult over his shoulder.

And Ichigo put a hand on him.

It was a simple touch really. Just a hand at the base of his spine. But it was Ichigo touching him and with him it was never simple. The touch burned and all of the angry desire flared to life. Ichigo's fingers curled in the fabric of his shirt pulling him back so that no space remained between their bodies, arms sliding around his waist under his bow. Those wicked fingers played with the hem.

"Ichi-

"Shhh. No arguing right now," Ichigo soothed, each word sending a puff of heat over the susceptible skin of his ear. "I used to watch you and I was so jealous." Soft lips touched the side of his throat and his eyelids fluttered shut as fire ranged from the contact.

"You were jealous of me?" He sighed, helpless against the feeling of Ichigo holding him. That was when he realized that no matter how angry he pretended to be with the ginger, the fire that he caused would always simmer just below his skin.

"No." Ichigo shook his head, chin rubbing back and forth across his shoulder. "I was jealous of that damn bow."

"What?" He whispered the question, barely coherent with insidious fingers stroking the bare skin of his stomach. Ichigo blew on his thumping pulse and he shivered like a tuning fork. "Every time you touched it, you forgot about everything else. You never even noticed that I was there. Watching."

"You came to the matches?" He was amazed. He'd never thought he was interested.

"Every single one after I learned you were a member of the archery club. You always looked so happy." His voice hardened and his arms tightened. "I wanted to be the one who put that look on your face."

Somehow he managed to speak as Ichigo seduced him with hands and words. "You're going about it all wrong."

Ichigo nibbled the lobe of his ear in retaliation. "Am I?" He licked the bite, smiling at Uryuu's moan. "I guess I'll have to try harder."

"Really, you don't have to," He returned breathlessly, heart pounding, trembling at the sensation Ichigo caused so effortlessly within him.

"Shut up," Ichigo murmured against tender skin wringing another shiver from him. He plucked the bow from limp fingers and crouched slowly to place it on the floor reverently. Uryuu let it go, though he suspected he really didn't have a choice, his senses alert to Ichigo's every move now. His eyes opened when Ichigo tugged him back into his arms, turning him into the waiting kiss.

Ichigo took him with ruthless sophistication, sinking into his mouth in a slow, silken plunge. It
seemed their years apart had also taught him patience. He invaded the balmy heat as if he had all the time in the world, stroking Uryuu's tongue in leisurely stripes that brought him to his toes. His arms were steel bars across his back as he pressed Uryuu hard against his chest. The hard hold, the slick sliding persuasion. The contrast was devastating, melting the icy defenses he'd barely had time to rebuild. Sizzling desire rose from the lake as Ichigo withdrew then proceeded to take over again, this time even more slowly, binding him with incremental lunges until he was once again submerged completely inside. He didn't resist at all as Ichigo took him to the floor too lost in the soft caresses of his mouth.

Everything faded away as Ichigo lowered his body over his, leaning harder into his mouth, tongue gliding firmly, upping his attack. Only the hot coupling of their mouths mattered, only that could quench the heated aura that surrounded them. And cause more with each nibble, stroke and touch. Uryuu moved restlessly so that his entire body was caressed, the sound of his pleasure silenced as Ichigo dove into the depths of his mouth.

He accepted, sucking, drawing his tormenter even deeper, giving himself up the scorching exploration. He held Ichigo tight, his fingers tangling in the soft strands of his hair as he drove their mouths together even harder. Ichigo shivered above him forcing his lips wider as he immersed himself in the sweetness that he wanted to own, taking his breath as if they were underwater and Uryuu his source of air.

When he pulled away again, Uryuu didn't have the breath to protest, his body limp, his senses singing. He could only blink at the ceiling as Ichigo's mouth and hands began to travel down his overheated form. Ichigo growled as he tipped his head to the side, unconsciously baring his throat in submission. His sanity tried to resurface when he felt dexterous fingers go to work on the buttons of his shirt. Ichigo's tongue fluttering over the tender skin over his pulse sent it back down into the cave of mindlessness.

His pants were only puffs of air as Ichigo drew on the sensitive skin, bolts of pleasure searing his mind and body. He told himself, the voice weak in the besieged paths of him mind, that he had to get Ichigo to stop. Before he devastated him completely. His mind knew it, but his body wouldn't obey, instead trying to get even closer to what it needed. He tugged hard on Ichigo's hair.

"Ichi….Mmmm." His intended plea ended faster than it began as Ichigo brought his teeth into play, capturing the soft skin, lashing it with his tongue. He twitched, every sleek lash a jolt of lewd electricity. His moan beat at the walls of the room as Ichigo sucked harder, rubbing his chest against Uryuu's naked one, his hands kneading the firm globes of his ass.

Fuck!

He couldn't stop his gasp at the combined sensations. The cloth abraded his nipples to aching hardness while Ichigo slid their bodies together, hard erections meeting in the middle. The rapture bowed his body off the floor. It flowed up his body like liquid sin. Tension followed it as he felt the orgasm approach.

Nooooo!

He moaned the protest in his head, his mouth refusing to utter it. Ichigo undulated above him gracefully, rubbing their cocks together in an erotic symphony that infused him with lyrical lasciviousness. It wiped the slate of his mind clean. It felt sooo good as all of his erogenous zones submitted to Ichigo's expertise and the salacious wave climbed higher, drowning him. Ichigo's mouth clamped tighter, sucking fiercely all the while he grazed his erection over his. The tension snapped abruptly as the wave crashed over him, the orgasm taking him suddenly, sending him tumbling depths of sensual release.
He resurfaced long moments later, Ichigo's tongue still stroking languidly over his skin, the saturated cloth over their crotches still plastered together. Sensing his return, Ichigo relinquished his still tender skin, chuckling into the cove of his throat.

"If I can make you come just by sucking your neck, imagine how it will be when I'm deep inside you Uryuu."

He didn't have the strength to make a snappy comeback.

He was done lying to himself for the day.

Chapter End Notes

Damn I really Love This Story!!! Thank you for all of your kudos and comments!!!

Until Next Time..........
You For Me

Chapter Summary

Pining

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Do Not Own Any Of The Characters/Just The Plot

A/N At Bottom

Let's Go!

Revenge of The Nerds: Chapter Eighteen

You For Me

Fai

He was incredibly bored. And horny. And really there was nothing incredible about that.

He found himself alone on a Sunday afternoon, all of his friends occupied. Naruto was too busy hiding from his childhood friend, Kaza was tied up in his family affair and Uryuu was presumably being wooed by the sexy wolf from last night.

So he walked across campus alone, scoping prospects, finding that none of them appealed to him in the slightest. He was halfway across campus when he realized why. None of them were tall enough. Or dark enough. Definitely not dangerous enough catch his interest. Definitely not strong enough to handle him. He found that his eyes searched higher than any of the other men on campus, so no one found focus in his gaze. He wondered idly if he should stop and ask one of the students where the BBC house was so he could walk by, nonchalantly of course, and maybe accidentally see who he really wanted to see.

Uryuu's warning tried to surface from the frustrated waves of his thoughts and was dunked again as he sighed morosely. He wanted the tall raven haired bombshell to distraction and he hadn't even met him properly yet. Having to stay away from what attracted him, was torture.

I mean, how bad can it be?

It wasn't like he wanted a relationship. He just wanted to have fun and a little relaxation. One time and he would be tired of the raven. That's the way it worked in his world. No ties. No attachments. And he always stuck to his guns. Romances begin and ended all the time. He couldn't be bothered to make it work.

Damn it!

He stuffed his hands in his pockets as he walked, zoning out so he really didn't see the other students. Maybe Uryuu was wrong, too paranoid with the experience of meeting that sexy ginger
agian. It'd certainly unbalanced him.

Because really, who would want to collar someone against their will? This wasn't the stone age. The approach to sex was sophisticated. He was sure that something could be worked out. Because the thought of having the ebony haired man between his thighs was arousing in the extreme. The fantasy rolled through his mind like thunder. He could almost feel the sculpted muscles beneath his fingers, feel the sweat running down his skin. Imagined those large, strong hands on his hips as the he thrust into him. He swiped a hand across his suddenly damp forehead as he absently turned around a corner of one of the school buildings and found himself in an over populated quad.

Damn, I found where the pre school party is.

Because that's what it seemed to be. There were an abundant amount of students milling around, knots of them congregating on the huge grassy lawn that was lined with thick stone benches and tables. His eyes roamed interestedly over the massive number of students, again aiming for the sky. And maybe there was someone here who met his criteria. Every one in the school couldn't be small and effeminate. There had to be some- Oh shit!

Thump. Thump. Thump.

He paused, his feet stopping in shock as he spotted what he really wanted, standing in a mixed group of men and women, tall and proud,in a black leather letterman jacket lined in red. He was leaned casually on a table, a pale washed out blonde chatting animatedly with him. Vaguely, Fai noticed the red haired companion from earlier standing a little ways away from him, speaking in the phone that was pressed to his ear. As he watched the flame haired male stared at the phone in patent disbelief before dialing numbers furiously. But he couldn't care about that, not with his fantasy so tantalizingly close. His eyes invariably strayed back to the tall specimen of handsomeness and didn't leave again. He didn't even notice the curious stares he was collecting. He only had eyes for his dream.

Damn. It gets better every time I see him.

His sable hair glinted in the sunlight and his shoulders filled out the leather of his jacket as if it had been made especially for him. And maybe it had. Nothing could fit that well unless it was well planned. Jeans done in the color of pitch molded to his powerful thighs. The girl speaking with him was plainly as infatuated as he was, her cheeks slightly reddened with blush. Her eyes sparkled as she looked up at him seemingly enraptured.

It pissed him off.

I'm the only one who should be in his sphere damn it!

He was moving in his bombshell's direction before he thought about it. It didn't even register that he was jealous. It was such an unfamiliar feeling, he figured it was just adrenaline from finally having what he wanted so close.

Garnet eyes flickered over him as he approached, looked away in disinterest before swinging back to him again. For a moment bright flames filled the red eyes and he felt a….familiarity as those eyes settled on him. The placid blonde at his side fell silent as Fai walked up. They both stared at him as the silence began to eat through the noise that surrounded them. Finally the dark haired skyscraper tilted his head to the side.

"Yes? Was there something you needed?"
"Um. I. Um." The concept of speech eluded him as the deep, baritone voice curled over and around him like a silken rope, snaring him like some great electric spider web, forced the first thing that came to mind from his throat. "Do you know where the library is?" He croaked. Embarrassment made his cheeks burn with red even as the raven gestured absentmindedly in the the direction to his right.

"Right over there, around the building. It's the only entrance."

And just like that he was dismissed. Disbelief kept Fai rooted to the grass as the raven turned back to his conversation with the insipid girl at his side. Not even a hint of curiosity to color the exchange. He just turned away. Fai's mouth dropped open slightly, as he was, for the first time in his life, singularly ignored. It caused another unfamiliar feeling within him. Rejection.

He couldn't remember another time when he'd been this flat-out rejected.

Thump.

Ruby eyes skewered him again as he just stood there in shock. "Was there something else you wanted?"

The inflection on that word set him in motion again. He shook in head in mortification and turned smartly on his heel. No gaze touched his back as he walked away and that was even worse, his presence as insignificant as one drop of rain on a hot pavement.

As it turned out, he really did go to the library, his mind reeling with the sheer incredulousness that the earthquake that was himself hadn't even registered on someone's richter scale.

He sat in the quiet of the library and swore to himself that no matter what it took, he would get the luscious raven to notice him.

And into his bed.

Chapter End Notes

Until Next Time........
The Fall Out Part One

Chapter Summary

Actions and Consequences

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I DO NOT OWN ANY OF THE CHARACTERS/ONLY THE PLOT
A/N AT BOTTOM
LET'S GO!

Chapter Nineteen

The Fall Out: Part One

General POV

Kaza hurriedly sipped his cola, hiding his burning cheeks from the rest of the room or more likely, trying to avoid Rikuo's lascivious stare. His brother sat across from him, lounging casually on the floor of the living room as they all sat around the clue game board. Rikuo's eyes had barely left him the entire time they'd spent at their father's house. Kakei and Saiga were snuggled together looking at him expectantly.

"So how is it so far?" His father asked casually and his cheeks felt like twin flames on his face.

"It's good," He answered, careful to avoid Rikuo's knowing look. "I have my own room and I even met a new friend today."

"A new friend?" Rikuo interceded before Kakei could even think of the question. Kaza looked at him before he could remind himself not too. His brother's black eyes resembled obsidian blades at the moment, ready to cut at the slightest provocation. Kaza read the dare in those eyes and shied away. He'd made sure that the raven was on the other side of the board, avoiding him since the moment they'd walked through the door, not able to deal with the heavy sensuality that saturated his presence. He knew his brother only allowed it because they were home and he didn't want to make Kakei distraught. But he knew the moment they were alone, the shit would hit the fan, the raven's frustration clear in the air.

"I knew I shouldn't have come."

But if he hadn't Kakei would have just sent Rikuo anyway or come himself and he would have...
been hard pressed to come up with a reason to why he'd missed family night.

"So, is this friend better than the misfits you currently hang out with?"

Kaza grimaced, shooting his dad a disgusted look. "No. I'd say he was a misfit just like the rest of us."

"Oh well, then I'll have Rikuo look after you a little more," Kakei huffed. "I can't have you falling into trouble because you don't know how to pick your friends."

"What?" Kaza's mouth fell open. "When have I ever gotten into trouble?"

Everyone in the room smiled as Kakei responded. "There was the time that you all decided that the principal's car would look good covered in eggs and toilet paper or the time-"

"Okay! Okay!" Kaza threw his hands up in exasperation. "But we're in college now. I doubt that we have time for practical jokes."

"Hmmph. With that Naruto it's hard to tell." Kakei's look was as pointed as the top of a triangle. "I don't think he will ever give up those ridiculous pranks he loves so much."

"Can we just get off this subject?" Kaza grumbled. "The game is half way done and I have class tomorrow."

"Yes, but at twelve. Another thing I blame on Naruto. You should get up early and get the most out of your day."

Kaza would have responded but Rikuo's look was too full of victory and suddenly he didn't feel like defending his choices. "Let's just finish the game already. Class. Tomorrow," He emphasized, once again turning his eyes from Rikuo's. "I want to get a full nights rest tonight."

"Oh," Kakei commented casually. "You didn't sleep well last night?"

Kaza opened his mouth, realized there was no proper way to respond and promptly shut it again. Rikuo however jumped in with an answer. "Kaza spent all night at a club with his misfit band."

The amusement was so heavy in his voice that Kaza glared at him. Kakei didn't disappoint.

"A club!" His father shook his head, rising to his feet. He waved his hand in Saiga's face. "I told you those three were a bad influence on him, but no 'let him go to a University' you said, 'it'll be good for him' you said. I hope you're happy now!"

Kaza watched in bemusement as father began to pick up empty snack bowels, heading for the kitchen. Saiga followed him with an enigmatic look in Rikuo's direction. The raven didn't even notice, so intent was he on Kaza. Kakei didn't disappoint.

"Someone has to protect you, if you won't let me do it." Rikuo lowered his voice so that it only reached the two of them. "Why did you take the bus? Running? You have to know it's not going to work now."

Kaza huffed, his chest filling with righteous air. "I don't have to run! I just didn't want to be with you! You pervert!"

Rikuo laughed, the warm sound making the muscles in Kaza's chest tight. "Is that the best
comeback you can come up with? Don't worry I'll teach you more during pillow talk."

Scarlet painted Kaza's cheeks brilliantly as he snapped, "You imbecile!" He couldn't think of anymore to say. It was obvious, after last night that there would be a fair amount of pillow talk. Especially if Rikuo could help it. "I'm taking the bus home too."

"I'd like to see you try," Rikuo returned silkily and suddenly he was in Kaza's space, the board no hinderance. He loomed above him, threateningly. "The days where you get your own say are over Kaza, whether you like it or not.

The blonde scrambled backwards frantically, his foot catching the board and scattering pieces. "Damn it! Look at what you made me do!"

"It doesn't matter. Rikuo's look was smug. "I know who did it anyway."

"You don't," Kaza rebutted.

A black eyebrow lifted in superiority. "It was Mr. Green in the billiard room, with the rope."

"Wha!" Kaza gaped up at his tormentor, his words sending a wave of heat through him. "No way!"

"Check."

"I will!" Kaza grabbed the little yellow envelope and shook the cards into his hand. His eyes widened in surprise as the the scenario Rikuo had just described played out in his hand. "What did you do? Cheat?"

"I'm just that go-"

"What are you two doing?"

Kaza turned his head in horror as Kakei strolled back into the living room, speechless, completely aware of how they looked with Rikuo hovering over him, their bodies inches apart.

"Making sure Kaza knows his place."

The one in question couldn't hide his astonishment at his brother's bold declaration. He watched in flabbergasted shock as Kakei turned and pushed Saiga back into the kitchen, knowledge darkening his eyes. "Yes, well maybe you should make sure there are no more late nights at the club."

What in the hell? Kaza's attention swung back to Rikuo in confusion. His brother was grinning in triumph.

"I told you didn't I?" He murmured, drawing a finger across Kaza's blushing cheek. "You shouldn't have moved out."

Kaza couldn't scoot backwards as Rikuo's long, hot fingers curled around his nape, pulling him forward.

Damn it! Kaza thought dazedly as firm lips smoothed over his.

He was screwed. Literally.

ROTN

"Uryuu."
Uryuu flinched as the deep voice seemed to cut through the wood of the bathroom door and sunk deep under his skin. He splashed water on his face and looked at his stark, pale face in the mirror. He looked as shaken as he felt. His heart was still pounding and the sensation of acute lust still thundered along his raw nerves. It echoed in his vulnerable eyes. There was no way he was going to open that door.

"Go away Ichigo." His voice rebounded off the walls of the bathroom, the tiles magnifying the harshness in it.

"You know that's not going to happen." In direct opposition, Ichigo's voice was low, soothing, and dominant.

The perfect voice to talk someone down from the cliff, Uryuu reflected bitterly, as if all this wasn't his fault to begin with. He'd knocked the imperfect walls of Uryuu's life down with one act and now he was threatening to raze it to the ground. He lifted a shaking hand and touched his swollen lips. They still throbbed from the pressure of Ichigo's and he swore they burned with the residual heat of the ginger.

The walk back to his room had been a study in awkwardness, with Ichigo trailing him. The strawberry had strong armed his way in, making it plain that Uryuu's days sans Ichigo were over. He'd escaped to the bathroom with the excuse of changing clothes and locked himself. Almost an hour had passed and he fully intended to stay until Ichigo left. And that wasn't looking good. He turned and glared at Ichigo through the door.

"I'm not coming out until you leave."

A dark chuckle met his threat. "Well, then I suppose we'll spend the night like this because I have no intention leaving just yet."

Uryuu growled in frustration and sat with his back to the door. "I'm not coming out. Go away."

"Fine." The answering creak of the door as Ichigo leaned against it grated on his nerves. "We'll just stay this way."

Silence stretched between them, each minute of it winding Uryuu tighter and tighter. He jumped when Ichigo spoke again.

"You're fighting too hard Uryuu." Ichigo's voice was cajoling.

"You call trying to maintain my freedom fighting too hard?" Uryuu snapped.

"There's a different sort of freedom in just letting go. I just want to show you how much pleasure there is in it. That's a freedom within itself. To let it overtake you, not bound by the everyday rules of the ordinary world. I want to give that to you. What's so wrong in that?"

Uryuu quivered at the seductive words, the desire to give in and just give Ichigo what he wanted, no what they both wanted a deep ache in his bones, in his blood, in his cock. He breathed hard, fighting against the need. "That's what makes it so dangerous." His voice was just a glimmer of sound but he knew Ichigo heard. "That I want to give in and give you everything."

"Finally we're making progress," Ichigo sighed, his words lowered to an enticing murmur. Sensing his hesitation, he pressed. "Come out Uryuu. I just want to touch you. I promise I won't take it any further than that…..tonight."

Fuck!
Uryuu stood and swung the door open, his eyes glowing with anger. "Just because I opened the door doesn't mean I'll accept being your pet," he announced haughtily. "I was just getting tired of sitting in the bathroom."

Ichigo grinned, unperturbed now that his mission was accomplished. "Well, the fight to the finish is almost better than the finish itself."

"Idiot!" Uryuu scoffed, stalking past the strawberry, trying to hide his red cheeks. He felt more than heard Ichigo trail him to the bedroom. He grabbed the remote and flipped the t.v. on. He flopped down on the bed. "Hurry and leave!"

"My, you don't listen too well." Ichigo slid behind him, pulling him backwards into his hard body. "That's the first thing I'll remedy when you become mine fully."

Uryuu shuddered, warm lips lighting up every receptive zone along his neck.

I should have just stayed in the bathroom!

Xover

"Are you going to answer that?" Zero could hear the disgruntlement in his words as curled up against the arm of the couch, the t.v. not holding his interest in the slightest. "That has to be the hundredth time he's called since I've been here."

Naruto grunted in annoyance, reached over and turned the phone off. "So what. He's been calling all day. And after last night, I'm not answering his damn calls again."

"Remember what happened last time," Zero warned. He had a new respect for stubborn men.

"Who's going to open the door?" Naruto snapped irritably. "Besides if it were the twins would you answer the phone?" He gave Zero's own phone, sitting silent on the table a pointed look.

"I doubt they'll call. I just saw them an hour ago."

Naruto snorted. "Well, I spent the night with that teme, I'm too exhausted to deal with him today. Next year should be soon enough to see him again."

It's was Zero's turn to snort, disbelief evident in his expression. "Like that's ever going to happen. You'll be lucky if he doesn't show up at the door."

"Okay then, why don't we both turn on our phones?" Naruto challenged eyes burning sapphires in his tanned face. "Let's see what you do when your phone rings."

Zero reached over and grabbed his phone. He switched the ringer from silent to loud. "Fine. Challenge accepted."

Naruto grabbed his own phone and turned it back on.

They both sighed in relief when nothing happened.

"Maybe he got tired of calling. Serves him right after last night."

"Or maybe he's on his way here to see why you didn't answer the phone," Zero answered back. "I don't see Sasuke Uchiha giving up when he really wants something."

"And therein lies the problem. I'm pissed with him. What right does he have to decide all of a
sudden that he wants me? And he just expects me to just bow down and accept him."

Naruto began to warm up to his tirade. "He's too damn controlling." His hand crept up to touch his throat, the memory of Sasuke's fingers too disturbing for words. But not more so than the pleasure those fingers had given him. "And I don't relish every aspect of my life being controlled by him."

"When you find a solution to that problem, let me know," Zero sighed. "How in the hell did I end up in this damn situation? Damn Yuki, talking me into living on campus."

"Well, at least you have someone to blame. I wanted to come here, couldn't wait to get away from home. And it's like I'm stuck with Kakashi all over again. And I've only been here three days! Speaking of which," Naruto grumbled and opened his phone. "I have a few choice words for that bastard. He knew-"

They both jumped as the phone in the blonde's hand rang. "Speak of him and he will call," The blonde mumbled pressing the talk button. "Kakashi. Just who I wanted to speak to." His voice snapped with anger, as he began to pace around the room. "Why don't you tell me why you talked me into this school knowing that Sasuke Uchiha attended? Or how about the fact that you were giving him regular updates from the day I left?"

Knowing leaving the room was useless, he'd be able to hear him in the bedroom anyway, Zero gave the t.v. his attention again. Anything to keep it off the afternoon he'd just spent with the twins.

"Oh? And whose bright idea was that?" The blonde was saying. He was too distracted to think before he answered the door when a sharp knock vibrated the wood. Zero turned to call out sharply but it was too late. The blond swung the door open and then stared open mouthed at Sasuke who filled the doorway with his larger than normal aura.

His eyes had that sparkling angry tone that turned them to the darkest, mink sable.

Zero had to shut his mouth on the words 'I told you so'.

Naruto took a sharp step back as he spied the intent to grab his phone run through the dark eyes riveted on him. "It's Kakashi." He spoke quickly as Sasuke took a step forward, then snapped into the phone. "Speaking of your favorite Uchiha, here he is. At my front door. Traitor," He hissed snapping the phone shut on his father's words. His blue eyes blazed as he faced the raven. "What in the hell are you doing here?" He looked up and down the hallway. "And how did you get into the building?" He threw a nervous look over his shoulder frowning at his roommate. "Let's talk outside."

Sasuke nodded at Zero and allowed himself to be ushered back out the door, but didn't step back far enough so that he invaded Naruto's personal space. Naruto treated him to a cold glance. "Why are you here?"

The raven smirked down at him. "You keep asking the same question no matter how many times I answer it." He leaned closer and Naruto shivered as his warm breath skated up his ear. "You."

The blonde crossed his arms trying to force Sasuke backwards. It didn't work. "No, I mean what are you doing here right now?"

"Well, obviously I wanted to talk to you, but someone wasn't answering their phone." The raven glanced at his watch. "I thought we could grab something to eat. Chill for a couple of hours and then sleep. With you wrapped in my arms of course," He answered the obvious question Naruto was going to ask.
"Hell no! If I slept with you I wouldn't get any sleep." Naruto protested. "And school starts tomorrow. I want to be wide awake for it."

"I don't plan on keeping you up tonight. I like having you in my bed. One taste and I'm addicted."

"No, you're the same old spoiled Sasuke Uchiha!" Naruto hated how weak his voice sounded. He couldn't deny that the entire offer was appealing, but that road was dangerous. The raven was his weakness and he knew it all too well."

"Well?" Sasuke prompted, "What is it going to be? You sleep in my bed or I sleep in yours?"

"Huh? When did that option hit the table." Naruto shook himself out of his private thoughts. "You're not sleeping here. I have a roommate if you hadn't noticed."

"So it's my bed then."

"You are out of your damned mind! Go home Sasuke. I'll play with you some other time." He turned and heard Sasuke sigh as his hand touched the doorknob. He let out a small eep of surprise when the raven's large hand clamped down on his shoulder like steel. "When are you going to learn Naruto? But then you were always thickheaded. Get your jacket and the clothes you want to wear tomorrow." The promise in his voice was clear. Either Naruto came of his own will or Sasuke's.

"Wait." Naruto turned desperately, pushing against Sasuke's chest, ignoring how good the raven felt beneath his hands. "Dinner, okay, but I'll spend the night with you another time."

Sasuke seemed to consider the idea then shook his head. "No deal. Your's or mines. You can make the decision at dinner. Get your jacket."

Naruto stared up at him in frank astonishment, seeing the made decision in the black eyes.

Damn it! I should have never answered the door!

Chapter End Notes

Just continuing to post the chapters I have written.

After a long day at work this is the only thing that soothes me!

Until Next Time......
Chapter Summary

Hunger

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Do Not Own Any of the Characters/Only the Plot
A/N At Bottom
Let's Go!

Chapter Twenty

Hunger

Naruto

He cowered as far from the raven as the small, intimate booth would allow and still it wasn't far enough. The raven's sheer presence was overwhelming. The dark eyes seemed to reach out and grab him so intense was Sasuke's stare. The Uchiha's elbows were on the table, his fingers steepled under his chin, his gaze unwavering. The remnants of their meal lay in shambles between them, his only half eaten. For once in his life his appetite was tamed. The silence was so tight between them, he felt if he moved he would break. Sasuke, true to his word had taken him to dinner and proceed to grill him about his life after he'd left, digging for the things Kakashi hadn't been able to impart.

"Have you decided?"

He couldn't help it. He trembled as the raven's raspy voice purred over his skin. He licked his lips, nervous, his usual loud mouth curbed by the ravenous waves that spilled out from Sasuke. The memory of Sasuke's hands and mouth all over him was still too fresh. And from the way he was looking at him, he wanted them all over him again. Short of knocking the Uchiha over the head and making a run for it, he didn't see a way to stall him.

"I-" He stopped, licked his lips again, desire and panic pouring through him like a chaotic waterfall, narrowing his vision down to Sasuke. The restaurant around him faded into obscurity. The skin around his throat tingled in anticipation as he remembered the fingers that had caressed the flesh there. Or more like given him a taste of what the raven planned for him.

Dual memories twinned through him. Sasuke telling him how worthless he considered him, Sasuke's mouth sucking seductively on his neck. It made him ache in equal amounts of pain and yearning. He stood on the edge of a cataclysmic decision and yet not. The raven was going to have him whether he liked it or not. And really if he were honest with himself he really did want the raven. With an almost greedy desperation that he'd thought he'd gotten over years ago. Last night had proven him wrong. The problem was he didn't know exactly where that road would lead. He'd given his heart to Sasuke before only to have him trample it like so much garbage beneath his feet. He really wasn't willing to do it again, because despite the pain that the raven had given him before
he knew it would only be a matter of time before he fell hard for him again.

"Shit!" He stood suddenly, scooting out of the booth with skittish speed.

"Naruto!"

He ignored the Sasuke's demanding voice and headed for the door, the dual feelings in his heart getting the best of him, the panic driving him.

The raven caught up with him as he was reaching for the locked door of the Viper, his confused mind set on trying to outrun the crossroad that loomed ahead of him. He gasped when Sasuke jerked him around and pinned him against the car, his eyes a darker fury than the tempest that seethed in Naruto's soul.

"Running again?" He rasped angrily, bolting Naruto down with his body in case the blonde tried to flee again, his hands gripping the car on either side of him. Naruto stood absolutely still as Sasuke's glittering eyes bored into him, his own hands pressed against the raven's chest. He stared up at his dream man, trapped between him and his dream car, the tantalizing thrum of his heart beating under his fingers. He knew his own eyes were vulnerable but he was helpless to hide what Sasuke was searching for in the windows to his soul.

He pushed, trying to put a modicum of space between the both of them. His raven wasn't having it. He leaned all of his weight on the smaller blonde until the hard ridges of their bodies melded together. His lips brushed the soft skin of Naruto's cheek then his temple.

"How long are you going to be afraid?" He took a deep breath, sucking in the delicious scent that he'd waited four years to smell again. "How long is it going to take me to convince you that I'm serious?"

"How should I know?" Naruto's voice lowered to a shadowy whisper, soothed by Sasuke's sudden gentleness. "But more than two days." His fingers dug into the fabric of Sasuke's shirt. They refused to relinquish their hold no matter how much he willed them to. "Why does it matter so much?"

Sasuke pulled back, his eyes unfathomable. "Why? Why you ask me?" His hands slipped under Naruto's shirt, caressing satin skin. Naruto drew in a sharp breath, the liquid sensation of desire rippling through him.

"S-s-sasuke." His tongue tripped, his breath shorting as Sasuke's fingers stoked a response from him.

"Shh, let me," Sasuke crooned, nipping his ear. "Look just this touch and you're ready to come. Just for me."

Naruto shuddered and tried to lean away from him as he felt the need to give in only to find his retreat impeded by the dream car behind him. He glared at his childhood nemesis.

"No Sasuke! Everything can't be solved with sex!" He was suddenly incensed. "You broke my heart! And now you just waltz back into my life and everything is just supposed to be okay! I know that for you who has no emotions it's easy, but everyone can't be like you! We have emotions, we care. All you care about is that the almighty Uchiha gets his way!"

Sasuke stilled above him, his aura crackling around them dangerously. "My way?" His fingers tightened, causing Naruto yelp in surprise. "My way?"
Naruto gulped when he was suddenly yanked forward and then pushed back into the car after Sasuke unlocked the door. He watched in stress as Sasuke rounded the car, his long strides tense with anger. Damn it Naruto! Can't you keep your mouth shut for once?

Because an angry Sasuke was a making life living hell Sasuke. Shit! There goes my college life! He despaired.

The raven didn't speak as he got in the car and started it. The viper purred to life with a powerful rumble. He didn't look at Naruto as he maneuvered the car out of the restaurant's parking lot. In fact he didn't speak the entire ride and that shook Naruto even more. And for once he didn't try to fill the silence with idle chatter. The atmosphere in the car was hot as if an ember of emotion could spark a fire at any minute. Naruto huddled as far from the raven as the seatbelt would allow. He was frantically thinking about how to control the damage. He was still thinking when Sasuke glided to a stop in front of a sprawling red brick house with a wrap around porch of whitewashed wood. The house had obviously been modernized, with large windows that seemed to stare down at him ominously. He gaped at what had to be the BBC house. It was not what he'd expected at all. Hell, he'd expected Sasuke to take him home after he'd so obviously pissed him off.

The soft snick of the car door opening drew his attention back to Sasuke who stood over him, eyes enigmatic, broad shoulders set with tension. Naruto didn't have time to comment on the house. Sasuke's hand encircled his wrist, pulling him from the car. He stumbled from the car, unable to avoid tumbling into Sasuke's arms. Unyielding arms that closed tight around him, securing him against that marvelous muscular body.

"Thump. Thump. Thump."

The beat of his excited heart vibrated his body making him ultra aware of the his reaction to Sasuke's nearness, the long, clean, fit lines of the raven's body melting into his. He barely heard the click of the car door closing, too focused on the way Sasuke's body moved against his as he practically began to carry him to the front door. Clarity hit him as they neared the amber wood door. He tried to stop, planting his feet on the concrete to halt their acceleration. Sasuke just barreled forward taking him along, his spicy scent a catalyst to his craving.

"Sasuke! I haven't made my decision yet, why don't we-"

"Too late Naruto." Sasuke's voice cut through his babbling, not breaking his stride. "If I let you decide we wouldn't get anywhere. All you would do is run and I can't allow that any longer."

"Damn it Sasuke!" He turned, bracing his palms against the front door they'd reached all too soon. "I'm not saying never, I just need time to-"

"No. No more time. I've waited four long years to have you and now, as you so aptly put it, I'm getting 'my way'."

He was alarmed. He'd never seen the raven like this before. "Sasuke."

"Shut up Naruto." The raven's voice was impeccable demand and his lips clamped shut against his better judgement, his protest dying as soon as it'd been born. The raven's demeanor didn't invite debate. "I've waited four long years. I think I deserve a reward for being so patient."

Oh Shit!

Shock reverberated through his system as Sasuke's fingers curled through his hair, pulling his head back, stretching the tendons in his throat tautly as his lips feathered over Naruto's plump lips. He
moaned into Sasuke's mouth, their breaths mingling even as Sasuke's tongue slid between his lips. It was too early after their first encounter, the memory of Sasuke's mouth too fresh in his mind. Heat swept over him like a flash fire, igniting an ache in his bones, setting his blood to boiling in a hot instant. The instant of madness turned into minutes of sweet agony as Sasuke dominated his mouth. Gently, slowly, completely.

He tried to draw back but was held too tightly. He tried to push Sasuke away, but the moment his hands touched the raven's warm body, that thought was lost to the wild storm that raged inside him. With no recourse for escape, Naruto gave himself up to the kiss.

Sasuke growled in triumph when his mouth softened in surrender, sucking on his tongue in reward before diving deeper into the dampness of his mouth, crushing their lips together in an airtight embrace.

He stiffened, caught in the grasp of sensual awakening. Sasuke delved even deeper in a long slide of tongue against tongue, each stroke leaving a wildfire behind. He squirmed against Sasuke's hands. His cock leaped in reaction. His hands traveled up Sasuke's torso, continuing until his fingers scrabbled at his wrists as he fought to free himself. The realization of Sasuke's intent slammed into him. Sasuke hadn't promised not to fuck him tonight.

The large, dominant hand in his hair pulled harder, refusing his silent entreaty, pressing their mouths together harder, pressing against him until he was completely flat against the front door, trapped by the raven's hard body and his greedy, devouring tongue. It teased and tasted, touching every available tender surface of his mouth until his body throbbed. Until he became so dizzy that it seemed he floated above the situation.

*Sasuke is kissing me senseless!*

Suddenly he was falling backwards, the stable door at his back nonexistent.

"Hmph!" He made a sound that walked the line between shock and pain as Sasuke landed on top on him, blinking into the bright light of the hallway he'd fallen into. He sucked desperately needed air, his mouth finally freed from Sasuke's. The raven cursed above him as he braced his hands against the floor, pushing himself off of Naruto.

"I thought I heard voices out here. I thought it was a door to door salesman." The voice splashing cold reality over them was deeply amused. Naruto turned his head in embarrassment, his cheeks ruby red. Sasuke didn't let him stew for long. Curtailed desired blazed from his eyes as he reached down and pulled him up, maneuvering so that Naruto was tucked under his arm facing the tall raven they'd watched walk by on the first day they'd arrived. He smiled down at them a half smile quirking his lips.

"Naruto this is Kurogane. Kurogane, Naruto."

The skyscraper chuckled softly. "Nice to meet you, Naruto."

He blushed fiercely at the way the tall man seemed to draw his name out on his tongue, still hot from the hedonistic kiss. "You too." He cringed at the breathless sound of his own voice.

"Naruto this is Kurogane. Kurogane, Naruto."

Kurogane gave a casual shrug of his shoulder. "I was just leaving. I have a meeting but I'm sure I'll meet you again."

Naruto nodded, still mute from discomfiture, still weak kneed from the kiss. Sasuke's arm was tight around him, tipping him into the Uchiha's body. He was already moving as the front door closed
behind Kurogane.

He barely had time to peek into the grandiose living room before Sasuke was pulling him up the staircase that the long hallway led to. They were halfway up before it dawned on him where Sasuke was leading him.

"Wait Sasuke—"

"No." Sasuke stopped abruptly on the steps, spreading his arms, blocking the avenue of escape. "No more waiting Naruto."

"Damn it Sasuke!" He paused, his tongue sweeping across his bottom in agitation.

Sasuke made an abbreviated movement before visibly checking himself. "So help me…if you lick your lips again I'll fuck you right here on the stairs."

He quivered. Sasuke looked utterly dangerous, standing in his way, his presences dark and animalistic. It was a Sasuke that he'd never seen before, couldn't have imagined it in his most creative fantasies. Yet, here he was, his dream looking at him as if he were the most delectable snack on the planet. His beleaguered mind struggled to connect this Sasuke with the sarcastic, biting Sasuke of old.

The two polar opposites stared at each other in a tense standoff that Naruto knew he couldn't win.

"So what's it going to be Naruto?" Sasuke asked silkily. "Right here? Or in my nice, comfortable bed?" The heir to the Uchiha Empire looked downright lecherous.

Oh shit! What a choice. It was a no win really. Sasuke was determined to have him. He could make it harder or easier. Frantically he tried some damage control. "Okay I'll sleep in your bed, but that's all. I really want to know the real Sasuke."

Sasuke's expression softened, his usual smirk banished in the light of the smile that transformed his beautiful face to stunning. He shook his head, laughing under his breath as he began to climb the stairs again, herding Naruto up as the blonde tried to avoid his advance.

But I'm just giving him what he wants, Naruto reasoned as he was pushed further and further up the stairs, towards Sasuke's ultimate goal. He backed into another hallway, carpeted in dark blue, the walls a creamy gold. From what he could see, there were only two doors on this floor. But obviously one of those two door were not their destination as Sasuke motioned him to the next set of steps. He moved faster as Sasuke got closer.

"So you think you don't know me?" Sasuke commented nonchalantly as if he wasn't stalking him up the stairs.

"I don't know you Sasuke," Naruto answered, still breathless. "All I know is the spoiled Uchiha heir who made my life damn near unbearable every chance he got. The boy who broke my heart. You tormented me all the time."

"Haven't you heard? Boys alway pick on the ones they like."

Naruto gaped at him, thrown. "Are you saying that you made my life a living hell because you liked me?"

"In a nutshell."
Oh, that was it. He was being too casual about the entire situation. He stopped, intending to face the raven head on then changed his mind instantly as anticipation lit Sasuke's dark eyes.

"How many floors does this thing have anyway?" He muttered instead as they came to a third floor in the building. This one had cream carpet with dark gleaming wood for walls.

"Four. We're almost there Naruto."

He didn't want to be 'almost' anywhere with the Raven, with the vibe he was giving off. It was like a playful game of cat and mouse, the ultimate goal being the mouse caught in the cat's mouth. He wished he hadn't thought about that because it brought up disturbing images of him in Sasuke's mouth, the raven all over him, wringing out every little gasping cry from his lips, tormenting him with unimaginable pleasure.

He stopped again as it finally registered on his brain. "You're really serious about this," He breathed. "You really want me as your-" He swallowed. "Sex slave."

"Sex slave, boyfriend. It's all the same to me when it comes to you."

"What if I don't want to be your sex slave, boyfriend?" Naruto demanded.

"Oh you will and I'll enjoy every minute it takes to convince you."

Naruto didn't move when Sasuke's fingers curled around his nape, jerking him into a short kiss. "Keep moving Naruto or Kaname and Takuma are going to see more of you than I'd normally allow."

"Kaname and Takuma?" Naruto questioned weakly, turned on by just that small contact.

"This is their floor. The top three floors have two rooms each. My room is on the top floor. Only one more flight of stairs to go."

Sasuke Uchiha rubbed there noses together in an uncharacteristically gentle gesture, his eyes so tender, Naruto started moving again just to escape them. He didn't want to know that the Uchiha felt that way about him. He wanted to run, escape, flee before the raven broke his heart again.

Sasuke tender? There it was again, that surrealism, like he'd fallen down the rabbit hole and Sasuke was his pusher.

With the vibrations of his heart pulsing through his blood he walked up the steps, Sasuke behind him like the supreme stalker, though he was much closer this time. He was off balance, his body and mind in tumult.

Sasuke Uchiha really wanted him! For a sex slave, boyfriend whatever! When Sasuke had taken him to his beach house, he'd felt as if the raven was only playing with his feelings, setting him up for the ultimate fall. And no doubt about it the raven was, but in a different way entirely! He didn't protest when Sasuke pulled him onto the last floor, his mind occupied with his revelations. It was done in white cream and dark navy blue. He eyed the two teakwood doors nervously. "What time is it Sasuke? Remember we have class tomorrow."

"Says the guy whose first class starts at twelve."

"Wait!" He halted at the door Sasuke led him to. "How do you know I have class at twelve? Kakashi again?"
Sasuke reached around him to swing the door open, not answering his questions and again Naruto was distracted as he got his first glimpse into Sasuke's private chambers. He knew he shouldn't be surprised. Now he realized why the building held less rooms than it should have. It looked as if Sasuke had knocked down a few walls so that when he walked into the rooms it was the size of two apartments. His feet sank into the plush, plush carpet and he idly wondered what it would feel like beneath his naked feet. The thought caused him to blush.

Once again the bed dominated the room, a massive, heavy contraption of gleaming walnut wood that sported four posters minus the canopy. The posters were thicker than his legs and what looked like leather bands circled the bottoms and the tops. The headboard sported engraved designs of the Uchiha company crest and it made him shudder to think that Sasuke had gotten the bed specially made. The comforter looked like fluffy wool and a million pillows overflowed the top of the bed all in pure white, a direct contrast to the sable carpet. One wall was decorated with a state of the art computer system spanned by three large screen monitors. Along the next wall a set of three large bay windows screened by navy blue curtains, pulled back to reveal the night, a dark blue love seat beneath them. The wall in front of the bed introduced the largest entertain system he'd ever seen or even dared to imagine of the same wood. It was stocked with a flat screen t.v., a dvd player and a stereo that looked as if someone could dj a party with it.

"Make yourself at home."

He stiffened as Sasuke came up behind him, long fingers manipulating the jacket from his shoulders. He watched, bemused as Sasuke carried his jacket into a full walk in closet. He fidgeted nervously, eyes roaming around the room. There was a second door that led to what he assumed was a bathroom. For a panic filled moment he just wanted to lock himself inside until the raven was over whatever he was going through.

"Naruto."

His head snapped back to Sasuke. His eyes widened in interested curiosity.

Sasuke had discarded his jacket and shirt, leaving only his white t-shirt. It clung to prominent curves of his muscles making his mouth water with the sudden desire to explore every one with his lips.

"You're staring," The raven teased, suddenly closer.

Naruto didn't step back as Sasuke reached for him, sliding his fingers through spiky, blond hair. He swallowed hard as Sasuke's scent weaved around him, it's spiciness, as always, making him think of delicious things.

"But I don't mind you staring as long as it's me that you're staring at."

He didn't speak, not quite believing that he was alone with the raven again. In his bedroom again. Would he ever learn? Most likely not, he thought to himself as he watched the all too tempting mouth lower. He shivered as it bypassed his own to trail the dark red markings the Uchiha himself had left the night before. His eyelids lowered when Sasuke placed the first soft kiss, his tongue flickering over the bruised skin.

"Hmmmm…," Sasuke hummed in appreciation, his fingers tightening in his hair to the point of pain as their twin reactions coiled through their bodies. The forceful hold brought him to the tips of his toes as Sasuke tilted his head, seeking better access, his tongue firmer.

"Ohhhhh." The moan of need escaped before he could suppress it, forced by the titillating pain of
Sasuke's hands and the crashing pleasure of his tongue. He felt Sasuke's lips curve at his reaction.

"Like that huh?"

He pried his eyes open, irritation pushing back some of the desire as the smug tone. Of course the raven knew he liked it. He demonstrated that last night time and time again. And here he was. At the raven's mercy again. He reached up to grasp the raven's wrists, trying to bring Sasuke back to reality.

"Wait Sasuke! I need-"

The raven cut him off again, speaking against his throat, his voice hard and hungry. "No."

He fought what he'd started to say as Sasuke ruthlessly captured the bruised skin between his teeth and sucked hard. The action dropped him back into the heart of seething pleasure. He moaned, the sound low and desperate as Sasuke set fire to all of his nerves. He could feel the heat rising within him as the Uchiha pushed him to the cliff of surrender.

Oh shit! This is bad. If I don't get his hands and mouth off of me I'm going to be fucked. And all he's doing is sucking on my neck! But even that thought wasn't enough to keep from falling headlong into the inferno that was Sasuke. Sasuke's touch, the pleasure caused by it was more than he could handle rationally. He'd craved it for as long as he could remember, had loved him even longer. His fantasy was touching him and it was pushing him out of control, snatching all of his inhibitions and no matter how hard he tried, there was no stopping it.

"Damn it!" Sasuke drew back, not relinquishing his hold, his dark eyes eating up the vision that was a flushed, panting Naruto. "I want to see you naked."

His eyes glowed with the need and Naruto responded automatically, agreeing before he could think about it.

"Good," Sasuke growled. His hands were slightly rough when he pulled the shirt over Naruto's head, his uneven breath the only sign that he walked his own tightrope of control. He knelt in front of Naruto, his fingers working quickly on the button and zipper of his jeans before he hooked his thumbs in the waist of both jeans and underwear. He pulled them down slowly, the journey almost agonizing as the material slid down his legs. Black eyes held blue as Naruto stepped out the pile of clothes, ruby suffusing his cheeks.

"Damn," The raven sighed, finally looking somewhere other than his eyes, eyes weighing down on his naked form. The look in his eyes was almost like a physical touch. Naruto felt the blush on his cheeks worsen as Sasuke's eyes latched on to his hard, aroused cock. The room was dead silent for long, long moments as the raven did nothing but stare at his erection. The slender tumescence twitched at the heady stare, a lone bead of precum pearling at its tip before it slid down his riled stalk. Several more milky beads followed the first under Sasuke's intense stare and his eyes closed in embarrassment at his body's acknowledgement of the raven.

"Don't close your eyes."

The command snapped his eyes open again and he looked down at Sasuke in carnal bewilderment, eyes a deep blue in his agitation.

"So pretty." Sasuke stood in one lithe motion, the heat of his passage racing up Naruto's body. "Get on the bed."

He hesitated, the enormity of his situation giving him pause. Instantly, those fingers were back in
his hair, holding him tight, exuding a raw strength that made him weak in the knees. The raven's eyes were dark shadows in his pale face.

"Rule number one. When I give an order, you obey. Get on the bed."

His eyes rounded in surprise. "I don't take comman-

His words hit a brick wall as Sasuke's lips slammed down on his, tongue diving deep in that deliciously slow slide that dominated, strong thrusts stealing his reasoning. The pleasure swept over him in a hair raising rush, burning his mind to ash beneath the onslaught. He trembled in his captors hands in revelation. Sasuke was used to being the dominant one and it was no different in the bedroom. He finally understood what Kakashi had tried to protect him from. But it was far, far too late. The kiss left him completely defenseless, the illusion of his free will shattered as the limber tongue curled around his, inciting an answer from his body. He was shaking like a leaf in the wind, his eyes wide and dazed as he looked up at the raven in shock.

"Get on the bed."

He didn't hesitate this time, feeling the dark eyes shadow him the entire way, his enflamed cock bobbing between his legs with each step. Every nerve in his body felt exposed as he settled among the sumptuously, decadent bed, leaning back on the pillows, his ass pressing against the firm mattress. Sasuke stopped at the edge of the bed, watching him as he reclined in his bed. He pulled his own t-shirt over his head, his gaze never leaving Naruto as he undid his own button and zipper. He dropped his clothes carelessly on the floor his only concern now the blond bombshell laying in his bed.

"You look good in my bed Naruto." He startled as the raven finally spoke. "I think we've finally found the perfect place for you."

Naruto blushed harder at the statement, figuring he resembled a strawberry by now, mesmerized as every inch of Sasuke was revealed to him. His eyes roamed over the perfect expanse of creamy skin. They skated over the trim v of his waist before resting on the reddened curve of his cock. A shock of fire went through his bones at the sheer size of the raven and he shrank back against the pillows in virginal alarm. Where in the hell did Sasuke think he was going to put that…that…monster?

Dimly he heard Sasuke chuckle in amusement as he followed him into the bed, stopping a mere breath away from him. "Don't worry, it's going to fit."

Where? Naruto wanted to ask, but found himself tongue tied. Last night the raven had wrapped him in his own pleasure so he hadn't really noticed. Now that he had him trapped in his maze he didn't care. Tension stretched between them, neither of them willing to speak at the moment. Naruto was contemplating his routes of escape as he tried to come to terms with how big Sasuke's dick was. The line of desire seemed to hum between them like an electrical line. They resembled a still life of hunger and need, the raven doing nothing more than exploring his tan body with his eyes. Some of his reticence disappeared as he saw how much he affected Sasuke.

"Are you going to touch me?" He whispered.

Anticipation flashed in the dark eyes, the lust flaring out of control. "Are you tempting me?"

He didn't know how to answer that. "Not like I need to," He quipped back. "If you're not touching me." Confidence filled him at the want simmering inside of Sasuke.
Right on cue, the familiar smirk appeared, making Sasuke's expression darker, the hot air around them even hotter. His glance touched on random places. "Where should I start? Maybe here?"

The first sliding finger opened a new door and a trembling rush of desire wracked his frame. He felt entranced as a fingertip skated over his chin, scratched lightly over his collarbone and stopped on his sternum, leaving the skin it'd touched burning. He squirmed on the bed, flushed and turned on.

I'm so in trouble!

Because the raven was only teasing him and he was ready to come out of his skin already. Just that small touch had his body relaxing, readying the way for other parts of the raven. He suddenly wanted Sasuke to touch him more. And harder so he could feel it all the way to the core of him. "Come here."

He rolled onto his side instantly, sighing as their bodies finally touched, as Sasuke wrapped him in his arms pulling him so that they were pressed flush against each other. It felt as if he were whole again, when he hadn't even known a part of him was missing.

"Sasuke," He moaned in wonder as his cock tapped Sasuke's, the satiny covered hardness sparking a flame in the deep of him. Sasuke's hands slipped down in answer, grasping the pert cheeks of his ass, rubbing harder against him, his tongue dipping in between his lips. Naruto tumbled down the slippery slope of libidinous sensations, his hands seeking Sasuke blindly, running over the smooth skin of his shoulders as he latched on to the only stationary port in the quiet, tempestuous storm; reveling in the way it felt against his fingertips as hard, sleek muscles bunched with Sasuke's deliberate gyrations.

He gasped, a breathless exhalation as Sasuke rolled them over. He pulled back forcing Naruto out of the capricious daze he'd fallen into. His black eyes burned as he spread Naruto's legs, a little roughly in his sensuous impatience, his eyes never breaking contact.

"And this is where I belong." Sasuke's voice was husky as he settled himself between golden legs. He didn't waste any time in covering Naruto's mouth again.

"Mmmmmm." The throaty sound burned between their lips, Sasuke's tongue plunging into his mouth fiercely as they began to overstep all the limits that'd bound them. A light sheen of perspiration coated his skin making the slide of their bodies slick. He was lost to the carnal yearning that sprang up and grew around them, fed by their thoughts and desires. When Sasuke twined their fingers, he didn't take note of it, when the raven stretched his arms high above his head, he was too occupied with the craving that was running rampant within them. The soft click jarred him out the blurry, sensual haze. He frowned as he felt supple leather circle his wrists and felt Sasuke draw away. He reached for the raven only to come up short. His eyes flew open as his movement met with resistance. Sasuke wore that infernal half smile that always irritated him to the utmost as he knelt between his legs. The lines of his face were carved into smug, satisfied lines. Naruto reached for him again, intent on pulling his mouth back down to his. Only to be met with resistance again.

"Sasuke?" He struggled again to reach what he wanted. But it was in vain. Whatever held him, held him tight. His eyes traveled up, over his arms to where his slender wrists were now encased in leather cuffs, lined with soft velvet material connected to a secret panel in the headboard. "What in the hell Sasuke?"

The raven smirked down at him, his pitch black hair veiling his even darker eyes. "Didn't I tell
you? This is how I want you." He reached out, smoothing his hands over the luscious body he was determined to own. "Besides, if you keep touching me like that I'll lose control and neither of us needs that right now." He slunk low over Naruto, the air around him warmed with predatory heat. Naruto's sense of danger flared as Sasuke's tongue licked up the pulsing tendon in his throat, his inner alarms going crazy when the raven bit down in a meticulous clinch of teeth. He struggled impotently as an answering blaze bloomed deep within.

"Wait Sasuke! No more hickey's! Hnnnnnn!" His objection was cut short by the enticing pressure of lips. He arched, the delight in the strong suckling at his throat driving any other thought from his mind. Sasuke's tongue touched lightly as his lips sipped of supple flesh and he was powerless in the wake of the strong sensations. When Sasuke moved to another part of his neck there were no more demurs. He writhed against the hold of the handcuffs as Sasuke licked and nipped his way down his body, his keening moans the most prominent sound in the room.

"Ahhh! I want to touch you Sasuke!" He groaned the request as Sasuke's teeth scraped across his nipple, teasing it to ripe hardness. The electric jolt of the action bowed his spine off the bed as he struggled to get closer to the raven.

Sasuke's smile was devious, his tongue slicking around the begging nipple. "What would you do to touch me?" He sipped delicately and Naruto's moans were lyrical music in the air. "Would you allow me to put the collar on you? Right here?" He reached up to brush his fingers across Naruto's throat, mouth sucking hard. Naruto shook his head in delirious denial. Was Sasuke out of his mind? No, that would be him who lay subject to the whims of the raven's hands and mouth, which were currently making their way down his body, leaving a trail of love bites in their wake. He tensed in expectancy as his legs were pushed into a position he was all too familiar with, stretched wide with his feet flat against the mattress.

"Care to retract that?" Sasuke teased, blowing softly on the inside of his thigh, way, way too close to the neediest part of him.

He gave another negative shake of his head, his eyes wide and glazed as they followed the trajectory of the raven's lips. They meandered back and forth over responsive skin, inching closer and closer to his dripping erection.

"Are you sure?" The raven murmured, nibbling the sensitive area behind his knee.

"FUCK Sasuke!" He glared, or tried to as he felt another love bite bruise his skin. "Just do whatever you're going to do!"

"Patience was never one of your strong points." The words were accompanied by a sharp nip and he jerked. Sasuke's gaze flickered to the clock that hung on his wall. "And it's only eight fifteen." He took a deep breath, his lids lowering until all Naruto could see were dark slits gleaming up at him. He ran his nose down the inside of his quivering thigh and then up his weeping shaft, almost touching it. His eyes closed completely, the look on his face one of ecstasy. "I love the way you smell. Like sunshine and sex.

Naruto flinched in surprised pleasure as Sasuke's tongue flicked across the underside of his cock, dipping into the drenched slit, before retreating into his mouth. His eyes, spearing Naruto like a physical sword. If he'd had breath in his lungs, he would have moaned at the dark, lusty pools the Uchiha's eyes had become.

"And you taste like sin."

He was shaking as he watched Sasuke lick his lips. It was like coming face to face with a hungry
panther, who wanted to eat you up and was planning on enjoying every bite. He pulled against his restraints. He knew what was coming. "Sasuke, don't-"

"Take the collar Naruto," Sasuke pressed in his low, raspy voice. "I'll give you everything you need."

He almost said yes right then and there. Anything to stop the playful, teasing game Sasuke was submitting him to. But the faces of his friends and his college life flashed before his eyes; the fun, the parties. He could have all of that but Sasuke would be one pace behind him yanking on that damn collar. And if the raven's attitude of the last two days rang true he was too damn possessive and dominant by half. He could have all those things as long as he would obey the Uchiha. And become his pet.

His expression took on a stubborn cast. "No."

Sasuke's own expression scared the hell out of him, all satisfaction and a darkness he couldn't comprehend. Yet.

"Fine. Then the hard way it is."

Everything he was going to say, to think, was obliterated in a white thunderstorm of pained nirvana. Sasuke's mouth slipped over the head of his erection, no eased was a better word as the raven slowly, enveloped him in minute inches, his tongue lapping up the liquid of his desire along the way. Naruto registered the activity of his hands dimly, his mind scattered as the raven pushed his legs towards his head making sure he was wide open to the sensual assault. The raven paused, lips wrapped securely around the base of his cock and sucked lightly, the muscles of his throat convulsing around him.

"Hmmmmm." Sasuke's hum was so laden with the pleasure of his taste that he almost came on the spot. He eased back up, the slurping of his mouth mingled with his own panting obscene. He strained upwards, willing the raven to take him deep again.

"Open your eyes Naruto." The Uchiha's voice crackled with demand. It brought his eyes open immediately. Hazy blue connected with gleaming black ones. I can make the torment stop, those eyes taunted. He averted his eyes in desperation and moaned in distress when they rested on Sasuke's lips, shiny with the evidence of his lust. His cock twitched, tapping lightly against those very lips. They were going to drive him crazy. He closed his eyes again, the sight too erotic.

"Keep them open."

He whimpered as he obeyed, remembering the night before. He had a feeling it was going to be a lot worse tonight. Sasuke's gaze was boring into his, refusing to relinquish either of his holds on the blonde. Casually he striped Naruto's cock with his tongue again, his expression conveying clearly how much he relished the taste of the blonde. It was stark, bold. The raven was getting just what he wanted. His mouth descended again, his lips parting around the aching, reddened head as his tongue outlined every sensitive, responsive line of his hard on. He didn't pause this time, dragging his mouth back up, his cheeks hollowing as he firmly milked Naruto, coaxing his seed closer to the top.

His breath stuttered in his chest and suddenly the room was too hot. But he didn't dare look away from the Uchiha. No telling what new torture the raven would think of if he did. Instead he forced himself to watch as Sasuke began a steady rhythm of decadence, his tongue licking on the way down, his mouth sucking on the way up, stripping away his sanity with every slick stroke of his mouth. He watched as the gleaming length of his cock was revealed and then concealed, his fingers
clenched into desperate fists as he fought not to come in the raven's mouth yet again. His hips started to sway as the raven's head rose and fell, the sensations burning a white, electric path up his spine. They moved in a lascivious, lyrical cadence, Sasuke's name falling from his mouth lending a sensuous bass. His release boiled closer and closer to the surface. His body tensed as he felt it sweep across his flesh in a wave of searing heat, his eyes rolling towards the ceiling.

"Sasuke!" He hissed as he hit the back of the raven's throat again, the rippling suction around his cock making him delirious. "That's against the rules." His voice sounded like something out of a porno movie, husky from his constant moans and cries of Sasuke's name. "Untie me-Shit!" He was reduced to cursing as the raven sucked harder as if to reprimand him. He couldn't keep his eyes open. The image of Sasuke was cloaked in darkness as he allowed his lids to shut fully, basking in the sweet glow of near gratification.

His climax was curtailed, jarred to a throbbing halt as Sasuke's hand gripped the base of his cock hard, his lips releasing it with an audible pop. Naruto's eyes bounced open and he gave the raven an incredulous look as his climax ebbed away. "What in the hell are you doing teme?"

"Will you accept the collar?" Sasuke countered. "Will you be my pet? Accept the collar Naruto I'll give you every thing you want. Need," Sasuke urged, his words mesmerizing.

Naruto stared down at him. His heart was sounding a hard, irregular beat at the thought of just giving in. This was after all, the Sasuke Uchiha he'd loved for who knew how long.

Cut it out Naruto! You are not in love anymore! Just lust! Because, hell, Sasuke was still his epitome of manhood. But he couldn't let the raven just do as he wanted and take over his life. He was too sure that Sasuke was only toying with him. To that effect he pulled himself together as best he could with his cock waving in Sasuke's face like a red flag before a bull.

"Sasuke, I don't want to be your pet. All I want is to be a normal college student! To hang out with my friends. Go to school. Hang out. Go to parties. Date and find out what I really want!"

Inwardly he quivered. Outwardly he gave the raven a defiant glare. He could be as stubborn as he could. Sasuke's expression hardened, fury overcasting the bold lust in his eyes.

The atmosphere in the room became deadly.

"What you really want huh? I'll just have to show you what you really want. That being me of course." The raven smiled and it wasn't nice at all. It was the type of smile that invited one to compliment on how big your teeth were.

Naruto tried to shimmy away, pushing his feet against the bed awkwardly trying to use them as leverage. A hand snaked around his ankle, firmly keeping him in place.

"Trying to run away again?"

"Teme!" Naruto swore, his cheeks crimson as Sasuke blew on his erection this time. The slight wind felt like a physical hand. "Don't-"

"Shut up Naruto, unless it's Don't Stop," Sasuke ordered. His hand tightened returning Naruto to his original position. "Suck."

Surprised, Naruto parted his lips around the long, slim fingers presented, then cursed himself as Sasuke's flavor rolled across his tongue. It was as spicy as he smelled and just plain better. He sucked instinctively thinking of how good other places on Sasuke's body would taste. The thought shocked him and impossibly his dick became even harder. Sasuke read every thought fleeting
through his eyes. He pushed his fingers deeper, satisfaction glinting in the depths of his own.
Naruto's eyes dropped again, his earlier stubbornness receding at their erotic position.

Naked and spread before the Uchiha; handcuffed to the bed with Sasuke's fingers in his mouth. It was soooo good, the raven's taste divine to his stunned senses. Sasuke's control of him was absolute. So much so that he mewed in protest when the raven pulled his fingers away.

Sasuke smirked at him. "Don't worry, I'll put them in an even better spot," He promised and the room became hotter as he traced the sensitive portal to Naruto's body.

He gasped as Sasuke probed the small opening, his protest cut short when one digit slowly entered the slick heat of his bottom. His hips jerked at the feeling of fullness, though it had become uncomfortably familiar after last night. And he knew the pleasure that would follow.

He's going to destroy me! The thought was dim as Sasuke's finger slid deeper, rubbing along the walls of his narrow channel. There was less pain than the night before and he relaxed marginally until Sasuke gently stroked the pad of his finger over that nerve laden center that yanked him tight again.

"Relax dobe."

"That's easy for you to say Teme! You don't have a finger stuck up- ahhhh!" He gasped as the raven stroked harder, biting his lip in raptured consternation.

"Don't stop is all I want to hear from you," Sasuke ordered.

"You're going to kill me!" Naruto moaned rawly, straining against the cuffs.

"You say that but your body is say something entirely different," Sasuke growled, the lines of his face stark with stress at having to contain himself. His eyes followed every movement as the little blonde moved his hips. It was enticing, Naruto's response to him. Naruto tried to reply but only managed to garble as Sasuke withdrew only to press in, adding another finger to the torment. The raven was by no means harsh but he was firm as he forced his way deeper.

Tears gathered at the corner of his eyes as the raven paused, his fingers pressed lightly against his prostate. The pinch of pain and the hint of pleasure, just out of reach was tantalizing, the humming silence in the room seeming to amp both.

"Open your eyes."

He hadn't even realized that he'd closed them. Sasuke materialized in his vision once again as he blindly obeyed, watching as Sasuke leaned in to press a soft kiss to the base of his shaft. He breathed hard as the tiny touch leapt across his body. And still Sasuke didn't move as he began to drop more kisses along Naruto's aching cock. The raven was trying to soothe him but the caresses were having the opposite effect. The kisses distracted him, had him focusing on the small bliss, each brush of lips against his erection winding him tight in anticipation. He reached down to run his fingers through Sasuke's hair, to grasp and tug until that mouth was really where he wanted it. He came up short against his again the cuffs and writhed in frustration. The ecstasy of the movement made him freeze as it grazed his prostate against Sasuke's fingers and his tight channel clamped down.

"Damn I'm so going to enjoy you tonight," Sasuke husked, nibbling his way up. He returned to his favorite spot, the tip of his tongue petting the reddened head, scooping more of Naruto's unique flavor into his mouth as he worried the leaking slit. Naruto pulled at the cuffs in desperation as the
Sasuke attacked him from both sides slipping his mouth down the coveted shaft again, sucking as he began to move his fingers.

Naruto panted and writhed on the luxurious sheets, Sasuke's name falling shamelessly from his lips. The raven teased him ruthlessly, sucking and licking him as if he were the most delicious treat, driving his fingers in alluring cadence until Naruto was shuddering, his cock pulsing in the raven's wet entrapment. The hot glow of gratification returned in a rush that left him lightheaded and he gave himself up to it, hips swaying, impaling himself on thrusting fingers, pushing himself against the sleek, agile tongue. Cum dripped steadily from his tip only to be caught and licked away.

"Sasuke, I'm going to-"

He stopped, baffled as orgasmic free fall eluded him again. He blinked at the ceiling as Sasuke halted all activity yet again, wrapping his fingers around the base of his cock and deriving him of that talented mouth. He panted and collapsed on the bed, too lethargic to move. Thwarted fire boiled his blood as the satisfaction hovered on the horizon. Sweat glistened on his body and his legs shook.

Slow anger trickled in as the orgasmic bliss receded.

"When you let me out of this cuffs, I'm going to fucking kill you." As a threat it lacked a certain bite. He was too shaken to affect he same defiant attitude. Instead it was a sort of beseechment, his eyes sheened with tears as his body clamored for ultimate heights.

The Uchiha shook his head as if he were disappointed by the response. "That's not what you really want to do right Naruto?"

"Please Sasuke. It's too much." He'd long ago stopped struggling against the bands that held him, using all his strength just to stay coherent, but even that wasn't going to work if the raven started in on him again.

"Be mine and I'll let you come all night."

He made a sound of exasperation. "I can't! You're asking too much!" He was barely holding on to his ideals though. He felt like a giant throbbing nerve that'd been exposed. He was throbbing and rippling around Sasuke's fingers, his cock red and wet from Sasuke's mouth and his copious fluids. He was at his limit of endurance.

"Too much?" Sasuke questioned softly, running his tongue over the puckered flesh that was stretched around his fingers. He scissored them gently, probing at the small space that opened for him with his tongue.

"Ahhh! Please Sasuke!"

"As much as I like hearing you beg, that's not going to get you what you want. Only giving me what I want will do that."

The damned demagogue pulled back from him completely, rising between his legs in bristling wave of intended evil. He stroked his own weeping cock roughly, eyeing the slightly stretched entrance to his own private heaven with thinly veiled greed. The virgin inside him cowered and he tried to get away again, his feet scrambling on the bed weakly. The raven caught him in mid motion, grabbing his hips and positioning himself. Dark eyes captured blue as he nestled the head of his huge cock securely. Naruto quaked as he felt his own body betray him, conforming around
the raven in invitation.

"Sasuke," He pleaded again.

The raven didn't hear him or rather wasn't listening with his goal sucking him in. His hands dug into Naruto's sides as he slowly nudged and prodded the tender opening, gently working his way inside. Naruto bit his lip at the first sting of pain, his face hot and red. He shuddered as the raven moaned above him, eyes going half mast as he eased further in, the look of ecstasy on his face feral in its intensity.

The pain overlapped the pleasure now, but it wasn't gone completely. It stayed just on the edges, melding slightly as the hard club of flesh pushed forward relentlessly. Sasuke didn't try to shield him from it, making sure that he felt every inch that claimed him, never looking away. The raven paused halfway in, hand caressing his side.

"Ready?"

Naruto could only nod in resignation, tears tracking down his cheeks. "But untie me. I want to touch you," He moaned.

Sasuke gave him a negative shake. "Not yet." He took a deep breath, steadying Naruto with his hands. In one quick lunge, he sheathed himself completely inside his blonde.

Naruto barely heard the cry that erupted from his own throat. He felt the cuffs binding him, chafe the skin of his wrists as he pulled against them involuntarily. The radiant pain washed through him in a hot glowing wave, tearing him away from the world. When he returned long minutes later, Sasuke's mouth was pressed firmly over his, hands stroking down his sides in soothing caresses. He gasped realizing that he'd been holding his breath. His cheeks were wet with tears. Seeing that he'd returned to reality, the raven nibbled at his bottom lip. He also realized that Sasuke wasn't moving, just sitting inside him letting him get used the long length fully immersed within him. The pain of his entry was ebbing and with its departure the pleasure was slowly returning. The smooth, mushroomed head of Sasuke's cock was fetched firmly against his prostate, and the hint of bliss was appealing.

Sasuke smiled down at him, darkly erotic. A faint blush tinted the high sculpted bones of his pale cheeks. "You feel so good dobe. I should have done this years ago."

"S-s-shut up teme!" But he secretly acknowledged that the raven had been right. If he had done this years ago, he'd have run away and hidden himself from Sasuke sooner. As it was the years of craving had prepared him for this moment without him realizing it. He turned his head, embarrassed. Sasuke just turned his face back. The dark eyes bored into his.

"You're only allowed to look at me." The dark commanding tone vibrated throughout him and he clenched, causing Sasuke to curse. "Damn you're tight. Can I move?"

He assessed his body and nodded, eyes wide. His body was more than ready for the raven to move.

"Good." Sasuke reached over, pushing himself even deeper. Naruto mewled and reached for the raven surprised when his hands moved out of reach of the cuffs. Sasuke smirked down at him. "Don't mistake it for freedom. I'm not letting you go. I'm just as stubborn as you are, but I'm at my limit. I've waited too long to feel you. But eventually you will accept the collar."

Naruto didn't have time to bask in the triumph of getting the best of the raven. Sasuke pressed deeper into the hot clasp of his hot, sleek tunnel and it was incredible, bewitching. His hands dug
into Sasuke's shoulders as the sensations tore through him. The feeling of him hot and huge and
sinking even deeper into his clinging bottom enraptured him. And the look on Sasuke's face that
said he was feeling the same way brought that warm glow back. He rolled his hips up trying to
capture more of the feeling and Sasuke hissed above him, lustful desperation shining in his eyes.
With a jolt, Naruto realized that Sasuke hadn't been impervious to the earlier teasing.

"Sasuke." He was pleading again, knowing the raven could give him what he needed. "Please
make me come."

"Oh I will," Sasuke promised as he began to move. He thrust slowly into the melting hot depths of
Naruto, testing the boundaries of their sanity. His hands guided slim hips, teaching Naruto how to
move for the maximum pleasure as he drove into him, no longer teasing. He struck Naruto's
vulnerable prostate with each heavy thrust. Naruto held on tight, dazed by the luscious flames that
consumed them. It burned them as they panted and strained against each other, their mouths blindly
fusing together as they stroked the blaze higher with every euphoric thrust, each fiery stroke
burning down the walls of their control.

Naruto, cried out around the raven's tongue, the edge of lucidity falling away as Sasuke began to
slam into him fast and furious. He tried to hold on to anything that would brace him and only found
the raven among the sensual storm. The whirlwind pleasure whipped away the last barrier holding
them and they tumbled, lost to the enchanting rapture, falling into each other.

Chapter End Notes

So I still haven't figured out this html so that I can get italics! Sorry! I'm a mac person
and it just doesn't translate the same way!

Thank you for the comments and Kudos!

I'm almost caught up with the already written chapters and then I have some other
stories I'm working on for FF

Until Next Time.................
Allen

He realized, as they left the small cafe, that he hadn't had a good day like this in a long time. The cafe had been small and intimate, the lights low as not to distract from the makeshift stage that had been set up in the middle. Sitting in the relative darkness of the cafe, the amazing feeling of sitting with an attractive man openly had been exhilarating. He was still high from it, his steps light as he walked beside Kanda. They were headed back to his room and he wondered shyly if the dark eyed, dark haired third year would try to kiss him. He hoped he would. He wanted to know if he could be attracted to someone other than Lavi.

The stray thought of his best friend brought back some of the frustration he'd managed to hold back the entire night and he couldn't stop the insidious thought that the night would have been much more entertaining if he'd had Lavi by his side. He scolded himself and turned his head slightly to take in the man at his side.

"Thank you so much for the invitation tonight. I loved the poetry!" He spoke cheerfully, sounding more confident than he actually felt.

"I thought you would. Most artists enjoy creativity at its rawest. It was pretty good. With the influx of first years there was a lot of new talent tonight." Yu was totally relaxed his stride limber. His dark eyes flashed at Allen as they walked back to his dorm. "I would really like to hear some of your music some time."

He almost tripped over his feet at the casual words. It had been too long since someone was genuinely interested in him and his hobby. "I can arrange that." Maybe on a second or third date. He vibrated with happiness, thinking of the possibilities of more time with the handsome man. Yu cast a slight smile at him from the corner of his mouth.

They walked through the clear, chilly night, their conversation turning to mundane things, like classes and such. All too soon the walls of his dorm rose before them.
"I'll walk you up," Yuu said when Allen hesitated at the doors, unsure of what to do, never having been on a date before. He beamed at Yuu and opened the door wide for the raven. Tension returned to his bones as they stepped over the threshold of his dorm. He was imagining all sorts of things in his head as they walked down the long hallway to the elevator, aimless chatter feeling the void of silence. The lift let out a small ding when it reached his floor and he felt a sense of relief as they stepped out.

It didn't last long.

Because his eyes were trained on the floor, he saw the shoes first, thin leather molded to long shapely feet. He followed them line of them up long, long perfectly proportioned legs clad in relaxed jeans, over trim hips. He stopped in shock. he knew those shoes. Those legs. Hell, he'd spent enough time ogling them. He let his eyes continue their journey, stupefied by horror. A jet black waist length jacket obscured miles of shoulders, the spiky red hair tamed by a black bandana. The thin tee shirt completed the hard ass look, molding to the obvious muscles of his chest.

But the face. Oh that face. It sent a tremor through him like an earthquake, the cutting slash of cheeks that framed the masculine mold that was just this short of feminine.

Lavi looked up from where he was slouched against Allen's door, his dark viridescent eyes resembling cloudy jade. They touched on him briefly seeming to take in everything in an instant, before traveling to Yu. His striking patrician features stiffened at the sight of the third year, his sexy curved lips tightening with sudden anger. The flush of it outlined the high slash of his cheek bones, his almost delicate chin taking on a stubborn cast. The small, black studs in both ears only emphasized his handsomeness. And the danger of his presence.

Allen's feet stumbled at the sight and it took everything in him to continue his walk forward. He felt Yu's stiffness at his side and regretted that Lavi had shown up now.

"Lavi." His voice was thin in the small hallway, shocked. He almost wished he hadn't spoken.

Lavi's gaze swept over him, moving to Yu behind him, brightening with sudden animosity.

"Yu."

Allen flinched at the silky, smooth tone, the anger clear in it.

"Lavi."

Yu responded in kind and it suddenly dawned on him that the two knew each other. It wasn't preposterous. They attended the same school after all. But the thick atmosphere was unaccounted for, the hostility between them flaring too quickly for a first meeting. He wondered just how well they knew each other.

"Lavi. What are you doing here?"

"Do I need a reason to be here? I want to talk to you. And since you wouldn't pick up your phone, here I am." Those verdant eyes turned to him and visibly softened, but were no less intense than when they'd entered the hall. "I thought you needed to speak to me too? Go away Yuu I need to talk with my…friend." He didn't look away from Allen as he said it but the command was unmistakable, the slightly, clumsy image he'd always projected gone for the moment.

Yu bristled at his side. "And who gave you the right to give orders?"

Lavi's regard switched like lightning and Allen couldn't see his expression because he was too
close now to see Lavi's face without looking up, but it felt as if the fires of hell had suddenly sprang from the floor. Abruptly Allen spun around, placing a placating hand against Yu's shoulder as the man stepped forward.

"No, let me handle this. He's my childhood friend. I'll call you later."

Lavi's gaze dipped as Allen turned. He committed every curve to memory, lingering on the tight, high arch of his ass. Allen missed the erotic expression that transformed his face. But Yu didn't. He met Lavi's burning eyes squarely as they rose to meet his over Allen's shoulder, every line in his body screaming in possessiveness. He wanted to rebel against that clear ownership, but the look in Allen's vulnerable eyes stopped him. He knew that if he pressed his suit now he would lose. So he did the only thing he could: he retreated gracefully but not before pulling the small, gray haired boy into a hug, pressing his lips against his. He enjoyed the way that Lavi froze, wild discontent decorating his features.

"I'll talk to you later." He agreed, running a finger down the tender curve of Allen's cheekbone and took his leave.

Allen pulled in a deep breath and turned, giving Lavi a look that could cut glass. "What was that all about?"

"Is that the new friend you've just met?" Lavi answered. "You ditched me for Kanda Yu? Really?" His tone was biting. "I didn't know that you were into men."

It was a lie, Lavi was aware of everything that went on with his silver eyed 'friend'. He waited as Allen hesitated, as he debated whether or not he should come clean.

He didn't like the way Lavi's intent eyes settled on him, dark with an emotion he couldn't decipher. It made his skin shiver, made his mouth dry as he considered the implications.

But what the hell? Lavi had avoided him all summer. What was the worse he could do now? He took a deep breath. "Yes, I like men. I always have."

Lavi's eyes hardened and Allen was so distraught with his confession that he took it for disgust and not the jealousy it really was. He jerked away, turning his eyes from the redhead, groping blindly for the doorknob and inserting the key. "It's okay if you don't want to be friends anymore."

"Allen, I didn't say-"

He slammed the door shut in the ginger's face and breathed a sigh of relief that he wasn't looking at him anymore. He slumped against the door and then lurched in surprise as a hard fist struck it. He'd thought Lavi would escape as fast as his feet would let him.

"Open this door right now."

He body quaked at the forcefulness of Lavi's tone. He was glad that he was on the other side of the door. He took a step away from it, telling himself that it was a step towards his future and not running from his past.

"Allen, if you don't open this door, I'll fucking break it down."

He paused, unsure. He'd never heard Lavi sound so threatening before, his voice soft with anger, so silky with menace that he feared what would if he did open the door.

"Well, don't you think you should open it?" A gruff voice growled, and his tall green haired
roommate sauntered past him, grabbing the collar of his jacket as he went. "He's disturbing my sleep." He yanked the door open and deposited Allen outside of it with little aplomb and slammed it shut. Allen's and Lavi's surprised eyes met for a moment before anger returned to Lavi's. Allen found himself being manhandled again as the redhead's hand landed on his shoulder. He began to bustle him down the hall. It was no use planting his feet because Lavi's strength outweighed his, so all he could was go along for the ride.

"What are you-"

"Be quiet until we can get somewhere where we can talk." Lavi bit out not breaking his stride, pulling Allen along with him. The golden light of the hallway gilded his face, outlining the stark lines that were tense with anger. Allen wondered if it was weird to find him sexy at this moment. He'd never seen him this angry before and it was enlightening to see true emotion blazing from him. An earthy fragrance wafted from him, reminding Allen of sun warmed evergreens and the clean, clear lakes of a forest. The familiar smell, fired a response deep in the heart of him, making his legs weak. Lavi threw him a sharp glance when his steps faltered, his sensual lips thinning into a hard line.

"Please don't make me throw you over my shoulder," The redhead threatened as he pushed open the door that led outside.

Allen frowned at him. "What's gotten into you?"

"Be quiet," Lavi snapped again.

To his great relief there were no students walking around and the walk to Lavi's sleek, black two door Mercedes Benz was uneventful. It was when Lavi pushed him into the front seat that his heart began to thump like a war drum. Alone with Lavi. After he'd just admitted that he was into men, sent fear pumping through his veins and left him on the edge of dizziness. He didn't know what he was going to say. So when Lavi eased himself into the driver's seat, he turned his head forward and kept silent. The silence wasn't broken by either of them as Lavi started the low, purring engine and put the car into drive. Allen looked out at the passing scenery. Anything to keep from having to look at Lavi's angry visage and even though he wanted to know where they were headed he didn't have the courage to ask.

So it was a complete surprise when Lavi pulled into a intimate alcove that overlooked a beach. Blue, black waves crashed against sand silvered by the moon. Awkward tension tightened the air as Lavi shut the car off and rested his head on the headrest.

"Care to explain that little scene back there?" Lavi's voice cut the silence, still sharp somehow despite it's blandness.

"What is there to explain?" He volleyed, hating that he felt so standoffish with his best friend.

"Maybe about why you slammed the door in my face as if I was going to denounce you for liking men."

"I wouldn't expect someone like you to understand," He returned mulishly.

"Someone like me?" Now anger was seeping into the atmosphere and he heard the leather seat creak as Lavi turned to look at him.

"Yeah, someone who goes through girls like someone changes outfits from day to day." He couldn't stop the bitterness from coloring his tone, the sheer jealousy that he felt from having Lavi
hold someone other than him.

"Now you sound a little jealous," Lavi commented. "Is this how've you felt all along? That a supposed womanizer couldn't be friends with you? That I would automatically x you out of my life if I learned your true predilections?"

Allen hesitated to answer, because that was what he'd thought.

"I'm surprised. I thought you knew me better than that and disappointed. I've always thought that you should love someone who was beautiful inside and not for what gender they are."

Allen hunched his shoulders in amazement. "So you don't care who I date even if it's a man?"

"I didn't say that," Lavi said harshly. "I mean Kanda Yu? I think you can find someone better than that stuck up ass hole."

"Oh? because that's not how I perceived him."

Lavi snorted. "Of course he wouldn't come off that way to you on your first date, but that guy is a grade A asshole."

"Why do you say that? Do you know him personally?" Allen was curious, the animosity he'd felt in the hall hadn't been just erupted just because Kanda had been with Allen.

"I know some of the girls he's dated."

"Oh." Damn the surprises didn't stop coming tonight.

"Yeah, oh. Look at me damn it!"

Allen swung his head around in surprise. Lavi's jade eyes were focused on him with that same emotion he'd witnessed earlier. In the confined space of the car it was more dangerous, as though a typhoon was threatening to blow out of control. "Yes, I know some of the women he's dated and discarded without thought as well as some of the men. I don't want the same for you. You deserve someone who going to love you and cherish you for the clueless bastard that you are."

Allen grimaced at the statement, knowing he wanted the impossible, that that someone be Lavi. But he couldn't say that. "Well, I had a really good time with him tonight and I can't pull back just because someone's mad that a relationship didn't work out."

Lavi's gaze sharpened, narrowed down to little points of hostility. "So you're going to continue to date him? No matter what I say?"

Allen licked his lips nervously. "It's not that. It's just that I don't care for him like that. My first love didn't want me so why not date someone who well versed in relationships? It'll be fun and I'm not losing anything to do so. I want to have fun. I don't want to worry anymore. I won't get serious. If he is that way I won't let if effect me."

Lavi waded through everything he said and latched on to the statement he wanted to avoid. "Your first love? And who was that? Someone I know?" The redhead asked casually even though he felt anything but.

"No, no one you would have known," He denied quickly. "Now if you don't mind, I would like to go home now. I have class pretty early tomorrow."
"I don't want to take you right now. I'm enjoying spending time with you. We haven't had enough
time for it lately."

"And whose fault is that?" Allen griped. "We were supposed to be roommates."

Lavi sighed. "I know, but I've been going through my own changes lately and the old dorm life
isn't going to work out for me. But I promise that we'll hang out more."

Looking into Lavi's green, green gaze, Allen wished he could believe it.

Chapter End Notes

Damn he is kinda clueless here!

Until Next Time....
The Right of Possession

Chapter Twenty Two

The Right Of Possession

KanameZeroTakuma

Zero tossed in his bed, his cheeks flushed, tell tale streaks of red branding his sharp cheekbones. His silver hair was mussed across the pillows as he once again sought a more comfortable position. But it wasn't to be. Snippy images of the twins and the totally lascivious expressions they'd worn for most of their date. He saw it every time he closed his eyes and his body was in a state of stone agitation as a result. He'd never really felt the like; couldn't remember the last time that he lusted after someone. If he'd ever had this was a different league. The thought of the two made him burn with an itching anticipation, the remembered imprints of their bodies on his already a permanent memory. How in the hell was he going to resist them for six weeks? Those two had almost undone him today! And his reaction was evidence enough. He wasn't going to last if they submitted him to any more of their games.

The knock at the door, made him jump and look at the digital clock on his nightstand. Ten forty five. Who in the hell would be visiting at eleven o'clock at night?

Highly irritated he stalked to the front door and flung it open.

"What in the hell do….you…..want?"

His words tapered off into a stunned whisper. Kaname and Takuma leaned against the jambs of the door, like insolent wolves. Both of them were decked out casually, carelessly coiffed trench coats over jeans and sneakers. Albeit every bit of their clothing was still worth three times as much as his bedtime outfit of loose basketball shorts and top. Each wore a thin scarf, Kaname black and Takuma white. Even their clothes proclaimed their night and day differences.
He swallowed dryly. "What are you two doing here?"

His voice sounded harsh in the hallway and suddenly the twins were crowding him back into his room, their combined scent of midnight spring winding him even tighter as their hands urged him in the direction they wanted him to go. Still astounded by their presences, Zero didn't offer any demurs as he was pressed back into his living room, though he did put space between them and his vulnerable self. Not that he would admit that in this or any alternate universe. Instead he treated them to his most fearsome scowl, crossing his arms, using them as a barrier against them.

Not that it would work, based on the licentious looks that were tossed his way.

The twins stood tall, each a foil to the other, Kaname the dark colors of midnight and Takuma the bright shade of dawn. It was too disconcerting. Zero could feel the contrasting pull of his emotions, his eyes alternating between the dark and the light. Kaname pulled at the dark of his psyche while Takuma pulled at the white of his innocence.

"I asked what you're doing here!" He repeated, though it wasn't really hard to guess their motives. They looked vaguely sinister so intense were their eyes on him. It sent a tingle of awareness up his spine. He took an unconscious step backwards as the sensation swept through his body. His mouth tightened in a moue of irritation as the movement registered on his senses. He wasn't a coward damn it! But the aura that emanated off the twins was enough to put him on edge.

Twin smiles decorated two mouths but it was Kaname who answered first, his tongue swiping across the tip of his thumb, the aura surrounding him savage. "We didn't get enough of you."

"We had a conversation."

Two pair of eyes met in complete understanding at the statement. "And we decided that you would be ours at the end of the six weeks."

"And we decided the we had to move now." This from Takuma, whose green eyes glowed like emerald jewels in his face. A flickering flame in Kaname's answered and Zero knew he was in deep, deep trouble. Having spent the better part of six hours with them, he knew how they moved. Remembered their words from the night before.

"You don't get to make that kind of decision on your own!" He snarled. It was a false front. He'd reacted strongly to them this afternoon. Their promise was not so farfetched.

He measured the paces to the bedroom and discarded the idea. The door didn't lock. If he was to escape their advance he would have to do it with reason. He had to face them head on. "That wasn't what we decided on."

The atmosphere in the room altered slightly, taking on a rapacious edge. Both sets of eyes sharpened, narrowed down on him like an all consuming tempest. They resembled two lions in the wild, concentrating on their next meal. Zero tensed. Suddenly they were closer, their covetous eyes amused. Once again the two shared a glance that belied the casual stance they affected.

Their demeanor softened. And even then the ambience in the room was no less intimidating. It was charged with resolute determination and Zero wondered if this was his payback for ribbing Naruto earlier. He took a careful step backwards "What are you expecting from me?" Reason was the only way to go, so he used it. Or tried. At his question the twins smiled their identical smiles and advanced even further into the room.

"For you."
"To surrender."

They spoke in perfect concert, their tones like the sweetest music ever played. He could practically see the red music notes in the air as his margin for escape narrowed dramatically.

"I won't," He promised, though his words were superfluous.

"You?"

"Won't?"

He stared at them as they finished each other's sentence.

"Hell no I won't. You're outside of your time, the date is over."

They glided forward, the look on their faces promising retribution for his words. He felt his feet itch to step back and stalled them with a vicious command from his mind. He wouldn't give in if it was the last thing he did. Or….looking at the passionate determination in their eyes, it would be the last thing he did. Letting them get their hands on him would be tantamount to subjecting himself to sexual torment.

Maybe he should have retreated, he thought as they circled him, blocking him from the bedroom. The price of his pride would be too high.

He tilted his head emphasizing the stubbornness of his chin. He met chocolate brown eyes and emerald hues, reading his defeat in the brightness of their eyes as they closed in on him. "What if I don't surrender?"

"Can you really walk away from us?" Kaname paused, head tilted as he contemplated. "Can you turn your back right now without tasting the flavor we offer?" He gestured broadly. "Then walk away."

They fell silent as they waited for his reaction, deliberately moving away, leaving a space for escape.

He took the first step, he really did. He meant to walk past them and never look back. But as he walked between them, taking that once coveted step to the bedroom he stopped, the potent allure of them catching him like a physically charged net. He hesitated, only his toes touching the cheap, stock carpet of his dorm room and his legs wouldn't move forward. The remembered pleasure of their hands, mouths and bodies rendered him inert. His mind screamed for him to run but his body….his body wanted to feel that insidious pleasure again to make sure it was real. To make sure that he was actually responding to them.

"Can't?" Takuma's expression was slightly taunting. "Should we show you why you can't then?"

They didn't wait for his answer, their possessive hands closing in on him as he stood there, unable to dodge their roving hands due to his own reluctance to be away from them. In just two days they'd managed to overcome his barriers. And all they'd done was kiss him and talk to him. He marveled while silently cursing Cross and Yuki. Cross for not warning him and Yuki for talking him into living on campus. He stayed silent as they whisked him into the bedroom, his thin basketball jersey falling to the floor, forgotten as Kaname's mouth skimmed over his shoulder, tongue taking light tastes of the salted flesh there. The deep groan that emanated from the tall, dark haired male made his bones quake and his blood heat. It was such a sexy sound. Wanting to hear more, he slotted his fingers through the soft strands of burnt sienna hair, pulling so that the luscious full mouth brushed his. A jolt went through his body as Takuma's lips descended on his nape at the
same time, sucking on the sensitive flesh there, sending decadent sensation down his spine.

It was his mouth that opened around a muted sound of pleasure. Muted because Kaname's tongue slid deep into his mouth so that it was hushed. His fingers clenched in the plush strands of the brunette's hair as he braced himself against the stunning touch. It wasn't to be though. He couldn't protect himself, the devastating pleasure too much for his already overloaded senses. Heat fluttered over his skin as Takuma's teeth clamped down gently and Kaname's tongue curled around his. He shuddered as their hands caressed him.

The attack was quick. Not a move out of synch. They moved together like they were one person. Clever fingers rubbed down the sleek muscles on his chest. Over the ridges of his shoulder blades. Unlike earlier they didn't play with him or tease. They let the full weight of their lewd intentions fall on him. It was nothing like their earlier playfulness, their gentle facade blowing away like the thin veneer it'd been. Their approach this time was forceful, Kaname's mouth pressing down over his in a masterful seduction. Takuma's hands left exquisite patterns of feeling as he gripped his hips, pulling him tight against his body. They hit him on every vulnerable front, their tandem movements shaking something deep inside him when he hadn't even known he'd built a wall. And Kaname took that last little step forward and Zero shivered as he was caught between them, tall, strong bodies caging him in a carnal net of long limbs and ravenous tongues.

"Nnmmm!" He went to the tips of his toes, moaning around Kaname's tongue as their long, thick cocks slid over the key spots on his body. The impact of that made his fingertips numb. The feelings that shot through him...he flushed to the roots of his pure silver hair. The heat of Kaname's dick stroking his. The fiery roll of Takuma's hips as he sent the veined underside of his dick rubbing between the sensitive crevice of his ass. He rocked back against Takuma. It provided no relief to the erotic fire burning him from the inside out. Kaname followed, his hands encircling his throat as he kept Zero smashed between them, his tongue still delving into the far recesses of his mouth. He forced his eyes open and glared belligerently from the clouded orbs as Kaname licked the roof of his mouth, probing the tender nerves with the tip of his tongue. The brunette retreated slightly then plunged in deeper than before. Zero's fingers tightened involuntarily as he was invaded, his eyes widening a fraction and he pulled on Kaname's hair, his head falling back on Takuma's shoulder as he attempted to escape the rapaciously devouring mouth. It was no surprise that Kaname didn't let him, mouth and body following like missiles attuned to his heat. He jerked as Takuma nibbled on his neck in retaliation, sucking strongly on the gently exploited flesh. He felt himself fall, his lids lowering over his unfocused eyes. He was convinced that Kaname's hungry, sensual expression would be the last thing he saw.

Feeling the tensile body go limp between them, the twins let up on their attack, Zero still held firmly in their hands. Kaname's raked his teeth across his tongue before detaching his mouth. Licking the damp contours of his lips, Kaname glanced at the bed before meeting Takuma's eyes in a deliberately accessing glance. Zero missed the affirmative nod. He took a deep breath, fighting to get his feet back underneath him. He blinked in confusion as his shirt was smoothed over his head and he was being bundled into Kaname's warm trench coat.

"W-w-what in the hell are you doing?"

Kaname hoisted him up in his arms striding out of the room. "We're leaving. The bed isn't big enough for all of us."

"Whaaaat!"

His startled cry was lost amidst the folds of the long coat Kaname had wrapped him so efficiently. He struggled against the insanely strong arms. He was fucking being kidnapped! Right out of his
damn room! This was definitely payback for earlier! He felt himself being tossed into the back seat of what he assumed was the Maybach and came out of the coat fighting. Or that was what he meant to do! Kaname's hands snapped around his wrists dragging him up his body and suddenly he was being kissed again. Invaded again. His angered discontent was swallowed by the moist interior of Kaname's mouth. Hell everything was being swallowed by Kaname. The fight. His will to deny them. He melted against the brunette only held up by Kaname's hand clenched in the soft strands of his hair. By the time Takuma entered the car, he was senseless, his plump lips wrapped around the width of his tongue, his arms wrapped around the broad shoulders. He didn't even offer a token protest as the dark twin made room for his light counterpart.

"Everything is taken care of." Takuma's voice was amused as he took in the scene of a thoroughly debauched Zero clinging to his brother. "Damn that picture is pretty damned sweet."

Kaname pulled back, the soft slick of his tongue leaving the wet interior of Zero's mouth obscene in the cozy car. He smiled as Takuma's eyes narrowed on the sight of a pinkly flushed silverette, his lips swollen and damp. "You have no idea." He tilted Zero's head, offering the lush bounty. Takuma wasted no time in accepting and Zero found himself in a familiar position as Takuma took over, flickering out to taste before plunging into the luscious heat. By this time Zero could only shiver as he was taken over again, the moving scenery outside of the car not even a blur as his eyes closed, surrendering just like they wanted.

They kept him under the carnal haze as the expensive car sped towards its destination, unwilling to let reality intrude for even a millimeter of a second, knowing their prey would try and use it as an opportunity for escape and this they wouldn't allow.

He was dazed and breathless when the car slid to a smooth stop, the only air allowed him theirs, his lips sucking languidly at Takuma's tongue. He really had no memory of the ride outside of their ravenous kisses. He sighed softly when Takuma pulled away, his hands reaching out blindly. The blonde chuckled as he accepted the bonelessly relaxed form keeping him under wraps as they made their way inside the humongous, specially crafted brownstone. It was a testament to their masterful seduction that he didn't struggle as he was carried inside. It was only as he was tumbled onto a bed that could have doubled for the universe that he started to recover some of his mental facilities, a sense of self preservation sneaking in now that they weren't touching or kissing him. He gaped at the room before turning a look of total betrayal on the twins. They stood against the backdrop of the creamily sumptuous room, their faces triumphant. And determined.

He couldn't see how he could have ever deemed them harmless. It was the eyes. In their calm depth he could see his defeat.

"This is more like it," Kaname commented, his fingers flicking at his buttons casually, taking in the picture Zero made against the white covers of the huge bed as he pulled the black scarf from his neck. "I would say the white sheets were definitely the right choice."

Zero stared, momentarily forgetting about the other twin as the expanse of creamy dark skin was revealed to his startled eyes. "Hey you guys are fucking cheating. This was not part of the deal," He stammered, expelling the words forcefully.

Takuma laughed and too late, Zero recalled that he wasn't in the room with just one sleeping lion but two.

"You're just now realizing?" He mirrored Kaname, drawing turbulent violet to the unveiling of his own pale skin. "The rules of fair play do not apply in the affairs of love and war."

Zero gave him a look of extreme disgust. "You would quote? At a time like this?"
"Is there a better time?" Takuma's smile gleamed down at him.

The bed dipped and he backed into the large fluffy pillows, wary of their physical presence on the bed. Kaname caught it and mirth lit his dark eyes. "Just what do you think we're going to do to you?"

Zero looked at the bed and then back at him, his brow raised.

The smile he received in return was beautifully blinding. "Well there is that, but your imagination is getting ahead. All we wanted to do was touch you tonight. But you felt the same did you not? Is that why you couldn't sleep? Because you were thinking about us? What it felt like when we touched you?" Zero's lips felt the tingle from his gaze before garnet eyes were suddenly meeting his again. "What our mouths felt like?"

Like a psychic, Kaname's look was too knowing, his words arrows falling on the bullseye.

Zero frowned and looked away. "Who said I couldn't sleep? Not that I had a chance to anyway," He pouted then scrambled back in a vain attempt to keep them from touching him as they reached out. "And no you don't get to do whatever it is you want. Hands off!"

Both twins hesitated, pulling back and he thought his words had reached them. He experienced a split moment of relief that they would not debunk his lies tonight. Then Takuma's hand snaked around his wrist, unbalancing him so that he lay supine on the glorified marshmallows they called pillows, his face moody as he rose over him. "As much as we'd like to let you have your way it is not conducive to our plans tonight. So be a good boy and lay back while we indulge."

They suited actions to words and after a short intense battle, whereupon Zero found out just what purpose those thin scarves served, he found himself securely bound, blindfolded and stretched out before them like a silver sacrifice. He pulled on the gossamer strands and they felt like the strongest vibranium. His beleaguered eyes worked behind the silk, but there were no cracks in that shield of armor. He tried to pull himself up by his silken rope and found that the white sheets indeed had been a good choice if the way his feet slipped and slid on them were any indication.

"Damn it," He cursed. "Let me go!"

Long fingers skated the soft skin at the corner of his mouth. "Maybe we should have used that scarf as a gag." Kaname's sanguine voice commented above him. "But then the sight wouldn't have been so pretty."

"And we have so many uses for that pretty mouth The first of which....."

They were completely ignoring him, their dark presences suddenly saturating the room as they settled on either side of him. His vehement objections were stoppered as the first mouth covered his, a long tongue sliding deep into his mouth...

KZT

"Mhnnmmmm."

He'd long stopped protesting, longed stopped trying to decipher who was who as he was caressed and kissed to the very edge of his sanity. He was reduced to moaning around the voracious tongue that filled his mouth, gyrating against the two bodies that hemmed him between them. His clothes had long been discarded with so he had no physical barrier between his pale, velvety skin and their sleek muscles, the slide accompanied by sweat and other various body fluids. He jerked weakly at his bonds as the hot naked skin of two cocks stroked over his own and the ultra sensitive skin of
the entrance to his body. The resulting pleasure smashed through bones weakened by acute hedonism, drawing another moan from him. Another that was eaten by the gluttonous lips that refused to relinquish him. His bound arms were looped around someone's neck so when he tried to wriggle back from the savage sensation all he did was heighten it.

Helpless against it, he sagged, resting against them as the searing gratification took him over, blinding his already dark eyes. His muscles clenched as if through sheer will he could stop himself from falling.

But the twins were true to their words and he found himself giving in to the blistering pleasure as it crept over him in an overwhelming wave.

Zero cursed Yuki for the thousandth, blaming her for the position he was now in.

But really he couldn't blame anyone but himself. He'd played the game and lost. And so now here he was.

He shivered, gasping as the cocks slid over his slick skin. The soft, satiny skin imprinting on his tenderly roused entrance and the ultra sensitive underside of his quickly reviving shaft made him jolt every time they moved. He ached. He didn't know how low he'd been held captive between them, caged in a plush net of physical limbs and visceral desires. He tugged weakly and only succeeded in pressing the relentless mouth ravaging his even closer. His own was swollen. The lips and teeth at his nape bit and suckled in turns, piling even more sensation atop his already loaded senses. His reality was them. They didn't let him forget for a moment that they were there, petting him, caressing him. Every area of his body had been discovered, mapped and memorized by their hands. Spread around them wantonly, he was on the verge of submission. Slightly panicked by the thought, he turned his head, dislodging the tongue from his throat and freeing his vocal cords, flinching slightly as the tongue that had filled his mouth for the better part of an hour retreated slowly, taking great care to pet and stroke the sensitive crevices as it went.

"Stop this right now!" He gasped out, his defenses at an all time low. He felt as he'd come completely undone. The scarf still covered his eyes, strands of hair clung to his damp, heated skin. His body burned in full blush, the bites throbbing at the base of his neck and throat. Unbroken silence met his desperate demand and he felt the twins tense. They weren't used to being told no, the notion inconceivable to them.

"Why would we?" That was Kaname, his voice all golden honey. Zero made a soft sound of distress as a fingertip traced the turgid head of his arousal, slipping through the moisture pearling there. "Your responses are lovely."

Large, warm broad palms swept over the pale curve of his ass, spreading him and he could only imagine what he looked like, exposed and open. And then he didn't care about any of that. He jolted as one of the twins dragged the wide, silky head of his cock right over the sensitive nerve laden aperture of his ass. He dropped his head abruptly, forehead knocking against a heated chest, biting his lip to contain the shameless, filthy sound that threatened to escape. It paused, the sensation of the position heavy and his whole body twitched at the feeling.

"Hmph, saying 'no', but isn't this place right here," Zero whimpered when the dripping cock flexed, tapping against his body, starting a burning ache deep within him, "ready?"

He shook his head, a jerky movement as he breathed through the urge to move his hips and lodge that thick turgid length where he suddenly, desperately need it.

"Anyone would respond with a hand on their dick," He spat belligerently. Hopefully if he was
enough of an asshole they would just decide it was too much of a hassle and set him free.

Again the cold, hard silence and the feeling of digging one's own grave. Delicate menace filled the air before the twins moved. With no sight he was unable to counter them successfully as he was stretched out by clever, ingenious hands, all he could do was struggle impotently. Quick as thoughts restraints were slipped around his wrists and ankles. The material was supple, the inner lining soft. But they held when he pulled against them so he ended up like a sweet offering to the 'gods'. He went absolutely still as he felt eyes rove over his exploited form, taking in every roused line and curve and filing the sight way for future retrieval. He felt as if he was glowing with his embarrassment. He opened his mouth to heap more insults on their heads and shrink back as he felt them surround him again, leaning over him, an air of hungry anticipation hanging around them like a glittering cloud.

"So your body would respond like this if anyone touched you?" Takuma's gentle, sulky voice made him shiver and that infernal fingertip was back, learning every responsive spot he possessed. He arched as the subtle fondling morphed into an all out caress of his taunt, flushed shaft. He could feel the individual lines of each finger as they molded around his straining cock. "So anyone can seduce you? Anyone can touch you like this?"

He hissed as teeth raked across his nipple and the fingers twisted in a deft stroke, a thumb rubbing over the engorged head, a moaning whine erupting from his throat at the unexpected action. He pulled his swollen bottom lip between his teeth so he wouldn't answer that insidious question. Before he could blurt out that only these two would do this to him; that only these two could cause the blazing heat that was searing him down to his toes; that only these two would touch him in this way. He turned his face away, knowing they could see the taint of his shame write across it. He shook as strong, tensile fingers threaded through the hair at the base of his skull and gripped tight, bringing his head back around forcefully.

"Never look away from us even when you're blindfolded. You have nothing to hide from us. So tell us the truth now." So topsy turvy was he, that he couldn't tell whose voice issued the command.

He screwed his eyes shut in a telepathic denial. But the twins wouldn't be denied.

"So you won't tell us?" The voice rang with lascivious amusement.

His hips bucked up as soft lips brushed over the underside of his dick, that place right under the head that sent a concussion of pleasure impacting through his system. He froze as the tongue slicked over the sensitive slit, unable to voice his protests as all that spilled out when he opened his lips were moans. It was the first time he'd felt such glorious sensation, the feeling of the wet tongue running over him just this short of unbearable. The mouth covering his sensitive erogenous zone didn't halt, sucking at his already piqued flesh. He hung uselessly in the wave of the sensations that submerged him. He couldn't contain the motion of his hips as he rocked up, pushing swollen, engorged head harder against the soft lips until it breached and touched the heated moisture within. Shocks of painful, pleasing, sensation rang through him and he shuddered as the lips slid down his weeping cock, the feel of the flesh like the finest silk where it touched him.

And the mouth was intent on devouring him. It slid to the base of his cock, the agile tongue sweeping along his length before his pulled away sucking as he withdrew. He groaned as the mouth dropped down his cock once again, enveloping him in the exquisite sensations.

"Please!" He sobbed softly.

"Please what?" Now that was definitely Kaname, his voice soft and entranced.
"Please stop!"

Because if they didn't he was going to totally lose it. The heat boiled, coursing through his blood, threatening to blow his senses away completely. He tried to shake his head to clear the flamboyant desire. He just wanted a clear head so that he could reject them properly, but every time he found a small hole of resistance, they covered it completely and he was left in the same, desperate, greedy state once again.

"We can’t Zero." That infernally soft voice whispered in his ear. "No one has ever made us feel this way. So lay back and let us enjoy you."

"Fucking bastards," Zero cursed weakly, barely able to speak in the wake of the exquisite felicity. The mouth had yet to cease its movements and he’d yet to stop his slow thrusting. The result was an explosion of rapture that curled his toes against the silken sheets. Lips slid down his cock sucking and nibbling. He opened his legs wide open to it, enchanted by this new feeling, the bliss of it bringing his back off the bed. He was helpless in the wake of it, his hips moving on their own, rolling up slowly to push his cock into the throat lovingly cupping it. He threw his head back, as the throat encompassing his head suddenly vibrated with hunger. He jerked, felt himself slide over the edge of the ultimate satisfaction, his face hot as the orgasm took him, swept him away as if he were nothing. The golden curtain of ecstasy swept over him, washing away reality. He couldn't shield against it as the tongue slid down his throat resuming it's former position, bliss smothering his desperate words.

But he told them with the movements of his undulating body exactly what he felt.

Kaname and Takuma drew away to survey the results of their desires, eyes meeting for a fleeting instant before darting back to the delicious, silver, shaking vision laid out before them as gorgeous now as it had been nine years ago when they stood over him in a similar pose.

The night he'd lost everything and gained two wolves.

KZT

The change in the twins demeanor woke him.

He'd been resting in the tangle of their limbs, their deep breaths soothing him in his sleep, the relaxed puzzle covering the bed. So the moment he felt the intensity replace the slumbering relaxation, he woke. His head rested on a shoulder while one long, pale leg was thrown over someone’s waist. Something cautioned him against opening his eyes and he was glad that he followed that intuition as the twins sat up on either side of him, their manners slightly combative.

"What do you want Haruka?" He barely stopped the flinch at the cold grate of Kaname's voice.

"What do I want?" He did flinch as the cold breeze of that voice blew through the room. "I see my boys off to school hoping that they'll get a gainful education. And you know what I get? I get that they are chasing a piece of ass around campus! And school hasn't even started yet!"

Zero cracked his eyelids at that and saw a man seated in grandiose style in front of the twins bed. His legs were crossed behind a tall cane, and a gleaming fur coat draped the chair, ahem, throne he was sitting in. Long, chestnut hair cascaded over his shoulders. The graceful, lines of his gorgeous face stunned Zero into unaccustomed silence. A tall equally stunning brunette stood at his shoulder, his manner submissive. A body guard perhaps.

"Maybe you can tell me why I'm hearing this story so early in the year? You usually wait until
second semester until you pull this shit." The older knockout looked over his shoulder at his companion. "Rido, does this make a record or not?" The man turned back, his face hard. "At least let me see this embodiment of irresistibleness that has you so caught up you can’t even get your school books together!"

Zero stiffened as that larger than life force came closer. His bones curled up, expecting the worst so it was with distinctive relief when the man began to bray with laughter, but his next words tightened him all up again. "Oh Ho! What a wonderful surprise! So what are you going to do when Cross finds out that you've violated his precious son! Ha Ha! Now that is a conversation that I would dearly love to be privy to!"

Chapter End Notes

Until Next Time.........
LavixAllen

"So who is this paragon of virtue you fell in love with?"

Though the teasing redhead couldn't see it, Allen balked, glad that it was dark in the car. He carefully didn't look at the firebrand. "You wouldn't know him so why does it matter?"

Allen was deliberately being obtuse. No way was he going to tell his first love about his first love.

"But how could I not know him?" Lavi needled. "I knew every one you knew."

Fortune was smiling on him. Lavi wasn't looking at him. But it wouldn't be long before he was again. He hadn't really taken his eyes off of Allen since they'd gotten in the car. And right on Que. Lavi's eyes turned to him. "So who was it?"

"I'm not saying," Allen snapped "There are some things one should keep to themselves."

Once again Lavi's eyes glowed green in the darkness. "Nothing is sacred between you and I Allen."

It was said loquaciously but Allen couldn't help but think that there was something deeper to what the firebrand was saying. "So you really refuse to tell me." Flat and disappointed. Those were the only words that could describe Lavi's voice.

Highly attuned to the male at his side, Allen stiffened. A wide thread of himself wanted to give in and just tell him anything just to erase that sullen tone. But once he started lying he'd have to continue and he didn't have the strength to start that downhill train right now. Instead he narrowed his vision and focused down to the teeming surf outside.

"Try me."

He huffed. Irritated that Lavi wouldn't give it up. "I told you, you wouldn't know him-"

"No, not that," Lavi interrupted, and his voice held none of the playfulness that it might have usually. "Try Me." His voice lowered, deepening to a pitch soft and flowing, that Allen was surprised to hear. It echoed with latent sensuality that he'd always sensed about the red head.

"Could you imagine it? Me deep inside of you. So deep, that you feel it here." Quick as a thought, Lavi's finger scratched across his throat.

Heat filled the small space of the car and Allen felt as if there was warm draft was lifting his hair from his shoulders, shock suffusing his cheeks with scarlet life. He imagined it, Lavi straining over him, filling him up, hitting all the right spots. That he could see it clearly didn't shock him. He'd imagined it many times. But Lavi really couldn't mean what he thought he meant.

"You said that you're first love is out of the picture. If it's just for fun, Kanda is not suitable. Let me teach you how good another's touch can be."

Allen squeezed his eyes shut sure that Lavi wasn't even contemplating the same subject he was. "I'm really sure that you don't mean th-"

"Don't tell me what I don't mean," Lavi imparted harshly, not letting him finish that sentence.

Allen bent forward in the seat, resting his forehead on the dash. His white hair swung into his face,
hiding his scalding cheeks. "But you like girls. You've always had a big breasted female hanging on your every word. Why would you suddenly be willing to try it with me?"

"None of them were you. That's why none of them stuck around. That's why I'm willing to try it with you."

Oh no.

He couldn't believe it. Panic shook the foundations of his beliefs and tiny tremors shook him. Anger replaced that emotion quickly.

"This is not funny." He didn't turn his head, didn't want to face the look he was terrified would be in Lavi's eyes, scared of seeing that same old carefree, worry about nothing expression. "I thought we were friends."

"We are."

Just those two words and the redhead paused, the silence in the car heavy with anticipation. Allen spoke again to negate the words he could feel coming. "Take me back to my dorm."

"Allen-"

"Now!" It was uttered in quivering voice but the two occupants didn't doubt he meant exactly what he said.

"I don't want to."

His head swung around so fast that the white blur of his hair resembled blowing smoke for an instant. His gray eyes met resolute green and he knew that he was fucked.

"Kanda is no good for you."

"How can you say that! You don't know what's good for me!"

A slow smile curved Lavi's mouth and it brightened the car like a ray of sunshine. "I do."

Allen couldn't help leaping for the bait. "And what do you think is good for me?"

"Me."

At once he was sorry he asked. He fixed incredulous eyes on the friend that he'd just realized that he wanted to keep as a friend. His only friend. He pressed his back against the door hoping that Lavi wouldn't see the confusion on his face. He was glad. He'd spent years suppressing his desire and now that he was ready to move on, his dream/nightmare had come back to haunt him. He shrank back against the door, his face mirroring every emotion he was feeling at the moment. It was his greatest hope, spilling from the luscious lips of his crush and he didn't quite know how to act. He'd given up on that hope and now here Lavi was dangling the forbidden fruit in front of his face.

"Take me home. My first class is at eight thirty, I'd rather not be late."

"Really." The voice matched the disbelieving expression. "I'm giving you what you want and you want to go back to the dorms?"

His mouth went dry as the implications of Lavi's sentence struck his nervous system, his eyes widened, resembling clear cut glass. "What?"
"Did you think that I didn't know?" There was absolutely no mirth in the red hair's green eyes. He was deadly serious. "Your face is very expressive."

His vision narrowed down until it felt as if he were staring at Lavi down a long, tunnel. His thundering heartbeat seemed to echo throughout the car. Embarrassment splotched his cheeks red as he thought of all the times he watched Lavi, imagining something deeper between them than just friendship. And then another thought dropped into his head, a horrible one to be sure. But once he thought it, it stuck like crazy glue. His eyes widened and his hearth thumped irregularly. "You knew all this time? When did you figure it out?"

Lavi laughed, a deep husky sound that penetrated the deepest levels of him. "When it first began."

"And yet you've never said anything before now. Why is that?"

On an instinctive level he suspected that he knew the truth and so waited for Lavi's answer with baited breath.

"Because the timing wasn't right. There were somethings that I had to come to grips with, namely wanting my best friend among other things."

His mouth fell open. That wasn't was he was expecting at all. "And it had nothing to do with Kanda?" He asked the question skeptically. He'd seen how the two reacted to each other.

"Kanda has nothing to do with this." The glittering voice dropped an octave, resonating deep inside of him. "And don't talk about other guys, I won't be responsible for my actions."

He must resemble an owl, his eyes were so big, but he couldn't help trying to see more of the emotion that was ranging across Lavi's face. They set his back against the door as a decidedly dangerous air began to emanate from Lavi. "And you're not allowed to see Kanda again."

"Wha-!"] His features hardened as the first string of anger before to tie his own emotions. "Hold on a fucking minute! You don't have the right to tell me who I can and cannot see!"

"Yeah, I do."

Allen pressed harder against the door, having never heard that particular tone of Lavi's voice before. Somehow it was scarier than the intentionally bland tone he used with everyone else. And the look in his eyes was something Allen had never had the grace to witness before was directed at him. Clearly Lavi had changed more over the summer than he'd atmosphere in the car was suddenly claustrophobic. He abruptly decided that this conversation was best held in a place much more visible.

"Look, I really don't want to be late to class tomorrow. We can talk about this some other time."

Green eyes narrowed at his evasion. "Fine. We'll continue this tomorrow after class."

Allen had not such intentions. "What in the hell has gotten into you? First you won't see me and know you want to monopolize my time? I'll see who I want to see!" He deliberately broke the eye contact between them. "I'm tired, take me back to the dorms."

He jumped slightly as the engine purred to life. He felt lightheaded in the wake of the relief that flooded his body. They'd crossed the line tonight. A line he'd never even hoped to approach. It irked him that it had come after he compartmentalized his feelings and decided to leap into a new terrain, keeping Lavi as a friend. That his dream was coming true was somehow lost in the equation.
The ride was completed in tense, awkward silence. At least on his part. Lavi didn't seem affected by the end of their conversation.

Allen barely let the car roll to a stop before was pushing the door open to make a hasty exit. He was yanked to a hard stop as Lavi reached out and grabbed the collar of his shirt. He gasped audibly as hard arms encircled his chest. The warm exhalation against his nape proceeded the soft warning.

"Remember what I said Allen. And I'll see you tomorrow."

He shook off the arms, knowing that he escaped only because Lavi allowed it, and ran for his dorm as if the Baskerville hounds nipped at his heels.

RxOxTxN

KuroganexFai

Fai woke after a long night of tossing, opening one eye to peer sleepily at the alarm clock and bolted up in panic.

Fuck! If he was reading the clock correctly, and he was sure he was, he had only twenty minutes to get dressed and get to class. Somehow he'd slept through the alarm. He cursed as he made a mad dash for the shower and scrubbed hurriedly. The fraticness of his actions distracted him from what had distracted him all night. He had to get to class and if there was one thing that his parents had pounded into his head, missing class or being late for any reason was unacceptable. So it was with still wet hair and hastily donned clothing that he ran for the building that contained his first class. He slid through the door with one minute to spare, breathed in relief and promptly let it out in dismay.

Every desk in the classroom was taken. Except for one. The one next to the one occupied by the long body that had run through his dreams all night. His panicked eyes searched the classroom in vain for the another seat, the indifference he'd suffered the previous day a fresh wound. It was no use, each high legged, black topped chemistry table was taken except the one in the back, third row. And he was sitting there, black head bent over an open text book, pack back leaned against the table. The sight paralyzed him, feet stuck to the floor as if the utterly gorgeous sight had hammered nails through his toes. Bright and fresh and clean, as if he'd been renewed by the new day. He wondered if he looked as flabbergasted as he felt.

Really? He thought. He was almost tempted to walk out, but that was no good. His parents would kill him.

"Were you going to join us perhaps?"

He attention swiveled to the head of the classroom, where the teacher, slender in stature and brown haired was looking at him curiously. He smiled weakly in response and started for the empty seat, aware of the students’ gazes on him. All but one that was. He was as unaware of his presence as he'd been the day before. Fai ran a self conscious hand through his damp hair and set his own backpack under the table before sliding into the seat. He made sure not to look anywhere other than to the front of the class. It would have been much easier if the musky scent of clean male wasn't assaulting his senses with each breath. It was so potent, so alluring that he curled his body around the corner of the table to keep from angling closer. Instead he watched as the teacher scrawled his name across the blackboard.

"My name is Syaoran Reed. I will be your Advanced Chemistry teacher for the year. I'm handing
out a syllabus that will be strictly followed. Get familiar with the person sitting next to you. He or she will be your lab partner for the rest of the semester.

Up until this point, he'd been strenuously trying to forget who was sitting next to him. He drew a startled breath at that statement and snuck what he hoped was a discreet glance the raven sitting next to him. He was relaxed at his side, his tall, rangy body taking up more than half of the working space. Stunned by the impressive visage sharing his space, he quickly turned his gaze away, then berated himself. When had he become as timid as a virgin maiden? Pissed off with himself, he made his eyes turn back. Faced his opposition head on. He let his mouth curl into a small, deliberate smile.

"So I guess we're stuck with each other for the rest of the semester."

He watched in bemusement as the raven head turned in his direction, black eyes glinting in the stock lighting in the room. A mercurial gleam shot through the inky eyes in a flash of red, gone as quickly as it had come and Fai told himself that he'd imagined it as the dark eyes became indifferent once again, the spectacular face, chiseled by strong lines impassive.

"As long as you're not late to every class."

Bastard!

His mouth tightened, thrown by the shock of such a blatant lack of tact. He shifted his focus before he could spit out what was on his mind, turning his attention back to the teacher. Damn it! What the hell was wrong with this guy? He knew he was stunning, had been informed of this all of his life and the man sitting next to him was apparently into guys so what was wrong?

Growl.

No sound escaped him, though he wanted to howl out loud like a rabid wolf. He hadn't been ignored like this since he'd hit puberty. That it was happening now was beyond disbelief. It sparked a tension in his heart that he'd never ever thought he'd feel, and he swore that before the semester was over he'd get the attention he so craved from the raven.

In his bed, a great big presence between his legs.

Yeah.

Then he'd just walk away.

Because really, who'd want to be collared?
Chapter Twenty Four:

No Escape

SasukexNaruto

"Ngh! Sasuke!"

He'd meant it as an admonishment. But hearing his name in Naruto's husky, raspy voice only spurned Sasuke on. The raven ended his long glide pressed deep inside him, the excessive width of his cock submerged to the hilt. Naruto couldn't help arching his back against the delectable excitement this caused. His splayed legs, propped open by Sasuke's broad shoulders, tensed as another hoarse moan was forced from his throat. His invaded canal pulsed with the echo of the many orgasms he'd had. His current position would have been obscene even by porno standards. The sheets and covers surrounded them in a crumpled mess. Sasuke himself was pressed tight over him, holding him open to the leisurely, greedy plunder; exposing him to the raw, turbulent seduction.

A slow, eager seduction that stripped him of all defenses.

He forced his eyes open but all that he could see was the shadowy ceiling. Sasuke's face was buried in the sensation laden curve where his shoulder slopped into his neck, forcing his head back as he placed even more marks of ownership. At sometime during the several hour long sexcapade, he'd handcuffed Naruto again, so he couldn't even push him away.

"Damn it Sasuke! Stop it already!"

"No." The raven's voice was barely above a whisper itself as he pulled out in a slow, lingering retreat, groaning as Naruto's body objected, clinging and tightening around his length.

"Why are you still complaining when it's obvious your body wants me to continue?" Sasuke husked against his damp skin, powering back into his grasping, osculant tunnel. Naruto shuddered, his whole body reacting to the throbbing, impalement. He felt gorged to his throat, Sasuke was so deep within him. He gasped, wondering how he was still able to speak, to protest.

"But you said-"

Sasuke flexed his hips, advancing even further, cutting off his voice. "I did, but you feel so good Naruto, tight and hot." Sasuke's movements, his words, were maddening and his temperature spiked to boiling as the raven began to speed up his thrusts, the squelching sound of their union, lewd and carnal in the hushed silence of the room. Sasuke had come inside him so many times in the last three hours he was wet and slick, his channel wholly conformed to the raven's shape and size. "And I've waited so long. I can't get enough."

He tugged ineffectually at his imprisoned wrists. "At least untie me!"

"No. If you touch me I'll lose control," Sasuke grunted, sounding breathless as his hips smacked against the full, globes of Naruto's bottom, as always the Sasuke's low, harsh voice seemed to flay his skin unveiling the true him beneath. His teeth nipped at bruised skin before he rose over him and Naruto knew he wasn't going to get the mark to disappear any time soon. Sasuke smirked down at the flagrantly, salacious picture he presented; his blonde hair tousled around his flushed,
sweating face, his lips red and swollen from hours of kissing, his blue eyes bright and shiny with lust. The look on Sasuke's face scared him. It was intent, dark sable taking in every nuance of his reaction, and that smirk. No it wasn't a smirk. His high school nemesis was leering at him, his perverted thoughts clear in his smoky, dark eyes. "But if you just want to come, I'll oblige."

"Wait-

His voice fell away to gasping cries as Sasuke's body jolted his, each stroke driving him to newer, higher heights, lost to everything but the riotous pleasure. And he couldn't even couldn't grab hold of the raven to prevent himself from being consumed by the sensual sweetness. Could only accept the newly revealed secret of his own flesh. Sasuke kissed him, his thin sensual lips slanting over Naruto's mouth, tongue licking at the plump curves, licking in to taste the soft corners before sneaking in, sliding along the gossamer skin of his cheek, slipping against his tongue. His fingers kneaded the firm skin of his ass, holding him still for the pummeling thrusts, every thump of his wide head against the center of Naruto's body, sending a shockwave through him. Naruto moaned at the contrasting, crash of sensations. Soft, biting, almost playful kisses and deep, hard strokes, the balls of his feet pressing into the sheets as he impaled Naruto over and over again in wild rhythm. His screams were faint to his ears, but from the way his throat felt, he was sure they were louder. Sasuke ate them all, his ravenous tongue slicking over his.

Sasuke slipped away from his saliva slick lips, tongue trailing up to his ear, mouth sucking on the lobe before tracing the curves inward. A shiver of electrify shocked him. He hadn't even known ears were a 'spot'. "You're all mine. Naruto," Sasuke purred in his ear, his tongue darting in his ear. 

"Fuck-Sasuke!"

His words were a helpless ramble as his body chose that moment to betray him. The white ceiling wavered as pleasure flooded his world in rose colored light. He trembled, his body clamped tight around his raven. His cock jerked as streams of milky come doused he and Sasuke. He moaned as Sasuke rode him through it, shuttling in and out of his gripping entrance until he was quivering on the bed in a cataclysmic echo of his orgasm.

Sasuke waited for him when he finally fell from the heights of his pleasure, watching him with a self satisfied smile. "You're fucking amazing," He praised.

Silver tipped lashes fell low over cloudy blue as Naruto slipped into a pleasure induced coma. "Teme…"

"Don't go to sleep yet, Naruto," Sasuke whispered in his ear. "I'm going to fuck you for a couple of more hours…"

RxOxTxN

He woke with a start as Sasuke shifted. He blinked sleepily into the dark room. The raven was laying half on his body, his leg separating his thighs, one hand clenching on his hip. His face was nestled in the curve of his shoulder. His silky hair brush against Naruto's forearm as his arm wrapped around his head. His fingers were tangled the thick strands. His body felt heavy, the afterglow of their romp warm in his post coital sleep. He realized belatedly that Sasuke was getting up.

"Sasuk.."

"Shush. Go back to sleep."
He pouted sleepily as he rolled in the blankets.

He woke again some time later with Sasuke leaning over him, bright sunlight blared around the room this time. "Wake up dobe, it's time for you to get to class."

He grimaced at the raven almost not knowing what to say. "What time is it?" Yeah that seemed like a safe topic.

Sasuke stood, gesturing towards a steaming mug eyes glittering hotly. "It's ten. Coffee. And then breakfast."

Naruto stared at him. The raven seemed refreshed and an odd sense of excitement surrounded him. He was dressed already, in blue jeans and a white button down. A navy blue jacket clung to his shoulders and leather blue and white nikes enclosed his feet His hair was spiked all over his head, thick from being twisted by Naruto's fingers. He looked well and thoroughly fucked. He bet he looked the same. "Why do you look as if you've been dressed for a while?" He asked suspiciously.

"I had class at eight thirty. And I stopped past your room to get your things." He raised a brow, eyes darkly amused. "Your roommate wasn't home."

"What? Well he may have had class really early."

"I was there really, really early."

The idiot was laughing at something he knew nothing about. He huffed in irritation and sat up. He moaned in pain as jagged streaks of heat crackled up his spine. He glared up with furious blues. "What in the hell is wrong with you! You overdid it!"

"I'm not apologizing," Sasuke returned unrepentant. "But I will give you a ride to class."

That was the last thing he wanted. He could just imagine it, being dropped off at the curb of school by Sasuke's flashy beast. "Hell no! I don't want anyone to know that I know you."

Sasuke leaned down to buss his mouth gently. "What are you complaining about? They'll know you belong to me soon enough. Here, take two of these and shower. I'll meet you in the kitchen. And don't worry, everyone's gone," He answered preemptively, slipping a bottle pain killers into Naruto's hand.

Naruto stared after him as he sauntered out of the room casually. Then climbed out of the bed gingerly, grabbing the mug of coffee like it was a lifeline. He sipped cautiously, letting the reviving heat perk up his lagging mental process. But that was not good as it helped him remember clearly the sex filled night he'd just spent in this very room. He looked back at the huge bed in amazement. It seemed so deceptively innocent in the morning light, the lascivious handcuffs no where to be found. Hastily he swallowed two of the pills and hastily sat the cup of coffee down. He had to get out of here and fast. But how to accomplish that when he could barely walk? He tiptoed to the bathroom naked, still marveling about how big the teme's room was.

Fucking rich kids!

Though he hadn't been poor himself. Not with Kakashi being head of Itachi's security. No indeed they'd been well off but the amount of luxury he'd seen displayed these last two days was reminding him just were the line was drawn. He entered and went straight to the sink passing a full length silver wrought mirror. He froze and stepped backwards, staring at himself in horrified amazement.
His golden skin was marred by love bites. They were scattered all over his body. The one just beneath his ear was darker. There was a huge one on the inside of his thigh. But it was the one at the base of his throat that pissed him the hell off! It was so deep it was dark purple and he knew it was going to be a helluva long time before it faded away. He did indeed looked thoroughly fucked. Mouth bright red, eyes smoky, hair tousled. Who the hell did that bastard think he was? His master? He jumped at the word. It kickstarted his heart when he remembered what teme had whispered in his ear. Something very similar. And he as sure as hell had gone a long way to proving it. He wasn't going to talk to that bastard again until these marks faded away to obscurity.

He stomped down the stairs, freshly scrubbed. His hair was slicked back away from his face. He was dressed, marks covered with an orange collard Ralph Lauren polo shirt with blue horse riding polo player on the left panel. It wasn't his. Neither were the orange Ralph Lauren Canvas. Or the jeans. The only thing that was even remotely his style was the thin orange windbreaker that dangled from his fingers.

The different floors still caught his eyes as he descended through the house. The hallway had two outlets. One led to a living room that turned into a game room complete with pool tables and tvs. A huge T.V. decorated the living room and there were plush black couches strewn around a beautiful antique coffee table. The other led into kitchen that could have hosted Better Homes and Gardens. Naruto stepped into the kitchen and stopped abruptly. A stainless steel stove and oven range were spread across the back wall of the kitchen, a tasteful sink. The counter tops were done in white granite the furniture black. A two door refrigerator was situated to one side and a white granite island bisected the huge room. A teak wood dining table took up the other half of the room. Sasuke stood at the island talking to a petite blond, wearing a severe black dress. She turned when he entered the room and flashed a smile at him. He started when he realized that he recognized her face.

"Mary?" He croaked in disbelief. He couldn't believe it. In less than three days he'd ran into three remnants from his past. His eyes flew to Sasuke as a blush scorched his cheeks. There was no way he could discuss it now with Mary here. So he settled for, "You brought Mary with you?"

Sasuke smiled slightly, eyes crinkling with genuine affection, glass of orange juice in one hand. "She insisted. Said I wouldn't be able to live without her."

And he most likely couldn't. Mary had been his nanny from the crib, taken care of his every need. She was also the only person he'd seen Sasuke respect more than marginally. He turned back to the older, still beautiful nanny. "You still look great Mary."

She came over and enveloped him in a hug. "And you're more handsome. You grown quite a bit. Come, I made the salmon croquettes you loved so much. I had no idea that you were to going to attend the same school. It'll be nice to have you around to shake things up Naruto."

He avoided Sasuke's eyes. "Umm….about that….I don't think I'll be around that much-

"Oh posh." Mary set a plate loaded with eggs, salmon croquettes and bacon in front of him. "This one needs you around. I've never seen him so relaxed around anyone."

That did it! He glared at Sasuke as Mary turned back to the stove. It felt like he was being corralled, pushed to where Sasuke wanted him to go. Sasuke just returned it looking way too relaxed for his comfort. As he watched the raven set his glass down and approached him, too slowly for his liking. Fresh mint, cooled his senses the moment before Sasuke leaned over him to filch a piece of bacon from his plate. His mouth brushed over his ear lightly. "Adorable…"

Fucking bastard! He would have just left, but the thought of his favorite food rooted him to the
spot. Yeah right. He wasn't up to walking anywhere. Instead he jackknifed straight up pushing Sasuke backwards as Mary turned in their direction again, his face hot. "This is great! I've wanted to taste these again!" Sullenly he shove food into his mouth, not even taking the opportunity to sit down.

He just knew he had to get out of here as soon as possible.

RxOxTxN

General POV

In retrospect he could have misjudged Ichigo's level of patience. And his cunning. Indeed he'd had him undressed and in the bed faster than he'd had that day long in his bedroom. And looking around now at the room he'd previously violated him in, the strawberry was more shrewd than he'd thought. For no matter where he looked in the room, all he could see was Ichigo undulating above him. Over the tumult all he could hear was the way his voice had sounded calling out Ichigo's name. Or that defining moment when he'd let himself fall completely, his desperate hands clutching at the strawberry's shoulders, his lips parted as he gasped and shivered in Ichigo's arms mindless to the rest of the world. Anyone could have walked by He would never shoot again without associating it with the ecstasy Ichigo had given then and then several different times later last night.

And that bastard knew it.

I'm so going to kill that bastard!

He took a deep breath as he drew the bow back, his eyes narrowed on the target, imagining it was Ichigo. The arrow flew, the fletching whistling in the air. The sharp point, sank dead center and he released a breath. His eyelids swept over his blue-gray eyes. Almost immediately Ichigo's face bloomed in his mental eye and his physical eyes snapped open. His mouth turned down at the corners, his expression grim as he reloaded a new arrow. Outwardly his arms were steady, but on the inside he trembled. And it wasn't with nervousness. His body, was taut, drawn tight with residual lust as it had been all day. His lips stung and the bite on his throat ached. And the bastard had even played with him in the shower this morning after following him in against his wishes. He'd gotten dressed in Uryuu's room as if it was the most natural thing in the world, someone having brought clothes for him early this morning. And then they'd walked to the campus proper together like a newly dating couple.

He gritted his teeth as he remembered all the stares they'd gotten. Again.

He pulled the second arrow and loosed it. Dead Center. Ichigo's face.

Such fierce style…

Prodigy….

Eyes were on him now. And different from all the other stares. This one was stripping him from head to heel, sliding under his clothes tracing the intimate paths his fingers had traced last night. His breath shortened and he paused in reloading. He knew without a doubt that Ichigo was somewhere behind him, watching him shoot. He could feel those perverted thoughts all over him.

He pulled the third arrow back and loosed it in a quick movement. Dead center.

He sighed in relief, lightheaded. He turned, his eyes turning to search the faces. He didn't see Ichigo among them. The skin of his neck itched though.
He walked as calmly as he could to the changing room. He took his phone and typed out a quick text.

I found a great place for us to do our homework. Meet me here after class:

1145 Smith

Then he changed clothes and slunk out of the building keeping his eyes open for any suspicious activity. He felt as if he were walking in the stage spotlight. His neck prickled and he swore that Ichigo would jump out of the rafters when he least expected it. He walked as quickly as he could to the small restaurant that was situated off the street, three blocks from the campus. It was nice, big and homey with a booth large enough to fit their group. This was the one he slipped into, settling his backpack near his feet. He sat facing the door, his back to the big bay window behind him. He timed it down to the tee as precise as he as. It thirty seven minutes before Naruto and Zero walked through the door, each throwing their own discomfited looks over their shoulders. Both wore their shirts buttoned up to their necks and looked as if they hadn't gotten much sleep, and Naruto dragged his feet sluggishly.

The spirited blonde fell into the booth with a grim look. "I hope you had a good reason for making us walk over here," He stated without prologue. "Where is everyone else?"

"Not here yet. And if your day and night have been anything like mine's you'll be glad you left your room."

"You don't even know the half of it," Zero snorted from Uryuu's other side. Light mauve shadows underlined his eyes.

Uryuu studied him in silence for a moment before he was comfortable enough to ask. "What happened?"

The silverette set his mouth to reply when Fai strode through the doors looking more than pissed off. His hair curled over the collar of his sky blue sweater, his collarbone displayed unapologetically. Uryuu's focused on him as he tossed his bag on the floor and flung himself into the booth. "If there was ever a good time to kill me it would be now."

Uryuu was surprised to say the least. He hadn't heard that particular comment in a while. "You too? What in hell?"

Fai snatched a menu from its' holster. "You don't want to know."

Uryuu shook his head. "Yes, I do but lets wait until Kaza gets here."

They didn't have to wait long before the other blonde simpered through the doors, turning his cell phone off as he approached, a white haired knockout following close behind him. The diminutive blond wore relaxed jeans and a scooped white neck t-shirt. He wore a cream cardigan over the ensemble and it made the green of his eyes more vivid. The white haired boy was dressed similar except that his sweater was gray and it accentuated the smoky hue of his eyes.

"Hey, this is Allen. He lives in the same dorm," Kaza announced. "I ran into him on my way out and drug him along."

There was a round of hellos before Uryuu fixed them all with a gimlet stare. "So tell me where you've all been since last night." He shook his head with impatience when almost every one at the table blushed. Naruto scratched his head, shrugging his shoulders in discomfort. "Aww, do we really have to tell y-"
"Yes," Uryuu cut in before the whine could get any louder. "I somehow ended up spending the night with Ichigo. He wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. Which of you are in the same boat?"

He tsked when all but Fai and Allen nodded. "And don't you think that's weird? We've been on this campus, what maybe three days and already the BBC has taken notice of us?" When Allen started, Uryuu turned that sharp gaze his way. "You too?"

Allen cut his eyes towards Kaza. "Well, not really like that but my best friend lives at the BBC house, and last night he told-" He cut the sentence off, looking ill at ease, his face crimson.

"—" Uryuu shook his head. "This is not a coincidence, and what about the way we're all connected to one of its' members? It's only a matter of time before we all get caught."

"Wait, wait," Zero protested. "I didn't know the twins at all before I moved in."

"And I don't know that behemoth even though he keeps popping up every where," Fai slotted in. "And he totally ignores me. You won't believe what he said in class today."

"What? He's in one of your classes?" Uryuu interrupted.

"Yes," Fai rambled on. "And I was late to class so the only seat was next to him and now I'm stuck with him as a lab partner all semester when all I want to do is jump his bones." The tall, svelte blonde laid his head on the table in complete dejection.

"You mean that behemoth that just walked through the door?" Uryuu's voice sounded weird and all of them looked at him before looking at the door.

Fai's eyes widened as Kurogane's black hair glinted under the cheap florescent lights, a red logo stamped on his t-shirt and black sweats.

"Don't look!" Uryuu snapped. "I want all of you to gather your backpacks and-"

It was too late. Uryuu stiffened Ichigo walked in, dressed in a black hoodie and black sweats with the Ani Man Ga Kendo logo bold across the front. That took the fight out of him.

I have the worst luck.

No doubt they were all thinking the same thing as Sasuke, Rikuo, Lavi, Kaname and Takuma followed jostling each other and jesting.

"I wonder if there's a back door," Naruto muttered, tugging on his collar, head low in the vain hope that the fucking possessive raven wouldn't spot him.

"Maybe they won't notice us," Allen twittered nervously, thinking of the last conversation he'd had with the redhead.

Naruto shook his had in negation as he felt the oppressive weight of black eyes fall on him. They all spoke in unison with the exception of Fai.

"No, he definitely noticed."
Chapter Twenty-Five:

Tease

They shrank back against cheap leather as a collective whole, the Borg would have been proud of it, and reality seemed to pause, as everyone's presence was registered. Seven pairs of eyes fell on them and for a split second of eternity the world stopped spinning as the group recalculated their trajectory. In that small eye of the storm time speeded back up with audible crank and as one, the group of overflowing masculinity turned in their direction. Each of them froze, their features rearranged in expressions of differing terror, squirming uncomfortably in their seats.

Naruto tugged at his collar, self conscious the livid lovebites that scattered his body. Each one seemed to throb as deep, dark eyes sharpened in on him like a missile, the conciliation on his face emphasized. Zero allowed his body to sink further into his seat, hot flashes of memory shooting through his mind of the way the twins had touched him the night before, their large graceful hands drawing out a pleasure he'd never experienced before. His purple eyes darted back and forth between the two, trying to decide which was the greater evil to his self-control. Kaza rolled his eyes and angled his face away from Rikuo, his demeanor daring him to come closer. Maybe he should just move back into his house? Then maybe he could protect himself from his brother's deviant desires. But he doubted it. Allen just froze like a deer in headlights, panic making him think of rational ways to escape the red head. But they all seemed faulty as the flame glided towards their table. Uryuu grimaced, his challenge direct. He bristled like a cat, his hair damn near standing on end as he watched Ichigo saunter forward like a King before his subject, triumph clear in his tawny eyes. Fai straightened, remembering the recent indifference. It made him angry. That'd he'd been ignored. He pulled the discontent around himself like a terry robe, letting it soak up the feelings of resentment. He looked down at his watch and then reached for his backpack.

"Would you look at the time?" He exclaimed, a little breathlessly mind you, almost flinching when Lavi gave him knowing wink. "Well, I guess I'll be on my way. Homework after all!"

Uryuu threw him a look of betrayal as he stood and slung his backpack over his shoulder. He cut a glance towards the tall ginger stalking him and gave Uryuu an amused, 'Avoid that?' look. He chuckled inwardly as he damn near sprinted, intent on getting out the general vicinity. He had time to think about his dilemma, the others had to face theirs personally. He was thinking of the indifference on the tall raven's part so he was totally unprepared when hot binds cinched around his wrist making him pause in his escape attempt.

"What the hell?" The words totally escaped his control shooting out of his mouth before he could bite them off. Tiny pricks of insidious heat crept up his arms as his eyes tilted upwards meeting swirling black. He knew who it was before his eyes completely registered the face, It was as if his most earnest wish had come true. The keen cheekbones inviting the caress of his fingertips, the
wide, full lips tempting his. And then he remembered the sharp tongue he'd been subjected to in class and the blatant ignorance of his presence as he's sat next to the raven for the first hour and a half of his day. He pulled at his arm, dismayed when he was immediately redirected towards a booth and not the door.

"Let go!" His reply to the raven's action was automatic. He succeeded in pulling his wrist out of the vice in which it'd been caught, but Kurogane was all ready urging him in the smaller booth, forcing him in with his overwhelming mass.

"Great timing." The behemoth was saying blithely, ignoring his panicked words. "I need help with my homework." He looked down and suddenly Fai felt as if he'd been led into the lions den. The dark of Kurogane's eyes beckoned him into the deep. They offered a satisfaction he'd never known. Hintaed at the lust inherent in every man since the dawn of time. Fai didn't move, caught like a charmed snake, his blue eyes a little dazed. His body took notice of Kurogane's clean smell, the musky undertone of sweat and steel bringing him to hard attention. He'd never felt this voluptuary perception. It was different from anything he'd ever felt. It was like falling through a smog filled sky into a clear water lake. He tingled with the feeling.

Kurogane looked away and Fai blew a hard breath through his nose, relieved that he'd been liberated. He doubted the liar needed help. He hadn't hesitated at all when the professor had announced an icebreaking quiz to judge just where all of them stood in this class. Though Fai finished earlier, Kurogane had also done so shortly after. He looked to the side for his bag. When he looked back in confusion, Kurogane was placing said bag on the table, unzipping it and pulling his book out by the spine. So astonished he could only gape at the tall charmer as he snagged a notebook next and sat it next to the book.

He was no longer thinking about escape as he regained his wits and slapped a hand down over his class materials. "Do you always go around commandeering others' things?" He snapped, agitated, his earlier indignation forgotten in light of the current circumstances.

"I started my homework before practice," Kurogane was saying, blithely unaware of his inner turmoil. He turned those haunting eyes back on him and Fai froze again. Kurogane leaned over and flipped the book open. The airflow through his throat struggled as he stopped breathing for a heat filled moment as Kurogane filled his sky, an electric storm that fried all of his circuits. Kurogane swiftly wrote a problem on the notebook paper. "And I was having a little trouble with this problem."

"Wha?" Fai was struggling to focus on the physical world and the not the one of his desires. He wrenched his eyes from the disturbing vision of Kurogane and looked at the problem he was pointing to. His brain realigned as he spotted it. Without thinking he grabbed a pencil, erasing a line of the formula and redrawing another. "That's because it goes here," he breathed. He missed Kurogane's slight inhale, totally oblivious.

Kurogane enjoyed the sight of Fai engrossed, distracted by a need to help him. He committed the fair line of Fai's nape to memory, memorized the way fine blond hair brushed along the perfectly sculptured cheek, vowing to come back to that later and memorize them with his lips. And fingers. He planned to monopolize the tantalizingly silky, exotic fragrance so that he was the only one with exclusive access.

He stretched abruptly, keeping his hands out of touching distance as he pondered the choice of taking him right now or waiting until the blond would only do with him. But if he took him now then it would be meaningless and Fai would try and walk away. Try being the key word. Fai's fate had been sealed he moment he'd spotted him on that campus, surrounded by men and women, his
bright, effervescent attitude lighting the circle around him. He'd been stunned by the beauty radiating from him, at how light he was. But just underneath that brilliance, a hint of darkness. That had intrigued him. That shadow. And his laughter hadn't been forced or desperate. But he seemed miles ahead of the other students. Naruto had been at his side and the two had glowed under the regard of their class men.

And if he waited…..His blonde would eventually come to him. Could he wait? Laughing silently to himself, he remembered Sasuke's face when he'd seen his reaction to the butterfly.

"See? I told you," Sasuke murmured, laughing under his breath and smiling. "They fucking shine." He coughed into his fist. "Or maybe I'm just a sucker for a blonde with blue eyes."

It was one of the rare times that he'd seen Sasuke laugh and it was always because of his animated, blue eyed kitten.

They stood under a short awning partially shadowed, just watching the duo. Sasuke had dragged him here, citing the need to have a road partner. It'd turned out to be a good choice. Hell, he did shine and he was attracted. He glanced at Sasuke and then back to the two. He was surprised that the kitten wasn't burning, Sasuke's eyes were so hot on him.

"Well, he certainly is pretty. What are you planning?" He asked. He knew when the raven was up to something.

"Something nice," Sasuke replied. "We're all going to get what we want."

He hadn't doubted the raven then and it even less now. What he wanted was just at his fingertips, what he'd-

"-move."

The peeved command startled him from the alternate zone he'd checked into. Fai was looking at him as if he were the first thing to crawl on the earth.

"Could you please move?" He asked again, huffing, blue eyes light in his irritation when Kurogane didn't move right away. "Your problem is solved and now I have to go do my own. So kindly….MOVE."

Kurogane was highly amused. It was like a small animal backed into a corner, hissing and scratching, by a predator. So cute. He imagined those eyes fierce as he struggled against his bonds and wrapped in leather. The self made image caused a lick of heat to lick down the length of his cock and he knew he wasn't going to let his game escape anytime soon.

Kurogane tilted his wrist to get a good look at his watch. "Actually I had a few more that I couldn't solve."

Obviously that wasn't what Fai was expecting because that wary light was back in his eyes. "And that concerns me how?"

He asked the question and his inner fanboy slapped him over the head. Okay so he was going about this whole 'Get the embodiment of Sexy' into his bed all wrong, but something about the raven just brought his hackles up. He'd never met anyone like him before. Eyes that seemed to see right through him without even having looked at him at all. One of the few who wasn't trying to get into his bed within the first five minutes of meeting him.

He eyed him suspiciously and Kurogane gave him a disarming smirk that pulled his mouth up at
one corner. "And there is food there. Doing homework on an empty stomach is just torture."

"Why should we go anywhere when there is food right here?" Fai asked, distracted from his earlier goal.

"Nah, the food's not the best here." It was good for hanging out with your boys but certainly not for impressing your future boyfriend.

Fai was truly flabbergasted; thrown out of his perfect loop where he was the coolest animal around. Somehow this overgrown sex on legs had managed to kick his orderly world in to willy nilly status in a matter of three days. The thought made him shrink back. He'd never felt this turmoil before. No one before this had ever made him feel so gauche.

"I don't need the food, I can feed myself perfectly well," Fai demurred. He eyed the exit with obvious longing. "I'll just make-"

His refusal was barely out of his mouth before two hands the size of Texas were pulling him out of the booth. "My car is just outside," Kurogane went on as if he hadn't opened his mouth. The exit found them quicker than he would have thought possible and suddenly he was out in the cool, setting sun, being led to a low slung champagne pale Escalade XLR with windows so black it was like looking into hell. The door opened onto a pale interior. He didn't have time to even admire it before Kurogane was pushing him inside, let alone think about what his friends were thinking as he was basically abducted.

What in the hell was going on?

This guy must be an expert at kidnapping because he didn't even realize that the little cafe was gone until it was far, far behind them. He was steeped in stupefied silence as the big brute maneuvered the car onto the streets and headed for parts unknown, the upbeat tune of 'Carry Out' by Timbaland and Justin Timberlake pumping out of the stereo. Unbalanced and awkward he pressed back against the seat and wondered how Kurogane had managed him so well, quickly and with little fuss.

Number one, I'll take two number threes
That's a whole lot of you and side of me
Now is it full of myself to want you full of me?
And if there's room for desert then I wanna a piece

The words to the slightly raunchy song drifted past his ears as he wondered what the hell he'd done to deserve this. In a small, intimate car with the crush of his dreams with a suggestive song playing in the background. It was as if he were being tempted with the deadly sin of lust. He pressed back in to the seat, squirming as he thought of Kurogane making a meal of him. The skin that stretched over his bones seemed to heat as the minutes went by threatening to melt his synapses. Seeing his discomfort, Kurogane reached over and turned it down.

"So I hear that you are a prodigy, that you were given a choice to skip grades and declined?"

Startled, azure eyes turned in his direction. "I was given the choice but I didn't want to leave my brother behind."

Kurogane smiled inwardly at the statement. His blonde was compassionate. A trait he would capitalize on at his discretion. "That was very considerate of you."
"Not really," Fai retorted. "I would have left all of my friends behind as well."

And that would have definitely been a season of loneliness for him. It occurred to him to ask how Kurogane had gotten that particular bit of information but he was so scattered that he didn't. He pressed his back to the leather seat, shaking his head. How in the hell had he'd gotten into this situation? The answer was obvious. His guard was low when it came to the raven. He found himself speaking before he'd even thought about the words.

"I would have been lonely without my brother or friends."

He flushed crimson as soon as he said the words, no one having succeeding in getting that confession out of him.

"I know what you mean. I'm an orphan myself, adopted and raised by an heiress of the Hime family. No matter how well she treated me I always felt as if I were alone, though I know that she loves me well."

Fai almost froze in his shock, his blue eyes flying to Kurogane's face. Why had he divulged such intimate information? All he could manage was a small 'oh' of surprise. Kurogane didn't turn his head as he glided to a smooth stop in front of brick victorian that he fell in love with instantly. He was riveted as he imagined the rooms, or the kitchen in particular. And from the up kept look of the place, he imagined that it was fabulous. He salivated just thinking of it.

"Nice place," he said, struggling valiantly to hide his fascination.

Kurogane chuckled and it sent a flare of decadent sensation down his spine. "I like it too. Come in and see it."

Fai inhaled sharply, his determination resurfacing. He turned to Kurogane, studying him in the dim light. He let the words flow from his mouth unbidden. "I would like to see it. Among other things."

He said it flirtatiously, his old spunk returning.

The corner of Kurogane's mouth curled up into a smirk and he popped his door open. Fai followed suit, his head tilting as he studied the victorian. He stepped from the car, smiling for the first time that day. He threw a provocative look over his shoulder and met Kurogane's dark gaze. He experienced a moment where the thrill was a cold tingle in his veins. For a moment of eternity, they stared at each other, the dusk quiet around them. All of his preconceived notions were blown away. For the first time since he'd come of age and realized his sexuality, he wondered what it would be like to give your heart and soul to a person. Without the fear of ridicule and retribution. For the first time he imagined what it would be like to be held and wake up with your partner in the morning and not be afraid. And shit, he realized that he wanted Kurogane more then he'd ever anticipated. He wanted to sleep in the same bed, wake up with him in the morning...Cook breakfast for him. Fuck him before they went to school.

He turned his eyes away abruptly, silently acknowledging to himself that he wanted more than was revealed to the eyes. He drew a deep breath. He wasn't allowed to have these feelings. He wouldn't let himself hope. Instead he repeated a mantra inside his head of the guys he'd lain with. The ones he'd slept with and left in fear that it wouldn't pan out. A lasting relationship wasn't for him. He would forever repeat the cycle that was handed to him.

And Kurogane was part of that cycle.

"It's nice," he murmured, taking the first step forward.
"Thank you," Kurogane replied, "but I can't say it was me. Sasuke designed it and made the plans a reality."

Fai absorbed that for a few seconds, thinking of Naruto's face as he struggled to understand and accept Sasuke's rejection. It just made him more adamant about keeping his own relationships to a bare minimum. He wouldn't give anyone the power to hurt him. To that affect, he masked his confusion as he always did, hips swaying as he sauntered towards the front door, a siren in human skin. The lifting heat of Kurogane's presence warmed his back and he luxuriated in it, the challenge like nothing he'd ever experienced before. This was no young boy to play with but a young man in the golden youth that led in to manhood; a young lion with the promise of a king. The tantalizing promise of it stirred desire within him. The self doubt sloughed off of him. This was his element.

To tame a lion without getting bit.

Such an interesting dilemma. He relished the difficulty of it.

"It seems like you need a key." The dark voice drifted past his ear, like the thunder in a storm and he shivered at the power. He wanted that power where it could be most utilized. Inside of him.

Before he could reply, Kurogane reached over him, the curve of his shoulder like an eclipse, his big hand slipping an impossibly small key into a tiny lock. Fai stared, the imagery not lost on him in his present state. He suppressed the tremble that wanted to quake his bones, the smell of Kurogane making him lightheaded. It was hot and clean, with a faint metallic undertone.

The door swung open onto a dark house. Not surprising when all of its occupants were out chasing tail. He stepped forward with Kurogane just behind him. He moved like a big shadow as he paused to flick the lights on. Fai blinked as the surprisingly domestic house was illuminated. He couldn't cover his astonishment. He'd thought that a building housing seven men would be so…..Tasteful and clean. The teak wood floor of the hallway gleamed, the painting understated. It was classy. Traditional and yet modern at the same time, following through with the promise of the exterior. He fell in love all over again, peeking into a living room that was just as tasteful, black leather couches placed at smart intervals so that everyone would have room.

"This way."

He jumped in surprise, having forgotten about the huge raven in his perusal. Kurogane's warm fingers locked with his as he pulled him in the opposite direction.

Into a lovely kitchen that made his mouth water. The only thing that kept him moving was Kurogane's grip on his hand. His eyes touched on the white granite island that dominated the room, the appliances that complemented it. He was pushed into a tall teakwood chair, still too dazed to protest. Kurogane chuckled. "Don't move, I'll be right back."

"Where are you going?" He croaked, wincing at the subservience in his voice.

Kurogane paused, black eyes meeting blue. "To get my books…Unless you want to do homework in my bedroom?"

He could think of no better place, wait that was so not what he should be thinking. With his train of thought, they'd get no homework done. He swallowed, the sound thick and heavy in his ears. "No here is fine."

"Hmph."

It felt like a disaster averted. For a moment he'd thought how good it would be to be chained by
Kurogane. To have him as his end all. But that thought led to madness. Hadn't Uryuu said that it was their tradition to keep pets? But not forever. A road on his path through life. That was what he'd be to Kurogane. And that was how he wanted it. No lingering feelings to plague his dreams, no trailing attachments to make him regret. Yeah, that was just fine for him.

He reached over and pulled books and paper out of his backpack in the effort to keep his mind off wicked, salacious thoughts. He was quickly lost to the problems of his Chemistry books, letting the schoolwork distract him from his wants. The lead of his pencil skimmed over white, textured pulp, recreating formulas in the short time that it took Kurogane to retrieve his books and return to the kitchen. He didn't even notice the raven's return too engrossed in the intellectual. That was until Kurogane reached over him to point at a particularly difficult problem. He stiffened as heat washed over his back, the outline of his powerful body just this short of touching, barely keeping his eyes on the finger that touched a problem in the book.

"This is the other one I was having problems with."

"Oh." He shifted slightly in his seat as the raven didn't move away immediately. "Let me see."

To his further befuddlement, Kurogane still didn't move away, placing several sheets of paper over his own, dark pencil decorating the white sheets. Fai forced his eyes to stay on the paper no matter how he wanted to turn and throw himself against the behemoth, his desire almost getting the best of him. He studied the written problem with half his brain before pointing to a line of the formula. "Here. It's just like the last one. It seems that this line of the formula is what you're having problems with."

"Hmmm..." Fai stilled as Kurogane's body encompassed his, face close alongside of his own, his arm a hot brand as he reached around him to erase the line. His other hand braced against the table and he was essentially trapped. All he had to do was turn his head and he could run his lips over the strong jaw down to the lips that tempted him with the scant distance. He quivered at the mere thought of it, his midnight fantasies returning in a rush of wild yearning. His body tightened and hardened at the proximity. And his scent. He almost moaned and stopped it with the bite of his teeth on his lip.

Kurogane's eyes flicked down in time to see the indiscreet movement as though he'd been expecting it. He was torturing both of them by staying this close but he hadn't been able to help himself, wanting to get closer. And Fai's response to his nearness wasn't helping matters. But he couldn't bring himself to step back as he enjoyed the outline of Fai's body eclipsed by his. It was a sweet persecution, one he knew he would regret when he was lying in his bed alone. But he knew that it was too soon to make the move he really wanted, before he reeled his blond in completely. So in payback for the torture he had to endure, he made sure that Fai would endure the same.

"I see," he murmured, enjoying the way Fai shivered as his warm breath hit his cheek before straightening, yet still not stepping away. "It's good that you're my lab partner."

"Yeah, that's great." Fai was sure his sarcasm carried clearly, but at the moment, reminded of the reason why he hesitated on getting the raven into his bed just made him feel like the world was doing him a great injustice.

I'm definitely going to have to find some sort of relief and soon. Before he ended up jumping Kurogane's bones and having to sit next to him for an entire semester. And he resolved to never end up doing homework at his house again. Of course until it was the right moment. He was definitely looking to the end of the semester. Then he could indulge himself and walk away.

Have his cake and eat it too without missing a step.
But that meant he had to get out of here now or he was going to offer himself like a sacrifice on an altar. "So, if that's the last one that you had problems with, I'm going home now."

"Food, remember? You can finish yours while I heat something up."

"I'm really not hungry." How could he sit here calmly while Kurogane was putting around the kitchen like a domestic husband? That was way beyond his acting capabilities. But Kurogane was obviously ignoring him as he walked the refrigerator, his long legs eating up the distance, leaving him to appreciate the view of his ass molded by black sweats. His jaw clenched as he imagined tugging the material down those lean legs and getting his mouth on what he really wanted. He stood abruptly and began blindly stuffing papers into his folder. "Look, I don't mean to cut this little party short but I really must get home. I have more homework than just math."

"So you can just do it here." Kurogane turned, crossing his arms, looking for all the world like an immovable object.

Fai frowned at him. Just what in the hell was the behemoth trying to pull? First with the ignoring act and now suddenly his resolution to keep Fai here in his domain? For the first time since he'd been separated from his group he thought of Uryuu's words. He strained to remember if he'd ever met Kurogane somewhere before. But really he would definitely remember if he'd run across someone who was totally his 'type'. Wouldn't he? So why in the hell was he playing this cat and mouse game with him? To collar him? But he hadn't shown the least bit of inclination of thinking that way.

He had to get away from here so he could think clearly. Maybe the puzzle piece would fall into place. "I'd rather do it at my-"

The rattle of the knob on the front door interrupted his demur and the sound of Naruto's voice hit his ears. He felt on moment of relief before Naruto's words registered.

"You're too damn pushy Sasuke! I want to spend tonight in my own room."

"Yeah, but I sleep better with you in my bed," came Sasuke's unconcerned reply. "Don't worry I'll take you home in the morning."

"That's not what I'm wor-" The blond changed directions suddenly as he caught sight of Fai. "Fai, I thought you went home!"

As always, the blonde brought all the chaos of a tornado with him. It was a welcome distraction this time around, though he colored as Naruto's eyes landed on Kurogane behind him.

"I'm on my way."

"We were just going to eat."

He and Kurogane's words collided awkwardly. Naruto looked confused, while Sasuke merely looked like he had other things on his mind. Naruto recovered swiftly seeing a solution to his own problem.

"Well then we can walk together-"

"Not a chance." Sasuke's hard words cut across that idea as he pulled Naruto from the room despite his strenuous protests.
The Fall

Chapter Summary

The Fall

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Revenge Of The Nerds Twenty Six

*Slightly Modified From The FFNET Version*

The Fall

IchigoXUryuu

He dealt Ichigo the full measure of his displeasure, eyes hot as the ginger sauntered into his field of vision. The berry wore a small smirk of self satisfaction as he took one of the rapidly vacated seats across from him. He folded his large frame with unaccustomed grace, causing Uryuu to glare harder. The sight alone was enough to raise unwanted physical reactions that made the room hotter, made the world blur a little around the edges. Uryuu looked away as he fidgeted in his seat and tried to tamp down the carnal emotions with cool logic. And that was not meant to be. All he could see in his mind's eye was the way Ichigo had felt against him, how good he'd tasted. The way the golden body had looked naked and sweating above his.

"How was you shooting?"

"Dead On!" Uryuu snapped not looking in the ginger's direction, trying and failing to control his bodily impulse. "And now I'm going to do my homework." He made to exit the booth from the other side and Ichigo's hand wrapped around his wrist arresting his escape.

"Leaving so soon?" Ichigo's smirk was way to knowledgable for a peaceful mental state.

"Had I known that you would be here, I would have been gone sooner," Uryuu responded with a patently false, sweet smile.

"Oh!" Ichigo covered his heart with a large palm. "Still shooting to kill I see." His voice lowered as each of the occupants of his booth were tugged away. Divide and Conquer, Uryuu thought sourly. His eyes drifted over to Fai, the wildcard, and he a felt a shiver shake up his spine at the picture. Though the behemoths expression was benign, his physical posture reeked of aggression. It was even more reason for him to worry. It didn't matter what the flighty blonde thought, the dark giant was as intent on collaring him as the others were for them.

"Yeah, so just stand over there." He indicated a spot directly before him. The suggestion didn't go over as well as he thought and Ichigo laughed aloud, his eyes sparkling.

"Fighting hard," he murmured. "I thought that you could come over and do your homework at my house."
"No." Uryuu's negation was almost instantaneous with the request. "I'm not playing with you tonight," He snapped impatiently. "You kept me up too late last night." He rolled his eyes as Ichigo's smile widened.

"I promise that I won't keep you up late."

Yeah Right! He'd said the same thing yesterday and the result was a tired, emotionally wrung out Uryuu. "I don't think you have the restraint in you," he deadpanned. "You're going to have to drag me out of here.

The gleam in Ichigo's eyes brightened. "I love a good fight. Just so that we're clear are you leaving here over my shoulder or am I carrying you bridal style?" His golden head tipped forward, waiting for Uryuu to pick. Uryuu who was stock still. The fucking berry was so stubborn, he didn't put it past him to actually carry him out of the cafe. And straight to his bed. Would it be any different if he walked there of his own accord? He took in Ichigo's patient wait. Obviously not. His shoulders slumped in defeat, skin tingling as he recalled the familiar way that Ichigo had had his hands on him.

_Fingers tracing his opening, probing gently, his mouth slicking over his deliriously happy cock._

"Fine! Fine! I'll do homework at your place. But once I'm done you're taking me back to my dorm!"

Ichigo's smile was blinding. "Okay, once we are done I will take you back to your dorm."

_Uryuu's mouth stretched, moans issuing from his throat as the berry sucked him off, fingers steadily readying his body._

Uryuu didn't move, expression wary. Ichigo was giving in way too easy. Which meant he was up to something.

"C'mon."

Before he was any where near figuring out the puzzle that Ichigo was, the berry was pulling him from the cafe, leading him to a low slung champagne white corvette, opening the door with gracious flair. He was distracted by his thoughts. That was the only way he could explain how Ichigo was able to spirit him away so quickly and quietly. He avoided looking directly at the too pleased berry, slipping in the cool interior of the car determined to undermine the tall animal that was set on taking over every aspect of his life. The soft, purring of the engine vibrated his seat, the close intimate atmosphere too much for his state of mind. He couldn't relax against the seat as the thumping, pulsing bass of 'Partition' began to play. Against his will, his eyes darted over to steal a glance at Ichigo. The berry was having more success with the whole relaxing thing, reclining in the leather seat, one hand firmly on the wheel. As Uryuu was spying, he turned his golden head and their eyes met and struck. Uryuu turned his face, the contact too sudden, the urge to throw himself beneath the ginger too sudden, instead choosing to focus on the scenery flowing past the car.

He jumped when a hand swept up his thigh, moving dangerously close to his interested head. His smarter head swung around so that he could glare. "Homework remember?"

Ichigo's smile was innocently flashy, his white teeth glinting in the dim light of the car. "Of course Uryuu. I'm on my best behavior."

Uryuu seriously doubted that. He was betting the ginger hadn't had a best behavior day since he'd
left grade school. The look on his face said as much and Ichigo threw him a sly smirk before turning his eyes back to the road. He spent the rest of the ride in a haze, the tone of the sultry song beating within his blood, a strange numbness spreading like a balm to soothe the aching tenderness that beset his body. He angled himself closer to the door, too close to Ichigo in the small space.

"I'm not going to bite."

Uryuu looked up, startled out of his reverie just as Ichigo pulled to a stop in front of one of the most gorgeous buildings he'd ever seen. It was welcoming and foreboding at the same time, if that was at all possible. He stared at it, his stomach plummeting towards his feet. It represented his fall in his mental eye. He knew what walking willingly into that house meant. He would be giving his consent to let the berry devour him. Again.

Damn it!

He began to babble as Ichigo turned the key in the ignition, quieting the motor. "You know I've decided... to go to my own room for my.....Homework."

Ichigo's laughter was a sweet burst of sound in the confined space of the car. "Relax Uryuu. You're here now. Come inside. Look around."

Uryuu's look would have been enough to quell a lesser man. Ichigo didn't even blink, just held his eyes with a patience that he would not have contributed to the berry if he had not witnessed it for himself all ready. He reached out and tangled their fingers together. "Stop being scared. I said I'll take care of you and I will." His muscles clenched as he pulled Uryuu in. He stopped just short of connecting their lips, hazel eyes intent on his mouth. The eyes lifted and and that look was on his face again. The one that said he'd looked into Uryuu and saw every thing. Down to the deepest, darkest recesses of his heart. Said heart began to pound, pushing blood through his veins at an alarming rate. Uryuu swayed closer, unconsciously shortening the distance between their mouths. Realizing, he forced himself to freeze. He gulped, the sound audible in the hushed car.

Where the hell had his anger gone? When had it been replaced with this insidious feeling of needing? Or better yet when had the needing resurfaced? He thought that he'd quelled it. But it rode beneath his skin in a scalding rush. He could almost hear it. He backed up.

"Homework," reminded himself, saying it aloud for Ichigo's benefit.

The ginger grinned and popped the door open. "C'mon."

He was at Uryuu's door too soon. Uryuu's mouth pursed as he navigated the stone path aware of Ichigo behind him, aware of his gaze on every stride. He would be lying if he said that he coordinated his gait with that fervent gaze and he knew he was a goner then. He was obviously walking into a trap and that didn't deter him. He must be the most idiotic man on the earth. But there was no way that he could walk away now. If he did he would regret it for the rest of his life. He felt that as keenly as he'd felt anger the day before. He stepped to the side hastily to let Ichigo unlock the door. He stepped inside the darkened house, tracking Ichigo by sound as he flipped the light switch. He felt his eyes go wide as he got his first look into the Bad Boys domain.

He was surprised. It was immaculate. Not at all what he expected by a demesne occupied by young males. Instead it was done tastefully with an eye to detail. Suddenly he just wanted to go back the way that he'd come. He was a goner for sure. With that in mind he turned towards the door, only to run smack into Ichigo. The berry's hand curled around his elbow. Uryuu winced as the touch. When had the berry gotten behind him? As if he'd known exactly where Uryuu's thoughts would go.
"Do you like it?" The tone was redolent with laughter. "Not what you expected?"

"It's clean," Uryuu responded dryly, stepping back to dislodge the ginger's hand. He seemed to be backing away a lot lately. Something that was completely foreign to him. But then again being with Ichigo like this after years was a little foreign to him as well.

"I'll give you a special tour."

As the berry showed him around the surprisingly intimate house, Uryuu couldn't help but wonder if he'd done the same thing before and how many times. He found a sullen resentment building as he was led around. He was particularly impressed with the kitchen. It made him think of Fai and how he would love it. The living room was a little crowded for him, with the couches strewn in every available space. But it wasn't until Ichigo pulled him to the stairs that he really realized his position. The stairs no doubt led to the actual bedrooms. He tried to tell himself that his pulse didn't speed with excitement as he followed Ichigo up the stairs to the third level, taking each color scheme of the floors that they passed. He paused in the hallway that was decorated in cream and navy. He hesitated at the teakwood door, his hands shaking with his nervousness. Ichigo opened the door and nudged him in gently, looming over him.

He stepped onto plush carpet that was like unblemished snow. The room itself was done in a stark black and pristine white that were immediately married as Ichigo dumped his backpack on a nearby desk done in pale blond wood that was dominated by a state of the art computer system. All the furniture was done in the same wood. From the shelves to the headboard of the bed. And the bed was massive. Uryuu found his attention arrested by it, his imagination supplanting an image of he and Ichigo tangled in it's center before he could tear his eyes away to study the entire room. A cream love seat took up one wall. Across from the bed an entertainment center stretched along the wall with a large tv and stereo system. A discreet door was situated next to it and it was this door that Ichigo opened, pulling off his sweat shirt to toss it in into the laundry basket. No doubt his movements were quick and efficient but Uryuu felt as if they were a deliberate strip show for him. His interested head perked up before his smarter head could prevail and he had to avert his eyes from the tantalizing sight of Ichigo showcased by the thin cotton t-shirt that clung to the corded muscles of his back. He imagined he could make out the scratches he knew were there.

His cheeks flamed with the thought and he was unprepared when Ichigo reappeared in front of him, that infuriating smugness coating his features once again.

"You like it."

Uryuu turned away instead of answering moving to the desk and began pulling books out of his backpack. He couldn't afford to be distracted no matter what his body was going through.

"Would you like anything?" Ichigo effortlessly pulled that focused attention to himself. Uryuu turned to answer, his voice hoarse as if he hadn't spoken in decades. "Water."

"Your wish is my command."

He was too conscious of Ichigo's departure, fully attuned to him. He sighed with relief as the tension evaporated with his absence, sitting at the desk. By the time that Ichigo returned he was fully immersed in his homework, focused on the business at hand. He grunted noncommittally when a bottle of chilled water appeared before him, accepting it without looking up. Long calloused fingers stroked a sharp line down his spine, destroying his concentration but Ichigo was already moving away, escaping his scolding. He waited several seconds before throwing what he hoped was a discreet glance over his shoulder. Ichigo lounged on the couch, flipping through a magazine, his long form looking totally comfortable. Too comfortable. Uryuu wanted to toss himself in his
lap and see how comfortable Ichigo could make him.

Adroit at reading his moods, Ichigo's eyes flicked up to meet his, dark with impatient thoughts. Uryuu 'eeped' silently and turned back to his books, his heartbeat ringing in his ears. What in the hell had he been thinking when he agreed to this? Determined not to let Ichigo get the best of him he pulled books from his bag and forced himself to focus entirely on the business at hand. Long minutes later, totally engrossed, he removed his jacket. For the next hour and a half he immersed himself in his work, his dedication to his grades overcoming personal yearnings. He went over everything meticulously making sure it up to his expectations. Finally he stretched, sighing as he leaned back in his chair. The quiet of the room penetrated his sense of well being an he again looked over his shoulder to place the berry.

The corners of his eyes widened slightly in surprise. It seemed that the time had proven too much for Ichigo. He was asleep on the couch, his head tilted in repose, the magazine hanging from limp fingers. Slowly, like a wary animal, Uryuu left his chair and inched forward, the chance to observe Ichigo at his most open highly compelling. When he was close enough, which was really too close in his opinion, he allowed himself to unabashedly study the ginger to his heart's content. Ichigo resembled nothing so much as a fallen angel, almost innocent in his slumber, all his intensity subdued for the moment. His wide, sensual mouth was relaxed, the pale ends of his lashes feathering across high, sharp cheekbones.

He really was too handsome for Uryuu's well being.

And because he couldn't resist, he reached out and stroked his fingers over the soft, tempting skin of his mouth.

And he had to smother the small sound of surprise when Ichigo's hand flashed out to snag his wrist, amber eyes blinking open sleepily. His lips curved beneath Uryuu's fingers.

"Ishida."

A full body shiver struck his vulnerable frame, the satiny mouth against his skin a memory in his blood. Face hot, he attempted to procure his hand and only succeeded in ending up sprawled across the ginger. They tangled as Uryuu attempted to liberate himself before his body betrayed him. Ichigo yanked him back down with the expedient nature of his large, strong palm around Uryuu's nape, his other arm sneaking around Uryuu's waist to hold him firm.

"Damn it! Let go!"

"Mnn….mmmnh. I don't want to." Ichigo nuzzled against his throat, against the red, angry mark that he'd left last night.

Uryuu stilled abruptly as he garnered how 'good' he felt to Ichigo. In the short tussle, Ichigo's body had gained rigid attention, his scent heated and aggressive as though he were marking his territory. The berry made a sound of approval.

"That's much better. You're always trying to run away from me."

Sudden irritation buzzed along Uryuu's skin. Not his, he realized as Ichigo tugged his head back so that he could glare at the pale raven. The lingering vestige of sleep evaporated completely. "That's not allowed," he sulked.

Uryuu almost sighed in exasperation, in fact barely refrained from it, not wanting to aggravate Ichigo any further.
"We discussed this," he whispered.

"Yeah, but I think it will take a while for you to gain my forgiveness. Maybe a lifetime. Yeah, maybe that would be enough time."

"You damned neanderthal," Uryuu snapped, the tone of his voice almost affectionate. "You just want me under your thumb."

The thunderclouds cleared from Ichigo's face. "Yep," he admitted unashamedly. "You're done with your homework?"

He nodded, opened his mouth to demand that Ichigo take him home and gasped instead when Ichigo swept them up so that they were no longer lying prone. The move left him straddling Ichigo's hips which in no way was an improvement. The hard jut of Ichigo's cock pressed against him. His reaction was immediate, lust slamming into him. The hot, tempestuous need blared so loudly that he was surprised that Ichigo couldn't hear it.

Or maybe he could.

Ichigo's hands pressed down on his shoulders, sliding his jacket down his arms. "Off,' the berry growled, all playfulness gone.

Uryuu gauged his percentage of escape and decided that it was less than 0.01 percent with Ichigo's hands on him and him in Ichigo's lap. Ichigo's dextrous fingers were already working on the buttons of his shirt before he physically protested, his hands wrapping around strong, sinew ridden wrists. To his dismay, his slender fingers barely circled them. They hardly did anything to stop him.

"Ichigo!"

A savage glint lit the depths of Ichigo's amber eyes. "I want to fuck you right now."

Buttons whizzed through the air. Uryuu gaped down at his torn shirt and then back to Ichigo. His brow furrowed as desperate hurt leeched out of Ichigo. He seemed to absorb it, his pulse beating hard with the taste of it. He thought back to the desperate, hungry frustrated gaze of the golden lion who stalked him, his eyes never wavering. He shook with the remembrance. He traced the sweet curve of Ichigo's ears, pulling him down into a soft kiss, his anger gone, fled like something craven.

The raging tempest calmed immediately. He pressed gentle, tender kisses over Ichigo's face. "I'm sorry Ichigo. I-I'm-I didn't realize."

"You didn't? You didn't notice me drooling at the mouth like a rabid dog?" This time it was Ichigo who made the sound of exasperation, surging to his feet in an impressive show of strength, Uryuu clasped tightly in his arms. "Did you think that I was just playing with you?"

Ichigo tossed him on to the bed, his eyes blazing with righteous anger. Uryuu scrambled to his knees, sinking into the elegant mattress.

They met in the middle, his hands gripping Ichigo's hair, Ichigo gripping his waist as he tipped them over. His ginger divested him of his clothing fast, the sound of material hitting the floor inconsequential in their frenzied need of each other. And then he was naked under Ichigo, a position reminiscent of the night before. Ichigo nipped at his throat, his teeth worrying the flesh. Uryuu felt the present mark bloom darker, but in his present state didn't care.
Ichigo spread him out before him, hands strong, gaze raking over him firmly, every part of him getting their fair share of the attention. The quadrant of his pectoral; the flat line of his stomach; the smooth, veined flesh of his erection; the long, smooth curve of his thighs; the slender arch of his feet.

"You won't ever escape. You will belong to me always."

The words were superfluous. Ichigo was already stripping his clinging, black t-shirt muscles bunching and releasing with his edgy movement. He didn't remove his sweat pants, only taking care to unsheathe the rampant length of his cock. He rose over Uryuu, leaning over to press a secret lever in the headboard of his bed. His mouth crashed into Uryuu's at the same time and it was all the raven could do to keep his mind from bowing under the insensibility of desire. His tongue pushed strongly, breeching the tender portal of Uryuu's mouth, tasting every little corner, claiming Uryuu for his own. He sealed their lips together ensuring that Uryuu couldn't breath without him, tongue plunging so deep in his throat, sensual death hovered on the horizon; making sure that without his breath, Uryuu was nothing.

Uryuu keened as slick fingers pressed against his ruched opening, taking care to linger over every crease before dipping gently inside his small, tight, passage. He squirmed as the first finger embedded deep within him, drawing a pained sound from his lips. The strawberry took care to move slowly even in his carnal haste, rubbing calloused pads over his most intimate flesh until Uryuu was writhing and crying out beneath him. The second finger pushed him to the acute edge of pleasure/pain barely brushing against the center of his most sensitive zone. His hips jerked forward at the sensation, his mouth falling open.

Ichigo was going to kill him, his touch and his scent causing his skin to tighten across his bones.

Ichigo's mouth stayed busy as he rotated his fingers gently, stretching him open slowly. Biting kisses led a pathway from his lips to his swollen nipples, their trail clear. Sharp teeth, grazed responsive flesh and Uryuu's cries continued to bounce off the walls, egging the ginger on. But he was blind to all, the only matter that was important was getting the Berry inside of him as fast as he could so he could soothe the burning ache that tortured him. Ichigo reared back, his pupils blown with hunger, his mouth stretched into a smile of carnal cruelty.

Uryuu shuddered as the gingers clever fingers press solidly against the center of his delight, robbing him of speech. He made up for it, cinching his thighs tight, pushing against the fingers.

"Do you want me?"

The question reached him from far away and he tried to get his lust bleary eyes to focus. He nodded. "Yes." Later the sound of his voice would shame him, but now it only stoked his desire higher.

"Good."

The blunt head of Ichigo's cock pressed against him, and he gasped .

Ichigo began to sink into him.

"Ichigo!"

He moaned, every inch that his berry gained sending hot streaks of craving down his spine. The pain didn't lessen them. The thought of his tyrant didn't cool the scalding fire. He couldn't get away so he squeezed Ichigo tighter, his narrow channel clamping down to hold Ichigo hostage inside
him. Ichigo hissed, sinking into his dark warmth. He slid in until his balls thumped against his bottom.

An earthquake of pleasure trembled both of them. The dual sensations from two ends of the sensation spectrum suspended Uryu on the line of falling over completely and granting Ichigo all access to him. But he knew it was only a matter of time even as his hips lifted, urging Ichigo to continue with his ravishment. His world rolled over as the sharp felicity stabbed into his gut. Ichigo felt so good inside of him, stretching him to his limit, the club of hot, hard flesh rubbing the place that made his mouth go slack in wonder. A rainbow of colors and emotions flashed behind his closed eyelids.

When had he closed them?

He jerked as Ichigo pulled out of him, then plunged back in, his patience completely shattered, his hand curling around Uryu's private flesh possessively. Uryu felt every plunge and retreat, his mind gone with pleasure. The petting fingers only made it worse and his gyrations took on a life of their own as he sought the higher heights of carnal greed. His fingers sank into golden skin, leaving blood filled crescents. Ichigo grunted, his hips stuttering before he regained his rhythm, his voice harsh.

"You won't be going anywhere Ishida. You belong to me always."

He slammed back inside the tight sheath that welcomed him wholeheartedly, his expression all satisfied smugness. Oh how Uryuu hated that look. But he couldn't have prevented it unless he curtailed his surrender.

With the blinding, white river of orgasm burning him, sweeping him away, that just wasn't possible. So he gave himself up to it, Ichigo's thrusting strokes delicious; the delirious flash of completion delirious; Ichigo's hand pumping his cock sublime.

Blind to a world without pleasure, Uryuu fell.

Hopelessly and irrevocably.

ROTN

He woke in the deep, dark confines of Ichigo's room, at first confused until he registered the heavy arm across his waist and the heat of Ichigo's mouth running down his spine. He blinked rapidly into the darkness as he tried to gain his bearings.

"Ichigo."

His name was a whispered plea on his lips as the berry flipped him onto his stomach, knees tucked beneath him, Ichigo's hands and mouth assaulted sensitive, aching flesh. Ichigo had no fucking shame. Uryuu shivered as Ichigo spread him wide, his large palms engulfing the firm globes of his ass. He froze, ass in the air, his asshole exposed to the perverted six foot blonde that refused to release him. Warm breath gusted over his hole, and his hands trembled where they clutched the sheets, the feeling was so good. So tantalizing. Just that small contact and his ass was twitching, inviting a more direct touch. He wanted that touch, longed for it. The streaks of pleasure hinted at the sublime. He sweated, pressing his face against the cool sheets. The big lion chuckled behind him, noting his reaction.

"Ishida I want to taste you..."

His dick went rock hard, pleasure/pain darts shooting up the taut skin, He pushed his hips up
higher, knowing what the ginger wanted, the memory from that day bright, hot and fresh.

"Please taste me," he husked, lost to the pleasure that Ichigo had instituted into his life. Every time the lion touched him, he felt good beyond his imagination. This time was no different. He moaned low and long as Ichigo probed gently with the tip of his tongue. He opened his legs wider, fighting against Ichigo's iron grip, He just wanted more.

"Good boy," Ichigo crooned, his voice dark and hungry his eyes partially closed. The flat of his tongue stroked across his plump, swollen opening, lapping with barely there strokes, the tip of his tongue catching at the center of his hole, making him shake with desperate lust. He clutched the sheet to his face as Ichigo made another pass, continuing his torture. The tip of Ichigo's tongue pressed against his throbbing center and he gasped as his body opened eagerly for the width of that sliding tongue

"Nhhghh!" He muffled his torn cry in the sheet as Ichigo stretched his already swollen flesh, sinking deep into him. Licking over the walls of his ass....

Uryuu's eyes fluttered as the pleasure suffused his entire being. Ichigo's tongue was thick, not as thick as his delicious cock of course, but still too much for the slender column of his anus and his body clamped down on the invading tongue like it wanted to keep it, instead of kicking it out. His hips jerked up, would have dislodged that wonderful tongue had Ichigo not been holding him. And his golden lion was far from releasing him. He tightened his hold even more as he began to stab his hardened tongue deep into his core.

"Fuck!" He pushed back, delirious with the pleasure, his body taking the lead. "Just, just fuck me already!" He demanded, imperious as he always was.

"Mmmnh. I thought you'd never ask," Ichigo husked, his tongue sliding out out him.

Uryuu panted as Ichigo rose up behind him, the anticipation almost obscene he was so eager. He groaned as Ichigo pressed deep, the blunt head of his cock breeching his wet slick channel easily. The pleasure washed over him, Ichigo fulfilling the promise of his lust as he stroked softly, then thrust firmly. Until he was a writhing mass of sensation beneath him, filled and stuffed full of cock.

And it was over for him. He acknowledged it, falling in the white furor of his orgasm, the tendrils of nirvana wrapping and cinching tight around him.

He couldn't lie to himself anymore.

Chapter End Notes

That went harder and faster than I anticipated…but that Damn Ichigo!

I love him I really do!
Chapter Twenty Seven

Boderline

LavixAllen

Allen just stared at Lavi as he turned a chair and lowered himself against the cushion, long legs spread-eagle. His best friend moved differently. More self assured than he'd ever seen him, his shoulders straining against the black sweatshirt, subtle strength evidenced in the tensing of muscles throughout his long frame as he leaned back in the seat. The movement was entirely too graceful and enticing for him not to react. His lips compressed as he fought the urge to speak. He wasn't sure what would come from between his lips if he were to open them right now. Glowy heat coalesced in his belly as Lavi's words and actions from last night stroked over the pleasure points in his mind.

Just the thought of it was enough to arouse.

Lavi, entrenched so deeply in his body, that their thoughts became one, so deep he could feel it in his throat. The image roared in his imagination, pressed down on the bed, hips in the air as Lavi slowly destroyed him with languid, leisurely thrusts.

He squirmed in his own seat and a faint smirk appeared on the redhead's face as if he knew exactly what Allen was thinking.

Most likely he did since he'd planted the idea in the first place, Allen thought mulishly as Lavi continued to consider him with bright jewel eyes.

"So have you made a decision yet?"

"Jury's still out!" He huffed, frustrated by the lack of expression on his best friend's face.

But his eyes. They resembled a blazing, furnace of intent.

"Hmmm..." Lavi pushed his foot against the floor tilting his chair back, regarding him with eyes heated with longing. "As long as the decision is me then we don't have a problem."

"Arrogant son of a bitch." It was a purely instinctual response, Lavi's intense demeanor throwing him off balance and into a sensual wall of imagination.
"Your opinion of me sure has fallen," Lavi commented letting the chair drop back to the floor, leaning over the table, closer than he would have liked. It created an intimacy he wasn't sure he was ready for. Especially from his best friend.

"What in the hell has gotten into you?" He questioned, gray eyes wide on Lavi. "Why all of a sudden?"

"It's not all of a sudden." And finally Lavi's voice wasn't so cool, his eyes a little darker. "I've spent the last two years trying to keep you in the friend zone and trying not to feel bad about my feelings."

"Why would you feel bad about that?" He huffed, hurt for some inexplicable reason.

Suddenly Lavi was looming over him, the table between them inconsequential. It was all Allen could do not to lean back and show any apparent weakness. He had a feeling that would be his undoing.

Lavi's green eyes glowed almost crystalline in the low light. "How could I not feel bad about wanting to tie up my best friend and do everything under the sun that wasn't against the law and several things that were. You have no idea how I felt when you wanted to spar and all I wanted to do was throw you to the mat and crawl between your legs. I just wanted to turn you up and see how your delicate, pale skin holds up against my hands."

A hard flushed flowed up Allen's throat and Lavi's interested eyes followed in fascination. His voice lowered accordingly. "You like that? You like knowing that I've been tortured with dreams of bending you over my knee? Of your ass red and hot from my fingers?"

Allen sputtered and sat straight up as if Lavi's words were strings pulling him taut.

"Stop that damn it! You can't tell me that you want to be with me one minute and seduce me the next!"

"Why not? I've waited long enough." Allen froze as Lavi's eyes narrowed, stripped down to green pools of sensuality. "I can't hold back anymore."

Somewhere the wires to the world had gotten mixed because this was not his best friend, who he'd loved for years casually propositioning him as if he had the right.

"You're fucking crazy." He stood, snagging his book bag. "I don't want to talk to you for a couple of days. I have a date with Yuu later this week, I'd appreciate if you-"

Lavi was up and out of his seat in the second that it took his fingers to connect with the book bag strap, looming over him as he halted his forward velocity.

A scarlet brow raised high above an emerald orb. "I really can't understand what you just said," he began, suddenly even closer much to Allen's dismay the heat from his skin spreading his scent over Allen olfactory senses. "Didn't I tell you that Yuu was no good for you? If you think that I'm going to allow him to touch you then you don't know me very well."

Allen blinked. Looked away and blinked again as if he were hearing words from an alternate universe.

"You're right! I don't know this you very well. How in the hell do you think you get a say in what I do?!!"
Lavi stepped further into his personal space, eyes tight and tense with jealously. Allen imagined that he could feel the lithe outline of his body next to his. "Because you've looked at me like you can't wait to get me under you for the past five years!" Levi's chest heaved with his emotions and suddenly Allen remembered that they were in the middle of a public establishment. His bewildered eyes shot around the restaurant fitfully, taking in the curious glances from the other patrons. His new friends didn't pay attention, otherwise involved in their own calamities.

"We can't do this here," he mumbled, trying to step around Lavi and head for the door.

Lavi wasn't having it. He moved with him, and they just ended up closer together, Lavi's clean evergreen fragrance, befuddling him further.

"Where should we do it then," The redhead taunted. "In my room, with you naked, begging me to touch you?"

"Or how about not at all!" Allen finally snapped, overwhelmed. Where had his stoic best friend gone? "Just yesterday we were friends. Today you want to get into my pants," he hissed. "You can't just change your mind when ever the notion strikes you!"

"That's not what the fuck is going on!" Lavi growled. His hand snapped out, fingers banding around Allen's wrist. "And you don't have to believe me."

Lavi tugged and he found himself outside in front of the cheaply decorated entrance of the eatery, their exit a blur.

Lavi looked savage, his eyes bright and predatory. "I'm not changing my mind! I've wanted you since the day you looked up at me with eyes that begged me to fuck you."

Mortification lanced him painfully as he realized how long that Lavi had known that he wanted him. Since day one it sounded like. And all this time he'd thought that he was being subtle. That his feelings were public knowledge was horrifying. Head down, only wanting to escape, he stepped around Lavi.

"I have homework to do. I'll talk to you later."

Maybe. If he could ever get over his embarrassment.

"That is not what is going to happen," Lavi flared, rejecting the idea swiftly. His fingers became like steel vice grips. He pulled harder, leading Allen to his black Mercedes.

Surprised, locked in that unbreakable grip, Allen finally looked at his best friend. Really looked. And was astounded by what he saw. Lavi wore an expression of such determination that he quaked on the inside. He'd never seen Lavi wear such an expression even when he really wanted something. He'd always been so easygoing, what will be will be, he'd cautioned Allen over and over again when they'd been as thick as thieves. That docile attitude was nowhere in evidence know as the red head pushed him the passenger seat, having opened the door with a quick press of a button. Allen waited until his best friend crossed the bonnet, and slid in to the driver's seat. The engine came to life with a soft purr, 'Motivation' pumping out of the stereo. He just watched in silence as Lavi reached over and turned the radio down, but not before he caught several raunchy lyrics. He gave in out of self preservation.

"Okay," he soothed, placating, seeing that this was going nowhere he wanted. "What do you suggest?"

Lavi grinned triumphantly. "A match. A sparring session if you will. With the winner getting what
he wants."

"What?" Allen's mouth gaped open. "You've never won a match against me."

"There's always a first time," Lavi leered. "Scared?"

"Never!" Allen flinched as if struck. "I'm never afraid of anything!"

"So I guess that means we fight." Victory and something else inflamed Lavi's eyes until they resembled nothing more than molten jade. A twinge of fear snaked through him, but he didn't let it stop him. "You're on!"

Several moves into the fight, he realized that Lavi's fighting style was different. Closer and more personal than it had ever been, less restrained. He trembled when Lavi slid into his guard, hand seeming to swipe carelessly careless across his backside for what seemed like the tenth time before dancing backwards out of his range. They were dressed in white Gi, their hair tied back. Lavi was smiling, his body swaying into Allen's offensive attacks gracefully, blocking his every strike, firing back aggressively. Allen felt panicked. It was the first time in their sparring history that Lavi had exhibited this kind of artless footwork.

He was starting to worry and get angry.

"Why haven't you fought like this before?" He asked, lunging forward, attempting a grappling move in an attempt to throw Lavi off his game. Lavi shrugged him off easily, bouncing back on the balls of his feet.

They circled one another wearily.

"Never had anything to actually fight for," Lavi responded, sweeping forward, foot tapping the back of Allen's knee as his hand pressed down on his shoulder, pushing him downward to the ground. Allen resisted but couldn't regain his balance before he tumbled to the floor. Lavi flowed over him faster than the speed of light. His mouth nestled in the curve of Allen's throat and the silverette kicked out, forcing Lavi to roll away. A dirty job when all he wanted was Lavi to cover him and make good on his unchaste promise.

"You're mistaken if you thought I'd let you control me that easily," He taunted back, flipping back out of the way when Lavi would have grabbed him and thrown him back to the floor.

He grinned as they crouched, facing each other like two king lions on the delta, before they moved in. For his small stature, Allen was quick, out maneuvering Lavi when he tried to use his strength. He enjoyed dancing beneath Lavi's sharp chop, his soft laughter tinkling over the dojo. A small dojo that Lavi professed to attend in his free hours. It was empty after hours and the building was quiet except for their loud exclamations and soft grunts as their bodies hit the floor.

"C'mon, you'll never hope to hit me with weak moves like that," Lavi taunted dodging a snapping kick, springing up so that he was chest to chest with the silverette. Allen flinched expecting a strong counter but was surprised as Lavi's finger poked against his sternum playfully before the flame darted backwards leaving the space before him unencumbered. He frowned, relaxing on his heels.

"You're not taking this seriously."

Lavi shook his head, untamed light glinting in his green eyes. "Oh I am, I assure you."
He was toying with him. Allen blew a frustrated breath that stirred his silver locks over his forehead. "You keep running away. Are you scared I'm going to hit you?" He goaded. "Admit it I"m out of your league."

Lavi's hearty laughter met his statement. "How badly do you want to get your hands on me?"

Allen smiled sweetly, rising to provocation. "Not as badly as I want to get my hands on Kanda."

Lavi's eyes changed then, morphing from playful to deadly serious in the space of a second. Allen was barely able to track his attack. The hand that crashed into his sternum this time was almost punishing, knocking Allen to the ground in a grand rush. He hit the floor with a muffled 'UMPH' out of breath. He couldn't prevent the red head from covering him. Sensing his counter attack, Lavi dropped all of his considerable weight atop him, halting all interactions except for the one of their bodies colliding.

The wind left him in an audible breath as Lavi's, tall, rangy body settled over his, pinning his body to the practice mat.

It was his dream and nightmare. To have Lavi covering him completely. He exhaled and let out a dazed breath as Lavi's shoulders eclipsed the sight of the dojo around them. He pushed against them only to have Lavi smirk down at him once more.

"Do you yield?" His tone was full of self confidence, as if he wasn't pinning Allen to the ground, his strong, sleek body conforming to Allen's shape and size.

And damn it he was!

Angry, Allen flared, trying to push again on the broad shoulders. "Hell no! As if I would!

His rebuttal fell on empty ears. Lavi's nose nudged, his mouth against Allen's throat. It was all he could to stay in control of his facilities, forcibly calming his nerves as the red head continued his assault.

One strong hand tethered in his hair, tipping his head back so that Gray and emerald gleamed, met and sparked. Lavi smiled, a self satisfied expression that caused him to try and wiggle out from beneath the scarlet haired trickster. Lavi just pressed harder so that he couldn't move at all, proving that his strength was greater.

Not like he was complaining…..far from it. He just hated being bested.

He didn't take the time to quell the the flight or fight reflex that rose within him. But Lavi seemed to know his every move. Had countered every one with ruthless efficiency. As he was right now, his heavy weight spread out so that Allen couldn't get up and retreat.

"Get up!"

"Do you yield?" Was Lavi's instant reply, whispered into the inner workings of his ear, a low, sweet, seduction. Allen squirmed under his heavy weight.

"I won't!"

Lavi just let his weight settle over him more deeply and he couldn't ignore the bold, thick stretch of his erection against his stomach. His eyes widened in almost comical surprise at the reaction. He hadn't truly believed that his best friend really desired him in that way. It seemed that Lavi had no such denial in any bone in his body. He stiffened as Lavi's mouth trailed up his throat, leaving
crumbs of desire in his wake. Having denied his feelings towards Lavi, his response was unprecedented, so unexpected he could do nothing as Lavi moved closer to his mouth. Seeing it coming, he tried to protest, shifting strongly underneath the red head.

It was all for nothing, Lavi held him effortlessly under his greater weight as he bent down. He contained the moan that wanted to issue from his throat when Lavi's full mouth settled on his but barely, his mental prowess compromised. Slowly, so slowly that he almost did beg, the scarlet haired demon raked his teeth across the sensitive skin of his bottom lip, spreading his hands on either side of Allen's head as the sensation rocketed through the slighter male. Allen tensed in surprise at the slight pain. He hadn't taken himself to be an M but the feelings that barreled through him belied the fact. The slight pain sent a bolt of pleasure through his bones and an involuntary moan forced its way between his lips. Embarrassment flooded his cheeks as his hips twitched upwards. It was something he'd never expected, Lavi on him, his mouth on his. His tongue swiped across the small pain source, soothing it instantly.

Allen tensed in surprise at the slight pain. He hadn't taken himself to be an M but the feelings that barreled through him belied the fact. The slight pain sent a bolt of pleasure through his bones and an involuntary moan forced its way between his lips. Embarrassment flooded his cheeks as his hips twitched upwards. It was something he'd never expected, Lavi on him, his mouth on his. His tongue swiped across the small pain source, soothing it instantly.

But Allen was not to be soothed. He was in a tumult as the man he'd wanted for the last several years tasted him, probing gently until he had no choice but to open his mouth in invitation. It was an impulse that he couldn't deny, the pleasure at the small touch scorching every other memory from his mind. He lifted his head, blindly seeking the warmth of Lavi's mouth.

Lavi pulled back, his eyes like the deepest midnight, the green totally eclipsed by his need. "Do you give up?"

Time stopped, that moment frozen in charged chrysalis as Lavi captured him in his bright green gaze, everything about him like a big luring turn-on. Everything was brighter than life. It was almost too brilliant for Allen's eyes, bringing out all of his old insecurities. But it was his dream that was pinning him to the floor and he couldn't stop his hands from reaching, latching onto scarlet strands of hair.

He'd never had difficulty in expressing himself, but this. This was different. He was desperate to have Lavi's mouth on his again. But he shook his head, negating the need, fearing the loss of self if he succumbed to his insidious desire for the red head. He pulled his hands back before the could connect, slightly ashamed at his feelings.

Lavi grinned and suddenly warm lips encompassed his once again, Lavi's strong tongue venturing into his mouth. He jerked at the first taste of that golden tongue and swore internally that he wouldn't live to see a next day.

Jagged streaks of carnal lightning leaped up his spine as Lavi curled his tongue around his in a delicate tasting that had the both of them gasping within minutes. Lavi withdrew, listening to his sound of protest, but ignoring it in the favor of nipping at his pulse, the soft resilient skin there yielding sweetly under his strong teeth. He paused, his tempting mouth resting against silk skin as he waited for an answer. Allen bit his lip, swallowing hard to ignore the impulse to give in. With Lavi laying over him like his sweetest dream, it was excruciating to deny himself. But a sliver of self preservation licked through him and stayed silent and frozen beneath Lavi's cunning ministrations.

A soft burst of air hit his throat as Lavi laughed softly. "You won't yield?"

"What the fuck do you want from me?" Allen panted, warmed and flushed, "I just found out that you want me like that. Why can't you be patient and wait for me to decide?"

Lavi snarled. "Because then you'll give Kanda Yuu a chance and he has none so it would be useless
to give him hope." Lavi shook his head with a hot, knowing, rueful look on his face. His hand slid around Allen's throat, warm skin cupping the tendons. "You're mine. He has no right to touch you."

"Neither do you," Allen gasped as Lavi began to stroke his throat, a suggestive silky up and down movement that made him blush scarlet. Smug temptation stared back at him, Lavi knowing exactly how the innocently indecent touch was effecting him. The firebrand loomed over him each stroke interspersed with a deep kiss.

Allen sensed his movement, felt the large hand slid down his side to slip in between their bodies. Allen trembled in surprised as the hand cupped him, long fingers sliding along the crease of his ass, rubbing provocatively, the heel stroking across his the pliant weight of his sac. Lavi's head lifted so that he could see the bright flush that embossed his cheeks.

"You won't yield here either?"

Allen's eyes shot wide. Electric fire surged through his brain at the bold touch. The blaze was too large to hold thoughts of Kanda. His startled eyes met confident ones. The battle of wills was silent, green boring into gray. The redhead's look was omniscient, probing all of his secrets, laying the bare truth of him out before him. He asked the question almost playfully, tipping his head so that their lips pressed together in the slightest caress.

"Would you like me to kiss you again?"

Allen pulled on Lavi's flame bright hair, pressing that glorious mouth harder against his, stopping the words that wanted to spill from his mouth, although his body had already confirmed it.

And he moaned, the sound making Lavi growl above him. He didn't care that they were in plan sight of anyone who would walk along, Lavi's perfect tongue slid into place again, And the fit was perfect. Allen shivered at how right it felt.......how delicious. The desire was liquid chocolate as it spread over him. And Lavi above him, moving like a hoari was like icing on the fucking cake. The tip of a long dextrous tongue brushed over the center of his tongue in a series of long, soft licks. Then suddenly plunging deep, to curl around his own, sucking trapped tongue into his mouth, His fingers relaxed, his body weak from the masterful kiss. Who would have thought, reserved Lavi was this wild-child. It swirled around them and Allen knew better to bait an animal in bloodlust but he knew if he didn't stop the kiss right here he was going to wake up tomorrow Lavi's pet.

That could not happen.

He slipped his hands up Lavi's body, starting to concentrate fixedly on all Lavi's moves, trying to distract him from what he was about to do. Lavi sucked on a particularly sensitive part of his tongue and he grunted in lewd surprise, his hands reacting to his panic. His fingers curved over Lavi's shoulders pushing them pack with a sharp movement, forcibly separating their lips. He brought one leg up, propping his lower leg against Lavi's stomach. The redhead was a little confused. He flipped him with a neat, mechanical thrust.

And then he was scampering for his clothes like a mouse beneath a bird of prey's eyes. For once he thanked the heavens for Lavi's innate neatness. He able to grab is pile of immaculately folded clothes complete with his shoes on top and scurry to the door, somehow evading Lavi's quick snatch. Then he was out in the free air and he began to run like hell hounds on his heels. He was slim and light on his feet. He quickly left Lavi's recovery attempts in the dust.

He ran all the way to his dorms, pulling his key card out with a shaking hand. He burst into the building, spinning around to look out into the darkness that now spread across the parking lot, punctuated by periodic lights. He swore he saw a black Mercedes pull in, but he didn't see. He
whirled around and ran for his room. He didn't bother with the elevators.

He ran up each stair, and relishing his freedom.

Chapter End Notes

I love all of these couples! Lavi is so adorable when he's riled up LOL. Thank you to Ben4Kevin for suggesting him as a Seme....
Deeper

Chapter Summary

Just a little deeper everytime

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Twenty Eight

Deeper

KanameZeroTakuma

Zero absolutely froze as the twins went from friendly camaraderie to lecherously stalking wolves. The sight of their eyes, filled with prurient intent kept him seated, sensing that if he tried to make an escape for it, it wouldn't be helped. Instead he concentrated on keeping his cool, trying not to show an ounce of weakness. In front of these two that would be deadly. They were too cunning, too attuned with one another. Even now it chilled him how well they moved together, executing their moves like a well oiled plan after one almost inconspicuous glance between the both of them. And how well they were at reading him. Kaname took point this time, the subtle transition smooth as if they'd agreed beforehand. The brunette's dark eyes smoldered as they settled on him. The look was a contest between wanting to ravish him and wanting to hold him. He'd found that the twins were consummate cuddlers. They'd wrapped him up in them and slumbered. He'd slept with their intermingled scents hypnotizing his dreams. The morning had been a fiasco, what with their father showing up. He'd been unsure of how to move around them. But they'd managed just fine, pushing him around until he was dressed and ready. Takuma had grabbed clothes upon their exit so he was well prepared for the morning after. He was mortified that he didn't remember that small detail. They'd pretty much kept him tied up and blindfolded while they sated themselves with his body and left so off balance he wouldn't have known if the moon exploded.

Haruka had greeted him lightly, the ever impassive Rido hanging over his shoulder. His eyes had twinkled with merriment until the man had looked at his sons. Then they'd been flinty with stern cold. Zero had been pushed into the kitchen for coffee and breakfast, a petite, handsome woman of genteel years serving a hot plate of food like it was a bed and breakfast while the three had tete a tete in furious undertones. By the time he was done with breakfast and ready to go, his nerves had been screaming from the tension in the room. Whether from frequent exposure or from respectful silence, Mary had not reacted to the conversation, going about her business of puttering around the kitchen like Zero was the only one in the room. The only saving grace was that they hadn't run into any of the other inhabitants of the house so he'd been able to avoid the walk of shame and escape to class.

And now here they were in front of him, his painful, unexpected reality.

The marks that ringed his throat and the nape of his neck tinged unpleasantly as if warning him of what was coming. It was a new day so they could ultimately claim a date today. And he was pretty sure that if they did it would end up the same way. His feeling was justified in the lust in their eyes as they converged on him. Kaname slid into the empty spot next to him. Takuma took the seat
across from him. Kaza and Allen had been dragged away. Naruto was on his other side, leaning in to whisper in Sasuke's face. The raven merely looked amused as Naruto's cheeks flamed.

And then he returned to his own predicament as Kaname bent and laid his head across his shoulder. He sighed dramatically. "I'm so tired." Dark chocolate eyes rolled up skim his. And the scent of night played with his senses. "I stayed up too late last night."

Zero gave him a disgusted scowl trying to squirm away discreetly. "Whose fault is that? You pervert," he muttered.

Kaname rose over him, pressing closer. Both he and Takuma gave him a look of disbelief. Then Takuma shook his head, eyes meeting Kaname's for a fleeting second. "You don't realize do you?" He asked Zero, a piercing expression transforming his face. It was stark and hungry. And both of the twins looked the same despite having different looks. Different looks didn't matter. They moved as one and when they leaned over him, they looked as if they wanted to eat him.

"No, he doesn't," Kaname half whispered in his ear. "You're very erotic Zero." His voice dropped, "When you whispered our names in the dark, you almost made me come. And when you spread your legs and begged us to let you come, I almost died on the spot. You were so beautiful. " The air around them turned even darker, more sinister, a direct threat to his virginity.

He scrunched back into the seat, the covered marks across his throat, throbbing with awareness. "What do you want? I'm doing-was doing homework!"

The twins shared a cynically disbelieving look.

"We want you."

He didn't move, didn't react in any way to this statement, though inwardly he relaxed. He'd known that. The twins weren't very subtle in their pursuit. He'd almost looked away and had stopped himself at the last moment, remembering Kaname's words. He didn't know how they would react here. He didn't think that being in public would save him. He huffed meeting Takuma's clear emerald gaze.

"I'm tired too. I'm going to finish my homework, relax for a while over dinner and call it a night."

"Sounds good," Kaname agreed. "Though our homework is done. What do you want for dinner?" The brunette made a show of looking around. "Surely not this?"

They weren't listening to him. He slid further down into the seat, not looking away from the blonde. "You don't have to worry about that. I've got it covered."

"But there's no way we could leave you to your own devices, seeing as we promised Cross and all," Kaname reminded him laconically, daring him to refuse. He pulled his phone from the front pocket of his sweatshirt. "In fact I know a great place and they deliver. And besides Mary needs the night off."

"Yeah," Takuma leaned forward over the cheap table, his lean body curling gracefully, eyes dreamy. "That woman is a goddess in the kitchen."

Zero could definitely concur. But back to the subject damn it!

They were stubbornly, purposefully blocking his every move. As if they had every right to.

Kaname's fingers were flying over phone keys. "Aidan will be here momentarily with the car
they'll pick up the bikes. We can stop by your room and grab the necessities and you can sleep on our floor tonight."

"Your floor?" Zero questioned softly, not sure where to go from here. He hadn't moved from his spot at the booth, but at this moment it was hard to keep still, as his life was planned around him. Because he had no such compunctions that they meant that he was going to accompany them. Kaname spoke as if it was a foregone conclusion.

That he'd go with them.

As if it had already been planned, decided and executed.

His neck began to feel hot. The collar seemed too tight around his throat. He coughed discreetly, bending his head and covering his mouth with his fist. His stormy violet eyes darted to his right. Naruto no longer occupied the seat so it was free to go as long as he moved before the twins could guess his reaction to their teasing. Because they were. Teasing him that was. It rippled under their seemingly casual tones. They were waiting for him to run. Ready for it for even. So he forced himself to relax, to curb the impulse.

And move when he was ready to run.

The atmosphere of the table eased as if they were reading him as well as they read each other. That thought panicked him, and he shot a look of pure purple confusion towards Kaname before looking back to Takuma who as was lounging in his chair like it was a throne. Takuma's eyes latched onto his and read him like a book.

Were you going to leave?

And if I were?

Pure bravado that.

I told you we like it when you run.

If it were possible to become even stiffer, Zero accomplished it. He broke their staring contest, finally looking towards the empty spot beside him as he began to move to it hooking his fingers through the latch of his back. They didn't try to stop him, they flowed with him. They rose and came abreast of him as he navigated his way through the tables and chairs, Kaname's fingers still working rapidly over the keys.

"The food will be ready and delivered a little after we get home."

Zero shot him a ferocious look and kept moving. He burst through the doors with them tight on his heels. He stopped short at the sight of the Maybach idling at the curb. The bikes weren't in evidence. He turned to face them, the simmering volcano inside of him erupting with a flash of vehement heat.

"This is so not what are deal was."

Kaname smiled, phone grasped securely in his hand. "And wasn't the deal that we get six weeks worth of dates?"

"Yeah, planned dates," he snarled back.

"Was that stipulated?" The twins glanced at one another and Zero almost screamed with anger. He
refused to be boxed in a corner. But that sentiment was becoming harder the longer he hung out with the twins. The chilled atmosphere made his teeth clench. Kaname leaned in slightly, his eyes hard, voice hard. "Are you planning to leave right now?"

Zero's eyes were wary as he faced off with them. "I'm going to do my homework."

"You can easily do your homework in one of our rooms."

He couldn't see Takuma from the way that Kaname was monopolizing his sight, but that didn't mean that the other twin didn't pack his own impact on the conversation. He stared into Kaname's eyes, his mouth set mulishly as he answered.

"I don't think that would be conducive to getting my homework done."

Kaname's face lightened considerably. "Is that what you're worried about? I promise that we can control ourselves."

Zero almost rolled is eyes in exasperation. "I'm sure that you can, however I don't care to test that theory tonight."

"There needn't be a test, Zero," Kaname hummed. "I ensure you that all responsibility will be taken, get in the car."

Zero didn't look back at the quiet monster that hugged the curb, though he felt Takuma move behind him to open the door. Kaname had straightened imperiously, his deviously benign expression speaking of being used to being obeyed.

"I don't take orders well," He stalled, taking care not to step away from the dark twin lest he run into the light.

Kaname shook his head slightly looking at Takuma over his shoulder before deigning to look back at him, more amused than he should have been. "Don't worry we'll teach you. Get in."

This time the order was impeccable and Zero knew that Kaname was at the end of his tether. He shot a look over his shoulder to where Takuma was holding the car door open, his posture as tense as Kaname's. The strained undercurrent wound around him, like the order was taking physical life. The sparkling interior called to him, a cool oasis in the desert of their anger and he gave in sliding into the cool vehicle, surprised when they didn't try to hem into his regular spot between them. The black divider was up so they were in private exclusion. Their attitude was stiff for the ensuing ride, this quiet one vastly different from the one last night. He sat, his elbow on the door, his head resting on his fist as he waited for it to be over. Not once did he look their way, even though he felt theirs touch upon him several times. It felt as if they were close to touching him, their need to do so was so great.

Kaname and Takuma sat side by side, their fists clenched as they fought not to reach for their prey. Being heirs to the head of their group, they were highly unused to their every word not being obeyed. But then again they'd counted on nothing less when they'd stood over his young, unconscious blood stained form and decided that he was going to be theirs. It was one of their favorite memories even though it pulled them in to one of the most chaotic moments in their lives. Indeed it was the very same night they'd begun to resent their father. Yet it was this very memory that they pulled around themselves to combat their possessive desire.

"You think I killed Juri?"

"No, I think you are responsible for her death, being who you are."
"And you don't think that's calling the kettle black? What about that young orphan out there. Are you seriously telling me that you don't consider it your fault that his parents are dead right now?"

"They knew what this life was and what it entails."

"Just as Juri knew when she married me."

There was a lull in the conversation, though they didn't really care as they stood over the sleeping kid. It was obvious that he was totally exhausted, his eye lashes dark against the pale crescents off his cheeks. Small swatches of silver hair peeked out from under the knit hat he wore over his small round head. He was paler than he should be, the smudges of scarlet vivid on his skin, almost seeming washed out against the dark blanket that covered him. And yet...

Kaname threw a sideways glance at his brother, knowing he was doing the same.

"You're thinking what I'm thinking right?"

Takuma nodded his head with a small sigh. "You know I am."

Satisfied, Kaname turned his eyes back to the boy. "What do you think Cross is going to do with him?"

"What are you going to do with him?"

Both of them bristled as their father echoed Kaname's question.

"He'll be staying with me."

"Good," Kaname murmured.

Haruka chortled. "Feeling sentimental are we?"

"Like you said. It's my fault he's an orphan right now."

"That man really is an idiot," Kaname commented almost idly. "He should know by now how Cross works."

"So should you," Takuma fired back. "But just a moment ago you were asking the same question."

"It was rhetorical when I asked it," Kaname retorted. "Besides, if he didn't go with Cross how would we find him?"

"Find who?"

It was only due to the superb training that they didn't jump fifteen feet in the air. They'd been so focused on their needs and desires they'd let their attention to the ongoing conversation lapse. Cross stood over them, the light glinting off his glasses, his ash blonde hair flowing around his shoulders. They looked at each other then over their shoulder at Cross.

"Him."

Cross rubbed his nose, eyes considering. "Oh, him. Zero. Why would you need to find Zero?"

"Because he,"

"Belongs to us."
Cross blinked, looked from them to Zero and back to them. He knelt down, focusing his gaze on Zero. "And do you promise to take care of him when you do find him?"

Both nodded in supreme understanding. "We will."

"Okay then, I guess that's settled! Time to take this little guy and get him settled in. We'll see you later! Take care of your father, that guy's clueless!"

As if they didn't know that. They watched as Cross gently hoisted the silver haired angel into his arms. Identical slight smiles decorated their mouths.

"Perfect"

"Perfect"

Now the memory had the power to soothe them in the wake of Zero's defiance. Remembering how sweet his sleeping face had been worked like balm. So when they pulled up in front of the red Brick house they were sufficiently calm. Not calm enough to listen to protests if he'd had any, but calm enough not to snatch him out of the car and march him straight to their rooms for some well executed punishment. Instead they flanked him as he trudged up the walkway silently. He stopped when he reached the door, threw a cool amethyst look over his shoulder and said calmly, "You got me here, are you coming?"

They shivered, stuck in place as bolts of lust shot through them.

"Is he challenging us?" Kaname murmured.

"I believe he is," Takuma replied just as calmly.

They studied their silver angel for long moments, impassive, before their eyes darted to meet.

"Shall we proceed?"

"We shall."

They began to walk in simultaneous steps, eyes totally fetched on the lilac eyed, platinum haired angel beckoning them.

"Do you think we bit off more than we can chew?" Takuma asked casually as they pulled abreast of him.

"Finish your homework here and I'll take you home!"

"Damned neanderthal! Listen when others speak!"

KZT

Entering the house, they found the kitchen lights on and followed the golden glow to Fai and Kurogane leaning over the kitchen table discussing something heatedly. They were unscrupulously close, a fact the tall blonde seemed to miss as he argued with the tall raven. Zero felt his hope rise and then plummet just as quickly as he caught wind of the conversation that was going on.

"I can eat at home!"

"Finish your homework here and I'll take you home!"

"Damned neanderthal! Listen when others speak!"
The twins had no such compunction with interrupting, gliding into the kitchen as though there was no conversation going on at all. Zero could feel his eyes cross with embarrassment when Kaname pulled out a chair at the table and pushed him into it. The tall raven's attention was immediately arrested and introductions began to fly around the room.

"We've met," he announced drily when the three bad boys looked at them expectantly, but I suspect you all ready knew that.

The tall drink of water smiled at him, echoing his thoughts. "I thought that you might know each other."

Both Zero and Fai gave him a look of extreme annoyance, strained with the entire situation. Kurogane shrugged his shoulders in defense dark gaze falling on Fai. "i just wanted to make sure that you ate."

Kaname nodded. "No need to worry, I ordered from Yoshi's. It should be here shortly. Who's home?"

"Ichigo and Sasuke. Lavi is still out. I don't know about Rikuo. But who knows with him."

"Well, I saw him leave with Kazahaya so he's probably with him now."

The trio shared a conspiring look, interrupted as a sharp knock assaulted the door. Kaname threw one glance at Zero as he started for the front door. But it wasn't like he could get into trouble on his own with Takuma standing nearby, watching him like a security guard. He glared at the brunette's back then and, deliberately ignoring Takuma, returned his attention to Fai. The blonde was frowning up at Kurogane, clearly trying to convince him of something.

Like that was going to happen. These men were a force onto themselves, forging the world around them to their liking. Takuma rested against the black island, his regard totally focused on him, though he didn't let on that he knew that the bright flame was watching him. Instead he patiently waited until Fai wasn't preoccupied with the tall behemoth that was trying just as vehemently to convince him of the opposite. He made sure that he didn't look in Takuma's direction. Wouldn't be reminded of awaited him. Unfortunately the blonde's attention wasn't liberated until Kaname walked into the kitchen, his arms loaded with bags. He slid in close to Fai as Kurogane grabbed several of the bags and moved to the island. They both watched the men spread food over the white granite. Zero turned to Fai and mouthed 'Naruto?' Fai's nod towards the upper floors was just as discreet. And then Zero didn't try to make more conversation as he finally let his own attention be arrested by the twins again. Kaname was arranging food on a plates. And Takuma…..His eyes darted in a panicked sweep of the-

"I thought you wanted to do your homework?"

Because he'd been half expecting this anyway, he didn't jump out of his skin. The blonde was standing directly over him, uncaring that Fai was next to him.

"Stop sneaking up on me," he growled low, knew that Fai heard it regardless.

Takuma laughed and pressed in close, reaching over his shoulder to unzip his backpack and pull his folder out, the lean tendons in his throat displayed temptingly. His clean bright day smell wound around him even as Takuma wound himself around him. Zero's eyelashes fluttered as his eyes threatened to close. He kept them open with his will. "What books do you need?"

"Hmm, math and philosophy. And I can get my own books damn it!" He protested belatedly then
started in surprise when Takuma's soft lips brushed over the arch of one pale cheek.

"But I'm right here," Takuma husked before finally backing up, taking his backpack. "Naruto will be down in a few."

He should have known. The twins watched him obsessively when they were in his presence. His cheeks heated to a rosy apple. They were going to be the death of him. As if to hammer that statement in, Kaname invaded his personal space in the exact same position, eclipsing the world, too close for him to ever relax. "We'll be done in a minute. Wait right here."

Never a moment's peace. Midnight temptation swirled around him, threatening his senses. Zero leaned up quick before he could really think about it was he was doing and nipped the strong underside of Kaname's jaw.

Hard.

"You guys are way too fucking bossy," he murmured, his mouth soft against the smarting flesh. He was tired of being blocked in. They were taking too many liberties with him and he resented it.

"Really, you want to have this conversation here?" Kaname's voice dipped provocatively. There was nothing but challenge in his every move, the look in his eye, the way his body was angled over Zero's. His aggression was barely restrained. He drug his lips over the curve of one blushing cheek. "Be careful how you bait me, or the only thing you'll find between your teeth tonight will be bed sheets," he growled.

Zero flinched at the suggestion that underlined the threat. He knew the brunette was fully capable of pulling such a feat off. He didn't need to learn it in hard detail.

The clatter of a blonde bombshell stopped him from being dragged from the room and violated. Naruto entered the kitchen, followed closely by Sasuke. Naruto looked slightly disgruntled, a condition that all of them were becoming familiar with. His roommate's face brightened when he saw the packed kitchen. He pulled away from the raven mirroring his path, causing Sasuke to look disgruntled in his own right.

"Fai! Zero!" It looked like he wanted to say more, but his indomitable tongue was quieted by all the testosterone in the air. Zero understood completely. He turned from his own shadow, dismissing him to smile over at the little spitfire. "It seems like food and homework are in order."

Naruto grimaced. "I left my homework upstairs. I'll just grab it."

Sasuke stopped him with a territorial hand on his shoulder. "No need. I'll go." His hand lingered a little too long. Naruto looked on the verge of pulling away again when Sasuke withdrew his hand.

Naruto frowned fiercely when they were alone in the room.

"I can't believe that fucker practically kidnapped me!"

"Practically?" Zero breathed, glancing over his shoulder. "I had no other choice."

"What in the hell have we gotten ourselves into?" Naruto half moaned.

"Hey!" Fai rebutted. "I'm not in anything."

"Yet you're here," Naruto pointed out. "And why are you still here? He wouldn't let you leave huh?"
Fai colored beautifully. "Well, it was homework and all and we are partners so....."

Naruto studied him for a minute. "Yeah, that's it totally." He turned back to Zero, a pleading light in his eyes. "You know what I mean. Sasuke won't let me out of his sight!"

"I know!" Zero recalled the scene outside of the little restaurant. He looked back and forth between the two. "We have to come up with a plan. The hardest part is going to be escaping. Staying out of their hands is going to be a close second. Any ideas?"

"Give me a little more time to think," Naruto slotted out. "Getting rid of Sasuke is going to take a lot more than an easy fix."

Zero looked at the door, his expression frightening. "Definitely an understatement."

Sasuke entered the kitchen, a bright orange backpack dangling from his fingers. "Come into the dining room, you can do your homework comfortably in here." He jerked his head at Zero and Fai. "You two also."

Zero watched in fascination as Naruto approached Sasuke cautiously as if he expected the raven to pounce at any moment. Exactly how he felt with the twins. What had they gotten themselves into? He entered the living room expecting some sort of ambush but he only found a scene worthy of any movie study group scene. Big comfortable pillows ringed a short, long coffee table laden with plates of food and their books. The table was surrounded by plush couches in different styles and colors. If he had any guess, the soft white and black leather behind the table belonged to the twins and he would have been right even if Kaname hadn't been sprawling over one of them. It was just their type. Directly across from those two couches was a velvety, midnight one that Sasuke plopped on, beckoning Naruto forward. The blonde went, still moving as though he were expecting a firing squad.

"Have a seat. Eat."

He jumped slightly, chagrined at having been distracted from their presence. Takuma stood so closely behind him that the cloth of their clothes brushed together. It still felt like a red hot ember being stroked along the skin of his back. Happy that they hadn't insisted on him sitting with him, Zero settled on the pillows not far from where Fai was being assisted. They realized the genius of their decision to congregate in the living room. He could feel the twins eyes on him as he pulled a book to him and dived into his school work, the food forgotten on the table before him. They were definitely going to cause an aneurysm. They were dangerous to his health. Several times he was interrupted as one of the twins leaned over him to snag food from the table. The other two was suffering the same fate from what he could see and by the time he was done and ready for dinner, he felt like a windup doll ready to burst into action.

He'd barely reached for the table when Takuma appeared at his side. "Are you hungry?"

He managed to stifle the unmanly shriek that wanted to escape from his throat. "Stop doing that!" He gave him a harsh look over his shoulder.

Takuma looked amused. "It seems like someone's ready for bed."

Sasuke made a non committal sound of agreement and his eyes flickered to where Naruto sat with drooping eyes.

"Don't worry," Takuma was saying, "we can take some of that food to the room."
"And I'm ready to go home," Fai announced uncurling his legs and looking at Kurogane expectantly. The tall raven didn't look too happy with that summarization, but gave in graciously.

"Don't worry about cleaning it up, someone will get that," Sasuke informed Naruto sotto voce, pulling him from the room.

"Damn rich kids and their servants," Naruto grumbled. "Stop grabbing right there!....I can't believe...."

Zero listened to the conversation, aware with each step that he was being left alone with the twins. He felt too hot to move, as if with any little movement he would burst into a pillar of flame. The twins hadn't moved, though he felt the weight of their attention bearing down on him. Deciding that he wasn't going to play their game, he stretched obviously.

"Well, I'm tired." He turned to gauge their reaction. They sat on the same couch now and they were looking at him as though he were going to do something for their entertainment "I think I'll be going home now."

"Sleep would be nice," Kaname stated, standing. "We should take a shower. Practice was intense today."

Zero's eyes narrowed on them as Kaname ignored his statement. "I want to go home."

"Relax, the date isn't over yet."

"And who decides that?" Zero demanded.

Kaname loomed over him, resigned. "We do." He reached down and hauled Zero to his feet, every movement economical, fierce and precise. Zero spluttered at the strength in those hands, immediately trying to draw away from them. Instantly, Takuma was at his back, one arm sliding around his waist, pulling him flush against his front. Fingers grasped his chin, tilting his head back so he could see Kaname's face plainly. The heat returned, a fire relit inside by the mere touch of them, the burning ache returning. Indeed it never truly went away, simmering just below his skin waiting for the factor that would send it boiling.

He quivered in their hands as Kaname stroked his hair back in an attempt to sooth his frazzled nerves, capturing him effortlessly in his inviting brown didn't quite work with the tangible tension in the air "Why are you fighting so hard? What has you so scared?"

The brunette's mouth tilted mischievously and he bent, shortening the distance between them, hands slipping beneath his shirt. "Is it because you responded to us last night? Is that why you don't want to be near us?" Clever fingers. They swept up to stroke the stiff tips of his nipples as Takuma relaxed his hold on him.

Kaname laughed, low and throaty as he jolted, giving the brunette a look of sullen sensuality. "What a look." He stroked a thumb over the crimson stain of Zero's embarrassment. "Are you deliberately baiting us?"

He didn't answer, his facilities frozen by their touch. But it wasn't as if they would wait for his consent anyway. Kaname straightened with one last caress. "I think that this discussion would do better in the privacy of our rooms."

Takuma released him completely, giving him the right of free movement back and he hissed, annoyed with his hotspur reaction. "What discussion? You take it upon yourselves to make
everyone's decisions for them!"

"Only yours," Kaname purred. "A personal stake you could say. Let's go. I want to check the numbers before we go to bed."

Zero could only stare at him in wonder, convinced that he wasn't hearing the words correctly. The command was so nonchalant that he was astounded. And really it shouldn't have been. They'd been giving him orders since day one. But their sheer audacity still had the power to floor him. He felt as if they were filming an episode of 'The Twilight Zone' inside his head.

"I'm going home." He hedged towards the door.

And just that suddenly the aggression returned full force. Kaname's fiery eyes stopped his movements, Takuma's stony aura halted his actions.

They were pros at distraction, the way they weaved around him, keeping him on his toes. He raised his head, taking care that he didn't look away from the ravenous wolf standing before him. But looking directly at him just distracted him more. Kaname was extraordinarily beautiful. His hair lent his face a gleaming, silky frame and his eyes glowed with his displeasure. And they never left his face. He felt like an experiment gone awry.

"Zero," Kaname began, only to have the silverette cut him off.

"No! I don't want to hear your many reasons why I should stay. I'm tired. I'm going home." He gave him cool eyes, ever cognizant of Takuma behind him. "I want to go to bed without you two."

He felt it. Felt them withdraw from him like the surf pulling away from the sand, before pounding back to crash upon earth in a seething torrent.

"Well, we knew he'd be this stubborn growing up with Cross."

His words were for his brother but his hands were on Zero. Fingers of steely strength clamped down around his right wrist as Kaname dipped and slung him over his shoulder. Too surprised at the action, Zero ended up sprawled over his shoulder sputtering with anger.

"Fucker! If you thi-ngh!"

His diatribe was interrupted by the sharp slap of pain across his ass from the firm tap of Kaname's hand. To his shame, heat radiated from the abused flesh mingling with the arousal that sprang up in him so suddenly. It seemed to spread across his body until he was heated through, his erection. His cheek rested on the small of Kaname's back, but the tension curled within him, bringing with it a dose of reality.

"Do you really think that we would let you go?" Kaname asked gruffly, his legs eating the distance to their floor as he exited the living room in a burst of energy. He strode through the house quickly. "You belong to us. The sooner you realize that the easier this will be."

"You arrogant bastard!" He snapped, his voice slightly muffled by fabric of Kaname's shirt. It smelled clean, like the fresh sweep of midnight. "Are you giving me a choice?!

"You made your choice when you engaged in the poker game with us."

"Fuck that, you cheated!"

"How else were we going to win you?"
“That makes the bet null and void!”

Kaname laughed. “It’s too late. You should have called us on it at the very beginning.”

"Not that it would have mattered."

He squirmed at the thick want in Takuma's voice. "We would have found a way if you'd denied us.”

He could believe that. These two were an avalanche, burying any reason he would voice to deny them what they wanted. To have that incredible will focused on him, petrified him. So did the fact that they were on the stairs, closer to their rooms. If he didn't do something quickly he was going to be ensnared in their web once again. He pressed his palms against the small of Kaname's back in preparation to push himself up and groaned when another sting of pain assaulted his ass.

"Be still.”

He’d known this was going to be the outcome the moment they’d walked through the doors of that stupid restaurant, him completely overrode by them. What rotten luck that had been! He growled, bouncing against Kaname's back as he climbed the stairs.

"Really, who the fuck do you think you are?" He hissed. He was fucking pissed off!

A sigh. "Loo...
as one this time, forcing him to back into the room to avoid their forward rush. But he wasn't fast enough to avoid Takuma's hand as it seized his wrist. He found himself plastered to the blonde's front, his face nestled against his throat. He felt the heat of Kaname as he moved behind him. The blonde twin began to speak in a soft, compelling tone.

"You know it don't you?" He crooned. Zero shivered. Because his body knew it. And he did know it.

"You belong to us."

He swore he heard them in his head. He turned in their arms. A last desperate escape attempt, letting his eyes roam about the room. It was done in creamy shades of white. The same room from the night before. However the bed was done in black this time, the sheets having been changed in the course of the day. A large bookshelf decorated one wall, the other was taken by an entertainment system that included a desk, a t.v., blu ray, and a stereo.

It was the bed that kept his attention though. It was big enough to house them and then some. He'd been in that bed. Tied to its frame. Pillows spilled over it. The same pillows that had cushioned his back as they'd played with him. He trembled and suddenly stepped forward, out of the cage they formed. That was even worse, it brought him closer to that humungous bed. He was gratified that they didn't try and stop him. He turned back to them, flustered and slightly out of control.

"It's you who doesn't understand," He started, only to be cut off by Takuma.

"Yes, we do!" The blonde replied forcefully, not moving from his place beside Kaname. The contrast of them, light and dark, still had the power to befuddle his mind... "Every time that we prove to you that you belong to us, you try and escape."

Zero's eyes narrowed down on them, where they stood looking like the two wolves they really were. Their own glinted with a latent hunger he'd witnessed the night before. He could tell from their rigid postures that they weren't going to back down. So then what? He wasn't backing down either.

"I don't belong to you! You forced me here. Just like you cheated!" His cheeks were hot and flushed, his lavender eyes a brilliant purple in his passion. Really he didn't know why he was baiting them. Maybe he was an adrenaline junkie. Maybe it was the way their eyes weighed down on him dangerously. Or the way the lean, hungry, focused gazes told him that he was the only thing they were thinking of, the only one they wanted.

He stopped thinking abruptly and stared at them in stupefied amazement.

He was so surprised at his own train of thoughts that he missed his chance to move.

Takuma's hand forced his chin up so he had to meet eyes the color of night in the Emerald City Of OZ. Eyes that spoke of his intent even as he yanked Zero's mouth up so that their lips grazed together.

"Or maybe it was this insidious, flowering heat that bloomed inside him as Takuma's tongue slid deep into his mouth. He'd been agitated all day, half hard, his mind on the way they'd touched and stroked him. On how it would feel the third time around. Takuma's mouth covering his, damp tongue smoothing along his was the only thing that could soothe the agitation. That and..."

He turned his head blindly, seeking the third in their triad, gratified when Kaname's long fingers gripped his hair, tilting his head so that he join in the singularly raunchy kiss. It was a three way pool of carnal tempestuousness. And Zero gave himself up to it, the sensitive palms of his hands
skimming over the skin warmed cotton of their sweat shirts, riding the currents of pleasure as he relaxed his rigid control. It was a relief to give in, to let himself feel. It was good, the hard bodies beneath his fingertips, and the slippery slide of their mouths over his. This is what he'd thought about all day, what he'd remembered in the middle of class. What had preoccupied him so much he'd barely been able to give his schoolwork the proper attention.

And it was better than he'd remembered. The feelings, the tactile ones and the spiritual ones that curled through his psyche with each deep, intense caress. The twins' hands tightened on him an instant before the flash swept through his body. As if they were anticipating it. They moved like the waves crashing back onto the turf, Takuma's tongue dipping into his mouth, lips sealing over his, Kaname's mouth sucking at the tender, vulnerable skin at his nape, his arms tangling around his waist.

His fingernails scratched against Kaname's strong wrists as Takuma invaded him, forcing him into submission. The light twin tasted every little inch of his mouth, wrestling a trembling reaction from him as he was caught between them. He moaned against Takuma's lips as the fire burned him from the inside out. He couldn't breath for the tumult that shook the known world. Takuma freed his mouth with a muttered curse, speaking quietly over his head. He really didn't care, just knew he needed the blonde's mouth back on his. His blonde was obliging but suddenly cold at his back. He detached his mouth, the slurp of their parting tongues loud in the large room, and glared up at Takuma with heated, sensual lavender eyes.

His blonde smiled and hovered over him, his hands sliding over his hips to cup his ass. "I know, but he'll be back soon," he crooned softly, dropping a careless kiss on the blade of his cheek. "We'll take care of you I promise." Zero keened, then whimpered softly, arching as graceful, slender fingers kneaded firm flesh, pulling him forward so their cocks brushed over the other. "But then you know that right?" Takuma whispered hands and voice beguiling, "Since we showed you last night."

He shuddered at Takuma's words, recalling exactly just how their touch effected him, was effecting him now. He was so hot he couldn't think straight. Words superfluous as the blonde pushed him to move, his lips moving against his throat, his words promising satisfaction. He found himself in the bathroom, almost as large as an apartment itself, surrounded by silver and gold fixtures, the huge connected shower and tub, and sinks lined with gold. Kaname waited for them, outlined in steam. He beckoned and Takuma led him to clear shower doors. The three golden spouts were visible, the opulence outlined in veined marble.

Zero shook as the twins began to unbutton their shirts, their fingers flying over the cloth of their clothes swiftly, unveiling light and dark skin. They were too in a hurry for an elaborate strip tease and he was quickly afforded the sight of naked skin. He couldn't stop his eyes from roaming over the muscled hills and planes that he'd touched the night before. Now he let his eyes take their fill, studying the contrasting hills of pale white and contours of brown planes. He was totally hooked, unable to force his eyes to another sight. So he was totally distracted as their hands went to work on his own clothing.

He stood riveted, face upturned as they slipped the shirt down his arms. He stared, enraptured Takuma knelt and guided his jeans down his legs, lifting one leg after the other when his blonde indicated. The steam drenched, satisfied, slightly desperate look on Takuma's face upped his excitement even more. They wanted him just as much as he wanted them. Admitting that he wanted them twisted inside him and he went still, realizing with a moment of clarity, how far he'd fallen. He pulled back slightly, abrupt reality making him cold.

Just one touch.
One touch was all it had taken for him to become senseless.

They were dangerous, their ravenous miens telling him clearly what they intended for him.

Sirens in human skin they were, making him forget his strict earthly bound rules. Beguiling him until he followed them as docile as one of the pied piper's children. The realization was heartless, spearing him without mercy. He took a small step back and Takuma's flashed up to meet panicked lilac. He rose abruptly, finger wounding in the silk of his hair making sure he didn't look anywhere but at him. Shadows darkened his pure jade eyes as he gripped too tightly for Zero to pull away. The look in them was hard. Resolved.

"Never pull away from us." His face softened as tears brightened purple to lilac.

Seeing the need to flee clear in Zero's eyes, Takuma preempted him, as they were wont to do, stepping so close he was smashed between the two. Kaname held firm at his back, the naked, well defined pads of muscle burning him to the bone. He gasped, breathing harshly as a rough sob escaped him. That was how strongly he reacted to the men surrounding him.

Instantly Takuma was soothing, pressing whisper soft kisses across his brow, down the bridge of his nose until he reached petal soft lips. "Zero, Zero," he groaned in an erotic, somewhat harsh litany, before capturing his once again in his kiss, voice deep and dark like a thick forest at midnight. "You belong to us. From the first moment we saw you. We knew you were perfect. For us."

He drew back, his eyes roving over the beautifully crafted planes of Zero's face, his expression so tender it made Zero want to spread his legs right then and there. Viridian eyes flashed up to meet russet, fingers tightening as Kaname's hand clamped down on his hips. He watched as the resolve within them hardened. Zero knew in that split instance that he'd once again underestimated the light twin, to his detriment. The blonde was clearly sending out vibes of exorbitant aggression.

"And we're not letting you go."

If Zero could have protested then, he would have.

Takuma didn't give him a chance.

His tongue pressed roughly into the silverette's mouth, snaking, caressing along the center of his. Zero moaned, fingernails digging into Kaname's wrists. Takuma withdrew, tongue twisting down the center of the roof of his mouth. Sensation shot along his tongue suffusing his body. His nipples peaked in the need for attention. His cock rose to tense hardness.

Making an another soft, soothing sound, Takuma repeated the gesture, this time tongue digging deeper, hands digging into his hair so that moving was a dream, his mouth sealed over his own so that Takuma was the only thing keeping him breathing. Kaname nipped at his neck and he sighed, relaxing further still. The room was quiet, his every moan eaten, every demur he could think of making devoured. He swayed between them, brushing gently against them, heightening his excited awareness of their hard bodies. Takuma held him tight, tongue licking into his mouth, deeper and deeper until Zero was quivering in their hands, his breath traded with Takuma's.

"Ngh!" He tried to put space between them, his palms flat against the well defined chest. But the twins were experts at this game and they closed in tight as they always had, blocking him in and caging him with their bodies.

"You don't get to get away Zero," Kaname said, flexing behind him. He pressed his cock against
the small, tight buttocks, pumped at the force it would take for two of them....

He laughed low in his throat when Zero gasped, when his pleading voice demanded that they stop. He was finally, fully cognizant of what he was consenting to.

The smirk that curled Takuma's mouth truly terrified him. It spoke of the terrible pleasures to come. Right before he leaned in and took over Zero's mouth once more. Familiar with their particular brand of seduction, Zero tried to retreat. He was always trying, because it just didn't work. The twins refused to be deterred. Their hands caressed his body, their touch tempestuous as they slid over his naked skin. Their mouths seduced or rather commandeered and he panted into Takuma's mouth as his hungry blonde stole every breath he pulled desperately through his nose, pulling him into the long line of his body sliding and stroking their cocks together. Zero's cry was high, fluttering from within him, the pleasure was so sharp. His hands rose to clasp Takuma's shoulders as he felt his knees quake.

Dazed and hot, he pressed back against Kaname to avoid the onslaught, as if that was a viable option. Kaname promptly dragged his tongue up his throat and proceeded torment him with biting, suckling kisses that Zero was sure were going to leave even more marks. Brands of possession. He shivered as Kaname bit down and sucked strongly, his parting his buttocks so that he could slid his thick tumescence between. Zero jerked in their arms as decadent sensation roared through him.

This was all so reminiscent of the night before and he wondered, thoughts whirling, if this was how he was going to spend the rest of his life. In between these two, naked and begging and trembling. The thought was enough to make him cry out again as he imagined a lifetime of this. This sharp, intense, sweet pleasure that striped rational thought away.

"Fuck!" Takuma pulled back, the look on his face, fierce through the thick steam as he looked down at Zero's moisture shined lips. "Get in the shower. Now," he reiterated when it looked like Zero was going to protest. "It's that or we fuck you into compliance. What will it be?"

Because it looked as if his blonde meant every word he said, his face determined, Zero stepped into the shower, his movements a little unsteady in his dumbfounded haste. He crossed crystal doors and turned to watch as his wolves followed, gazes eating over his wet, silver form. Their eyes were as warm as the water cascading over him and he felt his skin pinken with the heat.

He watched as Takuma took point once again, the agreement unspoken in another fleeting meeting of eyes.

"Zero," his blonde sang softly as he caught him once again, arms tangling around his waist as Kaname closed the circle, resting his chin on his shoulder as Takuma tipped his face back to look into glazed lilac. "Why do you hate your reaction to us so much? You should get used to it." He was a sensually, taunting jackal, his emerald eyes bright with mischief. "We'll Imprint ourselves onto you so that only our shape will do. So only our touch will satisfy you. You'll agree won't you?" He pushed softly, his mouth settling on the grove of his throat where it met his neck, reaching around to spread his ass so that he was exposed to Kaname. "You want us to touch you here right?" A blistering hot finger swiped over his small, ridged hole and he panted against Takuma's shoulder.

"Takuma! Don't!"

"Don't what?" Takuma kissed the water slicked skin of his shoulder. "Don't keep proving that you want us?"

Kaname chucked darkly behind him. "That's an impossibility for us when it comes to you, you tempt us so." He felt worldly eyes fall upon his body and lascivious intent fell upon the room as he
felt their need to touch him. The finger became a troublesome distraction as it began to tap gently, rhythmically against the entrance to his body. His nerves wound tighter with each little blow.

"See how fucking beautifully you respond to us?" Takuma husked, planting hard kisses along his shoulder. His fingers began to knead in concert with that one finger. Stretching and spreading him in beat as though it was a hedonistic song of throbbing desire that moved Zero's hips so that his flushed, stone erection glided along Takuma's thick, engorged cock. The feel of it sent a thrill down Zero's spine as he imagined that large piece of heaven lodged deep within him and Kaname's mouth on his cock. The need was unbearable and he rocked his hips, stroking harder against Takuma's slick, leaking cock in an attempt to gain release, shuddering in helpless delight when all it did was cause a shock of moist pleasure. It was a blow to his system and he couldn't help but pump his hips back and forth helplessly, cocks grinding against each other, his small opening flaring open over the finger that piqued it repeatedly, catching on it with each pass. He pressed his mouth to Takuma's shoulder as he keened, his ass clenching against the too small digit, trying to gain satisfaction. He burned deep. These two had awakened the flame and now he feared they were the only ones to put it out.

He wasn't going to survive like this.

He looped his arms around Takuma's neck, turning lust-starved blown amethyst eyes up to chartreuse. He licked his full lips slowly, carefully as he thought about what he was going to ask for through the thick haze of his lust, cheeks flushing crimson at his own needing.

"Please make me come. Please. I need to..." His voice trailed off and Takuma cursed, pulling back suddenly, holding his arms and hands a safe distance away by a good grip on his wrists.

"Shit!" He met Kaname's eyes through the thick shower of water. "Pass me the soap and towel before I push him to his knees and fuck his pretty mouth," his blond growled, his fingers reaching up to wind in silver hair, making him keep his eyes on him. "Not that you need it sweetheart, but the thought of you smelling like us is a turn on by itself. Plus the things we want to do to you are better done on a soft mattress, so don't look at me with those pleading, lavender eyes. Kaname hurry up!" He snapped impatiently. He really wanted to get Zero to the nearest bed.

Zero sighed as two soft, slightly coarse towels began to skim over his sensitive body, crying out lewdly when they began to tell him all of the things that they wanted to do. He was putty in their hands theirs to mold as they saw fit. All he could do was whine lustily and move his body to their guiding hands. They slid soap softened hands so that his skin was the same, making sure that they brought their cocks and mouths into play so by the time they were ushering him out of the shower, he was incoherent with lust, with a few extra marks and a full body pulse thumping through his body.

They led him to the bed blindly, Takuma's wicked mouth on his again, tongue deep down his throat again, skewing his senses until he fell on the sumptuous mattress in a flagrant heap, towel tangled around his waist and sprawled legs. Takuma and Kaname circled him like wolves on the scent.

"Damn he makes a pretty sight," Takuma noted absently, his hand twisting up and down his rampant cock at the sight of their silverette senseless before them. Twilight eyes half closed, plump lips parted around delicately harsh breaths. Silver hair matted with sweat and his face red. And his wide open legs were an invitation for them to fulfill every naughty thought out upon his body.

"I could get used to this," Kaname groaned, leaning down low over the sliver-pink erection that peeked from under the towel. "Too bad he's not ready for our full affection yet." His voice was so full of dark promise it made Zero arc up, sliding his weeping cock-head over his brunette's lips, moaning carnally. His brunette spoke against his soft, piqued flesh. "But I would say he's definitely
ready for the next step."

Takuma met his brother's eyes and nodded. Then he looked directly into Zero's stunned eyes as they moved, arranging his body over the capacious bed and he saw the benefit of the many pillows as Kaname reclined among them, pulling him back into the free space between his legs. Zero shifted restlessly as the smoking hot length of Kaname scorched along the skin of his back and Takuma settled between his own legs, his long golden body sprawled down the bed, magnificent against the black sheets.

Kaname pressed a light kiss to his ear as he tensed between them, his arms going around him to steady him. "Relax Zero. We only want to touch you deeper. We're not going to tie you tonight although you do need the punishment. But tonight is only about your gratification." His voice lowered a silky notch. "See my brother down there he's ready to do what it takes to bring this lovely body the utmost pleasure." His hand swept down Zero's body in emphasize. His lips rubbed over the shell of his ear. "So what's it going to be? What would you like us to do to you?"

Zero blushed even harder as the question sunk in fully. His eyes focused on where Takuma's mouth hovered at the base of his cock, scant breaths away from the lines of moisture dribbling from his slit, to paint his stiffened shaft. The hard beat of yearning thumped inside him, though he could not voice his desire out loud. Kaname's clever hands slipped to slip over his hardened nipples, pressing flat against the agitated flesh to pull him back more securely. His body burned with the knowledge that Kaname was thick and heavy against his back. "Don't be shy, there will only ever be truth between us three. Tell us."

It sounded so tempting, but still he could not say what he wanted. He shook his head slightly, stiffening when Kaname's hand flashed up to catch his chin. "He won't touch you if you don't tell us what you want." His brunette threatened softly. "is it okay to leave you like this?" So saying Kaname reached down to smear his palm through the mess at his tip carelessly pushing his engorged stalk against Takuma's lips.

He clenched as the ensuing sensations rang through him, drawing away from Kaname's hand instinctually, as he tried to deny them the satiation of his body. His brunette hissed against his ear in warning and pulled him back firmly. "Tell us or we won't let you come!"

"Touch me deeper," He gasped at the prospect of sweet release from the steamy tension that stretched him.

"Good boy," Kaname whispered, causing him to shiver as the breath of his words gusted over the sensitive rim of his ear. "We'll make sure you have what you need. Takuma."

"As you like." Takuma conceded and finally those sinful, tempting lips touched him, gliding up the wet length of his erection as if to catch every bit of the evidence of his wanton reaction, his hand following to thoroughly dampen his fingers. Zero, caught by a strong hand cupping his chin, couldn't look away as wide, pink lips parted over the strained head of his cock, long fingers trailing down to probe at his twitching entrance, the feeling of having his engorged head enveloped by the moist heat and the sleek tongue too unbearable and his hips bucked up involuntarily, pushing more of his erection into the slippery portal and exposing more of his ass to the lecherous twin who didn't hesitate to take advantage.

"Ngh!" He grunted as the bright flare of pleasure/pain bit into him as Takuma's finger slid deep into his virginal channel, the pre-cum easing his way marginally, then moaned when full lips tightened around the ridge of the flared, mushroomed head of his erection, sucking strongly.

"Shhh." Kaname's fingers plunged deep into his throat to quiet his cries, his eyes rapt on the
scene before him.

Takuma's finger sunk into his hot smooth bottom and the echo of Zero's cries vibrated against his fingers causing a different kind of lust. He pressed his fingers deep, hoping it was in tandem with Takuma's. He was rewarded when Zero's pretty lips closed around them and began to suck with a licentious desperation.

"There, there I know it hurts now but soon Takuma will find a spot that will mak-" He paused as Zero jerked against him, a high, wild whine erupting around his invading digits. "See? Right there."

Zero truly didn't know which way was up or down, Kaname's taunting voice reaching him as if from a distance. He floated on a cloud of fiery pleasure, moaning as Takuma withdrew only to press a second finger inside him, finding his sweet spot effortlessly this time. He could only grunt like a wild animal a Takuma touched upon that deep, burning ache in the innermost depths of him, wringing forth a filthy, sobbing whimper that only allowed Kaname's fingers to slip deeper too so that he was impaled from both sides, a writhing mess between them, hot sensations leaping from his leaking cock to his twitching ass. Takuma slid his fingers back and forth, stroking that forbidden spot until Zero was openmouthed and drooling, his body moving of its own accord, forcing Takuma further in, to that exact spot that took his breath away.

And all the while Kaname's deep voice crooned to him, Takuma's dirty lips slid up and down his cock in an obscene rhythm that blew the top off head away.

Stop, he tried to say just as Takuma rammed his two fingers directly against his prostate, twisting them fiercely.

His vision morphed to red, the delicious slide of orgasm rushing over him, the bite painfully thrilling and warmly blissful at the same time. He slumped back into Kaname, the sensuous whimper not to be muffled this time and released into Takuma's throat, his body rigid.

His blonde accepted it all, licking his lips to catch the very last drops, probing his clenching, milking orifice.

Zero looked dazedly into insatiable emerald eyes as waves of feelings crested again.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah those two are damn SEXY together! And very, very pushy! Poor Zero!
Brotherly Love

Chapter Summary

Brotherly Love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I Do Not Own Any Of The Characters//Only The Plot is Mine
Let’s GO!!!

Brotherly Love

Kaza

Kaza tried to turn his head from the heated avalanche that was bearing down on him. It was a no
go. Rikuo reached down unceremoniously and pulled him from the booth, snagging his book bag
as he went. He didn’t spare a glance for Allen who was too busy staring at the redhead in front of
him, as he began to drag his brother out of the cafe. Kaza sputtered indignantly as he was
practically carried out of the cheap restaurant like stolen property.

"J-j-just what in the hell are you doing? What’s wrong with you?!"

Rikuo swung him around, until his back was pressed squarely to the concrete wall next to the
double glass doors of the establishment, towering over him like the Empire State. His gaze was
dark in late afternoon sun. His jaw clenched as he looked down at his too tempting brother. It
didn’t help that Kaza was returning his interested regard with bright, defiant eyes.

“Didn’t I tell you to text me after your last class?”

Kaza growled. “That’s what you’re so mad about? You fucking psycho! Newsflash! I’m a fucking
adult! I can go where I want when I want and I don’t have to notify you of a damn thing!” He
stopped, panting, angry exertion flushing his exquisite, pale face.

Rikuo’s fingers flexed, digging into the wall beside his head as if he were trying to contain himself.
His head fell forward, dark bangs obscuring his face. “Did you forget so soon Kaza? Who you
belong to?”

His heart began a drum solo, that infernal embarrassed heat suffusing his face until he was cherry
red. Memories from the night before bared themselves to his conscious. The lazy nights spent in
Rikuo’s arms made themselves remembered as he stood before his brother, outing him with flashes
of his brother towering over him, drugging him with slow kisses that fried his brain and shot off his
rockets.

But nothing further since the night he’d jacked him off.

It was sweet.
And very threatening.

Surprisingly, his brother had been very chaste with him, treating him gently. But he wanted to know every move that Kaza was apt to make. It was infuriating.

“I was hanging out with my friends! Surely that isn’t against the big brother code!” He curled his fingers into invisible quotation marks.

Unexpectedly, Rikuo’s face softened. He pressed closer. “With that band of misfits it’s a given that I would keep tabs on you. You’d get into trouble trying to find the exit. You need to be protected. You don’t know how others view you. Especially other men.”

Kaza tried to draw back and found the wall a solid barrier at his back. His brows furrowed in anger. His jaw snapped tight in frustration. “Only you would think that way!”

His brother shook his head. “All of them dream of stealing your first kiss.”

Kaza glanced away, uncomfortable with the direction this conversation was headed. “That’s impossible now.” He blushed even more fiercely. “You took my first kiss the other day.”

Rikuo chuckled darkly, his eyes holding his younger brother’s. “Kaza, I stole your first kiss long before that.”

He gaped, eyes searching frantically, futilely as he tried to understand his brother’s meaning. “What the hell are you talking about? I would have remembered that!”

“Even if you were asleep?” Rikuo’s raven head tilted to the side as his expression became saturated with smugness. “Would you, someone who sleeps like the dead when they are dreaming, remember that?”

Rikuo was smashing him against the wall now, his faintly sweet scent damn near suffocating. But Kaza had long stopped trying to escape his perverted clutches, too preoccupied with the revelation revealed to him. He flinched as Rikuo leaned in and licked the taut tendon of his throat.

“Did you really think I’d let you escape unscathed? How naive my little brother is.”

Rikuo was deliberately taunting him. There was no way that he would have missed that little development. His hand rose shakily, trembling fingers touching his mouth. He would have noticed something different wouldn’t he? He froze as his softly remembered world disintegrated, the ramifications of his brother’s statement sunk in. Fingertips pressed against soft flesh as he remembered the mornings he’d awakened warm and flushed, his lips slightly swollen, the lingering taste of chocolate pervading his mouth. Green eyes flashed up. He thought of the past several mornings, waking up in Rikuo’s arms. His brother had been deceptively gentle.

Except for his kisses.

Rikuo had spent the nights kissing him deep and long, diving into the damp recesses of his mouth like he owned him. And he’d accepted, his golden legs curled around lean hips, accepting his brother’s will.

Slowly, Kaza began to realize the position he was in, past, current, and future, as Rikuo curled over him. His eyes narrowed against the pervading panic. “You kissed me? In my sleep?”

Rikuo smiled, his expression wicked. “How could I not? With you begging for it so sweetly?”
“I was asleep you damned pervert!”

“It was your fault for letting your guard down. The walls were thin. The first time it happened I spent the whole night up, listening to you moan my name. It took everything inside of me not to burst into your room and do it by force. You don’t know how close you came to waking up on my cock.” Rikuo looked like he wanted to lick him. Yeah, like his favorite chocolate ice cream cone.

“Bastard!” He made to push away from the wall, his progress impeded by the long length of Rikuo’s body. His eyes flickered away as he pondered ways of escape, his hands sliding ineffectually against tight, hard shoulders.

“Move,” he demanded. He still wasn’t able to look his brother squarely in the eye.

“If only it were that easy.”

Rikuo straightened abruptly as Fai and the tall raven exited the cafe. The blonde looked flustered, while the giant was in complete control. Wasn’t that the story of his life?

“Let’s go. Let’s go have this conversation somewhere I can hold you.”

“You idiot! I’m not leaving my friends in there!”

Rikuo laughed, watching the departing couple, his face full of amused derision. “I’m pretty sure they are all otherwise occupied.”

He found himself yanked from the safe haven of the wall and led towards the parking lot.

“I think I’ll spend the night at home,” he threatened sullenly in a last ditch attempt at freedom, dragging his feet.

“That’s good since I haven’t spent the night at home in a long time,” Rikuo responded immediately as his blood red beast leered at them. “Won’t father be happy to have both of his sons home.”

Kaza ignored him, automatically reaching to open the door of Rikuo’s monster as he’d done so many times before. His brother opened the car door as he had so many times before, waiting for Kaza to settle in the front seat before entering the car himself.

“So what’s it going to be?” Rikuo asked.

“I hate you,” Kaza grumbled. “Take me back to my room.”

“Wouldn’t you rather see where I live?” His brother teased. “Maybe you’ll find something to report back to Kakei.”

“Like hell that would work!”

Indeed it seemed as if Kakei only worried about his second son, letting his first get away with murder.

“It’s just because he knows that I can take care of myself,” Rikuo murmured, reading his mind with chilling accuracy. He started the car before pausing to study Kaza. “You’re too delicate to be unsupervised. So what’s it going to be? Your old room or my new one?”

It took a moment for Kaza to think so affronted was he. When he did his voice was higher. “What the fuck do you mean I’m too delicate? I’ll kill you for that.”
What in the hell was he going to do anyway? If he decided on home that would only delay Rikuo, not stop him as the blonde intended. But what could he do in the meantime? His brother was intent on claiming him. But could he stop him? The resolute look his brother wore belied it. The feeling that swept through him belied it. Was he was the only one in denial?

“Fine.”

ROTN

Kaza eyed the tall brownstone building with trepidation with one light lit, his entire being rejecting going inside. Rikuo must have felt his reluctance because his hand crept down Kaza’s throat, fingertips caressing the soft skin, attempting to soothe him. Kaza winced and shied away from the touch. Even a little contact was enough to make his cock hard, the pleasurable sensation of naked skin against naked skin, rocking him.

Rikuo was nothing but smug as he observed what a simple touch did to him.

“Are you worried that someone will see you?” He questioned softly. “Don’t worry, my room is off the beaten track. They won’t even know that you’re here.”

“Wha?—” Finally Kaza turned to look at his brother squarely slightly dazed at the softly penetrating touch. “Why would I be worried about that? I’m more worried about you seeing me.”

Rikuo paused in the act of taking his seatbelt off. “And I’m thinking that’s fine.” He flexed, grabbing something out of the back seat. Kaza saw the box and instantly began to salivate. It was from Mamie Noir’s, Rikuo’s favorite desert spot.

“Did you get that to bribe me?” He asked suspiciously.

Rikuo stopped and threw an audacious smile. “I don’t need desserts to bribe you. All I have to do is touch you. I intended that we enjoy them tonight.”

And knowing his brother, it was most likely something decadent and sexy and just fucking outright delicious!

His spider sense tingled as Rikuo made his way around the car, his expression intent. His brother was going to devour him and burp later, satiated and happy. Rikuo led as he had all night, his fingers wrapping around Kaza’s elbow pulling him unceremoniously from the car and guiding off a little path of stones that took them to a modest mini house. It was a cute little thing done in chocolate brown, dark brown trimming it.

It curved around a slinky, blue pool, loungers dotting the edge. His brother dragged him around to a pair of sliding doors, covered in cream curtains. He let go of Kaza long enough to slide the glass back and push one of the curtains to the side so that he could enter.

Kaza nodded appreciatively, admitting to himself that it was nice. Wide, oval theater type stairs of cream led down into the living room proper. The couch was a cushiony half circle of promised nirvana, deep black. It faced a 40 inch flat screen that hung over a blonde wood entertainment system. Jet black carpet stretched from the doors to the border where the living room opened into a spacious kitchen, lined in blinding white tile. The appliances were black and silver, the furniture black. A moderate square table was squared by four, high bar like chairs. A silver refrigerator gleamed and a black oven shined. The counters were white veined marble.

It wasn’t quite what Kaza expected but now that he’d seen it, it fit his brother perfectly.

“The bedroom is down that hall on the left. The bathroom is on the right.” Kaza automatically
looked to the side and noted the location. It wasn’t bad for a junior in college.

“You can do your homework at the kitchen table while I heat up dinner.” Rikuo deposited Kaza’s backpack near the table and deposited the pink desert box on one of the counters. He flicked a knob on the stove and opened the fridge to slide out a medium glass pan, covered in clear wrap. “You can do your homework while the food heats.”

Kaza stared at him, this demeanor so familiar from his home life that he was surprised. It seemed the only thing that had changed between them was their status, his brother treating him as he always did. As if he were someone who deserved to be cherished. Loved. He gulped against the sudden lump in his throat. He shouldn’t be feeling an ounce of sympathy for his depraved brother. The lust-filled brute had kissed him in his sleep. Had stolen a small piece of his innocence, and he hadn’t even been aware.

He deliberately turned away, looking down the dim hallway. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

For now he was going to do his homework and hope that Rikuo didn’t pounce on him before he was finished.

He bypassed the bedroom for the kitchen table. The delectable smell of food began to seep from the oven, reminding him that he hadn’t eaten since lunch. He vibrated happily in his seat. It was going to be good.

His brother had always known how to cook, whipping up tasty dishes every time he came home to visit. Always taking care of him. Always making sure that he survived. He felt an ache in his heart and forcibly shook it away. He wasn’t here to feel sympathy for his tormentor. He was here because he’d been forced. That thought sent a tingle of agitated awareness flickering through his blood and he had to forcibly turn his mind from an image of Rikuo half naked, an apron draped over his chest, letting tantalizing glimpses of his naked chest show through for greedy eyes.

Be strong! He cautioned himself. His freedom was forfeit if he gave in to Rikuo. Hell, it was already as if the raven’s attitude towards him bore fruit. He recalled Rikuo’s anger at the diner. So angry, so forceful. Kaza shuddered softly as the thought hit him. Rikuo acted as if he were his husband. As if he had every right to control his life. And the way his body responded, maybe he felt that was true.

He froze, that thought impossible. All the times he’d fantasized about Rikuo it had been in an equal, sexually satisfying, relationship. But, this went further. His body liked being dominated.

“Ahhh!” He groaned, dropping his face into his folded arms. Of course he wanted to be dominated by his brother. He’d dreamed of that almost every night. He was so fucking screwed. He sat back up a moment later. He couldn’t really break down. He had homework to do. If he failed any class he would have to hear Kakei’s mouth. He pulled his books and papers out the bag. He whipped through the homework, because contrary to the ‘blonde’ beliefs he was smart. He just didn’t like getting up at the crack of dawn.

When he was finished, he stretched and yawned, happy to be done. He chanced a quick glance over his shoulder and found that the kitchen was empty. But there was a plate on the counter covered in clear wrap with a small note. He stood and strode over to take a look, wondering absently where Rikuo had gotten off to. It turned out to be Pasta Primavera with chicken, with little chunks of tomato and yellow and red bell peppers. The note was short and sweet. “Eat.”

He sighed but snatched up the fork nearby and unwrapped the plate. He slid the first forkful between his lips and nodded his approval. It was flavorful and tender and he truly enjoyed it. Yet
there was something he wanted more. So he finished quickly, wiping his mouth with the provided napkins. After he discarded the debris of his meal and washed his dishes he wandered the hall to seek his brother out, knowing instinctively that his brother was in the bedroom. Really what better place to be, if not somewhere that would further is goal? It was with the expectation of giving his brother a stern scolding that he burst into the room.

“Where did you disappear to-“

He cut off suddenly, his mouth falling open at the sight before him. Rikuo lay across the bed, big body sprawled comfortably among plump white pillows. The box from Mamie Noir sat next to him and his brother was licking chocolate frosting from his perfectly curved top lip. His eyes sparkled wickedly.

He was stark naked.

His face blazed as his eyes snapped up to Rikuo’s, his own body went to immediate attention. His lips parted on a breathless sigh as he took in the perfection. He couldn’t stop his eyes from dropping lower, grateful to avoid the knowing mien but in doing so only jumped into the fire. The thick, strong cords of his neck and throat, the sculpted line his collar bone as it tapered off to wide, handsome shoulders; each line of his six pack, the flat, taut plane of his stomach narrowing down to long, thighs chiseled with muscle to beautiful, narrow feet. He took all this in roused awe. And then his eyes went right back to that glorious, long thick cock, framed beautifully by two bronze spheres. It reached high, nice plump veins running up to the frosting covered top. He salivated, his dreams returning with heated force. They resurfaced in a wave of pure hedonistic lust. Him, kneeling between Rikuo’s thighs, his tongue lapping greedily at satiny flesh, lowering himself onto his brother’s cock slowly, him on his back, legs wide, accepting anything his brother wanted to give him.

“Kaza take your clothes off and come here.”

“Wha?” He blinked, his face went up in a red blaze of glory.

Rikuo’s eyes gained a hard glint. “You heard me.”

Indeed he had, he just hadn’t believed. He hesitated, fingers hovering over his buttons.

“Kaza.”

That hard, biting tone brought his eyes up again though his blush couldn’t possibly get hotter. Rikuo met his look squarely. As he watched, his brother twirled his finger in the chocolate frosting of one of the eclairs before smearing the sweet icing along the prominent vein of his cock. Kaza’s mouth went dry as he followed the movements.

“Come get what you want Kaza.”

Any other time, the blatant taunt would be ignored, but how could he resist the temptation that was his brother? He couldn’t. Every instinct pulled him to the bed. He hesitated, mulling over the idea. He was already lost, his heart wide open to the raven. And damn it if his brother wasn’t the hottest thing since the sun

Rikuo didn’t release his captured, captivated gaze, smiling invitingly. “Every fantasy Kaza.”

Every one.

The first knee hit the mattress in a clumsy daze, his body moving before his mind could give the command. The words were ringing in his head. Every one. Every fantasy he’d ever had opened and
played in his head like a repeating reel. He could have what he wanted. His mouth watered as he tentatively pressed his lips to one well defined pectoral, slyly bypassing what he really wanted. The sensation of silky skin underneath his mouth shot through his lips and they tingled. He was lost from the first contact, kneeling over his brother’s hard body, fingers clutching the sheets. He tested the resilience of skin with his teeth, fingers twitching in the sheets as the heavenly taste hit his tongue.

An unwitting moan escaped his lips and he made to withdraw, the feelings too intense. Long fingers curled in his hair, impeding his progress. His eyes widened at the corners and Rikuo pulled his head up to meet his gaze head on again.

“No backing out.”

He held Kaza’s gaze for too long moments, his hard look making sure that he got his point across. Then, movements deliberate, he guided Kaza until his lips were pressed against his warm skin again. He didn’t hide the tremor that racked his tall, rangy body. That small action stoked the fire inside of Kaza who shivered. It was a cycle, vicious and all that. Kaza let his mouth wander down the apropos of perfection, led down the taut muscled exterior of his fantasy. It was better than he’d dreamed, more succulent than he’d ever imagined. It was almost too good to be true.

Except it was.

Rikuo was really in front of him, naked, with chocolate frosting decorating the plump, fat head of his cock. It was a mouth watering, salivating experience. He had to give in, had to surrender everything he was to his brother.

Shit! Just the thought of it was enough to make him even more rigid than he’d been the second before. He wanted to roll over and present everything to his brother. Wanted to let him take him with the luster his brother had hinted at. He wanted to feel the pleasure through the soles of his feet. He knew that Rikuo could give that to him. He could feel all the empty spaces inside him. The ones that cried out for the raven. Obsession didn’t even cover it. His want was bone deep, ingrained like he’d lived with it from birth. His need was like the necessity of breathing. He had to have it! With that at the forefront of his mind, his mouth moved lower, his tongue flicking out to take an occasional taste on the way to his prize. The dark musky taste spread over his taste buds with every erotic swipe, the man beneath his ministrations breathed harder, his hold adjusting minutely as he accommodated the height difference.

For Kaza their proximity caused paroxysms of bliss to course through his system. He could do nothing but express his gratitude through actions. Which soon led him to the long, dripping, stalk of a penis that was attached to his sibling. And that in itself was surreal. He’d never thought he would have the chance to act out his fantasies, but now it was within reach. His to have.

He stopped, frozen by an errant thought.

Hadn’t he dreamed about this for so many years? His sleeping hours had been filled with visions and images of Rikuo. The tall, rangy body spread out atop him or below him as he slid that thick cock into his greedy opening, delivering on every promise his word and his body ever made. Panting breaths filed the air and he figured out it was him that was being so noisy, the sound exacerbated when strong fingers threaded through his blond hair, tugging his head up so that his body had no choice but to follow. Rikuo’s dark gaze met his, sharp and cunning. He felt chocolate icing smear across his abdomen. His brother pulled him up until his mouth hovered over his, the slight pain in his scalp heightening his senses.

“You start from here.”
His mind had barely registered the words before Rikuo’s tongue was licking into his mouth. And then it went blank. Dark covered his vision as his eyes closed, Rikuo’s tongue a slinking digit of mental destruction as he claimed everything for his own, devastating everything that Kaza had ever known. He tensed under his brother’s hands, knowing this was different from all of the other times that Rikuo had kissed him. There was more intent in the pressure of the firm, silky lips against his than a night of kissing. It was obvious in its intensity.

“Mmmnh,” he moaned as the kiss deepened, Rikuo’s tongue sliding relentlessly in to fill him. The hand in his hair held firm so there was no way to escape. His brother’s hand was free to roam, stroking down his side in a soothing flow, the other entrenched deeply in his hair, keeping him still for the erotic onslaught. Kaza breathed heavily into the kiss, his body going haywire. Rikuo’s sheer presence, his heat was enough to completely shatter any barriers that Kaza had deigned to build. It was an earthquake of heat, a tornado lust and it completely shattered his inhibitions.

He groaned as Rikuo guided his head down, breaking the steamy kiss. He was only too happy to obey the silent command, his lips skimming the satin skin of Rikuo’s chest and stomach as he was led back to his original goal, the tall, dripping stalk of his brother’s cock. His own erection was weeping copiously as it brushed against Rikuo’s long thigh.

He blinked as the Rikuo’s dick waved in front of his eyes like a red flag. A current of pure lust shivered through him. He wanted that. In his mouth, inside him……anywhere he could get it.

It was an all consuming need. It led him down a feverish path of desire, leading him to forget just exactly what he’d been running from before. There were no care or concern for the bright bite of lust that hazed all of his sharp reactions, so that he was sunk into the depths of need like a dense ship. And he couldn’t escape like the currents of a sinking ship was pulling him down.

So he had no objections when he slowly slid his lips over the chocolate coated cock that trembled under his lips. His eyes rose to meet Rikuo’s, no longer shying away from the turbulent emotions that connected them.

His tongue flicked out in a tentative taste, and he was hard pressed not to voice his pleasure, sliding over the large cap before slipping down the tall stalk in a libidinous glide. He didn’t stop until the puffy head hit the back of his throat, both he and Rikuo shivering with the carnal sensation that ran between their lips and cock. Viridian eyes rolled up to meet dark in a seductive clash of wills. Rikuo’s dark eyes flared as he…rose…in answer, his dick twitching in the depths of Kaza’s mouth. His fingers tunneled through golden hair agains as he began to show Kaza the exact movements to undo him.

He pressed deep, driving the thick head of his tumescence further down Kaza’s throat, driving the taste of sinful sweetness down Kaza’s throat.

His brother groaned as the sweet undertones of his taste flooded his taste buds. It was muffled around the heavy weight of his arousal, causing shivers of sensation to flow up the stalk. Rikuo chuckled, watching as his cock drove deeper.

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” He queried gently, withdrawing from the hot furnace of Kaza’s mouth in a slow retreat. His eyelids dropped low over his eyes, as he battled his senses from just giving in. It was a hard battle as Kaza’s tongue swiped along the most sensitive nerves of his body. The mesmerizing heat spread along his body and his fingers relaxed their hold minutely.

His eyes narrowed on the tight, clinging clasp of Kaza’s lips around his erection, as though his mouth didn’t want to relinquish the smooth, long length of his cock. Unable to help himself, he pushed back into the steaming orifice of his little brother, barely hanging on to his sanity, enjoying
the way that Kaza choked on him. “Suck.”

Lightheaded, Kaza obeyed the command, his lips slurping along the sides as he sucked, attempting to accommodate the huge length. His hands camp up to clench around the throbbing hilt as he bobbed his head, sucking and licking at the delicious, tempting flesh, seasoned with chocolate. It was perverted and wicked. And forbidden.

And yet……

He couldn’t deny the attraction. His own cock was hard, lines of pre-cum sliding down in a sticky coat.

Kaza suckled helplessly, the taste too enticing, cleaning the residual chocolate away as he listened to Rikuo’s heavy breaths. He tucked his body, pushing his mouth to the limits as they slid down to meet his hands. He slid his tongue along the sensitive slit, chasing the last vestiges of the sweet cream, slipping around the engorged head, licking along the flared ridge. And he sucked, pulling Rikuo’s flavor in. It was so sweet.

Rikuo made a pained sound and his fingers tightened to near painful as Rikuo tugged. Pure green eyes flashed up in protest as his mouth slid up Rikuo’s cock like satin over silk.

The raven smirked. “You suck.” But his eyes shined with the hard bite of sparkling lust and his cheeks were scored with tell tale lines of red, his expression wicked. “I’ll teach you the right way.” He pulled Kaza into his arms, sticky chocolate smearing along his skin, sitting up fully so that Kaza knelt in his lap, knees pressing into the mattress on either side of his hips. His dark eyes sank into Kaza who stared back dazedly.

“Stick your tongue out.”

Kaza followed the order without thinking, his eyes wide and stunned, his body malleable and relaxed. Unconsciously he’d given himself over into his raven haired brother’s hands. He wanted nothing but him. Nothing else mattered. As his long, supple fingers anchored Kaza’s mouth at the most susceptible spot, the blonde felt the urge to beg and plead. Rikuo was going to torture him, force him to admit his defeat.

He wanted the raven. He couldn’t deny it. His entire body was alight with sensual illumination. Rikuo brought out the best of him. The deepest, darkest parts of him. But hey it was all about Rikuo any way.

He shuddered when Rikuo nibbled at the slick, rounded tip of his tongue. Right before his tongue slipped back into Kaza’s mouth, his taste an aphrodisiac for the Bad Boy. Large, slender fingers slid down to cup his bottom, squeezing, kneading the firm pliable flesh and he gasped into Rikuo’s mouth at the decadent sensation. He settled further onto Rikuo’s lap, his hard length rubbing along his brother’s sensually. He couldn’t have stopped the sway of his hips even with extreme effort. And then it was too late as the feeling rolled through him. He pressed hard, enjoying the feeling of hard, slick, slide of Rikuo’s penis against his own. His mouth opened in an abbreviated moan, the sound pushing Rikuo to the furthest limits.

The raven’s fingers clamped down on his ass, forcing him down so that their dicks slid against each other firmly. He jerked, caught off guard by the zinging, encompassing delight the contact caused. His mouth fell open on the inevitable moan. Rikuo’s fingers tightened in response and his
hips rocked forward, driving more hedonistic sounds from Kaza’s lips as their bodies connected again and again, his mouth dominating over and over. Kaza quivered in his hold, the world blurry around him. The only vision that was clear and concrete was Rikuo. Only the feel of the broad shoulders underneath his hands. Definitely the heat of Rikuo’s tongue as he plunged, bold and deep into Kaza’s mouth. Kaza pushed forward eagerly, his dreams in the clasp of his hands. Literally.

“I’ve wanted you so much,” He whispered through deep kisses, kneading firm muscles.

“Mmmmmhh.” Rikuo groaned deeply and stroked the tender skin of his cheeks with his tongue, making Kaza shiver. All the while, his brother slowly gyrated under him, slicking his dripping cock against his, controlling even though he was on top. And the pleasure. It killed him. He couldn’t stop the helpless swivel of his hips, assisting his brother in giving both of them pleasure. The liquid proof of their need coated them, making the slide slick and dirty. Kaza could hear the soft, liquid sound of their flesh rubbing together. The sensitive veins that ran along the undersides tingling with sensual fire, their gleaming heads meeting and catching on the devastating points right beneath the ridged crown. The depth of his physical regard was like a living, slinking, beast and his fingers dug into resilient skin, his back arching against the thrumming felicity. His mouth fell open on a gasp, his head tipping back as Rikuo reached up to tangle in fingers in golden strands, forcing a meeting of their eyes. Kaza shivered. Rikuo’s eyes were so intense, every emotion in them like clear cut glass.

“I’ve wanted you too.”

More than wanted, if the hot, impatient, shifting mercurial gleam shining in his eyes was anything to go by. “I knew one day I would have you. The prize goes to the patient.”

So saying, Rikuo tipped him backwards, looming over him in an impressive show of agility and strength. Kaza clutched at his shoulders automatically, but had no defense against the attack. He watched in airless anticipation as Rikuo lowered his full mouth to sensitive skin, dark eyes never leaving his. The feeling was beyond anything he’d ever felt and he arched as Rikuo’s mouth slid over his chest, lips taking tiny sips as they traversed the plane of his body, teeth nipping gently with insatiable hunger. The atmosphere around them was volatile, the need and want thick in the air.

Everything he’d ever wanted. Everything he’d ever needed.

Right here at his fingertips. His for the taking. It was heady and exotic. The thought, the knowledge that his dreams were at his fingertips. It brought up the long, tortuous nights of brutal sexual dreams. The dreams where he’d been licked and fucked for hours, Rikuo’s name a sigh on his lips, a thick cock buried in him in to the boundaries of his body. Surreal.

His fantasy was kissing him, touching, rubbing him…

He moaned low and gravely when Rikuo sucked at his left nipple, his back bowing off the bed, pushing his nipple harder against that sinful tongue. Golden, honeyed electricity speared through his body stunning him. His cock stood at attention like a Navy soldier at nine o’clock roll call. Rikuo chuckled his approval, loving the trembles that quaked his body as though he housed the San Andreas fault, before he continued his assault. He licked until the nub was stiff and red and Kaza’s moans were pouring out of his mouth like a rough, heady waterfall. His hands had become a permanent fixture in the dark strands of Rikuo’s silky hair. He tugged, trying to pull Rikuo’s mouth to where it was really needed.
He groaned and pulled a little more sharply. “Get on with it!”

Because on his chest is not where he wanted his brother’s mouth. His hands guided clumsily, his sexual repertoire non-existent. “Please!”

Rikuo’s mouth pulled up at the right corner, and the expression was lecherous. “Begging already? And I’m not even close to your cock yet.”

Truer words were spoken nowhere else. Rikuo took his time to play him, his body, like a newly strummed string instrument until he was tight and thrumming, the carnal tension coursing through his body on the borderline of too much. Soft lips stroked over the thin skin of his ribs, teeth and tongue, nipping and licking. He took his slow, torturous time finding all of Kaza’s sweet spots, seemingly only interested in what made him tic while he was awake and aware.

And aware was fast becoming a dream. His head felt light, the lighting in the room growing hazy as desire swamped him. As Rikuo found and pushed every button. He passed over his eager, weeping dick, pushing his legs up and open so that he could nibble on the tender skin of his inner thigh. He shifted trying to get his mouth closer, his moans low and breathy to his ears. He was throbbing with need, the anticipation draining all the blood from his head. His cock bobbed with his movement, brushing against the side of Rikuo’s face. That made the both of them shiver as the memory of their slick, naked flesh sliding together invaded their current encounter in a hot rush. His vision blurred as Rikuo sucked hard, the pinch of pain and pleasure colliding within him.

“Stop teasing me!” He panted, fingers pulling sharply at Rikuo’s dark strands. “I want you inside.” He was hard and aching, the tip of his cock wet and enflamed as his brother continued to ignore it. “Haven’t I waited long enough?” He was definitely begging. It couldn’t be helped, he wasn’t thinking straight; his senses turned around by Rikuo’s blatant eroticism. It pounded in his blood which at the current moment was all pooled in the center of him. The very place that Rikuo wasn’t touching. “Please.”

The black head lifted and Rikuo smiled at him wickedly. “I love to hear you beg.” He began to slide back up Kaza’s body, every inch of skin slipping over skin. The blonde whimpered as silk hit his piqued flesh. “Wanted to hear it while you were awake. What do you want?”

“You,” he moaned bluntly still pulling on Rikuo’s hair to get him where he wanted. “No more foreplay.”

“But we haven’t gotten to the best foreplay yet,” Rikuo murmured, letting Kaza’s hands dictate him.

Kaza pouted and the heat in Rikuo’s eyes flared into blazing. “Fine.” His shoulders tensed and relaxed with his movement and Kaza drew in a harsh breath as warm fingers wrapped around his wet length, slipping down in a silky slide and then back up, tightening slightly around the head. His thumb stroked over the bundle of nerves right under the tip and Kaza groaned. It felt totally different when it was someone else’s hand stroking over him, caressing every tingling inch of his cock.

“Fuck!” It was better than his dreams, the sleeping world having nothing on waking reality. The rest of his muttered curse was smothered as Rikuo’s mouth came down to cover his once again, tongue thrusting inside his mouth imperiously, dipping in, matching the slow pace of his fingers. Hinting at just what he was going to do to him. His touch was firm as he wet his fingers thoroughly with Kaza’s arousal, rubbing his thumb over the slit to elicit more sensual liquid from the tip. Helplessly, Kaza wrapped his arms around his brother’s neck holding on as he buffeted by waves of heady desire, legs spreading wider as he pushed his cock into Rikuo’s hand.
To his intense consternation, Rikuo pulled back slightly, though he didn’t halt his actions.

“Do you want me inside you that much?” He asked. Kaza nodded frantically, his body tensing more with each stroke.

“How much?”

Kaza made a slightly vexed sound that had Rikuo chuckling against his throat. “Okay, but next time we’ll go at my pace,” he warned sagely, but Kaza was too far gone to care. He just wanted what he craved with every heartbeat. And then his mouth was full again and thinking clearly was beyond his capability as warm fingers gathered more moisture before sliding behind his balls to trace the puckers of his entrance. He panted into Rikuo’s mouth as a treacherous finger rubbed firmly before lightly tracing again. His hole fluttered open as a fingernail scratched lightly, the tip pressing in briefly.

Rub, stroke, press.

Kaza’s fingers clutched harder as his body began to slowly open, the sensation striking through his nerves. Rikuo was still playing him too slowly. His ass clenched trying to keep the finger inside him, drive it deeper. But it was to no avail, Rikuo continued the steady rhythm, teasing him open bit by bit until he was wordlessly begging again, his words caught and devoured by the hungry mouth plundering his. The raven gave him no quarters pushing forward inexorably until his finger was buried in the soft canal of his body.

“Ngh.” Kaza gasped at the burning friction as Rikuo withdrew slightly, turning his head away, tearing their mouths apart. Rikuo wasn’t deterred slithering over him so that the underside of his cock was stimulated. The pleasure blended with the aggravated heat of his bottom as Rikuo pressed in again. He didn’t try to stop his panting gasps as his body adjusted to the invasion, knowing from experience that Rikuo was much, much larger than what he was trying to accept. His brother nipped his bottom lip bringing his attention back to him. He forced his eyes open, realizing for the first time that they’d closed of their own violation.

“Relax,” the raven ordered, eyes glittering. He reached to the side of the bed, reaching into the drawer next to it. Kaza followed his movements with slight curiosity, his body clamoring around the embedded digit, protesting slightly when Rikuo lifted off him.

“Rikuo!” His objection sharp and a little desperate.

“Relax!” His brother ordered again. “I have to open you more. I’m not going to hurt you.”

But it would be a delicious hurt, if the signals is body were sending out were correct. He wanted to feel the entire length and width of Rikuo. And his brother wasn’t moving fast enough. He bucked up against his brother in silent rebuttal and found himself flat on his stomach, the move so smooth he didn’t even register Rikuo untangling his fingers from his hair.

And then the finger was deep inside his channel and his voice died in his throat at the fuller touch, accompanied by the cold slick of lubricant.

“You’re so tight,” Rikuo crooned setting a repetitive press and withdraw that had him forgetting the transgression in seconds. “If I go too fast I’ll rip you and we don’t want that,” he continued, “I’m going to add another finger.”

He was glad then for the pillows that muffled his pained cry. The lone finger withdrew and two pushed back into his body. The burn stretched into pain, the pleasure forgotten as his body
struggled to adapt.

Slowly, letting his adjust, Rikuo slid his fingers along the distressed opening, caressing and stretching him gently until he relaxed under him again, some of the feeling returning as the lube eased the way. And then the sensual torment started again. Rikuo petted and nudged, coaxing him wider. The pleasure returned, albeit with a carnal bite that brought forth more lascivious pleas, not really knowing what he was asking for until he was immersed in it.

An electric jolt of pure, salacious sensation crackled up his spine. “Ahhhh!”

He felt Rikuo’s delight through touch as he pressed firmly on that spot again, smoothing soft kisses along his nape. He added another finger forcing him wider. Kaza clamped his mouth shut as his moans began to echo around the room vulgarly, his remaining control rapidly slipping from his grasp as his hips rocking up into Rikuo’s palm, forcing his fingers against his prostate. Sweat beaded on his temple as his body strained against Rikuo’s limits and he knew that he would never tease Uryuu again. If this was how the ginger made him feel who could blame him?

“Faster,” he gritted into the pillow. “Stop teasing me!”

The demand was like candy to a sweet tooth and Rikuo rose up behind him, pulling him up as well, no longer able to resist the allure of his body.

“Wha-” Teeth clamping down on the joint between shoulder and throat cut off his words. He was going to have a bruise there tomorrow, but he couldn’t bring himself to care as the raven began to suck strongly, his cock slipping in, the puffy head sliding across his entrance. He bucked back so there was no possible space between them, groaning as it began to push past his loosened rim. His words morphed into a high cry at the intrusion and Rikuo stroked a hand down his chest, murmuring against his throat.

“Shhhh,” he soothed softly, “I’ll let you feel every inch slowly.”

Kaza keened as his body accepted grudgingly yet greedy for every inch of Rikuo’s superlative cock as it destroyed every remonstration against the strings that bound them together. His own cock was engorged, aching and seeping onto the white comforter. Rikuo did nothing to stop the flow of stressed moans, concentrating only sheathing himself completely in the tight, grasping heat trying to eagerly to accept him. The mingled sounds of delight and pain only spurred him on until they collapsed fully on the bed again, Rikuo buried within him to the hilt.

They lay like that for countless moments, Kaza struggling to adapt and Rikuo struggling to let him, his tears trickling down his flushed cheeks. His brother’s soothing words floated inaudibly past his ears as the throbbing of his cock echoed throughout his body. It hurt. But finally having what he’d wanted for so long went a long way to assuaging the pain and he finally relaxed completely under his raven. He shivered underneath the long, lean body, remnants of the previous pleasure returning slowly. The remembrance teased him. How much better would it be when Rikuo was moving within him? He wanted that. Wanted the full experience.

The desire for it trembled through him and he nudged upwards, groaning as Rikuo slid even deeper. Was there no end to his cock?

Rikuo shook his head. “Not yet. Just stay still a little longer.”

He realized suddenly that his brother was in no better shape. He was quivering above him like a tuning fork at just the right note and his breathing was heavy in his ear. It dawned on him that his raven was trying to control his baser impulses.
“Move,” he ordered.

“No,” Rikuo stubbornly maintained. “I’ll hurt you.”

“NOW.”

Rikuo growled under his breath, long fingers wrapping around his hips and he was being lifted to his knees again. His startled, husky half scream vibrated around the room. Rikuo didn’t hesitate. He drew back, steadying Kaza as he began to tremble harder; glided back in, in one easy thrust. He waited for Kaza’s moan to fade away before he did it again.

“Aaaah!”

“See?” Rikuo panted through gritted teeth as satin gripped his cock. “So stubborn. You should have let me-“

“It doesn’t hurt anymore!” Kaza huffed breathily. “I-i- do it again.”

Rikuo went absolutely still behind him and then his hand snaked up to wrap around his throat pulling him back strongly, wringing another whimpering cry from him. “Pets don’t give orders,” He whispered pulling back again and driving forward in a swift thrust. This time his cry was mostly silently, the titillating thrill stealing his breath. It felt so good. The long, smooth cock submerging so deeply he felt as if they were permanently connected, his body stretched around the width to the point that the pleasure and pain blended. Combined with his raven’s words, he was free falling.

Rikuo moved behind him like the sea, ebbing in slow easy slides, pounding back in with hard, powerful, assertive thrusts, his grip on his waist almost brutal, the hand clasping his throat a promise. “After tonight you won’t be giving any more orders.” He leaned forward to nibble at a tender earlobe. “You’ll be at my beck and call. You’ll live here. Eat here. Sleep here. In this bed. I’ll keep you filled with my cock and my come.”

“No-nnnhh, right there.”

A hard snap of hips and Kaza let his upper half fall to the mattress, the fierce spice of Rikuo plunging, stroking that spot with every drive cutting his strings; leaving him wide open to the lewd ravishment. He didn’t care, his earthly senses overwhelmed.

Hell, he hadn’t resisted much to begin with, despite all his protests. And now it was too late.

He’d given himself over to the beast.

A beast intent on making him a slave to the pleasure he was currently providing.

And he was caught. Mesmerized by the tight, sleek glide of silky flesh within satin.

Rikuo leaned over him, his harsh grunts sensuous in his ear, large hand grasping his cock. Kaza tensed as lust flared under his skin from two different points. His hips began to sway involuntarily, fucking into his raven’s hand, impaling himself on that marauding shaft. Colorful lights, flashed behind his eyelids as the unbearable ache tightened over his skin, pulling his frayed nerves taut.

“So tight,” Rikuo husked, voice breaking slightly as Kaza cinched down on his shuttling cock. “You feel so good. Better than I imagined. And all mine.”

As if those words released incorporeal bonds, Rikuo planted his hands in the mattress and began
driving into his core, the brisk ebb and flow pounding him closer to the ultimate goal of satisfaction.

“I’ll fuck you every night. You’ll beg me for it. And maybe if you’re a good pet, I’ll fuck you in the bed where you had every, nasty little dream.”

The words did him in. The memories they dredged up. The new images they forged in his consciousness. Intertwining with the animal sounds that their joint made as Rikuo slid in and out of him, the fit still so tight it bordered pain,

He snapped, jerking helplessly beneath Rikuo, thrusting back so that the swollen, crest of his cock hit his sweet spot just right, sending another slash of pleasure straight to his own, setting off another explosion of wanton, almost feral bliss.

“Shit!” He felt Rikuo’s fingers tangle in the sheets as he speeded up, pounding into him, the rhythm uneven now as he reached his own heights of licentious pinnacles.

ROTN

Chapter End Notes

And wow! It took me a long time to get this chapter out! Thank you for being patient with me! Hope you enjoyed!

I took a lot of time for my other works on ff and spent November primarily working on my independent work

Thank you for all the KUDOS and Fabulous Comments!

Until Next Time.....Muahahaha!
“Shit!” Naruto muttered under his breath as he watched Sasuke stride confidently towards him, black t-shirt snugly outlining broad shoulders and sleek muscles, his black sweatpants fitting just right over the rigid contours of his toned thighs. His hair still looked spiky from Naruto’s fingers. His skin glowed in the cheap fluorescents and all in all he still looked thoroughly fucked. Naruto grimaced. Even so, the raven could turn an everyday outfit into a fashion commercial. Or make a normal curbside drop off a red carpet evening, complete with door opening service and a quiet ‘later’ and a kiss of deep proportions before he was shooed into the school. It had been mortifying to say the least, with all eyes on him until he’d disappeared into the studious building, his cheeks like fire, lips burning.

His body throbbed now in reaction to the raven’s presence, as if every carnal bruise Sasuke had given him seemed to blaze to life at one time. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat and bit back a curse as his bottom prickled. The universe seemed to be conspiring against him. He’d planned on avoiding the raven today and sleeping in his own bed. Blissfully alone.

It seemed that idea wasn’t meant to pan out.

He could see it in the dark gleam in dark eyes. On anyone else his expression would have been positively gleeful. As it was, one corner of his mouth quirked into a small smile as he took the seat across from him, and leaned over the table, elbows planted solidly, his attention never even touching on his roommate next to him.

“Hey gorgeous.”

Naruto could only stare for long moments, still astounded by this focused Sasuke who could be so playful one moment and sinfully serious the next, fucking him into the night and next morning. His eyes dipped to Naruto’s collar and rose amused. Naruto’s narrowed as the night before seemed to play out between them like a full cinema event. He saw his legs spread in blatant invitation, his draconian inhibitions murdered by the black-eyed prince of lust all over again. Sasuke followed his thoughts, expression growing hotter by the second.
He leaned forward, face red again. “Stop it damn it!” He hissed, eyes flitting to take in the trio next to him.

Sasuke shrugged unapologetically. “You started it.”

He snorted rudely. “Yeah, like you weren’t thinking of that as soon as you spotted me.”

Sasuke’s smirk was all too knowing. “Oh much, much longer than that.”

He gave an exasperated sigh. “What do you want Sasuke? I was hoping to make an early night of it.”

Sasuke glanced around, taking in the emptier room. “You’re right, we should make an early night of it. Let’s go.”

The use of the ‘we’ wasn’t lost on Naruto and once again he was flummoxed by how casually Sasuke roped them together.

“I meant alone,” he snapped.

Sasuke didn’t even pay attention as he stood, leisurely stretching out his long limbs. He just reached down to grab Naruto’s bag as if he had every right in the world to treat him like his wife. “Mary made some Louisiana gumbo with King crab legs.” His fingers curled through Naruto’s and he found himself being pulled from the booth and led to the door. “We can eat, take a shower and go to sleep.”

Naruto dragged his feet, pulling at his wrist. “You said that last night and I ended it tied up!” He gave Sasuke the death look for good measure. “You did whatever you wanted to do. Just like you are right now! You’re so selfish!”

Sasuke smiled slow and soft and his grip became like adamantium. He continued to pull Naruto along, his struggles meaning nothing. He didn’t speak as he dragged the blonde out of the cheap restaurant. He took him all the way to the dangerous, low slung viper before speaking, pinning Naruto to the car, his fingertips pressing against the door at his hips. The raven was all over him suddenly, his smell wrapping around Naruto.

He tensed, the raven’s scent pulling up recent, tempestuous memories of the night before. It was deep and husky, thorny, just like the raven.

“I am selfish. When it comes to you I’ll take all I can get, what you will give me willingly and everything I have to pull from you. So stop fighting me.” He shook Naruto slightly. “Give in Naruto. Give me everything. Didn’t I tell you that you can’t run anymore?”

He pulled back. Naruto was given no chance to escape his blunt, direct talk as he casually opened the door and practically threw him in.

Naruto was in a state of panic as the raven lowered himself into the driver’s seat, the move natural like the way he’d taken over Naruto’s body last night. The night before had blown him wide open, his body making responses his desire had only hinted at, his surrender something unknown like the virgin he had been, Sasuke at the root of it.

He wanted to turn and ask him. What his true intentions were when they got to the house, but he found his tongue stuck, like the cat had gotten to it. Instead he let the raven start the car and pull out of the parking lot without saying anything.
He rode in a haze only shaking it off when the brown stone appeared before them. “Sasuke-“

But as usual Sasuke wasn’t listening. Faster than he could comprehend, he was pulled from the car and being tugged to the house. He didn’t struggle, couldn’t as Sasuke pulled him. They were at the door, his head whirling as Sasuke slotted the key into the lock.

“I have homework to do you idiot!”

The key turned sealing his fate. “You can do it here.”

He almost stomped his foot as Sasuke pushed the door open and herded him inside. “You’re too pushy Sasuke! I want to spend tonight in my own room.”

“Yeah, but I sleep better with you in my bed,” came Sasuke’s unconcerned reply. “Don’t worry I’ll take you home in the morning.”

He actually huffed, face red. “That’s not what I’m wor-“ He switched directions, trying to shake off Sasuke’s hold and caught sight of Fai standing at the doorway to the kitchen, the midnight haired behemoth standing before him, arms crossed, expression determined. Something about the way he stood and looked reminded him of his own raven and he surged forward, a small ray of hope lighting his steps.

“Fai, I thought you went home!”

The blonde flicked an almost panicked glance at his sentinel. “I’m on my way.”

“We were just going to eat.”

The two stopped as their words contradicted the other and Naruto felt his hope sink like a stone. There was no way the giant was letting Fai go without a fight, it was written all over him like cheap print. He frowned, all his protective instincts coming to the fore as he tried to figure out how to save his best friend.

“Well then we can walk together-“

“Not a chance.” Sasuke’s hard words cut across his own as his hand clamped around his wrist. “C’mon you can use my desk for your homework.”

He found himself yanked out of the room, before the n passed his lips Sasuke’s grip steel and silk rolled into one. He slapped at the hand as Sasuke pulled up him the stairs, ignoring the floors they passed. The raven’s demeanor was impatient, slightly exasperated. He didn’t even look back and Naruto found himself helplessly pulled along like a sack.

He ‘allowed’ Sasuke to pull him over the threshold, ill at ease in his skin as it prickled warningly in the raven’s presence. But he needn’t have worried. Sasuke went about his way, stripping the sweat shirt from his body, tossing it in the hamper, as Naruto’s eyes followed him warily

“Relax, I’m not going to jump you.”

Sasuke glided to him and promptly wrapped his arms around him. Naruto spluttered even as his body melted into Sasuke’s. He brought his hands up to push away and found the strong heartbeat under his palms all too mesmerizing. The vitality, the life caught him. The raven was was an enormous conduit of energy that traveled throughout his body from fingertips to toes and he was susceptible to it, as he’d been from the day he’d first met Sasuke in the garden during one of their infamous fundraising parties. He’d been as charmed then as he seemed to be now, intrigued by the
raven’s loneliness and aloofness.

That aloofness was in no way evident as Sasuke enfolded him in his arms, nestling against him, like he was a security blanket his powerful, body rubbing, stroking, driving him crazy.

He felt his mind starting to blank as the desire to answer Sasuke’s call began to take precedence. He let himself lean against the Uchiha heir, loving the feel a Sasuke’s arms tightened around him, his hands curling around his sides. He caught himself with a sense of amazement. How did the raven get under his skin so quickly, so completely? When had he started to love the raven again?

Shit!

He pulled back, trying to distance himself. Sasuke growled slightly, pulling him back, unaware of his sudden confusion.

It was like the garden those long years ago when Sasuke had stood contemplating something private in his head as the moonlight rained down on his midnight hair, his features nonetheless shadowed by heavy, dark thoughts? He still wondered what he’d been contemplating then. He didn’t know, most likely would never would. He acknowledged this even as Sasuke’s hands began to curve a path down his body until they cupped the round flesh of Naruto’s behind.

He flinched, a hot flush heating his cheeks.

Sasuke stilled, his hands stopping all movement.

“You’re sore, I’m sorry.” The raven moved away, leaving Naruto staring after him.

Sasuke apologizing to him?

It was a milestone in their convoluted relationship. So much so that Naruto could only watch as Sasuke composed himself into the old Sasuke, that familiar smirk tilting the corner of his mouth.

The raven opened his mouth to speak and his phone chimed quietly, saving them both from the embarrassment of his next statement.

Sasuke stared back at him for several long moments before he moved to check. Checking the contents, there was an almost sense of relief on his face when he announced, “Kaname ordered dinner. It’s down stairs right now.”

Sasuke was already moving towards the door, his demeanor somewhat subdued. He paused at the exit. “Are you coming?”

Stunned by the small byplay, Naruto could only nod his head in affirmation. They shared a loaded, silent look as Naruto stepped through the door.

Several hours later, he found himself being led back up the same stairs and he wondered if he were crazy as he yawned and gave up the token protests he uttered on his way out of the smorgasbord and up the stairs. It still didn’t disguise the fact that he went willingly, synching his night absolutions to Sasuke’s. He tried to ignore the raven’s silent pondering, his gaze straying to the door. He almost turned to glare at Sasuke, then decided better of it. He was so tired and Sasuke wasn’t letting him go home. Any fight at this point would be all fluff and sugar.

“Are you going to sulk all night?”

He jumped at the raven’s voice before turning to look him straight in the eye. “I’m not sulking, I’m
“England,” Naruto deadpanned, “This, this whole setup.” He gestured to the room. “I wanted to sleep in my room tonight, yet here I am again—”

“Are we going to argue about this again?” Sasuke cut across his words, voice flat and a little hard now. He was suddenly in Naruto’s personal space, towering over him in an intimidating show.

Naruto was beyond intimidating at this point. “Yes,” he answered patiently, “We’re going to talk about it again and again until you get these over possessive moves out of your repertoire. I don’t liked to bossed around and I don’t like having all of my decisions taken out of my hands when I made this move specifically to make my own.”

Sasuke laughed softly, his whole demeanor softening. He crowded even closer, tipping Naruto’s head back with a gentle finger under his chin. “Don’t you see Naruto?” He asked his voice a low throaty purr. “You never had the option to make your own decisions? Why do you think you’re here at this school, in my room after four years? You thought you escaped but there wasn’t a moment that I wasn’t aware of your every step.” Sasuke shook his head ruefully. “Why do you think I kept in such close contact with Kakashi? We knew that you needed a firm hand and he knew that I wasn’t going to let any one else other than me have that job.”

A cold feeling came over Naruto. He’d know that Sasuke was territorial, but this? His highhandedness made him feel lightheaded. And he was so unapologetic, as if he had every right to decide the paths of his life.

“Even after you broke my heart you kept watch from the sidelines?” His hands shook slightly. “Just who in the hell do you think you are? Doing whatever you want with no regard to how I felt.”

“Wrong.” The word fell between them like a heavy rock. “I knew how you felt from the moment we met in the garden. I felt the same but it was no good at that time. I knew that my desires were more extreme.”

For the first time during the conversation, Sasuke touched him, hands sliding over his waist until he was wrapped up in the raven, flush against him in an intimate embrace. He couldn’t stop his own hands from following the same path, so that they became wrapped in each other. His mind rebelled at the entanglement his body so enjoyed.

“So all this time you and Kakashi were working together to ensure that we met again,” he whispered uncertainly, turning his face to the side so that he wasn’t looking at Sasuke.

Sasuke tensed, releasing one arm as he turned Naruto’s face back in his direction.

Sasuke’s eyes were like black diamonds. “Do you think I did that on a whim? That I was wasting time to amuse myself?” His grip was firm on Naruto’s chin so he couldn’t look away, his own black gaze probing. “Do you think I’d go out of my way for just anyone?”

“Really? And just what do I mean to you?” Naruto cried, frustrated. “Why are you trying to keep me by your side? Huh?”

The raven’s response was immediate, his mouth swooping down to capture Naruto’s plump, full lips.

It was like an avalanche, couldn’t be avoided. He could just go with the flow, as Sasuke swept him
away, his tongue forging into his mouth like a lick of flame. It dug into his mouth aggressively and heat shot down Naruto’s spine. By the time that Sasuke let up, Naruto was breathless and gasping, his hands clinging to Sasuke’s immaculate t-shirt.

“Because you’re mine Naruto. Every move that you make, every decision, every breath belongs to me.”

“Guh!” Naruto squirmed, offended in the extreme. “What were you going to do if I’d found someone else? Four years is a long time!”

Sasuke grinned, an honest to earth grin. “I would have killed them and locked you in a room for the rest of your life.”

He twitched with the shock of the easy statement. “And I would spend my life in a room with no company and no life.”

Sasuke chortled, moving impossibly closer. “No, you would spend your days and nights thoroughly fucked and happy.” He skimmed the skin of Naruto’s pulse with his lips. “There is nothing I wouldn’t give you. Anything that can be obtained and some things that couldn’t.”

Naruto just stared, realizing that Sasuke was crazy in the extreme, his priorities out of whack.

“Where did this obsession come from? When the hell did you develop a psychotic need?”

“From the moment I saw you in the garden,” Sasuke answered promptly his hands sliding under Naruto’s shirt. “I knew the instant you laid your eyes on me that it was all over. Those pretty blues caught me. I almost couldn’t speak that night. I didn’t think you would be so tempting though and before I knew it, I was having fantasies of tying you up, binding you to me so that no one else ever would.”

Shit! He remembered that night. He’d thought that the raven was brooding and irritated by his company.

Naruto could see how much trouble he was in, the fanatic gleam in Sasuke’s eyes was having a strange effect on him. He wanted to meld with the raven until they were like melted chocolate, running all over each other. He took a careful step back, trying to widen the distance between them. It didn’t work, the raven moving sinuously along to his movements, his hands sliding over Naruto’s ribs up until the tips of his fingers brushed against his nipples.

He breathed broke on a hastily muffled moan.

“I need to take a shower,” he tittered nervously, changing the subject entirely.

“We can do that.” The quality of Sasuke’s voice made him quiver so tuned into the dark tone that he was now so accustomed to hearing right before Sasuke dumped him in his bed.

He started to shake his head, “Not tonight Sasuke, I’m-“

Sasuke caught him with another hard kiss and his lips tingled under the forceful pressure.

“I know, you’re sore. I have something for that.”

Fire flushed his face and he tried harder to untangle their bodies. “I can definitely take care of it at home.”
May be I should just shut up, he thought stupidly and Sasuke cut him off with his mouth. He pushed against his sleek, defined chest barely detaching the Uchiha. “I don’t need your help, I can take care of myself you know. I’m a man myself if you haven’t forgotten.”

It was exactly the wrong thing to say to the raven. Sasuke lifted him from the floor and took four long strides to the bed that would soon become his silk lined prison.

“Damn it! Sasuke!” Was all he got out before Sasuke’s mouth slanted over his, tongue driving deep in a bold lunge.

His fingers instinctively curled over the raven’s massive shoulders, completely stunned by the passion that was the driving force behind Sasuke’s kiss. It killed him, buried him in the grit of a lust so strong he forgot what he was going to say. He accepted the enchanting intrusion automatically, his body responding as if it’d been trained. And he supposed he had. In the short time that Sasuke had returned to his life, he’d been sufficiently overwhelmed by the sensations that the raven had brought back to his life.

He’d thought that he’d been living, the raven’s presence in his life again let him know that he was wrong. He’d just been masking the hole over his heart, waiting for the young master to rip the bandage off and expose the still unhealed wound, pouring himself in with no hesitation, filling the emptiness he’d left so many years ago, the part of Naruto that belonged to him, molding out a spot that would be forever his.

The thought lanced into him and he found the strength to push Sasuke away slightly turning his head to the side almost desperately, ever conscious of the raven hovering over him, his hands planted solidly on the mattress. The look in his eyes was dangerous, his dominance pushing to the forefront.

“Stop Sasuke!”

The sharp tone seemed to rattle the raven and he paused in his devilish pursuit. Naruto took the chance, reaching up to thread his fingers in soft hair. The silken strands curled over his fingers, thick and silky. He held firm, meeting Sasuke’s eyes squarely. He almost wished he hadn’t. The raven’s eyes were smokey with lust, heavy with thoughts better kept to the wee hours of a stormy night. The intensity of his focus caused Naruto to squirm, heating him, gasoline to the wildfire of his emotions.

He gentled his voice in reaction. “Sasuke, you know you turn me on, but I can’t. Not tonight.”

Sasuke’s eyes gentled along with his voice and the raven rolled to the side, covering his eyes with his forearm, leaving Naruto feeling strangely bereft without his warmth. He knew, deep down in the visceral parts of him that Sasuke wasn’t going to let him go. Every statement the Raven let come out his mouth proclaimed the same. So he waited patiently until the raven returned to the bed a slim column of something in his hands.

He sat up halfway before his raven’s hands stopped him, spreading over his pectoral and his heart.

“No need, I’ll give exactly what you need tonight. I’ll make sure that you you’re taken care of.”

ROTN
“This? This is what you had in mind? How is this goi-“

“You sure are noisy,” Sasuke commented casually, stopping his passioned tirade mid syllable, one big hand smoothing down a soft, rounded buttock.

Naruto tensed where he lay across Sasuke’s lap, naked as the day of his birth, his face flushed from the subsequent battle. His wrists were tied with a soft length of blue cloth, tight and confining. The raven himself was still fully clothed, his breath quickened with excitement. Somehow it felt taboo with Sasuke’s rigid erection pressed against his soft skin through the cloth, excited from having wrestled and tied him down. The slim metallic tube lay not far away, its presence faintly threatening, while Sasuke stroked him as if he were soothing a skittish colt. It almost felt like he was some pampered plaything awaiting pleasure in a pasha’s boudoir.

He trembled, knowing exactly how much pleasure his pasha could give.

He was now fully awake, the anticipation making his heart thump and his blood race in his ears. He opened his mouth to try and divert Sasuke’s intentions again and flinched in surprised as Sasuke cupped one pert ass cheek, his finger inadvertently rubbing against the opening of his body.

“Sasuke-“

“Shhh,” the raven interrupted him, reaching for the tube with his free hand, “I told you I’d take care of you right? Let me do that.”

“You call this ‘taking care of me’? I’m trussed up like a turkey-“

“Naruto.” It was a warning, quietly worded, but a threat nonetheless. His fingers matched the deeper tone, sliding between his legs in a firmer caress that made Naruto hiss and not just from pain. The finger slipping over his entrance recalled the pleasure/pain of Sasuke’s invasion the night before.

Shit!

He was done for. Even the suggestion of an unwelcome sensation wasn’t enough to curb his enthusiasm for the raven.

He turned his head and gave the raven a gimlet stare. It took everything that he had in him not to succumb at that moment, to give the raven all he was demanding. Instead he fell back on his old, outdated anger. “I don’t want this,” he stated bluntly, proud that the statement came with no stammering. “You can’t just make people do what you want.”

Sasuke’s eyes changed, that hard, bright light returning. One corner of his mouth kicked up into a smirk. “Really?” His finger pressed harder. Just a tiny bit, but it had Naruto stilling with surprised lust. “Because it seems like your body is willing to accept what I have to offer.”

Naruto swallowed, dry and rough, his facilities no longer firing on all cylinders. “Is that all it is? The sex?”

He was thinking quickly, searching for that last avenue of escape.

Sasuke chuckled in response, his fingers pressing harder. He observed Naruto’s inhibited reaction, his moan echoing around the room.

“Do you think this is all about the sex?”
Sasuke laughed outright this time. “You think I’ve been obsessed with you just for the sex?” His smile. It knocked the breath from him. “It was ‘Keeping tabs on you all these years just for the sex?’ Oh, how you don’t really know me.”

Naruto begged to resemble that remark. “I do know you,” he refuted breathlessly. “I know that you are a possessive bastard who won’t take rejection the way they should.”

If anything, Sasuke’s amusement was more pronounced. “This is rejection?”

He shivered as Sasuke pressed harder, the sensation like a silken electric shock through his system. His body opened, relaxing, responding to the caress and Sasuke sighed hard above him.

“And it’s not all pain is it?” The raven asked gutturally, and Naruto attempted to move, motivated by the tight tone, embarrassed by his immediate reaction, to free himself from the nefarious clutches.

“Stop,” Sasuke growled, halting him with a firm hand on his bottom.

He stilled immediately, his body following the command instantly. To his utter shame, his body following the command immediately, following the demand like a well trained filly. AA startled flush eat flushed his face, his body, his own cock rising herd and insistent. It felt good. Good to dominated. To be given no choice by the sexiest, most stunning man he would have dreamed up in his wildest imaginations. Sasuke was simply, uniquely the only man that had turned his head. The moment Sasuke had entered his sphere, he’d been captivated. And now he was following directions from a dark haired demon.

Sasuke caressed his flank again, fingers still pressing. He was very talented, Naruto deduced distantly, his eyes falling shut as the pleasure almost destroyed him. Whatever Sasuke had put on his fingers caused him to heat coldly from the inside out. It was cold and then warm, convincing his body to open up to Sasuke completely, acknowledging his dominion over him, the fingers curling within him causing an almost desperate hunger. He clenched down on the invading digits that were suddenly thrusting, slowly, achingly inside him, the soothing medicine smoothing the way.

He fell forward, unable to hold his own weight, his ass tipping up to Sasuke’s hand. His raven made a low, deep sound of approval and he blushed, the sensual contentment oozing through him.

It was a painful pleasure, Sasuke’s fingers slipping and sliding over his abused skin tenderly. He gasped as nimble fingers brushed his center of pleasure deliberately.

“Sasuke!” His voice was a careless whisper and Sasuke responded in kind.

“Naruto. Fuck! You’re so fucking sexy like this. Turned up and craving me, even after being filled with my cock all night.” His left hand rose, cinching on his throat, his right hand continued it’s decadent movements, pushing his head backwards so that their gazes flashed against black on blue. “You’re never going to show this face to anyone else for as long as you live. You’re all mine inside and out Naruto. Don’t you feel it?” His extraordinary blue-black eyes narrowed as his mind caught up with his erotic body. “I do. I feel it calling to me everyday telling me that you need me. It’s what drew me to you in the garden. The moment I laid eyes on you in that garden I was captivated. Though I didn’t realize that I would need you. The more you spoke, every insane decision you made had me panting behind you. You were so adorable. So warm. So completely touchable.”
Trembling, Naruto stared back at Sasuke. Sensual darkness stared back at him, his intentions plain in his eyes. There seemed no escape there, no quarter that would be given. He finally understood that Sasuke meant every word that slid over Naruto’s skin like processed silk.

“You’re not going anywhere. Ever.”

He barely comprehended the words, his body and mind overloaded by the carnal movement of the raven’s fingers, by the artful grip around his throat. He could the hard length of Sasuke’s excitement pressed rigidly into his side. Those talented fingers prodded and he gasped, his eyelashes fluttering down over his eyes. Sasuke’s grip shifted, his thumb running over his mouth, caressing the soft, plump flesh.

“Naruto.” His name was two sensual syllables, drawing him to open his eyes and look at the raven again. Black diamonds glittered back at him, the lust bright in his gaze. His expression was wantonly devious. “Do you want to come?”

He blinked, his tongue flickering out to moisten his lips. The taste of Sasuke made him shudder. He didn’t fight his response, there was no point. “Yes.” There was no other answer, not with his body clinging and clenching around Sasuke’s thrusting fingers, his cock hard and aching and wet from his own desire despite the soreness. The soreness that was fast becoming inconsequential in the face of his need.

He wasn’t allowed to think anymore as Sasuke speeded up his pace, dark eyes never leaving his. They bored into his soul, ferreted out the deep pool of emotions that reigned deep in him. Tangled with the physical embodiment of Sasuke and he was done for, the KO ten seconds into the first round. He began to undulate, the languid shift of his hips dragging his seeping cock across Sasuke’s thighs. He keened low in his throat as the sybaritic delight zipped between Sasuke’s fingers at his throat and Sasuke’s fingers inserted deep in his soft, narrow canal, jabbing at his sweet spot. He was moving like a greedy houri in a pasha’s harem, reaching out for the pleasure, completely open, the tension building with every stroke. It became almost unbearable as the raven began to speak again.

“Did you think I’d let you go?” He queried softly. “You really took my past words to heart huh? You would. I apologize. I overreacted to every thing I wanted. And you were too perfect, the way you insisted on bringing me out of my shell. You snatched everything from me and didn’t even know it. Another lover?” He grunted rudely, referring to the night he’d taken Naruto to his beach house and the morning after. “You’ll never have anyone else touch you. All mine. My little pet. I’ll keep you full of my cock. You won’t have to lift a finger. I’ll give you the world. And all you have to do is give me all of you.”

He came, all over Sasuke’s soft sweats, jerking back so that he shoved Sasuke’s fingers even deeper into him. His throaty cries were accompanied by the press of Sasuke’s fingers rubbing and pleasing his core of bliss. He left himself go, entrusted himself to Sasuke’s capable hands. He wasn’t disappointed. Sasuke’s hands gentled on his body and he lay Naruto’s trembling, shaking form across his lap. His big palm ran over the crown of Naruto’s head. Naruto forced his eyes open despite his embarrassment. Sasuke smiled down at him indulgently.

Go to sleep. Or that’s what he thought Sasuke said. He couldn’t hear by that point, all of his facilities conquered by satisfaction and exhaustion. The raven’s face hazed, shadows creeping in. He felt the raven maneuvering his body, but he couldn’t care. He was too tired.

XOVER

They said it took 21 days to form a habit.
Naruto called bullshit.

Waking up with the raven draped over him, the room deep and dark, had become a habit. He wasn’t disoriented in the least as he opened his eyes slowly and flexed against the soft sheets and Sasuke at it were. Of course the raven lay half on him, knee between his legs, his arm slung over his waist, his face buried in the hollow where his neck sloped into his shoulder. The dark around him had that still silence of a disappearing night. The time before dawn crowned and the world woke up.

He frowned into the darkness, the night before a sharp recollection. No doubt about it he was going to have trouble facing the Uchiha heir when he woke up. Even now his face flamed at the thought. And he realized he was going to have to get out of here as soon as possible. Like as in now.

He felt uneasy. It felt like he was giving up his freedom to easily. It felt as if soon he would no longer be in control of his life.

He did an experimental shimmy slowly moving away from the raven, trying to dislodge his arm and body with distance. Almost at one Sasuke’s arm tightened drawing him back into his warmth, his grip like steel. One again Naruto was trapped underneath his body. The raven’s breath was a warm breeze against his throat as he murmured lowly still half asleep.

“Go back to sleep. Too early for you to be up.”

He took a deep breath, panic ringing his inner alarms. “I have to go home Sasuke.”

The raven was quiet for a long moment. When he spoke again his voice was unmistakably hard with command. “Stay. I’m not letting you walk around at this time of the night.” He took for granted that his words would be obeyed and settled deeper onto Naruto.

“I can’t,” he whispered.

There was no answer.

“Sasuke? Sasuke!”

But the raven didn’t deign to reply, his breaths deep and even. A king sleep comfortably again, used to his orders being followed without fail. And try as he might, Naruto couldn’t dislodge him.

Eventually all he could do was relax beneath the raven and fall back into sleep, the tingle of unease riding with him into his dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took so long for this chapter! Thank You for reading!

Until Next Time.......
Chapter Thirty One
Game Plans
General POV

For once he woke slowly, with none of the pressing concerns that plagued his every waking moment. Instead he felt sated. Languorous. Well rested. It could have been the luxurious bed that he slept in. It could have been the actual sleep that he’d gotten.

Or it could simply have been the insanely hot man who was currently hanging onto him like a limpet. The insanely hot man who’d spent half the night shoving his large, hard cock up his ass. His back was pressed to a firm, muscled chest that had filled out in the two years they hadn’t met, their legs tangled, his strawberry’s arm wrapped securely around him.

Well, Shit, like that hadn’t been a foregone conclusion since he’d met the strawberry again, but it galled him how fast he’d fallen. He felt his cheeks color and was glad that Ichigo couldn’t see.

And on that note.

He stiffened in preparation to pull away and exit the bed.

Ichigo growled and pulled him tighter against his body, if that was at all possible. “Damned early riser. Go back to sleep, it’s too early to get up.”

“Well, not all of us are sybarites,” Uryuu commented tartly. “Indulging as they see fit. Some of us work hard.”

“Oh in rare form this morning, I see,” Ichigo drawled. “It won’t change anything Uryuu.”

“I need coffee.” It was a blatant evasion. “I have class at eight thirty.”

“Shit Uryuu it’s only six. I want to cuddle.” He nuzzled into the raven’s hair. “There’s so many things better than coffee. And I can get you to school well before eight thirty.”

Uryuu could just guess what those things were.

“Idiot, I’m getting up.”
Suiting these words to action, Uryuu pushed at Ichigo’s arms and pushed the covers back….

…..And found himself trapped under Ichigo’s strong, lean body.

It was so fast and smooth, he hardly felt any disorientation at all.

“I see someone needs more lessons in taking directions,” Ichigo murmured slipping between his legs, forcing them to curl around his hips as he lowered himself onto Uryuu’s body, his fingers clasping in his hair to gain a secure hold. He pulled sharply and Uryuu gasped in surprise, the playful cuddly kitten suddenly morphing into a deadly, serious, dominate lion. He was suddenly reminded of the last days of his year spent in the same high school. Reminded of the intense gaze that had focused on him in the days after their encounter.

Ichigo’s gaze hadn’t wavered from him then, it didn’t seem like it would now. It was as intense as ever, as penetrating as ever. Golden eyes seemed to look deep into the spiritual part of him, dissecting him. Taking him apart. Even in the gloom of impending dawn.

Ichigo’s hard cock pressed into his own, and a bolt of pleasure made him squirm and press against his nemesis.

“I don’t take orders!” He snapped. “If I did, I wouldn’t have attended this university against my father’s wishes.”

He felt the smug air pouring off of Ichigo. “You give way too much power to your father. Do you think he can stop me from claiming you?” Ichigo asked seriously. “I’d just make a call to my dad and that situation is handled.”

“What?” Uryuu asked breathlessly. “You dad has never managed to make my father back down.”

“Really?” Ichigo laughed. “I have it on good authority that that was all an act in front of you, so you wouldn’t be ashamed of your father but behind closed doors he obeys my father explicitly.”

“Wha’t?” He could never imagine his father as being submissive to Ichigo’s father. “Why the hell would he do that?”

“Because you’re not the only Ishida irresistible to a Kurosaki?” Ichigo mused.

Uryuu was predictably horrified by this prospect and distracted from his own predicament for the moment.

“Our dads!”

He couldn’t wrap his mind around it. They’d been rivals for so long, Ichigo’s dad owning the local clinic and Uryuu’s being the resident surgeon at the hospital there. “When did that start?”

Ichigo chuckled, “About two years ago and hey aren’t you forgetting something?” He asked hips moving in a long, sinuous rock. Warm pleasure returned to remind him exactly where he was at this moment.

“I’m the only one you should be worrying about right now.” Ichigo’s voice firmed, darkened as he draped over Uryuu, his mouth whispering over his throat. “Can you take me again?”

Uryuu opened his mouth to negate, felt the throbbing pulse of his reaction and nodded instead, his
voice low and smooth. “Yes.”

He was mortified but Ichigo felt so perfect against him and the memory of that perfect, long, hard cock inside him made him heat up from the inside just thinking about it. He wanted to feel that again, his libido out of control after just one night. There was no help for it. He now knew how Ichigo felt. How he filled him. How the slip and slide of his lion’s body had brought him to the ultimate pinnacle.

The ache deep inside of him was pleasure bordering on pain. It seemed that the gates he barred over his desire for Ichigo had burst and there was nothing to hold back the tide. So in the dim light of the dawn he pushed up against Ichigo, secretly loving the way the berry stretched out over his body, the way his large hands slid down to cup ass as he positioned him where he wanted him. Where Uryuu wanted him.

He was still slick and wet from the night before and his body opened begrudgingly as Ichigo began to push with that patient force he’d exhibited since he’d come back into Uryuu’s life. He bit his lip to keep the soft whimper under wraps as the thick hardness breached him, sliding in until his ass rested against Ichigo’s hips. Ichigo sighed, nipping hard at his throat, worrying the still present mark of his obsession and Uryuu cringed with the thought that it would be darker tomorrow.

“Don’t hold back,” Ichigo whispered against the bruised flesh. “Let me hear everything. Every little whimper, every little moan. Don’t hide yourself from me. I’ll know it all anyway.”

He would.

Suddenly the memory of burning eyes following his every step assulalted him. The berry had seen everything then. His hope. His fear. His desire. He realized that then that he’d been looking at Ichigo as much as Ichigo had looked at him. Ichigo had had the courage to act upon it whereas he hadn’t too cowed by his fear of being out of control.

“You’re thinking to hard,” Ichigo admonished quietly. “Let go. I’ll take care of you, just surrender.”

That was exactly what he was afraid of. A wild vision of him kneeling at Ichigo’s feet, a discreet collar encircling his throat assaulted his mind, but in the vision he welcomed it. Relished it. Relished the fact that his master loved to see him this way.

Fuck!

He opened his mouth to deliver a scathing retort when Ichigo withdrew from his body. Several inches, but it felt like the world had stopped, even though he felt and been ravished by the berry all night. The withdrawal stopped his words so effectively he felt that a he wouldn’t speak for a week. The pleasure/pain lanced through him and he couldn’t make a sound as his berry powered back in suddenly, breathing heavily as he was fully seated again, his breath stuttering as Uryuu clenched around him in helpless response.

“Shit you feel so good Uryuu. So tight and hot around my cock.”

Long, thick fingers slid around his entrance, detailing the stretched flesh that circled his cock as he tilted Uryuu’s hips for maximum penetration, pressing deeply into the body underneath his, the head of his cock firmly against the center of pleasure. Uryuu gasped in surprise, flames of thrill shooting through his body. Ichigo’s mouth bit as his throat in response.

“Ichigo!” His voice was weak in the wake of the sensations that crowded his body. He didn’t know
which way was up or down as Ichigo began plunder the bounty of his core leisurely, tight strokes as he barely retreated from his body before powering back in.

Suddenly Ichigo reared up, the head of his delicious stalk pressing solidly against his prostate as he caught Uryuu’s mouth in a heated kiss rocking powerfully in his body in concise, controlled thrusts. Uryuu mewed around his tongue, flashes of bliss shot through his limbs. He undulated blindly, his legs falling open further, opening himself eagerly for the pounding rhythm. His hands clenched in the strands of Ichigo’s hair keeping their mouths together as he writhed beneath the strawberry, mindless with the rapture that Ichigo’s body evoked.

He was lost to sensation, Ichigo’s hands tight around his ass, his mouth sealed over his as he ravished him, forcing ecstasy on him. The euphoria fell on his body, too much suddenly and he tensed, bowing under Ichigo’s heavier weight, airy at the zenith of his orgasm.

“Shit!”

Ichigo ripped his mouth from his, moaning against his throat as Uryuu’s body spasmed, clenching around him, pulling his own climax with heated convulsions, spilling himself into the hot body beneath him.

The return to reality was soft and slow, Ichigo’s breaths against his shoulder harsh. Somehow he couldn’t muster up the mortification when he realized he’s been totally distracted from his original goal of leaving the bed. He felt too good. He made a soft sound as Ichigo rolled off of him, pulling him into the warm cove of his arms, their chests pressing together as they breathed together.

“Damn Uryuu if you keep doing this to me I won’t survive until graduation.”

“Don’t blame me you damned pervert,” Uryuu managed. “I was trying to get up and get ready for school.” Belying his words he snuggled closer to the berry, totally relaxed in his satiation. He must have fallen asleep again because suddenly Ichigo was shaking him awake.

“C’mon Uryuu if I let you sleep any longer you’ll kill me.”

“What?”

“School remember?”

He was fully wake in an instant. “Damn! What time is it?”

“Six-thirty. Let’s take a shower and I’ll take you home to get dressed and take you to school.”

He moved in a haze as Ichigo washed him, running the towel over him tenderly before helping him dress. His mortification had yet to surface, though he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off Ichigo as he pulled his own clothes on, his golden body flexing as he moved, advertising like a male fitness magazine.

He blushed when Ichigo entwined their fingers as they walked down the stairs, though it seemed a little late for that. But the mortification slammed into him full force when they entered a crowded kitchen filled to the brim with savory smells.

A short, slim blonde woman was sliding a plate to Sasuke who was leaning against the island, a slight smile decorating his face. A sullen Zero was sitting at the kitchen table sitting between the twins, ignoring them as he shoveled food into his mouth. The king was staring at a laptop sipping coffee, the prince looming over the silverette speaking quietly. They all looked beautifully disheveled and Uryuu could only guess what had occurred between the three last night. But he’d
bet it would be a good guess. When he entered the room, Zero’s eyes flickered up to his and they were filled with bemusement. It morphed to a plea for an instance before the blonde at his side caught his attention. He could understand the sentiment, his flush glowing hotter as Ichigo brushed a kiss across his temple before moving to the coffee pot.

“Have a seat and I’ll get breakfast for you.”

He turned to the small woman that was suddenly next to him. She smiled at him kindly. “It won’t take but a moment to get a plate ready for you.”

He opened his mouth to demur and caught a hard look form Ichigo who shook his head slightly. Catching the subtle hint he sidled up to the island and sat in one of the stylish chairs, his body heavy. He glared at Sasuke, doing his best impression of his father.

“Where is Naruto?”

“Sleep.” Black eyes met his amused. “You must be Uryuu. Nice to meet you.” His brow quirked. “If you like I can wake him up so that you see that he’s safe?”

“Oh posh, don’t go waking that poor boy up.” The petite woman scolded sliding his own plate in front oh him. “He has his hands full of Sasuke as it is. He must be exhausted.” Uryuu froze his eyes swinging to the short woman.

“Hey Mary!” Sasuke protested. “I’m not that bad.” He laughed outright at her pointed look. “This is Uryuu by the way. Uryuu, Mary.”

Uryuu nodded politely, wondering how in the hell he’d gotten himself in this situation. No, scratch that Naruto had gotten them into this situation by insisting on this school. But maybe it was worth it, he amended as he tucked into his breakfast of eggs, bacon and waffles. It was exquisite. He wondered how someone managed to turn a simple breakfast into heaven.

Ichigo laughed at his obvious surprise. “Yeah, Mary’s a miracle worker.”

“One would have to be to survive this rapscallion through his teenage years,” Mary replied innocently, eyes gleaming.

It was surreally domestic and Uryuu found himself eating, his hands moving automatically as he tried to make sense of it. He was still in a daze when Ichigo dropped him off at school after taking him back to his dorm to change.

Watching Ichigo’s car disappear, he opened the note that Zero had managed to slip him under the ever watchful eyes of the twins.

I have a plan, call me when you’re alone xxx-xxx-5789

He hoped it was a good one. No, a fucking fantastic one.

Or they were going to be swallowed up by the desires of the bad boys.

ROTN

Fai stare dumbfounded at the apparition in front of him, because he had to be a shade right? Because Kurogane couldn’t be standing in his doorway at seven o’clock in the fucking morning
right? He was so bright that it almost hurt his eyes.

And how the fuck had he gotten into the building?

Kurogane was leaning against his door jamb dressed in all black, black leather jacket hugging his packed form, his eyes clear, alert and stern. And way too intense for before coffee. He filled the doorway, dwarfing the world. Fai’s mouth opened, closed, opened again before he bit his lip to get it under control. He was way too sexy, tempting Fai to grab his collar and pull him into his room and ‘talk’ him into a morning buffet.

Down boy, he cautioned his cock and reminded himself why moving too early would be bad.

Though I definitely wouldn’t mind partaking for the entire semester. A thrill of shock made him shiver. He hadn’t had a thought like that in years. After every sexual encounter he was invariably bored, prompting him to move on to the next mistake. He had no reason to think a liaison with the big behemoth would be any different.

He scrambled inadequately to pull his addled wits into some kind of intelligent order. “What are you doing here?”

Abruptly Kurogane straightened and brushed past him. Fai breathed deeply as he went by, pulling that bright clean smell into his lungs. He turned as Kurogane slung his backpack over the main chair in the living room.

“I’m making sure that you’re on time to class.”

What the fuc-

“I like to be ahead of the class.”

Fai didn’t reply, his chin on his chest as he stared in open astonishment. The raven haired behemoth tilted his head towards the small kitchen before moving in that direction. “That smells good.”

“That still doesn’t explain why you’re here,” He stated severely, following, suppressing a shiver at the soft, silky voice.

Kurogane just looked at him for a long moment. “As my lab partner I thought we should be on the same page. You shouldn’t be late to class and all of our assignments should be done together.”

Fai stared, nonplussed. “Together?”

“Yes.” Kurogane turned to face him, standing in the doorway of the kitchen. “Together, unless there is a problem with that?”

“Yes, there is,” Fai answered, taking a small step backwards. “I have a study group most afternoons,” He lied swiftly. There was no way he was going to survive every afternoon with the behemoth. “So that would be improbable.”

Kuro smirked. “I have practice anyway, so the evenings should be fine.”

“Ummmm,” Fai hummed. “That would be impractical. I have study sessions set up for the rest of the week and most likely they’ll go well into the evenings so this plan is not going to work.” Besides if he spent any more time alone with the raven he wasn’t going to be able to control himself.
“I’m sure that we can get around that,” Kuro parroted before turning back to the kitchen. “Now are you going to offer me breakfast before we leave?”

Knowing his face must be an expression in astonishment as he ladled huevos rancheros onto a plate for the raven and watched as his eyes fluttered in pleasure with the first bite.

“Mmmmmhmm, I bet you’re as good as Mary.” Dark eyes opened suddenly catching him in their depths. “What else can you do?”

Fuck like a back alley whore, he almost said but instead went with. “Who’s Mary?”

“Our housekeeper, she keeps us out of trouble.”

“I don’t doubt it.” This said dryly as Fai watched him devour the rest of the plate. He pushed his glass of orange juice towards the giant across the small table, his own appetite replaced by something infinitely darker. “Really what are you doing here?”

“I’m making sure that my lab partner and I pass our class with flying colors. I hear Mr. Reed is tuff. We need to say on top of him.” He was tilted his head, holding Fai’s gaze. “Anything else you want to know?”

How good are you in bed?

He was saved from his improper question by his phone belting out the song for his text alert. He turned suddenly, thankful for the interruption and snatched it up.

Let’s meet in Kaza’s room after school. Bring a change of clothes. And a sleeping bag. Don’t get caught! We have a plan.

It was a group text from Uryuu and his interest was immediately piqued. He sent back a quick reply, the sound of running water returning him to his reality. He turned to find Kuro washing his dishes at the sink. He stared. He must have died and gone to heaven. That was the only excuse he could come up with for having a tall, stunning giant in his kitchen washing his own dishes.

“Ummmmm, I’m just going to grab my backpack so we can go.”

He escaped to his room, his body heated. He blew his breath and leaned against the door. Fuck! How was he going to get through this semester? He wanted to fuck the devil already! Like right now. And therein lay his problem. Even as much as he wanted to try he didn’t believe in longevity, not in this day and age. Fuck!

Steeling himself, he grabbed his backpack and headed back to the kitchen. Kuro was waiting for him patiently, the expression on his face inquiring.

“Aren’t you going to eat?”

He waved. “No, I’m good. Let’s go before Mr. Reed fails us.”

By the end of class he was suffering from Kuro overload, his senses blown wide open from having to sit next to the vision of deliciousness and having to curb his flirtatious instincts. He was out of his seat the instant that Mr. Reed dismissed them, conveniently not hearing Kurogane’s question. When he looked back at the classroom, the tall devil was surrounded by women. His heart dropped slightly at the sight.

Fuck!
Maybe he should just give up on having the dark behemoth period.

Yeah, that would be the best option.

The thought disheartened him and by the time that he met the group outside of Kaza’s building he was feeling destructive. He wanted to destroy something. Demolish it. This called for a night out.

If only it weren’t Tuesday.

But he was feeling slightly reckless. He could party and still go to class in the morning. Yeah, that was just the ticket. All he had to do was find an after hours spot and take care of his problem.

Uryuu was standing in front of Kaza’s dorm, his stance slightly stiff. He gave him a look of pure vitriol. “What’s wrong with you? You look as if someone stole your dog.”

“For the second time this week,” Fai quipped, brandishing his sleeping bag. “Now what’s up with this plan of yours?”

“Zero’s and I hope that it works. For a little while at least. I’ll explain when we are all together. Hit Kaza and tell him to let us in.”

ROTN

Naruto looked at the expectant faces filling the room. “So what’s the plan?” He’d just gotten there, the hair on the back of his neck still standing on edge. He felt as if Sasuke was waiting around the corner ready to snatch him up.

Zero roused himself with a scowl. “We avoid them. Each night we stay in a different room and don’t answer our phones. All we have to do is stay out of their grasps.”

“Easy for you to say,” Naruto returned. “It feels like Sasuke has low jack on me.”

“Strength in numbers.” Zero looked over the room. “We provide each other support and for God’s sake don’t answer your phone,” He reiterated as a ring tone chimed out. “Not unless it’s one of us. And since we’ll all be together we don’t answer our phones. Period.”

“I, for one think it’s a great plan.” Uryuu pushed his glasses up his nose. There’s no way that Sasuke has low jack on you.”

“Then why does it feel like it?” Naruto groaned. “He seems to find me everywhere.”

“That’s why we pick a room to sleep in every night. And we don’t answer our phones,” Zero insisted. “This at least gives us a chance to think.”

Naruto rubbed at the dark hickey below his ear. “This had better work. Sasuke’s going to be so pissed.”

Uryuu smirked at him. “Doesn’t that make it worth it?”

ROTN

The talked well into the night, all the lights out ordering take out pizza. The only hiccup was when a strong knock sounded at the door, right before Kaza’s phone began to vibrate. Kaza looked stricken as he checked his phone. Uryuu held a finger up to his lips to signal for silence. All of them had had to suffer through the inevitable calls and all of them had gotten through them in their own ways. It had been unimaginably amusing to watch Naruto turn the color of the sun when his
phone went off. Meeting the insufferable arrogant raven this morning, Uryuu could sympathize. But he’d managed not to answer, a fact that Uryuu was proud of having seen his withdrawal from the raven.

He, himself blocked his time with Ichigo, pushing it to the back of his mind, ignoring his aching bum. It felt like high school all over again.

Ichigo was going to be pissed.

He wished that the thought didn’t cause him so much pleasure.

But there was going to be hell to pay later, he might as well enjoy it now.

ROTN

*Author hangs head in shame* Sorry no excuse but RL has gotten the better of me. I finally had to put my foot down and thumb my nose at it. Thank all who are still reading and following my stories!! It won’t take so long next time as I’ve started to get back to all of my stories.

Until Next Time…….

SexyBVirgo!
Chapter Thirty Two
Cat and Mouse

Sasuke

You’re playing with Fire Naruto

Sasuke sent the message resisting the urge to throw his phone out onto the pavement. Instead focused on the glowing blue dot now displayed on the screen. He growled at it.

“You think you’re clever do you?” He murmured.

His eyes lifted to the dorm building. Rage made him tense in the seat of the viper. His naive firebrand had flown the coop. Or tried rather. It burned through his blood and it took more than will power not to just walk into the building and through the front door. The need to drag him out was a compulsion that he barely checked. No it was the need to torment the one he wanted. He pulled up his messages again and sent one to Rikuo.

Okay go shake things up

A moment later Rikuo slid out the fiery Camaro and glided towards the building. Sasuke watched with a thin smile as he opened the entrance door. Keep running Naruto, I love to catch you.

He exited his own car and Ichigo, Kurogane, Kaname, Ichijo, and Lavi met him halfway. They all wore differing expressions of disgruntlement.

“Well guys let's see what happens next.”

“I say we let them have their night,” Ichigo commented idly. “Let them feel safe tonight.” He glanced down at his own phone, a smile overtaking the frown. “I enjoy a little cat and mouse before a meal.”

They all stared at him in the inky darkness.

“A man after my own heart. I like that idea.” Sasuke’s voice was silky with menace. “It’s always a little better after a chase.”

Five minutes later Rikuo was back, his expression dark. “They are holed up like rats in a cage. I could feel their fear through the door when I knocked.”

“The way it should be.” Sasuke rolled his shoulders, his next words totally against the way his hands itched to get on Naruto. “Harley’s anyone? Nothing like a good game of pool before the haunt.”

They all nodded in agreement before getting back in their cars. He spared one last glance at the
dorm as they pulled out of the parking lot.

One night Naruto

Enjoy it

Because after that first night of having the blonde in his bed, he’d been hooked.

He could no longer sleep without his dimwitted siren.

ROTN

Naruto

He pulled the hat harder down over his temporarily died hair, trying to keep his head low even as he tried to keep his eyes on the terrain ahead of and around him. It was harder than it looked. It couldn’t be helped.

It was early. Too early. Again thanks to the raven and his friends. Uryuu had insisted that they all get up extra early to get ready to avoid their tormentors. Hence the the plain brown hair dye. They’d all decided to split up on their way to school to be inconspicuous, everyone wearing some type of head gear and all the blondes of the group except for Fai dyed something in more subdued tones. Zero and Kaza had agreed to meet him in the library where they would sequester themselves until it was time to go to their first class and sneak from there. That way there would be a lesser chance for late birds to run into their torture on their way to class. Uryuu, Allen and Fai had to brave it.

Fai especially.

He shuddered at the thought of having a class with Sasuke.

It was going yo take a miracle for Fai to escape the giant.

Well hell. It would take a miracle for all of them. Sasuke knew which building his first class was in without Naruto having to tell him. What about the others? He knew how the evil tyrant worked. He loved to be in control. The trait was bred into every Uchiha.

Arrogant fuckers.

And. What. The fuck was he going to do in the library? Actually study? He hated studying. Fucking raven, forcing him to actually hide out a library. It would’t be the first place that Sasuke looked for him.

He turned random corners on his mission as he left the dorm, avoiding as many streets as he could. He used the inside pathways between the dorm buildings until he reached the main campus, sliding into the students milling in all different directions. He breath a small sigh of relief. Now all he had to do was get to the library and get inside it’s haloed walls. His pace quickened and his eyes shifted all over. There was no one paying any particular attention to him. The way he wanted it.

He slunk through the quad and into the library shivering as the tension sloughed off of him. It was huge, opening into a grand lobby with a six sided information desk. A young man and woman manned the teakwood station. Naruto gave them a nervous smile as he moved past them into the library proper. He looked over the numerous isles of books that seemed to stretch into the beyond and shook his head.
He hurried to yet back where there were private study booths and private rooms. He looked down the row and found one hat adorned head all the way in the back. He sat down with a dramatic sigh, causing Zero to lift his head. He looked harrowed, his phone in front of him. Naruto understood completely. He’d woken to a slew of missed calls and messages. Each one more threatening than the next.

It made him even more determined to avoid his self proclaimed ‘boyfriend’.

“Glad to see you made it unscathed,” he announced brightly.

“Hmpf. I feel like they are right over my shoulders all the time. What the fuck?”

What he really wanted to say was why him? If Uryuu’s theory held true than they’d known their tormentors before they’d met at this university. For the life of him, Zero couldn’t remember the twins at all. But they did know his father. That had to be the link. He desperately wanted call his dad and ask him about it.

But he did not want his dad to become aware of the situation. His next option was to ask the twins and that really wasn’t an option either.

“You made it too.”

“You made it too.”

“Of course I would,” he chortled, trying to keep the fake veneer out of his laugh. “I have experience in avoiding Sasuke. Maybe it never goes away.”

He was blatantly lying now. Ever since he’d run into Sasuke on campus, Sasuke seemed to know where he was at all times. It was more than disturbing. Come to think of it…..maybe he’d been so good at avoiding Sasuke because Sasuke had also been avoiding him? He remembered the reckless, greedy look in his eyes on the balcony of his room at the beach house. Like he couldn’t bear not to touch him.

You weren’t ready for what I needed

“Shit,” he moaned. Now he believed what the raven had tried to explain. His boyfriend was fucking psycho. And possessive.

“Okay what’s the plan today? Whose place are we staying at tonight?”

“The safest option is Allen’s room. He has a roommate that can run interference and put them off the trail. All he has to do is tell anyone who comes that Allen isn’t home.”

“Oh kay.”

Okay maybe he could stay out of Sasuke’s clutches for a little while. He felt a little bit more optimistic. He felt even more so when Kaza slid into the booth beside him.

“Whew!” Kaza wiped off his brow with an exaggerated hand, looking down at his phone. “It’s a good thing that Uryu made us leave so early. Ten minutes later and Rikuo would have met us at the door. What am I going to do about Sunday dinner? My father’ll throw a fucking fit if I don’t make it.”

Naruto shook his head. “Tell them you were sick.”

Kaza groaned. “If I say that then Kakei will be camped out at my dorm or worse yet he’ll send in Rikuo like the big, bad guardian.”

“Yeah, good luck with that. We’ll think of something by then,” Naruto soothed.
“Did you guys see the poster on one of the columns in the quad?” Zero piped up suddenly.

“No I didn’t I was too busy looking out for Sasuke.”

The other concurred.

“Well apparently, the BBC is giving a back to school party this Saturday after the pep rally.”

“Now that could be interesting.” Naruto found his inner prankster engage. He was glad that Uryuu was around to scold him for it. But he forgot that Zero was there.

“I wouldn’t if I were you,” Zero commented wryly.

Naruto gave him innocent eyes. “Whatever do you mean?”

“Can it Naruto. I heard more than enough stories last weekend.”

Zero reached into his backpack and pulled out a notebook. “I need to work on my first english paper. Since we’re stuck here for the time being, I should get some work done.”

Naruto grimaced before pulling out a textbook out of his own backpack.

Fucking raven!

ROTN

He got a surprising amount of work done by the time that he left the library, feeling proud and bored at the same time. They split there, Zero already having left for his slightly earlier class. Kaza walked next to him, eyes downcast. Naruto jostled him with his shoulder.

“Cheer up. We’ll think of something.”

“Yeah make it good. Or I’ll end up a daddy’s boy for the rest of my life.”

“Or Rikuo’s boy.”

“Shut up!”

“I’m just saying. But you have a better chance than me. My father is actively giving Sasuke all the information on me. Talk about cahoots. My own father is betraying me. In your case, your father is supposed to talk to your brother about you. That’s how families work. Maybe you can convince Kakei that you are cool without Rikuo.”

“And who’s going to tell Rikuo that?”

“Touché.” Naruto laughed. “Let’s go the back way into the building.”

“Is that the same-“

Kaza was cut off by his phone vibrating, unsurprised to see that it was Rikuo calling. “See? He’s not even out of class yet and he’s already calling. He’ll never let me be in peace.” Nor would his own psyche, him being thoroughly in love. But that way led to imprisonment. “I’m so screwed.”

He fixed Naruto with a hard stare and they reached their destination without incident and slid into seats at the back of the classroom flat against the wall in the middle of the two available exits so they wouldn’t be seen from the doorways if anyone looked in. “Get me out of it.”
“Don’t worry. I will.”

There was a lot of bravado that he didn’t feel. If he couldn’t get away from Sasuke, how could he keep Kaza from Rikuo? He pondered the question the entire lesson no closer to finding and answer by the end of it. Neither he nor Kaza were inclined to exit the room quickly, self preservation taking over. He adjusted his hat again.”

“Okay you go first. I’ll see you at Allen’s later.”

Kaza gulped, pulling on his own cap. “K. See you later.”

Naruto watched him go with a feeling of trepidation. He looked down at his own phone which he’d had on silent since the night before. There were no new messages from Sasuke and that more than anything set his inner alarms to blaring. What the hell was the raven up to now?

“Excuse me is Naruto still in there?”

Sasuke’s husky, gravely voice jolted him badly and he pushed back further against the wall, his eyes flying to the door. Kaza stood blocking the doorway and Naruto could only see half of his profile as he’d been halfway out the door already. He began to pray swiftly, knowing that Kaza hadn’t yet met Sasuke.

Please please please don’t give me away

“No Naruto wasn’t in class today. Maybe he is feeling under the weather.”

“Nn.” That definitely sounded skeptical.

Do I know you from somewhere?”

“I’ve never met you.” Kaza’s voice was strong with conviction. “I would have certainly remembered.

“Do you know Naruto?”

“Y-y-yes.”

“If you do see him, can you give him a message for me?” Sasuke paused meaningfully.

Kaza nodded his head with dramatic enthusiasm. “Of course. If I see him.”

“Good then tell him I’ll see him later.”

Naruto flinched, willing the wall behind him to absorb him somehow. What if Sasuke didn’t believe Kaza for a second? What if he decided to stick around? He looked at the alternate exit and wondered if it would be a good idea to try and slip out while he was distracted by Kaza. He decided against it. Sasuke was far too observant for his own good.

“Okay.” Kaza’s voice wavered and he scratched his head, making sure that his elbow was hidden behind the door frame as he gestured to the other exit.

“Well I have to get to my next class.”

He was as still as a phone post as Kaza disappeared from the doorway. He let as much time tick by as he could, knowing he was going to be late for his next class but preferring that to the alternative.
“Ahem, Mr Uzamaki. Were you perhaps planning on staying for the next class?”

His eyes flew to his professor and he could feel the blush burn up his cheeks. “Ah…no. I’ll just get going now.”

He grabbed his backpack and hesitantly exited the room, his eyes darting to and fro. When there was no sight of the perverted raven, he gave a sigh of relief and stepped out into the hallway. He scurried down the hall to take the back entrance, almost floating on a sense of euphoria.

He could do this!

ROTN

Hours later, however he was shaking with anxiety. His eyes frantically tried to everything around him. His eyes skipped off faces.

Seeking.

That one face he seemed to be seeing everywhere.

Sasuke hadn’t shown up at any of his other classes, yet every time he changed his locale he swore he would catch glimpses of his seductive nightmare. But it was always a fleeting vision whenever he tried to get a better look. All while trying to keep his head down. Though he knew he might have blown his cover anytime throughout the day. He was on edge, his heartbeat pounding in his ears as he once again skirted the usual path to the dorms.

He felt the tension began to ebb away the further he got from campus. He was taking so many turns there was no way that Sasuke would be able to track him. So the closer he got to Allen’s dorm the more confident he grew. Another night to think by himself. The thought was pure happiness, though he wanted the raven to touch him.

He was almost skipping by the time Allen’s dorm came into view. He followed the pathway to the front door.

He whipped out his phone in anticipation of calling Allen and letting him know he was downstairs.

“I don’t know what pisses me off more-“

He startled, looking straight up into furious black eyes.

“-That you forced me to play this game of cat and mouse or the fact that you dyed your hair.”

“Sas-Sas-“ He swallowed roughly. An insidious heat he was very familiar with with swept down his body as light quick flashes of memory assailed him. “Sasuke what are you doing here?” No scrape that. “H-h-how did you know I was going to be here?”

And of course he looked like a GQ model even in casual clothes. He was leaning against the wall besides the double glass doors, his foot propped on it. His phone was turned upwards as if he’d been looking at it. Once again he wore a sweat suit. Black and blue this time. Black and blue Nike’s adorned his feet. His hair was wild framing his beautiful pale face. As relaxed as he appeared, his eyes were narrowed in anger. Slowly he straightened to his full height, though he made no move to approach him.

“What are you doing here Naruto?”
His lips tilted, making his expression down right sinister. “And not waiting for me like a good little boyfriend?”

Naruto choked, his eyes wide with ire. “Damn you that’s what I’m thinking about right now! But you won’t leave me in peace! Give me a few more days and then I will come to you. Let me have this.”

Shit!

He couldn’t let Sasuke get too close. Once he did it would be over.

His determination to get away.

His adamant denials.

His Resolve.

All that would be undone.

But it was already too late. It had been too late when he’d missed Sasuke’s presence. How had the raven known where to find him? The implications of it were enough to make his head hurt.

Sasuke strode up to him in ground eating steps. He reached him all too quickly.

Naruto stared up at him, mind blank. He literally had no words. Heat swept up his body as he remembered how it felt to be dominated by that body. Again. He was always remembering and always at the most inconvenient times.

“It’s a moot point right?”

Long, strong fingers gripped his chin, turning his face up to meet turbulent dark blue eyes.

“You’re mine already.”

It wasn’t a question. It was conviction at its finest.

In fact those cobalt blue eyes did not waver as they looked deep into his.

“You don’t belong to me?” The question was uttered gratingly and he wanted nothing more than to fall to his knees and agree. “Aren’t you mine?” The black haired giant bent over him, whispering in his ear. “You’ve spent the last several nights with me buried in you. And I plan on that being a long term commitment.”

Naruto jerked his face away. “Yeah and you neglected consult me about that decision.”

Sasuke looked smug and angry. “I didn’t have to consult you. You gave yourself to me a long time ago.”

“That was almost four years ago!” He snapped back, eyes mutinous. “And if I remember you didn’t accept!”

“So we’re talking about that again?” Sasuke’s eyes gleamed. “I’d rather talk about how I’m going to punish you tonight.”

“W-what?” Now there was just disbelief. Naruto shook his head, remembering all the sensual creative ways that Sasuke could torture. “Are you crazy? Why would I let you punish me? You’ve totally lost it.”
Sasuke opened his mouth to speak, and his head whipped to the side as two girls left the dorm, giggling and playfully jostling one another. He looked back at Naruto his cobalt eyes flashing black.

“Lets go somewhere private. I know the perfect place.”

“No!”

He pivoted to run the way he’d come. Needing to get away from Sasuke’s overwhelming presence. There was no way he was getting caught in Sasuke’s web again. Quick as a breath Sasuke’s hands were in his hair, knocking his hat off, pulling him onto his tip toes so that their mouths were sighs from each other.

“Let me show you a little more of what I was protecting you from. I’ve waited patiently all this time. Give me this.”

“Sasuke,” he whispered, his eyes falling to half mast as the raven’s soft lips barely brushed his with each word. The sensation sent frissons of excitement up and down his body. “You don’t understand-“

“Shh,” Sasuke kissed him gently, a chaste brush of lips upon lips. “Not here. C’mon. I told you I have the perfect place.”

His hands in his hair, became a warm palm wrapping around the nape of his neck, guiding him to where he wanted him to go. Totally inebriated by Sasuke, he went It occurred to him as he got into the infamous viper that Sasuke was his pied piper. A simple tune and he was cha-chaing behind him.

Sasuke gave him serene smile, before he started the car, running a hand over a shapely thigh. There is no other gesture, no further words as he leaves the parking lot. To his surprise, Sasuke drove out of the city in the opposite direction he’d taken when going to the beach house. Soft music drifted from the speakers, but he paid no attention. His focus was on Sasuke. Sasuke who was apparently his kryptonite. So he stared at the raven’s profile, every now and then receiving a look of pure carnal tenderness. But he couldn’t look away. Not now. He’d allowed himself to be seduced yet again.

He paid no mind to the terrain flying by.

Thirty minutes later, Sasuke was pulling into a gated parking lot of a 20 story high rise. It was as black as obsidian and the waning sunlight sent sparkles into the air. His eyes darted back to Sasuke as he drove around a long parking lot to halt at another gate that looked like it led into the underground parking.

A parking attendant stepped out of a moderate sized box, tipping his black hat. “Welcome back Mr. Uchiha.”

Sasuke tilted his head slightly. He tossed the keys to the man and walked around to open Naruto’s door. Naruto accepted his hand numbly. He couldn’t believe he was with Sasuke alone again and at an unknown place. He hadn’t even taken note of how to get here or where he was exactly. He’d been too busy mooning over Sasuke.

He was a little shocked out of his stupor when they entered the lobby of the building. It was done in black and dark teakwood. The floor as well as the humongous front desk. The furniture was a blinding white. The two attendants behind the desk was impeccably dressed, their suits obviously
tailored to fit them perfectly. Also done in jet black. Their hair was slicked back and so neat Naruto felt like a cave man. It was different and reeked of money.

Sasuke tugged him behind him as he walked right up to the counter.

The taller of the two greeted them first. “Good Evening Mr. Uchiha. Your room is ready and everything stocked. “ He held out a set of gleaming silver keys.

“Thank you.” Sasuke accepted the keys, pulling Naruto into his side, under his arm. “Send up a light dinner in oh say an hour.”

“Will do Sir.”

“Thanks.”

Satisfied, Sasuke headed for the elevators, keeping his hand on Naruto the entire time. The doors of the elevator barely had time to close before Sasuke had him pushed up against the back wall of the glass elevator and plastered himself over him, his palms planted on the window beside his head.

He let out a shaky breath with Sasuke leaning against him. The imprint of his hard, virile body unraveled the rest of him and he let out a small, soft moan when Sasuke unexpectedly buried his face in the curve of his neck, breathing deeply.

“You always smell so good. Sweet. When I don’t even like sweets. But your scent drives me crazy.” Suddenly he nipped sharply. Naruto’s head fell back against glass, his body jerking slightly. His hands scrambled for purchase and ended up around Sasuke’s waist as lips smoothed across the abused flesh.

“Sasuke”

His name on plump, pink lips was pure sexual invitation. And of course Sasuke wasn’t going to demur. He lifted his head and slotted his mouth over Naruto’s. His blonde groaned, shivering. His body clearly agreed with this approach as he felt Naruto’s slender cock rise between them. He wanted to purr in triumph. Instead he concentrating on submerging himself in the sweetest thing he’d ever tasted.

His fingered tangled in silky blond- He frowned- Brown now- Hair. He held Naruto still as he dipped into his mouth, rubbing his tongue along his softly. He coaxed passive aggressively, forcing his tongue deep into Naruto’s throat then retreating gently, dragging their sensitive tongues along one another. At the same time, he subtly rubbed his body over Naruto’s. And the blond moved in perfect tandem with him as if they were the perfect tuning fork for the other.

Naruto whined into his mouth as their cocks stroked against each other. Pleasured tension raked his frame. His hips jerked, forcing their cocks together again to experience that pleasure again.

Suddenly, Sasuke pulled away, panting harshly. “We’re almost to our floor.” He locked eyes, his full of hunger as he took in flushed cheeks and damp swollen lips. “Damn you’re going to be so pretty in my collar.”

The elevator ground to a halt and Sasuke didn’t give Naruto a chance to compose himself. He pulled him out of the elevator and down a dimly lit hallway done completely in black, plush carpet. The walls were white and there was one door at the end of the short hallway. Sasuke moved forward ahead of him and slotted the silver key into the lock. He swung the door open and Naruto could only look on in surprise.
The door opened to a short hallway done in a light blonde wood. Against the wall near the door was a black short two person couch. Further in a large, sumptuous L shaped couch faced a 60 inch flat screen. A full fur rug decorated the living room floor in black. A set of stairs branched off to his right, leading somewhere beyond his sight. A long six person table decorated the back of the room as a door led into a state of the art kitchen.

Sasuke chuckled, watching Naruto’s reaction. “I haven’t brought Mary here yet. I’m scared she’ll skin me. Because I haven’t brought her here yet.’

“Idiot,” Naruto shot back. “She would make this kitchen shine.”

Naruto moved to the glass wall. “So what floor is this? He hadn’t seen it since he’d been too busy being kissed by Sasuke.

“The nineteenth including the lobby…..so the twentieth floor. The penthouse.”

Fuck it all to hell!

He looked over the base floor. The raven really was too rich. “So what is this?”

Sasuke threw his door keys on the table. “A place I can be completely alone when I can’t get to the beach house.”

He turned to Naruto. “You dyed your hair. How long will it take to go back to normal?”

“It’s just a wash out dye. It’s not permanent.”

Sasuke smiled once again a devious, constructed smile. “So lets take a shower, I’ll wash your hair.”

“I can do it myself,” Naruto snapped.

Sasuke wasn’t sidetracked. “But it will be better when I’m there.”

Naruto couldn’t argue that fact. But that didn’t mean that he would accept it. “NO I’m taking a shower by myself.” He moved forward to drop his backpack alongside the black couch.

Sasuke followed, as he knew he would. In this Sasuke was a clear read. He obtained what he wanted. And right now he wanted Naruto.

“Wait.”

On instinct Naruto looked back. His mistake. Sasuke was on his heels, his expression resolute. He crowded the diminutive blond against the wall, looking down into his face.

“I hope that you enjoyed your little sojourn without me. From here on out you won’t have that option.” His expression softened. “You can’t escape me. I know that you want me and I want you. Anything else doesn’t matter. You’re willing to give up on that out of some sense of justice. I won’t let you make that mistake. I made a mistake. I want to make up for that. I want to make both of us happy.”

With that said, he stepped away from him. “Take a shower, I’ll join you shortly.” He gestured to the brown hair covering his hair. “I’ll help you wash that out.”
Stunned, Naruto started up the stairs that housed the living quarters. He stopped, astounded at the luxury of the main bedroom. It took up the entire floor, the bed the main center piece as usual, done in blue and black. And like all the other rooms he’d encountered with the raven. There was the obligatory tv, and closet. it was huge, taking up half of the space of the room. He found that there was a stocked drawer and closet of clothes just his size. Someday he was going to discuss that with the raven.

The bathroom was no different, a sumptuous display of luxuriousness that set him on edge. And once again with the dual sinks and a dominate shower.

‘Fucking Sasuke!’

“You called?”

Surprised, he whirled to face Sasuke, with half of his clothes discarded. He was still astonished at the raven’s casual attitude in dealing with him. He didn’t think that would ever go away. He shook his head against the surrealism of it.

“Why so startled when I told you I was going to join you?” Sasuke approached with that fluid gait made him shiver. He was still so astoundingly turned on by his ex nemesis it should have been against the law.

Sasuke’s fingers tugged at the zipper of his jacket just as his phone let out a sharp trill. Sasuke’s eyes darkened as Naruto fumbled to answer it, though he didn’t protest when Naruto put the phone to his ear.

“Hello?”

“Naruto where the fuck are you?”

Naruto flinched as Uryuu practically screamed in his ear. “Ichigo said that you’re with Sasuke. How-“

“Well that’s really a funny question you ask- and wait a minute! Why are you talking to Ichihmpf!”

Sasuke’s mouth crashed down on his as the raven’s fingers sank into his hair, dragging his head back firmly. The phone fell from his fingers as the veil of desire covered him again. His suddenly distant sense of hearing registered the sharp crack as it hit the floor, Sasuke’s mouth dominating his.

He tried to pull back, trying to figure out how they’d been had. If Uryuu was with Ichigo then it only made sense that all of them were in trouble.

Shit!

Uryuu had been completely right. The BBC was scheming and they were caught up yet again. It was a testament to how determined the BBC was to having them under their thumbs.

Sasuke wasn’t willing to relent as per the norm. And once again he found himself being kissed breathless and being overwhelmed by the traitorous reaction of his body. Dimly he felt his jacket fall away.

“Sasuke!” He gasped as the raven pulled back to strip his t-shirt over his head in a lightening fast movement. “Wait just a second-“
“No.” Sasuke’s no was dark and firm. “I’m not going to give you a chance to mindfuck this situation again. I think we’ll pass on the shower for now.”

“What? Wait!”

His protests fell on deaf ears as Sasuke expertly slung him over his shoulder and glided from the bathroom. “I’m not letting you fuck this up. I’m trying to give us both what we want.”

Naruto’s response was cutoff as Sasuke tossed him on the soft, secure mattress. The room was only lit with a soft overhead lamp that only lit the bed. He tried to scramble away. Sasuke gripped the hem of his jeans and his mouth fell open as they slithered down his legs. When the hell had Sasuke managed to undo his pants?

Surprise was his undoing. Sasuke yanked him under him as he tried, belatedly, to roll over.

And then Sasuke’s mouth was on his again and his air supply was abruptly limited. And Sasuke was oh so devilish, layering his strong, supple body over his as his talented tongue stroked over his own sensitive one. Electricity shot between them. Their attraction couldn’t be denied when their cocks stiffened between their plastered bodies. Naruto was at a distinct advantage being completed naked under his wet dream and Sasuke throughly capitalized on running his hands gently over golden skin. The contrast of the tongue in his mouth and the soft touch heightened the sensuality of their position.

Sasuke sucked on his tongue, drawing a deep moan from him. Sasuke groaned above and delved deeper, forcing his mouth wider for maximum contact. Fingers clenched on his hips as Sasuke held him steady, rubbing his long thick, cock over his.

Naruto fell even deeper under his spell, responding with lusty trembling. The little awareness he had of the room around him slipped away. He was clay in Sasuke’s hands as he gave into the cloud of desire, malleable as Sasuke withdrew and turned him over onto his stomach with swift, economical movements. His mouth painted soft lines down the nape of his neck, stopping to suck more love bites onto his skin. Naruto writhed beneath him realizing too late that he’d lost track of Sasuke’s hands.

Sasuke pulled his arms over his head, distracting him with tender bites at the junction of neck and shoulder. The low snick of handcuffs closing, pushed the desire back only slightly as he tried to look up. Sasuke bit his shoulder, licking at the stinging area.

“It’s time for your punishment Naruto.”

“Huh?” His voice, hushed by hunger, sent a hot flush over Sasuke’s skin. He pulled back to view the slender, golden body beneath tethered by his low, slinky chains. He ran his hand down, the smooth back, rubbing his hands over the soft, round mounds of his ass. Down the slender legs to his ankles. He slowly pulled them open, settling between his legs to press his cock against his tempting bottom.

He had to restrain himself and continue his course as thick greed lit his system. He wanted to monopolize his blond, wanted to lock him up in a silk lined cage and never let him go, never let anyone look at him again. He took a deep breath as he reached over Naruto’s head. A wooden panel slide open silently to reveal his treasure box he’d prepared just for Naruto. His pulse speeded up at the thought that he hand the gorgeous little blond right where he wanted him.

“Sasuke?”
The heady feeling of power swept through him as Naruto’s sensual, turned on voice reached out to grab him around the balls. He’d made him feel like this. His little blond had no barriers against him. The realization of his vision turned into triumphant and he pressed a gentle kiss below Naruto’s ear where his mark stood out starkly. He could be gentle now that his goal was fingertips away.

“You wanted to see what I wanted all those years ago Naruto?”

He pulled a long slender dildo from the cabinet along with a vial of lube. “I’m going to show you.”

Another gentle press of lips against a pounding pulse and he leaned back to kneel between Naruto’s legs.

“Sasuke.” Now Naruto’s voice trembled slightly. “What are you going to do?”

“What I need to do.” He coated his instrument of torture with the fragrant lube.

“Sasuke!” The voice was a little sharper now as Naruto began to finally realize his precarious position. “Let me go Sasuke!”

“I could no more let you go than I leave you alone Naruto.”

His own voice was tender as he flicked a small switch. The slender dildo thrummed to life in his hand. Naruto jerked, tugging on the chain that secured him to the bed. Sasuke scooted further down the bed keeping his body situated to keep Naruto’s legs open.

“Sasuke!”

“Shush.” He smoothed his lips over one perfect buttock, his tongue flicking out to taste delicious skin, reveling in the whimper he received. At the same time he pulled the taut curves of his ass apart, revealing the inviting entrance to his personal nirvana. He couldn’t help it. He ran his tongue over the perfect pucker.

“Mmmh, Sasuke stop!”

Sasuke ignored him as he went in for a deeper taste, tracing the ruched folds with flickering licks. Moans replaced the protests as he indulged himself for long moments tormenting the blonde with pleasure. Naruto struggled against his bonds as the pleasure swept through him like wildfire. He probed, licking inward letting Naruto feel more of his tongue, immersing him in the thrill of hedonism.

When he pulled back fine tremors were running down the beautiful body he considered his exclusively. He smirked as he withdrew, running the bulb of the pulsating rod over damp, slick flesh. Naruto jerked as he pressed, slowly penetrating the vulnerable blond.

“Sasuke!”

He didn’t stop until Naruto let out a purring sob. His smirk became a full fledged smile as he found what he was looking for. He leaned back over Naruto. “Are you ready? Let me show you one of my fantasies.”

He pulled the wand out, letting the sweet sounds of Naruto’s bliss, wash over him as he began to fuck Naruto with alternating strokes, penetrating him with various depths, sometimes stroking over his prostate, missing it on purpose the others. Naruto’s sobbing moans turned into frustrated whimpers as Sasuke deliberately withheld climax, neglecting the weeping cock rubbing against the
dark, silky covers and never giving him enough pressure where it counted. Throughout he peppered him with even more love bites.

Naruto writhed as he was reduced to a begging mess. “Please let me come Sasuke!”

“You only get to come when I feel that you’ve paid for that little stunt. I told you, you can’t run from me.” This punctuated by a particularly hard thrust that found its throbbing goal.

“No! Please don’t do this to me Sasuke!”

Naruto stilled letting him rest for a moment. “You know what I like so much about this building? We’re the only ones up here and every penthouse is sound proofed. Scream for me again Naruto, no one can hear you.”

“P-please Sasuke don’t do this,” Naruto panted sweat running down his body in rivulets. He bit his lip as he almost gave in and promised the Raven anything he wanted if he would just let him come.”

“I have to do this. To make you understand why I couldn’t take you back then. You weren’t ready. Maybe now you’ll understand.”

“The only thing I understand is that you are a tyrannical-mmphf!” He buried his face between his bound harms, sobbing into the covers at another hard push.

“And how do you feel about the fact that you’re going to be underneath me for the rest of your life? Hmm?” Sasuke hummed against the skin os his back. “Isn’t that what you wanted when you offered yourself to me all those years ago?” His own, hard leaking cock strained against his sweats, sopping the soft material. This was as much torture for him as it was for the blonde. “This is one of the things I wanted to do to you. I wanted you begging and crying for release that only I can give. Until you would do anything. Accept the collar.” He whispered against hot, silky skin. “Give me what I want.”

“Fuck you!”

“Well then, the hard way.”

He played with his little blond until his voice was hoarse and he could only moan as he lay limp on the bed, the linens soaking with the copious amounts of pre cum. Until he himself couldn’t take it anymore. He moved languidly as he knelt back on his knees and pulling this sweatshirt over his head and pulling Naruto up until his ass was in the air, his head pillowed on his arms, his throat too sore to scream and beg anymore. There were only soft whimpers now.

He only freed his cock as he was too impatient to do more as he, his own pre cum running down the thick veins of his dick. He pressed against the worked open aperture that promised delight. His grip was guaranteed to leave in more bruises and he held Naruto tight.

“I hope that you’ll see it my way from now on.”

That was the only warning that he gave as he slammed into the shivering, moaning blonde.

Naruto screamed and his tight channel seized around his cock. Sasuke moaned along with him, his head tipped back as thrilling rapture shot up his shaft. He froze, enjoying the way Naruto pulsed around him. Naruto struggled weakly to move, to cause the friction that would free him.

In this they were in accord. Sasuke kept his grip firm as he set up hard, sharp stabs, his cock
battering Naruto’s prostate. He knew neither of them was going to last much longer. Each drive brought them to the brink, their mutual almost painful pleasure bouncing off the walls in groans of delectation. Sasuke rode him with gusto, every drive immersing his cock fully.

Naruto managed his voice in a harsh whisper and the clench of his silky chamber was almost painful as he came, drenching the covers below him. He pulled Sasuke with him, the throbbing pulses dragging him over the brink with him. White temporarily obstructed his vision as he grunted low in his, fingers tightening even more on Naruto’s hips as he let the pleasure flood through him, spurting deep into Naruto.

The aftermath was quiet, their harsh breaths the only sounds between them. He finally nudged Naruto so that he lay supine on the bed, following him down without dislodging his cock. He rolled them onto their sides as they basked in the glow of orgasm.

He curled his arm around Naruto’s waist, pulling him in tight against him. He felt the blonde slide into slumber. He smiled wolfishly as he reached up to turn the lamp out. He enjoyed the silence, knowing that it would be destroyed when his dimwitted siren woke up.

ROTN

Whew! This was meant to be longer drawn out chapter. Somehow, I didn’t get the feeling that Sasuke really wanted it that way though. LOL. I am so sorry that it took me this long to get another chapter out. Imagine my surprise when I realized that this story hadn’t been updated in over a year. RL must really kicking my ass! Thank You all who still follow this story. I hope you enjoyed!!!
Stalking with supreme confidence, Fai stepped in to the chem class as early as he knew the door would be open. Predictably the classroom was empty except the professor. He gave a sigh of relief and the confident facade sloughed away.

Thank God.

He knew Kuro was usually earlier than everyone in the class and he desperately wanted to have this conversation alone. He approached the desk, deliberately causing enough noise to catch Dr. Reed’s attention. Lovely brown eyes widened slightly in query.

“You’re pretty early Mr. Flowright.”

Fai smiled disarmingly. “I wanted to speak about the class seating arrangement.”

Dr. Reed’s eyebrow arched in question. “What about it?”

“Ummm.”

For the first time in his life Fai shuffled his feet uncomfortably. “I was wondering if you could change my seat. I was late that day.”

Intrigued now, the professor abandoned the project he was working on completely and leaned back in his seat. “And why would I do that?”

“Because Kuro-Kurogane and I aren’t compatible. As partners.” It galled him to say it as he remembered the heat of Kuro’s body eclipsing his.

But this situation was dangerous, judging by his actions at the BBC. He hadn’t been as indifferent as he’d led Fai to believe. And Uryuu’s warning kept coming back to haunt him. And though he knew he hadn’t met the raven before he wouldn’t put anything past Sasuke.

“But that exactly why I do this every year, so that students can get to know one another. And on the contrary I’ve never seen Kurogane so focused before. I’ve taught him in several other classes and he is brilliant, but nonchalantly so. This year he seems different. And I think it’s because of you. So I’m afraid I can’t grant your request.”

“What? But what if we continue not to get along for the entire semester?” Fai asked desperately. This was not going as he’d envisioned.

He was looking at a whole semester next to that schemer. A very, delectable schemer at that.
He swallowed and it almost felt like he could feel a collar stroke the skin of his throat. Yeah it had been all fun and games until the shit got real!

He remembered Kurogane’s adamant stance that he remain at the BBC to do their homework, to the point he’d outright refused to take him home. Remembered the heated interior of the car when he finally relented and did take him home. Remembered the probing gaze when he’d insisted on walking him to his room.

Hell, he’d thought the raven was going to shoulder his way into his room.

His reluctant goodbye.

How he has shown up the next morning to take him to school. How he’d assumed that Fai would go along.

It was disconcerting. Fai didn’t like bonds. He had no real need of them besides his family and his ragtag group of friends. Everyone else was to be discarded easily. From all his impressions Kurogane didn’t seem to be the easily discarded type.

“Anyway,” The professor continued. “You’ve only know each other a few days and you seem to get a long fabulously.”

“He’s a bit overbearing if you must know,” Fai gritted out. “He insists on studying with me every day.”

“Well Mr. Flowright, like I said that I don’t see a problem with that. Kurogane is more focused. I think he will get an A+ this semester versus an empty B+. And to think it will be because of you.” The professors eyes seemed to sparkle.

Fai wanted to reach over and grab the shorter man and make him see sense. He took deep breath. “Still I think a new seat would be in order.

“Even so, your seats will remain the same. I think he will do you some good as well. The seat assignment will remain as is.”

“Why you-“

“Who wants to change seats? I like the seating arrangements just as they are.”

Fai’s spine went ramrod straight, as the deep baritone cut through the conversation and a large shadow loomed over him. Blistering warmth made him take an instinctive step forward where he only ran into the teacher’s desk in front of him.

Professor Reed watched the interaction thoughtfully. Fai himself hesitated to turn around.

“It seems Mr. Flowright doubts your compatibility in this……Class.”

“Oh but I think that we are getting on wonderfully Professor. I think I’ve found the art to studying with him. The right partner I’d say.”

“That’s what I was telling Mr. Flowright.”

“Don’t worry I’m sure I can convince him it’s for the best,” Kurogane drawled and even the professor couldn’t miss the steel threading through his tone.
Fingers of iron wrapped around his wrist as another student meandered in.

He had no time to protest as Kurogane pulled him to their table in the back of the classroom. He thought about dragging his feet and making it difficult but something told him that he would only end up embarrassing himself.

Just like days ago, Kurogane manhandled him into his seat before taking his own.

Heart pumping furiously, Fai tried to squirm away to put some distance between them. Sitting on the edge. He was yanked back into the balmy heat of Kurogane’s body. His head snapped around. He hoped his glare would send the behemoth running away screaming. Kurogane’s eyes sharpened and that red glint floated through his eyes again as he met Fai’s eyes squarely.

“What the hell are you doing?!” Fai finally hissed, pissed off.

Kurogane seemed to eclipse the classroom. “A new seat? That’s not going to happen.”

Fai tried to lean away but it was a futile movement. Kurogane was all heat and brawn with a will to match Fai’s it seemed.

Fai shivered in the oasis of his presence before he caught himself. “You’re a total fraud. What are you guys up to?”

Kurogane smiled a lion’s smile. “Oh nothing too sinister I assure you. I’ve just found my pet is all.”

Shock thrilled down his spine and his mouth fell open “Don’t even think about it!”

“No?” Kurogane’s smile narrowed. “Is that why you were eyeing me like a chocolate latte and parading yourself in front of me? Or are you so flighty that anyone will do?”

Blood shot to his head and for the first time in his life, Fai blushed with mortification. “What did you sa-“

“Class!”

For all that he was even spoken, Dr Reed could affect a sharp voice which he knew how to use to effect.

“Friday will be our first lab so the next two lessons are very important as they will directly pertain to the lab.”

His eyes fell on Fai’s flushed, furious face, amusement making his brown eyes sparkle. “So make sure you and your partner act of one accord. You will need team work to pass proficiently.”

Fai wanted to spit as he retrieved his chem book, resisting the urge to slam it on the desk. Of one accord? How could that be when one’s partner thought you were flighty?

Damn Asshole!

He fumed throughout the entire class, any desire he might have felt in Kurogane’s aura was overshadowed by his anger. His anger kept him focused so his notes were efficient and precise. Like hell he would let Kurogane view him as a weak link.

He’d never felt so relieved when class was over. He reached for his book bag and focused on the exit. The sooner he was away from Kurogane, the better. He stood to mill out with the rest of the
students and was pulled to a jarring halt.

Kuro was agitated. Again He eclipsed the room, becoming the only thing that Fai could see.

“I’ll pick you up later. We’ll go over our homework and perfect it.”

Fai felt like spitting and hissing. He didn’t want to have anything to do with the barbarian tonight.

“Go study with someone who is not as flighty.” He tried to keep his voice down so he wouldn’t attract attention.

He didn’t succeed.

Students eyed them curiously.

Kurogane’s smile transformed his entire face, though it was all fierce. His eyes were sharp, his smile blade-like: His posture like an army at war. His determination pierced the room. And Fai’s heart.

“I think we’ll be great partners.”

Fai deadpanned. “I have a study group tonight anyway so I won’t be able to do homework with you tonight.”

He jerked his arm away, freeing himself only because Kurogane allowed it. He snatched at his backpack blindly, trying to keep and eye on the behemoth lest he surprise him again.

“I’ll see you tonight.”

He gave Kurogane the middle finger and flounced out of the class room, ignoring Professor Reed’s amused visage.

His anger kept him through most of his classes before the hurt set in. That jerk didn’t even know him to pass judgement. And why was he even bothered by it. It was an image he had constructed purposely.

So that no one would get close to him.

Naruto, being the airhead he was, had just barreled all the mental walls and lodged himself in his heart.

He breathed deeply as he sat in an internet cafe later. He worked on his homework as he waited for one of the gang to give him a call so that they could meet up. He wasn’t really worried when an hour passed. Uryuu had archery and every one else had late classes. It was when three hours passed that he started to panic. Someone should be out of class by now.

He dialed Uryuu’s number and only got rings and the voicemail. Naruto was next with the same results. What the hell? He dialed the slender raven. His heart fell as he heard the deep drawl of anger over Uryuu’s greeting.

“Fai! It’s a disaster. Naruto is with Sasuke and I’m-“

The phone clicked off and Fai growled in frustration. It seemed like that plan was a bust. He dialed Allen’s number, already expecting the worst.

“Fai, you have to hurry here. Kaza is with Rikuo. I don’t know how he found him, but he did.
Apparently Rikuo is not giving him any leeway. Hurry!

Oh fuck it all to hell!!!

ROTN

An hour later he was sitting, dead bored, watching Allen’s green haired roommate pace back and forth as he complained about both their presence. He rolled his eyes and intercepted when hared knock came at the door. He turned to Allen. “Would you rather be here with him?” He asked and opened the door, unsurprised to see the bright green eyed, flame haired deviant.

He slid past him, disgruntled in the extreme as the red head’s eyes narrowed on him then Allen.

“Have fun.”

“Where are you going?” Lavi asked, taking his hard gaze off Allen for a second only.

Fai gave him a sly smile. “To find my own entertainment of course.”

Before he realized Lavi was going to touch him, long slim fingers curled around his forearm, curtailing his momentum. “I don’t think that’s a wise idea.”

Fai gave him an incredulous look and pulled away. “Have a good night.”

ROTN

Fai slammed the shot glass on the bar and motioned for another. Without a thought of compunction, he downed that one too. The liquor spread the burn of anger. He didn’t care. It covered the melancholy of hurt.

Flighty.

A mirthless laugh escaped his throat as he looked around the bar with no particular interest. It had been a while since he’d been on a bender and he intended to to make the best of it. He’d do it with gifted aplomb. Yeah he’d miss school tomorrow but it was worth it. What did flighty people do anyway?

Miss school.

ROTN

Kurogane slammed the door to the jet black Pathfinder Armada and glared at the obnoxious mess of the bar’s entrance. Leave it up to his blonde to pick the worst, seediest bar in town.

A blood thirsty smile turned his expression sinister as he locked the car and headed for the front door.

It was the perfect place.

He slid into the dark smokey building, his tall form drawing the eyes of several patrons. He ignored then as he sought out his target.

He was shining so bright in the darkness he wasn’t hard to spot. He looked so carefree as he leaned back laughing, slamming the shot glass on to the bar. He wondered if it was wrong to want to sully him. To want to tarnish him with himself. For eternity.
Infuriated heat flowed to Kurogane’s head as he saw the saucy wink at the bartender, and his suggestive gesture to his empty shot. It flared to murderous anger as the bartender, a tall brunette with angular perfect features slid another shot in front of Fai, his fingers brushing against his pet’s in a fleeting caress.

Pissed, he strode forward.

People got out of his way.

Fai lifted the glass to his plump lips, tilting his head back to reveal the elegant line of his throat.

The bartender flinched as their eyes met, Kurogane’s a pitiless midnight as he stopped just short of his blonde.

“Didn’t I tell you I was coming to get you tonight?”

Fai gasped and half turned in his seat. His eyes became round, blue marbles in recognition as he took in the dark, perfect tallness. “How did you find me?” He gasped.

Kurogane didn’t answer, their eyes synched, caught in their own little heated, breathless world. Kurogane watched liquid emotions slide through Fai’s eyes.

Anger, hurt, desire.

Fai broke the visual bond, turning back to the bar.

“Never mind, it doesn’t matter. Go away Kurogane.”

Kurogane planted his hand on the sticky bar, leaning into Fai, touching him full for the first time. Fai sat up straight, stiff with sudden tension.

“Do you want to do this Fai?”

Hot shivers made him tremble in his seat as the warm breath of Kurogane’s words drifted past his ear. Heated blood coursed through his veins melting his ire away. No! he couldn’t allow that. Not tonight. He eyed the shot glass in front of him.

He’d given up on his mission by the third shot and celebrated with his fourth. He no longer wanted to get the behemoth in his bed. There would taller, darker, better looking men out there. It didn’t have to be this fucking train wreck on legs. He was gorgeous, a true specimen of a man. Surely there would be others out there. He couldn’t be the only good looking man walking around. He chuckled silently in his head.

Yeah he was flighty!

He was feeling so much better now that he’d given up on that pesky goal of having the man he wanted.

The man standing behind him. He rocked back on his heels, the world suddenly rosier in his drunken state. Yeah, who needed the tall, gorgeous, black eyed brute who-

The huge arm slid around his waist, bringing his tipsy thoughts to a jarring halt.

“You’ve had too many, “ Kurogane murmured in his ear. “It’s time to leave.”

Fai opened his mouth to reply snidely just as an arrogant voice filled with bravado cut through their
conversation.

“He said that he doesn’t want to go with you.”

The long, thick arm tightened around his waist for one brief moment before Fai was free and Kurogane’s warmth no longer permeated his clothes.

He turned in anticipation, “Kurogane-“

Kurogane’s hand came down on his shoulder, halting his momentum, keeping him on the stool. A feeling of foreboding came over him and suddenly his idea didn’t seem so smart. An air of danger swept through the room.

Anger was pouring from Kurogane and he was the cause. He felt shame. It was all the same. He always caused trouble. And all because he wanted a bed partner.

Tears pricked the corners of his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. He was not weak. He wouldn’t let-

“I think you should stay in your lane.” Kuro’s deep brutal baritone cut through his maudlin thoughts. “Believe me,” The big behemoth warned, “You don’t want to come between me and mine.”

“Or What?” The man challenged. “You’ll kick my ass?

“You started this.” Kurogane’s tone was heavy with angered amusement.

“Let him go or I’m going to take your head off.”

“You can try.”

Unwavering.

The desire that had fled before his hurt returned full force at Kurogane’s confidence. It touched places within his psyche the he hadn’t known he had. It promised protection. And honor.

Steadfast.

Everything in him shifted, his priorities topsy turvy. It scared the shit out of him. He wanted to bask in Kurogane’s presence, protectiveness, his warmth.

And not just for one night.

The want was so powerful it was suffocation. He had to get out of here. Had to get away before he did something stupid. A gasp reached him through his frantic thoughts just as Kurogane’s fingers on his shoulder became painful. The world whirled and suddenly he was no longer sitting on the stool. Confused, he looked over his shoulder in time to see Kurogane, over two heads taller than everyone in the room, grab the instigator by the back of the head and smash him face down into the bar top.

Kurogane frowned down at him, face impassive, waiting for him to move. When he didn’t, He turned to Fai, grabbed his hand and unceremoniously dragged him out of the bar.

The night slapped him in the face as he was pulled across the parking lot.

Kurogane’s hold on him was that of a jealous person clinging to his lover.
“Kurogane.” His voice was hoarse, low and tentative, Kuro’s anger like a light in the dark. He flinched when Kurogane pulled a little harder. “Kurogane.”

“Be Quiet.”

What the hell? He jerked on his hand.

He hadn’t asked to be followed! He’d given up on the brute! He stumbled as the grip was unmoved, the effects of the liquor returned full force.

“Damnit! Kurogane!”

“I Said Be Quiet!” The brutal voice was a quiet roar as he pulled Fai around, his big body pressing him into the side of a big truck. Looming over him like an avenging angel.

“I said be quiet,” he repeated more calmly. He leaned closer, so there was a scant breath between their lips. “Or do you want me to lose control?”

Fai couldn’t breathe. His body, breath, heart was at the mercy of the raven all of a sudden. He’d never felt this before, the wild attraction that sparked between them violently. It was unprecedented. He’d never imagined.

He’d been wrapped up in his dirty little plan that he’d never even imagined that the chemistry between them would be so clean and sharp.

So potent.

Fear poured into him and unwittingly he tried to step backwards and only ran into the cold metal of the truck behind him, sure that the liquor was addling his brain.

“Take me home!” He demanded imperiously, pulling at his hand again.

Kurogane’s eyes narrowed, red glinting at him. He closed the distance so that they were pressed fully together.

“Is that what you really want?” The statement was silky with menace, the raven still clearly aggrieved.

“Huh?” He as having a hard time following the conversation, what with Kurogane’s firm, sleek muscles pressed tightly against him.

Warm lips sketched a searing line up his throat, the words bursts of flames on his skin. Soft black hair caressed his face. “You think I haven’t noticed the way you look at me?”

The smooth caress of soft lips against the underside of his jaw quelled his answer.

“In the quad? At the coffee shop? How you hug the corner of your desk so you’re not too close to me. Like you can’t trust yourself.”

The tall brute laughed at his surprised reaction. “Oh you hadn’t noticed. I can read you. You belong to me so I have to understand you. To make you happy.”

His IQ dropped below his belt at the Raven’s revelations, his defenses breached like the titantrc’s hull.

“I-i-i don’t know what you’re talking about,” he husked, forcing his eyes open.
When had he closed them?

Kurogane paused, his breath caressing the corner of his mouth.

“You don’t? Even Lavi noticed.” Kurogane pressed harder against him, belying his soft words, gathering himself.

Fai shuddered as hands moved cup his hips. “Don’t.”

“Don’t What?”

“Don’t kiss me, “ Fai moaned. It was the plea of a drowning man who knew he was dead.

Kuro laughed harshly.

A big strong hand yanked his head back.. With his tilted view, he looked straight into fathomless black.

So tall, Fai had time to think and then Kurogane’s mouth slammed down on his.

The kiss wasn’t subtle. It was too full of craving for that. It was relentless. Needy.

Fingers clenched so hard in his hair, he whimpered in sensual distress. Kurogane held him still as he stroked boldly into his mouth, licking up the flavor of Fai and tequila., holding him captive. He refused to let him go and Fai had never experienced anything like this.

Never.

Never had he ever been kissed like this. Like he was the most delicious thing in the world. As if a million kisses would never be enough. The big, black haired brute held his hair tightly as he ravaged Fai’s mouth, keeping him still. So ravenous. So hungry that Fai could only follow his lead, going to his tip toes and pressing harder against his lips, tongues meeting in a dance of seductive forays. Liquid heat melted his spine, his hands on Kurogane’s shoulders the only thing keeping him up. Along with Kuro’s hands.

He couldn’t even moan Kurogane’s tongue was so deep in his mouth. He shimmied against the brute, projecting his willingness.

Their mouths clashed, parted, clashed again. They strained against each other, each fighting for dominance of the kiss. It was a battle that Fai was fast losing, what with Kurogane’s solid body pressed hard to his and his strong tongue in his mouth, Kurogane overwhelmed him so quickly that his head didn’t even get the chance to spin.

Damn You!

His mistake dawned on him like the cold night, shocking and jarring. There was no way that he’d be able to take one bite and walk away. He would have to devour the whole apple. And he was oh so hungry.

He moaned his quiescence, tempting the sexy brute, letting him feel his need.

It broke Kurogane and the giant took a small step backwards. “Not here. And not tonight.”

Fai groaned and moved forward, seeking that heated, delectable mouth.

But Kurogane’s will was steel. “No I want you to be sober when you relent. When I make you my
“No now!” He begged, still chasing his decadent fantasy.

“No. But I will take you home.”

Kurogane opened the door close to his side to his disappointment and gently placed him in the front seat. He was surprised. Gentleness didn’t seem to a part the big brute’s repertoire. He lay back in the seat, in silent contemplation, the liquor finally outrunning his libido.

Thankfully he passed out.

ROTN

He knew the moment he woke up that he wasn’t in his bed. It was too comfortable for one. To big for another, his fingers didn’t reach the edge of the mattress even though his arms were flung out carelessly.

He groaned as his head decided that it was his worst enemy. He tried to roll over only to have his action thwarted as a long, sinewy muscled arm curled around his waist. Somehow he wasn’t surprised as the last person he’d been with had been the tall brute. He lay directly behind him, long limbs tangled with his, their bodies flush.

Silently, cursing his lack of control, he scooted towards the end of the bed. The heavy arm at his waist clamped down.

“Relax.”

Damn that sleepy baritone shivered his timbers. He stilled, embarrassed that the behemoth could see him in such a position.

“I have to use the bathroom,” he gritted out, staring into the darkness of the room. What time was it? He searched but found no flashing led clock.

Kurogane sighed and the bed shifted as he moved his large frame over the it. He rolled over, disentangling his arm, to flick on the light that sat on his nightstand. Fai faced the huge expansive space in astonishment. But then again Kurogane was huge. There was so much space in the room, it eclipsed his meager, humble abode.

He really couldn’t imagine himself in bed with the big brute. He slid out of the bed, looked down to see that he was wearing one of Kurogane’s shirts.

‘‘Yeah, you threw up on me,” Kurogane drawled somewhat smugly, “That’s why I brought you here instead of taking you home. I cleaned you up and put you to bed.”

He blushed, a first for him, his cheeks scarlet. He hurried to the most obvious door to the bath room. When he got in, he stopped astonished. It was huge as well done in dark blood oak. The red ignited the senses, the twin sinks a study in opulence with gold spigots. Combined with the water in the heavenly wrought shower. It was made to house Kurogane so it was humongous. It made him think of long, lazy showers. With a thick dick stuffed in him. Gingerly he made his way to the toilet, happy that it too was done with the same wood.

His body gradually relaxed as he took care of nature. His mind begin to clear a little. He was in the behemoth’s room. In his bed to be exact. With his arms around him.
This was not going how he expected. He’d just wanted one night. To experience a man like him. But that wasn’t what the brute wanted at all.

Pet.

He laughed as he washed his hands. As if he would ever become someone’s pet.

“What’s so funny?”

His head whipped around at whiplash speed, to settle on the large man in the doorway. His perfect body was displayed to perfection in the soft bathroom light. Fai’s chuckles tapered off and he smile ruefully. “I’m laughing at the idea of me being your pet.”

When silence was the response to his words, Fair turned to face Kuro directly. “Your’e serious.”

“As a stroke,” Kurogane gritted out.

His gait was almost liquid as he strode into the bathroom to stop right next to Fai.

Their eyes met in the mirror over the sinks.

Fai’s heart jumped with excitement at Kurogane’s expression, stark and open.

It was going to be one helluva ride!

ROTN

Thank You for all of your comments and kudos! I’m still working on all my stories! Thank you for continuing following me!!!!

End Notes

This story will be real subtle at the beginning but will get steamier and very explicit as we go on! The chapters will get longer also after I do everyone's move in day!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!