A Movie Date and a Show

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4155483.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: M/M
Fandom: Kagerou Project
Relationship: Kano Shuuya/Kisaragi Shintaro
Character: Kano Shuuya, Kisaragi Shintaro
Additional Tags: I held out this long without writing yaoi, are you proud of me, Because I'm proud of me, And then this thing popped out, What have I written, THIS IS SO LONG, I think this is the longest one-shot I've written to date, Anal Sex, Sex Toys, Chastity Device, Teasing, Cock & Ball Torture, Oral Sex, Public Display of Affection, Begging, Safeword Use, A lot nicer than my other Kano birthday fic

Stats: Published: 2015-06-18 Words: 9498

A Movie Date and a Show

by wallscrolls

Summary

Shintaro probably should have been a lot more suspicious when there were only two sex toys in the unmarked black bag that Kano brought to his apartment on his birthday, the one day that he could get away with asking almost anything of Shintaro.

Shintaro really did look adorable with that slight glare and his face flushed so red, Kano thought to himself. It complimented well the way that when he spoke through grit teeth, his voice came out just slightly strained. “I’m not treating you, you know. You’ve already asked for way too much.”

“Eeh…?” Kano’s eyes widened in mock surprise as he feigned hurt. “But it’s my birthday! Since you’re my boyfriend, doesn’t that mean you’re supposed to pay for everything today?”

“I’m already paying for way too much! When I said I’d humor you, I didn’t think you were going to drag me out and…” His gaze drifted away from Kano and back to the movie theater in front of them. Kano grinned and before Shintaro could react, grabbed his hand and started pulling him forwards. Shintaro stumbled a little and gave the most adorable high-pitched noise, face flushing again.

“Fine, fine! I’ll pay for my own ticket. And you’ll be happy to know I’ve decided against us going out to eat afterwards!”

“How generous…” Shintaro mumbled, moving forwards awkwardly a little before he seemed to get
his bearings and match pace with Kano as he led him into the building.

Kano’s grin didn’t change, but the hand holding his tightened just a little.

“Ah, so… which movie did you want to see, anyway…”?

“That one!” Kano pointed to a poster on the wall depicting two large monsters fighting against the backdrop of a cityscape. Shintaro thought that he might have seen ads for it online, but that was about all he knew about it. “It looks fun enough and it’s only a bit longer than an hour. So we can get home quickly.” He leaned in a bit closer to Shintaro and tossed him a seductive wink, to which Shintaro made a frustrated noise in his throat and shifted uncomfortably.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you…”

“Hm? Aren’t you?” The seductive look was replaced with a suspiciously innocent smile a little too quickly.

“Hell no.”

“Ah, too bad! Because you’re still on the clock for another hour and a half or so!”

Shintaro swallowed thickly. “Yeah, yeah. Don’t remind me.”

“But reminding you makes it so much more fun—ah.” It was their turn to order tickets. Shintaro had already tuned out Kano, looking every bit the blushing boyfriend on a first date as he stood there next to him with his gaze on the ground, their hands still together only because Kano for some reason would not let go. Even if no one else could tell, he still found this entire thing mortifying.

Kano gripped his hand tighter as he led him away from the ticket counter.

“Hey, Shintaro… pay more attention to me!”

“Huh?” His gaze snapped up to find Kano pouting at him. “What’s with that sort of demand? Are you eighteen or six?”

“Ah, but you didn’t even notice that I was flirting with the woman behind the counter!”

He tried not to react to that, but enough slipped into his face that Kano saw a bit of his indignation. “Maybe I noticed and didn’t care, huh? Since you seem to want me not to care about these things…”

“That’s not the point at all, Shintaro! If you didn’t care at all, there’d be no point to doing this in the first place! But the movie’s starting pretty soon, so we should get snacks. Right?”

Again, before Shintaro could protest, Kano pulled him over towards the snack counter.

Maybe he was being a little too cruel to his boyfriend? But Shintaro had agreed to go along with it, and could stop it at any point if he desperately wanted to. So Kano was going to continue trusting in his instinct that Shintaro secretly appreciated the way that he dragged him around and got under his skin and pushed him beyond what he was comfortable with. After all, if that had been wrong, would they still be dating after this long?

Unless Shintaro was really just that into the sex, which could also be a perfectly reasonable explanation for putting up with this.

“I’ll have a Dr. Pepper, and he’ll have a Coke. Also a large popcorn, and… Shintaro, is there anything you want to eat?”
Shintaro shot him the darkest glare of the day so far. “No.”

“Then, that’s it!” Though the staff member seemed taken aback by the way Shintaro had responded to Kano, Kano knew his grin was as cheerful as ever.

“Er, is he, um…?”

“Ah, don’t mind him! You know how boys can be on their first dates, right?” He winked at her, and Shintaro flushed again.

“Shuuya!”

Oh, and there was his first name in public. Maybe he was starting to step a bit too far over the line. He gave Shintaro’s hand a quick squeeze and finally let go, but to his surprise, Shintaro grabbed his hand back and shifted a little closer. He looked over, but Shintaro’s gaze was firmly on the ground. Maybe it was because of that that Kano let a bit of his honest smile slip through his mask.

The previews were just finishing as the two of them slid into seats in the back row.

Shintaro sat down with a strangled noise deep in his throat, but after several seconds of slow and awkward shifting, finally seemed to settle into a position he found comfortable enough, deliberately ignoring the way that Kano watched him with a grin.

“Comfortable, Shintaro?”

“… Very,” he managed through grit teeth before taking a long drink of his soda. Well, it was time to get ready for the long, frustrating wait that was going to be this movie.

Kano put his arm on the armrest between them, palm upwards. Shintaro noticed immediately and glared at it for a few seconds, then glared at Kano. Kano simply smiled back. Shintaro gave a huff, muttered something unintelligible under his breath, and finally put his arm on Kano’s and gripped his hand.

That was probably a mistake, but Shintaro didn’t realize it until about half an hour later. Because half an hour later, just as the movie was pulling its first entirely predictable reveal, Kano’s fingers tightened around his own and he found his hand being pulled towards Kano’s mouth. He turned in shock, but that was another mistake. Suddenly his gaze was glued to Kano as he watched his boyfriend sensually take his fingers one at time into his mouth, sucking on them, nibbling gently, and rolling his tongue around on them. Kano reached his ring finger and then his gaze flicked up to catch Shintaro’s, his golden eyes drawing Shintaro in like some sort of spell.

Shintaro made a strained sound in his throat, pressed his free hand between his legs, and tried to cross them on top as he flushed bright red. Kano continued as if oblivious to Shintaro’s frustration, holding his gaze as he finished with the ring finger and moved on to his pinkie.

Shintaro’s throat suddenly felt far too dry, and he all but tore his gaze away and brought his free hand up again to grab his soda and drink the very last of it. Kano continued as if oblivious to Shintaro’s frustration, holding his gaze as he finished with the ring finger and moved on to his pinkie.

Shintaro’s throat suddenly felt far too dry, and he all but tore his gaze away and brought his free hand up again to grab his soda and drink the very last of it. Kano seemed to finish with his hand, but when he spoke, his mouth was still close enough that his lips brushed against Shintaro’s fingers. “Hey, Shintaro… is something wrong?” He practically purred it, and Shintaro made another frustrated noise.

“You’re going to kill me…” Kano wasn’t sure he’d heard Shintaro’s voice sound so strained in his life, and it brought a grin to his lips.

“Then I’m sure it’ll be the best death you’ve ever died.” He leaned over and one of his hands drifted
between Shintaro’s legs. Shintaro sucked in a breath, but let Kano reach in, and soon Kano’s hand came into contact with something hard. Artificially hard. Something harder than any erection.

Shintaro’s eyes went so wide, Kano thought it was a wonder that they didn’t fall right out of his sockets. “Hey… hey, you just turned eighteen; how the hell did you get ahold of something like that already…?!”

“Ah, so you already know what it is?” Kano grinned.

“O-of course I—!... know…” He seemed embarrassed by the admission, but Kano already knew too much about Shintaro’s interests to find the revelation anything but expected.

“In that case, we can just skip the explanation and go right to the part where I ask for your consent!”

“Wha… No, the explanation is how you bought that thing in the first place!” Though he felt like he should know the answer already, he could at least hope it was something else.

“Ah, well, that’s simple enough, you know! It turns out you actually bought this, so now I’m just borrowing it from you.”

That was just what he’d hoped Kano wouldn’t say. “What you borrowed was my appearance, wasn’t it?! And, come to think of it—is this why my ID fell out of my wallet at your place last week?! What else did you do with it?!”

“Just the toys, just the toys! Honest!” Kano waved his free hand with a smile, as if trying to dispel Shintaro’s anger. Whether it worked or Shintaro was just out of anger to have, his glare softened and his gaze fell back to the chastity cage Kano was holding out for him to see.

“So…” he began, actually studying it now. “You want me to wear this?”

“Exactly!”

“Why?... How long?”

“Unfortunately, the answer to both of those questions is ‘you’ll have to wait and see!’ But, since it’s my birthday present, I guarantee you that I won’t keep it on you past the end of my birthday.”

He tossed Kano another glare. “You expect me to just agree to it with something as vague as that?”

“Yes!”

He really hated that grin sometimes. “… What else?”

Kano’s eyes widened in surprise for a brief moment. It wasn’t a yes, he knew, not yet, but it wasn’t yet a no either. He reached into the bag beside him and pulled out the next thing, an anal plug that he placed on the bed between the two of them. “This, too. It’s about the same width as our others so it shouldn’t be too bad, but I wanted something longer for today.”

Shintaro was staring at it with such suspicion. “… And what else?”

“That’s it! Just the two for today.”
Ah, now that suspicion was directed at Kano. “Only two?”

“Only two!”

He took another long look at the chastity cage, then sighed. “… Fine. Since it’s your birthday, I’ll humor you, I guess.”

He started getting out of his pants and underwear, completely missing the happy surprise that slipped through Kano’s mask and made it to his face. By the time he looked up again, all there was to see was the usual grin.

Kano was possibly a little bit excessively careful as he slid the ring down to the base of Shintaro’s cock and pulled his balls through it, then placed the hard plastic tube over his length. Even with just that little handling, he could see the skin starting to darken a bit, and he chuckled. “Are you enjoying this already, Shintaro?”

“You’re touching my dick, idiot. It doesn’t feel bad.”

“Well, then that means I did it right! It’s not squeezing too tight, is it? Can I lock it?”

Shintaro swallowed thickly and glanced away as if afraid to watch. “Y… yeah. Go ahead.”

It probably would have been more satisfying with a click, but as it was the small lock didn’t make any noise as it closed, trapping Shintaro’s cock in its plastic prison. Kano took the key and the long string it was on, put it around his neck, and tucked it underneath his shirt for safe keeping.

Meanwhile, Shintaro’s gaze had made it back, and he looked at the cage with an expression that was a little bit nervous.

“So… that’s it?”

“That’s it for that. There’s still the butt plug!”

Shintaro made a noise and after a moment rolled over, letting his head fall to the bed and presenting his ass towards Kano. This at least was something he knew how to handle. Luckily the lubrication wasn’t too far away, and soon Kano had squeezed a generous amount on his fingers and started to slip a pair into Shintaro. The ring of muscles parted without any resistance as Shintaro took Kano’s fingers in easily.

Things were progressing smoothly for a little while, until Shintaro scrunched up his face and glanced down between his legs. “H-hold up. Hold up.”

Kano paused his motions, leaving his fingers in Shintaro’s ass for the moment. Shintaro made a frustrated noise in his throat, then reached down between his legs where Kano couldn’t quite see what he was doing from where he was.

“It kind of… it’s not quite hurting, but…” He made another noise.

Kano did his best to keep his fingers still as he leaned in, pressing himself against Shintaro’s body. “That just means it’s doing what it’s supposed to. So when I take you out with this…” He slid the plug up the inside of Shintaro’s thigh, and Shintaro gave a very soft whimper. “… rubbing inside of you, you won’t be showing off to everyone just how good it’s making you feel. That cock of yours will stay down like it’s supposed to, and I’ll be the only one who knows. And if that hurts a bit… oh well!”

Shintaro’s whimper was louder this time, and he pressed himself back onto Kano’s fingers. “You’re
such a damn sadist.”

“Hm? But I haven’t even started talking about how cute you’ll look when you’re trying to deal with it! So frustrated… Ah, now I’m getting excited…!”

Shintaro moved back further, taking Kano’s fingers all the way down to the knuckles, and Kano tentatively started spreading them a little inside of Shintaro. Shintaro glanced over his shoulder, and there. That was the aroused, annoyed, helpless look that looked so good on his boyfriend’s face. Kano wasn’t sure whether he was a sadist already or if that look of Shintaro’s had singlehandedly created that side of him.

“So can I keep going?”

“Just… hurry up and put it in already…!”

If it had been up to Kano, he would have given Shintaro a bit more prep work, but maybe the chastity cage suppressing his erection was making him a little more desperate than usual. Kano slid his fingers out and squeezed more lube onto the plug, then carefully began pushing it in.

Shintaro took it all the way in easily, the only noise he made a gasp as the widest part slipped through and the flared base settled against his ass. Kano left him like that to adjust as he stood up and went to the bathroom to clean off his hands.

He came back to find Shintaro had barely moved, ass still jutting up into the air as he clenched the sheets in his hand, his breathing uneven and heavy. Kano took a paper towel and started wiping away the excess lubricant that had dribbled down Shintaro’s thighs, and the contact got shivers out of his boyfriend, but no noises. Once finished, he left Shintaro like that for another few seconds before finally saying something.

“Are you stuck like that?”

“Maybe.” It was mumbled into the sheets. “If I move, it’s going to rub…”

“Oh, is that so?” He kneeled down in front of Shintaro, and before the other could react, gripped him beneath the chin and pulled his face up to drag him into a kiss. Shintaro made a noise of pain and arousal, but he kissed back with fervor, even bringing one hand up to twist in Kano’s blond hair and press their lips closer together.

They were only making out for a few seconds before Shintaro started making more noises, slowly growing in volume until they became words that he mumbled sloppily against Kano’s lips. “Fuck… fuck… fuck…!”

He broke the kiss with a gasp and fell back to the bed, one hand reaching between his legs and grabbing the cage as if it would do anything to free him. His whole body was shivering, and after a moment, Kano tentatively reached out to run soothing fingers through his hair. “Shintaro?”

“I’m okay.”

“Ah, but is that all that you can handle for today?”

“I said I’m okay!” He stubbornly lowered his ass to the bed and shifted upright, though he had to move slowly and was rewarded with a very flushed face by the time he finished.

Kano grinned. “I suppose there’s nothing that’s going to hide that for you, now is there? But if you say you’re perfectly fine, put your pants back on.”
“… Huh? Why?”

“Because.” There was a dangerous grin on Kano’s face. “We’re going out for a bit.”

“Shuuya…”

His name slipped breathlessly past Shintaro’s lips a moment before he covered them with his own. Suddenly the armrest between them became far too obtrusive as he tried to lean closer to his boyfriend. His free hand came up to cradle the back of Shintaro’s head while his other remained down between his legs, pressed against the plastic secured there. Shintaro whimpered against him as both hands tangled in his hair to hold him close. He could feel the way Shintaro was rocking his hips against his hand and he couldn’t help grinning into the kiss, knowing the way it had to be shifting the plug inside him to rub against his prostate.

Shintaro broke the kiss, but didn’t pull away, instead panting against his lips. “Shut up.”

“Hm? I didn’t say anything, you know!”

“You’re laughing.”

“Ah, maybe a little!”

“So shut up.” And then their lips were together again.

There was a hunger to the kiss, an edge that Shintaro only got when he was desperately horny. Kano loved the way that Shintaro nipped at his lips, as if trying to pay him back for the pain he doubtlessly felt from the cage keeping his erection contained. If he let his boyfriend free right now, he wouldn’t have been surprised if Shintaro tried to fuck him right there in the theater. Well, no, actually he would, but he wouldn’t put it past him to drag him into the nearest restroom and do it there.

Beneath his mask, his own erection was getting stiff, but Shintaro wasn’t biting hard enough to break Kano’s illusion. Even making out as heavily as this, neither of them looked to the world around them like they were actually so close to tearing each other’s clothes off and going to town. That was part of the whole appeal. They could spend the rest of the movie making out, walk out of the theater, and there would be not a single tent to be seen.

“… Fuck…” Shintaro broke the kiss again, though, and moved his hands to clutch at Kano’s shoulders as he pressed his forehead against his neck. He was still making those noises, those desperate little sounds which were absolute music to Kano’s ears. “After today, I’m not letting you put anything in my ass for a month… shit…”

“Is that so? I wasn’t planning on finishing up by fucking you, but if this is my last chance for a month then I might just have to do it while I still can!”

He giggled, and Shintaro’s fingers tightened against his shoulder. “Liar.”

“Eeh? You don’t trust me?”

Shintaro huffed. “Of course not. Neither do you.”

Kano started to run fingers through Shintaro’s hair. “Ah, but I do trust you.”
“I didn’t say that. You don’t trust you.”

His hand paused. Leave it to Shintaro, the one person he’d let get closer to him than even his older sister, to realize something like that. He wanted to deny it, but the words somehow wouldn’t come. Maybe because it was truer than almost anything else he knew about himself.

The liar among all liars trapped in the single absolute truth.

“My, my, Shintaro, you shouldn’t say such terrible things on my birthday, you know.”

“Screw your birthday. I want to head back.”

He giggled again. “Horny?” Shintaro made a strained sound, and Kano shifted a little so his mouth was almost right next to Shintaro’s ear. “Frustrated?” There was another one. Shintaro was so very fun to tease…

“C… can’t believe you’re making me do this…”

“On the bright side, you’re over halfway there! I bet it feels pretty bad right now, though, with the way you were moving before… It rubs right against there, doesn’t it?”

His hand left Shintaro’s hair, and he felt his boyfriend jump. “Don’t you dare…!”

“That’s not what you say to stop me right now.” Kano slid his hand down Shintaro’s spine, down to the outside of his jeans, right to his ass. The fabric was loose enough that the plug was invisible to a normal observer, but he found it easily once he started pressing.

Shintaro made the most divine noise as Kano shifted the plug, moving it around inside his body. Shintaro gripped him tighter for a few seconds, then sunk his teeth into Kano’s neck aggressively enough that a noise slipped out of his throat and his illusion fell apart. Luckily for him, Shintaro wasn’t where he could see his face, so his own blushing went entirely unnoticed, but if Shintaro were to reach between his legs right now—

—like that—!

Kano sucked in a sharp breath and tensed against Shintaro as he felt his boyfriend’s hand press against his erection. He could practically feel the grin against his neck, and he knew this was more satisfaction that he’d been planning on letting Shintaro have, so in retaliation he began rhythmically rocking the plug back and forth inside of him. It only took a few seconds before Shintaro’s breathing turned heavy. He let up with his biting, and a couple seconds later, Kano’s erection was nowhere to be felt.

“… Cheater…” Shintaro’s voice was strained, and before long he was starting to shift, trying to escape from Kano’s touch.

But Kano didn’t relent, using the hand pressed against Shintaro’s cock to keep him from getting too far as he continued the assault. Soon those cute little noises were spilling out in waves, accompanied by gasps and even the occasional moan as Shintaro shuddered and jolted against him. Kano kept moving the plug until he thought Shintaro absolutely couldn’t stand it.

“B-baseball…!”

… Ah. Shintaro actually couldn’t stand it.

Immediately Kano stopped pressing, moving his fingers to instead settle on Shintaro’s lower back.
The hand still on Kano’s shoulder was digging in hard enough that it might leave bruises, and even though he’d let up Shintaro was still whimpering.

“Hey, you okay there, Shintaro?”

Shintaro didn’t answer for a little while, then by way of response wrapped his arms tightly around Kano’s shoulders, his face still pressed into Kano’s neck. “Give me… a second…”

“You have all the time you want, as long as it’s less than half an hour!”

Shintaro gave a slightly annoyed huff at that but otherwise didn’t move. As the seconds ticked by, his grip slowly relaxed. Finally he gave a long sigh and settled back a little. “Can we just… watch the rest of the movie? I’ll actually die if you keep that up for the rest of the time instead.”

“Hm… Until the credits!”

Shintaro pulled back enough to glare at him. “It’s my dick on the line here.”

“But it’s my birthday.”

Shintaro continued to glare, as Kano stared back innocently. Finally, he sighed. “Ask me again when we get to the credits,” and he slowly, awkwardly shifted back into his seat until he was reasonably comfortable again.

When Kano put his arm back on the armrest, Shintaro rolled his eyes but went along with it anyway and held his boyfriend’s hand again.

He hadn’t quite trusted that Kano wouldn’t try to pull something again, but bit by bit the short movie dragged onwards, until finally one of the two giants was defeated and the people were reciting whatever life lesson the ordeal had taught them. Shintaro honestly wasn’t paying attention to it, because it was hard to pay attention to anything that wasn’t the butt plug constantly pressing against his prostate, the obnoxious and stupidly attractive boy holding his hand, and the plastic cage around his cock that made the other two more and more uncomfortable simply by existing. But then the first set of names started scrolling across the screen, and not paying attention to the movie was suddenly the least of Shintaro’s problems.

Instead, said obnoxious and stupidly attractive boy was now moving onto his seat and putting his legs to either side of Shintaro’s, leaning over him with that grin of his and pressing Shintaro back just enough to shift said plug and get a quick gasp out of him.

“Shintaro?”

He wished he’d spent longer debating it than he did, but his hands were pressing against Kano’s back way too quickly, pulling him closer. “No messing with my ass.”

“I won’t. For now.”

He looked so gorgeous when there was a bit of a smile hiding in his grin like that.

Kano leaned in and wrapped his arms around Shintaro’s shoulders as Shintaro gripped tighter. Sure enough, his hands didn’t go any lower as their lips connected, the kiss immediately heavy and passionate. They both clawed at each other’s clothes as if just barely restraining themselves from stripping their partner on the spot. Kano wasn’t quite true to his word as he pressed Shintaro into the seat, knowing that it would shift the base, but it could easily enough be excused as being an accident in the heat of the moment. And besides, the groan that welled up in Shintaro’s throat and spilled out
into the space between their bodies made it worth it.

Shintaro’s hips snapped upwards and Kano had to quickly make sure their lips were sealed in an attempt to at least slightly muffle the noise that erupted from his boyfriend. That might have been loud enough to draw some attention, but since the two of them were only making out, it wasn’t something they were going to get in more than a little trouble for if they got caught. Okay, maybe with Kano on Shintaro’s lap it would count as more than making out, but not by much.

Neither of them had erections to show, after all.

Shintaro’s nails at his back would have been enough to start breaking skin if there wasn’t fabric beneath them, with how desperately he was clinging to Kano. Even when he wasn’t moving the plug directly, he imagined this was still quite difficult for Shintaro to handle. Making out was enough to turn him on, after all, and the two of them were still doing so with vigor.

He wanted to stay on top of him like this for so much longer, but far too soon the lights around them came up. Kano slowly pulled back, even though Shintaro seemed to lean in to try to follow for a moment, then casually glanced around to see if anyone was looking their way. Ah, no good. A trio of teenagers seemed to be sneaking glances their way and giggling from the front row, and an angry-looking mother was hurriedly urging her children out of the theater as she tossed them dirty glares over her shoulder. It was time to get going.

He slowly climbed off of Shintaro and offered a hand to pull his boyfriend up from his seat. Shintaro looked at the hand dumbly for a few seconds, as if he’d completely forgotten the circumstances around them, but then he seemed to snap back and quickly looked around himself. By then, at least, it seemed the family had made it out of the theater, though the teens were still watching them.

“Home?” He smiled and loved the way it dusted Shintaro’s cheeks a shade darker than they’d been before. Shintaro finally took his hand and pulled himself up, though it brought a surprised noise to his throat as if he’d forgotten what moving like that would do to him. That turned Kano’s smile into more of a grin, much to Shintaro’s annoyance. But he was almost done. That surely had to count for something.

They slowly made their way back out of the theater. At one point, when they were in the corridor leading back out towards the main area, deserted but for the two of them, Shintaro leaned over and mumbled into Kano’s ear, “If I could fuck you right now I’d be dragging you into the restroom…”

So Kano had been right. “Beg me and I’ll let you do it.”

Shintaro glared at him, but it weakened for a moment as he seemed to genuinely consider it. Finally he shook his head. “I’m not going to give you the satisfaction of hearing me beg.”

“Yet!” Kano chuckled. “I’d be surprised by your pride, but it’s probably more that you’re stubborn, right?”

Shintaro didn’t respond to that, ducking his head a little instead.

“Are you hard?”

“…” He glanced around, as if making sure no one was close enough to hear, then pressed a hand to his face. “Feels kind of like I’ve never been so hard in my life. This is torture.”

“Going to make it home?”

“Well, one way or another.” Finally they emerged into the hallway, and Shintaro kept his voice to a
quiet mumble. “I probably won’t come before this damn thing is off me. Every time I think I’m getting close it hurts too much to go the rest of the way.”

Kano’s eyes flashed for a moment, and Shintaro’s face went pale.

“N-no. No. I know what you’re thinking and—no. This hell was long enough as it is.”

“Eh? What makes you think you know what I’m thinking?”

Though, actually, Shintaro had been pretty much right. Ah, how much would Shintaro build up if Kano kept him locked up for, say, a whole week? He wouldn’t even be able to watch his porn, his libido entirely at Kano’s mercy. How would Shintaro, who for as long as Kano might have known these things about him would either have sex or masturbate daily almost without fail, fare under those sorts of conditions? Would he completely break down? How many days would it take before he could convince Shintaro to beg without question in the vain hope of being allowed to come just once?

“Stop imagining it! I already said no!”

“I’m only imagining what we’ll do tonight!”

Leave it to Shintaro to be able to read him even beneath his mask.

Shintaro, it seemed from the way he continued to give him that sidelong glare, didn’t believe the lie. But even if he’d been caught, Kano continued to smile, not giving Shintaro quite the satisfaction of knowing that he’d caught the lie for sure.

He was most certainly, at some point, going to convince Shintaro to wear the cage long-term.

But in the meantime, they had the two blocks to walk back to Shintaro’s apartment, and Shintaro didn’t seem to be faring too well. They were just barely outside the theater when he gripped Kano’s arm and started leaning on him.

“… Shintaro?”

“Just keep walking,” he grumbled as he supported himself against his boyfriend. Well, it wasn’t like Kano minded. Being this close meant that he got to hear all the little gasps and whimpers that Shintaro was trying so hard to keep down. So he kept walking as instructed, strolling casually as if completely unaware of the way Shintaro clung to him and stumbled along beside him. They seemed to be drawing the occasional strange looks, but Shintaro was completely focused on just getting the two of them back, to the point where the sidewalk in front of him was all that he was looking at.

Finally they reached the building, and Kano started to walk past the elevator. Suddenly, Shintaro was a dead weight anchoring him by his arm.

“Just… where… do you think… you’re going…?”

“The stairs, of course!” … Shintaro could make a pretty scary glare when he was that pissed off. “Ah, or just to the elevator…”

For someone who had just been supporting himself all the way home, Shintaro was surprisingly good at dragging Kano the short distance to the elevator. The door hadn’t even finished shutting before he pulled Kano into another desperate kiss. Kano was caught off-guard, but quickly decided to give Shintaro exactly what he wanted. He shoved his boyfriend against the wall, and used the opportunity presented when he let out a started and aroused cry to slip his tongue into his mouth.
Soon Shintaro was moaning against him, fists clenched in the front of his shirt as he practically melted under the attention.

But it was all far too short-lived and soon the doors were sliding open again. Shintaro’s unit was on only the third floor, after all.

“Hey—”

Unfortunately, Shintaro seemed completely lost in the kiss, dragging Kano back in when he tried to move away.

“Shin—”

Ah, it hadn’t worked that time either, and the doors were starting to close again. Kano awkwardly stuck out a foot, which managed to get them back open again, and gave Shintaro another good shove against the wall.

“I’m not letting your cock out until we’re in your bed.”

That seemed to get through to him. Shintaro’s eyes went wide and he finally noticed the open elevator door. He let go of Kano and all but sprinted out, and with the way he was moving it was almost believable that the loud gasping noises he was making were thanks to exertion instead of something much dirtier.

By the time Kano lazily strolled over to him, he’d finally gotten his front door unlocked despite shaking hands, and only barely managed to remove his shoes before he was scrambling past the entryway and towards his bedroom. Kano closed the door behind him, then sat down and leisurely began to remove his boots. He was only about halfway through getting out of the second one when arms wrapped around him from behind and a voice whispered, heavy and strained in his ear, “Get your ass in my bed before I choke you.”

“Shintaro, please… I have manners!” But he finally pulled off his other boot, and Shintaro let go of him so he could stand up. Kano pulled himself to his feet and turned around, but Shintaro hesitated, staying in a crouch. His face was already such a bright red… “Are you stuck like that?”

“… Just need a break before I try to stand up again.”

Kano considered for a second, then grinned. “No. Stay down there.”

He started undoing his belt, and Shintaro looked up from the floor, confused for only a second. Soon his gaze drifted to Kano’s hands, and he watched his boyfriend work as Kano opened his fly and pulled his pants down a little. He didn’t even need to be told as Kano pulled out his erection, no longer hidden under a flaccid illusion, and stepped closer to Shintaro. Immediately Shintaro closed the last of the distance between them and put his mouth on Kano’s cock. For just a moment he managed to take the entire thing, but then his throat fluttered, so he moved back before he started coughing to take only a more manageable amount.

Kano’s hand rested in Shintaro’s hair as he brought up one hand to wrap around the base of Kano’s cock, his other holding Kano’s hip to steady both of them. His blowjob was sloppy and unfocused, but earnest. Kano could tell that Shintaro was heavily distracted, and as the seconds ticked by it only became more and more apparent. Soon, whimpers started making their way out of his throat, and it wasn’t much longer before Shintaro had to pull back entirely, saliva dripping down his chin. “Sh… shit. Shuuya, get this fucking thing off me already…!”

“Ah, but I’m enjoying myself like this!”
Shintaro made a frustrated noise and his hand tightened on Kano’s cock, and Kano didn’t manage to quite hide the sharp breath he took in response.

“I-I get it! I get it, ah, don’t squeeze it like—!!” Well, considering what Shintaro had been dealing with for two hours, was it really that unfair that he was holding Kano’s cock so tightly right now? “Really, I mean it! Let go and let’s get into bed already…!”

Shintaro let go, but he was still glaring at Kano from his position on the floor. Kano paused.

“… Can you stand now?”

“Hell no!”

He grinned. “If I could pick you up, I would, but unfortunately I’m not quite that strong! So I suppose you’ll need to find some way to get there on your own!” Before Shintaro could stop him, he moved past him and into his bedroom.

Shintaro twisted to watch him go, but even that much pulled a noise out of him. “I’ll take the plug out of my ass by myself!”

But both of them knew that it was an empty threat.

It took over a minute before Shintaro finally appeared in the doorway to his room, leaning on the doorframe and breathing heavily as he fixed Kano with a look like he wanted to devour him. Kano looked up casually from where he was reclined on Shintaro’s bed, his grin looking like he was trying to feign innocence despite knowing far too well what mischief he’d been up to. With small steps, Shintaro made his way across the room until he was standing over Kano. Kano reached up to run fingers over his cheek, and then across his forehead, brushing sweat-soaked bangs to the side just to have them fall back into place immediately. It was a surprisingly gentle gesture, and Shintaro swallowed thickly. “Shuuya…” He still sounded so strained.

He slowly climbed onto the bed, letting out all the sounds that the motion brought with it. Kano kept his hand on Shintaro’s temple, just absorbing the sight and sounds of the young man in front of him. This young man who belonged to him, and whom he belonged to. This intelligent, beautiful idiot who was all his.

Without caring how it would move Shintaro—or maybe exactly because of how it would—he suddenly sat up and shoved Shintaro against the wall, picking up where they’d left off in the elevator. Shintaro made the most delicious noise against him as Kano awkwardly moved legs against legs, doing his best to get on top from his position on the bottom. Shintaro let him, grabbing the front of his shirt for a second before finally, finally starting to pull it off of him.

He was so horny and just desperately wanted his cock free again.

Shintaro’s heart skipped two beats when he finally saw the key again as he bunched Kano’s shirt up under his armpits, waiting for him to move so he could get it the rest of the way off. But Kano seemed too preoccupied with attacking his jaw and neck with his mouth to give Shintaro the opportunity, and the chastity cage felt more oppressive by the second. One particular nip to a spot that would have had him squirming on a good day, and a flash of heat and pain shot through him enough to get a desperately loud whimper. “Fuck, Shuuya, don’t make me have to safeword out again…”

“Can’t hold on even when you’re so close?” But he finally moved back enough and cooperated, and soon Shintaro found himself staring at his boyfriend’s chest, naked except for a solitary key on a
string. He hesitantly started to reach for it, but then seemed to realize what he was doing and lowered his hand again, gaze drifting back to Kano’s face.

Kano’s hands slipped up Shintaro’s shirt, his touches tracing lines of tingling heat up his sides. Shintaro shifted to help him get the garment off, but that seemed to not be what Kano had been going for. Suddenly he pressed his hands against the wall, jerking Shintaro back a little and pinning him with his own shirt. Shintaro made a noise, but then Kano leaned in so that his face was close enough to Shintaro’s that each of them could feel the other’s breathing on their skin. He spoke in a low murmur.

“I want to see you in pain, tonight, Shintaro. I want to see you want me so bad that you’re suffering for it. I want to see how beautiful the face you make will be if I can get you past where we stopped in the theater. I want you so horny you’re screaming. Fuck, Shintaro, I want you so bad.”

He clenched his fists, pulling the fabric tighter against Shintaro. Shintaro felt the words building a heat deep inside of him that culminated in the now familiar pain in his cock only increasing. He swallowed thickly. “You’re asking me not to safeword out.”

“No.” Kano’s glare was surprisingly serious. “I’m giving you some warning about what I’m about to do to you. What I’m asking is to see if you can’t try to hold out longer before deciding enough is too much. Don’t ever think you can’t safeword on me, Shintaro.”

“I know, I know. Geeze.” He brought his hands up to Kano’s cheeks and pulled him in for a quick, gentle kiss. “I’ll… try. Just because it’s your birthday. But no promises. You’re still not getting anything in my ass for a month. And you’re definitely going to be wearing this fucking thing at some point and we’ll see how you like being on this end.”

Kano laughed at that and pressed his forehead to Shintaro’s, mixing their sweat. “Deal! Ah, if I go easier on you now, will you go easier on me later?”

“Absolutely not.”

He grinned. “Didn’t think so.” Kano leaned in for a kiss that was short but lacking no passion for it, and a few seconds later pulled back so the two of them could get Shintaro’s shirt the rest of the way off. He was back in immediately, taking the opportunity presented by the skin around Shintaro’s collarbones that was so easy to hide to leave his mark from tonight’s adventure. No matter how many times he did this, and the fading bruises already there served as proof that he did it pretty often, the first nip always brought a gasp from Shintaro. But this time the second, third, and even the way he placed his lips on the skin and sucked continued pulling noises from his boyfriend. Shintaro must be really sensitive right now…

“Sh-Shuuya!”

The voice that his name came out in was wonderful as Kano gave a surprise pinch to one of Shintaro’s nipples. Shintaro’s entire body jerked and he bumped his head against the wall behind him, and one would almost have thought Kano had thrust into his ass with that sort of response. Shintaro was already trembling, and fuck, there was that beautiful expression of his again. Kano flushed brightly beneath his mask as he stared at that wonderful face, until Shintaro ducked his head and pushed himself off the wall a bit so he could grip Kano’s waistband.

Slowly the two of them slid Kano out of his pants, and then it was Shintaro’s turn. It took a few seconds before Shintaro managed to cooperate, and even after that his movements were hesitant and jerky. Kano wound up doing most of the work so that Shintaro didn’t have to move so much, and soon his cock, a dark swollen color forcibly held in a flaccid shape by the clear tube that turned it
into a wonderful display, came into view. Shintaro flushed and seemed to want to hide it, but kept his legs open for Kano’s appreciation anyway.

Kano licked his lips, and Shintaro shivered.

“Does it hurt?”

Shintaro lowered his gaze and nodded.

“Does it feel good anyway?”

He nodded again.

Kano leaned in and grabbed Shintaro’s hair with both hands to pull his head up so he was looking at Kano. “How about we make it so much better and worse? Beg me to fuck you.”

Shintaro stiffened for a moment, his gaze flickering away, before he looked back with a slight glare.

“I’m not begging tonight.”

“Still holding out on me, hm? We’ll see if I can’t overcome that stubbornness of yours.” His grip tightened, and suddenly he pulled both of them down to get Shintaro lying on the bed on his back. Shintaro gasped and winced, but made no movement to stop him, letting himself be dragged to the mattress.

Once down, Kano pressed his face to Shintaro’s neck, placing on it kisses, licks, and the occasional bite too gentle to leave any real mark. But it was his hands, which let go of Shintaro’s hair so they could instead slowly drag dull nails down his back, which really pulled shivers out of his boyfriend. It didn’t take long before Shintaro was responding in kind and pressing his own nails into Kano, though his were more a reaction than any sort of deliberate movement.

His hands reached the small of Shintaro’s back, and before Shintaro had any time to prepare himself Kano abruptly shifted his head lower and closed his teeth around a nipple. The groan Shintaro gave in response sent a spike of heat through his body and made his erection throb between his legs. That was the sort of sound he wanted so much more of. He shifted to the other side and bit again, and was once again rewarded with that wonderful noise.

“Fuck, Shuuya, that’s—! Cheater—!” Shintaro went to push his head away, but Kano kept his teeth closed a few seconds longer, before finally letting up so that Shintaro could move him without the pain. Shintaro glared down at him, face flushed, and gripped his hair as if to deter him from biting again.

Kano grinned. “Going to beg yet?”

“Of course not!”

“Well, then… I guess I’ll just be doing ‘this’ instead!”

He shifted and slid his legs underneath Shintaro’s, propping his hips up. Shintaro’s glare softened into a look of confusion, and he slowly let go of Kano. “Dare I ask what ‘this’ is?”

“‘This’ is this!”

Kano took Shintaro’s wrists in each hand and pinned them to the bed, leaning over him with a grin. Suddenly he shifted his hips forward as if thrusting into his boyfriend’s ass. But Shintaro was already occupied, so Kano’s cock instead dragged along the outside of his body, shifting the plug and getting
an overwhelmed moan from the man beneath him. He didn’t give Shintaro any time to recover before he drew back and moved forwards again, and each shift pulled more noises out.

It was like he was fucking him without outright fucking him. Shintaro was reacting exactly if he had been, or maybe even better, given his current situation. And Kano could keep this up for a while. Eventually it would build into an orgasm, but it wasn’t happening nearly as fast as it would otherwise.

Shintaro scrambled desperately against his grip, but with the way Kano was leaning over him he had no hope of actually pulling his hands free. Kano knew just how badly Shintaro wanted to put a hand over his own mouth and stop those lovely noises from flowing out, but Kano was having none of that tonight. He was completely at Kano’s mercy, his cock and ass and hands and entire body trapped in these sensations. Shintaro’s moans sounded more and more like screams, and he couldn’t even keep his eyes open to glare at Kano. His expression looked so close to the one he made at orgasm, except for the way his eyes were squeezed shut and his brow furrowed. His hips gave an unsteady snap upwards out of rhythm with Kano’s thrusts, and Kano knew he didn’t have much longer before this ended, one way or another. He leaned over Shintaro to make sure he was heard over Shintaro’s own noises. “Beg me.”

“F-fuck, please!” It came out so suddenly that Kano wasn’t quite sure he’d heard it right despite the volume, but Shintaro seemed more than eager to continue. “Let me fucking come already, fuck, Shuuya! I… please, just fucking…!”

He really wanted to keep getting those words out of Shintaro, but at this point, it felt like he should probably take pity on him. Kano slowed to a stop, though he didn’t move his legs out from under Shintaro’s, and let go of his wrists. Shintaro immediately pressed both hands to his face, his skin a bright red. After a moment he lowered one to desperately tug at the chastity cage, and then when that proved useless, started tugging on the lock instead. Kano let him for a few seconds, before reaching down to the plug in Shintaro’s ass. It only took a bit of pulling before Shintaro’s body opened to let the widest part back out, and then it slid the rest of the way easily. Shintaro opened his eyes to give a dazed stare up at Kano, who simply grinned back. “I’m not using any lube, so don’t tense up too much, okay?”

Though the warning was perhaps unnecessary, as he slid into Shintaro’s willing ass without any resistance. Well, that was the advantage to using the plug, after all. Shintaro gave another strained groan, the hand on the lock tightening enough for his knuckles to go white while his other one tried in vain to dampen his noises. Kano placed his hand on the former, and Shintaro squeezed his eyes shut for a moment before following the unspoken command and moving his hand away.

“You’ve been a good boy, Shintaro…” Kano leaned down and nuzzled beneath Shintaro’s ear, loving the way it brought a whine to his boyfriend’s lips. “Such a good boy…”

“Shuuya… fuck, I begged already, okay? C’mon, fucking… let me out…”

“Say please again.”

“P… Please…!”

And there it was. That word, passing through Shintaro’s lips in a strained, desperate tone. The way Shintaro looked up at him with tears starting to form at the edges of his eyes. The way his skin was flushed with the embarrassment, the arousal, and the exertion. The way he was trembling ever so slightly against Kano’s body. The way that he still managed to have an edge of annoyance to his expression despite everything that Kano had done to break him.
He was so beautiful.

Kano took the key from around his neck and leaned in to press a gentle, earnest kiss to Shintaro’s mouth. Shintaro whimpered softly into the kiss but returned it, reaching up to wrap his arms around Kano’s shoulders and hold him close. Kano reached down between their bodies, and though it took a bit of fumbling to do it without looking, managed to unlock the lock and brought it back up where Shintaro could see.

Shintaro make a high-pitched noise of surprise, and almost immediately broke the kiss and jerked his head to the side to try to look past Kano to between them. Kano gave a small tug at the cage and gave a low hum. “You’re so hard in there that it’s practically stuck!”

“N-no it’s not! Move and let me get it—!”

Shintaro let go of Kano’s body to reach down, and Kano obligingly moved his hand away. The way Shintaro winced soon after let Kano know that it wasn’t just that he hadn’t tried pulling it off the right way, but when Shintaro’s hand came back up he dropped a piece of clear plastic on the bed next to him.

His hand was shaking.

“A-are you going to fuck me properly now?”

“Ah, not entirely. I can’t go too fast without lube, after all!”

Though soon, that wasn’t even their biggest issue. Kano reached between their bodies again but only got one jerk on Shintaro’s cock before his boyfriend let out a sound that almost sounded like he was being choked, his entire body giving a spasm, going rigid, and then giving another spasm, and his ass clenching around Kano’s cock as he immediately hit his orgasm. Thick liquid splattered across Kano’s chest and he thought that he might have felt a bit of it reach all the way to the underside of his chin.

“… You didn’t even wait for me.”

“Ah… h-hah…!”

Well, Shintaro seemed far too out of it for Kano to get anything through to him. Instead he placed his face in the crook of Shintaro’s neck and started moving slowly, letting the tight friction from his boyfriend’s passage build him up while Shintaro was still too overwhelmed to mind being fucked dry. And oh, was he overwhelmed. Even with the slow movement, loud moans spilled uninhibited from Shintaro’s mouth. He’d never get such beautiful noises if Shintaro was thinking straight. Not that Kano could really blame him for it, since he had a tendency to suppress his own moans as well. It was just one of those things that always made either of them feel overly embarrassed, no matter how many times they did this or how much they knew the other loved it.

Shintaro would probably feel embarrassed for a while after tonight, but fuck, it felt so good right now.

Kano bit into Shintaro’s shoulder and gave his cock another squeeze as he reached his orgasm. Shintaro gave a sharp noise but otherwise seemed to not even notice as he continued to stare at the ceiling with unfocused eyes, his body still in the grip of his climax.

“Must be really good this time, huh…?” He mumbled it against Shintaro’s skin, letting the heat of his own orgasm wash through him. While he had him here like this, he decided in the spur of the moment, he was going to leave another mark. He bit Shintaro’s shoulder again and then switched to
sucking, moving around to make this one nice and big. After all, the larger he got this one, the more out of it Shintaro had to be to not tell him to stop making it bigger.

It felt like ages later that Shintaro finally shifted beneath him with a weak groan. “O-ow. How long have you been working on that one? —Ow, cut it out already…”

“Hmm, I lost track!” He lifted his head with a grin, and Shintaro gave him an annoyed glare in return. Yeah, he was back to his senses now.

“That’s going to look more like a bruise than a hickey.” His expression softened. “You did come, right?”

“Ah, you really didn’t notice at all!” Kano slid out slowly, and the shifting inside of him was all that Shintaro needed to feel to realize it.

“Guess not—ah, shit, my sheets.” But Kano’s come was already leaking out of him, and really, with the way they’d been sweating the fabric was probably going to have to be washed anyway, so what was another fluid to add to it? He gave another soft noise and rested his arm across his eyes. “I really need a shower and I really, really don’t think I can move.”

“Then let’s rest now and shower later! You deserve a break, Shintaro, with how hard you came. You even made it up to my neck! See?” Kano pointed.

Shintaro’s face scrunched up, but he didn’t move his arm to bother looking. “Wipe it off or something before you lay down.”

He probably should have expected the way that Kano almost immediately lay down on top of him, pressing their chests together and getting something that was distinctly not sweat on Shintaro’s skin. He rolled his eyes and made an annoyed noise, but was too tired to raise more protest than that.

“You really do sometimes act like you’re six.”

Kano shifted so he was lying by Shintaro’s side, cuddling his boyfriend a little. “Luckily for you, I’m not!”

“… Yeah. Lucky me.” Shintaro turned and pressed a kiss to Kano’s neck, then began to suck and gently bite some of the skin there.

“Are you marking me in such a visible place, Shintaro?”

“You’ll just hide it anyway, so it doesn’t matter where I do it.”

“Mm, but maybe I’ll keep this one to show off. It’s my birthday present, after all!”

Shintaro paused. “… Happy birthday, Shuuya.” Then he continued as an arm draped across his body.

“Thanks, Shintaro. It was fun.”

“I hope so,” he mumbled. “And I hope it was worth it, because at some point there will be hell to pay for what you put me through.”

Kano laughed at that. Shintaro put his arm around his boyfriend as he bit his neck a little bit harder than he needed to in return.
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