The Shinobi and the Master. ~♡

by xyChaoticFox

Summary

"I am here to serve you, am I not? Tenka-san?" he smiled, white hair falling over his eyes. Tenka swallowed.

》 Three times they almost have sex and the one time they do.

Notes

Please excuse the errors, this is not beta'd or edited. Leave any comments or thoughts. :) Tips are welcome and appreciated. P.S English is not my first language.

Sorry for the OOC moments! x_x

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters, only the plot. :D

~☆~

See the end of the work for more notes.
"See! You believe me don't you, Shirasu?" Tenka fell on his knees, grabbing hold of a purple yukata.

Shirasu's eyes lowered to rest on the raven head's worried face.

"Something's wrong, I can feel it!" He insisted.

Shirasu raised a pale hand to his chin, resting it between his thumb and forefinger in a thoughtful manner.

"Hmmm," he hummed, "It's possible that the boy is in love."

"What!" Tenka's eyes bulged.

His grip tightened on the fabric and Shirasu dropped his hand, returning his gaze to the kneeling man. Why couldn't he be kneeling for another reason? That would have pleased Shirasu much more.

"He's got all the love he can handle at home!" Tenka dropped the fabric and turned away, crossing his arms in defiance.

"Bleh, gross." He grumbled at the thought of such love.

"One musn't fault a vulnerable heart, he is at that age." Shirasu pointed out.

You are well passed it, yet you still refuse to open your eyes and admit what you too desire, Shirasu thought silently.

Tenka almost growled and Shirasu closed his eyes.

"I want to punch you in the face." He gritted out from clenched teeth.

"I'm liable to punch you back out of reflex," A small smile tugged at the corners of the white haired man's lips, "That all right?"

"Ah! I need to take this out on someone!" Tenka fumed, throwing his fists in the air.

Oh? What a wonderfull opportunity.

Shirasu crossed his arms, opening his lavender orbs and turning away slightly, "Goodness me."

"Hey! If you wanna spar I can use the practise." Sora exclaimed, clambering onto the patio.

Tenka's lips formed a sly grin and he hummed. Sora's eyes widened a few inches and he almost started to regret his suggestion.

In an instant Sora flew across the yard and a cheeky Tenka strolled closer. The younger quickly scrambled up to get fend off the steaming brother.

"Tenka-san."

The eldest Kumoh stopped dead in his tracks, a chill running along the curve of his spine. A pale and gentle hand came to rest on his forearm, half circling from behind him. He could almost feel the
pressure of the strong and skilled body looming behind him.

"Perhaps you should let him go. Take your frustration out on someone closer to your...age and size."
Warm breath tickled his cheek and he swore he felt those lips ghost over his ear.

"What! I can be strong like him!" Sora pouted.

"Of course, little one. Perhaps another time though, don't you agree, Tenka-san?"

Shirasu stepped closer, his chest just barely brushed against Tenka's taunt back. He had him right where he wanted.

"I am here to serve, naturally."

"Ofe-" Tenka cleared his voice, "Of course."

Shirasu didn't miss the slight pitch in his voice and grinned, spinning around and clapping his hands together.
"Right then! Come along, let us leave Sora to train as well." He smiled and continued away, knowing the Kumoh would follow.

Tenka threw Sora a glance before hesitantly following the white haired Fuuma. His eyes narrowed and he bit his lip as they reached Shirasu's room, not fully knowing what he had gotten himself in to. He passed through the open slide door, which Shirasu slid closed once more before turning back to Tenka, who waited somewhat anxiously.

"You can take a seat." He chuckled.

Tenka nodded, his hands fidgeting in his lap when he sat down next to the coffee table.

"You know, I don't think we can spar in your room."

"Whyever not?" He sat down with a soft grin.

"We might break things."

"You think you can break me, Tenka-san?"

Tenka shivered once more, why did he have to say his name like that? Bloody hell!

"Don't be absurd." Tenka scoffed.

"Well, you did want to take your frustrations out on someone." Shirasu chuckled.

"I didn't know you'd suggest something like this."

"Something like what?"

His head tilted to the side, snowy hair falling to the side and that one piece falling over his nose and right eye. Tenka kept his gaze on the pale face, brow knitted as the gears worked inside his head. Tenka avoided the question.

"Can you take it off?"

"Take what off?" Shirasu said, rising his head again.

"The...the band." Tenka motioned towards the purple binding around the Fuuma's head.
Shirasu chuckled before rising to his feet.

"Don't laugh, idiot." His eyes shifted away, cheeks dusted with a faint red as he waited.

Shirasu sat down next to Tenka, giving him a soft smile.
"Go ahead."

The Kumoh caught sight of purple orbs focused on him and quickly turned his gaze away, instead focusing on the purple string. He shifted in a more comfortable position, almost kneeling over Shirasu's lap so he could reach around his head. His fingers followed the flowing purple strings until he found the knot at the back of Shirasu's neck.

He snuck a glance at the man beneath him and regret it almost instantly. Their faces were so close and the Fuuma's intense gaze made him uncomfortable. He pulled a few times and the ribbon slid off, snow white hair spilling over Shirasu's face and eyes. God, this man was beautiful. Tenka's fingers slipped through the silky hair, enjoying it's texture as it brushed his skin.

"You didn't answer my question." Shirasu stated, his eyes closed.

Tenka paused, a small sigh escaping his lips as he shifted forward and his lips touched Shirasu's in a gentle and chaste kiss.

"I guess I should stop being so dense." He murmured.

Shirasu smiled, "You should, Tenka-san."

The raven head gripped the front of Shirasu's yukata and pulled himself into the other's lap.

"Shirasu."

Shirasu grasped Tenka's hips and pulled him closer, lips catching his in a searing smooch. The Kumoh wrapped his legs around Shirasu's waist, hands supporting his thighs as the latter stood. Shirasu dropped him on an extra bed, quickly climbing on top of him and roughly pushing him into the bed, lips moving to Tenka's neck.
Tenka's back arched and his knuckles turned white as he gripped the sheets between his fingers.

"Rough, a-aren't we?" Tenka grinned and peered at Shirasu from beneath thick lashes.

Violet orbs caught his gaze for a moment before the eyes fluttered closed and sharp teeth dug into the side of his neck. His hips jerked and bucked against the shinobi, his hands flew to claw at Shirasu's back and his head fell back in a loud growl. Shirasu attack his neck with no mercy; biting at the flesh, drawing blood, lapping at the wounds, drawing the smooth skin into his mouth and marring it with bright purple and red blotches. He had to be marked, right?

"Tenka, sir!"

Both males's heads snapped up and Shirasu hurriedly tried to pull away just in time before the door was almost kicked in.

"What is it?" he called and pulled at his clothing.

"I'm looking for Tenny, Shirasu- sir! Please, there is absolute chaos down town!" Chuutarou pleaded frantically.

Shirasu sighed and Tenka gave an annoyed groan before rolling off the bed.
"It would see that you are needed. Let me help you." He smiled, helping the Eldest Kumoh to cover himself.

"Idiot! Everyone is going to see these," Tenka pointed at the angry marks scattered across his skin, "You couldn't have done it in a more obvious place!"

Shirasu gave a soft laugh and pulled Tenka in for a quick peck.

"Maybe people will leave you alone now." He stated innocently and turned towards the door.

Tenka grabbed his wrist and pulled Shirasu back against his chest. Warm puffs of breath fluttered over his sensitive ear and he could feel Tenka's erection pressing at his lower back.

"We'll continue this later."

Shirasu smiled, "As you wish, sir."

~☆~
Quietly the shinobi grabbed at the many empty sake jars that were tossed around the sleeping chamber. This was slowly becoming a problem, he realized as he put them away. Returning to the room, he gathered particles of clothing littering the floor he cleaned just yesterday. The items were deposited in a hamper in one corner of the room and he turned to glare at the cause of his extra work. He almost snorted when he saw the drunked idiot, passed out in such a shameful manner.

Shirasu crossed the room, stopping at the end of a messy futon. Tenka rested on top of the mess, just adding to its disorder. He was stretched out on his back, head thrown back with flushed cheeks and silently sleeping the alcohol off. One of his arms were folded above his head while the other one limply laid on the floor, bare. The sleeping Kimono had fallen off the one shoulder, Shirasu noticed. That one arm completely out of it and the fabric trapped beneath him while the rest stretched over his body.

He eyed the exposed and tanned flesh for a moment. The broad chest rose and fell at a steady rhythm, the few abdominals, which peeked out from the fabric, tensing and relaxing as well, matching his deep intakes. He could see the tangled mess of legs underneath the blanket and he was glad for a moment that it covered him. He had seen the eldest Kumoh in enough, perhaps too many, nude and awkward situations. He had absolutely no shame!

With a sigh he moved to Tenka's side and kneeled, moving tenka's arm down to rest at the side of his sleeping body. He tugged at the fabric to cover him but it was securely trapped. His gaze turned to Tenka's flushed face. His dark lashes were closed, brushing high cheek bones in a very flattering manner. The Kumoh was quite exquisite he noted for not the first time. A pale hand raised to brush a lock of hair from the sleeping face and linger perhaps a moment too long.

Shirasu quickly regained his mind and pulled away. In a moment his wrist was grasped and he was flipped onto his back, a body straddling his and his hands secured beside his head in an iron-like grip. Angrily he scowled at the person on top of him. Why did he have to deal with drunk people all the time.

"You shouldn't touch people without their permission." A suddenly wide awake Tenka grinned.

"You're touching me." Shirasu stated.

"I was unconscious. I didn't think you'd perve on me, Shirasu."

"Don't flatter yourself." He scoffed.

Dark eyes narrowed and Tenka's lips morphed into a teasing smile.

"I could've hurt you, Su-su."

"I doubt it."

"Really, Su-su?" Tenka's grip tightened.

"Stop calling me that." Shirasu warned.
Tenka's head tilted to the side and he flashed a white smile before leaning closer to brush his lips against Shirasu's ear.

"Don't be so stiff." He teased.

Shirasu suppressed a shiver as warm breath tickled his ear and jaw.

"I'm not."

"Perhaps we should change that," His tongue ran along the shinobi's earlobe, "Hmm, Su-su?"

Shirasu let out a surprised sound as Tenka bit down on his ear and he jerked his hands free, throwing the Kumoh to the side, straddling him as well and holding him in place with a firm hand on his chest.

"Don't tease me." He stated.

Tenka chuckled, "I'm sorry."

"Are you done now?"

Tenka nodded with a smile and Shirasu let his lips form a smile as well.

"Good." Shirasu said as he got up.

Tenka grabbed his wrist gently and stood as well. "Wait."

"Yes?" he threw the Kumoh a glance.

"Won't you stay tonight?"

"You're drunk." SHirasu frowned.

The ravenhead shook his head and tugged at Shirasu's pale hand, bring it to his lips and pressing a kiss to the knuckles. The shinobi stared at him for a moment before stepping closer and pressing his palm to Tenka's chest once more. Tenka pulled him closer, using one hand to catch a pale chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting Shirasu's head slightly. He paused for a moment and when the fuuma provided no resistance, he continued. His lips touched the other's in a soft and gentle kiss before he added more pressure.

Their pace slowly increased, a pink tongue darting out to swipe across Shirasu's bottom lip. His lips parted to grant it entry and surely it followed, wasting no time to explore the inside of his mouth. Tenka's hands moved down the others arms and came to rest on his narrow hips, the other in return wrapping his ars around the Kumoh's neck. Shirasu closed his eyes, leaning into the desperate kiss and Gripping dark thresses of hair as Tenka nipped at his lip.

Their kiss became sloppy, needy, a mess of teeth and lips smacking against each other as they tried to press closer. Shirasu pulled his body away slightly, letting Tenka loosen the belts around his waist and his kimono fell open. He sighed when a tanned hand slipped in his clothes, running over his chest before pushing the item down his shoulders. Once again he allowed it, knowing he was not in a position to refuse.

It was what Tenka needed and who was he to refuse when the other had taken care of him when he was at death's door. If all he had to do was give his everything in return to the eldest of the Kumoh line, he would. The boy suffered great pain and losses, the cheery facade just a hoax and shield to hide what has been wronged. But Shirasu knew the truth and he would provide every ounce of
relieve and happiness he could to lessen the burden of his master.

"Shirasu. Shirasu, Shirasu." He whispered as his mouth peppered the white haired man's jaw with kisses.

"Lay down, Tenka." Shirasu whispered.

Tenka pulled away and obeyed without question. The fuuma pulled his arms from the kimono, letting it fall to the floor as he laid next to the other man. Tenka removed his own Kimono, leaving him in only underwear while the other was still in a yukata. He leaned over the still male and continued his kissing. His fingers laced with Shirasu's and he squeezed it in a manner to comfort them both.

His lips latched onto Shirasu's sensitive collar and he suckled, leaving Shirasu with multiple red and purple splotches scattered over his pale skin. Shirasu moaned, one hand rising to tangle his fingers in Tenka's hair as he moved his lips and ministrations down Shirasu's body. He paused at a purple waistband and let his fingers pull the laces loose. He hooked his digits around the material and pulled in down, discarding it so he could return to his lovely charm.

His lips ran along the inside of Shirasu's thigh, teasing him by coming so close to his arousal but ignoring it. Before the Fuuma could protest his member was engulfed by warmth and his hips bucked as he cried out. Both his hands tangled in tenka's hair, pulling and kneading it as the Kumoh worked his length.

"T-Tenka, no. Stop." He whimpered.

Tenka pulled away, looming above Shirasu for a moment.

"Y-you should take me before I can't last." He breathed.

"Not Tonight." Tenka smiled but he removed his underwear.

"What?"

"I won't hurt you tonight after such a long time of not doing this."

"It's necessary."

"Shhh, Su-Su."

Tenka sat upright and patted his lap, "Sit."

Shirasu slowly crawled into Tenka's lap, biting down on his lip to keep quiet. Tenka shivered as the fuuma's bottom rubbed against him and he grabbed his hips. The moment didn't last long as harsh footsteps approached the shrine and voices called out to them, causing Tenka to growl and curse much unlike himself.

"Fuck! Always when I'm busy!"

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Kitchen duties: Drunken moments part 2~

Chapter Notes

This is a bit short and I forgot to post it but meh. x.x

WARNING: Oral sex. (Blowjobs) but all you naughty fangirls & fanboys should know what that is by now cause...yaoi fanfictions teach a lot. XD

ENJOY!~

Again, no likey? DON'T READ AND COMPLAIN.

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His raven-head slowly appeared around a door-frame and he sluggishly smiled when he found his target yet again. With mischief clearly evident on his face he stumbled upright and approached the other. His hands formed claws as he tip toed closer and closer, ready to pounce and devour his prey.

"Not happening, Tenka-san." Shirasu said clearly, his back still turned towards the other.

Tenka paused, pouting like a naughty child caught while making trouble. Sheepishly he trudged forward, his childish smile from earlier creeping back onto his face. Slowly his arms wrapped around Shirasu, pulling the Fuuma closer to him. He heard a disapproving 'tch' and louder thumps as the knife slammed down hard on the chopping board.

"Let me go."

"No, don't wanna."

"You reek of alcohol again." Shirasu's eye twitched.

"That's not a nice thing to say."

"I don't care," he sighed, "Now let go so that I can continue preparing your meal."

"Oi, stop that. It's yours too, it's not like you're my servant or anything," Tenka buried his nose in the crook of Shirasu's neck, "Not in here anyways."

Shirasu stiffened, a chill running down his spine even though Tenka's warm body was moulded neatly against his. He could just feel the way the other's lips curved into a guilty smile against his skin. Tenka inhaled deeply, letting out a drunken chuckle as he cuddled up to the fuuma.

"You smell nice, Su-su."

Shirasu huffed, trying to cut the rest of the vegetables, he didn't want to have an argument right now. Tenka's hands lazily moved from their place at his waist and wandered off coarse. Shirasu had a bad feeling about this, especially with all the other...disruptions they had during the past week.

"Tenka...let go,"
"Make me." He was as stubborn and compulsive as ever.

"I'll cut your fingers off." Shirasu gritted out.

"Then I won't be able to do this."

Shirasu stopped breathing, his shoulders tensing and his hand losing the grip it had had on the knife. Shamelessly, Tenka's hand slithered into Shirasu's kimono, fingers leaving behind a blazing trail as they traced the fuuma's cool skin. He unwillingly shivered in response, feeling all the hair on his body rising. Tenka leaned forward, indirectly forcing Shirasu to bend over the counter top. He protested, trying to push the cutting board and the knife to the side before something happened. Tenka gave a drunk chortle, his warm breath tickling the back of Shirasu's neck. The fuuma clicked his tongue in irritation, how many times was this really going to happen? He nuzzled the side of Shirasu's neck, moving closer to allow his tongue to dart out from his slightly dried lips. It swiped across Shirasu's ear, making him gasp sharply. He took it into his mouth, playing around with it between his teeth and nibbling softly. Shirasu flushed red, his fingers gripping the edges of the counter until his knuckles turned white. What if somebody came in and saw them!

"Tenka, really now-"

"Shh, Su-su."

His hands skimmed up the inside of shivering thighs, his arms trapping the snowy-head and pulling his body closer. Slowly Tenka massaged the taunt skin, fingers gentle but firm as they worked their way upwards. His fingers brushed two protruding hip bones, tracing the curve of them thoroughly before moving on. Oh, how he enjoyed the way Su-su's muscles tensed and relaxed beneath his palms as he explored the smooth expanse of Shirasu's abdomen. Shirasu's arms started to shake when his kimono was pulled open en eager hands yanked it down his shoulders. When he opened his mouth in objection Tenka cheekily pressed his hips against Shirasu's behind, making the fuuma utter an embarrassing yelp and look away. Tenka was definitely after something all right. He kissed the back of Shirasu's neck, following the curved line down his spine. He paused after a few kisses, opening his mouth wider and sinking his teeth into Shirasu's back.

"Oi, S-stop damn it!" Shirasu tried to pull away but Tenka had an iron grip on his hips, restraining him.

His back rippled as another shiver ran down his spine, the painfully pleasurable bites turning him on even more. Shirasu cursed under his breath, shifting his shaking hands and trying to keep his body from moving. Tenka could hear the fuuma repeatedly cursing his name and wickedly smiled against the bruised skin of Shirasu's lower back. Seeing Shirasu bent over, red, flushed, shivering and powerless excited the eldest brother beyond control yet Tenka knew his Su-su could take control any time and it just added to the drive and exhilaration. He retreated, following the path back upwards. He tugged Shirasu's arms, helping him turn around. Shirasu tried to hide his red face but Tenka held his chin up, smirking lovingly.

"Look at how red your face is, Su-su."

"Shut up!" He hissed. Well, tried to hiss, his voice whinier than he recalled.

"I like it! Come on, let me make it worse." Tenka purred.

Shirasu opened his mouth and Tenka jumped at the opportunity, hungrily pushing his mouth against Shirasu's. He forced his tongue inside the other's mouth, running it over the sharp teeth and the roof of Shirasu's mouth. The kiss was harsh, bruising and anything but gentle, teeth nipping and biting
while teeth gnashed and Tenka abused Shirasu's lips. He stole Shirasu's breath away, finally pulling away when Shirasu couldn't take it any longer. He continued, this time attacking Shirasu's neck. The white haired male panted wildly, hands gripping Tenka's biceps as teeth tore at his skin. He involuntarily called out when Tenka's lips brushed his nipple. Tenka hummed in satisfaction and Shirasu clamped a hand over his mouth. He teased the bud, rolling it between his teeth and tugging gently before releasing again and repeating the process with the other one. He knelt down slowly, letting his mouth explore the bumpy planes of Shirasu's toned stomach. His tongue swirled around Shirasu's bellybutton, teasing him more and more as he moved to his hips instead of the evident need between his legs. He enjoyed leaving crescent marks on the skin, taking his time to thoroughly mark the fuuma once more. Shirasu wasn't one to believe in any gods but he prayed to anyone that nobody stopped them this time.

"Tenka, p-please."

Tenka looked up at Shirasu, who's pleading eyes were narrowed in lust.

"Is it too much today, hmm? Su-su."

Shirasu managed a lusty glare and Tenka chuckled against his hip. His fingers hooked around the band of Shirasu's underwear, softly yanking before sliding it down Shirasu's shapely legs and letting it drop to his feet. He ran his nose along the smooth leg, letting it brush the inside of a porcelain thigh as well. Finally he was eye level with the fuuma's length, which stood tall and proud. He licked his lips, running his finger from the base to the tip, smearing the pre-cum which leaked from it.

"Look how wet it is." Tenka hummed, licking the tip of his finger.

Tenka moved slowly, running his tongue up and down Shirasu's member. Shirasu bit his lip, shaking his head but not really meaning anything by it. He could always be embarrassed another time. Why was he even embarrassed when they've done this before? Perhaps it was because anyone could walk on them at any time. Shit, please don't. Tenka gave him one last glance before he tugged his hips closer and his mouth engulfed Shirasu's need. Shirasu yelped, trying to press his hand harder over his mouth. The laugh Tenka gave vibrated around Shirasu's cock and he shuddered, trying not to come right away over something so minimal. Tenka kept bobbing his head at a steady pace, focusing on the mewls which spewed from between Shirasu's fingers. He was surprised they had gotten this far this time but he wasn't complaining. Not at all. His teeth scraped at the hard flesh and Shirasu's hands flew to his dark hair. His fingers tangled between the jet black strands and their grip intensified with each sensation brought by Tenka's mouth.

Tenka licked the tip before taking it into his mouth and suckling it greedily, trying to taste more and more of Shirasu's sweetness. Shirasu was now moaning uncontrollably, his fingers twisting and pulling the harder Tenka sucked. His legs shook, his knees knocking as he neared the edge. It was a surprise that he could last this long already after the last few weeks' pent up desire. Tenka took the whole length into his mouth again, ignoring his own pulsing need and trying to get Shirasu to tip over the edge. He moved quickly, letting his teeth scrape against it as he went.

"Nnh!" Shirasu groaned, his body shaking even more.

Tenka felt his legs give way and released him. He held onto Shirasu tightly, catching him as he sunk down. Tenka let him slide into his lap, supporting him with one hand behind his back. Shirasu's hands moved down to the back of Tenka's head, fingers still twisting into his hair. He squeezed his eyes shut, lips quivering.

"T-tenka! P-ple-a-se.-" He tried to speak.
Tenka captured his lips, kissing the words away as his hand wrapped around Shirasu. He tugged, working the pulsing member up and down as quickly as he could.

"Ngah! Nn!" Shirasu cried against his lips as his orgasm came.

His body convulsed, his hands sliding down to Tenka's shoulders. Tenka kept on speedily moving his hand.

"N-no! I- ahhn!"

His nails racked down Tenka's back, tearing at the skin through his kimono as the pleasure rolled over him in gigantic waves. His eyes closed, a hot white light exploding behind his eye-lids as he came all over Tenka's hand and his stomach. His hips bucked into Tenka's hand as he rode the orgasm out. He was breathless when he collapsed against Tenka.

"That wasn't so bad, now was it Su-su?"

Shirasu weakly slapped his head, trying to catch his breath.

"Are you too tired or are you ready for-"

"Mister Tenny-sir!" The kitchen door was thrown open.

Shirasu pushed Tenka away, falling backwards against the counter while be desperately tried to cover himself.

"Oh, Shirasu-sir! Hey, what-"

"Don't you knock, Chuutarou!" Tenka snapped, twisting around to get in front of Shirasu and hide his hand.

"I'm sorry sir but they wanted- wait, why are you on the floor? Why is Shirasu so red? Is he sick? Did something happen!"

"Out! NOW!" Tenka commanded.

"But the-"

"I'll be there in 5 minutes! Out!"

Chuutarou hurried to turn around and flee the scene, knowing better than to argue with an angry Tenka.

"Just my fucking luck!"

Well, at least one of them got some release this time.

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"Hey, you done yet?"

"I need only put away the dishes, master."

"And then you're going to bed?"

"Yes," Shirasu paused, "Is there something you wanted me to do?"

Tenka gave a relieved sigh, pushing himself away from the doorway, "Yes. Desperately."

"Oh?"

Tenka took hold of Shirasu's hand, "Leave them, you have to come with me right now."

"Did something happen?" Shirasu questioned, letting himself be lead away.

"No but it's going to happen."

"Tenka."

Tenka abruptly stopped, ushering Shirasu through a door and then shutting it quickly. Shirasu noted it was his bedroom, what has the childish man done now? He scowled, not in the mood for games and crossed his arms.

"I'm sorry, master but if you want to play jokes-"

"I want to play with you."

Shirasu closed his mouth, observing for a split second before snickering.

"I'm not in a good mood, sir."

Tenka closed his eyes, inhaling deeply before letting a smile slip onto his lips.

"Frankly, I'm not in a good mood either. Do you know how many times we were interrupted?"

"Countless times, but surely you don't blame me for that?"
Tenka laughed, "No. Not at all."

Shirasu uncrossed his arms, letting a strained breath free as he made his way to the futon. He settled down on it, pushing a pillow underneath his head and comfortably folding his arms between it and his head. His purple orbs narrowed, daring gaze traveling upwards to meet Tenka's burning one.

"Then why ever have you brought me here?" He questioned sarcastically.

Tenka lowered himself to his knees, slowly crawling his way to the futon. He sat back on his heels when he reached it, one hand stretching out to touch the exposed skin of Shirasu's calf which peaked out from his robe.

"That, dear Su-su," his fingers followed the smooth skin to an ankle, "Is a very," his fingers wrapped around it, "good question."

Tenka yanked his leg, pulling Shirasu to lay flat on his back. Shirasu glared at him, trying to push himself up on his elbows but the ravenhead speedily pushed him down again. He climbed onto the fuuma, straddling his hips and reaching to pull the band from Shirasu's hair, letting the white locks spill over his pale face.

"Do you want to play now?"

"When have I ever refused, master?" Shirasu sat up quickly, surprising Tenka as he fell backwards.

Shirasu grabbed his hand, preventing him from going too far and cosily settling him between his legs, with Tenka's own legs draped over Shirasu's thighs. It really was a struggle when they were equally dominant.

"I was supposed to be seducing you." Tenka pouted.

"I'm here, aren't I?" Shirasu tilted his head to the side.

Tenka reached out to touch Shirasu's face, his hand cupping a pale cheek. His eyes narrowed, watching his own fingers trace the smooth skin. His thumb brushed Shirasu's bottom lip and the mouth willingly opened, allowing Tenka to slip the tip of his index finger inside. Tenka wanted to groan, the sight of Shirasu's beautiful face framed with long and messy hair was just too arousing.

"I really want to wreck you."

"That's new."

Tenka nodded, letting his fingers move down Shirasu's chin and to the nape of his neck. They tangled into the silky hair at the back of his head, gripping tightly as he quided Shirasu's head back. Shirasu obeyed, allowing his head to fall back. Tenka shift his hips, bowing down to trace the colom of Shirasu's throat. The adam's apple bobbed up and down as he swallowed and a vein popped out from under the skin as his neck strained to keep its position.

Tenka licked his lips before kissing it softly, moving along the straight line to his chest. He pulled the kimono open, pushing it down Shirasu's pale shoulders. It slid off effortlessly, pooling around the latter's middle. Delicious. His fingers curled around Shirasu's neck, pushing him back down so he could pin his hips down. Tenka sat haunched over him, littering the pale shin with sloppy kisses and nibbles. It was soft and soothing yet very much distracting and alluring.
He hummed, his fingers working to pull the fabric further down and his mouth eagerly following. Shirasu's abdomen tensed and relaxed beneath his tongue when it licked down his torso and dipped into his belly button. Shirasu had to suppress the threatening chuckle in his throat— it was ticklish but he didn't want to spoil the mood.

"I know you want to laugh." Tenka stated.

"No, no. Please continue, master."

"I'm going to."

Tenka loosens the knot around his waist, flicking the belt off with a harsh snap.

"Give me your hands."

Shirasu does so without question, a smile slipping onto his face as he watched Tenka binding his wrists. He hisses when the cloth is tightened and it bites into his skin, but Tenka isn't going to allow it to get too loose and folds it over once more. He grins when he is done, yanking it to test his handy work. Shirasu curses softly.

"Shh, Su-Su. You can curse all you want later."

It's like a flash, one moment Tenka is on his hips and the next he is sitting on Shirasu's chest, thighs trapping Shirasu's head as he leans over to tie the fuuma's wrist to a sturdy dresser leg. Shirasu's breath is heavy when he tilts his chin, brushing his nose along the dip between Tenka's abs and then back the same path. He kisses Tenka's hip and the other shudders, sitting back when he was sure the knot would hold. He looked down the length of his body, enjoying the view of Shirasu's helpless state. But there was a spark in those purple eyes; he was playing along.

"Would you please me?" Tenka mused.

"I might."

Tenka grabbed his head, "Wrong answer."

Shirasu was so close to Tenka's groin, he could smell the arousal even if the bulge beneath the fabric wasn't already a tell.

"Apologies, master." Shirasu let his tongue slip from his lips.

It traced the bulging fabric teasingly, moving up and down, up and down. Tenka inhaled, sliding close enough so Shirasu's mouth pressed against him. The whitehead kissed it, opening his mouth just enough to give it a wet kiss with every attempt. Tenka used one hand to tug his kimono open—no underwear. He was prepared for easy access, Shirasu smirked.

"Go on." Tenka commanded.

Shirasu continued, pressing the flat of his tongue against the heated skin. Tenka held his neck for support, guiding him when he felt Shirasu was going to slow. His lips nipped at the skin, pulling it gently and sucking on the shaft to edge a moan out of Tenka. He kissed the head, his own arousal twitching when he tasted the wet precum running down it. Tenka's hand folded around the base to hold it.
"Open your mouth."

Again, Shirasu obeyed.

Tenka slid the wet tip over his lips, smearing the salty liquid over his mouth before edging the head into Shirasu's mouth. He shuddered, reveling in the feel of Shirasu's warm and wet tongue swirling and twisting around and against him. The edges of Shirasu's sharp teeth barely touched him but it added to the sheer thrill of it. His head threatened to fall back as the tip slid along the ridged roof of Shirasu's mouth and his lips locked around him. Fuck. His hips started to move on their own accord, rocking himself forward into the wet heat. Saliva was starting to drip from the corners of Shirasu's mouth but it didn't bother him. The wetter it was, the better it felt. Too good, infact. From this he could easily cum in a matter of minutes-seconds even. Reluctantly he pulled away.

Shirasu's head fell back, mouth open and eyes narrowed as his breath raced. Tenka winked at him as he pulled his clothing off before moving back down the other's body. His hand wrapped around an ankle, lifting it so he could kiss the inside. His lips moved up along the shin, inside of the knee and then the thigh. Hmm.

"Ah!"

Tenka's teeth sinked into the flesh, mouth sucking hungrily to leave a deserved mark. He continued, three more along the way and then the process was repeated with the other thigh. Shirasu bucked up into the air, his naked erection not receiving the friction it sought.

"Please."

"No."

His tongue slid along the inside of his upper thigh, just an inch away from what he actually wanted. Tenka leaned over, kissing Shirasu's stomach and ignoring the length hitting his throat. Further up he kissed a pert nipple, tongue swirling around the bud and then taking it into his mouth. Shirasu's back arched as he sucked it, teeth grinding against it until Shirasu was certain it had gone numb. Yet the touch still sent shocks through his body. Hands slid over Shirasu's legs and hips, holding tightly and waiting.

"M-master?"

"I know you don't normally like this, but bare with me, Su-Su."

Before Shirasu could respond he was flipped over and onto his stomach. He cursed in protest and at the pain shooting through his wrists. Tenka whispered softly too him, hands running over him in a calming manner. He kissed a pale shoulder and then the top of Shirasu's spine. He was still muttering, something Tenka was not fond of. Naturally he stopped it. Shirasu gasped when his hips were grabbed and his behind hauled up, ass firmly pressing into Tenka's erection. He stuttered, thrashing slightly.

"Shh. I only want to hear those pretty moans." Tenka chuckled.

He kissed a path down Shirasu's back, hips slowly starting to rock against Shirasu. He moaned, pressing his head into the pillow and trying to keep his arms from moving. Tenka kept the slow pace and just when Shirasu wanted to yell at him, he felt the thick rod slide in between his cheeks. He
groaned, pushing back against it roughly as much as he could. One of Tenka's hands took hold of his hip while the other held his head down as Tenka thrust against him. He screwed his eyes shut, legs shaking as he tried to keep up and get more delicious friction.

Before he could comprehend the feel of the thick wetness Tenka was already halfway in and his teeth grind together with a groan. Tenka cursed huskily and Shirasu's teeth bit into the pillow. He stopped when he was fully sheathed, shuddering and arms shaking. The warm heat swallowed him deeper and clenched around him; he wasn’t lasting for much longer.

“Tenka!”

Tenka's body slowly moved, sliding out of Shirasu's heat and then slamming back inside. Tenka thrust harder still, hitting Shirasu's prostate with such a force it and sent his body into a fit of convulsions.

“N ngh! S-hit!”

His head thrashed from side to side, arms pulling against their restraints in pleasurable pain. Tenka kept on going, pounding into him over and over, feeling his climax so close. He panted against Shirasu's back as he took hold of his leaking member, pumping it to his thrusts. Shirasu's body shook and Tenka moved to tilt Shirasu's head to the side so he could slam their mouths together and swallow his loud cries. With the constricting muscles closing around him, he was overwhelmed and came as in an explosion of stars, filling Shirasu to the brim.

Shirasu came all over his stomach, vision blurring with the red dripping down his wrists.

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End Notes

XD

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