**My Electric Angel [Vocaloid Yaoi]**  
by [InfamousRedRose](#)

**Summary**

[Vocaloid Yaoi] Piko spent most of his life hidden away as nobody really knew he existed. Everybody wanted Miku, Len / Rin, Kaito and even YV2 Yuuma being more popular than him. He never dreamed he'd really have a home, and Rokouro never dreamed he'd find the perfect Vocaloid. But dreams come true... and this master has finally found his electric angel Piko.

**Notes**

(The idea came from 'Kaito Baby' from StellDollS, much love, but tweaked for Piko. I didn't know Piko even existed for a while until I did some research, so that's why I have the idea of him being unknown to the public eye.)
Chapter 1: Why So Alone?

A/N: This is my first Vocaloid story so forgive me if I make any mistakes. This is also yaoi and may contain lemons later on. I love how Vocaloids are ‘open source’ which means mostly all Vocaloids don’t have set personalities and can be interpreted for almost any scenario… and thus Piko Utatane (and any other of the Vocaloids in this story) will be interpreted though my eyes.

As per usual, I have to warn you that this story contains dangerous amounts of fluff, boys kissing, romance between boys, moments that may lead to chronic nosebleeds, utter mushiness and moments of utter d’aww. Also, since it’s written by me, it may suck. The story is very much influenced by SteelDollS’s story ‘Kaito Baby’ that I’ve absolutely fallen in love with for the cute romance and fluff galore. I wrote it with my new waifu Piko Utatane, because he’s so damn cute and I didn’t know he existed until I read a few other Vocaloid yaoi stories and wondered who he was. Much love to SteelDollS, keep writing your awesome stories! .3.

Anyway… enjoy the yaoi fluff… though there may be lemons later on. May. If you have any suggestions for other Vocaloid pairing chapters let me know with a comment. Comments on this story really fuel my desire to write, so if you want more, please let me know and give the story some praise / criticism to let me know what you like and want me to improve on. Thanks! The main character’s name, I guess, is Rokouro Tenshi – a non Vocaloid human male.

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“HI! Welcome!” the cyan haired Vocaloid said, waving her hands and bouncing on the spot as another customer walked into the store in which Vocaloids and their accessories and assorted replacement parts were sold. This young man smiled at the Vocaloid greeting him with a wide smile on her cute little face, giggling as she moved up to the male and smiled at him “Are you going to look for a Vocaloid of your very own to sing for you? I hope you pick me! I’ll sing really good for you! I promise!” Miku said, doing a spin with her eyes sparkling. The young man smiled, chuckling “Mmm… I’ll see,” he said, walking past her and looking around the large store.

There was such a selection of Vocaloids to choose from, Rokouro almost couldn’t pick one. Almost. He looked around, seeing the popular models all around, their respective spare parts and various upgrades and clothing on racks. How was anyone supposed to choose with so many cute and amazing models? He sighed, hands in pockets, trying as hard as he could to narrow down his choices. Maybe if he went in deeper in the store, he’d find the right Vocaloid for him. He took the idea and went with it, walking further into the store with the Vocaloid models looking at him with smiles in hopes they’d be selected, but the young adult kept walking further. Eventually he came to a part of the store that looked all but abandoned with the shelves looking dusty and untouched.

It looked like only a few of each accessory had been taken, and in the corner of the section on a wooden box marked ‘UTATANE PIKO’… was a Vocaloid. He had short silvery hair with bangs inches below his chin, a standing lock atop his head resembling a ‘P’. His skin was fair and creamy and flawless, and he had interesting eyes; his right being an apple green whilst the other was a gorgeous sky-teal-blue, and they were focused down on the floor. Rokouro saw he was looking sad, resting his chin on his hands, looking lonely and in need of company yet he seemed to be used to being alone… which made the young adult feel upset. He cleared his throat, and the teen Vocaloid jumped slightly, his head snapping up and looking at Rokouro who stood there, hands in pockets, half smiling at him.

Piko blinked “C-can I help you? Oh, you must be lost. The popular Vocaloids are back up that way, I don’t know what you’re doing back here sir. It’s just the forgotten section that nobody comes to…”
he said in a sad tone, Rokouro’s brows raising at the sound of his sweet musical voice and the entrancing sad tone to it that really invoked emotion within him. The young adult stepped closer and walked up to the silver haired Vocaloid sitting on the wooden box who stood up, showing that there was half a head’s height difference between then. “Why are you up here then? Why aren’t you up there with the popular models?” Rokouro asked, getting a distinct effeminate vibe from Piko who was indeed quite effeminate and very pretty in the young adult’s eyes.

“I… I’m not a popular model; almost nobody knows I exist” the silvernette said sadly, sighing, taking in Rokouro’s appearance.

Rokouro was decently pretty in the face with decent symmetrical features, wide gorgeous eyes, his hair soft looking and healthy, skin lightly tanned and a healthy colour, quite beautiful for his age. He was honestly taken aback by what the Vocaloid before him had just stated outright. “How could you not be a popular model? You’re absolutely adorable!” Rokouro said with a wide, caring smile that made Piko’s heart flutter upon seeing it. “R-really?” he asked, nervous, having someone like the man before him compliment him on his appearance of all things. Being complimented after being alone for so long made him feel warm inside, and blush slightly.

“Of course! Out of all the Vocaloids I’ve seen today, you have to be the cutest. What’s your name? I’m Rokouro,” Rokouro introduced himself, half bowing in respect to the silvertone before him who seemed quite anxious and nervous. “P-Piko… Piko Utatane. I doubt you’ve ever even heard of my model before, it’s ok. Nobody really has,” Piko introduced himself self-deprecatingly, twiddling his fingers and looking up at the human male through his lashes, almost pulling a pouty bottom lip look that had Rokouro shivering slightly at how cute he found it to be. He stepped forward, causing the Vocaloid to jump, holding his hand out “Well Piko, would you like to come home with me? I came to get a companion to keep me company since it tends to get really lonely since my sisters moved out…”

Keep him company? Piko had only ever dreamed of being picked by a human to go home with, and such an offer left him speechless, tearing up slightly. He had never imagined the joy of being picked over every other model in the store feeling /this/ amazing. It felt almost euphoric. He realised his silence had made Rokouro look at him worriedly, and he quickly spoke as not to deter the human off of buying him “Eh, s-sorry sir. I just… I can’t believe you’re really picking me. I-I’ll be a good Vocaloid for you! I’ll sing for you every day and I’ll do everything you tell me to!” he said, hoping with every fibre of his being that he would still be picked.

“Of course! Out of all the Vocaloids I’ve seen today, you have to be the cutest. What’s your name? I’m Rokouro,” Rokouro introduced himself, half bowing in respect to the silvertone before him who seemed quite anxious and nervous. “P-Piko… Piko Utatane. I doubt you’ve ever even heard of my model before, it’s ok. Nobody really has,” Piko introduced himself self-deprecatingly, twiddling his fingers and looking up at the human male through his lashes, almost pulling a pouty bottom lip look that had Rokouro shivering slightly at how cute he found it to be. He stepped forward, causing the Vocaloid to jump, holding his hand out “Well Piko, would you like to come home with me? I came to get a companion to keep me company since it tends to get really lonely since my sisters moved out…”

As if Rokouro would be deterred from buying such a ‘kawaii’ Vocaloid. “You don’t have to do all that, just come home with me and keep me company when I get home from work. Simplicity itself, Mr Utatane. Now, pick out some accessories and clothing you’d like and then I’ll make the purchase, I already set up the spare room in my house for you so the moment we get home you can go check it out. Sound good?” he asked, turning on his heel. Piko nodded excitedly, feeling absolutely elated “Yes! Yes sir, I’ll pick cheap things so I don’t bleed your wallet dry!” he said, turning to the shelves and racks to start picking items he liked.

Rokouro chuckled slightly, biting his lip as he watched Piko move about with such energy, picking the items he desired and checking the prices before putting a few back in place of other items. ‘So… cute… so utterly, utterly cute. I can’t wait to get him home,’ the human thought gleefully, leaning against the wall and looked at his phone to pass time. A moment or two later, he looked up to see the silver haired Vocaloid standing there with an armful of items and clothes, a smile on his face “Hi… I hope this isn’t too expensive for you. I put back a few things that I wanted but were really expensive, sir” he said, his persistent formality bringing a smile to Rokouro’s face.
“Like what?” he asked, Piko pointing to a pair of boots and a voice upgrade on the shelf “Those…but they’re pricy, so I thought I could save up for them. Is that alright with you, sir?” he asked, shifting his miniscule weight from side to side with a slight bounce in his movements, as if he had tons of energy to spare and standing in one place restricted him to moving slowly. Rokouro nodded, admiring Piko’s way of thinking “That’s certainly alright with me Piko, now, let’s get going after I pay for you… and the things you want!” he chuckled, petting Piko’s hair softly, causing the Vocaloid to hum relaxedly as he felt the gentle touch of the human that was going to be his new master.

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“Ahh, see that house there? The one with the blue fence? That’s my house. My sisters and I painted the fence when we first moved in, ah, memories…” Rokouro said, pulling the car of his into the driveway before getting out and popping the trunk of the BMW. He grabbed the things Piko had wanted out of the boot, carrying the plastic bags as Piko himself got out of the car and offered to carry the bags. He was handed one, and ran to the front door, bursting with excitement to see his new master’s home. It was bound to be magical. “Hold up, hold up. I’ve got to get the door unlocked first, so ease up there little man,” the human said with a warm tone of voice, his keys in hand, unlocking the front door and letting Piko to be the first one inside.

It was a modest interior; a brown couch by the wall facing an entertainment system with a large flatscreen TV sat atop a TV stand filled to bursting with DVDs and movies and CD cases of various bands. Off to the left was the kitchen with cookie-cutter black and white chessboard floor, a stainless steel fridge and a black marble countertop with a nifty looking trashcan by the end of the counter. To the right of the stairs by the wall was a flight of stairs with railing, leading up to the second story of the house where the bedrooms were along with one bathroom on the second floor and one bathroom on the bottom floor. The whole house seemed… empty, like a ghost town, yet had the vaguely recognisable scent of someone living there; Rokouro’s scent, of lilac and frangipanis and other tropical flowers.

“Wow…” the silver haired Vocaloid breathed, walking further into the large lounge to see posters of various bands and artists on the walls, seeing a poster of Miku Hatsune and another of Luki Meringue by the kitchen entrance as well as one of Kaito Shion and Gumiya Megpoid also. “You… really like Vocaloids, huh sir. Why didn’t you get one of these Vocaloids instead of me? They were all at the store and fully stocked up, you could have bought any one of these popular models in place of a nobody Vocaloid like me…” the silvernette said, holding his upper arm in sadness as he felt a sense of belonging.

“Piko,” the human said, setting the plastic bag down by the door “I picked you because, yes I like Vocaloids, but I didn’t know I’d find one as perfect and adorable as you. I went there without deciding which Vocaloid I wanted, they were all so cute. But… I found you, and I don’t understand why you were put away so far away from sight… but that’s a thing of the past. You’re home with me, you’re /my/ Vocaloid and I’m going to take good care of you because… I’m… very lonely. I decided to buy a Vocaloid today of all days because I nearly had a mental breakdown out of loneliness… and I didn’t want to burst into tears during work and embarrass myself, so… I hope you can understand. I promise to take good care of you, Piko. Will you be beside me through this crazy thing called life?” he asked, hand held out, a pleading look in his eyes.

The Vocaloid teared up, realising just what this human man was going through, something Piko himself had experienced many times before. “I understand, sir. I’ll be your Vocaloid and nobody else’s. I’ll keep you company and make you happy and be a good, behaved Vocaloid for you. I
promise, so please don’t cry sir… everything is alright…” he said, reaching up and drying the tears Rokouro hadn’t noticed until that moment, laughing ironically and drying Piko’s tears “Same goes for you, Piko. Please don’t cry.”

“I’ll try my best not to, sir” the silvernette assured with a small smile, wrapping his thin arms around his human master and hugging him softly, gently, carefully as if he was afraid of the man shattering into thousands of little pieces. Finally feeling a warmth within him, the feeling of loneliness and desolation vanishing as the seconds ticked by on the Vocaloid themed clock on the wall, Rokouro let out a soft sigh and rested his chin on Piko’s head, smelling the scent of sweetness and purity… and lavender. The smell was soothing for the human whose sisters had worn the scent as a signature, being twins. The smell reminded him of family, and he hugged Piko tighter with the warmth in him burning hotter.

He parted the soft hug, standing back and cupping Piko’s cheek, admiring the Vocaloid’s effeminate looks. “Come, let’s put your clothes in the wardrobe and we can… play video games or something. I want to enjoy my time away from work with my Piko,” he said, ruffling the shorter male’s neat silvery hair before quickly snatching the other plastic bag and swiftly walking to the spare room at the back of the house opposite his own room.

As Piko walked down the hall in his master’s footsteps, he breathed in the smell of the home, feeling so nervous and excited to finally have a master. To have someone to care for him was beyond a dream come true, and he showed it in his eyes sparkling with hope and slight fear. Anxious? He was terrified of screwing up even a little bit, and had to make sure that if he was going to be Rokouro’s Vocaloid he had to sing extra hard and be extra obedient and extra helpful. He couldn’t risk screwing up even the littlest thing.

“Piko, come here.”

He froze, hearing his name said. ‘What did I do?! I already screwed up! H-he’s going to deactivate me!’ Piko panicked, fearful, frozen in place. His feet were suddenly too heavy, stuck in place, and he couldn’t breathe properly. What had he done? “Piko, I said come here” the human repeated. Before he could stop himself, tears flooded his eyes and he started sobbing “I’m s-sorry! I didn’t mean it! P-please don’t deactivate me! I didn’t mean to do anything wrong! I’m sorry sir!” Piko cried out, drying his eyes as all sorts of fears sprouted up in his mind like mould on rotten food.

Rokouro stepped into the hall out of the spare room, a worried look on his face “Piko… why are you crying? You didn’t do anything wrong, I just wanted you to help me put things away… I’m not mad at you. How could I be? You haven’t been here long enough to do anything, let alone anything wrong! Oh, oh little angel… come here,” he said, slightly teary-eyed himself from seeing the innocent looking male Vocaloid who was so worried to upset him, wrapping his arms around him tightly and drawing their bodies close. He buried his face in Piko’s soft, sweet smelling hair with his fragile feeling body ensnared in a warm embrace. The Vocaloid ceased crying, sniffling and drying his eyes, curling his fingers into Rokouro’s shirt and pressing his forehead to the man’s neck, breathing in his scent.

‘Your little angel?’
“You’ve never played video games before?” Rokouro said in amazement, setting up the console beside the TV, handing Piko a controller and putting in a game disk. The Vocaloid nodded sadly “Well… Vocaloids aren’t programmed to play video games, sir. We’re meant to sing and sometimes dance, we’re not designed for domestic life despite being bought for just that purpose… but you’ll show me how to play, right sir?” Piko asked with a hopeful twinkle in his two toned eyes, a smile on his lips that warmed Rokouro’s heart. “Of course, now… once the game loads, you wait for the menu to come up and select [Play]. Then you play the game. It’s not too hard, it’s a really fun game my sisters loved, with cute little animals in it. You pet them and feed them and take care of them,” the human explained, plopping down beside his Vocaloid before the game loaded with the cute animation of a little chibi tiger running at the corner of the screen.

The screen of the TV lit up with colours and a flashy cute intro with lots of cute, realistic looking animals roaming around on the title screen, a little tune playing in the background. “Wow, this looks so cute! What animals can I pick?” Piko asked, eyes sparkling with a giddy look about him, bouncing in his seat as he looked to his master eagerly. Rokouro laughed softly, remembering his sisters having the same attitude towards the game as Piko. “If memory serves correctly, you can pick from a kitten, a puppy, a bunny, a baby monkey, a tiger and a baby seal. You can unlock more species by playing the game and earning tokens to buy them, so which one would you want?” he asked his Vocaloid.

Piko turned to the TV, pressing play and going through the intro sequence before coming to the [Animal Select] screen where there were six different options just as Rokouro had said, each in a little box that was greyscale unless being currently selected. “Mmm… they’re all so cute! I can’t pick, sir. Which one would /you/ want?” he asked his master, biting his lip, imagining this to be the decision of the century. “Hmm… I see your problem, Piko. They’re just so adorable… but… I couldn’t have a tiger. It’d grow too big and tear up the couch, and certainly no seal. I’d have to buy so much fresh fish for it. How about… a bunny? They’re easy to take care of,” the young adult reasoned, petting his Vocaloid’s hair.

“Bunny, got it!” Piko said, selecting the cute little bunny, coming to a [Customisation Screen]. ‘So many options… do bunnies really come in pink? Hmm… I’ll go with the brown and white bunny. I love its little pink twitchy nose!’ Piko thought, giggling as he selected the brown and white option and then was taken to the [Naming Screen]. Now came an even harder part of the game, according to Piko. He furrowed his neat silver brows, wracking his brain for a good name for his virtual bunny that he’d be taking care of. “Hmm, sir… I can’t decide on a name. I have to give the little bunny a name!” he said, trying his hardest to think of a name.

Rokouro put his mind to the test as well, wetting his lips and realising he was thirsty. “Maybe we’ll both think better with some tea. Do you like tea, Piko? I’ve got breakfast tea, which is my favourite.”
Rokouro said, standing up and walking to the kitchen to fill up the kettle. “Um… I’ve never had tea before, but… I bet if this breakfast tea is your favourite, it’ll be mine too!” Piko said cheerfully, still putting as much effort as he could into thinking of a name for his bunny however virtual. Once the kettle had been filled sufficiently, it was placed back on its little base with the little switch at the bottom being click in with the gettle making a grumbling sound as the water boiled. ‘Gotta love electric kettles,’ Rokouro thought as he got out three tea bags; two for himself and one for Piko, plopping them into respective mugs.

He couldn’t scare Piko off of tea by making it too strong. Or sweet.

“So, think of a name yet?” Rokouro asked from the kitchen, planning to add the sugar in after the water had been poured. “What about Sugar?” he suggested, feeling as if he’d just had an epiphany of epic proportions. Piko thought about the name, mulling it over. Would he want to call his bunny Sugar forever? Names were forever, especially in this game, so he had to make sure if he really wanted his brown and white bunny to be called sugar. “Mmm… sir, he’s a boy. I won’t call a boy, ‘Sugar’. That’s silly!” Piko said, going back to looking around the room as if to scout for inspiration.

“Oh well, we’d better put our heads together to think of something” the human agreed, feeling slightly shot down for his idea being rejected, staring at the kettle as he waited for it to boil, watching the water bubble through the little plastic window on the appliance, jumping about as if in a tiny rave of heat and water. Piko giggled at the idea, imagining Rokouro pressing his forehead against the Vocaloid’s own and trying to think. The proximity alone would have made Piko unable to think of anything besides his master’s face with soft looking tan skin, beautiful sparkling blue eyes and raven coloured black hair shining and glossy as if he had come straight out of a Vogue magazine. Spare for the well-worn looking clothing adorning his body, that is.

The idea of being so physically close to Rokouro sent chills up Piko’s spine for a reason he was unfamiliar with, and he felt a warm burning on his cheeks; blush. He didn’t know why he was reacting this way to the thought of his master and him being in such close proximity together, but he swallowed hard and went back to thinking of a name. He wouldn’t address the matter to Rokouro, afraid to pry too much and bother him.

‘Maybe… I just like being close to him. He’s a nice person after all – yes. That’s it, he’s just a nice person who cares for me. Who wouldn’t want to be close to him?’ the silvernette reasoned with himself, shaking his head. ‘It’s just me wanting to be close to him, because he’s a nice person. Sir… is… nice. That’s why… isn’t it?’ he wondered, shaking his head to clear it, focusing as hard as he could on naming his virtual pet bunny that he would take good care of.

After the kettle had clicked to signify it had finished boiling the water, the human poured the hot water into the cups and added the sugar, bringing the cups into the room after stirring them and placing them down on the coffee table in front of the couch, holding a cup in his hands as he blew air onto the tea to cool it. Piko looked up, seeing the steaming cup of tea on the little coffee table in front of him. “That one’s yours. Try some, it’s going to be a little bit hot though… so you might have to blow it a little to cool it down,” Rokouro advised, taking a sip of his own tea and smiling at the familiar comforting taste of breakfast tea.

Even though it wasn’t breakfast.

“Oh,” Piko said, putting the controller on the coffee table and picking up the warm mug of tea by the handle, smelling the new and soothing smell of it as the steam drifted from the top and warmed his face. He blew on the scolding liquid to cool it, nervously taking a first sip. The warm fluid greeted his tongue, tasting the relaxing flavour that he found he liked. It was just the right strength, and not too sweet either, and the Vocaloid found himself wanting more – forgetting that it was searing and
burning his lips on the searing tea. “KYAA!” the silvernette yelped, the mug dropping from his hands with the contents splashing all over the controller, tears coming to his eyes.

He'd never been burned before, and he certainly didn’t like it.

“Ow… owwie…” Piko whimpered, tearing up and feeling his lips tingle with the pain of the burn. “Oh no, I warned you it was hot… oh Piko, little Piko… it’s ok…” the human’s soothing voice said, his strong hand tilting Piko’s chin up to inspect the damage. He saw the nasty red inflammation on the shorter male’s cute pink lips, feeling bad that he hadn’t put more milk into his tea in particular. ‘I need to pick up more milk… and maybe some salve for things like this…’ Rokouro said, making a mental note of it before trying to think of something that would help his Vocaloid feel better and forget about the pain.

‘H-how come sir isn’t punishing me for ruining his controller? What about his controller?’

An idea flashed through his mind, and his dark oceanic blue eyes sparkled, a small blush surfacing against his tanned cheeks. But he dismissed it, finding the idea to be a terrible one that would probably upset the very Vocaloid he was trying to help. ‘Little Piko? I’m his little Piko? W-why does that make me blush so much?’ Piko wondered, almost forgetting about the mild pain in his lips as he gazed into the oceanic depths of his master’s eyes, swearing he could see the dolphins swimming around in them.

Simply looking into them brought relief from the pain, and it brought blush to his creamy cheeks, making his heart flutter in his chest. It was such an alien feeling to him, feeling a wave of shyness wash over him, his chest tightening out of nervousness. ‘His Piko…’ he repeated in his head like a mantra to calm himself down ‘… his Piko… Master’s Piko… I’m his Piko… I’m Master’s Piko…’ he repeated over and over, each time the words soothing him more and more until the pain in his lip was but a distant memory… Rokouro’s oceanic eyes being his peace and tranquillity.

Piko swallowed hard, blushing, feeling such a familiar shyness overcome his mind. He backed away out of instinct, finding that ignoring a problem was easier for him. “Piko… are you alright? Does it still hurt? Do you want me to get salve for your lip?” Rokouro asked caringly, head tilted slightly as he reached forward and held the Vocaloid’s two petit feminine hands with silver lacquered nails within his bigger hands, squeezing them gently to show he cared. He was in such a trance that Piko didn’t realise he’d been asked a question until his master repeated himself, making the Vocaloid embarrassed.

“Oh… i-is salve medicine, sir?” the silvernette asked quietly, voice barely above a nervous whisper.

“Yes, it is. Do you think you need some?” the human whispered back, bringing a small mousey smile to Piko’s lips, nodding.

“Alright then. I’ll have to go to the chemist down the road to get some because I’m ninety percent sure I’m all out of the stuff… do you think you can be a big boy and look after the house while I’m gone? All you have to do is sit on the couch and don’t answer the door, alright? Not unless it’s the mailman, alright my little Piko?” Rokouro asked, tenderly brushing the backs of his knuckles against his Vocaloid’s cheek with a caring smile on his lips. ‘Watch the house? That sounds like a very important job… and sir is trusting it to me? W-wow… I really must be his little Piko after all. I’d better not let him down,’ Piko thought, nodding “Of course, I’ll be a good Vocaloid for you and I’ll look after the house. Don’t worry, everything will be A-OK sir!” he said with a smile, sitting up more, earning a pat on the head “Good Piko, I’ll just be five minutes. Don’t worry, I’ll be right back.”

With that, the human got up and grabbed his jacket and wallet and was out the door. The click of the
door shutting was an almost deafening sound for Piko. Not so much as it was loud, in actuality it was a very soft little ‘click’ sound… but more along the lines of realising that his master… his sir… was going to be gone, even if it was for five minutes. Piko sighed, sitting facing the TV, going to pick up the controller but realising it was soaked thoroughly with tea. His tea. “I hope sir isn’t mad with me…” Piko said, standing up and going into the kitchen to find a tea towel to dry the controller as best he could before putting it down, knowing it was broken and hoping his ‘sir’ wasn’t going to punish him for it.

He sat down on the couch, hugging his knees. He looked to the TV, seeing the [Naming Screen] still up. “Oh! I’ve still got to name you! Hold on, I’ll get the next controller!” Piko said, not realising he was speaking to a virtual animal on a TV screen, grabbing the second controller, removing the cord from the first one and plugging it into the back of the second one, sitting down on the couch cross-legged as he came back to the dilemma of naming his little bunny.

“Oh! I’ve still got to name you! Hold on, I’ll get the next controller!” Piko said, not realising he was speaking to a virtual animal on a TV screen, grabbing the second controller, removing the cord from the first one and plugging it into the back of the second one, sitting down on the couch cross-legged as he came back to the dilemma of naming his little bunny.

“Hmm… how about… bunny? No, too simple. What about Coco? No… what about… hmm… eh?” Piko said, hearing his stomach rumble. “Oh, eh… I haven’t had anything to eat all day. Hmm, I wonder if sir would be mad if I made a sandwich before he got home?”

Piko stood, putting the controller down as he strode into the kitchen and saw the large stainless steel fridge that looked very shiny and expensive. He could even see his own reflection in the shiny surface of the fridge metal. This made him wonder if ‘sir’ had so much time to himself that he polished the fridge to perfection out of boredom… or loneliness. ‘Well not anymore!’ Piko declared, vowing that he would always keep his loving human master company and make him happy at any cost. With that said, er, thought… Piko opened the fridge and saw it stocked with few items of food for him to concoct into a sandwich.

He realised his master mustn’t have stocked the fridge recently, but why? No money? Obviously not, he’d paid for Piko and all his things. No time? Obviously not, he’d most likely polished the varnish off of all the doors as well as shining the fridge so perfectly. “Maybe Sir just hasn’t gotten to it yet,” the Vocaloid reasoned, reaching in and grabbing out a Tupperware container full of spaghetti. On the top of it was a date marked ‘EAT BY: xx/xx/xx’. “Oh, it was made last night then… it’s still fresh looking, I’ll… uh, w-what do I do? How do I make it hot?” he wondered, trying to remember what it was that Miku had told him about heating up food.

“Simple! You just put it in the – OH! Hiiiii! Welcome to the Vocaloid store! Oh? You want to pick me? Wow! I’ll be the best Vocaloid for you miss!”

Piko sighed, remembering how mid-conversation Miku had been bought and left without so much as a “Goodbye”. He opened the lid of the container, peering inside to see the spaghetti covered in sauce and three meatballs in there. He walked over to the counter, looking through the pull-out drawers until he found the cutlery draw, pulling out a fork and stabbing a meatball, holding it to his lips. His small nose scrunched up at the cold meatball, but he bit into it regardless. Even cold it still tasted good.

“Mmm-mm… it’s good, it’ll have to do…” Piko said, walking back to the lounge, but he stopped upon feeling a cold chill down his spine. He looked into the hall, seeing the many doors down it. His curiosity was piqued, and before he knew it he was walking down the carpeted hall seeing not Vocaloid posters… but flower paintings and paintings of fruit and real art. He stopped in front of the door at the end of the hall, seeing it open a peek. ‘I… I wonder if Sir would be mad if I took a little peek inside the room?’
After a moment’s consideration, the silver haired Vocaloid opened the door and heard it creak open to show a normal looking room with a single bed by the wardrobe build into the wall, the wardrobe itself opened and filled with fluffy toy animals and little action figures, posters of Vocaloids and even a dresser with little Vocaloid vinyl figures. To top it off, everything was covered in a fine layer of dust. “W-wow… ah-ah… ah…” Piko sneezed as the dust got into his nose, his little body shaking with the little sneeze. He covered the spaghetti so dust wouldn’t get onto the food, walking into the room and feeling the cold chill from before.

“I wonder why this room is like this…” he asked himself, eyes settling onto one of the fluffy animals; a plush bunny rabbit. As if it were calling out to him, Piko started walking towards the shelf and put the spaghetti on the dresser to put his hand to the rabbit’s plush face, feeling how soft it was. He wondered if this room had been completely undisturbed for a long time, and this was the first time in a long time that the door had been opened. He reached up, pulling the fluffy bunny out of the shelf and holding it, seeing that underneath the dust it was a soft white and brown colour just like his virtual rabbit.

A tag on a ribbon was tied around the plush toy’s neck. Piko read it “Fluffy Bunnykins?”

He giggled, hugging the bunny to his chest and smelling it, getting the dust up his nose again and sneezing “ACHOO!”

“Hmm, I bet you haven’t been cuddled in a long time, Mr Fluffy Bunnykins. That’s going to change right now! Sir won’t mind if I cuddle you, he’s really really nice! Come on, you can help me name my pet bunny! On the TV!” he said, hugging the rabbit plush toy and running out of the room with the spaghetti and the rabbit toy, throwing himself onto the couch and sitting the bunny toy beside him as he picked up the controller and went back to thinking about a name.

Then it hit him; he turned to the plush toy and read the little name written on it “Fluffy… Bunnykins… Ah! That’s it! I’ll name my virtual bunny after you!” Piko said excitedly, hugging the bunny toy before inputting the name into the [Naming Screen] and pressing [OK] to play the game. Not ten seconds after the [OK] button had been selected, the door to the house opened and Rokouro stepped back in with two plastic bags in his arms as well as juggling to put his keys in the little bowl on the counter. “Hey Piko, I’m home!” he said, and no sooner than he had said that, Piko had launched himself at his master and knocked him back against the door.

“Ah! I’m so happy you’re home! I got hungry but I found spaghetti but it was cold but I don’t know how to heat it up and – I’m glad that you’re home! I missed you so much!” the silver haired Vocaloid spied, hugging the human as tight as he could, burying his face in Rokouro’s solid chest and inhaling his sweet smell like flowers. “Oh, ahah. Piko, little Piko, I’ll show you how to microwave things. I’m glad you like my spaghetti though. C’mon” he said, putting the bags down and walking over to the couch to get the spaghetti… when he saw the plush bunny.

He turned to his Vocaloid “W-what is this doing out of my sisters’ room? This was their favourite bunny toy, what in the name of heck is it doing out here Piko?” he asked, his Vocaloid cowering slightly, twiddling his fingers as he realised he may have done something wrong. “I… I was just looking around and I saw the dusty room and I thought the bunny must be lonely… I just wanted to cuddle the bunny so he wasn’t lonely after being in the room all the time. A-are you mad at me?” he asked, his blue-green gaze moist and sparkling with tears.

Instead of being mad, Rokouro walked up to his Vocaloid and wrapped his arms around the shorter male’s body and hugged him, kneeling down to do so. “Mmm… I’m not mad, it’s cute. My sisters used to be just like that, bringing that toy bunny with them wherever they went. You can keep it, Piko. Just take very good care of him, alright?” the human asked, nuzzling his face into Piko’s chest.
which made the silvernette blush and giggle slightly at the warm feeling through his sort of ‘dress’.

“I’ll take /extra/ good care of him! I promise Sir!”

With a gentle smile, Rokouro stood up and sat down on the couch beside the bunny “Come, show me your little bunny.”

“Yes sir.”
Chapter 3: Of Potatoes and Butterfly Kisses

Piko watched intently as the steak was placed in the pan with a light amount of oil, sizzling away, listening to Rokouro as he spoke. “Now, I’ll do the steak and you can wash the veggies for me, alright? Just get the potatoes and run them under the tap water until the dirt comes off, ok?” the human asked, turning the steak over with a /sizzle/ noise, the scent of steak drifting through the kitchen. “Yes Sir, I’ll wash them really good! I promise!” Piko said, grabbing the heavy plastic sack of potatoes and undoing the little clip at the top to get a few of the large spuds out, putting them in the sink and turning on the tap to cold, scrubbing the potatoes with a little wash cloth by the sink.

‘So cute,’ Rokouro thought as he snuck a peek over to his Vocaloid washing the potatoes, seeing his little pink tongue poking out as he concentrated on washing the potatoes for dinner. Seeing him so happy and ready to help his master made Rokouro feel happy and loved, trying to keep his focus on the steaks cooking in the pan in front of him so he didn’t burn them – though his thoughts danced to his silver haired companion occasionally. In the midst of washing the now mostly clean potatoes, Piko snuck glances up at his master, seeing him also sneak glances to him. This made him giggle.

‘Sir’s thinking about me, I can tell!’ Piko thought, smiling to himself and picking up another dirty potato to wash. “How many do I need to wash, Sir?” he asked, rinsing off a potato before scrubbing it clean. “About… ten, since they’re medium sized potatoes. I bet you’ll love my mash potato, it’s absolutely amazing… or that’s what my friends say at least,” the dark haired human smiled, laughing it off as he cracked sea salt over the steaks cooking along with a pinch or two of steak seasoning to really make the flavour pop.

“Ok!” Piko agreed, realising he’d already washed about eight potatoes and only had so few to go. He bent down to pick up another potato and held the weighty vegetable in his small hand, seeing the little eyes budding on it, dirt from the ground it had been grown in still clinging to the potato. Or was the potato clinging to the dirt? He felt the slight numbness of the cold water on his hands, and slightly turned on the hot tap and let out a soft hum of approval as the warm water made contact with his fingers instead of the icy cold water from before. ‘Much better.’ Piko thought, scrubbing the potato and putting it with the others.

So far, everything had been going alright. Piko had shown Rokouro his virtual bunny who he enjoyed taking care of, they had put the spaghetti back and had decided to cook dinner… and Piko really felt at home here. Then… “OUCH! Ffffttt.” Rokouro shouted as the oil from the pan spat at him and a little bit had landed on his hand, feeling as if a small insect had bitten him, clutching his arm in pain. Piko let out a squeak of surprise, his mind telling him that his beloved master had been hurt by the oil. “Sir!” he said, slightly teary eyed, turning on his heels to face Rokouro who also had teary eyes, clutching the back of his right hand.

“It’s ok Piko… ow… just an oil burn. It happens when the oil gets too hot and… ah… spits at you, I just need to run it under cold water alright? I’m ok, I’m not hurt too badly. Oh, oh don’t cry little Piko… I’m alright, see? I’m still talking, I’m fine!” the human reasoned with the silver haired Vocaloid, smiling down at him as he felt the pain in his hand, moving over to the sink to turn the cold tap on and let out a soft wince as the cold water washed over the small oil burn on his hand, waiting a few moments for the pain to die down before turning to face Piko. “There, all better.”

“R-really? Hold on, I remember someone telling me that kissing it better makes it feel better!” Piko said, taking hold of his master’s hand and raising it to his lips. “No, Piko wait I – ahh…” Rokouro went to halt his Vocaloid, but Piko’s soft pink lips had already been pressed to the small red mark on the human’s hand, gently placing soft fluttery kisses that barely registered against Rokouro’s skin.
They were light and gentle, and the odd one left a small bit of saliva on his skin, a cool feeling there. ‘O-oh… his lips are… so soft… and warm… w-wow…’ the human thought, blushing slightly as he watched his Vocaloid’s small mouth press repeatedly against the burn.

It felt… pleasant to him, soft and gentle and light and fluttery, like real kisses from butterflies. As he stood there with his hand being kissed softly with no end in sight, Rokouro felt his breathing pick up and his heart beat faster, eyes locked on Piko’s soft head of silvery hair and his pink lips touching the burn gentler and gentler each time, letting out a soft warm breath onto the human’s hand by accident. ‘P-Piko… my little Piko… is kissing my hand… it feels so… soft… and gentle. He really cares about me… doesn’t he?’ Rokouro thought, feeling his own slightly ragged breathing, feeling warmth rise to his cheeks and colour them a light shade of red.

Why did this affect him so much? It was just butterfly kisses to make it feel better… but… it was certainly working. After what seemed like an eternity, Rokouro let out a sigh as Piko pulled away yet still held his master’s hand tenderly, his small thumbs stroking the back of his hand without touching the burn that had lost the painful sensation. “Does it feel better?” Piko asked caringly, looking up at Rokouro with a loving caring look in his blue-green eyes, a soft unwavering smile on his little pink lips.

“Y-yes…” the human said, looking to the small burn then back to the steaks, quickly turning them over to see that they were only slightly burnt on one side “Ah, I guess I’ll have to scrape the burnt bits off, sorry Piko” he said with a small laugh, going back to cooking the steaks. Piko tilted his head. Why was his master apologising? He hadn’t done anything wrong. Not in the slightest. “But… you didn’t do anything wrong, you got burnt and I made it better… why are you sorry?” he asked, remembering that he had potatoes to wash and finished washing the last two potatoes. The human shrugged “I got burnt, I distracted myself and I burnt the stakes… that’s why I’m sorry, that one side of your steak is going to be slightly burnt…” he explained, and the Vocaloid furrowed his brow “I’m more concerned with your health rather than steak. I’m just glad you didn’t get spat on anywhere else Sir,” he said, wrapping his arms around his master from behind, snuggling into his back and pressing his cheek against the middle of his shoulder-blades, enjoying both the smell of his master’s shirt and the sensation of warmth through the shirt.

‘Little Piko… I’m his little Piko… and he’s my Sir…’

Piko felt elated that his master was alright, and wished the steaks would be cooked already. Not for the fact he was hungry, because he was, but more along the lines of wanting his master away from the hot stove so he couldn’t be burnt again. To him, there was nothing worse than seeing his master in pain. It was a horrible sight, the grimace on his beautiful face, the wince that rung through Piko’s heart, the movement in anguish. It was something he never wanted to see again.

He looked over to the potatoes, wondering if they were going to be cut up next or boiled. “Sir…”

“Call me Rokouro, please.”

“O-oh, alright… R-Rokouro…”

“Yes Piko?”

The Vocaloid picked up a potato “What do I need to do with the potatoes now Si- I mean, Rokouro?” he asked, almost slipping up. The human chuckled “I’ll cut them up and boil them, you just go sit down and watch TV until I bring in dinner. Would you be so kind, my little Piko?” he asked, his Vocaloid nodding “Of course Si-Rokouro!” he said, hugging the taller male tightly before running off into the lounge and plopping down on the couch to watch the TV, turning it on and flipping through the channels until he found a cartoon channel and hugged his knees and hugged
Fluffy Bunnykins as he did.

‘So cute,’ Rokouro thought, peering out of the kitchen to gaze at his companion before cutting up the potatoes and putting them into the pot of boiling water on the stove, putting the little metal lid on it and flipping the steak over before poking it to see if it was cooked. Only a few more minutes, it was still majorly pink on the inside of one side. As he cooked the food, his thoughts travelled to Piko kissing his hand better. His blue eyes sought the burn, and he looked at it, seeing a small bit of saliva on his hand. It was half dry, and small. And from Piko’s lips. Rokouro’s own lips quivered upon thinking this, and he gulped, slowly raising his hand to his lips and placing a soft kiss on his own burn, knowing Piko’s lips had been there recently.

Such a thought sent tingles up his spine, and he let out a soft sigh, remembering Piko’s warm breath on his skin, the sensation making his eyes cloud over for a moment. He shook his head, the reality of what he was doing hitting him like a ton of bricks, going back to cooking. ‘I can’t think of Piko like that, he’s… my friend, my companion… my Vocaloid. He’s here to keep me company, not to be with me… ugh, Roku you filthy bastard… just cook for Christ’s sake,’ he thought, scolding himself as he watched the steak sizzle away, positioning it with a pair of metal tongs every so often until they were done, plating them on a plate each.

After being hit in the face by the massive cloud of steam upon lifting the lid, he stirred the potatoes and closed the lid, waiting for them to boil. He could hear Piko’s soft, child-like laughter from the living room, a smile coming to his lips. The sound of him laughing brought a sense of joy and happiness to the human, brushing his black bangs from his face and imagining the soft smile on the silver haired male’s lips. The soft smile, softer lips, softest kisses. ‘My little Piko…’

“Ha! Ha! Ha-ha!”

‘Such a cute little laugh, from my little Piko. MY little Piko.’

He checked on the potatoes several more times until he was content with the level of softness, draining them with the huge cloud of steam drifting from the kitchen to dissipate a little bit later. He put them into a large bowl, got the potato masher from the utensil drawer right under the cutlery drawer and mashed the potatoes, adding a little bit of butter as he went until the potatoes were light and fluffy and looked and smelled delicious. That was when he plated them, a mountain of fluffy white potatoes on each plate. He had much left over, so he wrapped it up and put it in the fridge, watching as the steam condensed on the clingfilm covering the bowl, shutting the fridge.

“Piko! Dinner!” Rokouro called out, grabbing a fork and knife for the both of them and bringing in the food, setting the plate of steaming dinner down in front of his silvernette. It looked delicious, the mountain of mashed potato with golden butter dribbling from the top, a thick delicious steak that had one side of it semi-scraped off due to being burnt, the smell of the whole dish amazing regardless.

“Wow… y-you made this? Wow, it looks amazing! I can’t wait to eat it!” Piko said excitedly, grabbing the fork and knife and digging into the food and shovelling it into his mouth.

“Careful, if you eat too quickly you’ll get a stomach ache. There’s more mash potato left, so don’t worry. Pace yourself,” Rokouro chuckled as if talking to a child, and he thought. Piko mustn’t be over fifteen years old, so in consideration, he was by all accounts a kid. He shrugged it off, digging into his dinner.

He glanced over to Piko, shifting closer to him on the couch until their shoulders touched, watching the cartoons with him. Piko looked up at his master, seeing the little specks of the potato on and around his lips as he ate, watching his mouth movements, how entrancing they were. He shivered when Rokouro’s tongue slid out to wet his lips, unsure of why he felt that way… why he was shivering and wetting his own lips as he watched his master do so. He sucked in a deep breath,
continuing to eat his dinner.

“R-Rokouro…” Piko began, remembering not to use ‘Sir’ “I… want to know where I’ll be sleeping tonight… please…”

Rokouro smiled at his Vocaloid’s manners “Well, the spare room down the hall next to my sisters’ old room, the dusty one, is free with a mattress on the floor. I’m going to set up the bed tomorrow night, I’m sorry, I’m tired Piko… I’ll make it up to you later,” he apologised, cutting up his steak and eating a piece. Piko smiled softly, doing the same “Thankyou Si-Rokouro…” he said, half slipping up. Dinner went well, and once they were both finished, the human master did the dishes and took a shower before walking out with a towel wrapped around his waist, hair undried and dripping with warm water scented of flowers “Your turn in the shower Piko,” he said, gesturing into the bathroom where the shower was still running – Rokouro had left it running for Piko.

“Eh?” Piko asked, stunned by the sight of Rokouro half-naked and /dripping/ with moisture. The sight made him salivate and gulp, his palms sweaty and his heart flutter in his little chest. He bit his lip “M-my turn?” he asked, twiddling his silver-lacquered fingers and coyly looking up at his master who had a chuckle and a soft smile playing on his lips. “Yes, my little Piko. Shower time. Just undress in there and take a quick shower and hop into bed, easy!” he said, gesturing once again for Piko to walk into the bathroom.

The Vocaloid was nervous. He’d have to get naked… and Rokouro would only be in the next room. Such a thought made him blush furiously, and squeak shyly “S-Sir…” he said, half hiding his face with his hands. He felt his hands being softly pried from his face, and his blue-green eyes met the oceanic marvels of his master’s eyes. “Piko… come on, you wouldn’t want to waste all the hot water, would you? You’ll be stuck with cold water if you don’t hurry up,” he said softly, giving Piko’s hands a gentle squeeze and walking him into the bathroom, looking at the Vocaloid’s clothing.

A little white ‘dress’ of sorts with boots and sleeves and two headphone clips. “Do you know how to undress, Piko?” Rokouro asked softly, surprising the Vocaloid who blushed “I… I do, but… I’m nervous…” he admitted, twiddling his fingers, looking away “About what?” his master asked, stepping closer. Piko looked up at Rokouro, a blush upon his cheeks, gulping “… about being n-naked with you near me…”

“What about that are you afraid of? I’m not going to… do anything… just, did you need /help/ taking off everything?” he asked, wanting to help.

“I… I’ll do it myself, i-if it’s ok…” Piko said ‘Of course it’s ok! Why isn’t it? Why am I saying that?’

Rokouro nodded, stepping closer and gently hugging Piko, placing a soft tender kiss upon his forehead “Alright, I’ll be in my room if you need help. Just turn the water off when you’re done, get dried and you can put on a pair of my pajamas for just tonight. Tomorrow we can go shopping so I can stock up the fridge and I can buy you your own PJ’s. Sound good? Good. Now, have a good shower my little Piko…” he said, stepping past the Vocaloid and out the door to shut it with a soft click.

Piko was paralysed… blushing hotly… breathing ragged… mind scrambled…

‘Sir… k-kissed my… forehead…’
Chapter 4: Even Angels Cry

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter is shorter, but I tried to make it more emotional and cute. If you want more, please review. I’ve written four chapters so far without support or encouragement, and I’m not sure how much longer my ‘writer’s high’ will last. – That’s when a writer gets a burst of motivation to write something without outside encouragement, and so far it’s lasted long enough to help me format a few stories for Fictionpress.com and finish a few stories as well. Please leave kudos or a review to support the story if you want to.

He stood there, face reddened, the sensation of lips still present against his forehead. Why was it affecting him so much? He looked to the running shower, remembering that he had to take a shower, and quickly undressed himself. Opening the shower door, he dove in and his body was greeted by warm water that was just a little too warm, adjusting the taps until it was just right. He saw the pale purple soap on the rack hung on the wall of the shower, picking it up and smelling the fresh flowery scent emanating off of the bar, seeing it had been freshly used… by Rokouro.

Knowing that the purple bar of lavender soap had made contact with the human’s skin, been given the honour of washing every inch of his tanned skin, knowing it had been in every little nook and crany on his person… brought an inhuman blush to Piko’s face. “T-this soap… has touched his stomach… his chest… his thighs… his b-behind… his… his… o-oh!” The Vocaloid squeaked, almost dropping the soap. He held in his hand a bar of soap that had been recently used to wash rather /intimate/ places on his master.

And he felt as if he were holding the holy grail.

‘But enough blushing,’ he thought, ‘time to wash!’

And wash he did, imagining what Rokouro must have looked like washing himself with the lavender soap, rubbing it up and down and side to side on his beautiful body, imagining the frothy lather of the soap washing down each and every curve and bulk of muscle. Dirty thoughts like these never had sprouted up in Piko’s mind… but there and then, after having witnessed his master wearing little more than a thin cotton towel and finding the soap he had used to clean his fiddly bits, dirty thoughts were running wild in his mind. He felt the insatiable need, a craving if you will, to feel what his master’s skin felt like.

The urge to rest his head against his chest to hear his heartbeat, the urge to hold him close, the urge… to be in the shower together. “N-no… w-we’ve got the same body parts… w-why do I want to see his so badly then?” he wondered out loud, cursing the echo in the shower as the bathroom was rather decently sized for such an ornate house that looked passed down through generations. Everything had been so simple when he was first bought by Rokouro; just master and Vocaloid, friends and companions… but now things were way too complicated for Piko’s liking.

He got over where the soap had been and started to scrub himself with it, blushing all the while. Once he was done, he grabbed the shampoo out and soon after used the conditioner, coming out of the shower smelling the same sweet floral scent that his master wore so well. He saw a fluffy white towel on the rack on the wall, and grabbed it, drying himself off and grabbing the hairbrush on the countertop and brushing his hair, realising he couldn’t wear his day clothes to sleep in; Rokouro had
offered pyjamas. One problem; they were in /his/ room… where he most likely was.

Piko gulped, opening the bathroom door and peering out, hearing the TV on. ‘He’s watching TV then… so… if I make a run for it, I could get my hands on a pair of pyjamas! I just have to be quick about it!’ the Vocaloid reasoned, forgetting all about the towel he used to dry himself and /could/ have draped around his waist to hide his shame. “One… two… three!” Piko said, rushing from the bathroom and thundering down the carpeted hallway to his master’s room, shoving open the door and locating the dresser. He pulled at drawers at random until he found just the drawer he was looking for, pulling out a pair of pale grey PJ pants that only looked a size or two too big, discarding the towel.

“Hey Piko, what was with the runni- oh my god…”

The silvernette looked to the door, seeing his master there. Both of their faces went as red as beet, and Piko scrambled to cover his groin with the nearest item of clothing, squeezing his eyes shut and turning away “D-don’t look at m-me!” he squeaked out in a high pitched embarrassed tone, cowering. Rokouro turned, tearing his eyes away from his Vocaloid’s perfectly creamy skinned body, holding his arm over his eyes “I-I’m sorry Piko! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to walk in!” he scrambled to apologise, backing out of the room so fast he hit the back of his head against the wall, running down into the lounge and diving onto the couch.

‘R-Rokouro… s-s-saw me n-naked… he saw e-every inch of my body… every single inch… o-ooh… oh n-no… he saw /everything/… even… even my… o-ooh god… I’m so embarrassed! I wanna crawl into a hole and never come out!’ Piko thought, blushing red, remembering the awed look on Rokouro’s face the moment their eyes had met… then the embarrassment and regret as he ran out of the room. ‘D-did I yell at him? I didn’t mean to… and I’m not supposed to yell. He’s the master… he’s the one who’s allowed to yell, not me…”

The more he thought about things, the more he calmed down. ‘Well… if he’s seen me naked… then… it just means I have nothing to hide… right? I can’t be mad at him, it wasn’t his fault he walked in at a bad time… I’ll go apologise… after I dress!’ the silvernette smiled, getting an idea and firstly finding the underwear drawer and taking a pair out, putting them on first before the PJ pants, putting on the matching grey pyjama flannel shirt. He edged out of the room nervously, carefully treading, feeling the old carpet against the soles of his little feet, the chill of the air against his freshly cleaned skin.

He peered around the corner of the hall into the lounge, seeing the tan skinned human resting on the couch with another plate of mashed potato in hand, eating it and looking rather sad. “Ugh… I-I didn’t mean to stare… he just… looked so beautiful all bare like that. Ugh, Roku you pervert… you can’t be staring at him and fantasising things about him, he’s your Vocaloid! He’s your companion and you’re supposed to care about him, not want to see him nude… ugh… just eat your food you disgusting person” the tan skinned human said sadly, shovelling more of the mashed potato into his mouth.

‘Disgusting? You’re not disgusting… you’re my master, you didn’t mean to walk in on me…”

“You’re not disgusting… it was an accident, so you don’t have to be sorry” Piko assured, walking into the lounge and standing in front of Rokouro. “Eh?” the tan skinned human said in surprise, putting down his plate and looking at his Vocaloid who stood there with a soft, cute smile on his soft cute pink lips. Without hesitation, Piko sat down on Rokouro’s lap and wrapped his thin arms around his master’s torso, burying his face in the crook of the tan skinned man’s neck, breathing softly.

“Ehh… P-Piko… what are you doing? Aren’t you mad about what happened?” Rokouro asked, stunned at his Vocaloid’s forgiving nature. Piko smiled cutely, pulling away and looking his master
in his gorgeous oceanic blue eyes “I’m not mad, how could I be? It was an accident and it wasn’t your fault. I have no right to be mad at you, my master… my Rokouro…” the silver haired male said softly, burying his face back in the crook of the other male’s neck, breathing in scent mixed with the scent of flowers and cleanliness. It was relaxing to say the least.

“Piko…”

The silvernette pulled away enough to look at Rokouro, and gazed into his eyes, a longing look in them. He tilted his head, his own blue-green eyes sparkling “Yes?” he asked, voice soft, the look in his eyes even softer. His warm body pressed against Piko’s, Rokouro took a deep breath, his gaze unwavering and glittering with emotion. He looked into Piko’s eyes, seeing the reflection of innocence within them, seeing his soft smile waiting for his master’s words, his hair soft and brushed and silvery and shining in the light.

He was utterly beautiful.

“I… I…”

Piko softly cupped his master’s cheek, gazing lovingly into his eyes, patiently waiting “Yes? You can tell me anything, Roku… I’d never hate you or judge you… so please, tell me…”

“I… I…”

Anyone could see the turmoil in his eyes, the fight to get the three little words out that he so desperately wanted to say…but something was stopping him, his chest tight with anxiety, voice box refusing to work, feeling like such an idiot as he sat there with his Vocaloid on his lap, spluttering like a dying car. “I… I… wanted to know if you wanted to sleep in bed with me tonight. S-so you don’t have to sleep on a mattress on the floor. Y-you deserve better,” he spoke, wanting to slap himself in the face for the choice of words that his brain had forced out so he wouldn’t look like a total idiot.

“Oh…” Piko said, looking away as if he were thinking before turning back to Rokouro with a small smile on his cute pink lips. “Of course, I’d love to. Thankyou Roku…” he sighed happily, snuggling into the tan skinned male’s neck and breathing softly and rhythmically, each rise and fall of his chest with each breath making Rokouro forget about his slip-up more and focus on the presence of his Vocaloid, his very own Vocaloid, snuggled up to him. A smile found its way to his lips, and he gently petted Piko’s soft sweet scented hair until he heard a soft noise.

Soft, cute snoring. Piko’s soft, cute snoring. “Poor little thing, must be tired out of his mind…” Rokouro spoke softly to himself, standing up and carrying Piko with him as he walked back down the hall and placed Piko down on the bed and pulled the blankets up to cover him, turning the bedroom light off and laying down beside him, yawning and cuddling up to the shorter male beside him, stroking his hair softly as he heard the Vocaloid snore softly and make cute little noises as, Rokouro assumed, he was dreaming.

“My little angel, my little electric angel… I’ll always treasure you, I’ll always care for you… I’ll always love you, my little Piko…”

‘He… loves me?’
Chapter 5: A New Friend - Part 1 of Part 1

Chapter Notes

This will be a two part chapter. For some reason the second half of this chapter cuts off without warning.

(This chapter will be a two-parter.)

It was midday, breakfast had already passed and both Piko and his human master had left the house after deciding to go out shopping at the mall for the essentials and a few treats. “Ooh, what about this one?” Piko asked, holding up a pair of pajamas with computer coding patterned on it, giggling. Rokouro looked to the pyjamas, smirking as he stopped the trolley to look at them “Well, if you want those ones then get them. I reckon those'll look cute on you, Piko” the dark haired male said honestly, looking into the next aisle to see two children arguing over a stuffed animal whilst their busy mother fumbled for change out of her purse, many books and school supplies piled in her trolley.

‘Huh, must be back to school time’ Rokouro thought as he watched the mother. With a curious spark in him, the Vocaloid looked around the corner in the aisle to see what his master was looking at, seeing the mother and two kids, unsure of what to say only watching until the mother suddenly came up short with her money and looked to the half full trolley of supplies for school, going to put a few things back. Without thinking, Rokouro stepped forward “Excuse me, um… you're only ten dollars short of affording everything, right?” he asked.

The mother nodded “Y-yes, but if I just put back the schoolbags I can pay for them next week.”

“But your kids’ll miss out on having bags. Don’t worry miss, look, I’m getting paid soon; I can give you ten dollars to pay for the bags… will that be ok?” he asked, taking a ten dollar note out of his bag and handing it over with a smile on his face. The middle aged mother smiled, accepting the note, brushing a strand of her slightly greying brown hair behind her ear “T-thankyou so much young man. I… I don’t know what to say, oh… is he yours?” she asked, looking to Piko who nervously stood behind Rokouro clutching his arm tightly for comfort. Rokouro looked to his Vocaloid “Oh… OH! Oh, um… yes, he’s mine. I decided to get one of my own because I was really lonely.”

The mother smiled, chuckling “Aww, adopting a child. So sweet, do you have a husband then?” she asked, and the two young kids looked at him funnily. Blushing beet red, Rokouro shook his head “N-no, I’m not married… I just, Piko here is a Vocaloid… you know, those androids that sing? I uh… I’m not married…” he repeated blushing, looking away. The mother blinked, looking to Piko, seeing the little headphone clips either side of his head and the long USB cable coming of the back of his ‘dress’. “Oh,” she said bluntly “W-well… that's… good. I guess instead of feeding it you get to plug it’s USB thing into a port, right?” she laughed.

Piko’s eyes widened and brimmed with tears, hiding behind his human master, the two kids laughing as well. Though he knew the woman meant well, Rokouro frowned and turned away, taking his money back from the woman as he did “Come on Piko, let’s go buy you a toy or something. Let’s just go…” he said to Piko, frowning as he steered his silver haired companion away from the mother who was both gobsmacked and confused as to why the young man and his ‘android’ had suddenly just walked off – and taken the money back.
After walking with the trolley and Piko for two minutes to get as far as he could, Rokouro crouched slightly to be level height with Piko, drying his tears. “Don’t listen to her, Piko, that woman back there knows nothing about Vocaloids. She probably doesn’t even know how to turn on a TV, ok? Please stop crying, it makes /me/ feel sad…” the dark haired male said, looking into Piko’s blue-green eyes as he brushed his thumbs across the corners of his eyes to dry the moisture there.

“B-b-but… s-she c-called me an ‘i-it’… r-right after calling m-me a ‘he’… s-sh-she did it on p-purpose!” Piko whimpered, starting to sob again, bawling his eyes out “I’m not a-an it! I’m a boy!”

People in the other aisles peered into the one the two males were in, wondering what was happening. “Piko, please… don’t cry about this. It happened and it’s over, you don’t have to cry anymore… she was just as uneducated in Vocaloids as a stick is, no, even less educated about you beautiful beings! Look, how about if I take you out for ice cream after this? I’ve bought you new pyjamas, some movies to watch later on tonight and even some candy to eat when you watch the movie… but I’ll still buy you as much ice cream as you want if you promise to stop crying and smile for me. Piko, I love your smile… will you smile for me?” Rokouro asked, softly brushing his Vocaloid’s cheek softly.

“I-ice cream?” Piko softly asked, drying his eyes, Rokouro smiling and standing up, hugging the smaller male to his chest “Yes, as much as you want… just please smile for me my little Piko,” he breathed happily. He looked down at Piko, seeing the silver haired Vocaloid smile a small smile, eyes sparkling with unshed tears that he dried away and snuggled into his master’s chest, breathing in the sweet floral scent he wore so well. The people watching stopped doing just that, going back to their shopping. “I like ice cream,” the Vocaloid softly sighed, breaking the hug and continuing to help his master shop, all the while thinking about what flavour of ice cream he’d have.

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‘I wonder if Roku knows I’ve slipped a toy into the trolley,’ Piko wondered, feeling like a naughty kid, looking occasionally to the small action figure he’d slipped into the trolley hidden between the packaged bedsheets and a few folded pieces of new clothes for both of the males. ‘I wonder if Piko knows that I know about the little toy in the trolley’ Rokouro wondered, glancing down to his companion whose eyes gave away the location of the toy in the trolley. He reached into the cart, taking out the toy, Piko squeaking in surprise… until the toy was handed to him, an amused look on the human’s face “You could have asked, Piko. Naughty boy, I’ll have to punish you when we get home for trying to trick me!” he laughed softly, patting Piko’s head, picking up the pace with the hard-to-steer trolley through the narrow aisles.

‘P-punish me? Like… spanking? K-kids get spanked when they’re naughty, right? O-oh… he’s going to spank /me/ because I tricked him… oohh…’ Piko blushed, imagining himself bent over his master’s lap with his ‘dress’ lifted up and black tights and underwear pulled down, the sound of SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Echoing throughout the room, the smaller male’s buttocks rosy red with hand prints, a sting resonating in his soft warm flesh from each impact, Rokouro panting from the effort, such a look on his master making him whimper as he trailed behind the dark haired male and tried not to let his arousal be seen in his white ‘dress’.

After paying for everything and loading it into the boot of the car, Rokouro got in as well as Piko, buckling up his seatbelt, deciding to keep his promise as he drove down the road and parked the car in the car park of an ice cream parlour called ‘Ala Mode’. “Wow… i-is this the ice cream place?!” Piko asked excitedly, eyes sparkling and wide as dinner plates as he looked out the car window to the large looking building with a novelty ice cream themed design about it. “Yup, come on. We’ll go in and you can pick whatever flavour you like and then we can sit outside and enjoy the day,” Rokouro said, gently hugging Piko as best he could while the both of them were in the car seats,
placing a small kiss on the Vocaloid’s forehead, once again stunning him temporarily.

For someone trying to hide their arousal, Piko sure was being directed with a LOT of sexy stuff. If simple forehead kisses could be considered sexy. To Piko, they were. “O-oh… yay! Ice cream!” the silver haired Vocaloid cheered, getting out of the car and running up to the doors, pushing them open before running inside with Rokouro close behind racing to keep up with his energetic companion. Scanning the large overhead board for ice cream flavour options, Piko’s eyes had never darted from word to word so quickly before, mouth watering at some of the selections. Chocolate cake ice cream, pistachio and pine nut ice cream, vanilla and raspberry swirl… they all sounded so good he couldn’t pick.

Luckily another Vocaloid beside him had the same problem, too many options and an undecided mind. Piko looked over, seeing the blonde boy about his age wearing a microphone head band and black and gold and white clothes, looking up at the board with blue eyes much like Rokouro’s yet lighter. “Oh hey… you can’t decide either?” Piko asked, trying to start conversation despite being very shy. The other Vocaloid nodded “Yeah, too many really yummy choices! Hi, I’m Len!” the blonde male said, shaking Piko’s hand.

“I’m Piko,” Piko said simply, returning to looking for a suitable choice amongst the smorgasbord of choices.

Behind the two young males stood Rokouro and Len’s master, a shorter-than-Rokouro girl with amber coloured hair and pale red eyes like cinnabar. She leaned over to the dark haired male “Aww, look. Our Vocaloids like eachother,” she said, smiling at the tall male beside her, hands in her lap as she looked at the two Vocaloid males before them. “Yeah, it’s cute. I uh, I’m Himikaya, what’s your name?” the woman asked, rocking back and forth on her heels as she stood there smiling patiently at Rokouro.

“Roku! Should I get the peanut butter and jelly ice cream or the cookies and cream one? They both sound so yummy!” Piko asked, turning to his master and seeing the girl there, blushing as he hid behind Rokouro shyly. “Oho, so cute! I overheard you talking to my little Len, your name is Piko… right? How adorable, you’re so cute! So tiny and squishable!” the girl in her late teens squee’d, pinching Piko’s cheeks and making him blush red hot “Eeeeeee! G-get off! I’m not cute! G-g-get ooooff! Eee!” he squeaked out, trying to swat Himiyaka’s hands away to no avail until she pulled away herself, turning to the silvernette’s master.

“So… if our Vocaloids like eachother, maybe we could organise a play date for the two of them and we could get to know eachother as well! Sound good?” she asked, once again rocking on her heels, eyes on Piko as he stood beside Len and chatted with him about what flavour of ice cream he wanted to get. A play date? Rokouro never imagined he’d be organising one, then again, he never really thought about buying a Vocaloid before actually buying Piko, just popping into see if he could find a companion. “I uh…” Rokouro stammered, looking to Piko happily chatting and laughing with the other Vocaloid shota, considering it “Well… where do you live?”

Himiyaka withheld her squeal of excitement “Here, give me your phone and I’ll give you my number and address! Don’t be afraid to call me if you need to talk, or if your little Piko over there wants to play with Len!” she said, waving at her Vocaloid who waved back, looking up at the board. Nodding, the dark haired male reached into his pocket and took out his phone, handing it to the cinnabar eyed girl who quickly inputted her number under: HIMIYAKA >3
Chapter 5: A New Friend - Part 2 of Part 1

Chapter Notes

For some reason, this chapter had to be split into two because the word limit was too much. Sorry.

Rokouro rolled his eyes at it, looking at the address before pocketing his phone, seeing that Piko had turned around and was facing him with a smile on his lips “I want the vanilla fudge ice cream! Pleaaaaaasssee?” he asked, eyes sparkling as he did the puppydog eyes up at his human master, hands folded into a pleading gesture, fingers interlocked. “How could I say no to /that/ face? Alright, I’ll pay for it. Um, as my treat, would you like me to buy Len’s ice cream for him?” he asked Himiyaka who nodded, blushing slightly “How sweet, sure, Len won’t mind… will you Len-kun?” she asked, fluttering her lashes at her Vocaloid who smiled a half smile “I w-won’t mind.”

Though finding the half smile odd, and his general behaviour for those split seconds as well, Rokouro shook it off and bought the ice creams for the two Vocaloids, walking with them and the girl in her late teens outside the parlour. “How about we go back to my place now, and we can enjoy the ice creams in my yard? It’s really pretty!” she suggested to the Vocaloids, smiling, holding an ice cream that Rokouro had bought her as well. As if asking for permission, Piko looked to Rokouro, the white of the vanilla fudge on his lips giving him a rather… enticing look, at least to Rokouro. “Ehh, alright… but lick your lips, you’ve got fudge on them!” he laughed, Piko licking his soft pink tongue across his soft pink lips to rid them of the fudge “Mmm, ok!”

‘God… that’s so… hhng, no! Mind on the task at hand!’ Rokouro had to remind himself. “So… how far is your place from here?” he asked the girl licking her ice cream and seeming to be observing both Len and Piko “Hmm? Oh, not far. Me and Len-kun walked all the way here, so it isn’t far. We could take your car though, my legs are tireed” she said in a mock whining voice, laughing as she was let into the back set with Len with Piko sitting opposite Rokouro in the passenger seat. Once the keys were in the ignition, the car started purring and reversed out of the car park, and was driven down the way Himiyaka instructed to a small house opposite a place with a pool and authentic palm trees. “Wow, nice neighbourhood” Rokouro said, side-hugging Piko before getting out of the car.

“Thankies!” the red haired woman said, her Vocaloid quickly scrambling out of the car to stand beside her. This was odd to Rokouro, but then again, Len might just want to please his master. Piko acted that way sometimes, he guessed. “Go on inside! Roku, you and me can sit outside and talk while the two boys can go play in Len’s room. I bought him some fabulous new /toys/ they can use!” she said, sending a look to Len as if telling him to do something, as he nodded stiffly and ushered Piko to follow him inside, giving a nervous look to Himiyaka before disappearing with the silvernette inside the house.

Rokouro had to speak up. “How come Len always looks so… afraid of you? Is it just me or… is he scared of you?”

The girl looked as if she had been put on the spot “Uh… well, he’s just very obedient and has anxiety issues… that’s why he always looks so scared. He wasn’t scared at the ice cream parlour because he was in a place surrounded by his comfort food; ice cream. He’s scared now because he’s realised he’s outside of the house and he just wants to be inside his room to be comforted by the
familiarity and the familiar smells. Doesn’t Piko get anxiety issues, what with his model almost being a failure like Kaito Shion’s model?” she asked, stepping up to the porch and going inside.

“Piko is NOT a failure. He’s my Vocaloid and he’s far from a failure, he’s perfect as far as I’m concerned. Nobody took the time to research other Vocaloids. Yes there’s Miku and Gakupo and Meiko but there ARE others, so no… Piko doesn’t get anxiety issues because I believe in him and I constantly remind him of the fact he’s loved, don’t you do that for Len?” the dark haired male retaliated sternly, walking into the lounge of the house and out the door he was told was the back door. Himiyaka sighed “Len… is difficult to talk to. I tell him he’s loved, but he ignores it and goes into his room all the time… I just… want my little Len to love me back,” she said, tearing up and sitting outside on the bench under the large sakura tree in her yard where Rokouro sat.

She licked her ice cream “You don’t have to worry about Piko not feeling loved, don’t you? He loves you so much, I could see it in his gorgeous eyes. As far as I know, he’s the only Vocaloid with two eye colours, but still, that’s not important. What is important is how I can get Len to love me as much as your little Piko loves you. Please, tell me how I can get Len to love me” Himiyaka begged, looking up at the male beside her with sparkling eyes.

“Well… I do sometimes, but that’s not important…”

DING-DA-DA-DING-DING! Himiyaka reached into her jean pocket and took out her phone, answering it “Hang on, Len needs me. I’ll be back!” she said cheerfully, tossing her ice cream onto the ground and skipping back inside the house. Rokouro sat confused as to why she would just ditch her ice cream, and one that HE had paid for, but shrugged it off and enjoyed the beautiful scent of cherry blossoms. That was until he became suspicious of Piko’s disappearance, and called out “PIKO! I need hugs!” and got no answer.

“P-Piko? Piko?!” Rokouro called out, worried. Why wasn’t Piko answering him?

Where was Piko?

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