

(Im)patiently waiting for you

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Summary

A smile tugs at Kaoru's lips again. "Don't look so shocked," he murmurs as his thumb edges even closer to the inside of Kojiro's bottom lip. "It's not like discretion has ever been one of your most prominent traits." Jesus. Kojiro swallows hard but his mouth is still held open by the firm press of Kaoru's thumb. "But you've always been rather patient, haven't you?" He quirks a brow and his smug smile softens into something leaning towards tenderness rather than complacency. "I guess I'm the impatient one."

Or: It's just a regular evening of making dinner and drinks for the man that Kojiro has been in love with since his teens.

Or so he thought.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"Why do I bother with setting a table if you're going to steal the food before it's even done?" Kojiro mutters as Kaoru's hand disappears from his view with its prize. He's not surprised - he's well aware of Kaoru's thievish streak where food is concerned - but he makes a show of being exasperated anyway. He glances in Kaoru's direction just as he bites into the half-finished bruschetta and decides to sigh loudly to add to his little act. "It would taste better if you'd just let me finish them."

"Oh, please they're fine," Kaoru replies with a roll of his eyes. "One more sliver of basil won't do much difference." He raises the last half of the bruschetta as in a toast - his pale fingers holding it so delicately that it looks like it's hovering between them - before it disappears into his mouth.

Kojiro snorts in response, his amusement simmering beneath the veneer of disapproval. The familiarity of it all makes the edges of his lips twitch, though. He knows Kaoru notices - and sees it as an opportunity to nick another bruschetta, apparently.

"Hey!" Kojiro says - rather loudly - and looks Kaoru's way. He meets golden eyes alight with mischief behind those nerdy ass glasses; a look he hasn't seen in quite a while and that makes his breath leave him in a rush as a spike of adrenaline runs up his back.

"What?" Kaoru says, his voice low and somehow laced with both challenge and innocence.

Kojiro looks away, swallows, and wills himself back into the safe act of irritation. "Just stop it," he says. "What if I whipped your washi away from under your brush before you were finished?"

Kaoru hums. "Fair point." Kojiro is momentarily stunned by the admission. "Or it would be if cooking had required even half of the effort and precision that calligraphy does." Ah - that's more like it.

"Ungrateful prick," Kojiro mutters.

"Untalented oaf."

Kojiro glares, trying his best to look affronted. "Says the man who keeps stealing the food that the *untalented oaf* is making."

"Oh, *please*," Kaoru drawls with yet another eye-roll. "I never said anything bad about the food - just the fool who makes it."

Kojiro scoffs in response and turns back to the plate to make the finishing touches. He can do this - this childish dance that they've danced since they were kids - as long as Kaoru follows; it's when he starts to lead that things get dangerous. Kojiro recognized it, that glint of something seditious in his eyes after he stole the second bruschetta, and he's not sure if he can handle yet another power struggle between that look in Kaoru's eyes and his own quivering restraint.

It's not like he's not already immensely attracted to Kaoru even when he's being his usual, cold, dismissive self - but when his eyes turn warm like liquid gold and his voice leaves its usual, snappy tone behind in favor of a soft murmur, then - oh, good God, *then*.

Falling in love with his best friend is by far the most idiotic thing that Kojiro has ever done - and he's done a lot of dumb shit - so he keeps his feelings close to his chest even as it aches.

Kaoru, of course, has no idea what his stupid eyes and his absurd voice do to Kojiro. He'd probably be absolutely flabbergasted if he found out, which, Kojiro thinks, almost makes him want to reveal his feelings if only to get to see the look on Kaoru's unfairly pretty face.

"I have to say you did a good job on the sangria, though," Kaoru says beside him.

Kojiro glances his way - he can't help it - and his gaze follows the smooth curve of Kaoru's back underneath the tight, black shirt. It takes quite a lot of effort not to look lower - to the form-fitted pants and that ridiculously small waist - but Kojiro's had years of training. It's just not often that Kaoru wears these types of clothes. It's as if God decided that today is the day when Kojiro is going to be truly tested.

God can fuck right off if that's the case.

Steeling himself, Kojiro lifts his attention to Kaoru's face, instead. He's staring down at the glass of wine in his hand, twirling it between slender fingers. He almost looks thoughtful - a rather rare and precious thing that makes Kojiro's heart squeeze in a highly undesirable way.

"It's not sangria," he huffs. "It has to be produced in Spain or Portugal to be sangria."

Kaoru looks up - the wistfulness gone - and frowns. "This is the same thing, though, is it not?"

"It's a wine blend, yes" Kojiro bites out. "With fruit. A cocktail, if you will." They watch each other in a short moment of silence and when Kaoru doesn't shoot some snide comment back Kojiro decides it's up to him. "It's my grandmother's recipe. She'd be rolling in her grave if she heard you calling it sangria."

"Well," Kaoru starts, his familiar drawl back in full effect. "I wouldn't want to *offend the dead*."

"Wow," Kojiro replies and fires off a wry grin just because he knows it will rile Kaoru up. "If only you'd show the living the same respect."

Kaoru looks back down at the glass in his hand. "I do," he says and raises it to his lips. "If they deserve it." He glances Kojiro's way briefly before he tips his head back and lets the crimson liquid run past his lips.

Fucking hell.

Kojiro quickly drags a hand over his face and exhales harshly through his nose. One would think he'd get used to Kaoru at some point, that he'd get less affected by him over time but

instead, it only seems to be getting worse. Thankfully Kojiro can hide behind the expected show of exasperation.

When he opens his eyes yet another bruschetta has disappeared from the plate.

The irritation is only partially faked - fueled by frustration and unwanted emotions - when Kojiro snatches the plate off the counter and turns towards Kaoru again. "Is it really so *damn hard* to keep your sticky fingers to yourself?" he snaps.

Kaoru doesn't react at first - he's taking his sweet time with chewing and swallowing his stolen goods - but then he glances in Kojiro's direction. Something in his eyes makes Kojiro freeze to the spot, plate still in hand and mouth ajar. It's as if something *wicked* has come over Kaoru, in how he leans back against the counter, in the tilt of his shoulders, the careful twirling of the glass between his delicate fingers, and then-

Then he lifts his hand - the motion slow, deliberate, and graceful in a way that would render a professional ballet dancer green with envy - to his lips. He doesn't look away from Kojiro - doesn't even blink - as he opens his mouth. Kojiro's gaze immediately snaps to it, and he finds his own mouth go dry when Kaoru sticks his tongue out. It's pink and soft, covered in a wet sheen that makes Kojiro's mouth and throat feel like it's filled with sawdust in comparison. Kaoru moves just as slow and intentional as before when he touches his thumb lightly to that wetness. It's barely a lick, more like a quick caress, yet it sends heat spiraling through Kojiro's entire body. It makes him a little lightheaded and he grabs the counter to steady himself. He tries to be discreet - he does - but when Kaoru starts to smile he's pretty sure he failed spectacularly.

"Well," Kaoru says, his voice barely more than a whisper. "Not sticky anymore. See?" He reaches out towards Kojiro, who doesn't move - who *can't* move - as the pad of Kaoru's thumb touches his bottom lip.

It's deathly silent in the kitchen. The only thing Kojiro can hear is his own deep breaths and the rapid beating of his heart. He lost all capability of coherent thought the moment Kaoru's thumb made contact with his lip. Perhaps even before that, when the sight of Kaoru licking said thumb almost had knocked him off his feet.

Kaoru merely watches him, his thumb still lightly pressed to Kojiro's skin, which makes the entire thing immensely *worse*. Something very close to panic starts to build in Kojiro's chest. What is Kaoru playing at? Is he trying to piss Kojiro off? Well, that plan failed, if that's the case. Kojiro suddenly feels extremely transparent, vulnerable, even. If Kaoru had expected irritation, that Kojiro would slap his hand away, then this reaction - this frozen, suffocating, *raw* show of Kojiro's true emotions - surely must have given him away already.

But Kaoru doesn't look shocked, not at all. His smile has faded slightly but his gaze is steady, and he still doesn't pull back. Instead, he carefully drags his thumb across the sensitive skin on Kojiro's bottom lip.

"This is what you want, isn't it?" Kaoru's voice is still low, yet the words make Kojiro wince. It doesn't deter Kaoru from touching him, though - his thumb is still caressing him, moving dangerously close to the inner edge of his lip.

Kojiro's heart is beating so hard that every pulse sends tremors throughout his entire body. He can't answer Kaoru's question, because, for one; he's in shock, and second; it feels like a trap. What is Kaoru after? To expose him, to mock him for his idiotic emotions? No, that doesn't make sense - no matter how harsh Kaoru can be, he wouldn't be that malicious.

"Kojiro," Kaoru murmurs. "Put the plate down."

Without thinking, Kojiro obeys. The plate clatter against the metal countertop, the sudden sound ringing loudly in the otherwise quiet room, yet neither of them looks away from the other.

A smile tugs at Kaoru's lips again. "Don't look so shocked," he murmurs as his thumb edges even closer to the inside of Kojiro's bottom lip. "It's not like discretion has ever been one of your most prominent traits." *Jesus*. Kojiro swallows hard but his mouth is still held open by the firm press of Kaoru's thumb. "But you've always been rather patient, haven't you?" He quirks a brow and his smug smile softens into something leaning towards tenderness rather than complacency. "I guess I'm the impatient one."

Then he moves; pushes off the counter and turns towards Kojiro, his thumb still firmly in place. The wineglass meets the countertop with a decisive thud and then he's moving closer, his free hand coming up to curl around the fabric of Kojiro's shirt.

"Kojiro," he murmurs, his voice husky in a way that sends a pleasant shiver down the back of Kojiro's neck. "Tell me the truth."

He can't. Still silent, Kojiro stares down at Kaoru, who meets his flickering, uncertain gaze with a steady one of his own. He looks serious - deadly serious - his eyes dark and determined. His fingers flex in Kojiro's shirt, followed by an impatient little tug, and Kojiro releases a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Tell me what you want," Kaoru whispers, drawing even closer, aligning his fingers against Kojiro's jaw and easing the pressure against his lip, and suddenly - with a rush of clarity and adrenaline - Kojiro snaps out of his stupor.

"*You*," he says. It comes out hoarse but the word is clear and the tone is certain. He's grateful that his voice doesn't shake, not that it matters - any chance at coming across as smooth is long gone.

At least he gets to relish Kaoru's reaction to the word; he tilts his chin up slightly, his eyes turning softer than before, pupils visibly dilating as he presses his thumb more firmly to Kojiro's bottom lip again.

"Is that so?" he asks as his gaze flicks down to that point of contact.

Kojiro manages a slow nod.

Whatever softness that's come over Kaoru seems to slip away again. "How badly do you want me?" It almost sounds like a demand - one that he emphasizes by sliding his thumb past

Kojiro's lips. It's just a brief motion - a swift caress - but it makes heat cascade low into Kojiro's gut.

"More than anything," he admits. *In any way you'll let me*, he thinks. Even if it's just this, even if it's just once - Kojiro will take anything that Kaoru is willing to give him.

Kaoru's thumb stills for a moment and his eyelids flutter slightly. Then, he blinks, and the earlier determination is back in his expression. "What will I get in return?"

Kojiro almost says "me" but figures it won't be good enough. "Whatever you want," he offers instead.

The edges of Kaoru's mouth twitch and then his burning gaze drops back to Kojiro's mouth. He drags his thumb across the thin skin once more before he slides it past Kojiro's lips again - this time deep enough to touch his tongue. Kojiro is eternally grateful that he manages to suppress the sound that almost makes its way up his throat.

"You'll do... whatever I ask?"

Kojiro nods, the movement slow and clear. He doesn't look away from Kaoru's face, enthralled by the focus with which he watches his own finger stroke Kojiro's tongue.

Then, Kaoru lifts his golden gaze to meet Kojiro's eyes again. "And if I want you to stop being patient?"

Done.

Kojiro closes his mouth around Kaoru's thumb at the same time as he reaches for him. Pressing his tongue against the finger in his mouth - tasting olive oil and salt - he grabs Kaoru around the waist and hoists him up on the counter. The wine glass almost tips over but Kojiro swiftly catches it, only spilling a little, and pushes it as far away as he can, to some moderate safety. Then both of his hands are on Kaoru, sliding up his thighs, to his waist, each stretch of skin against fabric burning hot against palms. He pulls Kaoru close, until they're hip to hip, and has to squeeze his eyes shut when Kaoru inhales sharply through his nose and makes a low sound at the back of his throat at the contact. Kojiro's mind reels, the reality of having his hands on Kaoru like this, having him flush against him - having his fucking finger in his mouth - is nearly too much.

Heart beating out of his chest, he opens his mouth slightly, almost pants around Kaoru's thumb, before closing his mouth one last time, running his tongue over the finger inside, and pulling off.

Their eyes meet and whatever dominance that had been so prevalent in Kaoru's demeanor earlier is gone. Instead, he's watching Kojiro with heavy-lidded eyes and slightly parted lips, as if he's waiting to see what he'll do next.

Kojiro wishes he knew. A surge of fear that makes no sense wells up within him. This shouldn't be a problem - finally acting on his desires - yet for some reason it is. Kojiro knows that he's good at this type of thing; countless nights with countless different people in futile

attempts of clearing Kaoru from his mind should have prepared him for this moment. It seems like it hasn't.

His hands flex around Kaoru's waist, kneading the soft part right above his hip bones, as Kojiro thinks hard about how to proceed. Should he kiss Kaoru? Is that okay or would that be breaking some sort of unspoken boundary? His gaze drops to Kaoru's slightly open mouth and the thought of finally getting to kiss the lips that have haunted his mind for years is so mind-blowing that he almost thinks he's dreaming.

"Kojiro?"

Kojiro bites down on his bottom lip before looking back up and meeting Kaoru's gaze. He doesn't look unsure, exactly, but his eyes are a little clearer and his grip around Kojiro's shirt has loosened some.

"You seem indecisive," Kaoru says, his expression once again shifting into something more dominant. "Do you need me to tell you what to do *each* step of the way?"

It would probably help, Kojiro thinks, since his own thoughts are in such disarray. Plus, he finds that he doesn't mind the idea of being bossed around by Kaoru in this particular situation. The uncertainty surrounding it all does make him nervous, though. While he was afraid of Kaoru seeing through his facade before, he's now deathly scared of heartbreak. As long as they never went down this path Kojiro could simmer in his suffering in some semblance of peace and acceptance, but now? If they do this, if they pass this threshold, only for Kaoru to pull away after and never want him again then Kojiro fears that his heart will be irreparable.

Since he doesn't answer, Kaoru takes the lead again. "You said you wanted me," he murmurs, pulling a little at Kojiro's shirt, drawing him closer until they're cheek to cheek and Kojiro can feel Kaoru's breath brush his ear as he talks. "You said you wanted me more than anything." Kojiro has to release a shivering breath, his fears almost getting drowned out by a wave of desire as Kaoru presses close enough for his lips to touch Kojiro's skin. "So *take me*."

Fuck.

Reaching up, Kojiro curls a hand around the back of Kaoru's neck, slipping a few fingers into the collar of his sweater, and pulls him back. Their eyes meet - Kaoru's are a little wide - and upon seeing the faint hint of pink coloring his cheekbones (clashing against the determined set of his mouth), Kojiro's lust flares hot enough to wipe away most of his apprehension.

He surges forward, catching Kaoru's lips with his, in a heated kiss that makes his mind go blank and his knees weak. It's a lot more rough and wanting than Kojiro ever imagined their first kiss would be but the slight sting of disappointment is quickly overrun by another wave of desire when Kaoru threads his fingers through Kojiro's hair and hooks his legs around his waist. He pulls Kojiro closer, until their chests are flush together, and opens his mouth to touch his tongue to the seam of Kojiro's lips. Another surge of titillating heat goes straight for Kojiro's crotch. He opens up for Kaoru and meets his tongue with his own.

A large part of their relationship is based on conflict, fighting, on pushing each other's buttons. A constant struggle of who's going to come out on top, who's going to trump the other this time. A lot of that is still prevalent in the kiss but instead of feeling like a power struggle it only feels like Kaoru wants *more* - as if he wants to egg Kojiro on, make him push harder. He's holding on to Kojiro with burning hands, his strong thighs flexing against Kojiro's hips, his mouth hot and *wet* and *demanding*.

Kojiro slips the hand on Kaoru's hip lower, digs his fingers into the firm shape of his ass, and holds him tightly pressed against him as he rolls his hips slowly and heavily into his oldest friend.

Kaoru throws his head back with a low groan - and bangs it into the metal shelf behind him.

"Kaoru!" Kojiro slides his hand up the nape of Kaoru's neck to cradle the back of his head.

"I'm fine," Kaoru mutters, breathless. "Don't fuss."

And then he kisses Kojiro again, hard and purposeful. But the pause and the fear that Kaoru hurt himself has effectively pulled Kojiro out of his horny haze. He kisses Kaoru back but he can't get back into his earlier state of mindless desire. He's suddenly afraid again, afraid that he'll reveal too much of how he truly feels if this goes on.

Does Kaoru think that this is all Kojiro wants?

Is this all that Kaoru wants from *him*?

Kojiro breaks away and squeezes his eyes shut, breathing harshly through his nose. He needs to know. Even if this is the only thing Kaoru wants, he needs to know. Knowing will make this easier to go along with it, Kojiro thinks. If he knows exactly what Kaoru wants, then it will be a lot simpler to give it, to push back at his own wants and wishes and just focus on the moment.

"Kojiro," Kaoru almost growls, his voice dark and impatient in a way that sends another swirl of heat through Kojiro. This time, however, it doesn't overtake him.

"Kaoru," he says, forcing his eyes open to meet Kaoru's eager and slightly irritated gaze. "What is it that you're after here?"

Kaoru quirks one of his perfect brows. "I thought that was pretty clear." He uses the same tone as he always does when he thinks Kojiro is being exceptionally dim, but his voice is still husky which makes it more suggestive than offending.

Kojiro swallows. "Sure," he agrees. "But why?"

A beat of silence follows, in which some of Kaoru's usual composure returns. "Because you're just as transparent as you are stupid."

It pulls a bitter huff of amusement out of Kojiro, despite the tense moment. "So it's just about what I want? What about what *you* want?"

They watch each other in uncomfortable silence that makes the skin at the back of Kojiro's neck crawl. His pants are straining over his still throbbing cock and Kaoru must feel it since he hasn't let Kojiro go despite his attempt at serious conversation. The entire situation is absolutely ludicrous.

"Kaoru," Kojiro manages slowly. "I just want to know if this is happening because you're drunk and frisky and decided to give this a try just for the heck of it or..." He swallows around the lump forming in his throat.

Kaoru watches him back, almost warily. "Is that what you think is happening?"

"It's what I'm *afraid* is happening."

Kaoru's eyes widen in surprise. Fuck. Kojiro hadn't meant to use the word "afraid". It is far too truthful, far too revealing. He has practically confessed now, hasn't he? He can't really think of any other way that it could be interpreted.

He lets out a trembling breath and pulls his hands away from Kaoru to place them on the counter on either side of him instead. He can't move away with Kaoru's hands and legs still holding him in place, so he leans to the side and turns his face away, putting his weight on his hands and silently agreeing with Kaoru's earlier jab at his intelligence.

Kaoru's hold on him relaxes some. "You really are an idiot," he whispers.

Kojiro closes his eyes, tries to keep the disappointment at bay, and fails. "Yeah, I'm aware," he says, bitterness lacing every word.

Kaoru exhales - a shivering breath that sounds an awful lot like how they do when Kaoru is preparing to cuss Kojiro out. "You think I would put twenty years of friendship at risk on a whim?"

What? Blinking in confusion, Kojiro turns back towards Kaoru. His eyebrows are drawn together in a frown, his nostrils flaring in a way that usually means trouble.

"I admit I was perhaps somewhat unclear about my intentions," Kaoru continues. "And yes, perhaps the wine is partially to blame for that. At any other time, I might have used a different approach." Kaoru's gaze is flicking back and forth between Kojiro's eyes in the first real show of uncertainty since this whole thing started. "So to be entirely clear, Kojiro - you *oblivious oaf* - I do not intend on making this a one-time thing." His nostrils flare again but his gaze stops flickering, settling on looking into Kojiro's eyes, steady and determined. "Or merely a sexual arrangement for that matter."

"You don't? Kojiro says weakly, still confused even as Kaoru's words start to make sense.

"I don't," Kaoru says with emphasis.

They watch each other in silence for a brief moment, as the admission sinks into Kojiro's heart, inserting itself at its center as a key into its matching lock.

Kaoru closes his eyes, brows drawing together as if what he's about to say next is something painful. "I..." He sighs, opens his eyes, still looking a little pained but decided. "I'm in love with you, you inattentive imbecile."

The key twists, the lock opens, and joy - unbridled and wild - soars into Kojiro's chest. His face splits into a grin so wide that it almost hurts as every last bit of uncertainty and heartache is washed away by Kaoru's words.

Carried on that wave, Kojiro flies forward, crashing into Kaoru in the least coordinated kiss he's experienced since his teens but it doesn't matter - it's still the most amazing one he's ever had. Reaching up to cradle Kaoru's face between his hands he smooths a few silky strands of hair away from his face, relishing in the feeling of Kaoru's fingers digging into his scalp in response. It's all far too uncoordinated to be suitable for their age and experience but Kojiro finds that he doesn't mind, and any concern that Kaoru might not be as approving dies instantly when he once again tightens his hold around Kojiro's hips with his legs and makes a sound dangerously close to a moan right into Kojiro's mouth.

Dear. *God*.

Once again grabbing Kaoru's ass, Kojiro grinds into him in the same sloppy and messy manner as their kissing. Kaoru hums against Kojiro's lips and it urges him to roll his hips again, harder this time. The sensation of Kaoru - *his* Kaoru, whom he's loved in shameful silence for so long - hard against him makes white spots swim in Kojiro's vision.

"*Kaoru*," he breathes, as he moves against him for a third time, making Kaoru gasp. Then, his fingers twist in the hair at the back of Kojiro's head and he carefully pulls him back. Their eyes meet and Kaoru's are once again heavy-lidded and hazy with arousal. The sight makes Kojiro's insides twist with pleasure in a way he doesn't recognize.

So this is what it's like to be with someone you truly care for.

"Touch me," Kaoru demands, and the sensation in Kojiro's lower gut grows to almost overwhelming proportions.

He doesn't have to ask twice - Kojiro's hands are at the front of his perfectly pressed pants so quickly that Kaoru winces in surprise, his gaze dropping to Kojiro's hands, which are - unfortunately - struggling a little with opening the hook holding them together above the zipper.

"Move your gorilla hands," Kaoru mutters - impatient in a way Kojiro has never seen him before - and quickly unhooks the stupid thing himself.

Kojiro doesn't waste any time. Rife with urgency and desire he pulls the zipper down and slips one hand inside to press his palm against the warm swell of Kaoru's dick through his boxers. He's hard and hot under Kojiro's hand, the fabric stretched tight and slightly damp.

"Get on with it," Kaoru hisses in that now slightly familiar dominating tone. It sends a pleasant shiver down Kojiro's back and he almost obeys without pause, just like he did when Kaoru told him to put the plate of bruschetta down.

The crispy starters now lay in disarray both on the plate and beside it, and Kojiro wants to make just as much of a mess of Kaoru, if not more. The way Kaoru almost played with him at the beginning of all this - the thumb against Kojiro's lip, the suggestive questions, the murmured demands - makes him want to subject Kaoru to something similar. Makes him want to rile him up with gentle touches and daring questions in return.

So instead of pulling Kaoru free of his boxers and taking him into his mouth like one part of him really wants to, Kojiro keeps his palm firmly pressed against the soft fabric of Kaoru's underwear, places his other hand on the counter, and leans forward.

"What do you want, exactly?" he whispers into Kaoru's ear. It earns him an even firmer grip around the hair on the back of his head but Kaoru doesn't force him back, doesn't object or tell him to stop playing.

Instead, he slowly leans back - pulling Kojiro with him - until the back of his head is resting against the shelf behind him and grinds up against Kojiro's palm. "I want your hand on me," he breathes into Kojiro's ear, and for a moment Kojiro's self-control is wavering.

He presses his teeth together, forces back the wish to simply get Kaoru off as quickly as possible, and drags his lips across Kaoru's cheek until they touch the point right beneath his ear instead. "How badly do you want me to touch you?"

A dangerous question, Kojiro figures - Kaoru really isn't the type of person to beg for anything - something that gets confirmed when Kaoru all but growls into Kojiro's ear. "Not badly enough to tolerate *this*."

Something in his tone - a lack of acidity, perhaps - makes Kojiro brave enough to push a little bit more, though. "What would I have to offer to make you tolerate it?"

Kaoru exhales harshly through his nose, presses his face into the side of Kojiro's, and breathes: "Something that would take more preparation and tools than what we have at our disposal at the moment."

Lust - hot and heavy - slams down upon the layers of arousal Kojiro's been building throughout the evening. He has to swallow hard, press his hand a little more firmly against Kaoru's dick and try to clear his head from the images that instantly swarm his mind.

He has imagined being with Kaoru in so many different ways; Kaoru writhing beneath him, flushed and filled, or with his mouth stretched over the hardness of Kojiro's cock, or that smug smile of his parted around his panting breaths as he relentlessly fucks Kojiro until he screams-

None of those fantasies seem impossible anymore.

Kaoru has already admitted to feeling the same way. He's admitted to loving Kojiro, just as Kojiro loves him. The love seems to have taken the backseat in favor of the throbbing desire for the moment, though - not that Kojiro's complaining.

"So if we had all that - the time, and the tools - what would you want to do?" he whispers against Kaoru's skin.

"*Kojiro*," Kaoru hisses, in a tone that makes Kojiro unsure whether he's irritated or just horny. Perhaps both.

He drags his hand over Kaoru's cock again. "I know that if we had those things," he starts. "I'd let you tell me exactly what to do to you. Or I'd let you do exactly what you want to me."

Another harsh exhale from Kaoru, another tightening grip around Kojiro's hair. "And if I wanted you to do whatever you feel like?"

Kojiro's breath hitches. He can barely believe that Kaoru would leave that power to him, that he'd relinquish control - something he's always had an excessive need for - to *Kojiro*. Every fantasy he's ever had blooms to life in his mind - more vivid and real than ever - along with a wave of affection so strong that his eyes burn.

"*Baby*," he breathes. "*God*." His last remnant of restraint crumbles and he slips his hand into Kaoru's boxers, pulling his dick into the open air of the kitchen.

Kojiro should probably be more worried about health violations than he is when he wraps his fist around Kaoru's dick and squeezes gently, causing Kaoru to twitch and gasp under him.

Kojiro doesn't do anything else at first, merely holds Kaoru - one hand on his cock and the other on the side of his face - breathes hard against his long, pale neck and thanks every power in the universe for this moment.

Then he takes a shuddering breath and starts to talk, putting actual words to one of the images that have been swirling around in his mind for the last decade.

"If you were in my bed," he breathes, ignoring the spike of nerves over what he's about to say. "I'd remove every single piece of clothing from your body." He slides his hand from Kaoru's face down his well-defined chest and abs to the lower edge of his black shirt. "So I could finally see you." He slips his hand in under Kaoru's shirt, his palm meeting hot skin over firm muscle. "And touch you in all the ways I've dreamed about."

Kaoru's breath is labored and the hand in Kojiro's hair wraps tighter around his curls, while the other digs into his shoulder. "How would you touch me?"

"Like this, for one," Kojiro responds - and starts to slowly jerk Kaoru off in long, firm strokes.

Kaoru bucks into his hand with a quick inhale and groans at the back of his throat. It sends a wave of arousal straight to Kojiro's dick, which he staunchly chooses to ignore.

"I'd touch you until you can't stand it anymore," he whispers into Kaoru's ear, his breath coming quick and strained. "And then - right before you come - I'd move lower." Kojiro's mind paints a picture of Kaoru on his back beneath him, his beautiful hair splayed out across the mattress, legs parted, all of him completely exposed. The mental image makes something

within him snap - the nerves that have been clinging to him getting overtaken by his desire to see Kaoru come undone before him. "I'd finger you until you beg me to fuck you," he says in a dark voice he barely recognizes as his own.

Kaoru lets out a shuddering moan right by his ear.

"*Fuck*," Kojiro hisses back. "Darling - *Kaoru*." His hand starts working Kaoru's dick faster, the hefty amount of precum making each stroke glide with ease. It's not at all according to Kojiro's plan but his arousal is getting the better of him. Hearing Kaoru sound like that, feeling his fingers dig into Kojiro's skin - it drives him mad.

He needs to see him - *hear* him - come.

Kojiro draws back enough to be able to see Kaoru's face. He's not disappointed.

Eyes closed, Kaoru is leaning his head back against the shelf behind him. His gorgeous hair has come undone and is falling in soft, generous waves down his shoulders. His lips are slightly parted around each panting breath, his eyebrows drawn together in something caught right between pleasure and concentration. The low sounds leaving his lips together with each breath are barely audible, desperate little things, and by far the most beautiful sounds that Kojiro has ever heard.

"*Yes*," he breathes. "*Kaoru, baby* - you're so gorgeous."

Kaoru's eyes open - two pools of hot, molten gold, pinning Kojiro in place - and he lets out another low moan as Kojiro's grip tighten around his dick.

"*Fuck*," he hisses. "*Kojiro*."

Hearing Kaoru say his name like that - while *looking* like this - is almost enough to bring Kojiro over the edge. He'd almost be grateful if that happened - if it did it'd be easier to only focus on Kaoru's pleasure. He *craves* it, craves to see Kaoru completely lose control in his arms. Because of what Kojiro does. Because of what Kojiro *says*.

"If I could I'd bend you over this counter right now," he says in the same dark, unfamiliar voice.

Kaoru's eyes pinch together and his lips part wider around another sound that goes straight to Kojiro's cock.

Kaoru must like this, he thinks; listening to Kojiro talking about what he wants to do with him. It boosts both his confidence and his arousal.

Kojiro presses his forehead against Kaoru's and works his hand a little faster, the heated throbbing of Kaoru's dick urging him on further, making him braver. "I'd push you down with a hand on the back of your neck and fuck you until you come untouched," he growls against Kaoru's lips.

Kaoru's eyes crack open, his breathing stops completely - and then he groans, louder than before. Something hot and wet runs down the sides of Kojiro's hand as he keeps working

Kaoru through his orgasm. Kojiro's own mouth opens around a silent moan as he watches pleasure turn into concentration on Kaoru's face before it slips back into pleasure again. His eyebrows twitch and relax in turn as the waves rack through Kaoru's body, leaving Kojiro breathless over the fact that he gets to see this - that he's the *cause* of it.

"Kaoru," he breathes. "Baby, fuck, *fuck*, you're so beautiful."

Kaoru might be the one who just came but Kojiro is the one who babbles incoherently - endearments and praise and other tender words leave his lips in a stream of deep-seated appreciation for everything that Kaoru is - for everything that Kaoru is giving him.

"*Fuck*," Kojiro whines - for probably the fifteenth time - as his strokes come to a stop around Kaoru's softening dick. "Kaoru, *darling*, you..." Kojiro has to draw a shuddering breath, unsure about how to continue.

His face is hot, his breath burns in his lungs and his dick strains stiff and wet against his soaked through underwear but none of that matters, really. The only thing that does is Kaoru, breathing hard before him, color high on his cheeks.

"Kaoru," Kojiro whispers, his clean hand tangling into pink hair. "*Baby*."

Kaoru's eyes are still meeting his, heady and glowing. "You're starting to sound like a broken record," he says. His voice is husky - *wrecked* - and the words carry no heat at all.

A breathy laugh escapes Kojiro. "Well, I guess you broke me, then."

That earns him a smirk without any edge to it. "Likewise."

Kojiro kisses him, his hand curling around the nape of Kaoru's neck, caressing the hot skin underneath the collar of his shirt.

When he pulls back, their eyes meet. Kojiro thinks that he probably looks exactly how he feels - amazed and completely enamored - and is delighted to find a similar look on Kaoru's face. Despite what they just did, and despite Kaoru's earlier admission of his feelings, it's the look that Kaoru gives him then that makes Kojiro confident enough to finally utter his own.

"I love you," he whispers.

Kaoru's smile widens and his eyes glitter with that mischievous glint that Kojiro has feared for so many years. "I know, you idiot," he purrs and pulls Kojiro back for another kiss. "I love you, too."

Kojiro grins into the next kiss, the stretch of his lips making it awkward, but still sweet. It's almost a little surreal, what just happened, and he figures he'll have to get used to this feeling until the familiar merges with the new and exciting. Until then he'll enjoy every fresh revelation about Kaoru - his oldest friend and first and only love - as they get to know each other in this new context.

Kojiro is practically giddy as he wraps his arms around Kaoru and kisses him yet again.

Kaoru, however, squirms in his hold. "Don't get cum on the shirt, you caveman," he hisses, making Kojiro pull his hands back.

"Sorry. Didn't think," he says, somewhat shamefaced. He really should know better than expect that Kaoru wouldn't care about that type of thing.

Kaoru pushes himself off of the shelf and leans forward, however, once again sporting that mischievous expression. "Well, I can't blame you, really," he says. "Most of your brain capacity seems to be gathered somewhere else."

His hand glides down over the front of Kojiro's pants. It makes him draw a quick breath and hiss - caught between pleasure and pain - as Kaoru's slender fingers follow the shape of his still aching hard dick through the fabric.

Kaoru moves closer, once again touching his lips to the shell of Kojiro's ear. "How about we do something about that before dinner?"

End Notes

Never thought I'd post an explicit fic yet here we are. That damn official art of Kaoru licking his damn thumb burrowed into my brain and wouldn't leave me alone until this was done.

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