

Lace at Night

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Lace at Night

by [IfCujoWereSappho](#)

Summary

“I did promise you could have me all to yourself tonight, Sir.”

Notes

Maybe this revision wasn't worth deleting and reposting, but I did it anyway.

Disclaimer: I do not own Gakuen Heaven or any recognizable characters, SPRAY/Higuri Yuu do.

Non/Self-Beta'd: all mistakes, bad writing and OOCness are mine

Kuya never minded the costumes the student council donned for valentine's celebrations and handing out chocolates. He did a little twirl in his loligoth dress, admiring the trim and the curved waist in his mirror. The sleeves fell most of the way down his forearms and the cuffed frills reminded him of the little skin he was showing. He smiled almost bashfully at himself and adjusted the little black bows in his fine blond hair, then picked up the little white bag from his bed, adjusted slid his stocking clad feet into mary jane heels and left his room, footsteps clicking softly into the night.

A lamp was the brightest light source in the dimmed Durak room where Joker waited. He had cleared off his desk and sat at it, staring and nothing, lost in thoughts no less mischievous than ever. Kuya's costume today had been a bit too enticing for his or Joker's own good, he'd had to restrain himself all day, but tonight was his reward. He'd even dressed the part, white shirt, black vest and slacks, even white gloves.

A knock interrupted his thoughts but it was an interruption he welcomed. He opened the door and let light pour in from the hall as he loomed in the doorframe looking at the meek figure before him. He dipped his head past a black bow to whisper into his guest's ear, "come in my lovely."

Joker turned up the lights but the room remained low lit.

Joker stepped behind Kuya and caressed the side of his throat with a gloved finger.

"What are your safewords my pet?"

"Glass and Crystal."

Joker turned Kuya's had to face him, looking serious, "and you will use them, Kuya."

"Yes, I- I will."

Kuya stepped away from him to seat himself on the end of the desk, he crossed one leg over the other, giving Joker a show of his stockings as he let his feet dangle above the floor.

"I did promise you could have me all to yourself tonight, *Sir*."

Joker smirked and closed the distance between them.

"Well pet, allow me to give you something too."

He leaned over Kuya and cupped his jaw as they kissed, soft, somewhat chaste, not that he needed to stay that way. Joker ran a hand down Kuya's body, taking in how the dress fit him, thinking he'd like to run his tongue over that lace covered chest. Well, his tongue could do other things.

He sank to his knees and removed Kuya's shoes, kissing one ankle as he pushed the shoes aside. He drew long, hot open mouthed kisses up Kuya's calf making him suppress a gasp.

"Now, now," Joker chided, "what have I told you about holding in your voice?"

Kuya pursed his lips and nodded in obedient eagerness as Joker began to push his skirt up.

"Nn," he whined. "Jokerrr..."

Satisfied, Joker returned his mouth to Kuya's leg. He licked the back of his knee pulling a soft but not stifled gasp from the boy on his desk. The stocking was a different sensation against his tongue than Kuya's own skin, but it was fun all the same. He licked a wet line up the inside of Kuya's thigh ripping a whimper-turned-moan from him. Joker's eyes gleamed, he loved the sounds of Kuya in pleasure. He loved how easy it was to get Kuya going, given a little prompt.

After a moment of trying keep the skirt up, Joker shrugged and let it drop over him. So long as he were still between Kuya's legs, he could make do. Joker nipped the junction of his thigh and pelvis, brushing carelessly close to the growing erection in his panties. Despite the opportunity to tease Kuya about being as hard as he was already, Joker decided to show mercy, or an imitation of it and licked the lacy edge, skirting the bulge as he did so.

"Ohh," Kuya moaned.

Joker enjoyed that reaction so he did it again and drew the frill between his teeth to whisk his tongue at the skin beneath it. His hands parted Kuya's thighs further and he turned to face the erection before him. It didn't matter that Kuya couldn't see his face he knew he was about to shiver. It coursed through him, the movement only pleasing Joker more as he gave more searing, open mouthed kisses and dragged his tongue over the outline of Kuya's increasing hardness.

"*Joker* ." Kuya said on the verge of a sob.

Joker pulled his head out from under the skirt and stood to lean over Kuya. He placed a gloved hand on the side of his face and purred, "what is it, my lovely?"

"R-ready," Kuya said unsteadily. "Please Sir."

Joker reached to pull Kuya's skirt up as he himself knelt back to the floor. He kissed the thigh he hadn't lavished beforehand and reached for the rim of Kuya's panties. Joker tapped Kuya's hips, each with one finger, the command to raise them and Kuya obeyed to let Joker slide the panties off of him. He dropped them to the floor without a glance, hot gaze locked on Kuya's. Joker held his face and kissed him with a brief tenderness before it was overcome with hunger. He traced Kuya's tongue with his own, leaving him looking a delicious sort of debauched with saliva on his mouth and one side of his chin.

“Kuya,” he breathed. He licked the trail of saliva from Kuya’s face.

Kuya looked at him a bit dazed, only spurring Joker on.

“I love you,” Joker said, nuzzling against his forehead, “all of you.”

He kissed Kuya’s hand and sank back to his knees.

Absently, Joker wondered why the stockings came without garters if they were separate, but decided he really did not care and moved back between Kuya’s legs, only part of the skirt concealing him. He took his time, kissing along the inside of Kuya’s thigh and his pelvis. He ran one gloved hand into the pubic hair above him and held Kuya’s still present erection with the other before running his tongue, once, quick and wet along the underside.

Kuya choked on a gasp, or might have been a cry, so Joker did it again. Slow and languid before repeating his action on the other side before taking it in his mouth little by little. Kuya whimpered in delight and tried to keep from writhing. He reached for something to hold, the end of Joker’s long ponytail, gripping a few strands as his hands settled on Joker’s shoulders, his nails digging into Joker’s vest. Joker grinned and swallowed around him making him cry out in surprise. He repeated and began to bob his head slowly until Kuya was shuddering in bliss. Kuya was falling apart above him in the best way.

“Joker-” Kuya panted, “I’m-” was all the warning Joker got, but didn’t care to let go.

When Joker stood and looked up at him he was slumped over in afterglow stupor.

Adorable , Joker thought.

He stood to lean over Kuya and kissed his neck.

“So good,” Kuya muttered.

Joker laughed against his skin, “I adore you.”

As coherency called him back, Kuya reached for Joker. They weren’t finished, were they?

“Feel like trying what we talked about?” Joker hummed seductively.

No, no they were not done. Good.

“Yes Sir...um...I have...” Kuya blinked and reached for the little bag he’d set behind himself. He handed it to Joker.

“For Sir, a valentine present.”

“I thought *Kuya* was my present,” Joker said, tilting Kuya’s chin upwards with two fingers.

“The presents go together,” Kuya said, returning Joker’s coy look.

Joker pulled a little bottle from the bag, “licorice lube?”

“I thought you might want to try it. You seem to like licorice after all...”

“I did *that time*,” Joker smirked.

He came around the side of the desk and retrieved a cushion from his chair. Joker set the pillow on the desk and held Kuya, turning his head to kiss him before lowering him to lie back. He moved around again and place his hands on Kuya’s shins, “bend your knees for me.”

Kuya did so without a word, fighting the urge to shudder in excitement.

“Would it be a waste to use it right now?” Joker mused, looking at the little bottle of lubricant.

Kuya whined, he didn’t care, he wanted to beg Joker to hurry up.

Joker recognized that whine and the expression Kuya made along with it. “Well since we are trying something else already,” he said, slipping the bottle into a top desk drawer and taking out a different one and a condom.

“Why don’t we just keep our focus, hmm, lovely?”

“Yeah, ready.”

“What was that?”

“Oh- I mean, Yes Sir.”

Joker responded with a smile as he poured enough lubricant to dampen the fingers of one glove. The outfit was for sure, fun to see Kuya in, but the skirt wasn’t terribly practical. Not that anything else right now was terribly practical Joker supposed. He watched Kuya’s expression in delight as the slick fingers made their way to Kuya’s butt. His other hand stroked Kuya’s cheekbone as he waited for Kuya’s approval. He leaned over Kuya to meet his nod with a kiss and a finger inside of him. Kuya inhaled sharply but nodded again and Joker bestowed the dual sensations with both hands, one caressing the side of his face and the other stroking inside of him. The feeling of fabric inside of him made him want to squirm away, he tensed slightly at the second finger and reached to grip Joker’s sleeve.

Joker’s movements were slow and consistent, Kuya tried to breathe out but he recognized the hint of worry on Joker’s face. He frowned, scolding himself because it must have been all over his face.

“Kuya?” Joker’s fingers stopped. ”How is it?”

Kuya swallowed and grimace instead of answering and Joker's expression tensed in reaction.

“*Kuya* .”

“I'm okay, all yours, Sir.”

But as soon as Joker's fingers moved again he winced, this did not feel good.

“Glass, Sir.”

Joker pulled his fingers out, “do you want to stop?” he asked.

His sweet Kuya, if Joker didn't check on him he'd do something to make himself uncomfortable if it seemed to be what Joker wanted.

“No!” Kuya exclaimed. “But...the gloves...I-”

“It's okay if you don't like them,” Joker said. “I prefer feeling you anyway, I don't like them between us either.”

“Sorry Joker.”

“You should tell me if you don't like something.”

“But I want you to be happy.”

“You,” Joker said and kissed him quickly, “make- me- happy-” he punctuated each word with a kiss down Kuya's neck.

“Maybe we should be ourselves for now,” he said, “I want Kuya right now.”

Kuya smiled, “I want you too.”

He gasped as within moments Joker had tossed off the gloves and pushed two bare fingers inside of him, scissoring as he used his other hand to pour more lubricant. Kuya couldn't see either of Joker's hands anymore but it didn't matter because they were creating the most lovely friction inside him. He almost came again as Joker deftly found his prostate. He found his nails digging into his palms as he tried not to writhe or scream loud enough to wake the school. His moans and cries however, he made no effort to stop from spilling out.

“Jokerrr,” he said, trying to beg, “please...want...”

Joker didn't bother to drag it out any further, the visual and sounds had worked him to a sincere stiffness even without touch. He'd been such a good, patient boy and didn't feel like making either of them wait longer. One bonus of waiting no longer was that he had the

remaining to coherence to properly put on a condom properly. As he slid inside Joker kissed Kuya like he were suddenly starving.

“Breathe deeply,” he reminded Kuya.

Breathe at all .

Well he must have been breathing if he could make those soft cries as Joker worked into him.

“Love...you...” Kuya panted. “Love...Jok-annh!” he gasped when he felt a hand around his penis.

Joker was pleased to find his boyfriend this hard and dripping again. He didn’t have to hold back as much if he could make Kuya come again soon. Kuya’s head tilted back and his jaw threatened to go slack as Joker’s thumb circle the head of his penis and swiped the slit in time with his thrusts. Kuya lost all senses or maybe had too many. He wasn’t exactly sure how much longer it went on, only that he needed to come but didn’t want it to end either. At some point though, he saw a restful darkness and came down from his orgasmic high with Joker slumped partially over him.

“Joker?”

“Nn?” Joker stirred where he lay with his head on Kuya’s midsection, he looked up at Kuya with a lazy smile but proceeded to get off of him anyway. He helped Kuya off of the desk but they got no further and slumped to the floor against each other. Kuya gave Joker his signature bubbly smile and snuggled against him.

“I’m not even sure where my underwear is,” he lamented even if he that didn’t seem as important as Joker’s arms around him at the moment.

“We’ll find it,” Joker said and kissed the top of his head.

“That was fun,” Kuya said with a yawn. “Kinda wish we were in your bed though.”

“Maybe next time then.” Joker mused, he reached to pet Kuya’s hair, “tired?”

Kuya nodded against him, closing his eyes. He wasn’t even sure what time it was.

Joker made no move to get up and let Kuya snuggle closer, he brushed some stray sex-mussed hair from Kuya’s eye and kissed the bridge of his nose.

“Say Kuya?”

“Hmm?”

“How do you think I’d look in those stockings?”

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