

Trickster's Apprentice

NiouKiri

Von Iwa

Does it have to be...?

Akaya feels the shiver that runs down his spine when the door closes. He feels the bead of sweat running down his temple, too. His hands get all sweaty and he stops exhaling. With wide eyes he stares at the figure under the door frame. He gulps loudly and the sound rings in his ears. He begins to squirm, searching for a way to wiggle out of Niou's embrace, but the taller boy holds him firm in place. His face shows no sign of fear or nervousness, he just grins proudly. Akaya is worried that his friend might do something stupid, he likes to believe his senpai is clever enough to not enrage the dark looking figure any further, though. Unfortunately Niou has a liking to prove him wrong, after all he is the infamous trickster. Forcefully he crashes his mouths onto Akaya's, the latter freezing in sheer anxiety.

Thunder rumbles through the changing room, when the watcher bellows something. „Akaya!“, his voice is deep, cool and sharp like a blade of ice, making the black haired's heart beating so fast it could take the new world record.

„Outside! We have to talk!“

Akaya gulps again, feeling his Adam's apple move, but is really grateful, when Niou releases him. He shuffles his feet as he walked out to the tennis courts. His eyes prickle, but he can hold back the tears. He damns Niou, 'cause he knows, he feels, he *tastes* he is going to die. He is doomed thanks to Niou-senpai's stupidity. Akaya chokes as he holds back a sniff. Sanada-fukubuchou is going to kill him. Worse, he is going to throw him out of the tennis club for being a *fag*! He is going to tell his parents and they will surely send him to a sanatorium. Akaya sobs a bit louder. And all that just because Niou wanted to fool around in the club house.

Sanada stops in his tracks. Akaya almost bumps into him, thankfully he doesn't. The taller tugs at his cap.

„Look, Akaya“, he begins, „I know how you're all grown up now and want to try the tastes of live, but...“

The seaweed head shivers in anticipation.. He feels it coming, the big boom. Sanada coughs awkwardly.

„... does it have to be NIOU?“

Akaya opens one eye that he had closed in fear. He looks puzzled at his fukubuchou.

„Does that mean you're not scolding me for being a fag?“, the younger asks tentatively. Sanada's cheeks seem to colour, but he tugs his cap further down.

„No, well... you see...I wouldn't be fair, because...“, he mumbles. Akaya gets it now. His grin reappears on his face and the sting in his eyes is gone.

„So, you have a thing for a guy, too.“

Sanada coughs again as Akaya hits the jackpot.

„Who is it?“, Akaya asks, not one bit intimidated anymore. More blood rushes to Sanada's cheeks.

„... We're not talking about myself, Akaya. Don't change the subject. ... Can't you just find a different guy? A smarter, better mannered, cultivated guy?“

Akaya pouts slightly. His senpai is unreasonable again. Niou is very intelligent, he just don't music, that's all. And Niou can be totally polite and correct if he wants (which he most often doesn't). But instead saying that to his fukubuchou, Akaya decides otherwise, he is clever, even though he is dump at school. He has learned from the endless tricks Niou and himself had played on others.

„But, fukubuchou“, he says with a whiney voice. „Don't you get it? I just *love* Niou-senpai. I love him so much, I let him deflower me.“

He sees how Sanada transforms into a salt statue. Then he stuttered, his face beet red.

„He... He did WHAT?!“

„Oh come on, Sanada“, Yukimura's voice suddenly purrs, followed by a light chuckle.

„Why don't we hurry to my home, so *you* can deflower *me*?“

Sanada breaks into a massive nose bleed and runs away faster than Akaya has ever seen him running, while screaming 'Noooo! It's to early for that, Yukimura!'

Akaya looks in the direction the Yukimura voice came from. Of course, there stand only Niou looking all smug and proud of himself. Akaya grins like an idiot. His senpai always is the best.

The bleached haired boy closes the distance between them. His grin spreads.

„Hm, I can't remember having deflowered you yet, brat.“

Akaya feels himself blush like crazy. He tries to stutter some intelligent phrases, but his words wouldn't fit together.

„Yeah, err... well, you see...“

Niou bends down to Akaya's ears, whispering seductively.

„Well, we can work on that, can't we?“

And with that he drags his kouhai off to the changing room again. Akaya can't surpress his smile, even though his face is still glowing red. Sometimes fukubuchou isn't that bad.