

Stuck On You

Von -Amalthea-

One Shot

Disclaimer: „Sensitive Pornograph“ und seine Charaktere gehören nicht mir sondern Ashika Sakura. Meine Schreiberei ist „just for fun“.

Ich weiß auch nicht, was in mich gefahren ist... ein paar Clips auf Youtube, und ich fange an, eine FF zu schreiben... aber irgendwie... diese beiden... *lol*

Nehmt's mir aber bitte nicht übel, dass sie auf englisch ist; ich habe die Clips mit englischen Untertiteln angesehen, und danach kam es mir komisch vor, auf deutsch zu schreiben. Die Geschichte ist aus der Perspektive von Seiji erzählt.

Das Lied „Stuck On You“ stammt übrigens von Lionel Richie ;-) falls es jemand nebenbei auf Youtube oder einem ähnlichen Kanal anhören will. Ich finde, zu den beiden passt eher etwas leicht melancholisches.

~~~ Stuck On You ~~~

Sono has gone out to see his editor; he always does once a month. I am at his desk, trying to get some work done, I have a few drawings that I have not yet finished. I like working with him; his style is different from mine, but he is more experienced and meticulous, so when he offered it I gladly accepted his help and advice.

I am sitting at the desk, but the pencil is in my hand, unemployed. My eyes are closed, time is ticking away without my paying any notice to it.

This is happening so often lately - I try to work but I can't concentrate. I have cascades of blundering pictures displaying themselves before my eyes. I can't think straight; all I feel is that I am hopelessly lost to these new, wonderful and frightening feelings budding up within me. It makes me happy but also desperate, because I wonder when I will be able to get down to work again.

I came to live in this city only about two months ago. Sono and I met on the first day, when I went to meet the same editor he is working for. And my life took a direction that if anyone had told me a few months before, I wouldn't have believed.

When I met Sono, I had no experience with love, nor had I ever asked myself whether I was perhaps more interested in boys than girls; I had just supposed that I would have

a girlfriend some time, when I would have more time for "this stuff". To be honest, I was rather shy and didn't know what to do about this whole love thing, so I simply pretended that I didn't have time to waste; yet the truth was that the subject made me rather uneasy. Never would I have believed that my walls could break down so quickly and make me share passionate lovemaking with someone I had made the acquaintance of on the very same day.

Feeling a spontaneous sympathy and wanting to talk about our latest projects, Sono and I went out together after having met at the editor's company. I drank too much, most of all due to my nervousness; then he invited me to stay in his apartment overnight. By then I had already thought more than once how downright beautiful he was; his voice, his manners, some particularities in his graceful movements added themselves to that.

Sono had the ability to make me feel wholly at ease, as if we had known each other forever. Well, we had known and appreciated each other's works for some time, so you might say that we actually weren't total strangers. I recognize now that he did hope from the start that I might want more from him. However, he left the decision to me; he may have hoped me to like him, but did not expect me to do or to feel anything, so I never felt compromised or trapped by him. I realized only later that he had known so many disillusion in his life that he had got used to being alone, and that he would be grateful for what I gave him, but also accept if I refused him. This astonishes me too, until today: that he had never given up believing in love, even if in time he had learned to come to terms with his loneliness.

Before I met Sono, I thought life was mostly made of duty and work, and my belief was that you can get along well enough if you are honest and earnest and self-controlled. Sono wasn't much different from me about honesty and earnestness, but "getting along" wasn't all there was for him. He had a unique sensuality, one that shut everything down and made both of us forget the rest of the world as soon as we were alone.

During our first night he already made me forget everything about shame; yet our lovemaking did not feel dirty to me but so right and natural that I wanted the night never to end. Sono took my every touch, my every kiss as if they were the most precious gifts, though he remained rather passive, allowing me to take the lead. His trust in me, his eager, yet sweet response to my every touch drove me out of my mind with passion and longing. I really felt that he wanted me, for being myself, not for just being someone to sleep with; he made me feel as if everything I did, though I was a little clumsy and he had to encourage me at the beginning, was wonderful and that he didn't want me to do anything differently, it just had to be my own way.

When we came to his apartment, I had briefly wondered whether I would be any good for him; after all, for all I knew he might have been as straight as could be. Only how his eyes looked at me was somehow sad, with an almost imperceptible longing; as if he was looking for something within me... my affection, perhaps. The next thing I remember is that he leaned into my embrace, and a moment later I forgot everything I had wondered about before. We rolled over on the floor, and as he answered hungrily to my first touches, everything including the haze from the alcohol was forgotten; all I wanted was to have him as near to me as I could.

From the first moment on, I felt accepted and taken the way I was by Sono, in a manner that I found absolutely irresistible. My eyes were sometimes open during our lovemaking, so I saw that his eyes always were closed, his whole mind, heart and body totally lost to the feelings I was giving him. The feel of his skin under mine, the taste

of his lips, the way he writhed beneath me made me shiver thoroughly. Even the most gentle, light-feathered kisses had an indescribable magic about them that made me quiver in the deepest recesses of my self. Ever from that night, everything seemed to be bathed in a warm light whenever we were touching each other. I knew I would never get enough of this. I couldn't have asked for a more wonderful lover; without pushing me, he made me discover a wholly new and beautiful world, one that made me taste a lust for life like I had never known.

Sono had an innate talent for sensuality; his way of dealing with my and his feelings was absolutely natural and straightforward ever from the start. Sometimes there was a little gentle mockery about him, because of my never wholly overcome timidity (even though I realized later that a bit of this mockery had the purpose of hiding his own insecurity). Outside of bed, my defences came up soon, and I was even unsure about the propriety of taking a shower together. When we made love and I wasn't able to control myself and came inside him it embarrassed me afterwards, but he said he loved the feel of it. Bit by bit, touch by touch his warm, unprejudiced presence got deeper into my heart and my life. I slowly understood that what mattered most of all was the way we felt, not the rules of correctness I had grown up with. The look on him after we made love, sated, full of trust and of clarity, as if he could see right through my defences and knew who I really was, was enough to make me feel a surge of a yet unknown sweetness deep within me, to take him into my arms again and kiss him all over, both to tell him that I wanted him like crazy, and as an expression of gratitude. Another new thing about me - I had never known gratitude before, or humility.

In time, I learned that Sono wasn't mine, and he would never be; that was the beautiful thing about it. He had an independence of mind and spirit that didn't make me nervous or afraid he might not need me, on the contrary. I had never known or believed that someone could feel so much pleasure, but just the way he looked when I made love to him was astonishing. He seemed completely absorbed, tasting every moment of it, abandoning himself to every feeling I gave him. This unique sensitiveness was wholly his own, and every time we were together all I wanted was to merge up with him, to learn how he could feel so much pleasure even from my slightest touch. The four weeks that followed our first night together passed in a hazy blur, but they were the happiest I had ever known.

I understood only later that Sono was a deeply vulnerable person, with an inclination to brooding and melancholy and, at the bottom, of a surprising naiveté. Until then, I had believed that a vulnerable person would try to protect himself, or at least to disguise this fact so he wouldn't be hurt. Yet Sono was wholly accepting it, and this also made me understand why he was so skilled and successful as an artist. He opened his heart to each and every sensation, with a capacity of abandon I had never even dreamed could exist. He took my desire for him like something wonderful, wanting as much from me as he could. That alone was enough for making me want to hold him forever, to look at him without end, or to take his beautiful face in my hands and kiss him all over with all the tenderness I found within me. A few weeks, and I was no longer who I had been before. Sono was not only my lover in those days; he was my teacher, about many things, and I avidly and ardently accepted the changes his acquaintance started within me.

There were times I still couldn't quite understand why this beautiful, talented and kind-hearted guy had chosen me. It took time for me to accept that his love for me had always gone hand in hand with his lust; I was sometimes a little nervous that he

might not really take me seriously. After all, I was ten years his junior and a stranger both in this city and among the manga author's circle. I had asked him to be my boyfriend right after our first night, in a fit of aggressiveness; his acceptance both reassured and surprised me, though it did not prepare me for the flood of new emotions I would go through during the following weeks.

That awful, gloomy and yet wondrous night when Sono and I talked his habitude of sleeping with anyone who offered to take him to bed, he was perturbed, though calm and undemanding as usual. He didn't make excuses, simply admitted the facts to me; for a while, he seemed taken aback himself, as if he hadn't realized his situation with such clarity before. However, he said that he indeed was a slut, but had been faithful to me since I asked him to be my boyfriend. When we first met he had approached me on his own, contrarily to his usual practice, because he liked my works. He had not hoped yet to find someone in me who would offer him to stay; he had experienced too many nights which were too short and bitter and immediately followed by being left the next morning. When we were together, I had wondered sometimes why he called me "kind" on occasions that seemed perfectly natural to me, or apologized for bothering me, although I had never felt him as a bother. Only that night I understood that for thinking like this, he must have known much unkindness in his life.

I remember that shortly after I had impulsively asked him to be my boyfriend, I had feared that passion would subside, if we would be together for more than one night. It didn't. Sono was a truthful lover, who had waited for someone he could give his heart to; and I, as I found out, was just the same. Feeling committed to each other made our lovemaking even more passionate and breathtaking than it had been before. I had been the one who had offered Sono to stay, and he had answered to it by fairly driving me out of my mind with pleasure, on and on. But it was only on this evening that I understood why, or also that this was infinitely more precious because he had given it to me unafraid, despite all of the disappointments he had known.

"I just want to find happiness."

Sono had searched for happiness until he had unlearned how to say "no" to anyone who seemed at least to offer him need, if he couldn't find love. And in time, his wonderful sensuality had been wasted on people who did not care for appreciating it. I realized then that all of it was unimportant compared to what we had shared together. All these weeks, I had been head over heels in love, outrageously happy, and found my feelings requited. However Sono had lived before we met, it had made him become the person who had captivated me and given me so much. He had been honest with me, had not abused me, as I had momentarily feared. He told me later that when I had asked him to go out with me he had not wanted to waste one thought about how he had lived before, or about what might be later. As long as he could have me, he would.

I wanted Sono as I had never wanted anything. All I cared for was being near him; what we shared meant something to me that I had never known before and that was more important to me than anything else. After the initial shock, realizing his frailty made me feel nearer to him than ever; I wanted to love him just the way he had taught me to love myself, to accept and enjoy my desire, my deepest longings. He had given me the chance to live, really live from the inside out, by allowing me to love him. I now had the chance to return that gift. On that evening I understood that I had believed Sono to be stronger than I, but he wasn't. What was more important, I didn't want any of us to be stronger than the other. As much as his friendship had taught me, I

understood that there was much he could learn from me, too, and that he was willing to. I didn't want need, shame and remorse to spoil our love; I wanted the two of us to choose and love each other as we had done before.

I can't remember how we got home, but I know we will both never forget that night. We kept nothing back, broke down every last barrier, savouring, ravishing, devouring each other as we had never done, though our relationship had always been so passionate. Having opened our hearts to each other made us lust more for each other than we had before, even if that had seemed impossible. I told myself that if Sono wanted happiness, then I would drive him out of his mind not only with happiness, but with joy. I had the chance to return the gift he had made to me, and I would do it.

There wasn't one feeling, one touch I refrained from; all I wanted was to melt with him, to share something amazing with him, something both of us would never forget. The last lines of defence between us fell; and as we shared a last, heated but sweet kiss, my arms wrapped around him and holding him against my chest, while the sun was slowly coming up, light streaming in from the window behind his bed, we knew that all we both wanted was to stay like this forever.

Of the few things I had refrained from in bed until then nothing remained. I just wanted it to be unforgettable for both of us. I can hardly remember the details, until today; I darkly remember laying on the bed with my head buried in his lap, driving him mad with my lips and tongue, avidly savouring his taste as well as each and every one of his cries and ragged moans, or spooning behind his back, moving inside him until we both forgot whether we were still separate, or just two bodies sharing one soul. Our breaths mingled, our fingers locked into each other again and again; we came together, close to each other, or breathlessly watching when one reached his completion before the other. I learned new words of love, while sweat was running down our bodies as we made each other scream with pleasure. I loved whispering his name, over and over again, loved breathing the same air as he and listening to his crazed heartbeat. His body still glowing from the aftermath, looking at me with those indescribable, almond-shaped and expressive eyes, after we had brought each other over the edge the whole night, was irresistible. As if he really couldn't get enough of me...

We usually had slept near, yet not touching each other, but after tonight I simply collapsed on his chest, my head against his shoulder, feeling a few kisses trailing through my hair and his hands caressing my shoulders before sleep claimed us.

It wasn't long afterwards that I found how Sono often worked at night, uncomfortably sitting at the kitchen table, not wanting to bother me while I was still asleep. I had little money and had to job while trying to make my way as a manga artist, and had to come a long way to his apartment, though sometimes I hardly remembered where my own place was, and how it was like.

I had moved to the city from the countryside, into a rather small and furnished flat that looked more or less like countless others and that I had only chosen because I could afford the rent and because it wasn't too far away from my working places.

Seeing Sono working late at night left a sting in my heart; I realized what a child I had still been when we got to know each other, and I also realized that as much as being in love brings joy, it also means responsibility. A responsibility Sono had taken from the start, and that I was now ready to accept in return.

His consideration was an evidence that he really liked me, else he wouldn't have accepted such an awkward situation just to be with me; I also thought how he had

never rejected my desire, even when he was tired, although we were both ravenous for each other and I never felt that he was straining himself. Right then, I wanted to do something for him, but at that moment there was little I could think of. It took me some time to learn how to help him with little things, like massaging his shoulders when he was tired, making breakfast or simply bringing him a cup of coffee while he was working.

"Seiji." That calm voice behind me that I know so well now. A hand is placed lightly on my shoulder. I have tried to work again, but my mind was wandering.

I turn around. "Already back?"

"Yes. Do you want some dinner?"

"Yes - but let me. I have already thought of what to cook."

"You don't need to. You are my guest, and besides you must have work to get done."

"No, please let me." At times I like to spoil him a little.

"All right."

After dinner, we both wash the dishes, smiling at each other when we believe the other isn't looking. When we realize it, we laugh at each other, and I pull him close for a kiss before burying my face into his soft hair, breathing in his scent.

"Tired?" he asks.

"Yes... It's not as if we were sleeping much lately."

He chuckles. "I see, some things take their time. Why don't you move in?"

For a moment, I am totally at a loss. My mouth is agape, until I realize I must look ridiculous.

"What...?"

He blushes slightly. "I'm sorry..."

I take a deep breath, and then I take him into a crushing embrace. I never thought of that; Sono is older than I and despite everything we shared, until today I have not really dared to think of the two of us as a couple. But if he was ready to live with me, to share everything... None of us had ever made a confession of love to the other, but some words and gestures came very close to it. This was one of those moments. After having offered me his company, his friendship, his help with my work, his warm and sensual affection, he was now offering me a home. A place to return to.

I looked up to his face again. "Do you really want me to?"

"Yes... of course. I would like to have you here."

"I can get my stuff quickly. Sono, I only hope I won't bother you..."

"You never were a bother." He smiles at me, fondly, and I place a sweet and sensual kiss on his lips. Decision is taken. From tomorrow on I will live with him, and we will share what is the most precious thing in the whole world for both of us, living, growing and learning together from now on.

The radio is still on, but we haven't listened to it much. Then I recognize the song; it's an older piece of music that I have always liked. It seems to fit perfectly to us. Just as everything else fits perfectly, even though we have known each other only for so short a time.

I place my arms around Sono's waist and begin to move with him, slowly, following the rhythm of the song. After his initial surprise, he understands, places his arms around my shoulders and makes a few dancing steps with me. Our foreheads are touching, our eyes closed. A step back, one forward, one left, or one right... we fit together, instinctively feeling what the other wants to do, where he wants to go.

Briefly, I wonder that there are so many things I still don't know about my lover, and

some I probably will never know. But I don't need that. We both don't need that; we will be kept together by our love, not by distrust. Whatever the future will bring, I am promising to him, as well as to myself, that I will always keep this about our relationship as it has been from the start - as the sweetest and most wonderful thing.