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Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 3:

"Soy Latte.", I muttered as he glanced at the cup in front of him as if it contained some kind of green alien slime.

"Pussy coffee.", he replied dryly and chuckled as he took the first sip.

"Yup. And just to tease you I put some extra caramel shot into it.", I grinned at him and stuck my tongue out, once more caught by his intense, silver eyes.

I hated it when he was just there.

It always reminded me of the things we had done and of what his face looked like while his cock filled me.

Taking a big gulp from my own cup I hummed due to the satisfying taste of coffee, milk, and a little caramel.

"So, how come you agreed on a date?", he asked while his long, delicate fingers played with the napkin lying under his cup to keep any stains away from the tabletop.

"This isn't a date.", I answered and looked out of the window to watch the passing people on the sidewalk.

"You invited me for coffee, alone, in a public place. I don't know what's non-date-ish about this."

He scratched his temple but remained smiling at me - that cocky smile he always smiled and which made him look like he was Mr Yes-I-know-I-look-stunning-and-you-want-me-to-fuck-you-right-on-that-coffee-table.

Facing reality was so cruel.

"We already fucked, so there's no need for dating anymore, is there?", I bit back but the soft note of doubt tinted my words so that they didn't leave my tongue as sharp as I had wanted them to.

"You're cute when you turn red like that.", he said and completely ignored my question.

"Fuck you."

"Don't you want me to fuck you?"

Oh how much I wanted to slap that smug grin out of his face.

"You're just a masochist and want me to scratch your shoulders bleeding again. But I could do that without the fucking also. Like, maybe, with your face?"

I cocked my head a little to the side and curled my lips into a wicked smile.

"Okay, okay, I get it.", he frowned and crossed his arms on his che- ...wait.

"Is that my necklace?"

"Yup."

"You stole it?!"

"I borrowed it. I thought it looked nice on me."

Slap. That. Grin.

Jesus fucking Christ, it looked good on him.

And yes, I knew he looked even better without any clothing but hell, this was about the principe.

"Give it back."

"Take it."

SLAP. THAT. GRIN.

He stemmed his elbows into the tabletop so that the silver jewellery dangled losely around his delicate neck. My eyes automatically followed the line of his collarbone under the thin, black fabric of his tank top until they stopped at a purple spot right where the bone met the muscle line of his neck.

I knew I had bitten him but... that hard?

The spot was, as said, purple and in some points dried blood stuck to the bruised skin - all in all it looked like it'd hurt.

As soon as my left hand reached out - I don't really know if for the necklace or the spot in the first place - he leaned back in his seat and chuckled.

My hand now hung loose in the air but soon I leaned a little further onto the table and finally reached his warm skin with my fingertips.

My index and middle finger ghosted over the abused skin until he pulled my wrist away and caught my hand to slightly cross our fingers in a gentle touch.

"Does it hurt?", I asked but my voice was barely more than an exhale of air.

"It has to.", he smiled and kissed my fingertips, "Because it's worth the memory."

His hand left mine and made the desire grow to feel that touch again.

"Gotta go now.", he said and stood up, leaving me in this awkward position but with a note written onto the napkin his empty cup was placed on.

His adress. 9pm.