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Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 11:

Where was I?

Oh right.

The café. *Them*.

Needless to say, the longer Kouyou talked, the more I got pissed.

Because, to be honest, I had no fucking idea what to do about all this, and, to be honest again, I didn't get a hint of them having any clue about what to do either.

The case file "Akira" was opened, but the words in it were speaking a cryptic language, especially to me.

"We need a plan.", Yuu said and nodded, before lighting himself a cigarette.

"What do you expect me to do? Say 'hi Akira' and then drop onto my knees and suck his cock?"

"Make sure to tape his face on video.", Yuu chuckled.

My left eye twitched.

Con-fucking-gratulations.

Why did I get the intention to suddenly have **two** insane in front of me?

Could too much hairspray take effects on a human brain and its function in areas where rationality and understating irony was placed?

Jesus fucking Christ, this was serious business.

Kouyou smiled at me.

"There's no better sex than make-up sex. Maybe you should give it a try.", he grinned and the way he smiled and the way Yuu placed his hand ontop of his thigh made me shiver.

Too. Much. Information.

Bend a little more over.... yeah, just like that...

Fuck.

Literally.

I either needed to make my face stop flushing or get laid. Or both.

A week without sex and my hormones already started a riot against me.
Great.

"I don't know... he seemed really angry. I don't want him to rip my ass into pieces.", I finally managed to murmur.

"What happened anyway?"

I lifted my gaze and fixed it at Kouyou, and wondered.

"I thought you were sand box buddies. Didn't he tell you?"

"Nope. As said, he didn't talk. At all."

"Wow."

"Yup."

I took a deep gulp from my mug and placed the now empty porcelain container aside.

"Yuu, get us some coffee.", Kouyou chuckled, "I guess this is going to be a longer story."

And he was so damn right.