

Twisted

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Kapitel 1: Crazy Fuck

„You know...“, Uruha trailed off. Successfully interrupting the conversation they just have had before.

The honeyblonde slowly turned his head, making himself more comfortable on Aoi's lap, on which he had been lazing for the most of the evening.

A blow of smoke took Aoi back into reality. Coughing he waved it away from his face, as even though he was a heavy smoker himself, it caught him by surprise.

“This is my last!” continued Uruha the started conversation from before. Aoi's eyebrow rose questionably, while Uruha blew another lungful bluish smoke into his face.

“I mean it!” the honey blonde repeated and almost seemed to rise on Aoi's lap, but then decided differ and just slightly changed his posture.

A low chuckle escaped Aoi's lips and he just shook his head. Taking Uruha's ciggy from between his lips and taking a lungful himself. The liquor has already been drunk way too much and he was almost sure, Uruha would forget this promise the very next morning, but Aoi didn't even had to wait that long, as the honeyblonde was already pulling a second grit out of his pocket and lighting it up, while still lying on Aoi's lap.

Aoi blew smoke circles, while his gaze wandered in the room. Ruki's living room, to be accurate, as they were now at another futile party of his.

“You know...” Aoi started, using Uruha's words from before. Not knowing if it was the heavy liquor he had sipped the whole night long, which now twisted his own thoughts, nor did he mind it too much.

“You are the craziest fuck I've ever had...” Aoi chuckled watching his cycles disappear into the air, so that now it was Uruha's brow which rose in question.

This fine brow, which always seemed to be in shape....

“You're welcome..” the honeyblonde giggled but his eyes seemed to pierce, even in this drunken state of his, right through Aoi.

“No...no, you don't understand!”, Aoi chuckled and causing Uruha's brow to rise even higher.

“I don't?”

“You don't!” Aoi nodded.

“You're bitchy, sassy, chaotic and quite a handful at times...”, Aoi started explaining, but again got interrupted by the honeyblonde.

“You know...if you plan on fucking me tonight, you better stop talking..~”, Uruha threatened Aoi with a raised finger, but only giggled and shook his head, causing Aoi to laugh more.

“No...what I mean is..I don't mind it!”

“Very generous of you...”, Uruha nodded with the straightest face and just a small tint of his chin, a smirk on his lips, which alone could drive Aoi mad with lust at times.

Something only the honeyblonde vixen could do. A single look and he could have Aoi boiling underneath his cloth. A whispered word and Aoi would be all too willing to fuck him senseless, if he only let him. But Uruha didn't. At least, every now and then he preferred to play the hard to get. He loved to keep the passion high and the mood heated in excitement. They both did. From the very beginning, as it all has started off as a drunken idea to accommodate to their needs.

Kapitel 2: Madman

A low giggle brought Aoi back to reality, made him rise a brow in question, as Uruha rose from his position and without as much as a word walked away to the dance floor. Moving his hips suggestively he started dancing, rose his arms over his head only to dig his finger into his blonde hair slightly tugging at it, as he turned around. The honeyblonde winked Aoi with a finger to follow him onto the dance floor. Uruha was up for some fun and he knew, if he wanted he could get Aoi off within minutes by simply dancing with him. He held the strings to their madness, though only Aoi could make him such a hot mess - and he loved it. The heat of the many bodies pressing into each other made him dizzy. He could already feel the dampness of his neck, as Aoi made his way to Uruha.

The ravenhaired man pressed his hips from behind against Uruha. Wandering fingers, brushing the honey blonde hair to one side, so his hot breath tickled Uruha's neck as they danced.

The liquor drunk before made Aoi already feel slightly dizzy.

"You crazy bitch...", Aoi smirked, as Uruha pushed his firm ass against his crotch. The honeyblonde giggled, he knew exactly what he was doing. He was up for Sex tonight and he knew he would get it. He always got what he wanted. But tonight was different. Uruha was drunk and though he never was a humble person, tonight he felt particularly bold. He wanted Aoi withering beneath his touches.

The honeyblonde laughed softly at Aoi's cursing, he knew all too well Aoi would never think of him as a bitch, but it was that extra spice to their little games, when Aoi called him names and he pretended to be angry.

Uruha turned around and still pressing against Aoi; a sharp slap landed on Aoi's cheek. The honeyblonde bit his lips, knowing all too well what would follow next, as Aoi grabbed his hair. Tugging at it hard and kissing him even harder. Aoi's hand laying firm on Uruha's lower back so that there was no escape...

"You fuckin' madman...", Aoi chuckled, Uruha biting his lips. Aoi could taste blood but it only made him wanting the honeyblonde more.

Kapitel 3: Dirty Satisfaction

Uruha giggled drunkenly as he dragged Aoi by his wrist into one of the rooms surrounding the living room, where the rest of the folks were still drinking their asses off. Aoi kicked the door shut behind them and pressed Uruha against himself, throwing his arms around the blond's waist and pulling him closer, while he himself lent against the door.

"He's gonne kill us...", Aoi chuckled between two kisses. They were in Rukis bedroom and the raven haired was sure the hell would follow on their heels as soon as Ruki found out about their little ordeal – and he definitely would.

Uruha joined in Aoi's chuckle, but only turned the key.

"Your ass is safe – at least until later...", the honeblonde giggled drunkenly but not any less suggestively.

"Very generous of you....", repeating Uruha's from earlier tonight he placed half formed kisses on the corner of Uruha's mouth. Aoi's mind was far too occupied with a different kind of thoughts to be really worried about getting his ass kicked by Ruki...Aois pulse was speeding and his need already all too visible underneath his pants.

Uruha laughed softly, pressed his lips more firmly on Aoi's and swang his arms around Aoi's neck, bringing the heat from before back. The desperation, which had prevented them from going home in the first place.

Uruha moaned under his breath as Aoi grabbed his ass and their hips collided. The hard fabric of their jeans rubbed against the heated skin making Uruha shudder.

"Don't let me wait...", the honeyblonde smiled kinky, stumbling backwards, pulling Aoi with him. He wanted him so badly....his own hard on felt like it was poking a hole into his pants if he didn't get release any time soon...

Uruha gasped. The soft satin blankets felt cold on his heated skin, as Aois threw him onto the bed, maybe a little too hard but neither of them cared as Aoi crawled on top of him.

Uruhas fingers were already fumbling with Aois belt, while the raven haired, kneeling above Uruha, pulled his shirt off and threw it on the floor. A smug grin on his face as he looked down at Uruha, firmly stuck between his tights. It was always a game for dominance and Aoi enjoyed having an upper hand, even though deep inside he knew it was still Uruha pulling the strings, the pure sight of the honeyblonde trapped underneath him sent him shivers down his spine.

The honeyblonde was far too drunk for his touches to be gentle and his fingers have not been soft since a long time ago , but as they brushed Aoi's stomach the ravenhaired couldn't help but shiver He could feel the heat emanating Uruhas fingers, as the honeyblonde finally managed to open the belt and pulled it with a hard tug out of its loops causing the sharp noise, leather always made on fabric. With his gaze already clouded he looked up at Aoi, licking his lips with a quick flick of his tongue.

The raven haired grinned, as he always thought of it as being one of the most arousing sounds ever and Uruha seemed to feel the same way, as the honeyblonde's breath was already heavy. His chest rose and fell with every shaky breath he took, almost making him look innocent. The honeyblonde hair plastered around him giving the illusion of a halo and his skin even paler in the barely there light.

Uruha moaned, as Aoi shifted his weight as he leaned forward. Burying his hands in

the honey blonde hair Aoi pressed his lips on Uruha's. Kissing him hard and needy. Kissing every part of skin Aoi could reach, he unbuttoned the honeyblonde's shirt blindly, tugging at it in despair, as the buttons didn't want to collaborate, giving it up at the end and pulling it up and off of Uruha's head instead.

"This fucking buttons...", Aoi cursed under his breath pressing his lips once again against Uruha's, biting them softly. Kissing the corner of Uruha's mouth, his fingers ghosted over Uruha's stomach, up his sides and to the part of Uruha's body the honeyblonde was the most sensitive at. A soft moan escaped Uruha's plush lips and his skin felt already damp as Aoi's thumb scratched lightly over his hardened nipple. Pinched it, causing Uruha to moan louder. Arch his back for the wanted touches.

Wanting more than the feather light touches Aoi was giving him right now, Uruha dug his nails into Aoi's back, dragged them down knowing all too well Aoi would be left with claw marks for the next few days. But that was just the way they liked it. Hard, dirty and messy. Leaving bite and claw marks all over the place and debauch their bodies devouring each other.

Uruha moaned.

Kapitel 4: Thunderstorm

Uruha's head was spinning. Out of breath and with shaky fingers he held tight onto Aoi's hair. Pressed himself closer to him but all too soon his red flushed cheeks became pale and he had to push Aoi aside, fingers now firmly pressed on his lips. His head was still spinning, but not in a pleasant way anymore. Uruha felt light headed and his stomach twisted, though, not in anticipation this time.

"What is it?", Aoi out of breath as well touched Uruha's cheek softly but still needy. He was hot and bothered and not any less drunk than Uruha. Slow in thinking and now utterly confused at the sudden change of mood.

"Wait...!", Uruha breathed, fingers still pressed firmly on his lips so that the words came out muffled.

"Are you all right?"

Uruha nodded, but his hand still pressed to his mouth he took a couple deep breaths. Composing himself and killing the mood as sudden as it had overcome them.

"Are you better now?"

Uruha nodded again. Smiled faintly.

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be..."

"Well, I guess Ruki would have definitely killed me for THAT, wouldn't he?", the honeyblonde managed a smile, sincere this time.

"He would kill the both of us!", Aoi laughed.

"I can't even tell what's worse! You puking on his beloved bed sheets or us fucking them over....", a smug grin spread across the raven haired's face.

Uruha giggled drunkenly, crawling closer to Aoi and snuggling into his embrace.

"Thank you...", the honeyblonde whispered, closing his eyes when Aoi's lips brushed his forehead.

It was silent for a while but then Aoi started talking again : "You know....I call you crazy at times...."

"Well, that's nothing new..."

"...don't interrupt me, please.....what I try to say is....I don't think you're crazy..."

Uruha's brow raised in question but he didn't interrupt Aoi this time. He was surprised of the direction the atmosphere has taken. Aoi was no one who talked freely about his thoughts or feelings...

"I admire you...."

Now, that was surprising! Uruha opened his mouth to speak, but Aoi's finger on his lips hushed him down again.

"You seem like you have no care in the world....you say whatever you want...you do whatever you want. Never thinking about the consequences never questioning anything....", Aoi's gaze became unfocused. Drifted off to somewhere Uruha couldn't see.

"Aoi..."

The later shook his head, again not wanting to be interrupted.

"You came into my life like a thunderstorm....like a war zone, really! "

"It's not exactly a compliment, you know?"

"It wasn't intended to be...."

