

CHAPTER I - MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME

Maybe I should've stopped doing *that* when the new school year began. That was two days ago. Today is April 7, 2511. For the last ten days, by taking advantage of the spring break between school years, I've been making an effort to see my boyfriend as much as possible.

His name is Touma Koizumi. The kanji for his first name gives it the meaning of "true blade," which scares me somewhat (knowing his...sometimes *eccentric* characteristics), and the kanji for his last name means "small fountain" (which, might I add, is terribly inaccurate considering my experiences with him in bed. He has dark black hair, and he seems to rarely comb it, but it always ends up in some sort of side parting shape. It's as if it had hair gel *permanently* applied to it. It's really cool. His eyes, however, are more scary than that. They're blood red. Although, if you know him, this *might* make some sense.

All that aside, this begs the question: has he been neglecting me? The short answer is no. The long answer...is that I've made a terrible mistake and, due to that mistake, I have been neglecting *him*, and I've been trying to fix that.

I asked Touma if he was free today after school. He said yes. He agreed to come to my house later. And now here I am, sitting in sixth period practically *begging* for the class to end. Our teacher's kinda lazy, so our homerooms are always really short and most of it is free time. However, as the seconds tick by and as I'm desperately trying to figure out how a logarithmic function is supposed to look, I find myself thinking of *that* again.

So exactly what is *that*? Well, in truth I've been cheating on Touma. I know, I know, it's not the most graceful thing to just straight up admit, and it looks like shit on your resumé, but in short, Touma got a job as a bartender a few months back and ended up being really busy. One thing lead to another, and my friend Yuki suggested that I get my frustrations out. So I had sex with this one really popular playboy at our school named Junichi Kimura.

I know. I'm a bitch.

However, I've sworn off all of that. I intend to officially end off that relationship today. I intend on keeping Touma close to me for the whole afternoon, and end it all off with a little bit of 'rolling in the hay,' so to speak. And with that, I'll go back to being the good girlfriend that Touma deserves. I'll forget this entire 'cheating' incident. It never happened. And it never will. Simple as that.

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Touma sat down in front of me. We were sitting on opposite sides of a round little coffee table inside of my room. It feels like it's been forever since we've done this (even though, in reality, it's only been a few days). I could feel a certain type of nervousness (or guilt, I dunno) welling up inside of me. I barely managed a smile. I hope he doesn't get suspicious.

"What's with the fake-ass smile?" he asked.

Shit.

"W-w-what?" I manage to choke out.

"What's on your mind, Michiko?" he asks me calmly. His blood-red eyes seemed like they were trying to stare through my clothes, my body and even through my mind, down to my very soul. He was looking for *something*. He knew *something* was bothering me, and he wanted to try and find that *something*...and incinerate it.

"I dunno," I replied (honestly). "I guess I'm just feeling off today."

"I can come back tomorrow if you're not feeling well," Touma replied, reaching for his bag.

"N-no! You can't! I...uhh...I'm busy tomorrow," I replied (not so honestly).

"Right," Touma replied, staring at me calmly. I honestly don't know how I feel about his pseudo-interrogations. On the one hand, they turn me on. Like seriously, they sexually arouse me. I'm pretty sure it's a fetish thing. Or maybe it's just the way he interrogates me...simultaneously playing good cop AND bad cop, watching my movements and reading my innermost thoughts. I feel like if I lie, he'd immediately call me out. It makes me shudder, but in a "holy shit, that's cool" sorta way. However, on the other hand, his interrogations terrify the living shit out of me, because I feel like he knows my every move, like that time I nabbed the last cookie from my mom's cookie jar.

"What's wrong? You look like I just accused you of something," Touma laughed. "Come on, it's not like you stole the last cookie out of your mother's cookie jar or something—"

What the fuck?

"—and even if you did, for what does it matter? You can tell me. Really," he finished.

I sighed. "No, it's not...well...okay, I *did* do that cookie thing, but that's not it..."

"Huh. That was a random guess, but sure," Touma replied, shrugged. That was not a random guess. I'd bet fucking cash on that.

"I just...I just feel like we haven't been together as much as we used to," I admitted, "ever since you've started working. And I know you've been trying, but still..."

"I'm sorry," he replied instantly. "I'll try and improve."

"N-no, I'm not blaming you!" I cried. It makes my heart ache when he does this (and he knows it, I bet; it's probably his way of making me putty in his hands...not gonna lie, I kinda like it). He shoulders the blame for things and takes responsibility, which is really noble and a *real* manly trait (not smoking cigarettes and flipping off the cops or something, that's delinquency). However, he also makes me *want to take part of the blame*, and that's how he gets people to reveal their secrets. It's magical. I love it.

"We should make more time for each other," Touma said suddenly. "Regardless of whether or not you blame me for not being available for you, I *do* blame myself, and I'm sorry. I promise to take better care of you." He smiled, half knowingly, and half apologetically.

He's always been a little sinister.

Once again, I find myself on the verge of needing a change of panties. I...need some serious help.

Standing up, Touma moves to sit beside me. I can smell him. He wears a cologne with the smell of sakura petals (it's completely natural, according to him; a much more *girly* choice than I'd expect, but it's a nice smell). Almost instinctively, I lean closer to him and kiss him. The feeling of our locking lips is wonderful...I can't ever get this feeling out of my head. It's addictive. I lean backwards slowly, letting him gently lower me onto the ground. I looked directly at him, with his body looming over mine, and smiled. Instinctively, I moved my hands down and began to undo his belt.

This is natural between lovers, isn't it? We're just making up for the time that we've lost. That's all.

Moments later, I find myself in his arms, holding onto him tightly with my bare legs wrapped around his waist. He thrusts into me *deeply*, like each and every movement of his was going to churn up my insides and send me straight to heaven. Every inch of my lower half is consumed with pleasure.

Sex feels different with the one you love. It just does. People need to realize that netorare isn't as common as they think. Regardless of dick sizes or whatever, if you really love someone, it just *naturally* feels better when you do it with them. Perhaps it's instinct telling you who you really wanna *breed* with. Maybe that's it.

In any case, my legs are tightly wrapped around him and my voice is spilling out into the room. I bet my parents and hear us. I bet the guests at the inn on the second floor can hear us. Fuck, that's...that's not a good thing, Whatever. I allow my instincts to take control, and hold him close as I slowly move towards an orgasm.