

Talking to the Moon

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Talking to the Moon

by [Vixenfur](#)

Summary

Eijun swallowed slowly as his heart fluttered.

My senpai... An arrogant, yet charming smirk came to Eijun's mind, paired with those amber-brown eyes that always seemed to read Eijun's mind. Eijun curled up a little tighter as his pulse quickened. Suddenly he craved the presence of his boyfriend, even though they just said goodnight to each other a little over an hour ago. He snuggled into his pillow, seeking his scent, and he suppressed a disappointed whine when he didn't find what he was looking for.

A pout formed on his lips as his heart told him exactly what was keeping him awake: *I want to cuddle with Kazuya.*

Notes

FINALLLYYYY Nez's 2nd fic for MAY (whoops) IS UP NOW!! She asked for a canonverse fic based off of [this tweet](#) she made, but to make it horny after the cute part happened LMAO

this fic takes place between Acts 1 and 2 but there's no major spoilers at all! also the detail of miyuki's former roommates might be wrong but I literally could not be bothered to fact check this time so just accept it LMAO

there is the faintest slightest hint of background Sanada/Raichi in case that would irk u !!

underage tag is bc they are still in high school! but Misawa are the same canon ages as this

point in the series so theres no major age gap!

I hope you enjoy :D ILY NEZ THIS IS FOR YOU!! WROTE ALL THE FLUFF AND SMUT SPECIFICALLY WITH YOUR TASTES IN MIND OFC !! :3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Eijun had always been an early riser. As soon as the sun began to peek over the horizon, Eijun was up, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, ready to tackle the challenge of a new day. He took pride in his motivation, his drive to wake up and don his practice jersey to continue working on building his strength. Nothing woke him up more than running laps as the crisp morning air nipped at his skin.

Tonight, however, he was starting to doubt that he would be able to follow his usual routine. Due to Eijun's habit of waking up early, he was not one to stay up late. He was amongst the first to fall asleep in his room each night, even if the others were still playing video games or studying. Tonight was different, for Eijun was wide awake for reasons he could not understand.

His mother once told him that it was bad for him to stay up on his phone because the light of the screen only strained his eyes. He believed that, so he decided to check his mail and text messages with the hope that the light would exhaust him and make him sleepy.

To Eijun's surprise, he received a response from someone who must have also been having a hard time sleeping—Todoroki Raichi. It could also be that his habits just differed from Eijun's and he was a night owl instead of an early bird. Regardless, Eijun felt comforted at the sight of the green dot by Raichi's icon indicating his online status. Though he was a monster on the field, especially when at-bat on home plate, Raichi was a really shy person in actuality. He texted with lots of emojis like Eijun did and matched his enthusiasm about all things baseball.

Raichi: !!! You're up late! Is something wrong? (´ω•`)

Eijun rolled onto his side and tapped away onto his phone. He hoped that the light of his screen didn't wake Youichi up.

Me: I can't sleeeeeep (×_×) I don't know what to do, Raichi!! I went over the numbers in my head a MILLION TIMES EACH!! (` ▯ ´)

Raichi: Eh? What numbers? (• •) ?

Me: AH— (° ▯ °) ! FORGET I SAID THAT!! IT'S SECRET!! — ANYWAY! It's true, I can't sleep! I'm struggling, Raichi! What do you do when you can't sleep? (° ´ へ ` °)

For a while, Eijun waited quietly for Raichi's response. He saw a thought bubble pop up to indicate that Raichi was typing every few seconds, like he was really considering what to say to help Eijun. He smiled a bit as he rolled onto his other side, which was already an unsuccessful attempt to find a more comfortable position. A part of Eijun wished that Raichi was his teammate, but he was happy to have such a skilled and often terrifying rival. Raichi always made baseball that much more interesting and thrilling. Maybe one day if they both went pro, they could end up on the same team.

Finally, Raichi's response came through.

Raichi: *Hmmm it depends... sometimes a warm drink helps me! (,, • - •,,) Or I have a snack like a banana if I'm still hungry! But if I'm full of energy I go and practice my batting swings \ (★ω★) / Why do you think you can't sleep? Are you worried about something or are you excited? Maybe you're just bored? (◦ ◦)*

Eijun had to stifle a laugh at Raichi's suggestions. Bananas and batting—definitely two of Raichi's staple personality traits. He thought about Raichi's questions while looking inside his heart. At least he wasn't sad or stressed out—he felt good about their upcoming matches and practice was going well. Eijun was in top shape and still working each day to do better, so it wasn't like he was dreading going to bed and facing tomorrow. That only left one possibility as to why he couldn't sleep.

Me: *I guess I'm feeling a bit bored and lonely! That's why I decided to start messaging people, wahahahaha (" ▽ ") ♪*

When Raichi texted him back, what he said finally gave Eijun some food for thought.

Raichi: *If you're lonely, maybe there is someone you want to talk to! Right now, late at night, you only want the company of someone special. I know when I'm lonely I usually want to find Nada-senpai (/•/ω•/) Ohhh maybe your senpai can help!*

Eijun swallowed slowly as his heart fluttered.

My senpai... An arrogant, yet charming smirk came to Eijun's mind, paired with those amber-brown eyes that always seemed to read Eijun's mind. Eijun curled up a little tighter as his pulse quickened. Suddenly he craved the presence of his boyfriend, even though they just said goodnight to each other a little over an hour ago. He snuggled into his pillow, seeking his scent, and he suppressed a disappointed whine when he didn't find what he was looking for.

A pout formed on his lips as his heart told him exactly what was keeping him awake: *I want to cuddle with Kazuya.*

Eijun made sure to quickly respond to Raichi, thanking him for his advice, before silencing his phone and leaving it abandoned by his bed. He grabbed his pillow and his favorite fuzzy blanket and crept down the bunk-bed ladder as quietly as he could manage. Then, he left his room and shut the door behind him while peering around to make sure no one saw him sneaking out.

There was a rule about staying in one's room after the curfew hour, but no one ever broke that rule so there was no reason for it to be strictly enforced. Most of the time, if anyone tried to break curfew, their roommates would snitch. However, when it came to Eijun tip-toeing to Kazuya's room, everyone knew that happened more often than not. No one said anything to the Coach out of respect for their team captain.

Eijun grinned to himself. Dating the captain sure had its perks!

When Eijun reached Kazuya's room, he thought about knocking and then paused before his knuckles hit the door. Sometimes, Kazuya left the room unlocked in the event that Eijun wanted to surprise him. With a hopeful surge in his chest, Eijun tried the doorknob first. He smiled brightly when it opened for him without struggle and revealed a dark room inside.

Eijun glanced around, still half-expecting to find Kazuya's roommates there. He felt lucky that Kazuya's former roommates were retired players so they had already moved out. New roommates had not been assigned yet, so in Eijun's opinion, they had to take advantage of their privacy while they still could!

He found himself blushing at the thought. He wanted to take advantage of it as much as he could, in *as many ways* as he could think of. Since when did he become so dirty-minded? He blamed Kazuya, the damn pervert, for always putting his mind in the gutter.

Now that the door was closed behind him, Eijun squeezed his pillow to his chest and inched inside. He spotted Kazuya with his back to the door, his muscular, broad shoulders stretching a t-shirt to its limits around his frame. Eijun's cheeks felt hot as he crawled onto the tiny bed and wriggled closer, causing the whole mattress to shake and creak.

"That better be who I think it is," Kazuya's sleep-slurred voice mumbled as he stirred to life, unable to snooze through Eijun's disruptive entrance. When Eijun grinned and let out a small giggle, Kazuya twisted around, feeling blindly for Eijun's body due to the eye-mask concealing his vision. Eijun happily curled up in his arms, instinctively latching onto every inch of Kazuya that he could reach with his head pressed against Kazuya's soft, large chest.

"Surprise!" Eijun said, voice still too loud and jarring even though he had tried to stay quiet. He felt victorious having made it to Kazuya's bed uninterrupted, and now nothing could separate them now. Kazuya released a heavy sigh, though through the dark, Eijun could still see the way the corners of his lips curved up in a fond smile. He practically purred when one of Kazuya's arms stroked his back, petting him down his spine like a cat.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" Kazuya asked, though his voice was husky still from sleep. The sound stirred Eijun up a bit, causing his cheeks to redden with endearment. He squeezed his leg tighter around Kazuya's waist.

"I couldn't sleep," Eijun admitted. He grew shy, fearing that he resembled a little kid crawling into his parent's bed, and ended up mumbling out his explanation as his blush burned across his cheeks. "I was... ly..."

"Hm?" Kazuya hummed and tilted his head. "Can't hear you."

"Shuddup!" Eijun whined as he stuffed his face into Kazuya's cleavage, his favorite place to be. Those impressive pecs muffled his voice, but he was still heard by Kazuya as he snapped, "I said I was *lonely!*"

"No need to be so defensive," Kazuya said with a small laugh. He sounded a bit more awake now, but he was clearly tired, the even strokes down Eijun's spine now starting to slow. A yawn interrupted his sentence, and once he finished, he sighed out, "M'right here... you can sleep now."

Eijun was filled with warmth when Kazuya pressed a groggy, but tender kiss on Eijun's forehead, then relaxed against the pillows. He inched up to return the favor, pecking the underside of Kazuya's jaw as he wriggled into an even more comfortable position.

"Goodnight, Miyuki Kazuya!" With that, Eijun snuggled up against Kazuya's warm, broad body and closed his eyes.

Though Eijun expected to be plunged directly into dreamland after that, instead he found himself unable to stop smiling. That, and his heart was making a racket against his chest, thumping nonstop with each passing second. His hands twitched and he felt restless, like he was even *more* alert now that he was in Kazuya's bed.

They were in bed together, alone all night, behind a locked door. Eijun couldn't suppress his excitement. Besides, every time he breathed in, he was surrounded by Kazuya's familiar scent, which was something that always ignited the deepest heat of Eijun's core. It wasn't *his* fault that

Kazuya's pheromones did all sorts of things to his body! Maybe Kazuya should tone down his sex appeal for a moment now and then!

Eijun felt a little too hot. He kicked the blanket off of him so that it bunched up on Kazuya's side and ducked his blushing face down into the darkness. He felt tingly and hot down between his legs and he wondered if Kazuya felt him getting hard. Nervous and not wanting to disrupt Kazuya's sleep, Eijun tried to inch his hips away. Could he get away with getting himself off once Kazuya was truly asleep?

What am I thinking!? Eijun panicked at the thought, no matter how much it stirred up his arousal. *Masturbating right next to my sleeping boyfriend!?* *What am I, some sort of creep!?*

Maybe he *was* a creep. Eijun hid his face in his hands for a moment of shame. *This Sawamura Eijun has been corrupted...! An innocent virgin I am no longer...!*

After steeling himself, Eijun nibbled on his bottom lip and risked a glance up at Kazuya's face. He felt stupid doing so since Kazuya's mask concealed his eyes, but when he studied the rest of Kazuya's face, he determined that Kazuya must have been asleep. His lips were parted, letting out steady, even breaths, and he was not moving an inch besides the constant rise and fall of his side.

Figuring he had the all-clear, Eijun turned over so that his back was pressed to Kazuya's front. Shifting around caused Kazuya to stir, and he laid an arm over Eijun's waist to hold him, but that was all. Eijun waited patiently for Kazuya to doze back off before making a move again. As soon as he felt like he was safe, Eijun started to inch his hand down to the waistband of his sweatpants, fingers reaching for his growing erection.

Just as Eijun's hand ghosted over the bulge in his underwear, a hand shot out and grabbed onto his wrist. A gasp lodged itself in Eijun's throat and he froze, heart jumping at the feeling of Kazuya's fingers tightening around his arm.

"And what do you think you're doing, Eijun?" Kazuya's low voice sounded so growly and *deep* right next to Eijun's ear, causing a shiver to run down his spine. If he wasn't fully hard before, he was now, feeling completely trapped by Kazuya's broad body looming right behind him. Kazuya was suddenly so full of energy and strength as he kept Eijun stuck in his place, not allowing him to touch any more on his own.

"Y-You're awake!?" Eijun blurted out, though his voice sounded more like a whimper than a question. He couldn't deny how excited he got by the surprise of Kazuya's actions, how he had *waited* for Eijun to try and touch himself before revealing his little plan. Eijun squeezed his thighs together, and when his butt pushed back, he was made very aware of Kazuya's half-hard cock.

"Answer my question first." Kazuya yanked Eijun closer so that no space separated their bodies. He pushed back his sleep mask so that it slipped off his head and landed on the pillow while he was preoccupied by licking the edge of Eijun's reddening ear. "You're quite seductive, you know that? Coming in here all sweet and innocent only to try and get off right beside me..." He nipped Eijun's earlobe, causing Eijun to whine while his other hand traveled under Eijun's t-shirt. "Such a *bad* boy."

"I-I wasn't—that wasn't my plan, I just...!" Eijun tried in vain to protest and defend himself even if he knew what Kazuya said was true. A lewd gasp broke from his lips when Kazuya tugged at his nipple, rubbing the soft bud under his fingers to encourage it to harden. Meanwhile, he let go of Eijun's wrist to instead reach down into his pants with his own hand, and the pressure of Kazuya's bigger palm on his groin felt *infinitely* better than his own hand would have. Overcome with excitement, Eijun tilted his head back blissfully. "Ngh, *senpai*...!"

“*Oho*, so *now* you want to show respect for me,” Kazuya remarked with a snicker. “It figures... you wanna behave now that I’m in control of your pleasure, huh?”

Kazuya was relentless, reaching down past the elastic band of his underwear to grope Eijun with nothing between them, only skin-on-skin contact.

Fuuuuuck— Eijun’s thoughts were a mess. His hips jolted forward, pleasure making his erection ache and leak with precum. Everything felt hazy as he sank into that ecstatic feeling, the buildup making his blood rush to turn everything blistering hot. Kazuya’s breath was warm on his skin paired with the occasional nip and suck of his teeth, leaving behind shameless marks along the nape of Eijun’s neck.

“*Senpai*, everyone’s g-gonna see...” Eijun whimpered, turning his flushed face towards the pillow as Kazuya petted his little cock with steady, gradual strokes of his wrist. He even reached down to toy with Eijun’s soft balls, giving them a small squeeze before he ran his fingers up along the underside of his cock again. Eijun was trembling from head to toe, barely holding back the urge to blow his load too soon. He was excited by the pressure of Kazuya’s cock against him, making his heart squeeze with anticipation. It was an added bonus that this would help get the energy out of him so that he could rest.

“You’re smarter than you look, you know...” Kazuya pinched Eijun’s nipple, earning a squeak from his throat before he reached up to grab Eijun’s chin. He turned his head so that Eijun could look over his shoulder and meet his eyes in the dark. The sight made Eijun’s heart skip a beat— *his glasses are off*—and he gulped while Kazuya’s intense gaze bore into his own. “Calling me *senpai* so much to get your way. You’re lucky you’re such a cute kouhai or else I might not want to spoil you so much.”

“Then spoil me already,” Eijun said without thinking twice, driven only by his desire to have Kazuya ravish him. His request seemed to work, at least—it only took Kazuya a second to consider before he was meshing their mouths together in a deep, heated kiss.

Eijun ended up on top of Kazuya, pulled into his lap with his hands on Kazuya’s firm chest while they kissed, sloppy and hungry for more. Eijun’s moans turned into whimpers and muffled keens as Kazuya pushed Eijun’s pants down, exposing the soft, round curve of his ass for him to feel. His fingers dipped into Eijun’s crack as he squeezed and groped those plump cheeks, spreading them apart in order to expose his little pink hole.

“*Nmh—hn—ah!*” A small cry burst from Eijun’s lips when their kiss briefly parted, but his sounds were swallowed up again by Kazuya’s demanding tongue in what felt like no time at all. He ground his throbbing cock down against Kazuya’s hefty bulge, blushing at the reminder of just how much *bigger* Kazuya was than Eijun.

That fact was far from insulting to Eijun—it turned him on impossibly *more*. Everything about Kazuya was a fantasy, a wet dream come true. He could hardly breathe from his desire, his overwhelming and pure *excitement* to feel Kazuya inside of him again.

“You’re so needy tonight,” Kazuya pointed out once their passionate kiss grew slow and messy. His teasing was spoken right against Eijun’s saliva-slick lips while he reached down to the crevice between the bedframe and the wall with one arm. Eijun knew exactly what he was grabbing—his heart fluttered when Kazuya found what he was looking for and pulled his arm back up, lube in hand. Eijun nodded a little shyly, evoking a sensual smirk from Kazuya. His eyes seemed to darken as he unscrewed the cap to the lube. “You’re agreeing with me... not putting up a fight for me, baby? You *really* must want this right now.”

“Don’t push your luck,” Eijun murmured, even though the endearing nickname made his knees feel weak. Thankfully he wasn’t standing or else he might have *swooned*.

“Feisty,” Kazuya said with a chuckle, now lube-wet fingers tracing around Eijun’s rim, “but I doubt you’ll be this confident for much longer.”

A quiver ran down Eijun’s spine, lips parting in a gasp while Kazuya pushed one finger inside. Though his fingers were no match for his girthy cock, Kazuya still had strong, large fingers—they filled Eijun up nicely and much more than Eijun could accomplish on his own. He ducked his head down, soft, breathy moans escaping his throat while his face burned red up to the tips of his ears. Kazuya leaned forward, trailing kisses along whatever skin he could reach until he was whispering against Eijun’s ear again.

“You’re so submissive for me, kitten, so *pretty*,” Kazuya purred while gently easing a second finger inside, adding it in seamlessly with the rhythmic thrusting motion he’d established with the first finger. Eijun’s breath hitched with a whimper at the stretch, cock jumping and twitching from where it was pressed between their bodies. Kazuya smirked and kissed the tip of his ear. “So damn *pretty*, all pink and shy like this... that’s it, good boy, you’re opening up for me so well, sweetheart.”

“*Hah—hn*, I—I’m doing good...” Eijun echoed, feeling a little hazy with his own lust. Perhaps it was due to Kazuya’s groggy state, but Eijun noticed he was complimenting him a *lot* that night. All of those affectionate phrases made Eijun feel drunk off his pleasure, for he was starting to believe that he was just as pretty, wanted, and sensual as Kazuya said he was. He grinned a bit and kneaded Kazuya’s chest between his palms, much like a contented, spoiled pet kitten that Kazuya indirectly compared him to.

Soon, Eijun felt his world spinning as he was flipped onto his back, pinned down while Kazuya turned them around. Eijun arched his back off the bed, arms now wrapped loosely around Kazuya’s shoulders while Kazuya settled between his spread legs. Though Eijun whined a bit at the loss of Kazuya’s fingers from his hole, he knew what was coming next. Eijun gulped, eyes glancing down as Kazuya pushed the flap of his underwear aside to expose his large, fully-erect cock.

“You wanna feel even better though, don’t you?” Kazuya taunted a bit, eyes gleaming between tufts of his bangs, which fell messily across his forehead. His hair was ruffled from a day of practice and some sleep, though somehow it still looked just as attractive, if not even more than usual due to his rugged appearance. Eijun felt mildly frustrated that his boyfriend could never be unattractive—how *else* was he ever going to tease Kazuya back? It just wasn’t fair!

“Help me get to sleep, Captain,” Eijun said, softly and somewhat shakily. “I want you to tire me out... so please, give me *everything* you’ve got.”

Kazuya raised an arched brow at him, clearly intrigued by his daring words. Eijun was still a bit flustered to be saying something like that out loud, but he did feel a bit bolder since they were both veiled by shadows. Plus, Kazuya had been so comfortable with speaking his mind—the least Eijun could do was join in, not only because he wanted to, but also to demonstrate his trust in Kazuya.

His words seemed to do the trick, too—Eijun’s breath hitched when he saw Kazuya’s muscular arm flexing from the movement of him stroking his cock, spreading a mixture of lube and precum down the length of his shaft.

“Putting me to work this late, are you?” Kazuya snickered as he lined himself up along Eijun’s hole. “You’re my most demanding pitcher as always, Eijun...” Kazuya then leaned down, peering

into Eijun's eyes while their warm breaths mingled, the air between them thick with building tension. "... lucky for you, you have me *all* to yourself tonight."

"*Hn—!*" While Eijun dug his nails into Kazuya's shoulders, Kazuya thrust forward, finally pushing his cock deep within his boyfriend's tight hole. Eijun's flexibility came in handy as always, for he stretched and bent himself to accommodate Kazuya's size as his heart hammered against his chest wildly. Everything was so hot and *delicious* —Eijun's own cock, which had been mostly neglected, was throbbing and leaking everywhere now due to the carnal feeling of Kazuya buried inside of him.

"How does it feel, hm?" Kazuya breathed against his skin, starting to roll his hips in deep, but slow thrusts in order to really make Eijun focus on their physical connection. It worked—Eijun could only think about the drag of Kazuya's cock along his inner walls, making him squirm from the intimacy of it all.

Kazuya was surrounding him, over him, *inside* of him, and Eijun felt like he was going to overdose on the sensations engulfing him.

"Do you like having my attention on you and you alone, baby boy?" Kazuya talked sweetly despite the sinful way his body moved, gradually fucking him faster with each movement of his hips. "This is what happens when you beg for my attention so much... *this* is what you get when you look at me with those pretty eyes all day long. Take responsibility for that now and behave, okay~?"

"*Ahh—hah—nh*, so good, *so so good*, s-senpai...!" Eijun was lost in a midst of gasps, mewls and cries, high off the combination of Kazuya's cock nudging against his sweet spot and the sensual words being spoken to him.

With that, Kazuya picked up the pace until he was practically slamming Eijun down with each thrust, stealing the breath right from Eijun's parted lips. His bed creaked noisily and thumped against the wall but neither of them cared about the racket they were undoubtedly making in the middle of the night. All that mattered during that time was each other and the pleasure they chased together.

Eijun grabbed a fistful of Kazuya's hair, tugging it harshly and pulling a hiss from Kazuya's throat. Kazuya leaned down and kissed Eijun roughly, tangling their tongues together in a slight attempt to silence his partner's noisy responses to the fantastic sex they were having.

"*Mmh—hn!*" Eijun tried to speak, tried to warn Kazuya that he was gonna cum soon, but every time he tried, Kazuya only kissed him deeper and harder than before. Eijun eventually just caved in, eyes slipping shut while tears of pleasure rolled down his cheeks. He trembled and locked his ankles behind Kazuya's lower back, keeping his strong and dependable *senpai* stuffed deep inside while his orgasm came upon him. He went through the most euphoric pleasure he could imagine experiencing, hips jerking irregularly while spurts of his release landed on his trembling stomach.

"Did I say you could cum?" Kazuya teased against his gasping lips once their kiss broke apart. He snapped his hips a few more times, rough and hard, aiming for his own release rather than Eijun's at that point now that Eijun had already climaxed. "Usually I'd punish you— *gnh* —but this time... I'll allow it—"

"*Mmm*, I'll be better for you next time..." Eijun promised, voice soft and shy as he rode out the aftermath of his orgasm. He was smiling, clearly not regretting that he came without Kazuya's permission, and now that Kazuya was cumming, he felt even *more* pleased than before. Eijun was proud that he was able to bring Kazuya over the edge like this, and he enjoyed watching Kazuya

fall apart.

Eijun admired the way Kazuya's jaw clenched, how his cheeks flushed, and how a bead of sweat trickled along the thick hair of his sideburns as he got to the final hard, deep thrust that he needed in order to cum. Kazuya groaned lowly and the sound made Eijun's spent cock twitch, for he was unable to resist the effect of Kazuya's voice on his body. He couldn't get over how *sexy* the sound was. Eijun nibbled on his bottom lip, watching as Kazuya's abs flexed, their shape partially visible under the (thankfully) tight shirt he wore. If Eijun looked low enough towards their carnal connection, he could see how the base of Kazuya's cock pulsed, filling Eijun up with his thick release.

Once it was all over, Kazuya pulled out and groaned again, watching the trickle of his cum as it gushed from Eijun's used hole and down his crack. Eijun shivered from the hot, wet feeling, and his cheeks reddened again when Kazuya so blatantly admired the obscene sight. Eijun started to close his legs, overcome by modesty, but Kazuya only pushed them apart again with his tongue trailing across his lips.

Oh no. Eijun knew *that* look. His face felt like it was engulfed by flames as he sat upright, heart skipping a beat when Kazuya leaned down, bringing his face down between Eijun's quivering thighs.

"S-Senpai, no, you shouldn't—it's dirty—*hya!!*" Eijun's protests were ignored and Eijun had no choice but to take it. His body shuddered, overstimulated already, and the sensation of Kazuya's tongue lapping around and inside his hole was enough to make him feel like he was no longer in control of his own reactions. Eijun accidentally kicked Kazuya's upper back, leg jerking without his knowledge, and he whimpered as he bit down hard on the back of his hand. "*K-Kazuya...!*"

It felt like ages before Kazuya finally backed away, lips swollen as he licked up the last of his own release from Eijun's twitching hole. Eijun's cock had hardened slightly during the felching and he blushed at the sight of himself, twitching and pink with a little bead of cum still clinging to his slit. Once he sat up, Kazuya smirked at Eijun, unashamed of his own filthy desires, and playfully squeezed a soft portion of Eijun's inner thigh.

"I couldn't resist," Kazuya smugly stated. "What can I say? I really love eating you out. I felt like I missed out if I didn't at least clean up."

"How can you just *say* things like that...?" Eijun wondered out loud, still scandalized that Kazuya decided to swallow his own cum instead of getting a box of tissues or something more normal. *Seriously, he's such a...!* Eijun pouted and looked aside, pretty certain that by this point, he was blushing down to his chest. "Perv..."

"And I'm proud of it." Kazuya grinned as he took a sip of water (at least he had the courtesy to do that, Eijun thought), then set the bottle aside and crawled back up the length of Eijun's body. Foreseeing what he was going to do, Eijun turned away, but Kazuya grabbed his face and squished his cheeks so that his lips protruded like a fish. In spite of Eijun's best efforts and muffled muttering, Kazuya still managed to kiss Eijun's lips, even if just briefly.

"Gross!" Eijun insisted, but he didn't push Kazuya away when his boyfriend laid down next to him. Kazuya's eyes twinkled as he smiled widely at Eijun, clearly unperturbed by everything he'd just done.

"You love it," Kazuya stated, like he just *knew*, like he didn't actually *need* any sort of proof from Eijun himself. Eijun glared at him, cat-eyed and defensive until a yawn interrupted his hissy-fit. Weariness crept upon Eijun like a slowly-moving shadow eclipsing the light, causing his eyelids to

feel heavier than before. Noticing this, Kazuya's smug grin only widened. "*Ohh*, now would you look at that? I think I did what you asked of me. You really do seem tired now!"

"And what's your point, bastard...?" Eijun grumbled as he pushed his underwear and pants back up, then flopped over so he could use Kazuya's chest as a pillow again. He was already struggling to keep his eyes open.

"My point is that you *owe me one*," Kazuya stated, matter-of-fact, while he ruffled Eijun's already-messy hair with one hand. "Not to mention that you came before me. I think you should make it up to me next time."

Eijun huffed, but he still snuggled into his chest, temporarily ignoring the fact that he was potentially going to endure some other humiliating situation with Kazuya in the future. He was just happy to be with Kazuya at that moment, satisfied and spent, finally ready for a nice, deep sleep until morning was upon them again.

"Aye-aye, Captain," Eijun said around a final yawn, and with that, he dozed off into a light slumber with a blush on his cheeks and a smile on his lips. Even as he teetered in the twilight between consciousness and dreamland, he felt the tender kiss Kazuya pressed to his forehead. The gentle sensation made his heart flutter one last time before he was swept away by the comforting darkness of sleep.

End Notes

literally no one else in all of Seidou slept that night. Eijun was up bright and early like **WAHAHAHAA LETS PRACTICE HARD TODAY!! OSHI OSHI OSHI** and everyone stared at him with bloodshot eyes thinking *we literally couldn't sleep bc of how loudly you were moaning shut the hell upppp* LMAO

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