tongue tastes like blue

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by Anonymous

Summary

megumi comes over while yuuji's home alone

Yuuji opens the door on the second knock.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

Megumi’s eyes trail over his body. Tan muscular legs lead into black shorts that don't hide the curve of his ass and a thin red tank hangs too loose over one shoulder. Probably a hand-me-down. A blue popsicle is held loose up to his mouth, already staining his lips blue. He bets his tongue is blue too.

Yuuji steps aside and Megumi steps in, drops his bag to the side of the couch. Yuuji watches, the black dress pants he wore for work made his long legs look impressively longer, and the starch ironed white shirt is folded up at his elbows showing off his pale muscular arms. Yuuji puts the popsicle back in his mouth and sucks.

“Your brother home?”

“Nah. He said not ‘til late tonight.”

Megumi nods.

Yuuji says, “I’ve got leftovers in the fridge.”

“I’m not hungry right now.”

“Cool. I’ll put something on for later though.”

Megumi nods and sits on the couch in front of the TV as Yuuji walks into the kitchen.

When Yuuji comes back, popsicle still in hand but half melted, he looks in the direction of the TV.

“Sorry, do you want to watch something?”

“No, it’s fine. You had a movie on already.”

“Eh, it's no biggie. It wasn't that good.”

But he sets the remote down and joins Megumi on the sofa.

Actually, he sits on Megumi’s lap more than the sofa.

Megumi watches him settle, shifting his ass along Megumi’s thigh and then tucking his head against Megumi’s cheek. His legs bend over Megumi’s knees, allowing gravity to tug those shorts down revealing even more smooth tanned skin. It isn’t a good position to watch a movie.

He brought the popsicle back to his lips. Its half gone already melting fast wherever Yuuji's tongue has wiped hot saliva over. He can see it now, in the little kitten licks Yuuji dabs along the sticky sides. The bright blue stain on his tongue.

"You should finish that quickly."

Yuuji raises both brows.

"It's melting all over the place."

He's not lying. In the few seconds of Yuuji sitting by him he'd been splashed by droplets at least thrice. He's lucky his pants are the shade of black that hides stains well.

Yuuji's eyes follow Megumi's but when they meet he gets the sense Yuuji has taken no seriousness in his claim. Rather he grins wordlessly spreading the blue juice over his mouth as he does and then swallows it down to the little wooden stick, sticky between his fingers.

Megumi gulps. Yuuji trails the lump travelling down his pale throat as he swallows ice down his.

He opens his mouth once it's gone, as if saying see?

Megumi does. His eyes go a little darker and his fingers twitch where they've stayed frozen in the sheets. He satisfies the itch by bringing one to the small of Yuuji's back, and Yuuji leans into the cool touch. It had rained that morning so even though it's dry now, it's still cool. The pressure in Megumi's grip shifts just a little as he slips onto bare skin and Yuuji shivers. Like Megumi is pressing all the winter chill into Yuuji's skin, smothering the last remnants of summer.

Yuuji shuts his mouth. Not for long.

"Can we do it now?"

Now Megumi's raising his brow, but Yuuji isn't interested in playing coy. He takes Megumi's other hand between his legs into the curve where his thighs press together and meets Megumi's swirling sea-green gaze. "Can we?"

Megumi's tongue is in his mouth before he can close it again.

Yuuji's hands wrap around Megumi's neck and both Megumi's hands move one to cup Yuuji's cheek the other to hold him at his hip. Yuuji gasps into his mouth and lifts a thigh just a bit and Megumi's hand slips between, fingers pushing one leg of his shorts up and over til they're freely cupping the soft curve of his ass, kneading through the un-tense muscle greedily.

Yuuji whines, but doesn't stop Megumi as his fingers spread across his skin, into the beds and folds of his skin gently pulling through his pubes, before two fingers spread the lips of his pussy apart. His shorts are rolled up into Yuuji's ass crack, and pushed just over his mound so the dripping folds of his entrance are bare to the world. Yuuji moans and Megumi smiles into the kiss.

His fingers slide into his entrance, one to the knuckle then two and then twist and scissor between his walls, collecting slick. Yuuji keeps Megumi’s mouth busy, his tongue running along his as they make out messily and Megumi fingerfucks his pussy. One of Yuuji’s hands curl into Megumi’s hair, Megumi takes the chance to press their bodies impossibly closer, thumb rubbing the taut edges of Yuuji’s stretched pussy as his tongue roughly drags over Yuuji’s gums. He still tastes like the sour blue popsicle, berry sweet and artificial.

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