

# Strawberry Flavoured - Atobe x Shishido

## 30 Kisses challenge theme #20: The road home

Von abgemeldet

### You can trick me once...

The summer of their first year at Hyoutei Gakuen's middle school was especially hot. Only the regular's changing rooms in the club house had an air conditioning system so the windows were opened.

"What are you waiting for?"

"Oresama is waiting for you to finish up with brushing your hair like a girl."

Atobe was leaning against the lockers in the men's changing room, his arms folded, waiting patiently with his eyes half closed.

"Go ahead and leave beforehand, just like you always do", Shishido put down his brush, then started to button up his shirt.

"Waiting here in the club room or in front of your house, it's not much of a difference", Atobe didn't move a single inch away from the locker.

"Why do you want to go to my house."

"Why should we always go to my house."

Shishido didn't answer. He adjusted his tie, then loosened it again. He grabbed his bag and turned towards the door.

"Oh, well. I'm positively surprised that you accepted this without further ado."

"Shut up and get home already."

"Appreciate it more that you are now going out with Oresama-..."

"Who said we're going out?"

He followed Shishido, his arms still folded.

"Okay, fine. For all I care", Shishido rushed out of the room, "But don't you dare to complain or I'll get you out faster than you can hit serves."

After taking a final look into the mirror, Atobe left the changing room, as well.

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He was friends with Atobe but they never made out times to meet up. Sometimes, Atobe called him on weekends, throwing Shishido out of bed, ordering him to come over for a game. Sometimes, he went with Atobe after school, instead of heading home, to get around of walking the dog or other chores. But he didn't even imagine Atobe coming to his house and then staying there for more than five minutes. That idiot only picked Shishido up a few times before, when he was being chauffeured home from his late student council meetings - oh yes, Atobe was part of the student council in his first year already.

Shishido made some errands for his mother on the way to his house. Atobe was waiting in front of the super market until Shishido came back with a plastic bag, labeled with orange-green letters saying *Seven Eleven*, in his left hand and a popsicle in his right.

"Want some ice?", he was holding the popsicle with it's wooden stick between his teeth while trying to fumble for another ice in the bag, "Itch riily hot todeh."

Atobe did not insist on a little piece of wood frozen up with water or juice or whatever it was. He wasn't hungry.

"Fine, I'll give it to my brother then", Shishido put it back into the bag.

They walked down the street, talking about the next practice matches when the first years will have their first chance to become regulars. Shishido believed that he could make it into the sub-regulars if he gives his best, Atobe, however, was aiming for a position as a true-regular already. He wouldn't have been surprised if that classmate, with the oversized ego, of his said that he wanted to become buchou, as well.

He was eating his popsicle relishingly. Due to the heat, red drops of juice were dripping onto the asphalt, leaving dark spots.

Atobe didn't expect Shishido to eat a strawberry flavoured popsicle, especially not in front of his eyes. As if the shoulder-long, brown hair, partially tied up to a pony tail, just like girls often do, wasn't enough, the ice coloured Shishido's lips and tongue in a deep, glossy red.

He was aware of his feelings towards the girly looking boy next to him (and in Atobe's eyes not only girly looking) who in fact knew best how to tempt Atobe, even if Shishido wasn't aware of it at all.

He glanced at Shishido. At his lips. He felt his head becoming hot, his mouth slightly opened.

When their eyes met, Atobe pulled him into a kiss.  
Not a smoochy or wild but a deep one.

Taken by surprise, Shishido let the plastic bag fall to the ground. He was being pushed backwards, lightly against the wall behind him, his right wrist held by his friend. It was awkward but his head was burning, his eyes wanting to shut...

"Hmm, popsicles are not that bad", Atobe smirked, licking the left corner of his upper lip.

"You fucker! What... what was that supposed to be!"

Shishido, his whole head as red as the popsicle, which was ponding on the ground, by now, kicked uncoordinatedly after Atobe's leg, who just dodged it with a minimum of movement. Then he stormed away, his pony tail waving and his fists clenched. His head however did not seem to change its colour for the rest of the day, it was still practically crying for strawberry flavoured popsicle when Atobe was standing on the Shishidos' doorstep, with the plastic bag in his hands, returning it with a smirk.