

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

First kiss

"I... I am so sorry."

He sat there on the rim of that bathtub, a crying and sobbing mess (not to mention his body covered in bruises), like a picture of misery, and he hated himself. He hated himself so much for not being able to stop crying like a fucking baby. For having those disgusting feelings for that clueless boy. For being what he was. God damn it, someone make it stop.

Yosuke had noticed his outbreak and kneeled in front of him, embracing him (touching him), not even questioning him. No. No, that was wrong. Masaru pushed him away, almost panicking. He couldn't touch him, it was a rule they've made, and for a good reason.

"..no... no don't," he squeezed out between sobs. Yosuke watched him silently, quizzically.

"It... it's alright. Please calm down.."

He took Masaru's hands in his own, to soothe him, probably, but all it did was the exact opposite. Fresh tears rolled down his face, and he kept apologising for not being able to stop, he tried to stop, he swore, but it didn't work, he really, really tried. Yosuke still held his hands, squeezed them reassuringly, and Masaru looked up. Great, now he cried, too. It was all his fault, god *damn*, he hated himself.

"Everything's alright, really.."

No. No, it literally wasn't, Yosuke needed to understand this, but he couldn't get the words out. He felt a pair of lips pressing against his forehead, and he wanted to die. Don't. Don't do this to me, or to yourself. He needed to understand.

Masaru squeezed his eyes shut, his hands around Yosuke's, and some words out:

"I tried to un-love you..... but it didn't work... I'm so sorry.."

For a moment there was silence, safe for Masaru's violent sobbing. He hated himself more than ever. Now he had burdened Yosuke with his pathetic feelings, and he probably hated him now, too, and was utterly disgusted by him. Masaru wanted to punch himself in the face.

"Wait, are you..." The blond braced himself.

He hadn't noticed he had kept clinging to Yosuke's hands until now, and then he was pulled towards him and the next thing he knew was that feeling of soft, warm lips on his own, the taste of salt and blood (his own), and the heartbeat in his throat. He didn't even manage to close his eyes or to respond in any way, too overwhelmed by what was happening. Soon (too soon) Yosuke pulled away and smiled like an idiot.

"Me... me, too. Really."

