

# 50 Stories

## Karyu x Zero One-shots / Mini-Serien

Von abgemeldet

### #28. Jealousy

Weeee~ All meine KaryuXZero Lover vereinigt euch!!! XDDD

Ich habe mich zu diesen 50 Stories hinreißen lassen, obwohl ich ja noch 1000 andere offene Fics habe, die alle darauf warten weitergeschrieben zu werden. >\_>; Ich hoffe trotzdem ihr nehmt es mir nicht übel und genießt das wenige KaryuXZero, was ich euch zu bieten habe.

Oh... Vielleicht vorweg, was es mit den 50 Stories auf sich hat: Auf Livejournal wurde so ne Aktion gestartet zu einem bestimmten Pairing Stories mit 50 vorgegebenen Themen zu schreiben. Deshalb 50 Stories. Es ist dabei unwichtig, ob man nur eine FF mit 50 Teilen, viele verschiedene Mehrteiler oder nur One-Shots on stellt. Ich habe mich für Variante 2+3 entschieden, sprich: viele einzelne Teile und ab und zu mal ne kleine Serie.

Aber hier erstmal viel Spaaaaaaaaaaaaa~ß!!

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There he goes again. Flirting like a slut with the strangers next to him. Well, maybe not that exaggerative, acting mysterious and being quiet the largest part of the conversation wasn't exactly what one would call flirting like a slut. But then again he had a smile on his face showing the strangers that there was some interest behind the cool façade of his. Even if that smile was just the slightest of curves on his lips it made me nuts, to say the least.

He didn't usually act like that. But he was always like that if he was angry with me. Showing his rare public smiles to some random guys he didn't even know nor ever wanted to get to know. He wanted to make me jealous by giving himself to those nerds, even if it were just nods and grins. I couldn't prevent the anger boiling up inside of me, like a child that had to see his most beloved toy in the hands of another child. And for fuck's sake, he was my toy and right now giving himself to other men. (Kinda...)

Why was he angry with me anyway? It couldn't be that stupid argument we had right

before going to this club. I couldn't even remember what it had been about, but sure he did. And that was what he still was mad about and now getting back at me with this act. This silly and childish fight!

I clenched my hands into fists as I saw him moving to the small dance floor with a good looking guy, swaying his hips in his goddamn tight leather pants just to tease me and his fellow more. I promised myself not to get affected by his immature behaviour. Now I was standing at the bar, drowning one drink after another to cool down my temper which was rising constantly, however.

I couldn't help but to look over at the dance floor. He was making quite a show added to the one he put up before, dancing like an Egyptian pharaoh's mistress, his long black braids swinging simultaneously to the rhythm of the music. If I wasn't that angry and dwelling on methods how to kill his dancing partner and the lechers around them both without causing too much of a sensation I would get hard just by looking at him.

I always will be fascinated by his extremely graceful and cat like movements, not to mention his feminine demeanour. The charms of a woman mixed with androgyny and his natural masculinity turn me on as all hell. Even his bratty behaviour couldn't diminish my interest not only of a sexual nature in him. To tell the truth the feelings I foster for him are not just mere interest but more of a possessive nature. He is mine completely from body to soul. Just like a child's toy that has no right to be anywhere else than his owner's arms.

But that wasn't the case right now as he was dancing like a cheap whore, selling his soul while he was leaning over to the stud occasionally, hitting on him more obviously now. If it wasn't for my pride I would have been over there by then and beating the shit out of that guy and fucking my lover senseless. Instead I remain sitting on my uncomfortable bar stool thinking of ways to punish my boyfriend for his calculable behaviour that would make it more calculable if I really was going over to him, rescuing him from the claws of the beast and defining my property. That was exactly what he wanted. But I wouldn't give him that gratification he was so craving for. Like I couldn't see it in his dancing and flirting he disliked in general. And just like him I didn't show any affection.

I grinned mischievously despite my anger. If he was going to act like that the whole evening I would come up more evil notions of a punishment where he would feel the entirety of my wrath.

I made a note to myself to use the hand cuffs he so hated as I continued watching him silently feeding with the little show of his what he was going to feel to the full extent.

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tbc with #4. Anger (+ Lemonwarnung... XD)