

Trickster's Best Friend(s)

NiouKiri

Von Iwa

It's easy if you...

„Ah, hello, Niou. Thank you for coming“, Yukimura says to the bleached haired boy in front of his door. Niou shrugs.

„Everything for ya, buchou.“

Yukimura smiles and steps aside to let Niou in. The latter enters the house and follows his friend into his room. There Yukimura lies down on his bed, face down.

„That's no good, you know“, Niou tells him, shaking his head. Yukimura stands up again, smiling embarrassed.

„Yes, yes, sorry.“

He then takes off his t-shirt and returns to his previous position on the bed. Niou reaches into his backpack and takes out the massage oil. He positions himself on Yukimura's back, slicks his hands and begins to knead the stiff muscles. The blue haired boy sighs in satisfaction. Niou really has got some kind of wonder hands. He always knows to hit the right spots.

Yukimura closes his eyes and revels in the feeling.

„So, how is the progress with Akaya?“, he asks, when the silence's gotten too loud. Niou accidentally puts too much pressure on one point.

„No progress.“

Yukimura doesn't say a word to the little pain Niou has put him through.

„Nothing at all? Why not?“

The trickster presses too hard again, making the other yelp.

„'Cause that brat is just too damn dumb.“

After that sentence everything is silent. Niou feels the muscles under his hands tense and he can't prevent that he himself tenses.

„I mean... well Akaya is just a bit... slow.“

The buchou doesn't relax. Oh-oh, seems like that hasn't solved anything.

„Ah, buchou... I didn't mean to... insult him... it's just that he really...“

Niou really has to think about what he is going to say. Sometimes it's difficult to find the right words so he won't upset Yukimura. The latter is so sensitive if the topic is his beloved 'son'.

„... doesn't get anything“, Niou quietly finishes.

„Well, in fact Akaya IS dumb in this matter“, Yukimura loudly says and smiles. Niou smirks, too, he knows why Yukimura is his (second) best friend.

He actually wants to ask the blue haired boy about his progress with Sanada, but the other doesn't give him the time to open the mouth.

„If Akaya doesn't want to understand the feelings you've got for him, then you'll have to take some drastic measures.“

Niou perks his ears. It is always interesting when buchou lets his evil side free and schemes his plans.

„There are only two choices for you: firstly, go at it full force, in other words, spit it out in front of him, or secondly make him come to you, don't show him any more affection than you'd give a normal friend. It will drive him crazy for sure.“

Niou lets the words sink in. As he said, buchou knows help, when you need it.

Niou is somewhat excited, when he opens his shoe locker some days after. He grins, when he has to admit that everything has gone accordingly to Yukimura's plan. He reaches in the locker and takes out the letter that has rested there. He has known it, Akaya loves him after all! And now he can't hide his feelings any longer.

He hasn't thought of Akaya as the type to send love letters, though. But he wouldn't complain. He unfolds the paper and reads carefully over every word. His smirk vanishes with each syllabus. When he has finished, he lowers the paper and stares into space. That isn't Akaya at all. That has been some random guy who's got a crush on him!

Akaya can't hold back the grin spreading over his lips as he sees his senpai this dumbfounded. With this he has finally erased the zero in their trick score. Akaya one time, Niou 171 times.

He takes out his shoes, puts them on and wants to leave for the tennis courts, but Niou gets in his way. Akaya can't see his eyes under the strand of silver hair. The older pushes his kouhai flat against the line of lockers.

„You don't seriously think you can trick me like that, do you?“ He crashes his lips against Akaya's, not having the patience to wait any longer for his stupid best friend.