

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Turnabout

"Masa."

No.

"Masa, look at me."

No.

With his arm over half his face he tried to disconnect from the situation at hand. If he can't see or hear, he might actually enjoy it.

"Come on, love." *Don't call me that.*

Kenta stopped his movements and gently touched Masaru's arm, which flinched at the contact.

A sigh.

He tried again and carefully removed the limb from the other's face, smiling down at him.

"That's better" he whispered and placed a kiss on Masa's wrist, palm, knuckles.

"We can stop." He pulled himself out and sat up. "If you don't like it, we can stop."

"Why?!" As if that had ever stopped him before. Given, Masaru, the hormone-driven teenager that he was, did like getting off. But that did not mean he particularly *loved* doing it. With him.

"I want you to enjoy this."

"Since when do you care about that."

Kenta chuckled. "Oh, you have no idea."

He got up from the bed and left for the bathroom.

"I mean, you *can* join me in the shower if you want" he said with a wink before closing the door behind him. Masaru got a strange feeling in his stomach.