

Mornings With Hiruma

Von Makikolgami

"I can't move," Hiruma grumbled into the pillow, glaring up at Musashi, "Fucking old man, that's your fucking fault."

"Not my doing," the kicker replied calmly, raking a hand through his mohawk where he sat on the edge of the bed. "You did most of the work."

"Not your fucking doing?" the blond hissed. "It's your fucking dick that's too fucking long and thick! Anybody would be sore after riding that thing for half an hour."

Musashi flushed a deep red and was happy that his back was turned to his lover so that he was not able to see his face. He cleared his throat, wishing that he had a cigarette to hold and hide his face behind.

"Still, it's not like it was my fault..." he mumbled.

"Not your fault? Damn, of course it is! What the hell did you eat to get it that big?!"

"You know, that sounded totally different last night," Musashi sighed. "It was more like 'Oh, it's so big! It feels incredible~! <3' ... You remember?"

Now it was Hiruma's turn to blush and even though it was not really visible, Musashi knew it was there because he had seen it a little more often than the average person around Hiruma. He smirked to himself and turned around, just to see Hiruma pouting into the pillow. With his large hand, he ruffled through the blond hair of the quarterback, flattening it further.

"Coffee?"

Hiruma looked up at him with his amazingly deep eyes and tried to look at him indifferently, but Musashi saw the small sparkle in the back at the prospect of coffee and the overall feeling of love in them.

"Hell, yes!" he husked, pushing himself up to catch a kiss from the taller kicker. "Make it strong and thick... Just like you," he added with a devilish smirk. "Just how you know I like it."

The kicker grinned back. "Yeah, just how you like it."

Wordlessly he got dressed and went out to the nearest convenience store, buying two cups of strong coffee, putting some whitener into his while leaving Hiruma's black. Before he returned to his impatient lover though, he also picked up some sweat buns filled with rich vanilla-cream.

Because as much as Hiruma tried to hide it, he also had a very sweet tooth, especially when Musashi was around.