

Trickster's Dreams

NiouKiri

Von Iwa

Hot Illusion

Niou's hands slide down the well defined body in front of him, feeling up every inch of flesh. His fingers prod against the rosy buds on that lithe yet muscular chest, scraping with his nails over them as to put emphasis on them.

Akaya stretches his neck and moans his name with a rapsy voice. Niou licks his lips, but he can't suppress the groan that escapes his lips. The raven haired boy arches into him, their heated bodies rubbing against each other making both boys even harder. The trickster presses his mouth onto Akaya's, ravishing his lips and tongue. When the shorter one's lips are bruised enough for his liking, he starts making his way down the neck and chest, leaving a wet trail behind. Akaya's short of breath pants and heated moans encourage him more and more. His tongue continues to trail down while his hands creep up the long, muscular legs closer and closer to the weeping member.

Akaya moans again, arching his back and lifting his hip to find some friction, but Niou just teases him more. The silver haired teen smirks triumphantly. Finally, yes, finally he gets what he wants for ages. He is finally allowed to do all those dirty things to Akaya he has imagined the last six months. But now this undeniable sexy demon is becoming his!

He reaches for the tube of lube that waits patiently on his night stand and begins slickening his fingers. No matter how much he loves teasing that little brat, his arousal needs attention now. He brings down his fingers to that lovely ass and strokes the ring of muscles.

But as soon as he tries to actually insert one of his digits, the scene vanishes before his eyes. Niou blinks a few times to adjust, but the only thing he sees is... darkness. He stares blindly at the ceiling when realisation hits him. That quite lovely and sexy scene was nothing more than a hot illusion.

Niou groans at the disappointment. And he groans some more when he feels his still hard cock rubbing against his boxers.

„Had nice dreams, huh?“, ask the familiar voice just besides him. Niou quirks an eyebrow. Apparently Akaya has noticed his nice dream.

„Yeah, so what?“, he asks calmly. „Isn't it normal for teenagers to have wet dreams?“

„Err... I guess...“, comes the mumbled and embarrassed reply.

But Akaya quickly regains his posture, after all he can't let Niou get to him now, can't he? His task is to tease Niou with this dream until he gets embarrassed. Yes, that

would finally be one point more on his score!

„But, y'know“, he begins, already grinning mischievously, „your dreams had to be really nice. You moaned and writhed all the time. Like this...”

The raven haired grins and begins demonstrating his point. Niou's expression upon seeing this is unreadable. It is something between an embarrassed smile and a downright evil smile. His voice is even, though.

„That must have been pretty amusing to watch.“ He rolls on his side and props up one arm. Akaya turns back around to him and grins proud.

„So then, what name did I moan?“, Niou asks perfectly calm. Akaya's mouth opens instantly to reply, but the only sound that escapes is a hoarse croak. He tries his best so that his cheeks won't colour, but he already feels the heat rise.

„None“, he stutters. „You didn't moan any name in particular.“

The trickster arches one eyebrow, one corner of his mouth lifts, too.

„Can't be. I always moan someone's name when I have wet dreams. I know from Miharu.“

„But you didn't“, Akaya still protests.

He feels the warmth in his face and it gets worse the sec Niou bends over him.

„Spit it out already, I'm curious.“

Akaya swallows. He can't escape Niou, he knows. He has to say it or else Niou would never shut up about it.

„I-it's... A.. A-ak...”

He stops dead in his track when he notices a hand caressing his rear slowly. But as quickly as the hand has come it is gone again.

„Ak..? Oh, you mean Akutsu! Yes, he definitely is my type! These long legs and his wild, bleached hair...”

Niou lies down again while rambling about all the good things about Akutsu. Akaya just lies there staring into nothing. His heart beats fast. He is sure the name that has escaped Niou's lips was something different then Akutsu. It was Akaya... or? Did he misinterpret it? ... He isn't so sure anymore.

Niou sighs when he has finished his rambling. He would like to scream Akaya in the face that he, of course, has dreamt about HIM! But it is just so much more fun to screw around with Akaya's mind. He is the trickster after all, and he is loyal to his title.