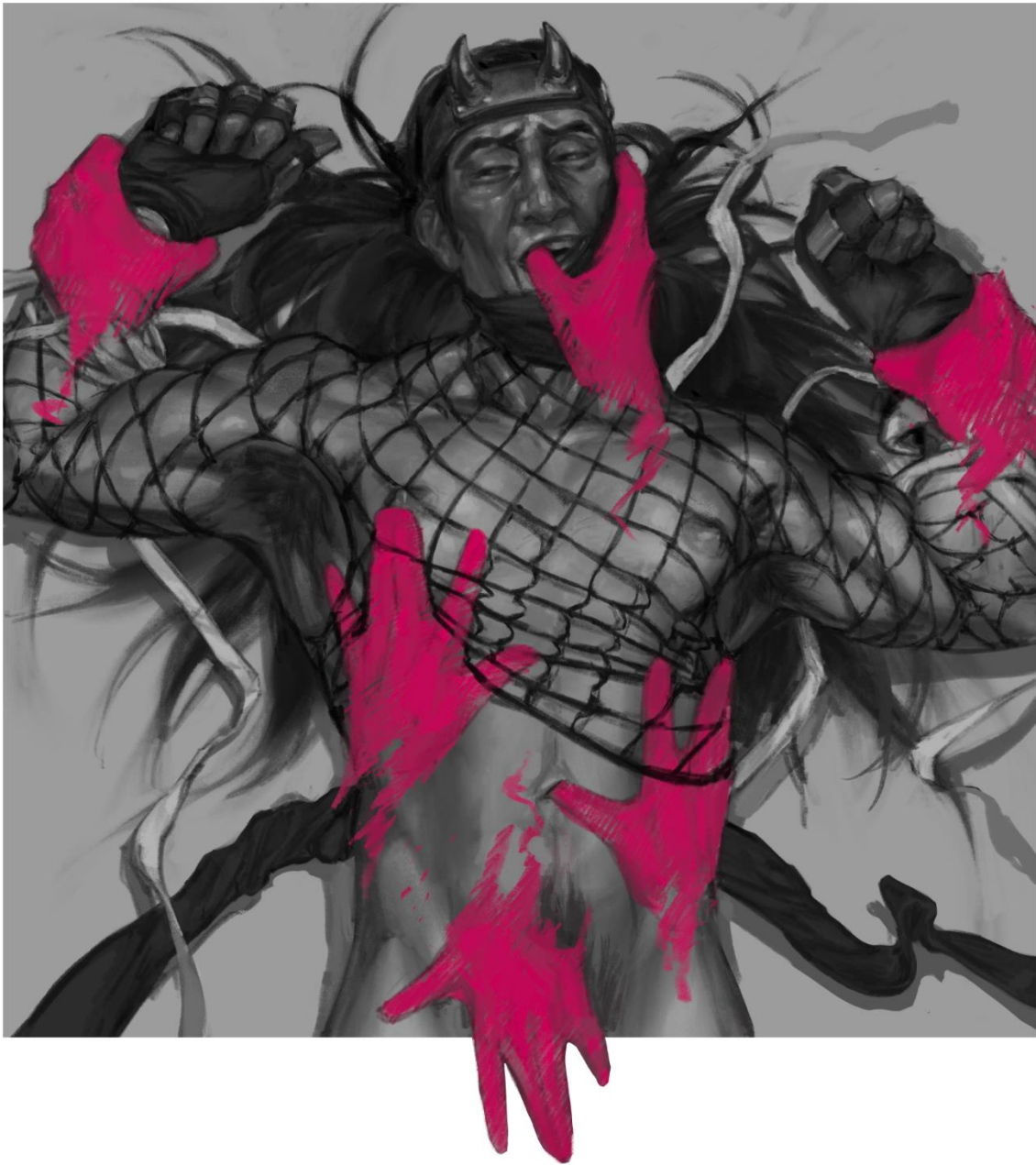




Text by amaianita

Illustration by my husband

This work is explicit (R-18)

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Thank you for reading!

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Chapter 1 – From the Shadows (Laios x Shuro)

Toshiro sat in his private chambers, looking at the outfit laid out on the floor. It has been some time since he put it on. He quit the habit when he came to the island, thinking that it was pretty childish to escape into this world of fantasy, where he was able to do all the stuff he wasn't usually able or allowed to. He wanted to actually become this person – mysterious, intriguing, and ready to experience the world. But all of his attempts to be that were in vain, Toshiro just couldn't come out of his shell and be who he wanted to be. He was jealous of people around him, of his party members, of his retainers. They could be themselves and fulfill their wishes, but Toshiro restrained himself, only focusing on the tasks that were given to him, bending to the whims of others...

It was time to put on a different mask, again.

First, he put on the mesh shirt and tied his pants around his waist, making sure everything was aligned properly and looked neat. He was dressing up as a ninja, somewhat similar to his retainers, but a somewhat more masculine version. He was trained just like them, but decided to go a different way. This game of dress up, however, started a long time ago.

He sat down to tie bandages around his calves, tucking his pants in to create a different, rounder shape. They had very large cutouts, making his legs visible down to his knee, which the traditional hakama wouldn't have, but there was nothing traditional about his outfit. While Toshiro was still in ninja training, he would hang out with the girls, looking at their uniforms. They seemed so much more interesting to him. He would beg Hien to let him put on her spare clothes and would run around the training grounds, pretending he was some new girl that would disappear for weeks at a time, only to come back and crush all of their tasks and drills. He soon would start talking to everyone else, making up stories of his great adventures outside his father's house. He still had a high voice back then, so no one would suspect a thing. Only Hien would roll her eyes at him, being the one who dressed him up and taught him to be so self-asserting. She would snicker and give him a thumbs up when no one was looking.

He put on his uwagi, tying it loosely around his waist with a band, exposing part of his chest. When his voice finally broke, he was devastated. He couldn't wear Hien's clothes anymore and pretend to be a cool girl. Toshiro would mope around for weeks, until Hien finally got annoyed and sneaked out with him to get him a new outfit. From then on he would go out into town almost every night, asking his best friend to cover for him if Maizuru ever asked. And it all went incredibly smoothly. He was sleep deprived, but he was happy, escaping his meek persona to be someone else. The slits on his pants became bigger as he grew up, the shirt more open, the look in his eyes more confident. He could do *anything* like this.

Toshiro named this persona *Kuroko*.

He put on his sandals, gloves, his headband with the oni horns and a mask that covered most of his face. He felt like a different person in this outfit. All he needed were a few finishing touches. Hien was confident in dressing herself without makeup, but to look like a completely different person Toshiro turned to Benichidori. He would observe the way she would put makeup on to conceal her insecurities and learned to do the same. He grabbed his small box of makeup and lined his eyes carefully, putting more emphasis on their shape, knowing it drew people's attention. He smiled under the mask. With trained movements he put a dot under each of his eyes, faking the tattoos each member of his house's squad got as they went up the professional ladder.

Kuroko was now ready, Toshiro hidden in the back of his mind. He listened for any sounds coming from the adjacent room, where his retainers slept, and after hearing no signs of people being awake, sneaked out of the window.

Kuroko stalked the streets of the island city, feeling people's eyes on him. He winked at the occasional guy to get him trailing after, interest in their eyes, but if they got too close, he would disappear in the shadows. Kuroko could and would flirt with people, he knew he was handsome.. He would grab the occasional fruit from a still opened stall, right in front of the shopkeeper's eyes, and throw it to a kid moping around at the stairs of their house. Kuroko was sneaky and confident enough to do that, without the bulky armor. He would walk into some random lady's backyard, and when she shooed him away, he would flutter his lashes at her, give her a peck on the cheek and jump over the fence with ease, leaving her speechless.

Kuroko could be charming, even when being a nuisance.

He walked around the city for a while, getting used to his old role again. Kuroko needed to go somewhere more crowded to get the full experience. He knew what he actually wanted, why he had returned – he needed a quick hook up. Something easy, no strings attached. Something to take his mind off things, off... Well, this wasn't Kuroko's business, this was someone else's problem.

He took a turn to the nearest tavern he knew of, which also was a place known for its more, well, *loose* attendees. He smiled under his mask. Should he go a more feminine route, looking for stoic men and more sensitive women, or a more masculine route, seeking out girls who needed to get loose with someone ages ago and guys who wouldn't mind getting plowed into the mattress? Kuroko wasn't sure. He will have to go for whoever he finds more interesting first.

He sat at the bar, wordlessly ordering two beers with a wink. The barkeep giggled and got to work.

Kuroko looked around the bar, seeking someone fun. First, he noticed a gnomish woman with short hair, who was waving her large hands around, telling a story. He liked that about gnomes, how their hands looked like they could encompass his neck in their grip, while their bodies were still smaller than his own. Then his gaze slipped to an abnormally tall elf, standing in the corner, also scouting the space. His slender features made something flip in Kuroko's stomach. He then noticed the man tapping his foot. Already waiting for someone, then.

"It's ready!" he looked at the bar and nodded, putting a few gold coins on the counter. When he grabbed them and made a move to get from the bar and sit somewhere else, his gaze immediately met with incredibly familiar golden eyes. Falin? Kuroko swallowed, as they got closer.

This wasn't her. This was Laios.

"Hey!" he jumped to the bar, smiling widely. "You look like you need company!"

Kuroko narrowed his eyes. Maybe if he pretends that he doesn't speak common, he will fuck off. Although... He put the beer back on the counter.

"My name is Laios," he exclaimed cheerfully, extending his hand to Kuroko.

Kuroko scrunched up his nose in response. The way Laios carried himself was so incredibly inept. Was he trying to hook up here too? Maybe Kuroko should teach him a lesson. Yes, yes! He should fuck Laios Touden. For everyone's sake, and for his own selfish sake as well. Kuroko knew that he had a big dick, and needed to see it with his own two eyes, touch it with his own two hands. He smiled slyly under his mask.

"No," he looked the man in the eye. Laios averted his gaze, still holding his hand out.

"Ah, well, I see," he said, looking like a kicked puppy, "I just wanted to talk to you, you just look so cool..." Laios started to turn his head away in embarrassment, lowering his hand.

"No talk," Kuroko said, putting on a broken accent.

He grabbed Laios by the chin, turning his head back to look Kuroko in the eye. His other hand was on Laios' thigh, squeezing, feeling the muscle give way. He always wanted to do this, to tell Laios no, and to grab him like this.

"Well, I wanted to know more! Where are you from, where do they get to wear cool costumes like that..." Laios looked at the thigh visible through his trousers, clearly mesmerized by the skin of it.

He looked like he wanted to bite into it.

Kuroko rolled his eyes and squeezed his cheeks harder, forcing his face to look like a fish, awkwardly trying to open and close his mouth. He laughed at that, making Laios blush.

“Hey, why are you doing that?!” he sputtered, lifting his hands to grab at Kuroko, but Kuroko was faster, grabbing both in one of his own and pushing them into Laios’ lap. “What are you even...” he was red now, both angry and embarrassed.

“No talk. Drink,” Kuroko pointed to the beer.

It felt great ordering this man around. Toshiro was too much of a pussy to do that, so Kuroko will have to pick up the slack. He’ll teach this guy some manners.

“Ok, ok. Weirdo... Why won't you talk, though? You seem so interesting!”

“Laios,” the barkeep referred to him by name, “How are you so dense? He doesn’t understand you!”

Kuroko grabbed his beer and a wooden straw that was in a glass behind the bar, so that he could drink through it and without having to pull up his mask.

“What? Is he deaf?”

“No, he doesn’t know common,” she rolled her eyes, annoyed at the man.

“Oh, I see...” Laios finally shut up and took a swig out of his cup. He looked deep in thought, when Kuroko looked at him again, twirling a strand of hair from his ponytail. Laios looked at him, eyebrows furrowed, “What?”

Kuroko smiled at him, visible mostly in his eyes. He wanted to play with his food, corner him, make him desperate.

He relaxed the belt around his uwagi slightly, opening it up a little and showing more of his mesh-covered chest. He could see Laios' gaze slip downward, blushing at the sight.

Kuroko sipped more of his beer through the straw and leaned in, giving Laios a kiss through the mask. He looked like his brain had frozen.

"Oh, I see..." something in his head finally clicked, "I, I didn't think about that..." he murmured, suddenly looking at Kuroko with the same soft eyes he sometimes looked at Toshiro. That made something recoil in Kuroko's gut.

Was it actually something he wanted to do, bedding Laios?

"I like your hair, and your eyes look so pretty, too..." Laios now had a goofy smile on his face, a look Kuroko knew too well from hearing him gush about that other guy. If he didn't know how annoying this man usually was, he would've found it cute. But to him it just looked stupid. Why was he suddenly so sappy?

Kuroko ignored the small leap his heart made in his chest at that. This was not the time for mushy feelings, he just wanted to get into this guy's pants, purely for malicious reasons.

"Here's the key," the barkeep threw it on the table in front of Laios, snickering.

"How much do I owe you, Dita?" he perked up. Bless this lady, Kuroko thought.

"On the house, since you're here so frequently. Next time it won't be that easy, mark my words."

"Thank you!" he grabbed the key. This was moving in just the right direction to Kuroko's tastes: very quickly.

They both downed the rest of their beers, Laios grabbing him by his gloved hand and leading him to the highest floor of the place.

"Laios," he caught his attention for a second, "mask," he made a pulling down motion and crossed his hands, shaking his head, "no!"

"Ah, ok... But I wanted to see your face, I bet it's so pretty. Your eyes are beautiful..." Laios looked at him wistfully.

"No talk," Kuroko furrowed his eyebrows, pretending to not understand. Laios laughed softly, gripping his hands.

"I know, I just like talking about how pretty you are. You know, you remind me of this one guy I know," he murmured, leading Kuroko into the room, "He has the same hair as you, long and silky." Kuroko rolled his eyes and sat on the bed, looking bored.

When Laios finally sat down next to him, he clearly wanted to tell him something more, but Kuroko had enough of it. He didn't need to hear all of this sappy bullshit, he just needed to fuck.

He knew that he had been attracted to Laios for a long time. Kuroko knew that he liked his soft-looking muscles, his goofy smile and bright eyes, his passion for the things he loved.

Toshiro directed his desires towards his sister, pining for her attention, meekly asking her to go out. But Kuroko knew that he wanted this sweet sweet golden boy on him and no one else.

He despised Toshiro for being such a coward. If he wouldn't fuck Laios, then it was Kuroko's job.

He leaned in, kissing him on the mouth through the mask again. Laios' hands were immediately around his neck. He was practically licking into his mask, leaving it damp.

Kuroko answered him in kind, finding all of this action through restraint riveting. He put his hands on Laios' meaty thighs and leaned on them, deepening this kiss.

Laios tightened his arms, bringing his face close, *too* close, because he was knocked by the horns on Kuroko's headband.

"Take this off?" he pointed, rubbing his forehead.

"No," he shook his head and narrowed his eyes.

Laios sighed, "I bet Shuro would agree..."

Kuroko had to hide his disgust at that. Of course Toshiro would agree, he had no spine!

"Well then, we can do it like this," Laios smiled and tugged him back into the kiss. The cloth was very wet now, making it kind of gross, but hot in its own way.

Kuroko moved to sit on top of Laios, straddling him. He was as close as he could be, pressing his half-hard cock to the other man's. Fuck, Laios already had a full-on hard-on swelling in his pants, no doubt making him uncomfortable.

One of Laios' hands slipped into the cutout on the side of his pants, groping his thigh harshly. So he wanted to take charge. Kuroko could play at that. He moaned into the kiss, moving his hips slightly, pulling a groan out of Laios. That was just where he needed him.

Laios' other hand quickly untied his uwagi and tugged it off of his shoulders, revealing more of the mesh shirt.

He immediately grabbed Kuroko's pec through it, rolling his nipple between his fingers. A few moments later he broke the kiss.

Kuroko was panting heavily, grinding on Laios without a second thought. The other man looked him in the eye, absolutely mesmerized by the debauched display he made.

Good.

Kuroko lowered his hand and grabbed Laios' fat dick through his pants firmly, getting a whine from him.

"Wait, I'm -"

Kuroko rolled his eyes again and then stood up.

"No, I mean..."

He slapped Laios' thigh and moved his legs apart, lowering in front of him.

Laios immediately shut up, *thank God*, hypnotized by the sight of Kuroko.

He slowly and elegantly unlaced Laios' pants, biting his lip. He wanted to try it so badly, feel the heavy weight of it on his tongue, inhale the heady scent.

Laios was silent, panting as Kuroko took his cock out of his pants, tugging them down to get his balls out too.

"Fuck, you look so good..." Laios' dick twitched in Kuroko's hand as he spoke. Oh, he was sensitive, at least when caught like that.

Kuroko looked up and nuzzled at the base, eyes wide open. Clearly, Laios wasn't that clean, smelling like sweat, but that wouldn't stop Kuroko. He wasn't some clean freak.

Laios' hand was on his ponytail, but instead of grabbing he was running his fingers through it.

That was a little too gentle, but Kuroko didn't make a fuss about it. Instead, he started to mouth at his cock, feeling it twitch, watching the head wetting with pre-cum.

Laios moaned, throwing his head back.

"You're so pretty... Just like Shuro...", Kuroko wanted to stand up and beat him over the head with a stick. Why was he talking about that guy again?

The only thing saving Laios was that he really, really wanted to fuck him.

"He would never reciprocate, though," he murmured and moaned, not breaking eye contact, "but I really like him. He has such pretty eyes. Sometimes I look at him eating and imagine that instead of the fork his lips are stretched over my dick..."

Kuroko blinked slowly, calming himself down, not showing that he understood.

Well, that took a turn.

But it was making him hot and bothered, hearing about himself as if he was a different person... Hearing about *Toshiro*, that is.

"I think about kissing him softly and then fucking his throat," Laios smiled and moaned when Kuroko started mouthing at his balls, cock over his face.

He stopped for a second, stroking Laios. He needed it in his mouth now. Kuroko lifted up his mask slightly and guided the head of Laios' dick inside, sucking on it slightly.

He licked at the precum there, tasting it. It was nothing special, but still felt nice. He started sucking the cock in a little deeper, hitting the back of his throat.

Laios whined, his hold tightening on Kuroko's ponytail.

"I want to do it to you too," he panted, as Kuroko was slowly working the cock down his throat, "Can I? Wait, how do I..."

Kuroko looked up at him. Laios was doing a stupid sucking motion and pointing at his throat. He wanted to laugh, but his mouth was already occupied.

Kuroko gave him a thumbs up, grabbing at his thighs after and preparing for action.

Laios did not disappoint.

He found purchase on Kuroko's hair, grasping it tightly, while the other was behind him, giving him support. As soon as he found a good position, Laios gave a powerful thrust, all the way in, burying Kuroko's nose in his pubes.

Kuroko went cross-eyed, feeling how hot it was down his throat.

After a few seconds Laios finally started to move, fucking him in earnest now, hips snapping quickly, shallowly. Every time he thrust back in, Laios would feel the mask sliding over his cock first and then the lips. Kuroko could only focus on not gagging.

“God, this is exactly what I wanted. Your lips are so soft, Shuro,” he was really getting into this roleplay, huh? “I want to come down your throat so badly, ruin you... You’re always so proper, don’t you want to let a little loose?”

Laios thrust in particularly hard, making Kuroko gag harshly and squeeze his eyes shut, tears welling up in them. He felt his makeup coming off, streaking down his cheeks.

Laios looked at him with an open mouth, so horny his mind clearly couldn’t function. “Fuck, you’re so pretty when you cry...”

Laios was thrusting faster and faster, fucking Kuroko’s throat raw. His movements were getting deeper, pulling out almost all the way and pressing back in until he couldn’t anymore.

Kuroko’s eyes watered even more, his hands trembling on Laios’ thighs.

“Fuck, Shuro, I love you,” he moaned, pushing Kuroko’s head down one last time, coming down his throat.

Kuroko was feeling light-headed.

He really didn’t have to hear Laios declare his love for this idiot while emptying his balls straight into his gut. He was feeling his stomach flip because of its contents, of course.

Laios finally pulled out, breathing heavily. He was still hard. This was quite impressive.

Kuroko pulled his mask back down over his neck and wiped his eyes carefully. He felt Laios' intense gaze on him, and looked back up at him in response.

“Wow, sorry. I really messed you up...”

Kuroko sighed and stood up, patting down his clothes. Yes, this was a fucked-up thing to do, but he liked it, a lot. He liked being treated like that and he wouldn’t be ashamed of that. He looked at Laios, hands on his hips.

“Oh wow,” Laios' gaze slipped from his face, down to his opened uwagi, staring at his chest and his toned midriff covered in tight mesh.

He then looked even lower, to Kuroko's dick straining in his pants. He hummed and licked his lips at the sight.

Kuroko didn't really have time to react, as Laios' arms were in the pant cutouts, groping his ass harshly, tugging him towards himself.

Kuroko stumbled and grabbed his shoulders, grumbling.

Laios kept ignoring his weeping dick, focusing on pushing aside his undercloth and pulling apart his asscheeks.

Kuroko's eyes bulged, he was feeling annoyed.

“Stop.”

He punched Laios on the shoulder roughly, making him whine a pained ‘Ouch!’ and let go of his ass.

“Why? I thought you liked it...”

“Bed,” Kuroko muttered, pushing Laios onto his back and sitting on top of him, ass to his dick.

He needed it now. He needed Laios to stop being such an idiot. He needed Laios to fuck him stupid.

Kuroko wasn't letting this man's fingers anywhere near his ass. He would be too slow. He would be too sloppy. He needed to do it himself.

Laios moaned at such treatment, looking at him with half-hooded eyes, moving his hips a little under Kuroko.

He muttered quietly, while putting a hand on Kuroko's stomach, “Ah, you're strong... You can hold my two hands with just one of yours, trap me here...”

Kuroko ignored his chatter – at the end of the day, he didn't *really* understand it. He put a hand over Laios' mouth, pushing down harshly, shutting Laios up. He heard a whimper from the man, felt his hips stuttering.

Oh, he was into that.

With his free hand Kuroko loosened his pants and grabbed the oil bottle on the nightstand that came in every room. That Dita really knew her audience. He pumped it a few times, then lifted himself from Laios' body, making the man whine at the loss of contact, and started slowly fingering himself.

The last time Kuroko got to do this, he was still back on Wa. He was laying in some stranger's bed, under him, going at it as quickly as he could.

He didn't open himself very well, rushing the job, because the man was getting awfully impatient, threatening to pull his mask off.

The insertion wasn't that painful, as his companion wasn't particularly well endowed, but that encounter really left a sour taste in his mouth.

Kuroko needed this to be good, he needed to be in control here.

He got two fingers in himself, scissoring them slowly, panting, his mask feeling even more damp and sticky. Kuroko straightened them again, pushing further in, shaking..

Laios underneath him was humping air, chasing friction. Kuroko could feel saliva dribble past his hand. One of Laios' hands was still on Kuroko's stomach, the other petting his thigh through the slit again.

Kuroko bit his lip when his hand slipped down, almost to his cock, finally, but it all too quickly came back up, leaving him wanting. He cursed under his nose quietly, driving his fingers in particularly hard. He needed more.

Kuroko added another finger, working it in with as much oil as he could handle. This was getting pleasurable. He squeezed his eyes shut, moaning when his fingers were fully in, his hold on Laios faltering.

That's when Laios grabbed his hand and pulled it from his mouth. "Fuck, I'm finally free! Asshole," he muttered the last part, and put Kuroko's hand behind his back.

Kuroko's eyes bulged in surprise, fingers still deep in him.

Laios sat up and tipped the man onto his back, before quickly flopping him over onto his stomach.

Oh, so he praised Kuroko for his strength only to overpower him *this* easily?

“Shit, you look so delectable, I can’t wait to get inside you,” Laios moaned, grabbing Kuroko’s hand and slowly pulling the fingers out. Kuroko grumbled and kicked his leg back, Laios barely avoiding it and slapping his ass right after, “Fucking stop, man!”

“No.”

“Ok, I’ll go then if you don’t,” he forced Kuroko’s head to the side, to look at him, pointing a finger at himself, then at the door, “Stop!”

Kuroko huffed, turning his face back into the pillow, obediently laying there, ass in the air. He put his hands behind his back for good measure. Laios let out a small moan at that. *Good.*

“You’re such a bitch, but so hot... I guess you can’t have both good manners and sex appeal, huh?” he smacked his ass again, making Kuroko keen and arch his back.

Fuck, this was making him feel awfully submissive.

Laios' hands were on his ass again, moving it apart, tracing his slick hole with his thumb. “Ah, such a good job...”

He heard the slick sound of Laios rubbing extra oil on his dick and felt the head pushing against his entrance.

Laios tried getting it in, his cock instead slipping and rubbing between Kuroko’s asscheeks, making him shake in anticipation.

Finally, after a few attempts, the head finally slipped inside, making both of them pant. Laios' hands were on both sides of the other man, almost chest to back with Kuroko, pushing in agonizingly slowly.

“Fuck, the things you’re letting me do to you,” he moaned right into Kuroko’s ear, making the man shake. “You’re so strong and still on your stomach for me, like a good little bitch.”

Kuroko really wanted to kick him for all of this, but he couldn’t muster the power with the feelings it was stirring in of him. He whined, pressing his face into the pillow.

Laios kept pushing in, until his hips were finally flush with Kuroko’s. He moaned unabashedly and bit Kuroko on the shoulder so hard that he felt pain blooming and mesh ripping.

Kuroko whimpered, bowing his back in pain.

"I can do so much to you..." Laios finally let go and straightened himself somewhat, hand tangling itself in Kuroko's hair and winding it like a leash around his wrist. He tugged at it harshly, pulling his head from the pillow and chest from the bed.

"I always wanted to do this to Shuro. I want to get him like this," he started moving his hips quickly, shallowly, not giving Kuroko any time to adjust.

It was just punching moans out of him.

He was talking about that wimp again, and it was turning Kuroko on even more. "I want to mess him up, I want to fuck him to the edge of his sanity," he panted, pushing and pulling and pushing in again. Kuroko's dick bobbed between his legs, rubbing on the undercloth he still had on, his only relief in this situation.

Suddenly, his head was pushed into the pillow again, pressing his face into it, making it hard to breathe.

"I want to make him mine so, so bad. *Fuck*, I want to..."

Kuroko felt the dick inside of him twitching, the thought clearly filling Laios with so much excitement he could barely contain it.

"I want to fill him with so much cum that his stomach *bulges* out from it."

Kuroko went cross-eyed, already deprived of oxygen, and now this. His untouched cock leaked a large glob of precum, making him feel delirious.

"I want to breed him so well, I want to get him pregnant."

His thrusts were becoming sloppier by the second, getting faster, hammering into Kuroko and sending the man flying forward, knocking his horns on the headboard a few times.

"I want to knot him, I want him to live on my cock."

Kuroko was moaning with every move now, shaking incessantly.

He was dripping. He just wanted to cum now, but Laios was disinterested, clearly doing this for himself, too invested in babbling bullshit about a pathetic closed off man.

"Fuck, I love him, I just need him..."

He was basically mewling now, Laios thrusting quickly, rutting into him at his deepest point.

Kuroko was losing his breath, his body tightening, when Laios finally came and let go of his head.

Great, now he was filled from both ends. His cock, the traitor it was, twitched, dripping a river of precum at the thought.

Laios was draped over his back, softening dick still inside. He was leaving small, gentle bites on Kuroko's skin, mostly just feeling ticklish.

Kuroko couldn't bear it anymore.

"Off", he mumbled, shrugging, hoping Laios would listen.

He did, and pulled out with a soft, sad sigh.

Kuroko didn't care at all for this performance, just wanting to finally get himself off. He'd hoped that Laios would be more attentive, instead of just chasing his pleasure and fantasies about Toshiro.

Kuroko rolled onto his back, shrugging off his pants and undoing the fundoshi. Laios' face suddenly was lit with embarrassment.

"Oh, um... Usually people, ah, cum from me fucking them..."

Kuroko's eye didn't twitch at that, not at all. Laios was so full of himself.

"Ah. Can I, um," his eyes were on his hole, looking at how cum was leaking out of it.

He looked at Kuroko's face, pointed at his dripping entrance and made a licking motion.

Kuroko had to close his eyes for a moment. This will kill him.

He nodded.

"Awesome!"

Laios laid out on his stomach, scooting closer. He pulled both of Kuroko's legs over his shoulders, licking his lips softly.

Kuroko was panting into his mask already, nervous about this whole thing.

Laios put his lips to his loose entrance, slowly lapping up his own cum and swallowing.

Kuroko's head spun a bit.

Then Laios plunged his tongue inside and put one of his hands on Kuroko's cock, finally, spreading wetness around and pulling at it slowly.

Kuroko was whining, eyes closed, hand on Laios' head.

Laios started to fuck Kuroko with his tongue, reaching as far as he could. He moved his tongue vigorously, pressing just a little into his prostate, while pumping his dick faster.

He looked up at Kuroko.

He was already shaking, so stimulated the whole night without release.

When he finally came was when he caught Laios' heated gaze.

He gasped, loudly, and spilled all over Laios' hand. He whimpered, his eyes rolling. Laios started lapping it up softly without a second thought.

"Thanks!"

He was far too chipper for Kuroko's tastes.

"I hope I see you again... Maybe here, too? This was stupid hot..."

He grabbed Kuroko's hands with both of his, making puppy eyes.

Kuroko avoided Laios' gaze.

"Meet here, next week?" Laios made a gesture showing two pairs of legs walking toward each other and pointed downward, then held up seven fingers.

Kuroko snorted.

Well, that was certainly an attempt.

"Ok," Kuroko said, smiling mostly with his eyes, "I go."

Laios nodded and Kuroko untangled himself from the bed, quickly tying his clothes back in place, smoothing them over.

"You look good," Laios said, and gave a thumbs up.

Kuroko rolled his eyes and went to the window, making his grand exit through it.

He rushed back home. He still had things to do the next day.

The party was meeting up at the dungeon entrance.

Toshiro was the first one there, as per usual.

He felt like shit, his ass hurt and he didn't get nearly enough sleep. There was a bite mark under his armor that stung awfully.

He stepped from one foot to another, wincing.

This was bad.

Soon enough, Laios showed up, looking chipper.

"Good morning, Shuro!" he waved at the man, before noticing his tired state "Wow, are you ok?"

"Yes, Laios. Just didn't sleep that well..."

"Oh, I see! Well, me too," he shrugged, "But I had a good night! Met this cool guy, you know... But I want to tell everyone. It was a ninja guy, he was so awesome..." he smiled dreamily.

Toshiro sighed, averting his gaze and staying stoic. He'll have to hear the recounting of his own hookup from Laios' mouth when everyone would show up.

He was already regretting his own recklessness.

Chapter 2 – Comforting Darkness (mob x Shuro)

“Who’s that?”

The hour was late. The flickering lights at the gates didn’t illuminate much and the only sound heard was the buzzing of cicadas in the distance. But the guards could still see the black-clad figure walking alone on the path.

“No idea.”

“His uniform is similar to ours, though...”

“Not really. Way too eccentric. Haven’t seen anyone wear oni horns.”

“That’s true... And the cutouts on his pants. Don’t think we’d be allowed that. Maybe the girls?”

“Still, impractical.”

The two kept their station, just waiting for the figure to ascend the trail. He was swaying slightly with every step, clearly tipsy. As he came closer, they could finally see his face with more clarity.

“...Doesn’t he look kind of like Toshiro-bocchan?”

“You’re joking, right?”

“Ah, but he’s so good, I hope he doesn’t get in trouble...”

The man on the path approached nearer. In just a few steps he stood in front of the two guards, most of his expression hidden beneath the mask, but his sharp, slightly reddened eyes betraying his annoyance. The kohl around them was smeared, same as the two dots under. And the flush that was spreading on his face, clearly from being inebriated, was completely unconcealed.

Even with his face covered, they knew this beautiful visage far too well – this really was him.

“Ah,” one of the guards broke the somewhat tense silence that settled in. “Can we help you? You seem a little under the weather, bocchan!”

As he wanted to clasp his gloved palm on his shoulder, it was slapped away immediately, his drunken state no issue for his reaction speed.

“I’m not your bocchan,” he responded, frowning.

Toshiro hadn't been doing great since his return from Melini.

The story of his adventures didn't impress his picky father one bit, but instead of being rejected the title of heir outright, he was told *to wait*. To wait until both of his little brothers return to Wa, because that would only be fair, of course, to hear them tell their tales.

All of this traveling, all of this fighting, had been for *nothing*. Nothing changed. It wasn't as though Toshiro didn't expect this outcome, honestly, he kind of hoped for it. He never really wanted to be the heir, to continue the business of this household. He knew the innerworkings of it exceptionally well, what the training put in the servant's heads. It was embarrassing to even mention what his family did to any of his friends back when he was in Melini, adventuring.

No, what really hurt was the reaction. All his father did was lift his eyebrows, shrug and chuckle.

"This tale is not really *yours* though, is it? Fascinating nonetheless."

What was even the point of returning home? To get mocked again?

Toshiro retired to his life pre-Melini. Tasks relating to the household's business, endless training, tense meals surrounded by his family. He felt isolated because of his status, even if everyone knew he wouldn't become the next master.

This familiar loneliness was oppressive, heavy on his shaky shoulders. He really missed his friends.

He got used to good things way too fast.

He had to admit, he missed Laios most. He didn't think he would, at all, with all that had happened between them, but he did.

Maybe it was because of Kuroko.

While in Melini, ever since that first time at the tavern, Kuroko had many more dates and hook-ups with Laios. He pretended to learn Common bit by bit, he made Laios stop calling him Shuro in bed (even though it still slipped out sometimes), he enjoyed this *Thing* between them to the fullest. He had a genuine connection with the Touden. Way more of it than actual Toshiro would ever dream of. Another win for Kuroko over that loser.

But now, Toshiro bore the consequences. He had to drag his feet along the ground and continue living back home on his lonesome. No warm nights in Laios' arms, no open-minded, fascinating conversations with him, no slapping his greedy hands away from his mask as he laughed brightly. All of it had trickled

through his fingers like water, mixing with the sea again. All because Toshiro couldn't find it in himself to tell Maizuru that he wanted to stay in the new country and continue to live this life away from his old home.

Since Toshiro couldn't improve his own mental state, he had to don the brave mask of Kuroko again. The one that could have fun, be free, be uncaring and shake him out of this gloom.

The guards looked between each other, clear concern in their eyes and their knitted together eyebrows. They could see that Toshiro-bocchan hadn't been doing that well lately, but this was certainly out of the ordinary for even deep in the throes of melancholy.

"Let me in," he said gruffly and tried to take a step closer, but in his drunken stupor he tripped over his own foot. Thankfully, the guards immediately caught him.

"We'll lead you to your room, boc-

He immediately attempted to twist out of their arms, groaning in annoyance when they just held him tighter.

"I told you I'm *not* your bocchan! I don't need help like he does!"

The taller of the guards sighed and shook his head lightly.

"Really? But you're stumbling so much," as the second guard let go to open the gate, he got the man to his feet properly but still held him by his shoulders. "What should we call you, then?"

"Kuroko, you should call me *Kuroko!*"

"Okay, Kuroko-chan," he led him through and the other man followed them on the path, his expression amused, even if hidden. "I'm sorry, you're just so similar to our bocchan."

Kuroko huffed out a breath and let himself be walked to the room. He really hated being coddled like this – it constantly happened to Toshiro, and now it was happening to him too. This was humiliating, if he had to be honest with himself.

He knew Toshiro disliked the constant concern, just didn't show it outwardly, same as with anything that displeased him. Why was Kuroko letting it happen, he didn't quite understand. Maybe it was the alcohol in his bloodstream mellowing him out.

As they walked, he dwelled on his night. He went out with the express purpose of having fun. To get drunk, to dance, to steal some supple tangerines. And to get a good fuck.

The only thing he got to was the alcohol. He would've preferred a beer, same as he often shared with Laios in that tavern. Instead, he just drank too much wine and couldn't even lift his head from the table. This was a clear sign for him to go home, so after a long half hour, he dragged himself out. Who'd want to dance with a man so intoxicated?! He could barely walk in a straight line. And moreover, who'd enjoy sleeping with someone like that!

The guard's warm, gloved palm slipped to his waist. It felt grounding, even if its new position made him flush. He sighed and let himself lean a bit on the man, to which his fingers squeezed a bit tighter just for a second. In his bleary vision he could see the second guard knock on some doors and wake some people out. Annoying. Kuroko told them he wasn't their bocchan, why were they starting such a ruckus?

When they finally got to his small pavilion, two retainers walked out of there, prepared to leave as silently as they got there. Kuroko grunted loudly, which stopped them in their tracks. They both bowed to him deeply.

"Sorry to intrude, bocchan!" one of them started, scratching the back of his head and closing his eyes, smiling awkwardly, mask removed since they were on the family's territory. "We just made your bed and brought you some food, maybe it'll--"

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" Kuroko pushed away from the man holding him up and took a few steps closer to the two, who immediately froze in place at his swearing. "I'm not your beloved bocchan, got it?"

The retainer swallowed back his words and nodded slowly. Kuroko huffed and turned to the entrance of his room.

Bocchan, bocchan... Always talking about *Toshiro*! Why did they like him that much?! Did he ever do anything special for them?! All he ever did was stand there like a statue, looking through and down at them at the same time. He constantly averted his gaze when his father ordered them around, he kept them at arm's length. His spine was weak, he could never get what he wanted, he could barely keep his emotions in check. That was the man they admired that much?! If he was braver, he would've admitted that he was no man, he was a little *princess*, always on the verge of sobbing.

A stray thought suddenly came into Kuroko's mind as he looked back at the retainer he just scolded so rudely. He knew something Toshiro could never give these people. And would make his failed night out *way* better.

His demeanor suddenly changed and he grinned under his tight mask. He spun back around and placed one hand on the man's shoulder, then the other, and pulled himself closer. The retainers stiffened at the sudden closeness with what he considered his superior.

"Bo--"

"Sh-hhh," Kuroko hissed into his ear, getting even closer, chest to chest, crossing his arms behind the stiff man's neck. "Why don't you and all your friends try me?"

He spoke quietly and looked back at the other three men, his eyes immediately heavily lidded with put on lust.

"Come to my chamber with me," he pulled away just a bit, to put a hand on his belt and untied it slowly, the uwagi he wore on top opening up. "Your bocchan can't give you something like *that*. I can, though."

The men blinked slowly as Kuroko dropped his top on the ground, left in the mesh undershirt, his whole torso showing, pale in the moonlight. As they stood in their stupor, he turned back to the retainer in front of him and looked up again.

"Are you going to refuse?" he murmured and slid a palm down to the man's crotch, squeezing his obvious hard-on lightly. The man gasped and shook his head, the look in his eyes dizzy with thirst.

He had discussions with the other ninjas about it. About how good bocchan was, how sweet it would be to hold him, to kiss him, to defile him, but how much of an unachievable fantasy it was. But here he was, offering himself up to them on a platter with an intricate lace border. How could he decline? He couldn't in a situation like this, even disregarding the fact that he was his servant.

"Good," Kuroko said, his tone lilting and sweet. He pulled away from the man's body, his hand still on his crotch, and turned a bit, showing it to the other three. "You'll come with me, right? That'll be really fun."

The men nodded in response, their faces bright red, the darkness not obscuring the color of them at all.

The air in the small bedroom hung hot and heavy as the breaths of the five men mixed for quite a while already. If only this affair wasn't so secretive, they would've opened the shoji, letting in the fresh night air. But they had to keep this down, hidden, this precious gift from their bocchan belonging to the four of them only.

Kuroko, his mask and headband still in place, unlike majority of his clothes, knelt on the futon and nuzzled into the covered groin of the man in front of him – the tall guard that helped him to the room in

the first place, the only one still robed in the room. Even under the face cover it was visible that Kuroko's expression was slightly mocking, like he was proving some kind of point with his actions.

The guard bit his tongue. He really wanted to get his cock in Kuroko's mouth already. Not even because he wanted the satisfaction of a blowjob, but because he wanted to shut him up and call him by his actual title and name without protest.

He pat Kuroko's hair softly for a moment, before his fingers curled at the base of the ponytail and pressed him harder into his bulge. The man's eyes widened, the smug demeanor gone in an instant.

"Kuroko-chan," he murmured softly, watching his expression closely. Kuroko just humphed and pushed away from him. His mouth opened under the mask and pressed over the guard's dick through the layers of fabric. Even so, the warmth was scalding, and he could feel the wetness of it seeping through. "Hah, you really are being so good. Just as kind as bocchan is to us..."

Kuroko tried to pull away again, frowning, but the man pushed his face flush with his member once again and groaned softly. Kuroko prepared to struggle, his gloved palms ending up on the guard's thighs, but then his eyes went wide and fingers curled in the fabric of his pants.

"Wow, ah, you're *really* slutty," one of the retainers was basically staring point blank at his hole, three fingers pumping into it with ease. All because Kuroko spent a bunch of time preparing himself before going out – his previous encounters with men that weren't Laio had really taught him a lesson in their impatience. Kuroko keened high in his throat all the same, as the man curled his digits. He felt his dick give a twitch and drip onto the covers. "Makes me wonder what bocchan does in his free time..."

Kuroko huffed and closed his eyes. They really couldn't get it right, could they? Why did everyone think so much about Toshiro around him? Wasn't he weak, annoying, a *failure* of a leader? He breathed out slowly, unable to speak, just salivating through his mask at the musk hitting his nose.

The man behind him couldn't wait at all, and after the ruffling of clothes, his cock started to press insistently instead of the fingers. Kuroko gasped and arched his back as it moved in deeper, the mesh left on his body highlighting the alluringly tensed back muscles.

"Kuroko-chan is so beautiful like this, just like our bocchan is every day," another man sat to his side, the other guard, his wide palm immediately ending up on his back, patting his tailbone softly. Kuroko made a disgruntled noise, even as his body shook from how much he liked the touch there. The man's other hand dipped under his body and groped his chest rudely, the mesh digging into Kuroko's skin and nipple. He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut once again.

If he didn't offer to be taken apart like that, he would've been already slapping their hands off. Not because he disliked it, but because his face was way too thin to handle something like that-

Wait, this wasn't how Kuroko usually thought. That was Toshiro in the back of his mind again. When Kuroko liked something, he let it happen, he encouraged it, welcomed it with full force and more.

Thus, he lifted his hand up and pressed the guard's palm even harder to his chest. He let out an understanding hum and dug in his fingers with more vigor.

The retainer's hips behind him finally started moving, short but forceful thrusts. Kuroko moaned, his eyes immediately rolling back. His cock was left ignored, dripping onto the futon under him, dirtying the sheets the men prepared so thoughtfully for him.

Suddenly his head was pushed away and his wanton moans were heard with far more volume than he would've liked to. He gasped and crumpled to his forearms, ass high in the air as the man behind him gained more amplitude, slowly but surely.

"Kuroko-chan is so sensitive," the last man in the room finally approached, sitting on the other side of him. "You seemed so tough at first, but you really are no different from our bocchan..."

Kuroko groaned and turned his face to the retainer, his eyes tearing up a bit from the fucking and touching of his chest.

"Can you all *shut up* about your bocchan already, I don't care, I'm not him, stop praising him so much while I'm here!" He said between his gasps, and gathered his sliding apart knees back together, the adjusted angle making him groan.

"Just take it as praise for you, why don't you?" the retainer's hand reached down to Kuroko's leaking length, squeezing and giving it a careful pump.

"Th-then just praise me and not him," he whined out, his thighs shaking as the man started to jerk him off slowly. He gripped the sheets with both fists. "I don't care about Toshiro, please, Satoshi-san, just..."

He was cut off by his own moan. The men looked between each other. The guy was way too obvious! Starting to say their names, while he was pretending not to know them or not to be their bocchan? Wrong move.

"Okay, not-bocchan," the taller guard suddenly grabbed him by his hair again and pulled him up. Toshiro went up willingly, but his hands left clutching the sheets tightly, as if he was a cat sinking his claws in as hard as he could.

He was presented with the man's cock right in his face. As the guard reached out to tug Kuroko's mask down, Kuroko pulled all of his remaining strength to swat the hand away.

"I can do it with the mask on," he said, looking up, and pushed his nose at the base, right under it, the girth falling on his pretty face. He inhaled, closing his eyes. The smell was dulled through the cover, which Kuroko thought a good thing in this case. Surely these Toshiro lovers' sweat didn't smell that great.

He mouthed at it through the mask, wetting it more with his spit. The guard groaned softly, his hand relaxing on the base of the ponytail and then running the strands between his fingers. Kuroko hummed appreciatively but that gentle noise was interrupted by a grunt immediately, the retainer behind him thrusting harder.

"Haru-san," he gasped out again, losing his plot, completely forgetting that he shouldn't know their names. "Go easy on me, *please*, ah..."

Instead, the retainer behind his back, Haru, wrapped his arms around Kuroko's torso tight and pushed his face right into his neck as he started to basically hump him. Kuroko gripped the sheets under him even harder, whimpering and gasping at every thrust, unable to talk, his cheek pressed into the thigh of the guard in front of him.

"I'm so honored that bocchan remembers my name," he whispered in Kuroko's ear, biting on it softly after. "Bocchan really is so attentive and kind to us, not like his father..."

If he fucked him even a tad slower, Kuroko would've spoken up about being called "bocchan" again. But he just shut his eyes and stifled his satisfied whines, hiding his pleased smile in the leg of the guard in front of him.

The man, however, was not content with that. He pulled Kuroko away once more and pushed his cock onto his face, making him whimper.

"Does bocchan also remember my name?" he said in a gentle, hushed voice. "That would be nice, but I would like him to put this in his mouth way more... Would he be so kind?"

"Yes, Akira-san," Kuroko spoke up breathily. He still didn't want to give up his mask, so he lifted it up with a trembling hand and slipped the plush, drooling tip into his mouth.

"Bocchan really is too nice to us," the guard shifted his hips forward and Kuroko took it like a champ, even if his eyes watered as he gagged on it before it finally got into his throat. He let go of the mask in favor of holding Akira's hip and pushed himself forward more, quickly taking the full length in his throat. The guard wiped his tears carefully with his thumb, "Don't cry, you know we can't handle you sobbing like that..."

This sweetness only lasted until Kuroko adjusted enough to breathe through his nose. Then all of the men continued what they started: one groping his chest and pulling his nipples, one rhythmically stroking

his member with a tight grip, one humping into him from behind and panting in his ear, and one fucking into his throat, listening to his sweet wet noises.

And all Kuroko heard around him was their moans of *"bocchan"*.

"Bocchan takes it so well..."

"Bocchan's cock is so wet and pretty!"

"Bocchan sucks me so softly, no teeth on me at all..."

"Ah, your nipples are hard, you like that, bocchan?"

Kuroko was starting to like it, starting to like being called by that coward's title. Maybe he can be their bocchan instead of Toshiro. Though, they were assuming that Kuroko was him already. The more he tried to focus on that though, the less he wanted to. He just felt too damn good

As the hand on his cock sped up, his thoughts came to a complete halt. He moaned, muffled by the girth in his mouth, and shot his come into Satoshi's fingers.

The retainer behind his back groaned after a second as well.

"Bocchan, you came, right? You're squeezing so tight, I, I can't..."

Haru came right after, rutting his length deep inside Kuroko. The poor man trembled, his legs giving out under him.

"Ah, ah, sorry, sorry bocchan, this must be embarrassing, I didn't mean to..."

Kuroko struggled away from the member in his mouth, his eyes watering, and fell on his forearms once more, panting.

"It's not, and I'm not your bocchan, I can handle grime and c-come in me," he stuttered out in a raspy, whiny voice. Their handling of him was far too pleasurable for him, actual tears springing in his eyes and running down his cheeks.

The retainer at his back slowly pulled out, smoothing his hands soothingly over Kuroko's hips, while the one who was groping his chest hugged him.

"Bocchan, it's okay to cry a bit, let it all out..."

Kuroko was unused to hearing such words. All his life he – *well, Toshiro* – was told that crying was a bad, unmanly thing. And he thought so as well. But here he couldn't stop ugly sniffing, pushing his face into the sheets.

The men let him rest for a bit, patting his back and head softly, whispering reassuring nothings. He finally understood that he wasn't overwhelmed by pleasure, rather, their refusal to call him what he wanted and their overbearing niceness. He didn't like that he was so needy for approval. But he was.

And he didn't want to dwell on it. He shook them off and flopped onto his back, his butt landing in the wet spot his own semen made. His mask slipped onto his neck, exposing his face, but from how hot it was, he didn't even feel its absence. He turned his face to the side, to the retainer that was just hugging him.

"Michi-san," he murmured and opened his legs in clear invitation. He smiled at him slightly, the expression watery on his face. The man just gulped and nodded in response, crawling to replace the previous retainer between Kuroko's pretty, muscled legs.

The slide inside felt heavenly, slicked by spent of another man, the entrance soft and puffy. Michi couldn't hold in an immediate moan. Kuroko bit his lip, his eyes rolling back at the feeling of fullness once more. He threw his head back on the pillow, his back bowed tight, looking at the guard still standing above him, his cock heavy and wet.

"Mhm, Akira-san," he smiled again, now a bit wider, though his face was still tearful. He extended his hand for the guard, and he politely fell to his knees as well, so his bocchan could reach him. "Thank you..."

"No problem, Kuroko-chan."

Kuroko opened his mouth to correct him, but then furrowed his eyebrows. That's right, he *was* Kuroko, this was the proper name!

"Ah, I'm just joking, bocchan," Akira laughed and grabbed his face, pushing a thumb in his mouth. If not for that, Kuroko would've started protesting, his face reddening in embarrassment. Instead, the finger got pushed harder over his tongue and then replaced with the man's length again, smoothly sliding in, his mouth and throat forming a straight line in this position. "After all, I can't devalue you to some silly commoner, when you're taking care of us like this..."

Thus, the two men at both his ends started fucking him again. Their moves were rough and barely controlled, but it just made Kuroko whine more. His stomach visibly spasmed on every thrust in, his hand shot up to rest on his own throat, feeling the cock filling it out on every entrance. He tightened his legs around the man below and arched even more for the one above.

The other two watched in awe, Satoshi palming himself with the hand that was slicked with Kuroko's come. He looked at the man writhe and form beautiful shapes, his tits jumping with every thrust. He couldn't handle himself anymore – he crawled over him and flopped his cock on his chest, slipping it under the mesh.

"You always trained so well and you grew into such a beautiful form," he moaned, humping his cock once, twice against Kuroko's nipple. "Bocchan, you're so good at everything, so handsome, so soft..."

He kept rambling on, the slide over Kuroko's chest smooth with how sweaty he got. His hand ended up on the man's nipple, twisting and tugging at it like Michi previously did.

Kuroko, even without his dick being touched, was lost in sensation. And his member was a pretty sight – slapping wetly on his tight stomach with every thrust. The hand that wasn't holding his own throat was fisted in the sheets, but soon it was pulled by Haru, who was already hard again, and wrapped around his member.

"Hope that's okay, bocchan, you're just really too enticing like that. You're really the best, you know, we really cherish you," the retainer panted as he started moving into the loose grip, holding and squeezing it with his own hand.

Even if Kuroko actually wanted to answer, he couldn't. And otherwise, he felt somewhere on a different plane of existence, floating above the scene. All of his protests would've been dead on his tongue. It felt like instead of Kuroko, Toshiro was back in that brain, dealing with the consequences of the other's actions once more.

Tears streamed down his cheeks as he was used up by the four men, praised and touched delicately incessantly. He felt one of them kissing his tears away, which just made him sob even uglier, choking on the girth inside his mouth. As the man moved away to let him cough, he just grabbed him by his thigh and pushed back.

He didn't want any of them to leave, he'd be glad if this bliss continued forever. But the men weren't sex gods, they were just ordinary servants in his household who avoided company because of their jobs. So, they couldn't last for so long.

First one to fold was the man rubbing at his nipple, too pent up from before. He bowed down, pressing his face to Toshiro's dripping chest, and moaned "bocchan" quietly, splashing his spent under the mesh, dirtying it and sticking it to his already dirty body.

Then it was Haru, too oversensitive from before, coming all over Toshiro's hand. He leaned down to press his face to his palm and lick it off politely, muttering apologies again.

Satoshi pulled out soon enough and pressed on top of Toshiro, slotting their cocks together, rutting down and panting loudly, all of his words dead at this point, just the feral want to get off in his eyes.

While he did that, Akira kept humping Toshiro's throat desperately, until he felt way too close. That's when he took his member out, immediately painting the man's face and neck with white strings of his release, webbing on Toshiro's flushed, glistening skin. Toshiro moaned out loud, even if his eyebrows knitted in annoyance at the loss of a toy in his mouth.

"Toshiro-bocchan, don't be mad," the guard smiled, gathering some come from the corner of his mouth and pressing it between Toshiro's soft lips. He closed his eyes and started sucking again, on his fingers, lapping carefully at them.

That move really threw him over the edge again, along with and same as the retainer's humping down below. As he unraveled, he leg locked him in place, trembling and thrashing, a pool of white forming on his abdomen.

Toshiro let the fingers out of his mouth with a pop and sighed, slowly relaxing. His head spun and felt heavy, his body completely out of strength after a thorough plowing. He closed his eyes and threw an arm over them, hiding the state of his face.

"Thank you, Toshiro-bocchan!"

"Mhm, no, thank you..." was all he could say, before the wave of exhaustion really overtook him with his head.

Toshiro opened his weary eyes as bright morning light seeped into his room through the open shoji. He didn't even huff in discontent, just turning to the other side under his blanket. But that echoed with a pain in his limbs, making him groan softly.

"Toshiro-bocchan?"

He opened his eyes again to see the same four men he spent the whole night with. They were dressed up, trays with food in the hands of each of them. Toshiro blinked at them slowly and sat up straight, feeling his head pound in protest from all the drinking he did last night. At least he felt clean.

"Yes?" he rasped out, since his throat completely closed up. The tallest one, the guard, Akira, blushed a bit at that voice.

"Here, we've brought you some food. It was made by Maizuru-sama," they all bowed and sat back again. "Can we join you for a meal?"

The sight of them made Toshiro want to wallow in self-pity and regret. Why did he *do* that yesterday? Ludicrous and foolish, completely unhinged behavior, of course he didn't become the head of this household...

He sighed and nodded, looking away from them and at the food. He reached for a small warm bowl of noodle soup.

They ate in silence for a bit, only the clinging of chopsticks, slurping and chewing heard in the morning quiet. Toshiro wanted to lay back down as soon as possible, his body feeling frail after all these night adventures.

"Toshiro-bocchan," he heard one of the men, Satoshi, set his bowl down and call out. "We just wanted to--"

"Don't apologize, please, it was my own recklessness."

"No, bocchan," Haru started, "We just wanted to know. Why did you say so many... *Concerning* things about yourself yesterday?"

Toshiro looked at the man sharply and put his own plate down. He ground his teeth and calmed his expression, before reaching to pour some tea into the five cups in front of him.

"Toshiro-bocchan, we're just worried," Akira sighed and took the teapot from his shaking hands. Toshiro already spilled some.

"It sounded like... You really hate yourself," Michi called out softly, lowering his face a bit to try and look into Toshiro's eyes. But they were tightly closed, as if Toshiro was trying to hold back tears, and his head was turned away.

He kept quiet, his fingers coiling in his night robes. He didn't want to dwell on it, didn't want other people to know how horrible it was in his head. And now he exposed himself because of one drunken night and his unruly libido.

A minute passed by, and Toshiro's breathing turned to panting, then to heaving, and he couldn't hold his tears back anymore. He suddenly sobbed loudly and doubled over, one palm over his mouth, the other hugging himself over his own stomach.

"Bocchan!" all of them exclaimed one after another and he was immediately surrounded in an embrace. Toshiro cried quietly, but breathed like he was in the midst of some episode, panicking. He whined and swiped at his face with his sleeves, trying to will away the tears and make his nose stop running, but it just burned his skin more.

They let him sob it out while hugging him tightly, Toshiro not even trying to get out of it. The warm bodies around grounded him slowly, returning him to reality. He really didn't get why they liked him enough to stay by his side, but clearly, they did. And at least that meant that he wasn't a completely worthless, utter fool.

"Toshiro-bocchan, don't be so hard on yourself."

"It's difficult, yes, but it'll be alright. We all know your father is an idiot for what he did."

"We all love you the same. You're kind, fair and honorable."

"Just don't say such bad things about yourself again, Toshiro-bocchan."

"It gets us so worried... Everything will be alright one day. Just let yourself breathe."

Toshiro slowly calmed down and relaxed in their embrace, his eyes teary and unfocused. He really didn't have any strength to argue. And what right did he have? They were all *correct*. He was always trying to overcontrol his life, behavior, presence, and all it brought him was pain.

He sighed and wiped away at his face again.

"I'll... I'll do my best."

He felt the men's adoring eyes on him and blushed bright, looking down again. He coughed softly into his fist and furrowed his eyebrows just slightly.

"Well. Let's finish our meal? The tea will go cold."