

Keep it in the closet

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Keep it in the closet

by [Magainisha](#)

Summary

Yoji swallows and licks his lips.

“Aya...are we still talking about ice cream?”

A pause.

“What if we aren't?”

Notes

Totally random smut that I just had to get out of my system. Blame it on me listening to "Ship happens" and Schuldig picking on Ken for living in a "flower-stuffed broom cupboard" in the last chapter of "Animal Crossing".

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

How they ended up in this closet Yoji doesn't know. All he knows is that he is pressed together with Aya in this much too small space and Aya's hair gets in the way while he breathes.

"I should have stayed with Omi," he mumbles and gets a fist between his ribs in return.

"Shh!"

They both freeze when the sounds of their pursuers come closer. There is a whole army of faceless minions out there searching for them. The swarm came out of nowhere while their designated target got away in a bulletproof vehicle. The mission was aborted and the next moment they were running. Down of course, because everyone knows what happens to those that seek escape up on the roofs. They are bound to reach the end of their luck soon, if they don't have a helicopter up their sleeve. He and Aya didn't, so they headed downstairs. Unfortunately, their escape route ended in a small cupboard hidden under a staircase. With brooms and buckets and everything. If one of those goonies manages to come down here, they will be toast, because there is pretty much nothing else out there to hide in. Of course they could just kill him, but he certainly wouldn't be alone and the fight would lure more of the dogs to their hide-out. So it was the best idea to keep still and hope. At least it had been, before they really had climbed in here.

"This was a stupid idea," Yoji whispers and tries to get a little more comfortable.

"Will you keep quiet just once?" Aya snarls and moves a little so he can lean his head back to look at Yoji. Not that it is of any use. It's much too dark in here, but Yoji can feel Aya's breath on his face now. Their legs are somehow tangled and their lower bodies are touching in a very intimate way. Yoji cannot help thinking about it. With anyone else this would be awkward, but with Aya it's outright dangerous. Dangerous because he doesn't know how long he will be able to hide what has been clouding his mind for several weeks now. That Aya is hot and he, Yoji Kudo, is attracted to that red-haired bastard.

"How long do you think we will have to stay here?" he tries to pick up the conversation. Of course it would be wiser to remain quiet, but then he would be left with nothing but the thought of Aya being right in front of him, touching him, grinding against him. Short-breathed and sweaty and smelling like leather and weapon oil and something herbal. From the shop maybe or from his shampoo. Yoji has to resist the urge to lean forward and take a deep breath. "How long, Aya?"

"I don't know. And now shut your mouth, Yoji, or I will shut it for you."

Yoji can't help the grin decorating his face. If Aya only knew, how alluring this sounds to him. Of course the redhead is most likely thinking about stuffing one of the mobs into his mouth rather than what would be Yoji's idea of an appropriate filling material. Aya's tongue for example. Their lips would meet in a frantic kiss with more than a hint of teeth. They would, of course, fight for dominance in this kiss and it would be so thrilling to finally get Aya to surrender to Yoji's superior kissing skills. He would nip at Aya's lower lip, swirl his tongue just the right way, so that the reserved man would have to give in and melt into his arms. He would perhaps moan just a little bit and Yoji would set his mouth free so he could hear it better. He would start kissing down Aya's throat and lick the sensitive curve of his neck. He wonders what Aya would taste like, his skin as white as fresh fallen snow. Maybe he would taste like ice cream.

“Why are you grinning like an idiot?” Aya's low voice wants to know. Yoji can feel its vibrations in his chest. And though he can't see Aya's face, he knows the 'curl up and die!' expression the other man is wearing right now. He feels it crawl under his skin and maybe this is why Aya's knows he is grinning. They are so close that they can feel every muscle of the other one move. Even the facial ones.

“I was thinking about what you will put in my mouth to shut me up,” Yoji drawls before he can tell his mouth to stop. The suggestive tone dark and velvety in his voice. Hopefully, Aya won't notice, because if he does, Yoji might be forced to sing higher notes in the future.

However, Aya's reaction is quite different from what Yoji expected. Instead of a sharp remark or a blade to his throat he is greeted with a heavy silence and a familiar, yet totally unforeseen feeling against his thigh.

This cannot be true. He must be imagining things. Otherwise he would be bound to think that Aya suddenly got a hard-on and that, of course, is impossible. Yoji quickly recalls his exact words and combines them with Aya's cannot-be reaction. The result sends hot sparks straight to his own groin. Damn, this is not good. Especially because he must be seeing or better feeling things. Perhaps this is just a broomstick that has somehow found its way between them. Or it has been there all along and has just recently come to his consciousness. So before this gets even more embarrassing, Yoji decides to get away from any suggestive themes and get his thoughts somewhere safe. Hence, he opens his mouth and talks about the first thing that comes to his mind.

“What's your favorite ice cream?”

“Come again?” Aya's voice is thinner than usual and he clears his throat as if to shake it of.

“What kind of ice cream do you like? I know you eat some from time to time, so don't try to deny it.”

“Umm...I...I don't know.”

“Oh, come on, Aya. How can you not know what kind of ice cream you like? My favorite is hazelnut, but if I can't get it, I'd take vanilla. What about you?”

“Well, I like vanilla, too, I guess.”

“Really?” This somehow surprises Yoji. “You don't look like the vanilla type.” Oh-oh, not good. We are not going to get suggestive here! “I would have thought you more as a strawberry kind of guy.”

“Why that? My hair color?”

“Nah. You just seem more like the fruity type.”

Yoji mentally smacks himself. How much less non-suggestive could he get while talking about ice cream? He really has to have a serious conversation with his subconsciousness when this is over. However, Aya doesn't seem to have noticed Yoji's linguistic slip-ups. Instead he has fallen into a deep silence again. At least, this is his normal brooding silence and not something ambiguous made up by Yoji's imagination.

They listen to the echo of footsteps in the stairwell. Someone hurries up the steps. The sound fades when he reaches the top floor and opens the metal door that leads to the roof. The door clunks shut and leaves them with more silence and an uncomfortable cupboard. Maybe they can leave this place soon.

“I do like strawberry ice cream,” Aya suddenly speaks up. Yoji is almost startled by the sound. He tries to rearrange himself a little bit, but it's no use. All he manages is to grind against Aya. Again. Great. And he thought he had settled that topic for good.

“Why did you say, you like vanilla then?” Yoji asks more or less to say anything.

“I don't know. Maybe I'm just used to only getting vanilla ice cream.”

Something in Aya's voice catches Yoji's attention. This tone is very un-aya like. Almost like a normal human. A sad normal human.

“You're a free man, Aya. If you want strawberry ice cream, you can just buy it. Or tell Ken to put it on the shopping list next time.”

“But I'm so used to vanilla by now. I don't know if I could really enjoy something else.” There is a small pause, but Yoji does not fill in the silence this time. Instead he waits for Aya to continue. It takes a little while, but then he really resumes talking.

“When my sister and I were younger, our parents bought us ice cream on special occasions. My sister always wore lovely dresses and my mother didn't want them to get dirty. So she bought vanilla ice cream for her to avoid the stains. However, Aya did not want vanilla ice cream. She wanted strawberry just like I had. But mother wouldn't allow it. So I usually said after a few licks, that I didn't like the strawberry ice cream and then I was permitted to trade with my sister. After I pulled this trick for a few times, my mother refused to buy strawberry ice cream again and we both got vanilla ones. She thought I liked it better anyway and I somehow measured up with everyone's expectations from that time on. I didn't think about eating strawberry ice cream until you raised the issue.”

Aya falls silent again after the longest speech Yoji has ever heard from him. And it did not even contain the word revenge. He swallows and licks his lips.

“Aya...are we still talking about ice cream?”

A pause.

“What if we aren't?”

Yoji breathes in and out and he can't help thinking about what Aya might be implying. That, perhaps, he was not imagining things when they touched before. That, perhaps, Aya is interested in him as well. He really wants to reach out to the other man. To touch him, to kiss him, to run a wet tongue over his belly, to take one of his nipples into his mouth and suck hard until Aya is writhing under him, begging for more. To let his hands roam over the smooth body only marred by a few scars. He knows this body, has seen it many times before. He knows what to expect under all this leather and straps and tight black fabrics. It would not make the unwrapping any less exciting. Because, of course, there are still areas of Aya's body he has not yet seen or touched let alone tasted. He wants to, wants him and just thinking about it makes his pants quite uncomfortable now. But he does not hide it. Not this time. Of course this is not the kind of body language Yoji normally relies on. He is not that blunt, not even with the few men he has been with. It's easier with them, but he never was one to grope and pull. He prefers to show of what he has got and to lure the prey into his lair where the spent a very pleasant time together. However, in this small closet there is no room for pretty much anything but getting to the point straightforward.

He notices how Aya's breath hitches just a little bit. Enough to draw Yoji's attention to the change. He swallows again and opens his mouth. But he does not know what to say. How do you advance someone you have known for so long and who has never shown any sign of interest in you if it was not for your survival? Still he feels Aya's body against his and he can tell that Aya is affected by the situation as much and in the same way as he is. Would it be impolite to bring up the topic of their hard members squeezing together in the sweetest of frictions? Would it be alright, to really press his mouth against Aya's panting lips? To stick his

tongue down his throat and let his hand wander to the nether regions of his gorgeous body? To rub him just the right way until he comes in his pants? Would this be appropriate?

“Aya...”

“Shut up!”

“But...”

“Just zip it, Yoji!”

“Well, I'd rather be unzipping something to be honest.”

A groan answers him and he feels Aya's muscles tighten. Things are not going the right way and Yoji knows he needs to do something about it. He wriggles one of his hands free from in between them and the closet doors and takes it up to Aya's hair. He brushes one of the longer strands behind his ear and lets his hand linger near Aya's cheek. Carefully he begins to apply some soft, shallow strokes with his thumbs to the warm and slightly damp skin. When his thumb reaches Aya's lips, he can hear the other man draw in his breath.

“Don't,” Aya whispers.

Yoji smiles in the dark. “Why not? Maybe it is time to get you some strawberry ice cream. Don't you think so?”

And this is the point when Aya's resistance falters. No, it does not falter. It gloriously crashes down and takes Aya and Yoji with it. Suddenly Yoji feels Aya's mouth on his, the other body pressed tightly against his own to the point when it becomes painful. There is not enough room for the two of them left alone for all the cleaning utensils. But he does not care. He swallows Aya's breath and bathes in the feeling of their mouths and teeth and tongues mingling together. His hand touches the firm muscles of Aya's lower back and his fingers brush against bare skin. He strokes what ever part of Aya he can reach and is rewarded with more moaning than he is able to take in his desperate state. He breaks free from their kiss and sucks in some heavily needed air.

“Not enough room”, he groans and tries to push Aya away. But Aya won't have any of that. His hands are now somehow on Yoji's chest and he rakes his finger nails over the skin tight fabric. Yoji shivers under the touch that is a little less inexperienced than he had thought. But then again, maybe Aya is just smart enough to know what to do. Which is a good thing, because Yoji certainly is not the most intelligent person on earth right now. Not with Aya's hand literally down his pants.

“We have to stop this,” Aya rasps and catches Yoji's chin with his lips. “We will be caught, if we make too much noise.”

“I...ugh...I think they have left now. Ha... Oh please don't stop that.”

However, Aya does more than 'not stop'. Their situation is more cramped than any car sex Yoji has ever had, but Aya manages to let his mouth wander deeper and deeper until he reaches a point that sends Yoji's coherent thoughts flying. The hand on his dick is suddenly accompanied by hot lips and a twirling tongue and just the right amount of suction that pushes Yoji over the edge. He comes helplessly clinging onto Aya's back while his toes curl up and his vision fades from black to white for a moment.

When he comes to, the air in the closet is thick with moisture and smells of sweat and sex. Which astounds Yoji a little bit, because as far as he can tell Aya has swallowed every drop he has spurted into his mouth. Although he is still panting heavily, he reaches out for Aya to return the favor. But Aya shies away from his touch and keeps Yoji's hand in place with his own.

“Don't. You...you don't have to...”

“What if I want to?”

“Still, just don't.” Aya's voice is a little shaky and hoarse. Yoji could blame this on his recent activity, but he assumes that there is more to it. And then it hits him like a freight train. Aya already came and he doesn't want Yoji to notice.

Yoji can't help but grin. He would give his right arm and leg for a light now, because he imagines a very cute blush on Aya's cheeks. It has to be an adorable picture, although Aya, of course, would not consent with adorable at all. It would still be worth seeing it, though.

After a few moments Yoji just can't stay quiet any longer. “We will have to leave soon. The others will be worried about us. I guess, you don't want them to go looking for us.”

He doesn't utter the question behind it. How this will continue, if it will continue at all. Yoji really hopes so, because he has not felt this sated for month. And Aya...well Aya could need a little more satisfaction in his life as well. But of course it is not that easy. Not with Aya. Never with Aya.

“You're right,” Aya finally agrees, his voice a little softer than usual. “We will have to leave.”

“The sooner, the better. My legs are killing me,” Yoji jokes and hopes to drive away some of the heavy tension clouds that seems to be building around them. Thus, he decides, it's no use pussyfooting around it.

“How will we handle this? Do you want...more?”

He can feel Aya raise his head and look at him. After a moment, he nods. “Yes, I do. But I would appreciate, if we could...keep it in the closet.”

Yoji's smile widens. “That's fine with me. As long as it's not *this* closet, I'm in. I'd like you on a real bed next time.”

Aya shoves him a little bit before he begins to untangle their legs. He opens the closet door and steps out, his moves still a little unsure. As Yoji follows he takes a good look at Aya's rear end and decides that this mission was not a complete failure after all.

ambiguous

End Notes

Fun fact:

Recently I watched some episodes from the first anime series and I came across this picture when Yoji thinks about his team members while being chased by Takatori's private army in episode 14. The three of them got ice cream (well Ken got a whole bunch of cones and popsicles) and Aya has his back turned to the other. In his hand, however, you can see an ice cream cone with - tadaa - strawberry ice cream. I laughed really hard then.

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