

By Arrangement

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By Arrangement

by [green_orca](#)

Summary

Makoto knew his family's tradition about his parent's finding a suitable partner for him, but did they know his preference?

The love and life of Makoto and his partner.

Notes

UPDATE 14th April: Total brain freeze on where to take the story next, I apologise, unless anyone has any ideas this may take some time.

UPDATED 19th March: I have gone back over this chapter and changed a couple of things to match up with the accompanying piece. I have also found a load of mistakes and have altered those, however, there may still be a few lurking about.

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I found the idea on a writing prompt site, which I would cite but can't seem to find it.

That is about it, so good luck with it.

By Arrangement

Chapter Summary

Makoto has just finished University and on returning home he is informed about his impending marriage. Makoto knew his family's tradition, and about how his parents would find a suitable partner for him, but did they know about his preference?

The background and the run up to the wedding.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A world away...

Throughout High School and University, Makoto always knew that once he finished his education he was expected to fulfil his duty to his family and marry. Makoto's family had taken time to meet different families for a potential partner, and during his final year of school a match had been made. Makoto knew nothing about his intended partner other than what his parents had told him, stating that his prospective spouse was a perfect match and complimented him superbly.

Even though this situation seemed to be archaic in the present day, Makoto held no resentment towards his family, he had been witness to the happy unions of his parents and grandparents who were the results of arranged marriages. Makoto had confidence that his family would have found him a partner that would be suitable. However, Makoto had a hope, a small hope that his parents were aware of his gender preference when they had selected the individual, but he would stand by the choice that his parents had made.

Sitting in his final exam at University, Makoto waited for the clock to tick down, he was a conscientious student and had no trouble with the paper, giving him time to reflect on his life, and its future path. Makoto had been received a number of job offers to teach in the local area, but it had always been his intention and his parent's wish for Makoto to return home. Makoto's reasons were simple, to keep his family happy but to also give back to the community that had helped raise him. Makoto fondly remembers his home town, full of life and yet relaxed, so much different to the hustle and bustle of the city, his thoughts turn to his High School years, the Swimming Club, the competitions and the one person that he allowed to become more than just friends.

As the countdown to the end of his final exam continues, Makoto reminisced about the boy who had stolen his heart during High School. With a small smile, Makoto remembered the swimmer and the stolen kisses at practice. Throughout their final year of High School, they had gotten to know each other better, with a shy Makoto admiring the other swimmer from

afar until they had become friends through their many joint practices together. The innocent friendship evolved due to a quick, chaste kiss initiated by Makoto, who had spent weeks thinking about the other boy and how his lips would feel on his own, and was taken aback when his feeling were reciprocated. Closed mouth kisses made way for more heated exchanges, Makoto loved the warmth and strength he felt when he was with the other swimmer. Makoto was surprised to find that the other boy was a great listener and Makoto spoke about his concerns for the future, his plan to go away to study, his arranged marriage and anything else that he had kept hidden from everyone else, with the exception of Haru. It was a comfort to find that it was not only Makoto's family that believed in arranged marriages but the other swimmer confessed that his family was the same. Both boys agreed that their secret tryst would remain a secret and chaste (to a point, they are teenage boys after all.). They never proceeded beyond heavy make out sessions and grinding against each other while they were still partially clothed. Both knew that they needed to abstain from going further and going against their families' wishes but it did provide an outlet for their raging hormones and teenage frustrations, specifically when physical contact was craved.

Makoto smiled at the memory that flooded his mind, the time with the tall, strong swimmer had been so fleeting but it had stayed with him even though they had lost contact years before. Makoto often thought about how the other boy was, what he was up to, wondering what may have happened if they had told their parents about the relationship. Closing his eyes to clear his mind of a future that could never happen, his thoughts briefly turned to his time at University, over the years he had been invited to a number of gatherings of young men and women, and he had enjoyed the experience of group dates, but he always responded to any confessions with a shy smile and a polite refusal, leaving the other party, sad but with an understanding that allowed them to remain friends.

A shuffling of paper near Makoto jerked him out of his thoughts as the Teaching Assistant collected his exam paper and told the class they could leave. After retrieving his belongings, Makoto returned to his room to start the task of packing, with finals over and the start of the spring break the next chapter of Makoto's life was to begin.

A blessing and a curse...

Returning to his home town was full of excitement and anxiety, it was a relief to be away from the madness of the city and back in the warmth of his family with good career prospects, and a curse as Makoto knew that the marriage arrangements would have to be discussed. What Makoto had not realised was that his family had been busy during his final semester of University, planning and preparing for the wedding and ensuring a comfortable start to the couple's future.

During the first week back, Makoto spent his time playing with his siblings, catching up with friends that had returned for the break, and waiting for his degree classification to be finalised before turning in the relevant documents to his prospective employer. In the second week of March, Makoto found a letter waiting for him after being out for the day, recognising the University emblem, he quickly picked up the letter and rushed to his room, with his family in hot pursuit to find out the result. Makoto, having kept up with his swimming at University, was able to get to his room first and shut the door. Leaning against the door, he looked at the

envelope in his hands, this held his future, it had the ability to make or break his plans and the career he was looking forward to. With shaking hands he carefully opened the envelope, making sure not to rip the contents inside.

“I am pleased, I got to this first, I don’t want to think about what state it would have been in if the twins had got hold of it.” thought Makoto, taking a nervous gulp, he pulled out the letter.

“YEEEEEESSSS!” was heard from Makoto’s bedroom, and as the pressure from the door was released his family tumbled through. Four sets of eyes watched their normally quiet and reserved Makoto bouncing around his room waving the letter in his hand.

“I did it, I did it!” shouted Makoto excitedly. “Makoto, tell us.” said his Mother from under the twins. Unfortunately, Makoto had lost the ability to form any further response other than repeating the previous statement.

Ran, unable to contain her impatience any further wrestled the paper from her brother and quickly read it before joining her brother jumping up and down. “The top grade! No way!” she shrieked, grasping Makoto’s hands and bouncing with him excitedly, swiftly joined by Ren.

“Well Done son.” said his father retrieving the letter from where Ran had dropped it in her elation. At the sound of his father’s voice, Makoto snapped out of his frolics and looked round. Both parents were quickly pulled into a hug, with the twins clinging onto his torso to be part of the family embrace. “I could not have done this without you all.”

“Makoto, this is all you, we only believed in you. This is your achievement. We are so proud of you.” Makoto’s Mother said looking up at him with teary eyes.

“Mum.” gulped Makoto, swallowing back the tears that were threatening to spring from his eyes. The conversation was interrupted by Makoto’s phone chiming, pulling his phone out of his pocket he saw that it was a message from the school where he had his offer confirming his place.

“Wow!” exclaimed Makoto, looking up from his phone. “That was fast, the school already have my results and are confirming my job and start date with more details to follow.”

Makoto’s parents glanced at each other, just quick enough that it was only caught by Makoto as he replied to the message and put his phone away. Seeing the look that passed between his parents, he spoke up. “What?”

“It is nothing, Makoto, we are just so proud of you, and how well you have done. We know it was not easy to be away from home and living in the city over the past few years.” replied his father. Makoto nodded but knew that there was something else on his parents’ minds but decided to leave it until another time.

Over the next few days, Makoto received the details of his job and met up with the head of the department he would be teaching in, to get the relevant programmes of study and

resources. Makoto's father found him in his room a few days later reading through the material, making notes as he went along.

"Makoto." said his father.

Looking up from his folder, he saw his father with a serious look on his face, as this was not a usual expression that his father sported, Makoto put down his work. "Can you come downstairs please, your Mother and I would like to speak with you. I think you understand what it is about." With that his father turned around and walked back down the stairs. Makoto stored the folder away and followed.

As Makoto entered the lounge his father gestured for him to sit down on the sofa opposite them. "We need to discuss your future, now that you have graduated and had your job confirmed." Before Makoto could get a word out to respond his father continued. "You understand that once you had completed your education that it was time for you to be married, in keeping with our family's tradition."

Makoto looked at his father dumb-founded, he knew that the marriage would be taking place in his near future but he had no idea that his parents would bring it up quite so soon. With a deep breath Makoto replied "I understand what is expected of me and I am happy with the arrangement. I know that you will have found a great match for me." With this response, both his parents looked at each other and smiled.

"What does that mean?" thought Makoto, but his musings were cut off as his father spoke. "Yes, we believe that we have found someone that will compliment you completely. We are very pleased with the match. Now, due to you starting your job at the beginning of the new school year we would like to see you settled by then."

"...What?.." stuttered Makoto.

"This gives us three weeks, there is the week of your graduation ceremony and the following week for you to get settled. This leaves next week." said his father, contemplating the timings of all the events that needed to take place.

Makoto looked at his parents with wide eyes. "Next week for what?" Makoto had a sudden chill creep down his spine as the realisation of what his parents had planned dawned on him.

"To get married!" said his mother excitedly. "It has all been planned, everything is booked."

"..." was all Makoto could manage before resting his head on the back of the sofa to compose himself. "But, it is so fast, I knew it was coming but I thought I might have a year or so." he said, fighting back the tears that were threatening to spill in his panic.

"We realise that this has come as a shock, but we believe that it will be the best for both of you. You will be starting a whole new chapter of your life, a new career, newly married and in your own home." said his father calmly.

"My own home?" Makoto stated, raising his head.

“Yes, both families have pitched in to buy a house as a wedding gift.” said his mother. “We felt that it would be a great start for you both.” continued his father.

The tears that were threatening to fall, were now flowing freely down his face, choking over his words, Makoto couldn't believe what he was hearing. “A house!”. He never thought that this would be the outcome, he had expected to live with one of the families or rent for the first few years. “I can't believe how generous everyone has been.” thought Makoto.

“It is too much, you have already done so much. The arrangement, the planning and now this.” he said to his parents, swallowing back the lump in his throat.

Makoto's mother stood up and moved to sit next to her son, patting his hand. “No, Makoto. We sat down and spoke about it, we want what is best for you, for the both of you. To give you the best start, you deserve it, not once have you questioned our tradition or given us reason to doubt you in anyway.”

“Anyway.” his father cut in. “As you have now finished University and plan on starting work at the beginning of the new school year, it was planned that your wedding would take place before that. And with graduation and moving, we thought that the ceremony should be done in time to allow you both to get settled before starting work.”

Makoto knew that if he could see what he looked like, it would be a picture, his eyes large and glassy, his mouth hanging open as he took in what he was being told. “So, next week.” said Makoto weakly.

And so next week...

The days following his parents reveal past in a blur, they weren't kidding when they said that everyone had been busy planning this wedding. Makoto couldn't believe that his friends had been able to keep it to themselves, but on further investigation he discovered that they had been kept mostly in the dark about the whole situation and thought they were returning for a graduation party, only finding out the true nature of the gathering after Makoto had been informed. The only member of the Iwatobi group that didn't seem to be surprised was Haru, he wore his usually stoic expression but Makoto could see the sparkle in his eyes telling him that Haru knew more about the whole series of events than the others.

"Haru." asked Makoto, Haru looking at his best friend. "Do you something about the wedding?"

"I just helped your Mum with some of the arrangements." replied Haru quietly. "That is all."

"OK, just wondering." replied Makoto, just missing the small smile that crossed Haru face that blatantly showed he knew far more than he was letting on.

In the run up to the wedding, Makoto's days were filled with final fitting for his outfit, running through the ceremony, the documentation for the house and any other jobs that his parents found to keep him occupied. Rolling over in bed, after hearing his mother call him for breakfast, he realised that it was the day. “Waaaaaaa!” and a loud thud could be heard through

the house. "Makoto, are you OK, honey?" called his mother. "Mm..Fine." came a muffled response.

In his realisation of the day, Makoto had hastily rolled over on his bed and fallen out with a bang, reaching up to the bedside table he grasped for his glasses. Makoto pulled himself into a sitting position and plonked them on his face, and looked around his room. It was looking a little sparse as everything was in boxes being moved into his new house - "not a home yet" thought Makoto. Gathering his thoughts and taking a few deep breaths he made his way to the kitchen for breakfast before the process of getting ready for the wedding ceremony started.

It seemed like only seconds later that Makoto was stood in front of a full length mirror looking at his father and himself. Both men were dressing in simple but well tailored suits that consisted of a morning coat and waistcoat in a charcoal grey, it was decided that black was too harsh a colour for Makoto's colouring. This was teamed with a crisp white shirt and green tie that matched Makoto's eyes. Makoto was still fiddling with his tie when his father's hands closed over the top of his to still the slight tremble.

"Makoto." said his father, having to look up at his son, over the years at University Makoto had continued to gain height that put him well over his father's six foot one inches. "Calm down, it is nearly time. We are so proud of you son." he continued pulling Makoto into a hug.

Burying his head in his father's shoulder, Makoto took a few deep breaths to calm his racing heart. "Thanks, Dad." he said raising his head and looking down at his smiling father. "It is OK to be nervous, Makoto, this is a big step. Just go out there and do your best." replied his father, reading the emotion in his son's eyes.

Makoto's brother popped his head around the door. "It is time, everyone is here." At once, Makoto's hands shot to his tie and then to his hair, wishing that it could be tamed even for just today. "Why am I so worried? I don't know this person...but I still want to make a good impression, my parents have said this person is perfect for me." mused Makoto.

"Makoto." his father said, pulling him out of his panic. "Let's go."

The doors to the ceremony room opened and Makoto was greeted by family and friends lined up on each side of the aisle. "Why am I coming down the aisle?" he thought. Makoto looked around the room, it was light and airy, it was decorated in mainly white with delicate shades of green with accents of another colour that Makoto could not quite make out. As Makoto's father led him down the aisle he was still unable to see who was at the end waiting for him due to them being hidden from view by the guests standing and blocking his line of sight. "Damn it, I can't see anything." thought Makoto, hoping to catch a glimpse of his future spouse. He could just make out a dark suit, broad shoulder and short hair. "Is that the registrar, or another official?"

Upon reaching the end of the aisle, Makoto's father bowed to the registrar, and the family of his intended partner. Makoto, at this point was so overcome by nerves after the first initial glance down the aisle, that he was staring at the floor, unable to prise his eyes away to look up and catch the first glimpse of his future. Only when his father placed Makoto's hand into

the other person's, and he felt a large hand that was warm, slightly rough and felt somewhat familiar did he look up and see his future spouse.

"Sousuke?" whispered Makoto, looking into the teal eyes that had been haunting his dreams ever since High School.

Chapter End Notes

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Sousuke...

Chapter Summary

Makoto's realisation that his parents are far more sneaky than he ever thought, the wedding ceremony and a photographer's point of view.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Stars collide...

As Makoto looked up he saw shocked teal eyes staring back at him. "Sousuke?" whispered Makoto, his voice only heard by the man in front of him. Sousuke's face broke out into a small smile, leaning into Makoto he replied "Mako, I have missed you so much." Sousuke pulled back to look at Makoto, he took in the sight of the boy, now a man that he had longed for. The dark grey suit clinging to the still athletic physique, the colour emphasising the piercing green of those gentle eyes, and the additional height that put them on the same level as his - oh how Sousuke had missed Makoto, the warm gaze and quiet voice that became low and husky when turned on. The strong arms that held him so tightly, with a strength that matched his own - yes, Sousuke had missed Makoto, he cursed the day that he lost his phone, he cursed how busy University and training had kept him and he cursed that he had lost contact with Makoto. But, here he was standing in front of him was the boy that had stolen his heart. Looking into Makoto's eyes, he could see the silent tears pooling in the corners of his soon to be husband's eyes, obviously echoing the same feelings.

A gentle clearing of the throat by the registrar brought the two men back to the present. Smiling at each other Makoto could not believe how fortunate he was, how had his parents known about his preference and then found Sousuke? It was a complete mystery to him but at the same time Makoto was thanking his parents' observation skills and understanding.

An exchange of vows and rings saw Makoto and Sousuke become married. The registrar gestured at the couple and asked if either of the men had anything to add to the vows that they had exchanged. Makoto pulled his eyes away from Sousuke and nodded at the registrar in acknowledgment.

Clearly his throat, he turned back to Sousuke and took both of his hands in his, looking deeply into those dazzling teal eyes he started to speak.

"I came across this poem at University, I think it is very fitting. It is usually read by a family member so I have altered the wording slightly.

Now you will feel no rain, for I will be your shelter.

Now you will feel no cold, for I will be your warmth.

Now there is no more loneliness, for I will be your companion.
Now we are two bodies, but there is one life before us." *

As Makoto finished a soft round of applause went around the room, taking in Sousuke look of surprise, Makoto took his hands in his own, squeezing them gently to refocus him, and leaning forward whispered "I only said this because it is you standing in front of me, and no one else." Sousuke returned Makoto's sweet smile with one of his own.

"It was beautiful." replied Sousuke, honestly lost for words at the sentiments that Makoto had spoken, feeling his heart beat quicker in his chest as it was filled with more love than he thought was possible for the green eyed man.

Breaking the sweet exchange, the registrar called for the couple's first kiss, time slowed down for Makoto, it was a scenario that he had dreamt about throughout his teenage years and into adulthood, where Sousuke and he would reach for each other. Makoto was jolted out of his day dream as a warm hand reached for his cheek and tilted his head ever so slightly, soft, warm lips could be felt upon his own. Makoto relaxed into the kiss and felt his own arm snake around Sousuke's waist to pull him in closer, with his other hand gently cupping Sousuke's face, softly caressing his jaw line. The kiss was chaste and innocent, but promised so much more, on parting Makoto looked into Sousuke's eyes to see them burning with a passion that was equal to his own. As they parted, a shy smile broke out onto Makoto's face as he looked at Sousuke "How are you here?" spoke Makoto softly.

So only Makoto could hear "My parents told me about the wedding a few weeks ago but not to who." replied Sousuke, who was still stroking Makoto's cheek with his thumb. "But right now, I don't care how this happen, just that it did."

Out of the corner of Makoto's eye he saw registrar step forward to usher them down the aisle. Stepping back from Sousuke, Makoto turned to their family, blushing at the thought that it was now "their" family and friends in the audience and with a shy smile to Sousuke, bowed to the registrar and then the guests. Looking back at Sousuke, he saw the he had joined him in expressing his thanks, taking Sousuke's hand they proceeded down the aisle. Walking out the ceremony room, Makoto and Sousuke entered a dimly lit foyer, with the guests still seated and waiting to be dismissed Makoto and Sousuke had time. Turning towards each other with the sunlight streaming through the open doors, Sousuke looked at Makoto, the light giving him an angelic glow, green eyes shining in the light, as Makoto looked at Sousuke, he felt that those teal eyes were piercing his very soul and reading his need for him.

Simultaneously, Makoto and Sousuke reached for each other, arms curled around a neck, a waist and pulled each other close, heads were tilted and lips brushed against the others. In private the kiss was more heated, Makoto parted his lips and gently nipped Sousuke's bottom lip, asking for entry. Sousuke understanding the question slowly licked at Makoto's lip in response. Makoto gaining the approval he had sought after, went in for the kill, not needing to rush the moment, softly brushed his tongue with Sousuke's before the battle for dominance broke out. Both men remembering what the other liked, rekindling old memories of rushed kisses and gropes by the pool, at school or by the train station. Makoto ran one hand up Sousuke's back and into his hair, pulling slightly at the short hairs to elicit a small intake of breath from Sousuke. This allowed Makoto to deepen the kiss further and for the moment

take full control. In return, Sousuke's arms tightened around Makoto's waist and drew him in closer, one hand running down to the small of Makoto's back remembering the sensitivity of the area. Makoto shivered in Sousuke's arms as he hit the particular spot that sent a wave of pleasure through his body, with that small action Makoto surrendered control.

Breaking the kiss, Sousuke pulled back to look at Makoto, who, like he, was slightly out of breath after the intense kiss they had just shared. "Makoto, I think we need to stop." said Sousuke, his voice rough and low. "I don't think I will be able to stop if we carry on."

Makoto took a few breaths and in a whisper replied "I know, I just can't stop. I feel like this is some wonderful dream and if we stop then I will wake up and find out that it was not real. I don't think I could take it, I have just found you again."

"Ouch! What..." a sharp pinch to Makoto's upper arm had him calling out in pain. "Just helping you check that it's not a dream." said a grinning Sousuke. "And I agree, I have just found you and I don't intend on letting go."

The quiet sound of people rising from their seats to begin the procession out of the ceremony room broke the bubble that Makoto and Sousuke had created. "Come on." said Makoto "Everyone is starting to come out." Leaning into Sousuke's ear he whispered "We have got all the time in the world for everything else."

"Makoto" said Sousuke gruffly "You don't know what you do to me."

Makoto gave him a cheeky smile "However, we also have all night, but first we need to greet our family and friends."

A Photographer's view...

Moving away from Sousuke, Makoto took his hand and walked out into the bright sunshine and into a flurry of photographs, unbeknownst to the couple their brief, yet heated exchange had been captured by the photographer hired for the wedding. The photographer had been surprised at the scene she had just witnessed knowing that the event was an arranged marriage, she had expected the couple to be uncomfortable, and use the time for a quick round of introductions or stilted chat about the marriage, anything than what had actually occurred. The photographer had positioned herself just outside the foyer to catch the couple exiting the building, as the families had requested that the ceremony to be private. Once she had completed scoping out the different angles and locations for the photographs, she made her way back to the main entrance to catch the couple. What she had not expected was the passionate scene before her, both men looking at each other with obvious love and an intimacy that showed they knew each other well, with care not to disturb the couple she captured the pair with their arms entwined and looking deeply into each other's eyes. The second set of photographs depicted the first moments of the heated kiss, with the couple highlighted by the sunlight giving them an ethereal glow against the dark background of the foyer. After taking the shots the photographer slipped away to not only give the couple privacy, but to get ready for their exit and the rush of photographs that were to follow.

Quietly, the photographer leaned against the wall of the building and quickly scanned through the images that she had taken of the beautiful couple. The contrast of the light and dark of the background and foreground made the images quite stunning to begin with, however, adding in the beauty of the two men made them breath-taking. The men were similar in size, which the photographer thought would throw the composition of the photograph, but somehow with the elegant cut of the suits and the subtle colouring of both men, the scene worked.

“Simply stunning.” whispered the photographer to herself, pleased that she has captured the intimate moment, showing the strength, yet softness of both men in the one image.

Smiling, the photographer looked up to see the men had parted, resetting the camera she waited for the couple before giving directions for the photographs to be captured, forgetting those first few images as the automatic routine of couple, friends and family photographs began.

Chapter End Notes

UPDATED 19th March: I have gone back over this chapter to find any mistakes and make sure that it also fits in with the prequel. Hopefully I have got all the errors.

It is a little shorter than Chapter 1, but I felt that it worked best to finish this section off here. I added in the Photographer's view point as it is a hobby on mine and I quite liked the idea of an outside party looking in.

*Apache Wedding Prayer - no official links but it was first mentioned in the following novel Blood Brother by Elliott Arnold. It is a lovely passage.

Any ideas/views are most welcome.

The Reception

Chapter Summary

Some interaction between Makoto and Sousuke as they take in their first few hours of being married and the reception, with Makoto's promise of more to come still fresh in their minds.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Interlude to the reception...

After recovering from the barrage of photographs that had left them feeling quite stunned and worn out from all the poses, locations and smiling, even though the whole session was well thought out and formulaic, the facial expressions showing true happiness shone from the couple in each frame. Makoto and Sousuke were left to make the short walk from the ceremony room to the venue of the reception. Makoto had to hand it to his family, and Sousuke's of course, they had planned the whole event out well, with no expense spared. The hiring of the traditional Japanese estate* with the numerous buildings and gardens has been inspired, allowing the guests to stay for the duration of the wedding.

Makoto and Sousuke were walking through the tranquil grounds, the gentle breeze ruffling their hair and the calming ebb of the flowing water relaxing them after the nerves of the ceremony. "It's beautiful here." signed Makoto, taking in the breath-taking surroundings. "I just can't believe how lucky I am." he continued, turning his head slightly to smile at Sousuke.

Sousuke glanced to his side to see the smile directed at him. "Yes, the garden is stunning, but it pales into insignificance when compared to you." he thought. "Hmm." replied Sousuke out loud. "I think that it is me who is the lucky one here, getting to have you." Quickly pulling Makoto into a swift kiss and laughing at the faint blush that was spreading across his husband's adorable face, made more so by the heightened colour.

"Sousuke!" squeaked out Makoto "You're embarrassing me." he continued but mumbling this time, and then in one movement, swooped in to claim his revenge, brushing Sousuke's lips with his own. Makoto promptly deepened the kiss with a sudden sweep of his tongue, as he felt the other man relax into the embrace and sighing deeply, Makoto broke the contact and smiled sweetly before turning and running off calling behind him. "Got you." Leaving a slightly dazed Sousuke wondering what had happened, realising that he had been left, Sousuke set off after Makoto shouting out "You better keep running, I am going to get you for that Makoto."

“You will have to catch me first.” replied a laughing Makoto, who had managed to disappear from sight.

Sousuke stopped running and looked around, not recognising his surrounding and hoping that he had not got lost in the excitement, deciding to play the lost puppy card he called out.

“Awww, Makoto, please come out. I think I am lost.” From a vantage point, Makoto could see Sousuke and the smirk that was on his face, knowing very well that his husband was not lost but trying to lure him out.

“Hmm.” said a voice close to Sousuke “I am not sure, I think you need to be taught a lesson.” As strong arms enclosed around Sousuke’s waist and a small kiss was pressed just under his ear. “Makoto!” gasped Sousuke, surprised by the sudden movement, and feeling the warm thrill run through him at their unexpected closeness, his cheeks reddening at the contact. All the memories of their secret meetings were flooding his brain, the shared kisses and the learning of each other’s bodies, which Sousuke had to admit, Makoto was now using to his full advantage, knowing full well that the area of Sousuke’s neck just below his ear was particularly sensitive.

“I win” whispered Makoto directly into his husband’s ear, making the man quiver. “I wonder what my prize will be.” Taking a gaping Sousuke by the hand he led him towards the building that was holding the reception.

*I believe this is a Shinden-zukuri meaning a manor or noble estate with a main building which links to others, surrounded by gardens or grounds. Please correct me if I am wrong.

First Impressions...

The reception room was a sight to behold, the families had obviously agreed on a theme to run throughout the whole wedding, like the ceremony room, this place was also bright and airy, natural light streaming in. The room was decorated in the same fashion with lots of luscious, green foliage with white, and what Makoto could now make out as a colour that was as naturally close to teal as possible, flowers. The decoration quite evidently representing the couple, reflecting the colours attributed to them, white to symbolise the wedding and their purity, green for Makoto to match his eyes and the blue shades for Sousuke. Places to sit and eat had been organised by order with the couple at the head of the room, flanked by their family, moving down the room to friends.

“Amazing.” gasped Makoto, squeezing Sousuke’s hand and leading his to officially meet his family.

“Dad, Mum...I would like you to formally meet Sousuke. I know that you already know his parents and have heard much about him, and I would like to thank you for what you have done for us.” And with that both Makoto and Sousuke lent forward into deep bows.

“Makoto” said his mother, tears already spilling down her face, and taking his free hand she gently pulled his into a tight hug. “There is no need for such formality.” she whispered.

“I have so many questions, how did you know?” whispered Makoto to his mother.

A gentle smile crossed his mother’s face, leaving no doubt in anyone’s minds where Makoto had inherited his sweet nature. “The questions can wait, just enjoy your day, sweetheart.”

Looking towards his father, Makoto could see that Sousuke was in conversation with him and two others, who could only be Sousuke’s parents as the resemblance was unmistakable. Sousuke had gained his height and looks from his father, although he was just a touch taller and more muscular due to swimming, however, Sousuke’s colouring had come from the lady with the vibrant eyes that remained Makoto so much of his husband. Just as Makoto was making his assessment of the people standing in front of him, Sousuke broke him out of his musings.

“Makoto, I would like to introduce you to my parents.” said Sousuke.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Mr and Mrs Yamazaki.” Makoto said, again bowing to show his respect for the heads of the family.

Sousuke’s mother was the first to pull Makoto from the bow “Welcome to the family Makoto, we are happy to unite our families on this special occasion. Once all this is over, and everything has settled down, let’s spend some time getting to know each other.”

“That sounds like a great idea.” said Mr Tachibana, and taking Mrs Yamazaki’s arm “Let me show you to your seat.” And with that both sets of parents, turned from their sons to take their positions at the head of the table, with Mr Yamazaki escorting Makoto’s mother.

Sousuke and Makoto turned to each other. “I think our parents know more than they are letting on.” said Makoto.

“I agree” replied Sousuke “But, I am so pleased that they do.” giving Makoto’s hand a quick squeeze.

Turning back to the room, Makoto and Sousuke were greeted by their extended family and friends before taking their positions to enjoy their wedding reception.

“This is going to be fun.”

Later the same day...

The reception had been in full swing for a number of hours, food and drink had been circulating, speeches from a number of different people had been done. The speeches from both Makoto and Sousuke’s fathers had most of the guests in tears of both laughter and joy as they were regaled with tales of the men as children and the antics that they had got up to, finishing with stating how proud they were of the men that they had grown into.

Friends of Makoto and Sousuke also took turns in speaking, again telling stories about swimming, the competitions, outings and their character. By the end, both Makoto and

Sousuke were blushing profusely, with Makoto trying to hide behind Sousuke to cover his red cheeks.

As the evening drew to a close, Makoto and Sousuke were found on the decking outside the main reception room, slowly dancing to the music that was playing. The moonlight bouncing off the water lighting the men in their own spotlight, arms entwined, as the men gazed at each other with small smiles playing across their faces. By the end of the song, drawing the night to its conclusion, they had drawn a crowd to watch the final movements of the dance.

Relaxing into each other's arms as the music faded away, they were startled by the soft clap of a number of the guests. Looking from Sousuke, Makoto could see the people watching and, for what felt like the hundredth time that day, he blushed, tucking his head into Sousuke's shoulder. Over the top of Makoto's head, Sousuke could see the crowd and spoke briefly.

"Thank you for coming to our special day. We could not have asked for more support from our family and friends, we hope that you have enjoyed the day as much as we have." Having recovered his nerve, Makoto added "Please continue to enjoy the party, I am tired and need to retire for the night."

And with a small smile to Sousuke, took hold of his hand and lead him down the walkway to their room.

Chapter End Notes

UPDATED 19th March: Finding any errors and correcting parts I am unhappy with.

I am not overly happy with this, it was part of the story that I was struggling with and I am posting it to allow me to move on. I have jumped through parts of the day to make it go faster.

No beta, sorry for any errors.

Hope you enjoy it, I have tried to keep the tone and rhythm the same throughout the chapters as best I can.

Alone at Last?

Chapter Summary

Makoto and Sousuke are making their way to their room, however, one more family tradition stands in the way before they can spend the night together.

Makoto learns about Haru's role in all of this and how perceptive his parents are.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Family Traditions...

As Makoto and Sousuke approach the rooms that had been allocated to them for the duration of their stay, Makoto could vaguely remember his father mentioning a second part of the family's tradition before finally retiring together for their first night as a married couple. With his free hand, he tiredly rubbed at his eyes, a tightening of the hand that held his made Makoto raise his head. In front of him stood his and Sousuke's father, who were joined by the ceremony witnesses, Haru and Rin.

"Makoto." said his father "It's time to get changed, Haruka will be helping us."

Makoto looked blankly at the group in front of him before realisation clicked into place, as he took in the expression on Haru's face giving Makoto comfort. Before parting with his father and Haru, Makoto lifted the hand he held Sousuke's and placed a small kiss on the back of it, from that quick exchange he could feel the shiver run through his husband and see the slight blush that spread on his cheeks.

"I will see you soon." said Makoto, looking into the deep teal eyes he heard the silent response from Sousuke that said "Don't be long." and with that said he allowed himself to be guided to a room down the corridor.

Stepping into a room that was lit with soft lights, Makoto could see a change of clothing laid out for him. The idea behind this part of the day was to allow the couple private time with their family and a close friend for reassurance, as the usual run of events would have the wedded couple meeting for the first time at the ceremony. This time was set aside was to give the pair time to compose themselves after the whirlwind of the initial meeting, ceremony and reception. During this time it was tradition for the couple to change from their formal clothes into a more casual yukata, and allow for the opportunity to speak freely about any worries or just to let off some steam.

Sitting down, Makoto let out a deep sigh as the tiredness caught up with him, it had been a busy few weeks since finishing University, and rubbed at his eyes again.

“You OK?” asked Haru, kneeling down to look at Makoto closely.

“Yerh.” replied Makoto, obvious fatigue lacing his voice. “Need to take out my contacts.” A large hand gently ruffled his hair and a deep voice spoke.

“It has been a long day and full of surprise for you.” Looking up at his father Makoto just had one question to ask. “How did you know? And Sousuke?”

Makoto’s father chuckled “Your mother knows everything, and after you showed no interest in any potential matches that we had you meet, we knew there must be someone. Haruka was helpful in aiding your mother piece everything together, he has always had your happiness in mind.”

Looking from his father to Haru, Makoto let the tears that had been threatening to spill, fall from his eyes.

“Mako!” “Makoto!” gasped Haru and Mr Tachibana at the same time. Wiping the tears from his face, Makoto smiled and assured the two men in front of him.

“Sorry, sorry.” bowing his head in apology “I am just so relieved and happy, my preference made me worried for the match that you would make for me.”

“Makoto, your mother and I would never agree to a match that we didn’t think would make you happy. As I said, your mother did her research well and found Sousuke. It was funny that all the families we saw, Sousuke was under our noses for a long time and just perfect for you.” said his father, taking Makoto into his arms to hug him tightly.

“Thanks, Dad.” whispered Makoto “I am happy.” And looking over at Haru added “You too, Haru, thank-you.”

Haru shrugged, but Makoto could see the slight smile on his face and the twinkle in those deep blue eyes, that showed his pleasure at helping to make his best friend very happy.

“Come on Mako, Mr Tachibana, we need to get Makoto changed.” Pulling the attention of the father and son back to the present and the task that was in hand, a quick use of the facilities provided in the room to wash his face and remove his contacts, Makoto was ready to get changed.

Walking to where the yukata and accessories were laid out, Makoto took in the design, the robe was the traditional Tachibana print. It was a dark forest green, a similar colour to Makoto’s eyes, and it was decorated in shades of lighter green and white, showing a delicate leaf pattern with small flowers adorning it. The original print had been altered slightly to symbolise the couple and teal hues had been added into the design work.

“It’s beautiful.” said Makoto, running his hand down the fabric, feeling the softness of the material. Getting out of his formal suit took Makoto less time than expected and soon he was dressed in the yukata, it was tied together loosely with an obi in a colour that matched. Makoto studied his reflection in the mirror, the colours in the yukata brought out the colour in his eyes and made his skin give off a warm glow. Just as Makoto was looking over his reflection, Haru appeared in the mirror next to him.

“Looks good”. And gave Makoto’s shoulder a quick squeeze.

“He’s right” agreed his father “It is perfect.”

“I wonder what Sousuke is doing?” sighed Makoto, adjusting his obi nervously.

“I am guessing he is having the same conversation.” laughed his father.

“Only it will be Rin crying.” said Haru.

“Ha” laughed Makoto, feeling the tension that had been building up leave his body. Looking over to his father, he saw that he was checking the time, noticing Makoto staring he said “It’s time to go.”

“OK.” was the response from both Haru and Makoto, and he began to move towards the door. A hand on his shoulder caused Makoto to stop and he was engulfed in a short embrace from Haru.

“Your father will take you from here. I wish you all the best Mako.” whispered Haru into his ear.

“Thanks again, Haru. This would not have happened if it had not been for you.” as he was released from the hug, and with that he followed his father out of the room and back down the corridor.

The walk back was one of the longest that Makoto had ever endured, he was conflicted by feelings of excitement and anxiety. Excitement at the thought of seeing Sousuke, being with Sousuke, getting to be with Sosuke and anxiety about all those things as well. Makoto felt exhausted from the sheer weight of the emotions that rolled through him, raising his head, Makoto could see both Sousuke and his father approaching.

The fathers met at the door and bowed towards each other. “It has been a pleasure.” they said in unison, and turning to their sons.

“We wish you the very best.” said Mr Tachibana.

“Look after each other.” added Mr Yamazaki.

“Thank you both.” replied Sousuke, as the first of the newly wedded couple to regain their composure, and bowed to both fathers with Makoto quickly following suit.

The final step was the opening of the doors to the suite and allowing the couple to enter before the doors were closed behind them, and both fathers returned to the main building hosting the reception.

Alone at last...

Behind the closed doors Makoto stared at the floor in front of him, unsure of how to proceed, he could feel the flush of colour reaching from his cheeks and down his neck as his body

temperature rose. Sousuke, unable to see Makoto's face could see the red seeping from the other man's face, and spreading until it reached the tips of his ears. Reaching out for Makoto he turned his husband towards him and into an embrace, stroking his hair gently and whispering "Shhh, Mako, it's alright." he lead a trembling Makoto to the large futon that was in the centre of the room. Pushing Makoto into a sitting position, Sousuke placed himself opposite the shivering man and pulled him back into a warming hug.

What Sousuke had not realised, or anyone else who had ever interacted with the sweet Makoto, who was kind to stray cats and has a gentle disposition, was that he was actually a very physical man. He had spent his years at University missing Sousuke and due to his knowledge of the arranged marriage had always turned down any offers that came his way, and therefore remained chaste. Now that Makoto was married, and to the object of his desire, the full extent of the gentle man's needs were letting themselves be known.

Slowly, Makoto pulled out of the embrace that left Sousuke wondering what was going on, and raised his head, as he did so his eyes drank in the sight of Sousuke before him, like Makoto, he was dressed in a yukata, the colouring setting off the dazzling teal eyes. Makoto appreciating the view of his husband, remembered the well defined muscles and strong arms that wildly contrasted with the softness of his lips. As Makoto continued to look into Sousuke's eyes and fight the battle against the raging need that was now building in his body, his husband sucked in a small intake of breath as he caught the look of longing that had crossed Makoto's face, coupled with the green eyes blown wide, dark with hunger.

The first intake of breath from Sousuke was quickly followed by a second as he felt a large hand slip under the cloth of his yukata and around his neck pulling him in close to his husband. Makoto leaning forward delivered open mouth kisses to Sousuke's neck before licking a stripe from his collarbone to his ear, before settling on the pulse point and peppering it with soft bites. At the same time, Makoto had managed to not only maneuver himself to his knees but also slide the yukata from Sousuke's shoulder, leaving part of his torso bare.

Being on his knees gave Makoto the leverage he needed to push Sousuke onto his back, but before he could go any further a hand to his chest stopped him.

"Mako" gasped out Sousuke, trying hard to rein in his own lust for his husband.

"I want you." growled Makoto "Waited so long." and with that he then lowered his head to the uncovered torso to kiss his way to Sousuke's nipple.

"..." came a gulped out response as Sousuke's back arched in pleasure, feeling a hand trail down his body searching for an opening in his yukata, catching the wandering hand before it went any further Sousuke tried again.

"Makoto"

"Sou, for so long I have been on my own. There has been no one but you. It was always you." said Makoto in a low gravelly voice "I have always loved you."

"Oh, Mako" replied Sousuke, and let his own final wall of control fall away, pushing himself up to reach Makoto, he instigated a brutal kiss, pouring in all his own feelings of love,

passion and lust that he felt for the man above him, that left them both panting for air.

The hand that stopped Makoto earlier was now wrapped in the front of the other man's yukata and wrenching it from the body that it hid. Makoto's hand, now free from its captor, continued its path down Sousuke's body until it found the parted cloth. Then slowly, tantalisingly Makoto's hand wandered up the bare skin of Sousuke's thigh, reaching the knotted obi making quick work of stripping the cloth from his husband. Pulling back from Sousuke and resting on his knees he was able to take in the naked, sexy, yet dishevelled state of the man pinned under him just waiting to be claimed. Sousuke's chest was heaving, and red marks were starting to bloom on his neck and along his collarbone where it had been littered with bites.

An arm stretched out while Makoto was absorbed in the sight of his husband displayed before him, and grabbed the front of his yukata, pulling him back down, strong arms took hold of the cloth and yanked it down his shoulders leaving it pooled at his waist. Makoto's arms threaded their way up Sousuke's body and into his hair, crushing their lips together. Makoto felt the yukata loosening around his waist as his husband relieved him of the obi and slid the garments from his body.

Bodies, flush together, heightened the lust that both men were experiencing. Mouths were biting, sucking and licking at each other, leaving welts in their wake. Hands teased each other, testing out sensitivity, learning the responses, memorising the touches that had the other man gasping out in pleasure. Their bodies in perfect unison as they brought each other to climax, leaving the couple spent and exhausted.

Chapter End Notes

UPDATED 19th March: Error hunting and making sure everything ties in with the prequel.

Upped the rating just in case.

I did completely wimp out at writing the smut, mainly due to not being able to decide on which roles to assign to each character.

Includes a quick cameo from their best friends.

Sorry for any missed errors, any ideas/comments welcome.

It's Morning...

Chapter Summary

The morning after the night before, and what can Makoto and Sousuke with all this time on their own?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Morning After...

“It’s too hot!” thought Makoto, opening his eyes, body suddenly tensing at the realisation that there was another person wrapped around him still sound asleep, and then relaxing as the events of the previous day clicked into place. Shifting on the futon, Makoto rolled over to face his husband, the morning light streaming into the room giving Sousuke a dazzling radiance. Looking at his husband, Makoto could see the results of last night’s activity marking the body next to him, inspecting his own body Makoto realised that he had not fared much better as there was a line of bites that trailed down to his abdomen. Reaching out, Makoto cupped Sousuke’s cheek and smoothed the sleep dishevelled hair away from his face, stirring his husband from his slumber. Slowly teal eyes opened and a look of confusion passed through them before the awareness of yesterday replaced the slight frown with a soft smile. Makoto pulled Sousuke’s head towards him to press a quick kiss to his lips before sitting up to run his hands through his own mop of hair, feeling the dried sweat from previous night. A warm hand ran down his back, and rested at the base of his spine causing him to shiver at the intimate contact.

“I need a shower.” said Makoto, answering the silent question that he had been asked, turning his head to smile down at Sousuke “and to assess the damage.” he added with a chuckle. Standing up, Sousuke was able to take in the glorious form of his husband in the morning light, quietly groaning at the sight before him and feeling himself growing hard, he watched as Makoto walked into the adjoining room.

Rubbing his hair with his hands, Sousuke was willing his lustful thoughts to dissipate, until at least later, when he heard Makoto from the other room.

“Sou, come here.”

Leaving the safety of the futon, and hoping that his raging hard on would have gone he followed the sound of Makoto’s voice. On entering the room last night neither man had taken in their surroundings, both focused on the other. Sousuke walked through the partition to find that it opened out onto decking and a private open-aired bath made from the natural rock formations, and supplied with a constant run of hot water. Returning to rubbing his hair and

neck to distract himself from the sight in front of him, Sousuke realised that his efforts to contain his desire for Makoto had been in vain when he saw that his husband had already washed down and was stepping into the bath, the steam from the water caressing his naked body. An audible groan echoed in Sousuke's ears as he watched Makoto relax into the water, quickly rinsing himself down he joined the other man in the bath. Sousuke was pleased to discover that the water was pleasant, not so hot that that it would leave him feeling dizzy but warm enough to allow for a long soak without fear of getting cold, moving towards Makoto he wrapped his arms around him so that his chest was against his husband's back.

"Sousuke, what are you up too?" accused Makoto playfully.

"Nothing." replied Sousuke as he applied small kisses to Makoto's neck and shoulders, and pulling him in even closer so that he was positioned between Sousuke's spread legs. Relaxing onto Sousuke, Makoto rested the back of his head on his husband's shoulder, allowing him further access to his neck. Teal eyes narrowed as he used this to his advantage and abused the pulse point just below Makoto's ear, layering it with open mouthed kisses and bites. As one hand cupped the other man's chin to tilt his head further, and drawing out small whimpers and moans, the other hand was delicately teasing Makoto's nipples before descending lower, to the cock that was already hard from the ministrations.

"Sou...." stuttered out Makoto, eyes going cloudy with lust.

Placing a particularly heated kiss to the skin at the junction of Makoto's neck and shoulder, garnering another whimper, he positioned his mouth close to the other's ear and whispered.

"I want to feel you inside me."

Green eyes went wide with surprise at the low voice that was dripping with hunger, and a quick movement that had Sousuke wondering how they had made it back into the main room, he felt himself being placed down on the futon. Sousuke's mind could only comprehend that Makoto had literally thrown him over his shoulder and carried him in, a blush spread across his face at the thought of being manhandled so easily by his husband. Looking at Makoto he saw the darkened orbs that were burning with a thirst that matched his own.

Makoto gently kissed Sousuke, letting their tongues dance together while one hand grabbed the bottle of oil that had been discarded near the futon and coated his fingers liberally. He let his hand wander to Sousuke's shaft and gave it a few strokes and then down between the parted legs to his entrance. Slowly, teasingly Makoto's fingers circled Sousuke's hole before breaching it with the tip of his finger, followed by the rest of it. A gasp fell from Sousuke's lips at the invasion.

"You alright?" asked Makoto softly, looking into his husband's eyes.

"Yerh, just a surprise." replied Sousuke, reaching up to pull Makoto's head back down into a kiss.

Makoto feeling the muscles around his finger relax, pulled back slightly before plunging and twisting it back in, eliciting a moan that was swallowed by the ongoing kiss. As the muscles became further relaxed, Makoto added in a second finger to prepare Sousuke's hole for him

to enter, at the same time his other hand was wrapped around his husband's cock and working it in time with his fingers. Breaking the kiss, Makoto licked a stripe down to the spot on his husband's neck that was the most sensitive and always gleaned a fantastic reaction, he coupled this action with a crook of his fingers finding the spot within Sousuke that had him calling out Makoto's name.

Raising his fist to his mouth, Sousuke bit down to stop himself screaming, not being able to wait any longer and concerned that he would orgasm before Makoto even entered him. Reaching out to the side, he fumbled for a condom, while the other man continued the punishing thrusts of his fingers but had one eye on the actions of his husband. With both hands Sousuke pumped Makoto's cock before rolling on the condom.

Sensing that Sousuke was more than ready, Makoto pulled his fingers out of the man beneath him, quickly wiped them, applied more oil to Sousuke's entrance and his own shaft. Looking into those teal eyes he silently asked if Sousuke was ready, a quick nod was all it took for Makoto to capture the other man's lips in a passionate kiss to distract him from the pressure of his hole being penetrated. Slowly, Makoto pushed himself further into Sousuke until he was fully seated, pulling back from the kiss he could see the blush spread across his husband's face and the quiet panting as he adjusted to the intrusion in his body. As Sousuke felt his body start to relax, he glanced up at the other man and he gave a wicked grin as he rolled his hips, a jolt of pleasure ripped through both men. Makoto gasped out at the sudden movement and drew his hips back before pushing back in, drawing groans from both men, keeping a constant pace and moving together they continued to send waves of ecstasy through their bodies.

With the build of sensation, Makoto grabbed Sousuke under the knee and pulled his leg up to give more leverage and allow him to sink in even deeper than before, and with the change of angle, Makoto was able to thrust harder into his husband, brushing against his prostate each time.

"Arrrrrrr....." screamed out Sousuke as he could feel himself racing towards his climax, the constant pressure of being filled and the punishing thrusts becoming all too much. Gasps fell from his mouth each time he was slammed into, the intensity ramped up by the bites and kisses being administered to his neck and collarbone.

"Makoto....." he stuttered out, before he came without warning, realising that he had come without his cock being touched. Feeling the wetness between their bodies, Makoto pulled out, grabbed Sousuke and quickly flipped him onto his front before reentering the already abused hole and setting a frantic pace. One arm holding Sousuke up and the other wrapped around the still hard cock stroking it slowly, making his husband buck back onto him as he thrust forward.

Makoto could feel his orgasm building, the white hot heat searing through his body, mouthing at the flesh of Sousuke's shoulder he clamped down as his climax hit him. Reducing the thrusts to a slow drag, Makoto rode out his orgasm, then carefully pulled out, removed the condom and wiped himself down. He turned back to Sousuke who was already laying down on the futon after cleaning up, stroking his hair and then looking at his husband

he gasped at the sight. Sousuke hearing the sharp intake of breath rolled onto his side to look at Makoto, taking in the expression on his face he raised his eyebrow quizzically.

“Are you OK?” Makoto asked with a look of guilt on his face.

“Amazing.” replied Sousuke his face cracking into a big smile.

“I didn’t know if I was too rough.” replied Makoto.

“It was amazing.” pulling his husband down to press a kiss to his lips. Tucking Makoto back into the futon with him, he pulled him in close to his chest. "We need another bath now."

"I guess we do, but I blame you for this." smiled Makoto.

"What!" said Sousuke in mock horror, knowing exactly what he said to get Makoto to react in such a dominant way. "I have no idea what you are talking about."

Makoto chuckled at his husband's reply knowing that Sousuke was fully aware of what he said, snuggling in close he whispered "Bath later, sleep now."

Chapter End Notes

UPDATED 20th March: Error hunting, some may still get through

The smut - first time writing any, hope it is OK. Any ideas/views etc please comment.

Enjoy it.

What is your job?

Chapter Summary

Makoto and Sousuke taking advantage of living together and finding out each other's career paths.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Time passes quickly...

The past couple of weeks had flown by and it was the end of the spring break meaning that Makoto was due to start his teaching job at the local high school. In the aftermath of the wedding ceremony, Makoto and Sousuke had spent a few days at the estate before moving into their new house together and then graduation days for both men had eaten up their time.

Sitting at the breakfast bar in their home, Makoto was thinking back over the past few weeks, the whirlwind that had been the wedding, the few days spent alone wandering around, relearning what the other liked and having sex when the urge came over them. Makoto smiled to himself as he remembered the strong arms of his husband wrapped around him, the grinding together of their bodies, driving each other to the brink of ecstasy before falling over the edge into waves of bliss. The green eyed man felt his cock become hard as he replayed the nights they spent together, seeming to have all the time in the world to discover the other's preferences. During the time Makoto had been letting his mind wander, Sousuke had entered the kitchen and taken in the scene of his husband, the light from the windows dancing across his skin, giving it an inviting glow. Taking quiet steps so not to disturb Makoto, Sousuke carefully leaned in and placed a soft kiss on the other man's neck, and coiled an arm around his waist to pull him into his chest. The other hand trailing down his husband's body to the already hardened shaft, smirking to himself Sousuke gave it a rub through the cotton pants, and whispered.

"Well, I didn't expect to be greeted with this, let's not waste it." and watched as the other man's neck turned red at the unexpected intimacy and proposal, Makoto tried to splutter out a response which turned into a gasp.

Managing to place the mug back down on the counter before it fell from his hand, he raised his arm to guide Sousuke's head into a kiss, turning on his stool Makoto was able to pull the dark haired man in further and deepen the kiss by softly brushing his tongue against pliable lips, seeking entrance.

Sousuke taking charge tugged Makoto out of his seat so their bodies could grind together, erections rubbing against each other causing a delicious feeling of friction that had both men

groaning in pleasure. Snaking his hand down Makoto's back had the green eyed man gasping for more as Sousuke's hand reached the elastic of the boxers and slipped down the back of them. Smiling into the kiss, Makoto pushed back onto Sousuke's hand as silent consent to the actions that was about to take place, removing his husband's hand from his pants, he placed three of the fingers in his mouth, slowly sucking them ensuring that they were nice and wet before guiding them back down his body.

Makoto enjoyed the expression on the dark haired man's face as he licked and sucked on the fingers, Sousuke's eyes darkening as his husband took his fingers deep into his mouth, and then feeling his hand been lead to the waiting entrance. Carefully circling Makoto's hole, feeling the shudder of anticipation run through the other man's body, before pushing his finger inside, neither man being ready to start with anymore, and kissing him deeply to distract from the initial burn. Moving his fingers more freely in and out of Makoto's body, Sousuke broke the kiss and worked his way down his husband's taut abdomen until he was level with his shaft. Licking a stripe from the base to tip before engulfing the head with his mouth had Makoto moaning out loud.

"Nngggg....Sou...keep....keep going...."

Teal eyes looked up to see the other man's head thrown back in pleasure, eyes closed, enjoying the hot mouth around his cock and the slow burning pleasure at his hole. Deciding that Makoto was relaxed and suitably absorbed in the moment, Sousuke inserted another finger and timed the push and pull of his fingers with the bobbing of his head. With each thrust he drew a groan of pleasure from the man above him, his husband's hands now tangled in his hair aiding the rhythm.

"Sou...Sou." stammered out Makoto, pulling his husband's hair to guide him back up his body. Quickly removing his fingers and wiping them down, Sousuke felt in his pocket for a condom, causing the other man's eyebrow to raise in surprise as the dark haired man caught his lips in a heated kiss, reaching across the work top, Makoto found the oil and applied it liberally to his husband's cock, and then spreading the rest on his entrance. Breaking the kiss, Makoto asked

"Why do you....." but before he could finish asking the question, Sousuke quickly turned him around, the sight of his beautiful husband applying oil to his own puckered hole was too much for him to bare, and bent him over the breakfast bar. The teal eyed man, pressed a kiss to the back of the other man's neck before lining himself up and sliding in agonisingly slowly, before stilling his movements to allow Makoto time to adjust to the intrusion. Gently nibbling on the quietly panting man beneath him Sousuke answered the question

"To allow me to take you whenever I want."

Makoto's eyes flew open at the answer he received and pulled forward before quickly pushing back onto Sousuke, drawing out a low groan from him. Using the breakfast bar as leverage the couple were able to set a frantic pace that left them both panting and exhausted. Makoto's ejaculation coating the counter as Sousuke held him up after his climax made him weak at the knees, before finally coming with a roar of ecstasy. As the couple caught their breath Makoto spoke.

“That was an unexpected surprise.” as he flopped down over the breakfast bar.

“Couldn’t help myself, you looked sexy sitting there in the sunlight.” replied Sousuke, placing a kiss at the base of his neck, then carefully pulling out of his husband, and disposing of the condom.

“Think I will head to the shower.” said Makoto, and then looked around “After I have cleaned here.” taking in the state of the kitchen and readjusting his clothes, laughing.

“Need a hand?” asked Sousuke, looking round Makoto to see the mess.

“No, go take a shower, I don’t need anymore distractions. I start work on Monday and I need to study.” giving his husband his trademark smile. “I can’t spend all my time in bed with you, or in the kitchen, or the lounge....”

He was cut off his listing of the places where they had made love by Sousuke pulling him into a soft yet passion filled kiss.

Laughing as they broke apart Makoto added “Distraction - go - shower.”

Closer than you think....

After the activities in the kitchen and the clean up that took place, Sousuke once again found his husband sitting at the breakfast bar surrounded by books. Leaning on the door frame, the dark haired man watched Makoto working, carefully reading through the material in the book and checking his notes as he went, obviously deep in thought. As Sousuke continued to observe the other working he realised that in the frantic rush of the past few weeks he had idea where his husband was going to be working. After attending each other’s graduation ceremonies both knew what the other man’s was qualified to do but they hadn’t got round to actually finding out where their jobs were situated. Sousuke hoped that they would both in close vicinity to their home and would be working similar hours as he didn’t want to be parted from his adorable husband for more time than was necessary. Moving from the doorway, Sousuke made his way over to the man sitting at the counter, and lowered himself into the seat next to him, running his eyes over the material spread out on the work surface.

Sensing the movement next to him, Makoto looked up from his work, his hair dishevelled and heavy framed glasses perched on his nose, tilted his head and smiled at Sousuke.

“Something the matter?” raising a hand to smooth the frown lines between his husband’s eyes.

Sousuke taking in Makoto in glasses, which he hadn’t realised that he worn until now, his expressive green eyes enhanced by the frames, with his hair all tousled. “No, no, no.” thought the dark haired man “so sexy in the glasses.” as his brain shorted out at the sight of Makoto in from of him, and sensing the warm coil of heat start pooling in his stomach.

“Sou?” asked Makoto, his head still tilted to the side but with a soft look of concern replacing the smile.

Mentally shaking himself out of his depraved thoughts of dragging his husband to the bedroom and taking him over and over again, while still wearing the glasses, feeling the strong body restrained beneath him, calling out his name and begging for more. Sousuke reached out and plucked the spectacles from Makoto’s face and placed them on the counter.

“..?” came a silent question from the confused man, looking surprised at the action.

“Too sexy for your own good Mako.” growled out Sousuke, into his ear.

Laughing at his horny husband, Makoto placed a quick kiss on his lips before asking again. “What do you want to talk about?”

“How did you know I wanted to talk?”

“You were standing there for a long time before coming over” stated Makoto, eyes twinkling at catching his husband out.

“.....erm.” a visibly embarrassed Sousuke scratched at the back of his neck trying to find the words. “I just realised how little we know about each other’s lives. I know what you like and dislike, we are very familiar with each other’s bodies.” enjoying the faint blush that appeared on Makoto’s cheeks as he spoke about their physical relationship. “I know what you graduated in and how smart you are, and I know that you are due to start work on Monday, but I don’t know where or as what.”

As Sousuke finished speaking he noticed the look of shock on the other man’s face as he too had realised that they had spent their time talking about a lot of things, as well as making love whenever they wanted but had not ever spoken about their careers. Taking in the expression on his husband’s face, Sousuke knew that Makoto had just come the same conclusion, and realised that neither man knew what the other was going to be working as.

“I didn’t want to....” started the dark haired man, now concerned he had upset this sweet man, but he was cut off by Makoto resting his hand in his.

“We have spoken about so many things, I can’t believe that it never came up.” Picking up the spiral bound book by him, he flicked it shut to show the emblem of the school. The look of amazement spread across the Sousuke’s face had Makoto raising his eyebrow in an arch.

“What is it?”

“You are going to be working at Samezuka?” questioned Sousuke, a small smile appearing on his face making the teal eyes dazzle in amusement.

“What is it?” repeated Makoto, taking in the look of glee on his handsome husband’s face and feeling his stomach tighten.

“I accepted a position there in sports medicine. I will be working in the Physical Education Department with the coaches but mainly with the Swim Team as that is my specialisation.”

Strong arms of his husband wrapped around him in delight at finding that they would be working together at the same school and in the same department, as Makoto was joining the coaching staff.

“Fate” whispered Makoto.

“We were meant to be together.” replied Sousuke, gently cupping his husband’s chin and angling his head to steal a kiss before taking him by the hand and leading the green eyed man towards the bedroom.

“Gr...grab your glasses, please.” Sousuke said looking back towards Makoto, who in return raised his eyebrows in bewilderment at the request.

“Just get them please.” a devilish smirk appearing on the teal eyed man’s face that sent a searing hot ball of lust through Makoto’s body. Quickly turning and grabbing his glasses before being guided to their bed.

Chapter End Notes

Don't know where all the smut is coming from.

I don't know whether to end this here, any ideas for what happens next?

Hopefully there are not too many errors. I will check back over it and update if required.

Thanks for reading.

Snapshot of Life

Chapter Summary

A look into how Makoto and Sousuke are getting on at Samezuka.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A snapshot of life...

Time at Samezuka passed in the blink of an eye, both men had settled into their respective roles in the Physical Education Department and were working hard in their jobs.

“Makoto” called out Sousuke from the kitchen having just finished putting the breakfast together, along with their lunches for the day. “Get down here.”

“Coming, coming.” came a muffled response from above, followed by footsteps on the stairs, a slightly flushed Makoto appeared at the entrance to the kitchen. “Found it.” he stated happily waving a book in the air.

Rolling his eyes, the dark haired man motioned for his husband to sit and placed a mug of coffee at the table, leaning in to give the other man a quick kiss to the cheek.

“Thank you for the food.” Smiling at Sousuke before tucking into the hot breakfast.

Once both men had finished eating, they quickly cleaned up before heading out to Samezuka together.

Makoto, as the school’s backstroke specialist, found that most of his coaching time was improving technique for those students whose strength was in that stroke, along with those who swam medley were rotated to each coach for training to each discipline. Teaching time was devoted to fitness and nutrition, any spare periods in his timetable kept him busy planning regimes and helping with team selection with the other coaches. The green-eyed coach was enjoying his job immensely; he loved seeing the swimmer’s times and technique improve. The team of coaches worked well together, looking to each other for advice, especially during team planning. However, this left little time for anything else, and this at times included Makoto’s handsome husband, whose workload seemed to rival his own.

Sousuke had been assigned to the swim team in the main due to his speciality and experience in that area, but also dealt with athletes from a number of different sports. The dark haired man was a popular choice with the students due to his own background of injury, and his no nonsense advice, getting the Samezuka athletes back to training fully healed without too much deficit in their overall fitness.

A vibration in pocket signalled that the teal-eyed man had received a text, pulling his phone out he could see that it was from Makoto.

//Sorry Sou, caught up at training. Could you meet me at the pool? //

Rolling his eyes at the message and thinking about the number of times his gentle husband has been late due to some student's crisis. His soft hearted love, having inherited his mother's kind nature along with his father's logical mind and ability to give sound advice, meant he was unable to turn any student away that wanted help or advice.

//No problem. See you soon. //

Unable to be mad at Makoto as he was also swamped with work, he loved hearing about what his husband had been up to during the day and he would reciprocate with updates about the staff and students that he was working with. Throughout his early years, the dark haired man had always maintained a stoic front bordering on hostile at times, only letting Rin into his world but even then he had never told his best friend about his shoulder breaking down until it was too late. Only after meeting Makoto in his final year at High School had he begun to open up about his life and what he wanted. The green eyed boy listening to every worry and concern offering silent support and gentle embraces, understanding far more due to both finding they shared the same family tradition and fearing the worse about the matches that could be made by their families. Since their reunion, Sousuke had felt the same lightness in his chest as he had when he and Makoto had first got together in their secret, obviously not so secret, relationship. The dark haired man had dropped the protective walls that he had surrounded his heart with and the stoic facade, and now sported a much happier expression.

Finishing up with his last appointment for the day, Sousuke leant back in his chair to stretch out his back and shoulders. He loved his job but found the toll on his shoulder was making his role hard at times, but he was happy to be helping others not make the same mistakes that he had. A number of operations and careful rehabilitation had mended his injured shoulder, but it would always remain susceptible to fatigue when over used. Looking around his treatment room he had on display the medals and trophies from his own swimming career, with photographs of his days at school and especially from Samezuka adorned the walls along with his professional certificates. The teal-eyed man had found that they all provided a talking point with people that he dealt with and helped them to open up to him about their own injury or concerns.

Clearing his desk before he left and ensuring all the files that he had been working on that day had been updated, Sousuke checked the time, seeing that it was coming up to 6pm he finished up and headed over to the pool, knowing that practice would be over for the day. Thankfully having attended Samezuka it meant that Sousuke was able to get to the pool without taking too many wrong turns on his way, and he made it to the building just in time to see his husband wave off the last of the coaching staff.

Turning round to re-enter the pool Makoto caught sight of the dark haired man and called over.

"You made good time today." a cheeky grin spreading across his face, knowing full well that Sousuke would have taken a few wrong turns on the short walk over.

“Don’t even” came the retort, a slight pout forming on his lips as the green-eyed man joked at his expense.

A finger was raised to his lips to smooth out the pout, which were then quickly replaced by the warm lips as Makoto gave him a quick kiss. Laughing, Makoto took the other man by the hand and lead him into the building, and grabbing a sports bag from the nearby counter, the dark haired man raised a quizzical eyebrow.

“I thought we go for a quick swim. It has been so long and you look tense.” Answered Makoto, flashing him a sweet smile.

“It has.” replied Sousuke; unable to recall when they had last been swimming, just the two of them, and how his beautiful husband already knew that his shoulder was aching. “I don’t have any kit.”

“Don’t worry. I have it. It would have been a shame if I had forgotten it though.” A dangerous look flashing through his eyes at the thought of his naked lover in the pool.

Sousuke was again wondering how the gentle man standing before him had become his, how could he have possibly been this lucky.

“Stop that, you tease. I am not getting caught at work.”

“Ha, never going to happen at work, let’s save that for later.”

Turning to face the teal-eyed man, Makoto cupped his jaw and kissed him firmly on the lips.

“Let’s go and get changed.”

Swimming...

Quickly stripping out of their work clothes and into legskins, without distracting each other with teasing touches they entered the poolside. Due to the hour only the side lighting remained, giving the whole area an ethereal glow as the evening light shone onto the still water making it shimmer.

“Its nice to see it like this.” sighed Makoto “Its peaceful.”

The hustle and bustle of the day always giving the pool a frantic air to it, the shouting of the coaches combined with the choppy movements of the water as the swimmers ploughed through it. Makoto loved his job and the busy environment but he also took pleasure in the tranquil scene, giving him time to reflect.

The gentle man looked out over the sparkling water and felt a sense of calm run through him; it was in stark contrast to the day’s activities. The green eyed man would spend a few evenings each week at the pool after everyone had left, sometimes he would sit and watch the water gently lapping at the sides, other days he would get in and swim. Makoto used his swim sessions to maintain his physique but also test the training regimes to ensure their

suitability. However, today with his husband over for a relaxing swim as both men had seen little of each other over the past week due to their hectic schedules.

Strong arms wrapped around his waist as he looked out over the pool and a dark head appeared at his shoulder.

“Are we getting in?” the deep voice said, making Makoto’s body shiver, the timbre of his husband’s voice still making chills run through him each time the man spoke to him at such close proximity. Snapping out of his musing about how the pool looked he replied.

“Sorry, I was miles away.”

“I know, you looked beautiful standing there.”

“Stop it.” as a red flush appeared on the bridge of Makoto’s nose and spread to his cheeks. “I did not.”

Letting go, Sousuke walked to the edge of the pool before turning back.

“Whatever you say Mako, but you did.” and gracefully dove into the water as though the years away from competition and the laborious rehabilitation on his shoulder had never happened. Makoto sighed blissfully as he watched the other man swim powerfully down the length.

“And he says I am the beautiful one.”

Pulling his goggles into place before following Sousuke down the pool. The backstroke swimmer felt the cool water on his warm skin, instantly soothing and relaxing his body, hoping it was doing the same for his husband, and broke the surface with a graceful stroke.

Both men continued to swim laps of the pool before stopping for a quick breather, removing his goggles and shaking his hair from his eyes Makoto looked over at Sousuke who was stretching out his shoulder despite all the hard work in rehabilitating it the dark haired man was still cautious about over exercising it.

“You good?” asked Makoto. “Is your shoulder alright?”

“Feels great it has been a while since I last swam.” Rotating his shoulder checking for any signs of discomfort. “No, nothing.” Grinning at the man next to him.

A broad smile lit up Makoto’s face at the pleased expression that his husband was sporting.

“I am pleased.” And drawing back his hands to send a wave of water crashing into the other man, catching him before he was able to raise any sort of defence.

“Makoto!” yelled out Sousuke, spluttering slightly as another wave splashed into him. “Oi!”

Retaliation was the only option, pulling back his own arms to send an answering wave back he realised that his beloved husband had taken off down the pool and out of the firing line.

“You better swim away.” Called out Sousuke as he began to chase after Makoto.

Finally the dark haired man caught the delicate ankle of the green-eyed man, his hand easily circling around the joint. Marvelling at the feel of the fine bones covered by smooth skin he wondered how something that felt so fragile had the ability to keep his tall, muscular lover upright when it seemed as though he could crush it in his grip. A flex of the leg attached to the trapped ankle brought Sousuke back to the present situation and with a sharp tug he sent Makoto shooting back behind him. Laughing at the sight of his husband sailing past him, he turned to quickly help the other man to his feet.

“That was mean.” Panted out Makoto a grin plastered on his face.

“Pay back” came the equally amused reply. “Come on.” Holding his hand out to the man standing before him and guiding them to the edge of the pool. “Let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the wait, I have been really busy with work and a load of other things as well.

I did have more to add in this chapter but decided that I did not really like it that much so I have left it here, but who knows, I may go back and add it if I re-read it again.

UPDATE 26th April: I have now added in the last part, I decided it was worth it.

HELP: I am struggling with this story so any comments about what to do are most welcome or whether I just call it quits here and start a new one.

How hard could it be?

Chapter Summary

The changes in swimwear rules see Makoto and Sousuke taking a shopping trip.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it has been so long since my last update to this story or any works in general. No real excuse other than work has been really hectic, I thought that it would have calmed down much earlier (early June) but I have only just had a chance to sit down to write anything.

I have also had some issues wondering what to do with the story, and I found inspiration reading comments on the anime, so whoever posted about the swimwear being incorrect - I, thank you for the idea.

I have some ideas for the next few chapters, they will be more like snapshots or short stories in the same timeline/universe, so any ideas are most welcome.

Apologies for any errors that still remain, I will go back and edit.

Hope you enjoy the new instalment.

How hard could it be?

After the announcement by FINA that legskins were no longer viable competition swimwear for male athletes this left both Makoto and Sousuke with an issue that needed to be remedied. Both men over the course of the high school and college careers had worn very distinctive legskins when in the pool, and although neither of them were currently competing they felt that renewing their own kit was fundamental in their roles at Sameszuka. It also served to keep their own knowledge about what was the current trends, and therefore suitable for the squad, enabling them to give informed advice when required.

The alarm went off early Saturday morning, too early thought Sousuke as he reached out to silence the shrill sound playing out of his phone. Rolling back over to face his husband he thought about pulling the sleeping man back into his embrace and ignoring the wakeup call. Despite knowing that they had to be up early they had had a late night indulging in one another, the evidence decorating their bodies in small kiss and finger marks. With their hectic

schedules the men were only able to share time fleetingly most days, but with a free weekend ahead of them, Makoto and Sousuke intended to use it to catch up on lost time, and of course, doing some chores along the way.

Gently, Sousuke cupped the face of the man still sleeping, smoothing the sleep mussed hair from his features. The warmth of his hand making Makoto snuggle in closer to the dark haired man and reach out for him in his sleep. Slipping his hand round to his husband's neck, Sousuke slowly pulled him into a soft kiss, sensing that the other man was now regaining consciousness he instinctively deepened the kiss, running his tongue along the plump bottom lip, seeking entrance. With Makoto now conscious and kissing him back feverishly, Sousuke rolled the olive-haired man until he was lying on top of him, his arm wrapped around Makoto's waist to keep him balanced. Tongues danced together as the men explored was other's mouth, hands moving to the areas of each other's bodies that garnered the most elicit of responses. The green-eyed man slowly opened his eyes, blinking sluggishly in the morning light, the rays giving his eyes a warm glow that sent shivers straight to Sousuke's groin. Pulling away from the embrace, Makoto propped himself up on one arm, looking down at the man trapped beneath him, who was currently wearing a satisfied grin.

"What?" questioned Sousuke innocently, grinding his hips into the man above him, a quirk of the eyebrow was the only response he received.

"I have not done anything..." came the amused protest "...yet" he finished quietly, the grin still present on his face, his hand reaching down to fondle his husband's amazing toned backside, as his other was pulling the green-eyed man back down into another heated kiss. A low moan trickled from Makoto's mouth which was swallowed by Sousuke's unbroken contact, as the large hand continued to caress him, making him grind down to get more friction.

In the background a second alarm sounded, deciding to ignore the noise both men continued to move together, as the alarm continued to scream out its wakeup call with the volume intensity ramping up each sound it was left. Makoto broke the intimate dance that they were sharing and rolled off his husband to find the offending item. A quick search, and the phone was located under the bed where it has fallen from the nightstand, swiftly flipped the phone open and silencing the alarm that was now wailing like a banshee, Makoto looked back at the bed sheepishly, before closing the phone and setting back it back down. The raised eyebrow of Sousuke giving him an annoyed yet questioning appearance at being interrupted from his enjoyment in such a hideous manner.

"Sorry." Came the short reply, a closed eyed smile appearing on Makoto's face as he tilted his head to the side in his trademark expression.

"And?" Sousuke probed.

"Well....I thought this might happen so I set an alarm to interrupt us." The smile growing a little wider to give off a more angelic aura.

Sousuke, being quite unable to stay even remotely annoyed or grumpy at his husband when he turning the charm up all the way, just continued to stare at the heavenly being before him attempting to think of a suitable response.

“Let me get this straight.” Began the dark-haired man. “You set an alarm this morning to interrupt us, believing that we would be in the middle of something?” A small smile starting to appear on his face at the thought of his gentle husband still wanting more even after the night they had had. “Anyone would think that it was always on your mind or all you believe that I am sex crazy.”

A small flush appeared across Makoto’s cheeks as he realised the trap he had let himself fall into. Raising his hands in defence.

“Hang on, you did start something! So I was right!”

Turning away from the bed the green-eyed man walked towards the bathroom, just catching the comment from the man still sprawled on the bed.

“But you did think that it would happen, you are so going to have to make it up to me later.”

Laughing as he walked down to the bathroom, Makoto called out.

“I can hear you, you know.”

“You were supposed to.” Came the reply from the bedroom.

“We will see.” Sousuke heard through the wall of the bathroom, and grinned to himself at the thought of what his beautiful husband could do to “make it up to him”. “Not that he needs to.” Thought the dark-haired man rolling onto his front, getting hard at the images floating through his mind of the man in the bathroom riding him, and groaning into the pillow. “But then again...”

Sousuke and Shopping don't mix...

Arriving at the Sports Store is like nothing you have ever experienced, it is wall to wall sports, entire sections dedicated to the different activities with all the popular brands from around the globe, along with the national brands. Sousuke and Makoto made their way to the part of the building that was filled with swimming equipment, ranging from swimwear to the accessories, to poolside wear and training gear. After the change in ruling over swimwear from both men and women in competition the men had to decide on whether they were going to get jammers (shorts that go to the knee, same as Haru) or briefs (very short and tight pants, same as the Momo).

Standing at the entrance to the swim section, they stood looking at the vast quantity of goods that were before them.

“Wow, it has got bigger since I last came.” Said Makoto, looking around the area, racks as far as he could see filled with different styles and colours.

“Let’s split up and meet at the changing rooms.” Said Sousuke, surprising his husband with his request and replied.

“Are you sure?” knowing how directionally-challenged Sousuke was.

“I won’t get lost, and I need time to look, I don’t want to be rushed.”

“OK, 30 minutes and I will see you over there.” Pointing towards a set of changing cubicles. “See you later.” Knowing full well that he would have to search for Sousuke.

Wandering through the racks of male swimwear Makoto was still undecided about the style he wanted to go for, jammers or briefs? Having only worn briefs when he was young he was unsure about whether he would be comfortable in something cut that small on his large frame. Flicking through the racks Makoto found a number of suits in both styles that had a colour scheme that he liked. Having worn trademarks legskins with the green accents throughout high school and university he decided to stick with the same colours. Looking at his orange wrist watch, another thrown back from high school that he had yet to part with, the green-eyed man realised that he still had time to kill before going to meet Sousuke, wondering what he could do his eyes were drawn to the section of “fashion” swimwear. Due to the practical nature that Makoto has, he had always bought functional swimwear, as he clearly remembered the time when Nagisa picked fashion over functionality one session and ended up very naked after diving in.

An evil idea entered Makoto’s mind as the words from Sousuke that morning replayed in his head, knowing that his husband was very partial to his apparently well-defined back and hips, his eyes scoured the racks for a particular look. Upon finding a number of items that fitted the bill, Makoto quickly checked around before grabbing them and looked at the time, seeing it was nearing the 30 minutes marker and knowing that he has at least another 15 minutes due to the dark-haired man’s inability to get himself anywhere on time he hurried to the cubicle to try on the items.

Ten minutes later, Makoto, with the item hidden from view reached the meeting point to find Sousuke was nowhere to be seen. The green-eyed man grinned to himself knowing that his handsome husband was probably lost among the shelving, deciding to give him another few minutes before sending out a search party Makoto looked down at his selection of swimwear. Exhausting that the green-eyed man got out his phone to check for any missed calls and messages, after responding to a couple of messages he proceed to open his email and reply to a few, without realising it time had passed and on closing the app on his phone Makoto realised that Sousuke was over 20 minutes late. Sighing to himself, and then grinning, knowing this was going to happen, the gentle swimmer made his way over to a shop assistant.

With a polite smile on his face, Makoto tilted his head as he spoke, instantly dazzling the petite woman into agreeing to put a call out to all staff for his lost husband. Knowing that Sousuke would be mortified to have an announcement over the loudspeakers like a lost child, which he had discovered when he lost him on one of their dates earlier in the year, Makoto had used many different techniques since then to find his directionally challenged husband.

Found you...

Sousuke had found suits that he wanted to try on early in the time frame and wanted to prove to Makoto that he could find his way back to the set meeting place. However, during his time searching through the racks he had lost sense of which direction he had come from. The dark-

haired man sighed in exasperation as he walked up and down the store trying to find the meeting spot, refusing to call his husband to come and find him. Standing in the middle of the aisle looking at the signs hanging from the ceiling he heard a small cough.

“Yamazaki, Sousuke?” a clear voice said

Looking down he saw a young woman, who was dressed in the store uniform.

“Yes?”

“Oh good, the description was spot on.” Smiled the store assistant.

Groaning internally, but not letting it show on his face he asked “What was the description?”

“Tall, short dark hair, broad shoulders, will be carrying swim gear and looking lost and frustrated. I took a gamble on the expression as I couldn’t see your eyes at first but when you looked down I was certain I was correct.” A small blush ran across the assistant’s cheeks.

“And?” Sousuke, now equally red in the cheeks wondering what else Makoto had said about him.

“The man said that you were very handsome with teal eyes.” Came rushing out with the blush becoming a full red face in embarrassment. “Shall we go?” And turning the young woman took off down the aisle.

In no time at all the changing cubicles that Makoto has pointed out came into view, with one very amused green-eyed man standing next to another store assistant.

“Hi.” Greeted Makoto, turning to bow to both store assistants. “Thank-you for your help.”

“Happy to assist you.” Came the response before they moved away from the couple.

Turning to his husband, Makoto could see the frustration combined with embarrassment etched on the handsome face in front of him. Reaching to smooth out the frown that has formed on Sousuke’s face, he was pulled into an embrace. Makoto could feel his husband tuck his head into his neck, hiding his discomfort from other shoppers. Moving his head slightly, Makoto spoken quietly into the dark-haired man’s ear.

“Come on, don’t worry about it.”

“Just, why?” came the muffled response, the arms encircling the green-eyed man tightening in anger at his own inability.

“It shows that you are human, Sousuke. A simple flaw that hides behind the rest of the perfection that is you.” Feeling the fist holding his shirt relax slightly at his words, Makoto continued. “Remember back in school when we first met, I was scared of moving forward, letting anyone in and know the ‘real’ me. You helped me, let me help you. Even if it having to find you over and over again. I will always find you.”

Holding Sousuke close for a few seconds longer to let the words sink in, he then pulled away, a bright smile on his face as he looked at his husband. The teal-eyed man looked at the man standing before him.

“You always know exactly what to say.”

“Only since I met you. Let’s finish up here and go home.”

Leading Sousuke by the hand towards the changing area.

What is going on?

Chapter Summary

Makoto is barely at home and Sousuke is beginning to wonder what is going on.

Chapter Notes

December Update:

Loads of things got in the way of my writing over the middle part of the year, there are many excuses but I really just have not found the motivation to write anything. Anyway, I hope you like it, this has taken me a while to put together. I have not finished it, but thought I would upload the first part and then continue writing. I had issues trying to get it to read correctly, especially when flicking to memories and so on.

9th March - second part is now up for this chapter. It does end pretty abruptly but that is where I finished it off. No real excuses other than real life and illness since Christmas that I am still dealing with that has drained me of any energy to do anything other than the basic minimum to survive.

And let's face it, I need some time to think about how they are both going to play this one out. Please comment if you have a preferred option or one of your own.

Option 1: Massive argument about the whole thing

Option 2: Sousuke meeting Makoto back home and then....

Option 3: Any one have any suggestions?

So never beta read, just a read through by me, so who knows. All thoughts are welcome.

Enjoy.

Alone again...

Upon entering the dark house, Sousuke already knew that Makoto had been and gone before he had even managed to leave work. He had arrived home late after an extended session with one of the sports teams at Samezuka to find the entrance light on and no one home. The quickly written note in the kitchen confirmed his suspicion:

'Sou, Sorry, I have had to return to school to finish some work. See you later M x'

Sousuke sighed, another evening on his own, over the past few weeks, Makoto had rarely been home in the evenings citing that he had a lot of planning and preparation work to take care of. Tired teal eyes scanned the fridge for the meal that had been left, smiling as he found the plate neatly wrapped with a smiley face not attached to it with heating instructions. Sousuke was always impressed that Makoto would spend the time cooking a meal for them even if they ate apart.

Watching the plate in the microwave, Sousuke mulled over the last few weeks. It didn't surprise him that his husband at times arrived home and then returned to the pool, this happened in the run up to competitions when extra sessions were put on for stroke and technique analysis. However, Sousuke had seen the calendar in the office at the pool to compare it to his own schedule, and from what he could remember there were no competitions coming up. The dark-haired man pushed the niggling thoughts to the back of his mind as he settled down to his meal, he didn't want to admit to himself that he was a little concerned about the time that Makoto was spending away from home.

With nothing to keep him awake, Sousuke decided to get an early night, his schedule had been pretty punishing over the last few months and he has been putting in some long hours to ensure that all the athletes under his care had been treated, and given a health plan. He thought about all the times that he had been late, leaving his husband at home or at the pool and he never thought about the impact it had on his green-eyed lover. However, that tiny thought about the lack of competitions and the clear calendar kept popping back into his head, before he finally fell into a dreamless sleep.

Sousuke was warm, and as he stirred from his sleep he felt soft hands wrap around his body, and a large frame snuggle into him. A small kiss was placed on his shoulder before the other person settled down. Relaxing back into the warmth of his husband, Sousuke pushed all his doubts to the back of his mind as sleep pulled his back under.

Makoto was feeling guilty, he had been keeping a secret from his husband, it had meant lying, something that he was never comfortable with and especially to Sousuke whom he loved dearly. However, Makoto had decided that needs must, and he would have to live with his guilty feelings a little longer.

A pleasant memory...

Sousuke had been busy at Samezuka that it wasn't until he checked his schedule for the following week that he found a whole day empty.

'Hey, what is the deal with the empty rota next Friday?' enquired the teal-eyed man.

A small chuckle came from the corner of the office that the Physiotherapy staff shared.

'What?' came the terse reply, in all the years Sousuke had been alive, he still didn't like the thought of people having fun at his expense.

'Nothing Yamazaki. You have been working that hard, you have failed to realise the school has been preparing for its cultural festival.'

Sousuke rolled his eyes at his own stupidity, how could he forget their final year, where the swim team had put on the maid café, he shuddered at the memory of the first years dressed in the French maid costumes. As his mind wandered his thoughts turned to the water fight and other events of that night that are known to only Makoto and him.

It was after the water gun fight when both teams were sitting around enjoying the end of the festival, as well as drying out their clothing. Makoto, having managed to get most of his shirt dried of, re-dressed and stood up asking if anyone wanted a drink he was off to get one himself. After a flurry of orders for different items and a gentle rejection of help, Makoto walked towards the stalls. Looking up at the dark sky, Sousuke realised that he could wait no longer to spend some time with the tall swimmer from Iwatobi and stood to follow Makoto's departing form.

A low voice from the group called out to Sousuke.

'Where are you going?'

'To help Tachibana, you lot ordered too much.'

'Don't get lost.' Came a higher pitched voice, and a quick round of laughter went around the group.

A quick flash of angry teal eyes stopped the laughter abruptly and a growled reply of 'I think I can manage.' before Sousuke stomped away, cheeks slightly pink from the embarrassment.

On reaching the last place he saw Makoto, Sousuke realised he had no idea where he had gone; wandering through the stalls he could not see that olive-haired swimmer anywhere. Deciding to give up the search for the backstroke swimmer as a bad idea he headed back towards the main buildings towards the pool. Rounding the side of the gymnasium, an arm shot out, grabbing him around the waist and pulling him into a dark corner.

'What the hell?' came the muffled shout from the dark-haired boy, as the hand that didn't have hold of his waist covered his mouth.

'Shhhh.' replied the would-be attacker in a very familiar voice, Sousuke realised that there was only one person that sounded like that and had the strength to pull him around quite so easily.

'Mako..' but he was cut off as a pair of lips descended onto his, hands that had originally restrained him were now embracing him. A warm tongue flicked out to seek entrance to his mouth, Sousuke was happy to oblige and with his arms free he put one around the waist of the green-eyed boy to pull him in closer and the other reaching into the soft olive hair to stop the kiss from ending too soon, his lips devouring Makoto's as the heat between them began to rise.

A jolt brought Sousuke's eyes back into focus as the memory that had surfaced was quickly being replaced by annoyance.

‘Were you listening to anything I just said?’ came the question from the man sitting across from him.

‘Sorry, I missed it.’ A flash of colour decorating the dark-haired man’s cheeks at being caught daydreaming.

Rolling his eyes, Sousuke’s colleague repeated ‘I said that the cultural festival should be one of the best for several years. There is a rumour about an excellent school band playing, the students have heard them practising, but their identity remains a mystery. It is a clever way of adding to all the hype I guess.’

Sousuke shrugged, his interest waning in the conversation after the vivid memory that had been occupying his mind on moments before, coupled with a desperate urge to see his husband to make more pleasant memories. Finishing his work quickly, he said his goodbyes and hurried over to the pool to hopefully catch Makoto before he left. Walking to the pool allowed Sousuke some time to think about the festival and how he and Makoto could go and explore it together, due to not spending much time with each other lately.

‘Makoto, I had forgotten that it was the cultural festival this week.’ Started Sousuke after finding his husband locking up the pool.

‘Yes, I said I would help out the swim team with their contribution.’

‘Oh.’ Came the quiet reply from the teal-eyed man, obviously disappointed that he was going to miss out again. ‘Is it for the whole day?’

‘From lunchtime, onwards. I am sorry, Sousuke.’ Replied Makoto, linking his fingers with those of the man next to him. ‘I hope that you can find me at the end and we can enjoy the rest of the night together.’ The trademark smile with the head tilt, which had brought many a person under Makoto’s spell, was directed at Sousuke. However, the dark-haired man was feeling rather deflated and although the reassurance was nice, he felt those doubts rising to the surface again.

‘Alright.’ He finally answered.

Finally...

The day of the cultural festival has arrived; the school had been transformed into a wonderland of stalls, games and cafes. As Sousuke was not technically teaching staff, he had managed to avoid getting embroiled by the more persuasive students, leaving him free walk around the school taking in the different shenanigans that the students has convinced the teacher to part-take in.

Sousuke was hoping to catch Makoto helping out at the swim team café before he left. The idea of his husband in the uniform that had been plaguing his dreams since Makoto had mentioned he would be helping out. After wandering the festival, which Sousuke had found was not as fun without his old swim friends around him, he headed towards the swim clubs location. Upon setting foot into the café Sousuke realized that he could not see the olive

haired man anywhere, despite there being a number of tall swimmers on the team, both he and Makoto remained taller than most. Scanning the room for the second time, Sousuke concluded that Makoto must be behind the scenes or already finished for the day. Stopping the first student that came near him Sousuke asked the obvious.

‘Is Coach Tachibana still around?’

The student looked up at the dark haired man blankly.

‘I have not seen him.’ Calling over his shoulder the student asked. ‘Anyone seen Coach Tachibana today?’

Sousuke’s eyebrows shot up in surprise at the question, what was Makoto playing at?

‘Sorry Yamazaki-senpai, we have not seen him today.’

‘My mistake.’ Sousuke replied curtly, and turned to leave.

‘Yamazaki-senpai.’ A second swimmer appearing ‘could you possibly lend a hand, we are short a cook as they are on a break. We heard that the café was super popular the year you cooked.’

All eyes were now focused on the teal-eyed man, feeling the silent pleas of the team his resolve to walk out and continue his search for his missing husband caved.

‘Just until they get back.’ He said gruffly.

It was late afternoon by the time Sousuke got to leave, word had quickly spread that he was helping out and the café soon filled up with customers.

‘Thank you, Yamazaki-senpai. We could not have done this without you. Sorry it took so much time.’ Said the swim team captain sheepishly.

‘No problem, it was fun.’ He replied as cheerfully as he could, it had at least taken his mind off of the fact Makoto had lied to him.

Walking out of the main building, Sousuke refreshed himself at the water fountain, on finishing washing his face and hands he realized that there was a large number of people walking in the same direction, having got no response from his seemingly wayward husband, he had no desire to return to an empty house again and decided to follow the crowd. Turning the corner, Sousuke could see the stage was currently shrouded in darkness, a fog machine helping obscuring the area even further. A bass and drums were playing a quiet introduction that was drawing the audience to the stage. With the light of the day now fading it gave the set up a mysterious air, coupled with the hidden identities of the band, it had made the event very popular with the students and visitors to the festival.

Having made his way towards the stage Sousuke found a suitable vantage point where he could see the stage but also had easily accessible exit routes. Looking for Makoto in the crowd the dark-haired man pulled out his phone, his heart sank when he saw that there were no missed messages or calls. Hitting the call button, he looked to the sky, hoping the call

would go through, almost immediately he was greeted by his husband's voice mail message. Sighing, Sousuke put his phone away and moved towards the nearest exit. As he turned his back to the stage, the remainder of the band had filtered on; the music that was playing gained a richer sound and increased volume as the other musicians began to play. Getting closer to the way out, the teal-eyed man came to an abrupt halt.

The deep, husky voice that lent itself to the song so well and was being cheered at by the crowd seemed so familiar, yet not at the same time. Turning back, Sousuke looked towards the stage, the band members were still masked by the dim lighting and fog that was swirling around them, but as the volume of both the singer and the musicians increased the lighting adapted to reflect the change in pace. Sousuke's eyes widened as he caught sight of what he thought was Makoto on stage, as he listened to the voice that was growling the lyrics into the microphone, there were no longer any doubts in his mind, definitely Makoto. As the identity of the band was revealed to the audience it only further intensified the screaming and cheering as they began to recognise the people on stage.

Watching his husband closely, Sousuke quickly took in the outfit that the green-eyed man was sporting.

'What the hell?' thought Sousuke. The clothing that was most unquestionably not selected by Makoto left little to the imagination as every inch of cloth clung to his athletic body like a second skin. The tight, skinny jeans accentuated his long, muscular legs, Sousuke started to feel a tightening of his own pants as he continued to eye the olive-haired man.

'Oh Shit.' Groaned the teal-eyed man as he watched Makoto turn on stage, the dark T-shirt shifting as his back muscles flexing as he continued to move. The tight jeans paled into insignificance at the sight of his husband's well toned back under the lighting and enhanced by the clever, yet evil clothing that showed nothing but suggested everything.

The Wait

Chapter Summary

Sousuke waits to confront Makoto.

Chapter Notes

Re-write of the chapter after hearing a song that inspired my writing.

Check out "Happy Together" cover by Filter. Just made me think of this story. Hope you enjoy the re-write. I am hoping that I have not messed up the order of the chapter too much adding the new to the old. Hope it reads OK, no beta and I am attempting to post this on a train in the middle of no-where.

So happy together...

As the set came to an end, the atmosphere surrounding the stage was electric. The mysterious band members had finally been revealed and leading them was the easily embarrassed and painfully shy Makoto. Sousuke's mind was awash with thoughts, mainly lewd, about how indecent his husband looked on stage in the tight outfit. His thoughts focused for a second to allow Sousuke the time to wonder how Makoto had been convinced to take part, let alone wear that ensemble, before the thought of the clothing once again clouded his mind.

Sousuke was transfixed by the vision of his husband on stage. The green eyes looking out over the crowd unable to focus on anything in the bright lights of the stage, but for a split second catching a flash of teal. Makoto wasn't sure if it was a figment of his imagination, as he believed that it was unlikely that Sousuke would attend the event on his own. With a small nod, the sandy-haired man signalled the band to start up the next song. During rehearsal Makoto had made one song request stating that it would be used if he thought that his husband was in the audience, and the flash of teal was enough to convince him that it might be possible. Slowly the band started up the next song with a distinctive rock vibe added in to fit with the leading vocalist. The growling, husky voice of the singer could be heard pouring out the first lyrics.

"Imagine me and you, I do,
I think about you day and night, its only right."

Sousuke's head snapped up to the stage, he had heard the same tune around the house for weeks, although only when Makoto thought that he was alone. Listening to the lyrics echoing

around him, the teal-eyed man felt as though it was a song being performed just for him. As the words washed over him, he felt the traces of frustration left over from the last few weeks being melted away as he watched his husband pour out a song that was blatantly a statement about their relationship.

As the song reached its chorus, Makoto smiled as he thought about the dark-haired man that had been catapulted back into his life, and how he could no longer imagine a world without him in it. As he sang out the poignant lyrics, Makoto half hoped that Sousuke was out in the crowd and hoped that it would go some way towards the big apology that was due after practically abandoning his husband over the past few weeks.

The movement on the stage, coupled with the constant roar of the crowd stirred the teal-eyed man out of his musings as he realised that the band was moving off the stage. Sousuke realised that he had a quick decision to make about how to play this out. He was a little hurt that Makoto had kept this a secret and he had been worried that his husband was avoiding him. After all, the marriage had been very quick since it had been arranged, and maybe everything wasn't as harmonious as Sousuke thought. Making his way back to the main building that was being used as a preparation and changing area, he was able to easily slip into the secure location as all focus was still on the band as they attempted to leave the stage. Moving down the corridor, each classroom had a name of the performer that was using it as a changing area, quickly finding the door bearing his husband's name, he entered, just as he heard the band strike up another song, obviously persuaded by the enthusiastic crowd to do an encore and made himself comfortable.

After the final song the crowd was satisfied, allowing the band to leave the stage, closing out the festival had been far more taxing than Makoto had thought. When the group of students first approached him about being the vocalist, he had turned them down immediately, but slowly over time they whittled away his resolve with heart-felt pleas. However, once Makoto had agreed to help the band, he was faced with a gruelling rehearsal schedule that the students had taken great pains to plan to take into consideration his teaching and coaching but had forgotten to factor in Sousuke. Makoto was mortified to find that he would be spending practically every evening practising, coupled with his lingering embarrassment about performing on stage he concocted a myriad of excuses to cover his absences from home. Makoto was sure that Sousuke had become wary about the number of evenings he was out, and this had been playing on his mind, but with the festival being only days away he decided to continue with his plan. Knowing that it was unlikely Sousuke would be attending made it easier for Makoto to wear the ridiculous outfit the band had selected. The borrowed clothes being tighter than he was used to wearing, coupled with the fact they were also a little on the small side made everything fit like a second skin. The green-eyed man was unable to look at himself in the mirror for fear of calling the whole thing off and was once again grateful that his husband would most probably be absent from the event. As the band made their way off the stage, Makoto grabbed a towel and bottle of water from one of the students acting as a stage hand.

"That was amazing Tachibana-senpai." The flustered student said when they handed over the items. The sandy haired teacher blushed as he thanked the student and hurried from the area. The cheers of the other band members ringing in his ears.

“Thanks, senpai, you were awesome!”

Giving a wave as he retreated down the corridor, Makoto took a long drink of water and towelled off his face whilst looking for his dressing room. Breathing deeply, he turned the handle of the door that bore his name, setting the towel down on the counter, the green-eyed man lent on the door to click it shut. Using the door as a support he took another long pull from the bottle; a few droplets escaped and worked their way down his burning skin.

Groaning at the pleasant sensation that was making its way down his neck, he was startled as he heard a low sound from the seating in front of him. Upon opening his eyes, he stared at the figure that was lounged across the temporary seating. The teal-eyes raking up and down his body appreciatively, Makoto’s embarrassment was evident as he hung his head as he turned red. Slowly, Sousuke pulled himself up and walked over to the other man, placing his hands either side of him to trap his husband. Green eyes looked out from under the bangs that were currently obscuring the handsome face before him, Sousuke could easily read the uncertainty in the eyes of the man trapped in his arms. Leaning into Makoto the dark-haired man slowly trailed his tongue up the trail of water before burying his head in the neck of the other man breathing in the scent that was Makoto mixed with exertion from the performance. Although making a heady scent that immediately had Sousuke’s thoughts returning to the lewd ones that had been frequenting his brain earlier.

“So” He began in a low growl, as he kissed Makoto’s neck. “This is what you have been up to.” The gently kisses turning into a sharp nip that showed he hadn’t fully forgiven his husband. Feeling a nod against his cheek, Sousuke continued to kiss and nip Makoto’s exposed neck and throat, feeling his husband’s soft moans in his ear.

“I have never seen this side of you before.” He whispered into Makoto’s ear, making the sandy-haired man shudder. Pressing his thigh into the space between his husband’s legs he could feel the hardness, quirking his lips he continued to apply pressure, and gave a particularly hard bite that had the green-eyed man stifling a loud moan. Moving from the neck that was starting to bloom with a significant bite mark, Sousuke tilted Makoto’s head and dove in for a ferocious kiss, pouring all the pent-up emotions into it. The kiss left both men wanting more and had Makoto’s lips chasing his husband’s as he pulled away.

“Sousuke.” He groaned, his green eyes glazed over, and lips bruised from the intensity of the kiss. Trying to pull the dark-haired man back in to continue, Sousuke stepped in close and whispered quietly “Do you think you have got away with this?”

Stepping back, Sousuke surveyed the room and grabbed the bag containing Makoto’s belonging. Turning to his now stunned husband, a small smile crossed his face and with a devilish glint in his cool eyes he uttered. “Home, now.”

“But...” Makoto began.

“Nope.” Sousuke retorted as he pulled his husband out of the classroom and towards the car park.

The only one for me is you

Chapter Summary

What will happen when our favourite couple get home?

Chapter Notes

It has been over a year! No idea how that happened, too many lockdowns to count and time slipped away. Trying to get back into writing, so this is part one of the sequence of events to see how it goes.

Hope everyone has stayed happy and healthy.

No beta and writing this on my phone. So many excuses, I hope you enjoy it. Please leave a comment if you think it is worth continuing.

Updated on 14th May, no smut sorry don't think my writing can handle it just yet so a fluffy morning after.

To say the car ride home was uncomfortable was the understatement of the century. The silence that settled in the car was deafening, the initial spark of lust had been well and truly extinguished as the car ate up the miles to their home. The passing time only seemingly to make the atmosphere heavier as both men thought about the events that had transpired.

Makoto chewed his lips, worrying at what his annoyed-looking husband was going to say when he arrived home. Was it just him or was the journey longer than usual? He had realised how he had handled the situation was not the best approach as it had left his unsuspecting husband very much in the dark to think who only knows what. But, Makoto was still so embarrassed about the whole turn of events. The students had come to him weeks prior to the festival pleading with him to sing with the band after one of them had overheard the sandy-haired coach singing while sorting equipment. After a week of increasing pleas and begs Makoto finally gave in, setting out instructions that under no circumstances would anyone tell anybody about what they were doing.

Following the dark-haired man into their home, Makoto turned to look at him, forcing his eyes up to gaze into the teal ones he loved so much. Sizing up how much trouble he was in he thought "Yes, definitely annoyed, definitely should have told him." The green-eyed man dropped his gaze and resumed chewing his lip, feeling fingers pulling his chin up Makoto found he was looking back at his husband.

“So...” Makoto started before petering out.

“So...” Sousuke echoed.

“I’m sorry.” He replied weakly knowing that it sounded pretty lame. “They begged me, for a week! How could I say no?”

Sousuke sighed “Why the secrecy?”

Makoto looked into the teal eyes of his husband that were full of concern.

“I don’t ...” he started before stopping abruptly, taking a breath he tried again. “I was embarrassed, it was really embarrassing, singing in front of all those people. I just couldn’t...” stopping again and whispering “I’m sorry.”

The man standing in front of him let out another long sigh. “Do you know how worried I was? Every night for weeks there was a note, I know we didn’t have a traditional relationship from the start.” Sousuke stopped, collecting his thoughts. “I thought you had had second thoughts.” The teal-eyed man gazed into the widening green eyes of his husband who was staring back in shock.

“Never” he replied quickly “Argh! I feel so stupid.” Before he could continue a hand closed over his mouth to stop him.

“Stop. Let’s chalk this up to lack of experience.” Raking his eyes over the outfit Makoto was still wearing, taking the sandy-haired man’s head in his hands he brought his head in to kiss his husband. The spark from the concert reigniting as they fought for dominance, pulling away Sousuke looked at Makoto again. “Mako” he whispered “You have no idea what you do to me, and you in the outfit should be illegal.” And lent back in to claim the other’s lips again in a fierce embrace.

Sitting across from each other at the breakfast bar the next morning, tired green eyes raked over his husband clad in soft pyjama pants. The kiss marks, bruises and the odd scratch adorned his body, Makoto saw Sousuke was conducting the same evaluation as he glanced down at his own chest to see it was in a similar state. Last night for want of a better word had been wild, once they had cleared up the misunderstanding both men had been eager to show the other just how much they had missed them. This had continued into the early hours of the morning until fatigue had finally won and both men had fallen asleep still wrapped up in each other’s arms.

The sandy-haired man looked at his husband who, even though looking worn out, was sporting a small smirk as he took in the extent of the marks on Makoto’s body.

“Morning.” He croaked out.

Makoto opened his mouth to greet his husband but found his voice was equally as hoarse as the other’s.

“Morning.” He replied, his voice not more than a whisper.

“How are to feeling?” Sousuke asked “Last night was wild! I only just managed to make breakfast.”

“Yeah.” Was the reply, as the green-eyed man grabbed a glass of water and proceeded to drain it in one go, clearing his throat he said “Sore, tired but that was amazing! But let’s never let a misunderstanding get so out of control, even if the make up sex is mind blowing.”

Makoto smiled shyly at his husband, Sousuke’s eyes widened before quietly chuckling his response, nodding in agreement.

Busy, busy...

Chapter Summary

Makoto and Sousuke are super busy with their jobs. Just a snapshot of life for our favourite swimmers.

Chapter Notes

Real life jumping in the way again, sorry for any horrible formatting or spelling errors on my phone. No beta reader. First part of the chapter, will update by the end of the week hopefully. I like the start just stuck on how to continue or which way to continue it.

Updated 11/06/2021 with steamy scene, I will let your imagine the rest. Again, and as always no beta.

The week following the festival saw the couple back to their usual domestic bliss state. Both putting some crazy hours into their respective roles at school, especially with back to back competitions and assessments for the students to prepare for. However, they still managed to find time together, with the first one home getting dinner on the go and throwing a wash on that mostly consisted of dirty kit from practice, (Let's face it as a swimmer there will always be wet kit hanging around somewhere. 30 odd years of swimming and I still have kit hanging up drying every week.) no matter how often the house was aired it always had the lingering smell of chlorine which both men had become accustom to. (again if you are a swimmer this is pretty common).

One Friday evening both men found they were heading out of the school at the same time.

"Hey." Sousuke called out to his husband who happened to be a few metres ahead of him. The sandy-haired man turned to smile at him, waiting for him to catch up, greeting the teal-eyed man with a big smile. The intensity of it causing Sousuke to smile back as he thought about how wonderful his husband was.

"Hey, Sou." Greeted Makoto, leaning in to give the other man a quick kiss. "Not often we go home together."

The dark-haired man nodded in agreement before turning his gaze back to the green -eyes man as he continued to talk.

“Actually, I need to tell you something when we get home, it’s work related.”

Sousuke nodded his acknowledgement and wondered what it could be, he hoped nothing had happened. “Unlikely.” He thought “Makoto has them all wrapped around his little fingers.” A small smile on his face as he thought about all eager students and staff during practice, hanging on his husband’s every word.

“What do you fancy for dinner?” The question startling Sousuke out of his musings, his mind projecting an image of exactly what he would like for dinner and a smirk flashed across his face as he caught the other’s gaze. The green-eyed man laughed and in mock-horror replied “Sousuke! Is that all you ever think about?”

“When your husband is as sexy as you? Always.” Came the reply.

“Hush.” Makoto chided as he glanced around to make sure no one could overhear their conversation, realising they were alone he narrowed his eyes transforming the look of shock into something much more lustful.

“Really.” He replied, moving in close to his husband's ear. "So, what do you suppose I am always thinking about?" Before pulling away and running down the street calling out behind him. "Last one home has to cook!" Leaving the other man rooted to the spot before mental shaking himself and giving chase. "Damn it, he gets me every time." thought Sousuke, a big grin appearing on his face as he took off after Makoto.

Breathing heavily as he reached the open front door of their home, Sousuke had lost and the forfeit was to cook dinner. He had to admit he hadn't tried all that hard to catch his husband, once he had the sandy-haired man in range the view of those back muscles moving under his shirt paired with that ass as strong legs propelled the other man forward was worth having to cook. Upon entering the house, the dark-haired man could hear the shower already on, walking to the kitchen Sousuke quickly threw together a simple dish that could wait to be served as he had other plans. With dinner taken care of Sousuke grinned to himself as he thought about all the things he planned to do to his husband and he made his way to the bathroom where the shower was still running. Both men loved the bathroom, when they moved in they were ecstatic to find a large shower area with enough space for both to easily fit. Entering the steamy (due to the hot water you smutty lot!) bathroom, Sousuke took a second to admire the other man, green eyes closed and hair slicked back while the water gently ran down his body emphasising every dip and curve of that sculpted body. The teal-eyed man quickly shed his clothes leaving them mingled in with his husband's, they could argue over who cleaned them up later, and strode over to the shower carefully opening to sliding door before stepping in behind Makoto.

"Sousuke" came a sing-song voice, as a green eye cracked open slightly. "What you doing?"

"Thought I would join you." came the reply as he placed his arms around the other man's waist and moved in closer placing his lips against the nape of his husband's neck.

"Mmmmm." moaned Makoto quietly as the dark-haired man continued to kiss and nip at his neck, reaching one arm up over his shoulder the green-eyed man was able to run his fingers through the short hair on Sousuke's head, holding it in place as the assault on his neck

continued. Makoto gasped as he felt a hand slowly creeping its way to his hard member, the fingers teasing the head and shaft before wrapping around it and giving a gently stroke. "Sou..." he whispered as he could feel the equally hard bulge press into the crevice between his ass cheeks. "Here or the bedroom?" he managed before another moan fell from his lips as his husband twisted his hand in just the right way. Sousuke whispered "Here, do you have any..." cutting off as his free hand skirted across the green-eyed man's entrance, gasping he moved in close to the other man's ear "I see it is not needed, did you set me up?" Twisting his head, green eyes peaked at him and replied "Maybe."

Opportunities...

Chapter Summary

More of Sousuke and Makoto, how will the couple cope when one has to go away for work?

Chapter Notes

Again this will be updated, sneaking in writing and typing when waiting around. As always no beta and done on my phone.

Updated Friday 25th June, all rulings still apply, no beta, on phone, check it out :)

Please leave a comment if you spot anything or just because you like what you are reading.

“So...” started Sousuke as he lay on his back with Makoto tucked into his side using his shoulder as a pillow.

“Hmmm?” Came a sleepy reply, a sandy head lifting slightly and green eyes looked up questioningly.

“You said you had something work related to tell me?”

“Oh yes!” Makoto sitting up and turning to face his husband. “The next swim meet takes place in two weeks and Itori-sensi was suppose to be going but his wife is due really soon and is on bed rest. The head coach has asked me to take his place.”

The dark-haired man considered what his husband had said, this was a great opportunity, newly appointed staff didn't usually go on overnight competitions until the following year when their coaching style and team relations had be built. For them to offer Makoto the place must mean he is doing a fantastic job. Sousuke smiled when he thought about how talented Makoto was, hearing the green-eyes man continue to speak Sousuke focused on the other man.

“It does mean we won't see each other for 5 days, the competition is over 3 days and the rest is for travel.”

“Mako, that is amazing! You will be great.”

“You are not worried about me being away? We haven’t spent any time apart since our wedding.”

Reaching up Sousuke grabbed Makoto around the neck and guided him back down to settle on his chest.

“Of course, in fact I don’t know what I will do, this is an amazing opportunity and we knew it would happen next year so it has just come a bit early.”

“I know.” Came the reply. “I am just a bit worried, what happens if I mess up? What happens if the team doesn’t like me?”

Laughing quietly the dark-haired man spoke “Mako, they wouldn’t have asked if they didn’t think you could do it. The team love you. I love you. Go and show them how talented you are.” Kissing the sandy-haired. Sighing Makoto replied “Thanks Sou, you always know what to say. You always have. I will miss you while I am away.”

The run up to the leaving date flew by with both men having little time to dwell on the impending separation due to classes, practice and ensuring Makoto was all packed. The evening before the sandy-haired man was due to leave had Sousuke tracking his husband down, finding him once again checking over his luggage and backpack as well as his identification documents. Walking up, the dark-haired man slipped his arms around the other’s waist, placing a kiss at the point where the neck meets the shoulder before resting his chin so he could see what his husband was doing.

”I think you have it all Mako.” Said Sousuke.

”I know, I know.” Came the reply as the document last were repacked and the bag closed. “Just checking, I don’t want to forget anything.”

”Sweetheart. It is all there, we packed it and checked everything off. We even have copies of it all just in case.” Feeling the tension leave the green-eyed man’s shoulders, Sousuke continued “You will be fine. Let’s forget about this for now and enjoy the rest of the evening.”

Twisiting in his husband’s arms Makoto brought their lips together gently nipping at the other’s bottom lip to allow his tongue entrance. Pulling each other closer they deepened the kiss, giving and taking in equal measure, the atmosphere quickly becoming heated as hands began to roam. Breaking apart to catch their breath Sousuke whispered “Are we going to spend the evening here or…” as a growling stomach made itself known, laughing he finished his sentence “… or get dinner, it is just about ready.” Leaning in close he added “I made your favourite.”

”I love you.” Came the reply, giving his husband a peck on the cheek before they untangled themselves and headed to the kitchen.

After all, they had all evening to enjoy each other.

Time apart

Chapter Summary

Makoto is away for a competition what will they get up to?

Chapter Notes

As always written and typed up while waiting for lessons to end, on my phone and no beta reader.

Enjoy! Leave a comment if you have any suggestions or to say hi.

Updated 16 July still not finished though, sorry it has been manic! Trying to convince myself to write the smutty bit.

Updated 21 July tried my best, what do you think?

It was three days into Makoto's trip away with the swim team and Sousuke was already missing his husband. The house was so very quiet without him around plus cooking for one and waking up alone was no fun. Texting back and forth when they could spare the time didn't really take the edge off the need the dark-haired man had to see the other, and he had to admit he was becoming increasingly frustrated. He and Makoto had a pretty active sex life as well as the everyday touches and kisses they exchanged, so by the afternoon of the third day Sousuke had reached his limit. Catching the sandy-haired man during his afternoon break they arranged for a video call that evening once Makoto had returned to the hotel. Both men could hardly wait to speak with the other, neither realising how little free time they had available. Sousuke had kept himself busy at school to pass the time while Makoto was at the pool all day monitoring the swimmers and the competition, therefore both men were looking forward to speaking and seeing each other albeit via video.

Makoto bid a farewell to the rest of the swim team after grabbing a quick dinner once racing for the day was over. The team had been performing brilliantly, many swimmers improving their personal best times and qualifying for the next round of competition. All showing that the hard work was paying off, the coaching staff were more than pleased with the performances so far and were having heated debates about the relay teams for the final day of racing. The sandy-haired man arrived at his room, upon entering he stripped off his training gear and entered the bathroom intending on having a long shower to remove all the sweat and chlorine which had accumulated over the day. Having finished soaping his hair and body Makoto stood under the water enjoying the hot jet massaging his tired muscles. He hadn't

thought being in the coaching staff would be almost as tiring as competing, but looking after so many swimmers, keeping track of what was going on, and who was racing, who was due to race, it was a different type of exhausting. The green-eyed man's peace was disturbed as he could hear a faint chirping sound coming from the bedroom, shutting off the shower he pulled on a robe and quickly made his way to the laptop that was sitting on the bed. Opening the lid, waking the screen up, he was able to see the incoming call was from his husband. Makoto realised he had lost track of time while he had been showering and it was much later than he thought. Clicking the answer button, Sousuke's face popped up on screen.

"Hey Mako, everything OK?"

"Sorry Sou, I was in the shower and lost track of time." He replied gesturing to his hastily wrapped robe and wet hair. Teal eyes raked over the exposed skin appreciating the droplets of water running down Makoto's chest.

"Yeah, that's a real shame." Mumbled Sousuke, obviously not at all bothered by the appearance of his husband and very much enjoying the view he was getting.

"Did you say something Sou?" Came the reply, a hand pulling the robe slightly so it fell from one shoulder and then raking it through his hair pushing it back, as a smirk appeared on his face. A small blush made its way into the dark-haired man's face.

"No."

"Liar." Smiled Makoto as he ran his hand down his chest.

Regaining his composure he watched Makoto tease him by flaunting the exposed tawny skin, Sousuke decided two could play that game as he slowly unzipped his training top, carefully watching the green eyes focus on the moment.

"Like what you see?" Smiling as he pulled the top from his shoulders.

"You know I do, I wish I could touch you but I guess I will have to make do with watching." As he ran his hand down his chest and gently squeezing a nipple drawing a low moan from his throat. The dark-haired man felt a rush of blood to his nether region at the sound, remembering the time he had teased his husband to completion, palming at his groin to make himself more comfortable.

"What would like me to do?" He replied.

"Open the nightstand and check the bottom drawer, there is a little gift for you." Came the response.

Raising his eyebrows in surprise, Sousuke picked up his tablet and walked into the bedroom setting the device down, where it was secure and gave the best view of the bed, he reached into the drawer and pulled out an unfamiliar box.

"Open it." Came the voice from the tablet, the tone light and excited.

Removing the lid the teal-eyed man could see a prostate massager nestled on the faux-satin lining.

"What is this?" Holding the device up to the screen.

The sandy-haired man grinned back at him "What do you think? Got you a present so wouldn't miss me too much." Sousuke's eyebrows raised again quizzically as the other man waved his phone back and forth.

"Mako, I don't..." he started before he caught the sight of the app on the phone screen which happened to be the same brand as the toy he held. "Oh." He exclaimed and then smirking at his husband "Mako!"

"Get comfy sweetheart. We are going to have some fun." Said the sultry voice of the green-eyed man, one hand still playing with the exposed chest while the other had made its way further down.

Some time later...

After both men had teased the other with hands caressing their own bodies and whispers of what they wished they were doing, the gasps echoing through the speakers as the men chased pleasure, slowly working their own shaft as the other described how they would do it. The lube having been uncapped a while back and Makoto taking charge of the call directing the dark-haired man to apply it to his fingers before teasing his hole in preparation for the toy.

Sweat cling to Sousuke's body as he slowly stretched himself out, all the time watching Makoto stroke his erection.

"Makoto..." he gasped out.

"Hmmm, Sou, what is it?" Came the innocent reply, the green-eyes telling a different story.

"Need..." He shuddered, he was so close yet the stimulation he needed was just out of reach, cleverly devised by his husband to keep him hanging on edge for as long as possible.

"Sou." The song-song voice cut through the sound of the two men. "You need to tell me what you want."

"How does he manage this?" Was the thought Sousuke had, as he watched the weeping head of his husband's cock. "He is still in control and here I am ready to burst."

"Sou." The call of his name jolting his focus back to the situation he found himself in.

"I need something more, I need you, please..." He pleaded.

"As you asked so nicely, sweetheart." The green-eyes snapping up to his husband's face. "Go ahead and use the toy, make sure you have inserted it properly. I don't want to hurt you." He said calmly.

The teal-eyed man let out a loud sigh of relief as he slowly inserted the toy. The pressure being applied to his hole was almost enough by this stage to cause him to finish.

"Comfy?" Asked Makoto.

"Yeah." He breathed out adjusting to the new intrusion, and jumping as the toy sprang into life, pulling a loud moan from him.

"Feeling good?"

"Yes, more please." He panted out between gasps.

"Sou, we have all evening." Chided his husband.

"Holy sh.....!" As the toy turned up a notch for a few seconds before returning to the pleasant setting it had been on previously.

"Mako...need...to...." Panted out the dark-haired man, as he reached to grab his shaft.

"No!" Came the sharp response. "I want to see you finish from just this. If you need to occupy your hands play with you nipples."

Groaning, Sousuke removes his hand and started to fondle his chest, gently rolling his nipples before pinching them sharply. Green eyes watching all the time as the filthy words poured out of his husband's mouth. A wicked grin passing over the angelic face as the toy increased in speed making Sousuke's back bow beautifully as the pressure against his prostate finally driving him towards the release he wanted, but just before he blew his load the pressure backed off. A whine ripped from his throat at the loss.

"So mean."

"Just making sure you are still with me." Makoto replied.

"Always."

"You ready?"

"Together?"

"Together." As soon as the word left his lips the toy was dialled up, and with the constant edging Sousuke came undone. Teal eyes catching his husband shoot his load a split-second after.

Both men breathing heavily riding high on their release.

"Mako, that was something else." He panted out, his husband retuning a tired smile. "I liked it, I was on edge for ages. I could have cheerfully murdered you at one point when you left me hanging." He laughed. "But the high! We have to do this again, you need to try this out."

A small smile appearing on the green-eyes man's face. "Who said I didn't?"

"Huh?"

Makoto reached down, fiddling with something before pulling out the same box.

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