

Nakano, boy; gay sex!

"Can I help you?" That is what you hear once you enter the working quarters of the prettyboy samurai – Nakano. With a tone steeped in a cutthroat delivery, his face only takes a glance off his paperwork just to, realizing that it's you, return to it immediately. "Or did you just come to say hi? If so, appreciated," – you snicker at that – "But I have things to work on and, I suppose, you have places to be."

"Ahhh, lovingly cold as ever." You smile, closing the sliding door to welcome yourself in. With the steps like you are walking over eggshells, you position yourself on the other side of the table, landing your bum on the cushy pillow below. Trying to be as non intrusive as one can be, you silently take off your packed backspace to place it next to your waist; doing all that for the privilege of getting completely ignored by your host, who is currently too busy transcribing the ink from his quill onto another fresh page. Too busy to even offer you a courteous drink – and he has tea to spare.

So while your mind ponders the best way to break this metaphorical iceberg, your curious pupils quickly glance into the calligraphic symbols still so alien to you. A glance that the fox boy, even with his focus glued everywhere else but on you, somehow picks up on, forcing him to give you some of his unbridled attention. And, sheesh, talk about aiming for a kill.

"Can I help you?"

"Ummmm, perhaps?" you sigh, lifting your arm up to scratch the back of your head. At this point, you really should be used to this: his cold, neutral stare that tries oh so hard to hide how much he despises your mere presence, only letting the slight crack in his voice sneak past his guise of politeness. And while he is not exactly wrong in the fact that you should not look wherever your nose points, you know damn well that this is just how he functions around you. "Sorry for peaking, curiosity got the better of me. To cut to the chase: would you mind checking on something I found? Seems Kitsune in origin, and I am used to you being the one with all the knowhow."

Nakano just silently stares, unamused and barely bringing himself to courteously answer back; "Sure. You may."

Well then... better not squander this opportunity. Taking the weapons out of your backpack, you place them on what little free space the table has left. Two katanas, each one taking up about half of its width. "Here you go."

Nakano's eyes shift towards your findings, which in turn find him lost for words. It is not quite obvious why at first – for all you know he could be angry at you for numerous reasons – but him double checking to make sure his eyes do not deceive him does present one certainty: you have found something special. Special enough for him to be the one to start off with an inquiry.

"Where did you get this?" he says, his monotone voice rising by an octave.

"A dungeon." You shake your head. "Is that important?"

"Where?"

"Huh?" That is what you let out at his sudden interrogation.

"Where did you find it?"

"Why is that important?"

"Just answer?"

[Heh, no!] [Hell no!]

"Why would I?" You bite back, your inner desire to tease him getting the better of you; a lovely mistake.

"Answer or we are done here," he says angrily, barely keeping himself in check as you yourself take a step back from the tense foxboy. Now you are the one double checking if what you are seeing – nay hearing! – is true and not something that the trickster god is pulling on you. Nakano, that Nakano, is wearing his emotions, his scooped-up and nervous emotions, on his sleeves. His pupils darting between you and katanas, afraid of letting either one of you go. His arms barely keeping to themselves from just snatching up the two swords, stowing them far away from any onlookers – especially the ones that look like you. It's quite amusing to see him lose his shit because of the couple of blades: sure, their exquisite craftsmanship is apparent even to the lamen, and the seemingly royal crest adorning their sheath only bolsters their caliber. But for them to put the evenly tempered kitsune on the edge sharper than those of the aforementioned blades? Whatever allure or importance they have to him is surely something you can take advantage of. And so you do.

"Fine, have it your way," you close him off, beginning the charade by stowing off both of your swords back where they belong. Slowly. Letting your onlooker grasp your "intentions". Watching how his profile contours into a grimace so incompatible with your notions of him; it is also hilarious.

"What are you doing?" Nakono asks, his tongue reeling in some of his edge. Key word some, since the hand now grasping your shoulder certainly has a strong grip to it. One that clearly showcases that even if the lanky twink does not look the part, he is a warrior through and through. A type that will not back down until he gets what he wants, consequences be damned.

In short: he is perfect..

"Following up on your ultimatum, that's all. I came here for help, not to get chewed up by an impatient twat. Is there a problem..." you groan, playing up your annoyance as you tug off his fist. "Why do I even bother with rhetoric? It's you: there always is."

"I am taking my swords with me now. Have a swell day," you finish, letting the finality of your words wash over him, for him to truly think through the severity of his tone. Doing so leaves the room so deafeningly quiet you can hear the tree's roots grow, begging into question if you have slightly overdone your acting chops. Regardless, you begin mousing over to the exit, each step echoing your intent until, finally, the fishy takes the bait.

"What do you want?"

Your ears perk up, a short-lived grin forming on your lips before dying off as you face Nakano. The boy is now standing and subtly fidgeting in place, signaling one thing above everything else: you have him.

"First," you begin by returning your pretty ass down to your favorite resting spot, right across your favorite snob. "An apology is in order."

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"So basically," you start recounting the most important parts of the infodump you were just privy to: "These two swords right here are a part of some famous clan's legacy, long thought to be lost in the midst of the war with wraiths?"

"That is a gross abbreviation, but yes..." he sighs, examining one of the two swords delicately, marveling at their craftsmanship. The way his eyes flicker with concentrated admiration is making you, as silly as it may sound, jealous – especially when his dainty hands slide across the hilt of the shaft. He really seems to be in his element when it comes to handling that blade, to the point you yourself wish he could show off his proficiency at handling it; preferably this time without attempting to serve your head on a platter. Yet, him being him, he keeps his emotions contained, returning the ancient relic right where you put it. "The Yoshioka's clan teachings were, and still are, considered the golden standard by which all samurai should abide by. To be disciplined, fearless and unwavering in the path carved by the blade."

"Hmmm..." you smile, softly nodding. You may be mistaken but is this the first time Nakano is genuinely opening up to you? "I can see why you would be enraptured by such tales. Being a romantic and all."

"..." He stays silent, not wanting to acknowledge your last remark.

"So then, with me knowing all that, are you willing to bargain?"

"Bargain for what?"

"Well the chance to earn these beauties, what else?" You proclaim, grabbing his full attention in one swell swoop. "Truthfully, I was planning on throwing them in the storage before selling them to some collector or something. Stuff from the old country fetches quite a sum after all."

That last part really twists his nuts. "That would be a gross mistreatment of our—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know how you feel about us barbarians disrespecting your heritage. Don't need to tell me twice," you cut him off, taking advantage of the established docility you got out of him.

"That is why I came here: I didn't want to part with something without knowing its history, its true worth, first. A sound judgment can only be made when all chips fall in place. And boy did they thanks to you.

"The conclusion I came with? Well, it's familiar to those who follow the teachings of Keros – the trickster god himself. What is it called? Oh yes," you bite your lip, eyeing the eye candy in front of you. Looking so sour on the outside, but you know that will make it all the sweeter once you eat him up. "Equivalent exchange. And I don't need to tell you how your lot usually handles those bargains."

Your solicit words, your dastardly tone and your at ease posterior are enough to briefly, just briefly, bring out the pompous prick you know and lo – ahem, many other things. "What you are suggesting is out of question! You expect me to act like a whore for the privilege of possessing what is rightfully ours?"

"I expect you to act like a kitsune, yes." You grin, laying your elbow on the table and your chin into your hand. "And hold on right there, big shot. Rightfully 'ours? Ours as in Kitsune? Oh no. First, your family is not even part of the lost clan. Second, the swords have been missing for over two centuries, making the probability of the original owners showing up slim. And lastly, finders keepers."

As you let out that last damning point, a small part of you ponders if you went a tiny bit too far. A silly thought, really. For even if you did, would you find it in you to stop? With how fun this is? With how fun he is making it?

"Get out." The stuttering kitsune breaks out of his silence by encoring the words but not the spirit of your last exchange. While it is commendable for him to try to act the part of the proud warrior; It really does him no good to make his lack of conviction that obvious.

"Nakano..." You let out a silent murmur. "Please be reasonable. I can leave, sure, but what would that accomplish for you? Save you the displeasure of bedding me, but could you then live with yourself? Knowing that you let such a prized part of your people's history slip you bye?"

"You are really getting on my nerves."

You continue, ignoring his remarks. "It's not like I am asking for money or something of equal importance. All I want is a week of you being my partner."

"A week?" He groans out. "You are pushing my hospitality to its extremes with each spilling of your nonsenses."

"You can always follow up on your threat and kick me out," you retort matter-of-factly. "But we both know you would have done that from the beginning if you had ever really meant it."

He remains silent.

"And to make the deal more appealing, how about this: you have my full unbridled approval to drain me of my chi, short of death. When I am no longer able to continue, we are done for a day. See? You also get a nutritious feast; I am not that kanaving.

"So with all that out of the way," you smile, "do we have a deal, Nakano?"

That whole speech, that whole one way deal, has left you both in

Wincing, he grabs his dorsum, letting your proposition slowly fester inside his mind. It is a concatenation of different opinions and emotions, yet only the ones important to you rise to the occasion.

Sighing, Nakano sits up: quickly grabbing your hand, he takes you out of his quarters, swiftly closing the door behind you two, moving both of you into the guestroom. It takes you a second to readjust to the new surroundings, being quite shocked at how quickly all of it unfolded. Yet as the other doors close shut, all you can do is coo: "Is that a yes, my prince?"

"Just strip!" He shouts, leading to you laughing your ass off as you do just that. Eagerness being your fuel, each piece of cloth hits the ground the moment you lay your fingertips over it. Your body craves to be free and to be seen for its and Nakonos benefit.

"So, ummmmm?" you start, slightly prolonging your opener to give yourself time to gauge his reaction to your goods. And, heh, while it is nowhere near as strong as the one he had for the two blades, there is still something there. Under that mask of indifference, his irises still expand as they glaze all over your form. "Be truthful Nakano: for a filthy barbarian, I am quite fetching, right?" you tease, pivoting yourself around to give him a full preview of what you have.

"You are quite...something..." He sighs, his defeated tone putting quite a damper on your good mood. Well then, if he's going to be like that, it looks like it's up to you to take the lead.

"Would you mind stripping?" you ask.

"Fine," and surprisingly – or unsurprisingly, you are still not sure – he does. Fast. Despite his armor having so many layers of straps, metal and cloth overlaying over one another, the pretty boy lays it all off to the side of the room in a blink. And what you are left with is well... appetizing...

"Would you mind standing still?" You purr, biting your lip. "A beautiful lad such as yourself can only be truly appreciated when viewed from many different angles."

"Sure..." He apprehensively approves; in contrast, you eagerly approach the prettyboy – emphasis on the "pretty" part.

Even accounting for the tense expression he is putting on, his face is a perfect mixture of youthful vigor mingling with hard edges, blessing him with that boyish appearance for guys like you to swoon over. Gray colored eyes, in-between which stand a straight nose, follow your every step, with his full, kissable lips deterring you from doing so with a heavy frown. Yet with how tidy and proper he tries to be, his messy black hair and fur of his foxy ears do give off a hint of danger, of that bad boy aptitude; you still want to pet him. Something to keep in mind for later.

Regardless, this whole observation is nothing new to you; you are quite acquainted with his mug; his naked form on the other hand? No longer being cockblocked by all that armor, the beautiful pale skin of the beautiful bastard comes into full view. His overall frame can be best described as lanky yet fit. Wherever he could add muscle, he did, with his finely developed arms and front showcasing his warrior upbringing. Those narrow shoulders lead into a slightly compacted waist, one that then gently expands into the lovely hips just asking to be held.

Yet, before you get lost in the thoughts of treating him like your pleasure boy, a fine, meaty poll catches your attention. The doggy shaft may not be erect – yet – but even then its potential size and heft are all apparent in its flacid, 5 inch, state. It's a tool that would make any bottom fulfilled; his fluffy balls making that prospect true in more ways than one.

But just like his superiors back in the old country, him being on top is not the role you will have him hold. For as you get behind the tense bucko, away from his judging stare, the thing you came for brings happy tears to your eyes. Right below his developed back, above his slick legs and in-between his mingling tails awaits a butt that is somehow even more mesmerizing than you hoped for. Unlike the hardass it belongs to, it looks so soft and shapely – like a ripe peach. And just like with a fresh peach, you can barely hold yourself back from diving in and taking a bite out of its supple flesh. Salivating, your chords produce a more raspy question, a sort of last minute precision: "Are you sure about this, Nakano? Once we start, I ain't stopping."

"F-fu... Just start already..."

Well, then, do not mind if you do.