

Succubuns Featured:

<https://succubuns.com/character/MYO-2236>

<https://succubuns.com/character/MYO-2267>

Word Count: 4330

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Sencha swung his shopping bags, humming as he returned home. Rain drummed rhythmically against his umbrella, the splatters having long since darkened the sidewalk and pooled to form large puddles. The lights from the nearby street lamps made those puddles glow gold, and he had already stopped to admire them once or twice. Still, Sencha had yet to eat dinner and the thought of a hot bowl of instant ramen paired with any icy drink was more enticing than continuing to ogle rainwater, no matter how pretty.

Picking up his pace, he rounded the corner, only to stop short at the figure huddled next to a streetlamp further down the street. The curious thing, however, was that the other was crouching hazardously in the tiniest and tattered cardboard box Sencha had ever laid eyes on. The edges of the box were already turning into mush from the rain. It was akin to kicking an imp out of the house, sad and alone, if not for the other's large broad-shouldered frame and bulging muscles.

*Oh*, Sencha thought, as he approached, *is this a new scheme for muggers?* Perhaps, the thief wanted him to lower his guard by looking pitiful, before jumping up to beat him and snatch his carats. Hah, he was mostly broke though, so the thief wouldn't be getting much. When he finally reached the box and the drenched succubun – who was very attractive now that he had a closer look – he held his umbrella over the both of them.

"Excuse me," He asks, all smiles. "Did you need assistance? And if you are trying to mug me, I don't have anything but ramen and juice, sorry to disappoint."

Orca was starting to regret his choices.

He had left his former 'home' in good spirits - without an ounce of sentiment weighing his steps down. At the time, it had sounded like a good idea. After all, he's done this so many times before; leaving abruptly and interrupting someone's new life just as abruptly. And he's yet to have a bad time of it, as far as he can recall. (Completely forgetting his empty head).

But this time, he couldn't have had worse timing, probably.

All Sinner's Day had just come to an end and all the revelers were probably still tucked at home, nursing the aftermath of their vices. And, as the clouds overhead started to drizzle, most would probably stay that way.

And so, here Orca was. Living his best ~~worst~~ life out on the empty streets. If only he were like a real Orca, then he'd probably be enjoying getting soaked to the bone. With a sigh, he sat crouched in a cardboard box, barely able to fit in it, but he figured it would be better than sitting his ass to the bare wet ground. But alas, the cardboard was doing a fantastic job of soaking up the water and now he could feel the chill of it on all sides.

Hearing a mildly spoken '*Excuse Me,*' he looked up to see delicious, premium wagyu beef right in front of him, one that he gladly ate up with his eyes. Forget the rest that came after '*Excuse me,*' he just nodded along agreeably. Whatever this person wanted, they could have if he could keep enjoying this sight. He squinted a little. Even the poor lighting was against him today.

Processing the stranger's words a little late, he couldn't help but to respond cheekily: "Oh, not even *milk* to offer?"

"Milk?" Sencha thinks for a moment before shaking his head. "No, I didn't buy any milk. Just fruit juice. If you want, I can give you some!" He offers the succubun another toothy grin, eyes crinkling at the edges. "Say, what are you doing sitting in a cardboard box out in the rain anyways? Aren't you cold? You're soaked!"

His tail curls from behind him to poke at the other's cheek as Sencha asks his question. It was an action that happened instinctually, since his hands were occupied with objects and couldn't gesticulate. The tail then wraps around the stranger's forearm, tugging. "You shouldn't stay outside for so long. You can come home with me!" He chirps out. Truthfully, the other looked like a drowned rat and it was an incredibly pitiful sight, making his tender bleeding heart squeeze.

Orca chuckled ruefully as his innuendo went over the other's head. He was about to reply, but the brush of the stranger's tail against Orca's cheek felt oddly hot and ticklish, distracting him from what he was about to say. He couldn't help but to subconsciously tilt his head into the touch, savoring it as he looked up at the other man with the gaze of seeing one's savior. He stood up with the other's urging, his fingertips lightly and playfully skimming across the surface of the tail as it slipped down his forearm.

"*Thank you,*" Orca purred, his gaze heated. He would *gladly* go home with this hottie. "I'll take you up on your offer. No regrets now!" he added in playfully. Though he wanted to toy with the other's tail a bit more, he instead opted to help him out with holding the groceries; taking them from the other man in a well practiced gesture. After all, what kind of 'boyfriend-for-rent / male wife' was he if he let his companions hold their own shopping bags?

"What's your name by the way? I'm Orca," he prodded cheerfully, his tail hooking up with the stranger's playfully as they walked.

“Ehh, I offered, didn’t I? Why would I regret it?” Sencha says, handed off the groceries to the stranger with no complaints and then adjusted the umbrella so that it wouldn’t hit the top of the other’s head. Now that he was standing up and not crouched within that little box, Sencha realized the other had several inches on him. He presses a little closer, his tiny umbrella barely able to cover the two of them.

“Oh! That’s right, introductions!” He slaps his hand to his forehead, suddenly sheepish. “Sorry I didn’t even introduce myself before offering up my home. I’m Sencha. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance.” He thinks that Orca excuses his rude behavior though, if the other linking their tails together were anything to go by. His smile widens; he had always liked physical touch. Some of his other friends thought he was too clingy, but if Orca was initiating, then it was good, right?

“Anyways, you haven’t told me why you were out in the rain yet!” He says as he leads them down the street.

Ever so thoughtfully, Orca hunched his back slightly and tilted his head down, making it easier for Sencha to hold the umbrella without having to lift up his arm so high. And since Orca was already wet, it didn’t make an ounce of difference if his shoulder got a little wetter, so he also nudged the umbrella’s handle, tilting it more towards the other man and letting him have the better coverage.

“Haha, a pleasure to make your acquaintance as well! You really saved me there, I wasn’t sure what I was going to do!” Orca laughed.

Give an inch, take a mile. Seeing as Sencha wasn’t at all bothered by their tails, Orca went and took the opportunity to twine them together, letting them swing as if their hands were holding.

“Why I was out in the rain, hm?” Orca tilted his head, trying to think of how to word it. ‘Ran away from home?’ Well, it wasn’t really his home, and it made him sound like a rebellious teenager. “Well, that’s because I’m homeless!” There, that explained everything! It was true, wasn’t it?

A pleasant shiver ran down his spine when Orca fully twined their tails together. Then he gasps when Orca delivers his news, grabbing the other's forearm and shaking it. "You poor thing! It's alright, you can stay with me until you can get back on your feet again. I'll help you look for a job even!"

Sencha was very sincere, looking up at Orca with big round eyes. He gave Orca's shoulder a pat before letting go. "Seriously you can stay with me as long as you want!" His house wasn't too far away, so they were quickly approaching. When they eventually reached it, Sencha unlocks his door, throwing it open. Flicking on the lights, it illuminates a small space with a homey atmosphere.

All of his furniture were in shades of pastels, though not matched particularly well. He had several motivational posters in bright, harsh colors plastered against his wall that contrasted poorly with his decor. A few neglected plants drooped from their places on the shelves.

"Welcome! I'll go run you a bath! Feel free to grab some slippers and set the shopping bag down wherever you like." With that, Sencha takes off his shoes and runs off into the house, ducking into his bathroom.

*'Sweet!'* Orca thought. New home secured for the foreseeable future! Warm feelings washed over him as he basked in the other man's sincerity. Or was he getting a fever from the rain chill? He hoped not.

Once inside Sencha's house, Orca curiously took a look around. It looked cozy, much like the owner himself.

"There's no rush. Why don't we sha-" Orca began to say, but was too slow to finish. Maybe he could catch the other bun on his way back and still get him in the bath together. It wasn't wishful thinking in the least.

Trodding into Sencha's kitchen, he put away the juice in the fridge - noting it's almost empty state. A quick look through the cabinets to see where to put the ramen revealed: a lot of free real estate. Fortunately there were no cobwebs, but then again, what bugs would it manage to catch? Surely there were none that could feast on dust alone.

With the easiest errand in the world done, Orca trotted towards the bath, eager to see if he could bump into Sencha and catch him there.

"Oh honey~ i'm done putting the groceries away~" he sang, announcing his presence.

The water didn't take very long to heat up, but Sencha spent his time swirling his finger through it to continuously check the temperature. He didn't want it too hot, after all, burning a guest was not a great first impression. Besides, his tub was so small that if he didn't watch the water carefully, he might flood his bathroom. When he was satisfied, he dropped a rubber ducky onto the surface of the water, before searching for an extra towel.

He raised his head when he heard Orca call out, having successfully found another towel. "Oh, have you forgotten my name already? That's alright! My name is Sencha, not Honey. Don't worry about it though." He gives Orca a bright smile, before shoving the towel into the other's arms.

"I'll drop off extra clothes by the door. Anyways, I'll go make the ramen now! Enjoy!" With that, Sencha is skipping out the bathroom door, closing it with a click behind him.

*'BAMBOOZLED ONCE MORE.'* Orca had grand plans. Plans to do that lean-on-bathroom-doorway move. Or the backup plan of kabedon'ing the other man into the little bathroom. None of which came to fruition. "Playing hard to get. I can get behind that," Orca murmured, fortunately not to himself. He poked the little rubber duck. Although many things were not going right this day, at least he had a bathing companion. Not the one that he really, really wanted, but, there was plenty of time in the future to fix that.

After a quick bath, and \*oh\* did that feel good after being out in the cold, Orca managed to cook up another plan. There was one itty bitty problem - and that was the fact that he was clad in only a towel. His clothes, quite obviously, were drenched. And so the options were to either borrow a 'boyfriend shirt' or to run around half naked! Maybe even fully naked if the little knot on his little towel didn't stay on!!!

"Darling, do you happen to have any spare clothes?" he purred, walking into the kitchen in all his semi-wet glory.

The ramen was coming along nicely. Sencha had cut some green onions to sprinkle on top, just to be fancy. He waited patiently for Orca to emerge from his bath, humming softly as he watched the steam rising from the cups curl and twist.

He let out a little squeak, however, when Orca stomped into the kitchen, trailing water everywhere and clad in nothing but a towel - which wasn't even tied very well. Sencha took in Orca's slicked back hair and cocky green, then followed the droplets of water dripping down Orca's chest. His mouth was suddenly feeling very dry.

But then, he noticed the puddle forming on his floor. "Orca, you're getting everything wet!" Sencha jumps off his stool, grabbing a dish rag to hastily wipe soak up the water. "And there you go forgetting my name again. Sencha doesn't even sound like Darling. You're so silly!"

When he had finished wiping his floor, Sencha hurries back over to the bathroom, grabbing the clothes he had left out for Orca, which the other had seemingly not noticed. He grabbed another towel too, and then came back into the kitchen to shoo Orca towards his stool.

Sit down, I'll help you dry your hair before you catch a cold."

There was his opportunity! Seize it! "There's one thing I haven't gotten wet, and that's you~" he cooed, topping off his smirk with a wink and blown kiss. "And if i'm silly, it's only because i'm gaga for you," he continued. GOT. TO. RIZZ. THIS. MAN. UP. Was Orca getting a little desperate? Maybe. This might be the first time in his life that he met someone who wasn't picking up what he was trying to set down.

IT WAS NOW OR NEVER. Just before they reached the stool, Orca spun Sencha around and sat him down before sitting in his lap face to face. "Will you also help keep me warm?" he asked.

"Well, I'm certainly wet now. Sure, I can keep you warm since you didn't notice the clothes." Sencha agrees readily, not even the least bit phased. He gives Orca another grin before he makes himself comfortable on the other's lap, wiggling to and fro. Then he brings up the towel, ruffling the other's hair.

"Hmm, you have really broad shoulders, so maybe my clothes won't fit." He muses, as he takes stock of the other's body. "We'll hang up your clothes to dry and they should be good to go by tomorrow!" Sencha continues to talk as he dries Orca's hair, commenting on the weather and interesting things he has seen or been up to during the day. He even dries Orca's ears gently, grinning all the while.

When he is satisfied with his work, he puts his hands on his hips triumphantly. "All done! Here, try these one." He gets off Orca's lap to hand him a bundle of clothes. "Better hurry or the ramen will get cold."

"That's..." *'not what I meant...'* Orca tapered off into a mumble. His expression was shell shocked, as if he couldn't believe it. He laid out all the stops and staked it all on this move, so sure of success he could taste it - only to find a towel covering his head and the other's hands on him in the most platonic of fashions.

'My god, did poverty make me...ugly?' He thought to himself with horror. Woes, the horrors of the street for all of the one hour that he was out there.

He robotically got dressed, sinking into the realization that maybe. He was ugly. And he was trying to come to terms with that. He sat at the table in the 'boyfriend' shirt he wanted, which was maybe a couple of sizes too small and sat on his shoulders like a crop top and the pants that squeezed his hips too tight that he had to suck his stomach in and do a little jump and shimmy to get them up and over his hips.

"Thanks for the ramen," he added hoarsely, slurping the noodles like the life was sucked out of him. Did he have the nerve to try to con his way into Sencha's bed now?

The answer was yes. By god, no! He can't accept being ugly! What was it that some livestreamer buns did? Mask catfishing??? HE COULD DO THAT IF IT CAME DOWN TO IT.

Time to butter Sencha up. "The food was so delicious, thanks again. Is there anything I can do to repay you for food and a place to stay?" he asked sweetly, propping his head on his hands and resting his elbows on the table.

Sencha pulled another stool into the kitchen, sitting down next to Orca. He was close enough that their shoulders brushed together as they ate, and Sencha subtly glanced over once in a while to take in the sight of Orca's muscles defined in his too-tight shirt. He had functioning eyes, and damn if he wasn't going to appreciate the view.

"No worries! Sorry I can't make anything fancier, I'm not a good cook." He says around a mouthful of noodles. Sencha was sure that it wasn't the most attractive sight, and probably impolite, so he closed his mouth to chew and swallow before talking again. "You don't need to do anything to repay me! The ramen was four carats each at best. I guess if we are going to be roommates though..."

He places a hand on his chin, looking thoughtful, tail swaying behind him. "Ah! We could divide up chores! We can rotate; you do one week, I do the other, how does that sound?" Another bright smile is thrown Orca's way as he bounces up and down on the stool, looking very proud of himself. "Oh, and I guess I need to buy another bed... I can't have you sleeping on the couch forever."

Turning to look at his sad excuse for a couch, Sencha winces. It was quite holey and had patches of stuffy missing, making it quite lumpy. "Err, maybe you can sleep with me until I get that sorted out?"

"Deal~" Orca grinned, very agreeably. He had already been planning on doing all the housework anyways. Step one to winning over a 'husband / sugar daddy' was to radiate waifu energy. And although Sencha offered to swap off chores every week, what heavy work could there be to do if all the housework was done regularly in advance? Hehe. All Sencha had to do was save his energy for Orca's! Wooing! Skills! IN BED PREFERABLY!

Sencha was very good at beating Orca to the punch, but at least this time wasn't a critical hit to Orca's ego! The man was offering for Orca to sleep with him? Unprompted? Ha! Take that poverty - Orca's winning genes must have won out in the end. Orca resisted the urge to giggle like a triumphant maniac. However, he did end up doing a happy little tap of his foot underneath the table.

"I'll take you up on that offer then. We can save on extra heating bills and blankets," Orca answered, nodding his head sagely. He totally didn't care about that. If he had his way, they would huddle under the blankets together naked. For warmth of course. That's one of those survival tips, right? He hoped another bed or new couch \*never\* came up again.

Faking nonchalance, he got up to clean and put away their dishes. Once he was done, he finally popped the question he'd been eagerly holding back on. "Shall we go to bed now?"

Sencha whistled at how fast Orca could wash the dishes, stacking them neatly in the drying rack. He had really scored and lucked out on his new roommate! "Thanks so much for doing the dishes, bro!" Slapping a hand onto Orca's shoulder, he gave the other a big thumbs up and toothy grin. "Careful now, if you show me your good at all the chores, I might never want to do them again!" A hearty laugh escaped his lips, though his eyes showed that he was very serious.

"Yeah, it is a little late, we can head to bed. It's a bit small, so sorry if it's cramped." Sencha grabs Orca by the hand and skips into the bedroom. He was more than a little giddy because this reminded him of cuddling with his littermates. Albeit, they were all in bun form, and it was a snuggly pile instead of hard muscles. Still, it brought back pleasant memories.

When they reached his bedroom, he realized another problem. "Err... I don't have an extra set of pajamas." He scratched his head.

Orca followed along behind him, tugged along by Sencha's hand. *'He's so fucking cute. Look at him skipping! He's so happy to take me to bed!!'* Orca thought to himself gleefully.

*'\*No extra pajamas? That's a hint to get naked, right?\*' Taking that as a cue, Orca took the opportunity to interlace their fingers \*romantically\*. "That's okay. What's there to be shy about? We can go to bed naked and I'll cover you. I'll keep you warm *all night long*," he promised, drawing out the last three words for emphasis.*

Sencha glanced down at their interlaced fingers, feeling all warm and fuzzy inside. *He really does want to be my friend!* He thought, face radiant. The comment about getting naked confused him for a second, but he knew that some people preferred sleeping without clothes on. If the two of them were going to be sleeping in the same bed, the heat trapped under the covers would be a lot. The more he thought about it, the more it made sense.

"Wah, Orca, you're not only good at cleaning but you're also very smart!" He exclaims, tail wagging happily. "I didn't even think about how hot it would get under the covers with the two of us squished together. No clothes it is." Sencha nods his head as if Orca had done them a great service in such a way of thinking. He unlaces their fingers and begins to take off his clothes. When he is done, he folds them hazardously and throws them into his closet to join the ever growing pile on the floor.

Then Sencha climbs into his small bed, patting the space beside him with a smile. "Alright, get in buddy!"

Orca's tail wagged furiously in excitement. Was he about to take this cutie to bed? He stripped off the too small pajamas at lightning speed, almost tripping over the pants in his excitement to dive into



Sencha's bed. Hard. Work. Pays. Off. He never doubted himself for a moment! ~~Pure lies, he was doubting his whole existence less than 10 minutes ago.~~

He flicked off the lights and ran back towards the bed, eagerly slipping in alongside Sencha under the covers. "Sorry if I'm cramping you a little~" he apologized insincerely, using that as an excuse to sling a leg over one of Sencha's thighs. '*So warm and firm!*' he thought to himself, enjoying the feel of their bare skin pressed together. He boldly added another arm over the other man's waist. "I'm a little afraid I might fall out of the bed," he added, fully prepared to go push the boundary further at the slightest reciprocal signal from Sencha.

"Oh, do you like cuddling too? That's great, I was worried you would get upset if I clung to you in my sleep." Sencha pressed a little closer to Orca, enjoying the contact. It really did remind him of the bun piles they would form while still under the care of the demons. Orca was so warm, and despite the muscle, the other's chest still had some softness to it that made Sencha want to bury his face in. He promptly did so, nuzzling in.

"Yes, sorry about the small bed. I can try and get a bigger one sometime." He closed his eyes, feeling safe and secure in Orca's strong arms. His tail curled around the other's thigh, and he let out a satisfied sigh. This was quickly followed by a yawn. "Good night." Sencha murmurs, before quickly falling asleep. His soft snores filled the room.

He was ascending. His spirit was flying away. What do you mean '*Good Night?*' Where is the good in this night? Okay, well, he was exaggerating, it was a good night, but it could be so much *better*. He was raring to go as soon as Sencha nuzzled into his chest, the feeling ticklish and warm against his chest, causing his breath to hitch a little. And *oh*, when his tail curled around his thigh, Orca was about ready to pin him to the bed. But then??? He just? Went to sleep? Just like that??? Orca was crying a little, no a lot, inside.

Hhhhh, he sighed, squeezing the other bun a little closer, he accepted his fate as a heat furnace. God, his dick was lonely.

The next morning, Sencha woke up refreshed. He was still neatly tucked in Orca's arms, cheeks squished against one defined peck. He was a little embarrassed there was some drool there, so he quickly reached up a hand to rub it away. Hopefully, Orca wouldn't think he was groping him – he wasn't lecherous!

Still, he couldn't help but be excited at the prospect of rooming with Orca for the foreseeable future. "We are going to be best friends; I just know it!" He whispered out, pumping one hand in the air excitedly before tucking it back under the covers. Sencha closed his eyes again and tucked himself closer to Orca, easily falling back asleep to dream of Orca and his friendship.