

甘い罠で蕩かせて

Mizumi Takaoaka
高岡ミズミ

Illustration: Ryou Tachibana
立石 涼



Amai Wana de Torokasete

(Bewitched in this Sweet Trap)

Story: Mizumi Takaoka

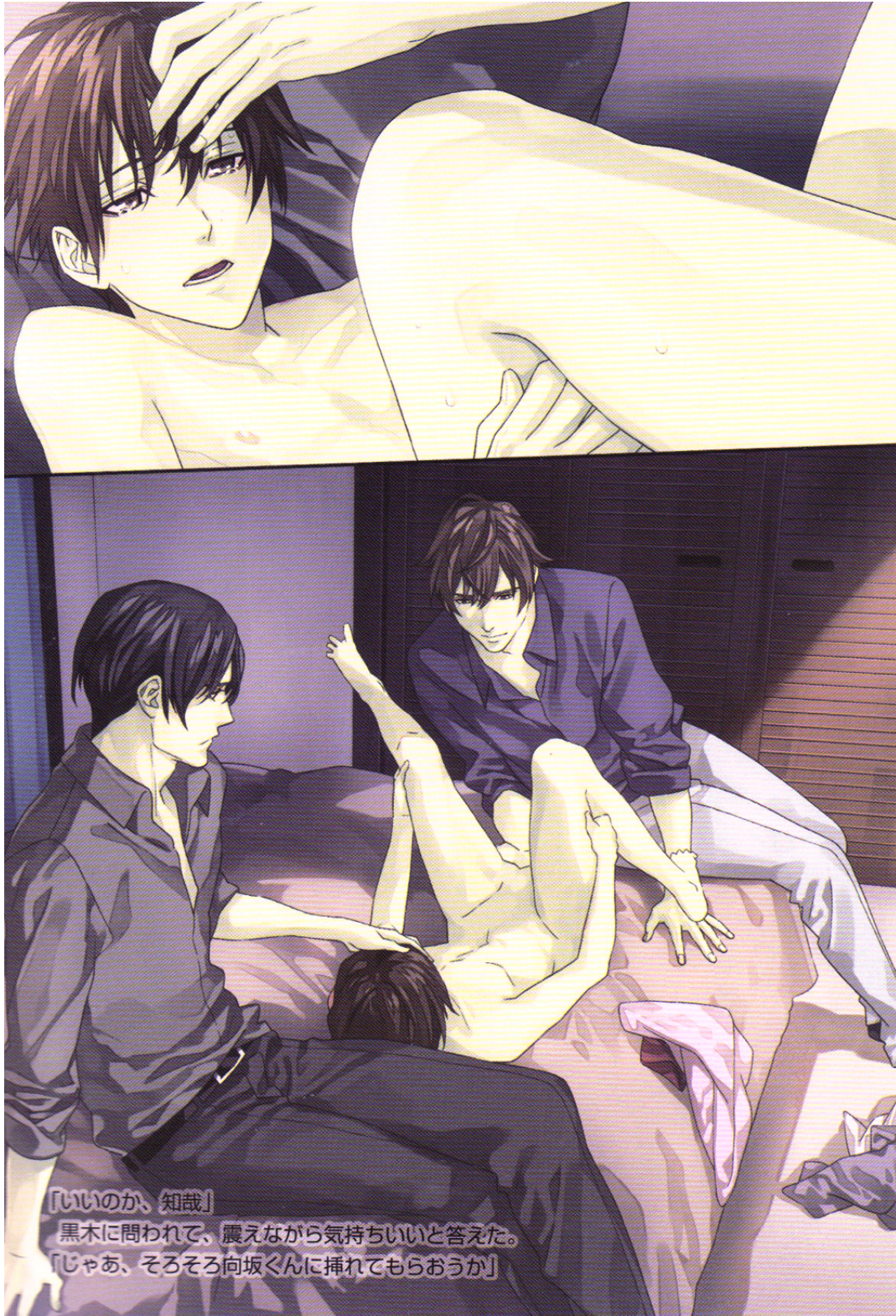
Illustrator: Ryou Tateishi

- THIS IS A NON-PROFIT TRANSLATION -

Translator: Hanacoco

Editor: Bee

Website: <http://cocobees.livejournal.com/>



“Do you like it, Tomoya?” Kuroki asks me; and trembling, I answer that it feels good. “Then let's have Sakisaka put it in soon.”

「Bewitched in this Sweet Trap」

Attractive. Lovely. Cute. Sexy and etc. There are many compliments one can get when it comes to looks, but not a single one of them is ever mentioned to me. You have pretty eyes. Your smile is quite nice. Do people ever tell you that you look like an actor or something? I don't have any memory of receiving even a single word of compliment from anyone. Instead, I'm so sick and tired of hearing the opposite words: dim, primitive, ugly, stupid, dense, idiotic. If they're going to talk behind someone's back, they should do it so that the person himself doesn't find out about it. Since they don't feel the need to hide it, it's all out in the open. Rather, it seems like they talk about it in order to make me hear it. But I'm not bullied, so it's not a problem to call attention to. In other words, to get straight to the point: I think nothing of it.

Shiromoto Tomoya: second year high school student, 167 cm, 50 kg. Of course not only do I not have a girlfriend but I am also a virgin. Ever since I was in elementary school my report cards always had remarks like: 'I'd like for him to have a little bit more positive attitude' and 'He's somewhat lacking cooperation and obedience'. Even if I changed the content of the report cards a little, I had to deal with similar comments from the teachers.

“Shiromoto.”

I put the textbook in my bag and turn around to see who had called me from behind. It's Satomura Rieko, showing off her slim, long legs from under her skirt that is shortened up to the very limit the school rules allow it to be.

“I'm sorry, I have something to take care of today. So.....can I leave?”

Satomura claps her hands together in front of her face, displaying a praiseworthy attitude. Because of the attendance order, Satomura and I are on day-duty today. Otherwise, Satomura never has such an attitude towards me.

“Shiromoto, is it okay?”

“.....It's fine.”

“I'm glad! Thanks then!” Presuming to have finished her duties, she quickly runs off, skirt fluttering, to her friends.

Satomura is probably saying this right now: "I can't work with Shiromoto. It's nice with Emi. And with Ienaga!"

When Iida Emi hears that she answers, "That's okay that you didn't finish day-duty. I'm glad, actually! Shiromoto is idiotic."

"That's true, but I'm so happy when I'm on duty with Ienaga!"

I don't actually hear the girl's conversation, but I'm pretty sure that's what they're saying. I avoid Satomura and Iida's eyes as they leave the classroom laughing, and then steal a glance at Ienaga, who is pleasantly chatting with several people by the window.

Not only is Ienaga Masami a second year, but he's also the idol of the entire school. I heard that he was scouted by 'the Street'. He has long limbs because of his slender figure. His hair is so silky that it is any girl's envy, and he doesn't have a single pimple on his face. He has a cheerful personality that's liked by everyone and his grades are pretty good too. He can also exercise on his own account. Because of the setting sun shining in from the window, Ienaga's hair and shoulder coat are dyed orange, and in my eyes he looks as if he is basking in a spotlight. I force Ienaga out of my mind as I sit, hunched over, in a seat on the corridor's side running my pen over my planner. Finally, after I date it 'November 1st', I take the planner I had just finished writing in and head to the faculty room. When I return a few minutes later, Ienaga and his friends are still at the same spot. What are they talking about? Their laughter carries across the classroom. As I'm cleaning the blackboard, out of the corner of my eye I see that Ienaga shuts the window and it looks like he is finally going home. He leaves the classroom surrounded by friends. It gets late so I also leave the classroom too. I pass through the main front gate and head towards the train station. About 200 meters ahead of me I see the backs of Ienaga and his friends. They're walking a bit slow so I can't help but pass ahead of them. But, instead of taking notice, they ignore me.

As always, it's the same thing, boarding the same train. As the train shakes me, I peek over the shoulders of a group of people who are having a pleasant chat. Has it only been 10 minutes? Coincidentally, not only do Ienaga and his friends always get off the train when I do, but they also walk the same way as me. However, today a middle-aged salary man also gets off with them; they drag him along with incredible force. What in the world is happening?! I also get off the train, but simply out of curiosity, I secretly

pursue after them. Usually, I overlook such behavior but the air around Ienaga and his friends is out-of-the-ordinary. They head towards a bathroom. Ienaga and his friends go inside and I quietly peek in from the outside.

“Old man!! How dare you touch me with your dirty hands! You violated my ass, what the fuck are you gonna do about it?!” Ienaga is the one yelling. He is cussing so much; I would never have thought such a beautiful face could utter such words. His expression is also very cruel that it is by no means imaginable to belong to the usual day-dreamy Ienaga. Three people push the man around from all sides.

“Wha- what do you mean I touched you.....!”

The man begins to sweat, cowering, desperately making an excuse, but with his appearance it's hopeless to believe him whatsoever.

“Hand over the groping charge or else you'll get tormented as compensation!”

At Ienaga's words, one person from the group snatches the man's briefcase and fishes inside it. Even as the man tries to stop them, he's being restrained by the other two, so he has no choice but to become silent.

“Wow, pathetic. Only 30,000 yen (~\$300)? That pisses me off. I don't get much for getting felt up, do I?!”

He takes out the paper bills and casually throws them down the toilet simply because he has use for them. It seems like the man doesn't have any energy to resist anymore and just stares inside the toilet with hollow eyes.

“This rotten, motherfucking homo!! This isn't over. I'll get my money next time I see him.”

Ienaga and his friends throw the man down on the dirty tile floor and leave the bathroom, laughing. I immediately take cover, holding my breath until they're gone. When I'm alone, I finally relax. I see the man sitting, dazed. Did this man really molest Ienaga? I didn't see it, but even if he had done it no one was sure alarmed by it. I decide to believe Ienaga's words since it is Ienaga. But it had been surprising how Ienaga looked down on that man. His words and glare – full of ridicule – felt to me like I had seen the idol's other side and I become a little bit delighted. I had been caught-up in an illusion, thinking that Ienaga was distant from me, as if he were above the clouds. But now, somehow, he suddenly became closer to me. Somehow, it seems like he had failed.

* * * *

The molester incident – that's what I call it. I thought back to it many times after it had happened after school exactly one week later.

* * * *

“Shiromoto, do you have a minute?”

Ienaga taps my shoulder with a smile playing upon his attractive face. I'm not surprised. Up till now we hadn't even had one millimeter of contact, so I expected we wouldn't have one now. I'm petrified, not understanding why Ienaga is talking to me, as I follow behind Ienaga, enticed by him. The destination is the audiovisual room on the corner of the 3rd floor. Students hardly come up to this floor after school as it is lined up with classrooms for special usage. Ienaga opens the door to the audiovisual room. He urges me inside and I go ahead into the classroom. The three groupies who are always with Ienaga are waiting inside the room. They were with him during Ienaga's molester incident the other day. The door closes behind me. When the trio doesn't utter a sound, I turn my gaze to Ienaga.

“You're disgusting. What are you staring at people for?”

“Huh?”

Cold sweat runs down my back. I'm about to say that I don't stare, but the words won't rise up in my throat. Ienaga throws me a glance that was directed at that molester before.

“You know what I'm talking about! You secretly followed behind us and spied on us.”

“.....”

“You know, that time in the bathroom at the train station.”

Blood rises to my head.

“I.....I don't know.....!”

Even if I desperately shake my head, my tone of voice reveals that I am lying, and in addition to that, Ienaga doesn't look like he had planned to listen to my excuses from the start. The sneer playing on his beautiful face grows stronger.

“You're just like that pervert!! You look at Ienaga and think up perverted things, don't you?” One person out of the three shoves my shoulder.

“Tha- that's.....!”

“Don't say such disgusting things,” Ienaga is the one who immediately denies the statement and curls his lips, truly disgusted.

“But you don't know what dirty things he's thinking!! This guy is precisely a pervert; fantasizing repulsive delusions in his head.”

“Stop it. How can I stand Shiromoto fantasizing about me? I mean... don't look at me with such a glum look! It's disgusting, it makes me sick!”

I am pushed from the front by Ienaga, and staggering at my feet, I fall on my backside.

“Stuuuupid.”

Even though I am loudly laughed at and surrounded, I can't stand up. The only thing I can do is silently wait for the many hours to pass.

“You probably say 'Aah, Ienaga is *sooo* dreamy!' every night, don't you?”

“Or, this: 'I want to be Ienaga, I want to be molested too ~ !' right?”

I am the same as the salary man. I can only silently assent to this.

“You're hard even now, aren't you? Hey, let's take off his pants and see!”

“He probably has a permanent erection anyway. Hey, hold him down there.”

I finally come to my senses as both of my hands are plastered to the floor.

“.....No! NO!!Stop it!”

I flap my legs, struggling, but it's not much of a use as the belt around my pants is unfastened. Ienaga folds his arms, grinning, as he is about to give instructions.

“After you strip him, spread his legs. Let's take a look at this glum pervert's dick.”

I'm bombarded with these words that send a chill down my spine and I begin to panic more and more.

“Sto.....p!”

The hook on my pants is unfastened and right after that my pants are tugged downwards. Suddenly, there is a sound of the door opening and the trio jumps back from me.

“Is something wrong in here?” Someone comes in. I turn my back to the door, relieved, as I fix the hook on my pants and my belt with trembling hands.

“No, nothing. I was told to come and discuss a small matter, so I reported here,” Ienaga answers. He is believable all the way up to his facial expression and his extremely smooth tone of voice.

“Oh. Ienaga?”

“Yes. Mr. Kuroki, you know me even though you're the first year's teacher? I'm so happy!”

Is it a teacher? But it looks like it's the first year's teacher, so I don't know that name. Under these circumstances, I'm just glad that it's anybody. If this person gets me out of this situation, he is a savior to me.

“I know everyone, don't I? And you're famous, Ienaga,” says the teacher called Kuroki.

“That's not true~! You're much more famous Mr.Kuroki. You're popular, teacher. You're so cool!”

“Thank you.”

I have to take this opportunity to run away. Even though I'm thinking this, my legs are shaking and I can't stand up. Meanwhile, they are talking to the teacher.

“Anyways, if you have a matter to discuss, do it outside of school. Your voices can be heard outside and someone might think you're getting sexually assaulted by being told to come here. Especially you, Ienaga. Be careful.”

“That's horrible, teacher. I'm a guy!”

“Recently, it seems it's dangerous even for guys.....Look, hurry on home. I'm locking up here.”

“Okay. We're gonna go now~”

On Ienaga's words, like a signal, one of the guys grabs my shoulders and forces me up.

“Is that boy sick?”

“No,” although Kuroki asks him, Ienaga answers calmly and without the least bit of shame. “He received a huge shock and is heart broken. He was crying just a few minutes ago, right, Shiromoto?”

It's impossible for me to answer. Upon leaving the audiovisual room, I – with my chapped lips – allow myself to be dragged along by them.

“Bye, Mr. Kuroki!”

“Sure, be careful going home.”

We leave the school like this. Ienaga hands his bag to his groupies, like it's natural. As I stand at the end of the line, I wait for the right time to escape, but when I think of what kind of things I'd have to face tomorrow if I run away, I hesitate carrying out that plan.

“Aa~h, we got interrupted!! But it was Kuroki, so it's okay, isn't it?”

I don't understand what he means at first, but I figure it out through the conversation following after.

“Kuroki has the hots for you, Masami,” says someone, and the other two agree as Ienaga laughs happily.

“Really? You think so? Well, I don't know if I'd forgive some other guy, but if it's Kuroki, I forgive him.”

It appears that the teacher, called Kuroki, measures up to Ienaga's standards. What kind of teacher is Kuroki? I don't understand what part of him is different from other teachers.

“Woah, that's a problematic statement right there! You turning gay, Masami?!”

“Idiot. It's common to be bi nowadays. I told you not to say nasty things.”

He insulted the perverted man by calling him a rotten homo and yet now he says it's common. It looks like Ienaga really likes the teacher called Kuroki.

“By the way, what should we do with him?”

We had just walked up to the train station when one of them remembers me. I immediately shrink with fear.

“Oh yeah, him,” Ienaga answers, uninterested. But then he thinks-up some kind of an excellent plan and pastes a thin smile on his face.

“The best thing would be is to have the same thing done to him, right?”

I don't understand what he's talking about. I stare intently at his awfully happy smile.

“Lets have him get molested.”

“.....!” I'm at a loss for words as an outburst of laughter echoes around me.

“That's impossible! Who'd want to molest a guy like him? There's no molester who has such bad taste!!”

“They won't see his face when it's crowded. Besides, old men say anyone will do as long as it's a high school student.”

The conversation they're having, while leaving me out from it, makes me feel like there's a drum roll beginning to beat inside my chest. The beating is so loud that it's difficult to pick up their words.

“Shiromoto,” Ienaga looks at me, full of contempt. “This is an order. From today on, you're gonna get molested and steal money from them. Each time, you're going to bring us 10,000 (~\$100) every day for evidence. Every day. Do you understand?”

“.....That's!” This is definitely impossible. The molesting too, but there's no way I can bring them 10,000 yen every day. “I - I can't.....” I plead with them wholeheartedly, shaking my head.

But there's no reason why Ienaga should comply with me.

“Shut uuup. When I tell you to do it, you do it. I'm looking forward to tomorrow. 10,000 yen.”

Right on his last word, the train pulls up on to the platform and Ienaga and his friends get on. At this time, it is clear even to me: Ienaga doesn't care one bit about the molester. In the end it's all about the money. What should I do? I can't pay out 10,000 yen every day; I get that much per week. Should I steal my parent's money? If I don't, then the only thing there really is left to do is fool the molester and steal from him. But I feel like I can't do either of those plans as I sink down on a bench and end up watching the trains pass on by. I come to my senses when I see a group of people dressed in suits turn up on the platform. It looks like it's the salary men's time to commute. What if I have someone out of them molest me? That's what I fantasize, and I swallow, unconsciously. It's not the issue with whether or not to get molested, Ienaga showed me the other day that if I scold a supposed-molester, the plan would succeed. I don't know for sure if

Ienaga had any contact with the molester at that time, but because Ienaga said it, it became so. The train comes to a halt. Being shoved by men in suits, I go into the train car.

I'm pressed from behind and I move towards the center until I reach the front of the door. Is this the beginning of the rush hour? It's quite crowded. Now, even if I say 'it's a molester' in here, there's no person here who can declare that it's a lie. I think this, and then realize that I forgotten the most important thing: I don't look like Ienaga. Even if I scream that there is a molester, there is no doubt that everyone would surely think it's some kind of a misunderstanding. I will be the one embarrassed instead. I quickly cool my head. The plan will end up completely ruined with this. If even a trick was no good, then there's nothing to do but to provide 10,000 yen myself.

Salary men surround me and I bite my lip. After this, I will go home, open my top most drawer and count how much I have left from my New Year's present money; then look at the balance on my passbook. But I know I can't get my hopes up too much, since I had just recently bought a laptop computer. My parents' wallet is no good either. If I take out 10,000 each time, surely they would find out in a few days. Thinking as hard as I could, a good plan did not come to light. The reality is that this is shockingly the worst situation ever.

I can't object, or seek advice from anyone; in the end I have to continue handing over 10,000 yen to Ienaga every day from now on. Ienaga doesn't care one bit whether or not I steal the money from the molester, seeing that he doesn't ask at all how I get the 10,000 yen. In short, I have a depressing realization that I'm probably just an 'easy target'.

“Thank you. Tomorrow too, please.”

I secretly hand over 10,000 yen in the bathroom today too. When he receives the money, Ienaga doesn't care about me anymore so he leaves quickly.

“Will you go to karaoke?”

I hear their voices and can't help but sigh. Counting the weekend today is the fifth day. I calculate that I had given Ienaga 50,000 yen (~\$500). It's a fact: I'm supplying money to Ienaga and his friends for their enjoyment. Ridiculous. What in the world did I do to them? All I did was accidentally witness the scene of Ienaga blackmailing and I

didn't even tell anyone about it. But even if I think it's ridiculous, I can't go against him and they know this too.

Tomorrow it'll be 60,000 and the day after tomorrow it'll be 70,000. I don't even know when I can stop paying. It can't be that I have to continue paying Ienaga forever like this until I graduate? I exit the bathroom five minutes later and leave the school behind me, dragging my heavy legs. I head towards the train station. I don't do any club activities or have any place or friend to stop by, so as long as I don't have anything to do, I board the train at the same time I usually do; it's like being stamped by a seal which marks my everyday life. Somehow, it seems stupid. Neither fun things nor exciting things, everyday there is nothing. In the mornings, I wake up on time then go to school. When I'm done, I just go home at always the exact same time. Exciting things had never happened to me, but I had never faced such a horrible misfortune before and yet suddenly it happens. What went wrong? Was it because I was a little curious? Because I fantasized in my head?

- Isn't he sexy lately?

- He's gotten so cool all of a sudden, what happened?

- Ienaga doesn't stand a chance against him.

I certainly fantasized things – like being surrounded by classmates and meeting my soul mate. For those reasons, I have always noticed Ienaga and that's why I had gotten off from the train out of curiosity at that time.

The train pulls up on to the platform. I start to get off the bench but stop. The way things are now, I'm about to just go home, throw myself down on my bed and fantasize again. And then, I'll have to worry about how long I'm going to continue paying out the money. Would a molester molest me since anyone will do for him? I'd rather be felt up a little than nothing. I get comfortable on the bench again and casually observe the surrounding people as I wait for the rush hour. The number of salary men increases. The same train which came at this time one week ago stops on the platform. I get off the bench, let myself be swept inside, proceed all the way into the center and stop in front of the door. There's a small jolt, and the train begins to move. 20 minutes until I get off the train. Outside the window, the sun has completely set and everything is covered by night. I meet a face in the reflection of the glass; I realize it's ugly and try to look away. It's me

in the reflection. My hair is so unkempt that it covers my eyes. My face is white and lacking energy. My thin shoulders stand out even while wearing a uniform.

Then it happens at that moment, when I finally look down, unable to keep looking at myself.

“.....!”

I feel something creeping around my ass. My heart gives out a huge leap and my neck breaks out in a sweat. It can't be. No, it wouldn't be. Surely it's just a bag of the person behind me or something that's bumping against me and if I tried to grab it, I'd be embarrassed. I breathe deeply over and over. But my heart continues to beat rapidly. If I raise my head, I'd definitely see what's happening behind me, but I can't do even that. Before I had dropped my gaze, I had seen only a black coat. Unable to make a single move, I keep telling myself that it's a bag. Meanwhile, something still creeps around my ass. It's a bag. It's definitely a bag. There aren't that many molesters, and doing such a thing to me, of all people, is unlikely.

“.....Hya!” I almost cry out because the thing that's supposed to be a bag pinches my butt cheeks with painful force. “.....Uuh!”

I chew on my lip intently. It's not a bag. It's a hand of the man standing behind me. On top of that, the hand is rubbing my ass as if it owns it. It grabs me only once and after that, massages, strokes, and caresses. It's touching me as if estimating my worth. Sometimes, a finger passes up and down my crack. I want to say stop, but somehow I can't. The hand becomes adventurous. I stand my ground with both hands plastered to the door and the stranger, who's standing so close to me as if hovering behind me, glues his body heat to mine.

I have to exclaim 'it's a molester'. No, I have to grab his hand and drag him outside! Even though I'm thinking this, instead of speaking, my feet turn to jelly and are frozen on the spot. When I look left and right, out of the corner of my eye I just see a person listening to music on his headphones, a person staring absentmindedly outside, and a person fascinated with their cellphone. It doesn't look like anyone cares about the stranger. Everyone thinks only about themselves on this crowded train.

“.....Aah.....!”

The hand leaves my ass and travels around me to my chest. It enters the front of my blazer, feeling around my shirt and my throat vibrates unconsciously.

I hear a soft chuckle and it feels surprisingly hot behind my ear. I'm about to twist my body and run away when the fingers sharply twist my nipple.

“Sto-.....!” I cry out for the first time on that moment, but it's too faint and helpless. His fingers pinch me many times. Meanwhile, I realize that my nipple has turned hard. He massages the tip of the erect nipple with his fingertips and sometimes picks at it. While this is happening to me, I feel a sharp wave of heat awaken inside my body and my groin can't help but tingle.

“Ah.....no.....!”

What's going on? It's painful to breathe. I'm suffocating, like I had been standing under a blazing hot sun for a long time.

“.....Fuu! Ngh.....!!!”

He massages my nipple over the fabric and I feel like I can't control myself or keep still.

“Ah.....uh.....Nnngh!!” It seems that I'm crying out, but just a while ago it seemed like my throat was covered by a lid, or something, and I couldn't even say a single word. Now, if I relax, it seems like my voice would escape from my throat. On top of that, my voice will not be ordinary. I'll definitely cry out with an awfully embarrassing voice.

“What's your underwear?” All of a sudden, I hear a small whisper near my ear. “Trunks or briefs? What's the color?” It's a low, soft voice and somehow sweet.

“.....Fuu.....ngh, nng!!”

“Answer me. Which one is it?”

“Bri.....efs.....”

“What's the color?”

Umm..... What am I wearing today.....? Oh, that's right. They're white with a navy blue elastic waistband.

“Whi.....te.”

He squeezes my nipple so hard that it hurts. Even though he's only rubbing me with his fingertips it gets hard; I can't stand the feeling of being rubbed through the fabric.

“Ah, uh.....no.....!”

“Does it feel good, having your nipples toyed with? You've gotten really hard inside your briefs, haven't you?”

“.....No.....!”

“Liar. You're all wet. You're spilling out all this cum from the tip of your penis.....It's going to stain your briefs if you keep this up.”

Even though I don't think he's right about that, I remember the shame of being ridiculed. When I twist my body, it feels slippery and wet inside my underwear, just like he had pointed out.

“No.....no.....!” I gently shake my head in denial. This is weird. He's only toying with my chest. On top of that, the unknown man is a molester.

“Ah.....ngh!”

I get shivers down my spine, the moment I realize it's a molester. It's not Ienaga but me who is getting molested. Ienaga and his friends said that there is no molester who'd make me his partner, but they were wrong. There is someone who is doing whatever he pleases with me right now. This stranger is touching me in this cramped place and interrogating me.

“Are you excited? Such a lewd body. You're honest and look naive. What a slut you are.”

“Don't.....say that.”

“It's the truth, isn't it? I know, should I teach you a lesson here? You meet a molester and feel good. You're a very naughty boy.”

“Noo.....!”

“It's necessary to punish a naughty boy who makes his *pee-pee* hard. Well then, what should I do?”

“.....Stop.....it.”

It turns hot deep inside my body when he lowers his voice inside my ear and licks it. It's not clear to me whether this is repulsive or embarrassing. I hear a dry buzzing

sound. This sound is my zipper. About the same time I swallow; the fingers force themselves inside and push down on my bulge that looks as if it's going to pop out of my underwear at any moment.

“.....Uuguu.....!”

“It's gotten so big. It really is wet in here. It looks like it's going to drip all the way down your legs.”

“No!No.....!!”

Both of my hands are shaking violently as they cling to the door. If they slip from the sweat, I will definitely crouch down to the floor.

“Aah.....! Uugu!”

Even though I don't want this, a pleasant feeling runs throughout my body right from the spot that's being rubbed. It looks as if I'm going to cry out at any moment, so I clench my teeth and endure it.

“Ngh.....uugu.....”

Tears well up in my eyes. When I'm on the verge of letting them out, the train, that was gently rocking back and forth until now, stops and my body lurches forward. Right away, a high school student sitting nearby puts his cellphone in his pocket and stands up. The door opens behind me. It looks like I arrived at the next train station. The hand moves away and I relax. Suddenly, my arm is grabbed and I end up being dragged out of the train. The man forcibly leads me up the stairs, through the crowd of people, and heads to the train station's bathroom. Strangely enough, I'm not all that scared, but I am confused.

“Uh.....um.....!” I get pushed inside a cubicle. The man locks the door and turns back to look at me.

“It's too pathetic to leave it like this, so I'm going to carry it out till the end.”

A thin smile plays on his face; his face is so handsome that it shocks me. He's so handsome that it gives me goose bumps. He's very tall, probably 180 cm or more, and I have to look up.

Why did such a man do that to me.....? While the only thing I can do is be fascinated, the man reaches for my blazer. I flinch, upon reflex, and the man lets out a

soft chuckle. For some reason, the laughter makes my heartbeat speed-up and I am at a loss of what to do. He undoes the buttons on my blazer and my tie and shirt, too.

“What.....?”

“Not what. I told you I'm going to do more pleasing things to you.”

He removes my belt, unhooks and then unzips my pants. The man skillfully opens the front of my pants.

“No.....no!”

“No? Didn't you say you wanted this so badly?” The man says this like he's mocking me; he himself sits down on the toilet seat and then mounts me on his thigh. When we face each other, I hesitate and burn up with more embarrassment.

“No.....this is.....”

“Are you embarrassed? Be embarrassed as much as you want. You'll forget about it soon anyway.” Compared to his clear eyes, his mouth appears cruel as it utters this out. He lifts a corner of his mouth, and his quiet laugh seems too cold. I'm scared and embarrassed, but even though I don't want this, I can't move.

“Have you kissed before?Oh, it doesn't look like it.” The man declares this without waiting for my reply and then licks my lips with his tongue. Being stuck like this for a long time makes it difficult for me to breathe, so I open my mouth and instantly the tongue goes deep inside. The man holds the back of my head and gradually changes the angle as he explores the inside of my mouth with the tip of his tongue. Even if I wanted to escape, the man wouldn't let me, but I want oxygen so I open my mouth wider and end up allowing the man to go in further.

“Nngh.....fuu!” Meanwhile, I feel faint. This is probably what it feels like before fainting from anemia: something leaving me from the top of my head, collapsing from underneath my feet. Is that what I should call this feeling?

I feel like awful things are going to happen if I don't run away right now, but somehow I continue to allow this total stranger to do these kinds of things to me. His thick, fleshy tongue rubs the roof of my mouth and my tailbone aches.

“Aah, nngghh.....!”

“It's good, isn't it? Being licked inside your mouth.”

“.....Uugu!”



Now that he mentions it, instead of wanting oxygen, I think my mouth is open and in-want of the man's tongue. His hand massages my flat chest several times and then gently flicks my nipple.

“Ah! Uuh.....gu.”

My hips jerk. It's so arousing that it's nothing compared to being touched through my shirt. He pinches it with his fingers and I see that it's getting hard. Sweat starts to form all over my body.

“You like it, here?” He asks me, and I slightly shake my head. I can't admit this.

“You're so stubborn. I'm going to make you feel even better,” says the man and then licks his fingers. He touches my nipple again with these fingers.

“Aah.....ah.....no!”

“Just by getting a little bit wet, you're more excited than you were a while ago, aren't you?”

It's exactly as the man says. I feel that I've become more sensitive than before.

“Actually, there's a much better way.”

“No, what.....?”

He draws me closer. Simultaneously, the man's head sinks into my chest.

“Hya! No.....no.....aah! Aah.....”

He sucks the erect nipple so much that it hurts. Now he continuously licks the throbbing nipple like he's calming it.

“No! Ah! Noo.....nng!”

What is this? This strange feeling makes me tightly hold on to the man's head, consequently drawing it closer to me and increasing the feeling further.

“No, it tingles.....Ah, aah..... ngh! No!”

“Don't rock your hips while saying no.”

“.....I'm not, I'm not.....rocking.”

“You're hitting my groin with your lewd dick.”

“N- no, I'm not.....”

“No? Then what's this? You're pants are soaked.”

He inserts his hand inside my opened-up pants and rubs the top of my underwear. The man is right; a wet sound reaches my ears.

“Aah!No, that's.....”

The embarrassment is killing me, but I don't think I want him to stop.

“No? Isn't this your shameful cum that's soaking up my hand?”

“.....No!”

The man moves his hand as he licks my nipple.

“Stop.....! No, please.....!”

“You're not being honest. You know you like it.” Near my chest, a voice full of delight says this and a hand immediately slides inside my underwear.

“Aah.....ah, aah.....ee.....”

He sucks on my nipple, rubs my genitals, and a feeling that surfaces inside me is so strong that I feel dizzy. I can't fight it. I'm going to come like this.

“You look like you've never masturbated before. It's cute.”

“Aah.....nn!”

“Can you hear it? Your lovely cock is saying it feels good. It's *wailing*.”

“N.....no, let.....go.”

My body is melting. This is so ridiculous. A strange molester is touching me and I've become this way.

“Please.....let me.....”

“Too bad. It's too late now.”

I don't even have time to think about what he means by too late, but I immediately understand when the man moves, right after he says this. The man opens the front of his pants and takes out his dick.

“N- no.....!”

I'm scared. It's the first time I've seen someone else's penis and it's completely different from mine. It has shape and size. I can see the vein from being up so close, and I'm really scared. I automatically withdraw my hips. But he pulls me towards himself.

“You're a good boy, so keep a little still.”

“But.....I'm scared.”

From the bottom of my heart, I am truly scared and I want him to stop. But for some reason I don't feel disgust towards the man at all. This is my first time, but surely I'll manage somehow.

“Idiot. It does nothing to be scared here. Both of us are just going to feel good.”

The man smiles. His smile looks terribly kind and I can't help staring at him. Then I immediately open up to him; because he starts to rock my hips.

“Aah.....nnggh!”

At that moment, I feel numbness starting to crawl up from that spot.

“No.....! Ah, I don't.....like this.....”

“Liar. It feels good, doesn't it?”

He's rubbing me. His cock and my cock are rubbing together and it becomes all slippery.

“.....Nnggh, no, ah, ah, no!”

It is so disgraceful that I can't stand to watch it. I cling to the man's shirt.

“Don't make such a sweet face.”

He lowers the words into my ear as he licks it.

“Noo.....ah, hya.....!”

He runs his tongue around my ear and even into the inside of it.

“Ah, ah, no, NO!”

I hadn't known that I could get aroused even in this kind of place.

“Your hips are shamelessly vibrating.”

“Noo.....nnggh! Oh, no!”

“It's hopeless already.”

“N- no.....aah.....uugu.....!” I can't hold it in anymore. Even though I'm thinking that this is wrong, having my genitals be stuck to this stranger's feels too good. “Ah, aah, what.....what should I do? I'm.....coming!!”

The moment I bring this up, the man's lips cover my mouth. When I lean back, the ceiling before my eyes looks distorted and after that, everything turns white so I can't make out what's what anymore.

When I come back to my senses, I'm being held by the man in the same position so I must have lost consciousness for a short time. We're finished and my pants are closed up again so it feels strange.

“You did good for a beginner.” The man grins. When our eyes meet, for some reason I get shy again as I recall the pain that had seized my heart, and I instantly cast my eyes downward. He helps me get up and leaves the cubicle.

“Later. This was fun.” With just a few words, the man leaves me behind in the bathroom. I absent-mindedly lean against the wall, unable to move from the place for quite some time.

* * * *

I hand over 10,000 yen (~\$100) as I pretend to stand in line to use the toilet.

“Thanks,” Ienaga's tone of voice doesn't seem like he is thankful at all as he shoves the 10,000 yen bill into his pocket. Ienaga is about to leave as usual, after that, but turns around and looks at me, not hiding the smirk on his face. “Did you get molested?”

My heart leaps with shock because I remember the events from yesterday. Conveniently enough, for a moment, I feel anxious that he had seen me at that time, but it doesn't appear to be the case. When I keep silent, he laughs at me.

“Well, hang in there. I was just curious for some reason.”

Wondering what is so funny, I can hear his laughter even after he leaves the bathroom. I bite my lip. Yesterday I had a chance to steal money from the molester but behaved shamelessly instead. After I somewhat calmed down, I felt extremely ashamed of myself for being flustered and getting felt up in a public place by some guy I didn't know. And yet, I could hardly sleep last night as I found myself thinking about him over and over again, even after I returned home and went to bed. He had been a stranger – in his mid twenties, tall, and good looking. He didn't need to molest me; if he was really seriously looking for a sex partner I'm sure that there are a lot of people who would approach him. He must have done this out of curiosity or on a whim.

He probably chose me because I just happened to be close by. I let out a sigh. My chances of meeting him again at the train station are lower than zero since hundreds and thousands of people use it. Even if I use the same train everyday, it will be impossible to find him during rush hour.

“Where has teacher gone off to?”

I look up as I suddenly hear a voice outside the bathroom. At the same time, I come to my senses. What in the world am I thinking? It's like I want to see the man again.

“.....As if.”

I slightly shake my head and leave the bathroom.

“He left all of a sudden.”

“Hey, have you seen Mr.Kuroki?”

I come across the girls as they're chattering away, asking each other about where a teacher named Kuroki had gone. This is the teacher who happened to save me last time, but I don't have any interest in him so I pick up my bag that is lying in a corner and head towards the stairs.

“Sorry. Here I am.”

The voice sounds unexpectedly close by. I reflexively turn around to see a man in a white lab coat come out from exactly the bathroom I was just at.

“Ohh~ you were in the bathroom. But why were you all the way here in the second years' bathroom?”

He answers the girl's question: “Oh, I just had some business to take care of.”

Wearing a white lab coat, the teacher called Kuroki shrugs.

“Mr. Kuroki. Hurry, come here.”

“All right, all right.”

The girl has a chemistry textbook in her hand. It looks like she had been searching for Kuroki in order to ask him questions, but now she just happily starts talking to him instead of opening up her book. I can't move even a single step and remain standing in the same spot for quite some time. After a while, Kuroki's eyes turn my way. A cruel smile appears on his lips; then he leaves the girl and slowly comes over to where I am standing frozen in place.

“Thank you for yesterday. Shiromoto Tomoya, is it?”

I swallow hard. My heartbeat intensifies. I am confused and can't even make a sound.

What is this?! What is the man from yesterday doing here!?

“.....No way.”

This can't be real. But the reality is that the man from yesterday is right here before me.

“You- you're Mr. Kuroki?”

He nods.

“No way,” I say for the second time and take a step back.

Right away, Kuroki reluctantly frowns.

“Stop saying ‘no way’. I came all the way here to talk to you.”

I can't believe him, obviously. Up until now, he had been a stranger and I had thought that I would never see him again. My bangs brush my lashes when I blink my eyes, dumbfounded.

“Did you want to see me?” he whispers quietly. It's unlikely that the people around us suspect that Kuroki is saying anything; he even keeps a straight face as if he were being asked a question. “You couldn't sleep because you were thinking about me even after you came home, right?”

Meanwhile, I feel my cheeks flush because it's exactly as he says. When I try to escape, he grabs my arm so now I can't move even a single step. I try my best to shrink away from him as much as I can. Don't tell me he is actually a teacher! I can't come to school anymore, having disgraced myself in front of a teacher.

“Ple- please let go.....” I whine, but not only does he not remove his hand, he also begins to talk in a sultry voice, like the voice he was using yesterday.

“The train,”

“.....”

“You're going to get on the same time as yesterday, aren't you? This must be new for you. It's like that for me too.”

My heart aches. I am so alarmed that I can't breathe. I am far from giving him an answer, and as I hang my head, unable to look up at him, Kuroki touches the back of my neck and leaves. I can't quite take a step forward and when I finally move my feet, I stagger and almost fall down on my butt. I can still walk all the way to the train station like this, but it will take a really long time. In that case, I should go after I rest a little bit in the classroom. I return to the classroom thinking up this excuse. It was supposed to be for a little bit, but I end up resting until the end of the after school activities. Although I

finally head out, it takes me 20 minutes to walk from school to the train station, a distance that usually takes 10 minutes. I head down to the platform. There are many salary men in suits today, too. When I glance at the clock, I see that it is precisely the time for the same train as yesterday to arrive. My heart starts to race again.

A few minutes later, the train pulls up to the platform exactly on time. Today, I also get on while being pushed by a crowd of people and get swept away to the back door. It's the same place as yesterday and just as crowded. I look around me with just my eyes. I'm worried that people can hear my heart racing. Even though I'm just standing there, my knees start to shake. I feel disappointed when nothing grabs me, and rest one hand on the door. What in the world am I doing? What am I hoping for by riding the same train as yesterday? Don't tell me I want to go through the same thing as yesterday? I don't understand myself. It was supposed to have been disgusting but...I remember it and my crotch starts to throb excitedly.

“Is this your kink now?”

“.....!”

Suddenly, I hear a voice right overhead me and reflexively flinch. Just like yesterday, the man looms closely behind me and whispers in my ear. With a voice like sweet, dripping honey. No, he's not a stranger anymore. I know his name as well as his face.

“You wanted to fool around so you rode this train again, didn't you?”

It's Mr. Kuroki – the first years' chemistry teacher.

Kuroki's hand goes around me until it faces my chest. He puts the palm of his hand on top of my blazer and I start to breathe hard.

“Urgh.....”

“You're a very naughty boy. Your nipples have already become hard? Looks like you really wanted to be toyed with.”

“.....Noo.....!”

I almost cry out but immediately look around me. Nobody pays any attention to me today as well. Nobody looks at other people.

“Fuu.....!”

While I'm busy feeling relieved, the hand resting on my chest begins to creep around as it pleases. The hand slowly moves downward, rubs near my pelvis and then moves towards my thigh. Unable to resist in the slightest, all I can do is bite my lip.

“Ngh! Mhm.....Kuro.....ki.”

“You're addressing a teacher. I don't appreciate being addressed without a title. Call me Mr. Kuroki.”

As he scolds me like a teacher would, his hand starts to slowly and gently stroke the top of my pants, at the center, where I'm beginning to grow erect.

“You can't forget what happened yesterday. Hm?”

It is all the voice's fault; this sweet voice that whispers in my ear, only to me.

When he whispers into my ear with this voice, I feel dizzy and my feet almost give out.

“The inside of your pants was all wet from being toyed by me, Tomoya.”

“No.....!”

“Back at the bathroom it showed on your face that you were cumming as much as you pleased while my cock was rubbing yours. I remember it clearly, you know.”

He's driving me crazy with embarrassment. My body has been shaking from the start.

“No.....stop... Kuro.....ki.”

“Didn't I tell you not to address me without a title? Mr. Kuroki.....No, I'll make you call me Mr. Yoshitaka. This is a special service. Say, 'Please Mr. Yoshitaka, give me more'.”

“.....No,” I shake my head from side to side. I can't say that here.

“Say it. 'Mr. Yoshitaka'.”

“.....!”

I don't want to but...

I think this is horrible but...

But I can't resist anyway.

“Mr.....Yo.....ka.....”

“I can't hear you. Say it more clearly.”

Kuroki seems to be getting a kick out of this. He enjoys making fun of me. Even when I realize this, I can't push him away.

“Mr -Mr. Yoshitaka.....”

I want to please Kuroki so I frantically obey him.

“Well done. I like obedient children.”

Kuroki laughs approvingly so I feel relieved.

“Hey, Tomoya. What was my cock like? It was bigger and different from yours, don't you think?”

“.....!”

“Even though you looked scared, you were desperately rubbing up against me in the end.”

“.....No.”

Sweat breaks out on the back of my neck. I tremble as I shake my head a little. I can't stand. My knees shake and even when I hold on to the window, I feel as if I'm about to crouch down to my knees at any moment. This would probably happen immediately if Kuroki wasn't supporting my hips with his arm.

“You want it? My cock. It won't be like yesterday. I'll be loving to you today until your whole body is captivated by pleasure.”

A stiff object touches my butt.

“Hya.....!”

Immediately after, I get pressed against the door. Kuroki hoovers over me, hiding me inside his coat.

He skillfully unfastens my belt and opens the front of my pants. And then Kuroki, not hesitating one bit, pulls down my pants along with my underwear all the way down to my thighs.

“.....No!”

This is way too embarrassing to do in this kind of place, so I seize Kuroki's hand by reflex. Kuroki puts his lips to my ear.

“Hold on tight to your pants with both hands. They're going to drop down to your ankles if you don't, and then somebody might notice.”

Still not sure of what is being done to me, I react to the word 'somebody' and immediately remove my other hand from the door and grab onto my pants.

“Good boy. Don't let go now.”

Within his coat, Kuroki's hand wraps around my cock. At that very moment, a pleasant feeling crawls up my back and I bite my lip.

“Aah.....you're already wet. It makes a slippery noise when I rub it. Someone is going to hear it.”

“*Noo.....!!*”

“Hey, you're too loud. We're going to be noticed immediately, you know.”

He repeats that we are going to be noticed and something different than shame wells up inside me. Even though Kuroki says this only to warn me, his hand continues being even more adventurous rather than stopping. The hand leaves my cock, slides towards the back, and touches a surprising place.

“.....Hii.....ngh!”

It's a miracle that I'm able to suppress my cry. I'm shaking from shock and from having to uphold my violently trembling legs. Behind me, Kuroki worms his finger into the dirty, excretory passage without any hesitation.

“No.....don't.....touch..there.....!”

A force enters inside my butt and I moan that I want him to stop but he just laughs.

“You're so naive. Well, I guess it can't be helped. You *are* a virgin.”

The moment Kuroki teases me with that saying he persistently fingers me there like he's trying to loosen me up.

“No, it's.....disgusting..... Stop!”

Kuroki's hand feels slippery, definitely because I'm leaking; so I somehow get a bit distracted because of that and the finger –

The finger enters inside. I let out a sigh, despite myself, practically looking like I'm part of the door.

“It- it hurts.....No, take it... out!” I frantically shake my head. Kuroki, who is stuck right behind me, puts his lips to my ear.

“Bear with it a little longer. It will feel better soon. By saying you want me to take it out, you must be begging, right? “

“I’m.....not.....! No, ah, urgh...”

While I'm denying it, the finger slowly proceeds inside and I'm eager to just about give in rather than withstand this pain. Kuroki doesn't stop even when the train arrives at a station. Dozens of people gush out and more of them get on in their place, so I can't run away and Kuroki continues to do this to me. The finger inside me moves like it's searching for something. My insides, as they're being rubbed, begin to throb.

“Ugu.....Aah.....!”

I feel hot somehow. I start to sweat because Kuroki is so close behind me.

“Look, you're starting to melt,” he whispers near my ear and I notice that the place being fingered doesn't hurt anymore.

“Aah, ngh! No, ah, kuh.....nng!”

“You're so excited. Let's go in deeper, shall we?”

“Urgh, fuu.....! Nngh!”

Kuroki is right, I am getting excited. I am mesmerized by this pleasant feeling rising up in me, and my hands, holding on to my pants, start to shake. The finger moves adventurously. But it doesn't hurt anymore and I start wanting so badly for him to rub harder inside me.

I want him to rub further in and harder.

“Aah.....!”

A stiff object touches the inside of my thighs. It's working together with the moving finger and pushes on me. Kuroki's cock, that I saw yesterday, vividly flashes before my eyes. Kuroki's penis is big and hard.

“Ah, ah, noo.....!”

“What's this? You're turned on again. Are you picturing it? Being poked by my cock.”

“N- no!”

“You're so sticky inside. My finger is soaked.”

“*NOO.....!*”

I feel like I'm going to cry out loudly. But if I cry out, the people around me will see how indecent I look.

“Look Tomoya. It's big. I bet you really want this rummaging inside of you.”

Kuroki's cock presses on the inside of my thighs. I feel like I'm going to blurt out awful things if he keeps this up.

“Teacheer.....Aah, oh.....”

Please. Rummage inside me some more. I want the teacher's cock to rummage in even further. It seems like I'm about to beg him at any moment so I bite my lip hard. Before I know it, Kuroki's cock is rubbing the opening between my butt cheeks. It's very stiff and hot.

“Aah...”

This is.....not through the clothes. Kuroki's heat is directly touching me there. I can't resist the minute I realize this. He continues fingering and rubbing the crevice at the same time so naturally I jut my hips forward.

“Ah, ah, noo.....teacherrr.....aah, nng!”

“Want me to put it in?”

“No, *noo*.....!”

Put it in.

Teacher, put it in.

“You want it, don't you? Say it. Say 'put it in'.”

“I.....won't. I.....don't...want it. Oh...no.”

Not being able to withstand it, tears finally escape me. I am sobbing. I can't think about my surroundings anymore.

“Hii.....kuh! Nng!”

“It can't be helped,” says Kuroki and covers my mouth with his hand.

“Uguu...”

His finger slips out. Right after that, an excruciating shock runs throughout my body. It burns. My body burns from the inside. If he weren't covering my mouth, I would definitely be screaming a whole lot. Kuroki brings around one of his arms, places it on my hip, and jiggles up deeper inside me several times.

“What do I feel like? Tomoya.”



“.....Urgh.”

“Having your first time be inside a train is thrilling, isn't it?”

I can't think about anything. My eyes are brimming over with tears.

“Don't cry. You're putting up with it quite well.....Cause, I don't want to make this painful for you.”

The only things I'm begging for are Kuroki's voice and body heat. As I am crying, I repeat 'Mr. Yoshitaka' many times over in my head; the way he taught me to call him.

“Nngh.....!”

The hand wandering over my hips intertwines with my penis. It is caressing me like it's slowly petting and soothing me. The initial shock fades away and then a pleasant feeling arises in me and slowly spreads throughout my body.

“Does this feel better? It's nice and tight now. This is better than you expected, huh?”

“Kuh.....urgh...ngh.”

“This really makes me want to fuck you harder.”

“.....Urgh.”

He lowers his sweet voice into my ear, tickling it. My heart trembles with sweet pain every time he does this.

“You've melted, Tomoya. Your body is so adorable and honest.”

Ohh, what should I do? It hurts so much but I don't hate this pain. Not only that, but I even start wanting it to be more painful.

Behind me, Kuroki gives the place where we're connected a slight jiggle.

“.....!”

Something creeps up from there and instantly a wave of dizziness hits me. What is this – ? Ah, ah, it's amazing.....! A commotion is brewing inside my body as I clearly sense that I'm trying to prevent the foreign object, that's buried inside me, from leaving.

“Wow, Tomoya, are you planning on squeezing everything out of me?” Kuroki's sigh is passionate and husky. Kuroki presses me against the door a number of times while exhaling sultry sighs.

“.....Fuu.....urgh, urgh, uugu...”

It is cloudy inside my head. My vision is also cloudy and I can't think about anything. But the only thing I feel is the hot, melting, object Kuroki has inside of me.

“Uugu – Nngh!”

I arch my back. It comes so suddenly that even I myself don't realize what happens. When a feeling, like I'm being pushed off from a tall place, strikes me, I ejaculate into the handkerchief that Kuroki is holding.

Naturally, I tighten around Kuroki. I feel Kuroki's throbbing very clearly.

“Good.....Tomoya.”

Kuroki goes in even deeper than before as he completely presses the exhausted me against the window glass. I can't cry out because he has my mouth covered but I stifle my voice anyway. The same time he tightly embraces me, his warm cock expands inside of me. After he jiggles a few more times, Kuroki takes it out and then supports me up because my knees almost give out. He quickly fixes my clothes and calls me Tomoya with a voice as if nothing had happened.

“Stand still. We're arriving at the station soon,” says Kuroki, and without disobeying him, I stand still as I lean against his shoulder. The train slows down to a stop. Even though a large number of passengers get off, I also get off and Kuroki takes me along with him. It's the usual train station. Today, Kuroki is here at this train station, the one I always get off by myself and continue going home by myself. Kuroki forces me to sit down on the bench and then throws the handkerchief, that he had shoved into his pocket, in the trash can and sits down beside me.

I absentmindedly sneak a sidelong glance at him as he puts a cigarette to the tip of his lips and lights it. I now see why Ienaga and the girls make such a big deal out of him; he is very handsome. I start to feel strange as I am looking at him. My heart is pounding but I feel relieved. I suppose you can say that it's like something is seeping out from within my heart.

“I'll wait with you until I'm done smoking this. I can't walk you home so go on by yourself.”

What? I'm perplexed as I gaze at the cigarette getting smaller. Kuroki quickly finishes smoking one piece and stands up to leave just like he had promised.

“Ah, um.....” I instantly call out to him to stop him and Kuroki turns around to look at me.

“What?”

“Wi- will you ride this train tomorrow, too?”

I want to see him tomorrow too; that's what I think. I feel like I will understand what I'm feeling if I can see him again.

“No,” Kuroki shrugs. “Unfortunately, I won't be riding this train anymore.”

“.....O- oh.”

Even though I gathered up all of my courage to ask, I was plainly rejected. I start to feel my eyes burn. I'm completely regretting asking him this. I must have misunderstood something. There's no reason why Kuroki would want to see ME so many times. I bite my lip and hang my head.

“What's wrong Tomoya? Don't cry because of this.”

“I'm.....not crying!”

“You look like you're about to burst out crying,” says Kuroki with such a delightful tone of voice that I find it mean. Is it so entertaining to make fun of me? But immediately after, he speaks to the top of my head while I continue looking down.

“Six thirty,” he calls down to me. When I look up, Kuroki is standing right in front of me. “Leave from the back school gate, walk ahead a little bit, and you'll see a park. Six thirty. If you're even a little bit late, I'm leaving.”

“.....”

“I always go by car. It was being inspected yesterday and today.”

I think about what this means. It seems like whenever I don't think about things carefully, I take them out to be more positive than they might actually be for me.

“.....Ah, um...” I open my mouth to make sure I'm not misunderstanding anything but...

“Oh yeah,” Kuroki interrupts me, “I cream-pied in you, so tighten up your ass on your way home.”

That's all he says. He gives a slight wave of his hand like nothing had happened and goes on ahead. I watch him leave until I can no longer see his back as I wonder to

myself if it's all right that I interpret this as something that is going to be convenient for me.

* * * *

It's lunch break and I'm in the chemistry storage room. I thought that Kuroki wanted me to make photocopies, since I happened to pass by the room.

“Aah.....”

However, I'm not making photocopies now; I'm straddled on top of Kuroki's thigh while he sits in a chair.

“Noo.....this is so.....!”

My chest is exposed, my pants and underwear hang off from one of my legs; he sucks on my nipples as he gropes behind me and I feel like my body start to melt from the inside.

“No? Don't be so excited if you truly hate this then. Your body is shameless. Leaking out all this lewd pre cum and not even caring about your surroundings.....You even soaked my pants.”

“Ah, no.....!”

Actually, I do hate this. I felt ashamed of myself on the train yesterday and I hate being toyed again by Kuroki today at school. I don't understand why Kuroki has his eyes on me but I'm certain that it's because he just enjoys making fun of me. Not to mention, I don't understand why I am unable to disobey Kuroki. Having him order me around while he does these kinds of things to me amounts to this embarrassing situation again.

“No...stop.”

“I can stop like this?”

“.....S- stop.”

I desperately nod my head as I cling to Kuroki's shoulders, and then Kuroki simply removes the finger he had inside of me and stops messing around with my nipples as well.

“Then I have no choice. You're ready so soon, huh?”

He lowers his zipper and takes his cock out from within. His penis is so large that it seems unbelievable. But today I'm not scared at all. I continue riding on top of his thigh as Kuroki starts rubbing his cock.

“I'll be done soon, so keep watching.”

“.....!” He doesn't even have to tell me; I can't tear my eyes away. Without even realizing it, I make a noise in my throat. I quickly cover my mouth but it looks like Kuroki has heard me. He chuckles.

“You want to touch it?”

Even though I think I can't do such a thing, I give in and touch him there.

“Aah.....”

It's hard, big, and hot; even my chest starts to feel hot, as if the heat is being transported there through my fingertips. My heart begins beating so fast that it's hard to breathe.

“Do you get it? I put this in you yesterday.”

“.....”

“It was warm and soft inside you, and also very tight that it hurt. But it felt so good I could almost make this my kink.”

“No.....!”

My body starts to tremble. The tip of my cock, that has been abandoned mid way, is once again overflowing with honey. The hand resting on my back slides down and lightly strokes my butt crack so I can't help but start to feel a tingling sensation inside my body.

“Aah.....nng!”

Yesterday I swallowed up Kuroki in an unnatural position and it had hurt. But at the same time, my body remembers how much I enjoyed this pleasant feeling that had turned me dizzy.

“You remember it, Tomoya? How good it felt having my cock rub inside you that it brought you to tears.”

“.....Don't.....say that.”

“See, you're squirming. You so want it.”

He toys the opening with his finger so now even I myself become aware of how much I'm squirming down there. But I start growing impatient when his finger doesn't go even a little bit inside.

“Aah.....urgh, nnggh.....teacheeer.....” I'm unaware that I'm rubbing my cock against Kuroki. “Ah, ah, so good.....”

He continues toying my bubbling-up hole and I cry out, forgetting to be stubborn. Kuroki supports me underneath my armpit, raises me up to my feet and now, not only does he rub me with his finger but also rubs me with his cock.

“Aah...ngh...nnggh.....hya!”

I feel Kuroki's heat on my butt crack and my insides start stirring even more. My groin throbs and if he keeps this up; I'm going to go crazy.

“ – Tomoya.”

“Tea.....cher, no.....more.”

He licks my nipple. I rock my hips, unable to control myself as I grasp Kuroki's shoulders.

“No, aah, put – in!What should I do?”

My hole freely opens up to swallow Kuroki inside. It hurts really badly but I can't stop.

“Noo, aah..... AH, it's going in.....! AAH, it's in! AH, nnggh!”

It's hard for me to keep my voice down when he calls me ‘Tomoya’ with such a hushed tone.

“See, you wanted it.”

“Hya!”

He pulls my hips towards him, going in deeper. It's hot and painful inside the place where Kuroki has put it in. He thrusts up lightly from below and a wave of numbness rises up from my groin.

“Aah.....no, tea.....cher.....”

Just a slight movement from him and it feels so good that I become dizzy. I rock my hips out of my own free will. Even though I was being modest at first and had controlled myself, it had been unsatisfying; so before I knew it, I gave in to this ecstasy and started rocking my hips more violently.

“Aah, nnggh! No.....”

“Saying ‘no’ while shamelessly swaying your hips, I see,” Kuroki says, so I do it even more.

“Bu.....t, ah, aah.....what should I do? It's...amazing.....”

I can't think about anything. It just feels so good that I want him to fuck me harder and I rock my hips deliriously.

“You're a really bad boy Tomoya. You want to be mindlessly fucked, hm? I have to punish a bad boy like you, Tomoya.”

“Ah, uugu.....fuu.....ngh”

“Don't come until I tell you. Got it?” Now Kuroki orders a cruel thing like this. And then he grabs my hips and violently starts thrusting up from below.

“Ah, *NO*.....!”

“You feel it here, don't you?”

“Ah, aah.....no...more.”

“Stick out your tongue. I'm going to suck it.”

“Nnggh – “

Our tongues are entwined as he vigorously kisses me like he's devouring me. My mind goes blank but the lower half of my body can clearly sense that I have captured Kuroki. It's as if all of my senses are being concentrating down there. I seize my shaking penis that's about to hit its climax and rub it all over, losing control of myself.

“Aaah.....no...more.....I'm coming, I'm coming!”

I'm about to climax when out of the blue Kuroki stops my hand.

“No, *why*.....!?”

It makes no difference whether or not I protest.

“I told you, you can't do this. Suck it up.”

“I- I can't! Le- let me.....aah...”

There's no way I can put up with it. Kuroki persistently pushes on my weakest spot so if I put up with it any further, I'm going to go crazy.

“*Pleeese*.....” I am full out begging him.

“I would be spoiling you if I let you do that and then you'll be cumming as much as you please.”

He won't let me, nevertheless.

“Please, *pleeease*.....”

“Look, try to come without jerking off. I'm going to churn it up inside of you so show me you can come from this alone.”

“Aah.....”

Just like he says, Kuroki starts twisting it up inside of me fiercely. By now, the only thing I can do is cry.

“Hya.....nnggh.....noo.”

No, that's not right. I deliriously give my hips one more swing.

“Oh, looks like you can.”

This ecstasy spreading to my front and back is centered on the place where Kuroki and I are joined and it makes me melt even more. My soft insides squirm and close around Kuroki's cock.

“You're so tempted to suck on me.....Do you like it that much?”

“Aah.....nnggh!”

Everything turns hazy as if I were going delirious. It doesn't seem real that Kuroki is inside of me.

“Forcing you to release slowly is such an erotic sight, Tomoya.”

“No, ah, aah, nnggh! I'm going to come...I'm going to come.....so much!”

I can't believe how deep Kuroki goes in.

“Then come as much as you want.”

The moment he says this, I easily abandon the task Kuroki had assigned me to do before. I throw my arms around Kuroki's neck, bend my neck backwards and feel the climax coming on so strong that it makes me tremble. The intensity of it brings me ecstasy and all I feel is Kuroki's throbbing inside of me. Kuroki pulls out.

“Good job,” he praises me in an awfully hushed voice and I somewhat come back to my senses. But it's hopeless for me to separate from him.

“Pull yourself together, now. Fifth hour is starting.”

I have no choice but to hurry so I force my exhausted body back to life and then somehow get off from Kuroki's lap, straightening my disarrayed clothes. The lower half of my body feels heavy. I wish I could go to sleep. Kuroki laughs at me.

“Serves you right. You wanted it so badly that you swallowed me in out of your own free will.”

“.....”

Rather than feel embarrassed about these words, I feel slight resentment inside of me. I myself realize my true character. This is . . . unnerving.

It makes me uneasy because I don't understand why Kuroki is doing such things to me. Even Ienaga said that Kuroki is good looking so if Kuroki wanted a partner he could have had anyone. And even if he wants to make fun of someone, why does it have to be me of all people? I open the door of the chemistry storage room as I casually glance over my shoulder to see that it looks like Kuroki has lost interest in me after doing those things and now has his back on me while smoking a cigarette. I stifle a sigh as I go out into the hallway and head towards the classroom. I don't get Kuroki. Be at the park at 6:30 – that's what Kuroki said, but I still can't even imagine what that means. If I delightfully go there, Kuroki probably won't come no matter how long I'll wait and then I'll see that it was Ienaga who had been invited instead of me – only bad thoughts cross my mind making me more and more uneasy. I am not in my right mind as I sit through 5th and 6th hour. After school, I hand the money over to Ienaga in the bathroom like usual.

“Thanks”

Ienaga leaves before I do. I have to wait in here.

As I wait in here like usual, I hear Ienaga's cheerful voice from the hallway.

“Teacher!”

Upon hearing him exclaim that, I secretly peek into the hallway and sure enough, Ienaga is there with Kuroki. Of course Ienaga looks happy but Kuroki doesn't seem all-together as happy.

“I'll lead the way, okay? Let's go, teacher.”

Ienaga has both his arms around Kuroki's arm and persistently invites him to go somewhere. Kuroki just forces a smile, but doesn't shake him off. Right now, there is no sign at all that he's going to look and laugh unkindly, the way he does at me – like he's making fun of me. I'm simply a person he just likes to waste his time with, after all. This is what I think about, as I wait in the bathroom until Kuroki and Ienaga leave. Surely,

Kuroki isn't going to come to our meeting place. In fact, he probably even forgot that he made this promise with me. I bite my lip. I feel like I'm going to cry rather than sigh if he doesn't show up. How stupid of me. Thinking about it does nothing. There's no way Kuroki will make me his guy because I had seen just now that Kuroki and Ienaga make a better picture. If he were to be with me, we would surely be a laughing stock, but if he were with Ienaga, that wouldn't be the case. Ienaga said that it's common to be bi nowadays. But he said that precisely because Kuroki is attractive just like him.

I'm about to go to the meeting place, certain that I have been stood up. There's really no point in going there. I'm just going to get hurt again. I kill time at the library as I think about this and then head towards the designated park, holding on to faint hope. Even when I walk slowly, it doesn't take 20 minutes to get to the park. I arrive there in no time at all and make sure to avoid people by standing around, heart thumping, in an alcove for about 20 or 30 minutes until 6:30. Meanwhile, repeatedly checking the time on my cellphone. When it turns 6:30, I'm so nervous that my heart almost jumps out of my mouth.

A black Sedan stops at the side of the road. The passenger seat window rolls down, and I instantly can't believe my eyes. The person I see inside is without a doubt Kuroki. I had thought there was no way he would come; that's why I'm so shocked that I can't take a single step forward. As I stand there stock still, Kuroki gets out of the driver seat.

“Don't make me wait.”

He shoves me inside the passenger seat as he says this and then returns to the driver seat himself. The car immediately starts to move.

“Do your seatbelt.”

“Ah.....o- okay.”

I do my seatbelt in a fluster. My hands are shaking and it doesn't go well the first time so I have to redo it four or five times.

He came. This fact makes me go ecstatic. The car leaves the school and drives far beyond my house. Where in the world are we going? I'm really starting to worry but it seems tacky to ask so I keep silent. I hadn't expected Kuroki to come so I'm really happy. But pretty soon that changes to regret. We're not talking. I can't come up with anything to

talk about. Kuroki must definitely think I'm a boring guy. He probably tried to play a little prank by teasing someone, the person turned out to be a student from his own school – me – and because I had been seduced he couldn't just flatly reject me so he ended up coming to see me. Now the guy he's with is Shiromoto Tomoya. He knows my name, so he must have heard what kind of student I am: a stupid, lame student who everyone looks down on. Kuroki called Ienaga 'famous', so deep down in his heart he's probably appalled at me when he compares me to Ienaga.

When I think that, I hunch down even more.

The car stops.

“We're here.”

Kuroki gets out so I open my door in a fluster, too.

“Ah, um.....”

We're in an indoor parking lot. Kuroki remains silent as he starts to walk and opens the door of a shop on the first floor.

“Go inside.”

He urges me quickly, so I go in ahead but then come to a halt.

“Welcome!”

Many salesclerks happily greet me. I'm confused so I look back at Kuroki. What in the world is he going to do by bringing me to a place like this? It's a beauty salon. Besides, not only is there a beauty salon near my house – so he didn't have to bring me all the way here – but also all the beauticians working inside this store are stylishly dressed. No, in fact all the customers are sophisticated too and I'm the only one who feels out of place. Kuroki coolly passes ahead of me.

“This kid right here. I'm leaving him to you so give him a suitable haircut.”

Looks like it's someone he knows. Kuroki tells this to a beautician who's about the same age as him.

“Can I give him an all over color?”

“Yeah, I leave that up to you, too. But if you make it stand out too much he's going to get caught for breaking the school rules so keep it reasonable.”

“Hold on.....!” I turn to Kuroki and refuse, shaking my head. “That's a problem.”

Kuroki cocks his head questioningly. “Why? You don't have to worry. He's really talented.”

“Tha- that's not what I meant.....!”

I don't get what Kuroki's purpose is for doing such a thing. Is he suggesting that I make at least my hair a little bit decent because I look so lame? If that's the case, then I don't need that kind of favor. Just because I get a haircut at a stylish salon, doesn't mean I'm going to turn cool. Kuroki calls out to me in an irritated tone of voice as I hang my head.

“It's no big deal! Stop looking so upset. We're going to cut your bangs simply because they're annoying.”

“Without my permission.....” I keep refusing Kuroki's suggestion. Even if he tells me it's no big deal, it IS a big deal to me.

“That kind of hair is bad for your eyes and skin, okay? I'm not forcing you. If you don't want to do this, then better get into the car again and I'll take you back to the park.”

That sounds like he's saying ‘I'm not going to see you anymore’. I'm sure of this. When I nervously lift my eyes, I see that Kuroki is frowning, clearly looking un-amused.

“What are you going to do? Make up your mind already.”

I'm being rushed because of how careless his tone of voice sounds so I make up my mind, bow my head, and say, “Thank you for this”. My voice is very quiet but the beautician understands, nodding at me. Kuroki's frown vanishes.

I can't do anything about this. He cuts my hair in preparation for the all over color. Even the way they shampoo my hair here is different from the usual nearby hair salon that I always go to. Meanwhile, Kuroki joins the waiting customers and sits down on a sofa, crosses his long legs, and patiently waits while occasionally flipping through a magazine. I can clearly see Kuroki's reflection in the corner of the mirror.

“How is it?” The beautician gives me a hand mirror, asking me. Not knowing what to say, I look into the mirror. I meet my gaze. Kuroki stands up, with the cigarette still in his mouth, and comes over. I can't tell from his facial expression if he's pleased or not. He's probably disappointed and thinking ‘I knew it, he still looks lame even though I brought him all the way here to this beauty salon’.

“We're borrowing the back.”

Kuroki grabs my arm as I hang my head down. He takes me to the back of the salon like this.

“Wh- what.....?”

While I'm perplexed, wondering what in the world is going on now, he takes me along with him through the door at the back of the store and then suddenly unbuttons my shirt once we're inside.

“.....No.....! What?”

When I frantically try to adjust my clothes, he laughs deep in his throat.

“Sorry to disappoint you but I can't let you pleasure yourself here. Change into this.”

Kuroki stretches out a paper bag in front of him. It looks like I was worrying over nothing so I blush at my sheepish self.

“You can't possibly be planning on staying in your school uniform. You can't go anywhere looking like this.”

“ – Oh.”

That's a good point. I myself should have at least prepared a change of clothes. But I, who completely has no experience in going anywhere with anyone on my way home from school, had not even paid attention to this detail.

“Will you ride the train like this? I can pretend to molest you again,” he says this in a way that sounds like he likes me better now. I snatch the paper bag away from him.

“I- I'll change. So wait for me outside,” I say and Kuroki leaves the room. The contents in the bag are a shirt, sweater and jeans. It's all from a popular brand that even I know of. I obviously have never even held these kinds of clothes before let alone wore them.

I hesitatingly change and then realize that the waist is baggy. But there's a belt inside the paper bag, so it looks like Kuroki somehow knew it would turn out like this. I open the door after I buckle my belt.

“.....It's a little big on me.”

I make an excuse, as Kuroki looks me over, worried about the extra fabric around my mid section.

“It's cause you're too skinny.”

My heart leaps at the way he's looking at me, because I'm careless enough to remember Kuroki's facial expression from that time even though I'm in a beauty salon.

After that, Kuroki and I leave the store and get into the car again. Obviously I don't ask where we're going next. It doesn't matter whether I ask or not. In the end, I'm just going to do what Kuroki tells me to do. Has it been 30 minutes? We arrive in an underground parking lot of a hotel. Of course I had never stepped foot into this famous place. Kuroki gets out of the car so I also step out of the car, imitating him.

“Tomoya,” Kuroki calls my name. He walks around the car and stands in front of me. “Stand up straight.”

“.....Huh?”

It's so sudden that for a moment I don't understand what's happening.

“Walk in line. Don't look down. Look straight ahead. Pull yourself together.” Suddenly, he's ordering me to do this and that, and I reflexively do just what he says. “Draw in your chin. Tighten in your ass. That's good.”

When I do exactly what I'm told to do right on the spot, Kuroki gives me a small approving smile.

“So you CAN do it. It'll probably be hard until you get used to it, but stay like this the whole time.”

He stretches out his hand and strokes my hair like he's praising a little kid. Nobody has ever petted my head even once until now, so a warm sensation starts up in my chest. When I'm with Kuroki, many different feelings and emotions arise inside my body.

“Keep that posture and follow me.”

I frantically try to follow his orders, but it's harder than I had thought. It takes quite an effort for me – who naturally slouches and looks down all the time – to maintain good posture.

“If you slouch, I'm going to severely spank your ass.”

But he doesn't need to threaten me; I do exactly what he tells me anyway. I follow after Kuroki, moving a little bit awkwardly. Kuroki's destination is the restaurant. I start to feel uneasy, wondering what kind of place the restaurant at this hotel is, but I didn't

need to be so worried. It's a western style bar with ordinary people wearing ordinary clothes.

The private table feels like a chic hideout. However, the place isn't too important. The most important thing is the fact that I'm with Kuroki. However, this makes me nervous.

“You can order anything you want.”

I don't know what to choose when he says that. Thinking that he'll probably be appalled at me if I answer that I'm okay with anything, I cast my eyes down at the menu and think only about what to choose.

“This should be good enough,” Kuroki says, probably getting impatient, so I immediately agree. He gazes straight at me while we're waiting for the food, so I cast my eyes down. Until just a while ago, my bangs covered my face whenever I looked down, but now that I got a haircut, this doesn't happen. Suddenly, I start to worry about my hair. Does it look weird? Even though Kuroki hadn't said anything, my anxiety increases since there's nothing to hide my face with.

“Your *back*,” he warns me, so I instantly sit up straight as if by reflex. Only I can't lift my eyes. I feel anxious, thinking that I'm probably getting scolded again, but this doesn't seem to be the case. “There's nothing wrong with looking down a little. I like that you show shyness.”

Kuroki smiles sweetly at me so I feel a little bit relieved and relax my shoulders. I memorize the tilt of his head. For something called ‘good enough’, a great deal of food keeps on coming. Starting with the appetizer, there is soup, the main dish, and it all ends with dessert. I eat all of these things for the first time, and they're all so delicious that it surprises me; but there's just so much that in the end I'm forcing myself to put it in my mouth, since Kuroki said to not leave anything behind. Then when I remember being called too skinny, I definitely can't bring myself to leave anything behind. We take the elevator after leaving the restaurant, having been there for over an hour. I'm just thinking that we must be going back to the underground parking lot so it's an unexpected twist when we head up.

“Isn't...the car down?” I ask, and Kuroki throws me a suggestive glance.

“You're joking. You can't possibly be thinking that we came here just to eat.”

I think twice about his reply. I had thought that we came to eat.

“Who was the one who treated you to dinner? Now that I have fattened you up, I'm going to eat *you*.”

Kuroki holds up a key in front of me that he probably took when I went to the bathroom after leaving the restaurant.

I hang my head, unable to reply. I'm sure that even my ears have turned red. I get more and more embarrassed thinking about this and sweat starts to form on the back of my neck.

“This was your plan too. Isn't that the reason you came along with me today?” He gets closer to me and this makes me realize that it's just the two of us in the elevator. Suddenly, I feel like the atmosphere turns cold. “For a beginner, you sure got into it at school as well as on the train.”

“.....!”

“You want me to do so many other things to you, don't you?”

My knees start to shake when he draws in so close to me that I stand directly below him. As Kuroki gazes at me, I think to myself whether or not I have a silly expression on my face and this too makes me feel uneasy.

“You will feel so good that you're going to cry. Today you can go crazy, cry out as much as you want. Are you happy about this, Tomoya?” His voice is like sweet honey dripping into my ear, spreading throughout the rest of my body and ravishing me slowly.

“Mr.....Mr. Kuroki.....”

Yes. I want to have that done to me. I want to have Kuroki do many more amazing things to me.

“That's not right, is it, Tomoya? I taught you a special way to call me.”

“Mr.....Yoshitaka.....”

“It's worth teaching a clever student like you.”

The faint sound of the elevator bell dings. I can't get off the elevator by myself. Even though I didn't drink, I'm unsteady on my feet as if I were drunk. No, I had never drunk before so really I don't know what it feels like to be drunk. We move along the carpet, him practically holding me, until we stop in front of a door. Kuroki inserts the key and opens the door. We go inside the room and Kuroki immediately presses me against

the door and kisses me. Naturally, my lips come apart. Just recently, I had learned that doing this makes the inside of my mouth feel good. Kuroki's saliva enters my mouth since I'm forced to look up. He probably does this on purpose. The feeling of the saliva going down my throat and the occasional wet sounds are too enticing. Kuroki's lips then part from mine and crawl down my neck. I myself realize that I'm childishly crying out as I put both my arms around him. I blush from embarrassment. But I can't stop.

“Nngh.....uugu.....Mr.....Yoshi...”

Meanwhile, it becomes difficult for me to even stand so I slowly slide down against the door all the way to the floor. Kuroki puts his arms around my waist and picks me up.

“You're so light.” He carries me to the bed. Kuroki makes the powerless me start to open my mouth.

“It suits you, you know.”

I don't understand what he means at first. But then he strokes my hair so I understand that he's talking about my hair.

“You have such beautiful almond shaped eyes so it's a waste to hide them. Besides, these erotic lips look a bit better when you don't have hair covering your eyes.”

“.....Teach.....!”

There's a sharp pain in my heart and I immediately press my hand to my chest. I get myself a compliment for the first time in my life and cherish this new painfully sweet emotion I feel. Kuroki pays attention to me, praises me, and teaches me many different things – he's the only one for me.

“What's wrong?”

“Somehow.....it hurts.”

“Your heart?”

“Deep down in my heart.”

When I say that, Kuroki raises the corners of his lips, satisfied.

“.....”

It's ridiculous. It persistently hurts. Kuroki's hands set to work on my – no, more like on the sweater Kuroki had bought me. It is difficult to orient my body, as well as breathe, when he pulls it over my head.

“Um.....”

“What?”

“Do- do you have to take off my clothes?”

He replies of course. “I have to.”

“A- all of it?”

As I'm asking him, he skillfully undresses me.

“All of it.”

Before I know it, I have become naked. After that, Kuroki also takes off his own top and exposes his upper body to me. He has a solid build and not a fraction of flab on his beautifully crafted muscles. His body is much different from my body, which is just skin and bones. His body is of an adult man. I unintentionally slouch down. He immediately slaps me around my hips.

“I told you not to slouch. I also told you I'm going to spank your ass if you do.”

“But, this is so embarrassing.....!”

I don't want him looking at such a scrawny body. I'm so ashamed that tears well up in my eyes.

“I don't care if you're embarrassed so don't hide. If you must be embarrassed, be embarrassed but you WILL show me every inch of your body.”

However, Kuroki says these cruel words and grabs my legs, spreading them wide open.

“.....No!”

I immediately try to close them but Kuroki has already got in between.

“Oh. You're already hard, I see.”

He points this out to me and I squirm with shame even more.

“.....No. Don't.....say that.”

“Aah, but you ARE hard again. What an erotic body.”

“Aah, no.....”

I am so embarrassed. Meanwhile, as I think about Kuroki staring at me, I start feeling something hot rising from the depths of my groin. I shake, almost on the verge of tears, all the while anticipating the touch of Kuroki's hands. Kuroki most likely knows this so he doesn't touch me on purpose. He wants to make me pester him for it.

“Hey now, Tomoya. You're about to cry. I've started crying too, you know.”

“No. Don't...look.....”

I can't take this. Immediately, a large hand encircles my cock and I want to be rubbed vehemently by it.

“Look, see for yourself. You're crying, don't you think?”

I can't disobey him when he orders me to look. When I cast my eyes downward, sniveling, it's exactly as Kuroki says. Honey oozes out from my erect, trembling cock. Even my sparse pubic hair is wet and glistening.

“Aah.....nng!” The inside of my body sets on fire. “No.....this is so perverted.....!”

Lust takes over shame.

“It is, isn't it? I've never seen such a perverted body before.”

“Oh, teacher.....touch.....me.”

Unable to put up with it any longer, I thrust my hips out forward. Kuroki licks his upper lip with the tip of his tongue, greedily.

“Tomoya, you really ARE cute when you're meek.”

“Aah.....!”

At this point, even my sanity, which I thought I still had a little bit left of, has turned into ash. I don't care anymore. It's just Kuroki and I. It's impossible to freaking control myself.

“Teacher, hurry.....*rub me*.”

When I beg him, Kuroki noisily sucks on my nipple.

“Aah.....! There, ah, *AHH!*”

As he licks it with his thick tongue, my wish is finally granted. He fondles my cock, sending a shiver down my spine, making me dizzy.

“Ah, ah, feels.....good.....! You're amazing.....teacher.....”

He simultaneously torments my nipples and cock; and my mind as well as my sight turns blank. I feel like I'm in a dream as I sway my hips back and forth.

“I'm coming.....teacher.....*teacheer*.”

“Your weakness is your lack of willpower,” he says that and yet Kuroki's hand rubs my cock even more lasciviously. Not only does he rub it up and down, but also rubs right into it with all of his fingers. Wet sounds echo throughout the room.

“Aah.....nnggh! I'm...coming! Suck.....my nipples.....more...! Ah, ah, I'm coming!” I cry as I ejaculate into Kuroki's hand. I squirt out with pleasure and then Kuroki flips my limp body face down. Kuroki informs me then that this is not the end and I just crawl around on the bed, not having any strength left anyway. Kuroki grabs my hips and lifts them up. Before I have time to feel ashamed at having my buttocks be lifted up in the air, I let out a shriek from the shock. He is licking right between my butt cheeks! He ladles into the opening with his tongue, spreading it open and I try to get away, being unable to put up with this slimy sensation.

“Hya! Urgh, that.....place is dirty.....”

But I can't escape. I don't have any strength because he's fondling my cock. It feels so good in the front but the unpleasant sensation in the back throws me into a state of confusion.

“It'll feel good soon. You must want to be licked so bad that you willfully stick your ass out.”

Even just the feel of Kuroki's breath makes me jerk my hips. He's licking me again so much that his saliva dribbles down. I tear at the sheets.

“N- no.....!”

No matter what I say, he continues to fondle me with his tongue.

“Would you look at that, you're starting to loosen up.”

“Aah.....no, it's disgusting.....inside.....”

“I'm overflowing too, you know.”

He's toying with my cock, licking my butt, and it's driving me crazy.

“Ah, ah, noo.....”

Pretty soon the place he's lapping up grows hot. At the same time I start feeling irritation deep down inside.

“Oh.....what.....? Aah...”

“It hurts inside, huh?” he asks and I agree. I have run out of time to fix this situation. “Then it's time for this.”

He inserts his finger. He had done this to me yesterday as well today, but now it feels so much better that it's incomparable to those other times. I'm dying to have this thick, stiff thing rummage inside of me.

“How is it?”

“I...don't now.....urgh...don't.....move it around.”

“You're the one who's happily swallowing it up. It got all slippery from just one finger – alright then, I'm putting one more in.”

“Aah – NNGH!”

It gets tight inside because now there are two fingers in me. But even this tightness feels good.

“You're ripe; squirming with hunger, you know.”

“No!”

He spreads and moves his fingers so the sensation obviously changes from how it had felt just a while ago. He rubs inside me with two fingers, pulling in and out, making my groin melt, and I cry out with a voice full of lust. My hips are starting to sway out of their own accord. I can only think about coming.

“Wow. It's juicy inside and out. You see this, Tomoya? I can't move my fingers around anymore. Cause you're eating them up.”

“Aah.....” I sway my hips, so into it. It's just indescribable when he rubs inside of me. A sort of pleasantness wells up inside me like there's something oozing out from deep within my body.

“It feels unbearably good, doesn't it?”

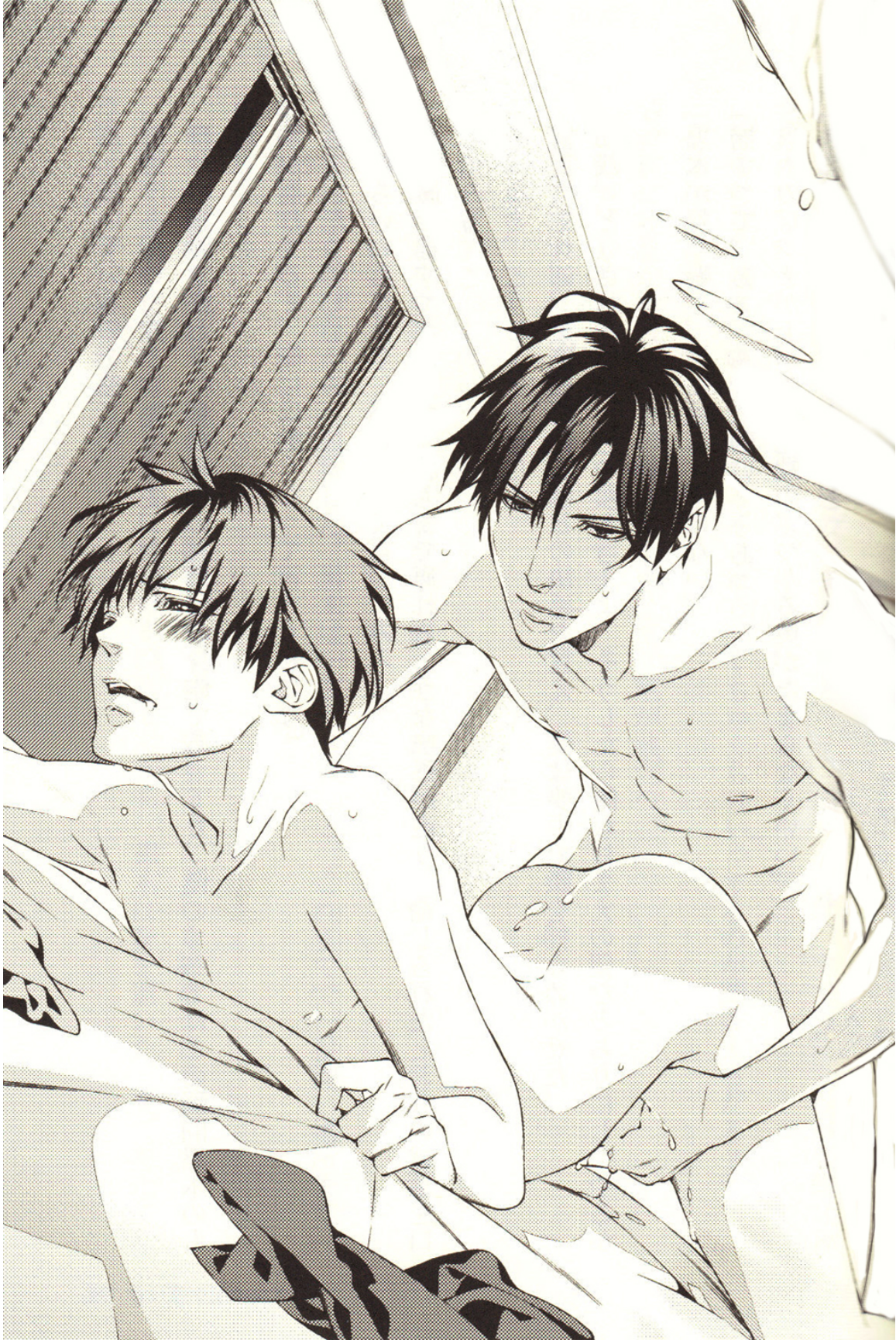
I simply nod my head.

“Aah.....good, so good!”

“Such a shameless body. I'm just fingering you and you've gotten all wet – hey, move your hips around some more.”

“Ah, aah.....it's so good...teacheer!”

“It's not enough? Tomoya.”



“.....nough! Not enough...!” I utter these embarrassing words as he prompts me. No, I don't have any sense of shame anymore.

“You want something even better?”

I repeatedly nod my head in agreement as I lie on the bed, face down, with my butt sticking up in the air.

“Then say it. Say: ‘Please give me your cock, teacher. Adore me with your lovely cock, Mr. Yoshitaka.’ I'll put it in if you say this.”

“Aah.....!”

He takes his fingers out. A hot, beefy thing rubs up against my butt crack. It brings back the pleasant feelings from this afternoon. My hole opens up without me realizing it.

“*Tea...cheeer.....*”

I want it. I want it so much I can't stand it.

“Your cock, teacher...Your large cock...Give it to me.....Oh, hurry.....Mr. Yoshitaka.....” Even though it seems like he is about to put it in, he doesn't. He only wets my hole with his pre-cum, making my body more and more impatient. “*Teacheeer.....hurry!*”

“Keep going, Tomoya. You have to say, ‘Adore me with your lovely cock, Mr. Yoshitaka,’ don't you?”

He flushes this sweet poison right into my ear and it causes me to act on my instinct – make me grasp my butt with my own two hands and spread it wide open.

“Teacher.....please! Adore me.....with your cock, teacher!*Do it!*”

When I resort to these desperate measures, Kuroki strokes the back of my neck with his hand.

“Good boy, Tomoya. You're very cute,” he whispers this and then takes hold of my hips, pulls them towards him, and slowly starts putting it in.

“Hya.....!” My body automatically tries to escape. When he pulls me back towards him, he goes even deeper inside me. “Ugu.....*No, aah – !*” I can only sob from this overbearing feeling of being filled up to as far as my stomach.

“It's all right. It'll feel better soon.” But when he kisses my back, uttering out these gentle words, an up-roaring feeling seizes me from within. It's the same feeling from this afternoon; as if I have captured Kuroki's cock.

“.....*Nngh!*”

“Would you look at that, you're starting to feel good.” Even Kuroki senses it and joggles lightly within me.

“AH!”

Sweet numbness flows up from the spot he rubs on.

“*Ah, aah!*”

It is clear to me that he jiggles within me several times.

“Aah.....wait! Don't...move yet.....”

“Oh, so it's wrong for me to move now, is it? Even though you're the one who's already so excited.”

“Ah, aah.....but...!”

Kuroki rubs my penis while lightly joggling within me. The whole time Kuroki and I are connected, I feel my soft insides, that Kuroki has stuffed his cock into, squirming.

“Aah.....*ngh!* Mr.....Yoshi. It's...strange inside.”

I don't have any control of myself. Even though it's my own body, at this moment, all of me belongs to Kuroki's cock.

“You're the one rocking your hips, you know. And yet, you're telling ME not to move.”

“Aah.....that's cause...”

“It feels good, right? Say this turns you on.”

Just a slight swing of my hips, and a pleasant sensation of numbness runs all the way up to the crown of my head. I utter out the exact words I'm told to say.

“Ah, aah...what should I do.....? *I'm so turned on.*” I feel a pleasant sensation of practically melting, and it forces me to deliriously rock my hips.

“Tomoya, what do you want me to do? Say it. I'll grant you your wish if you do,” Kuroki hotly whispers. I have no way of disobeying.

“Rock me...aah...fuu.....move in.....AH!”

Kuroki's speed increases. The tip of his cock pokes my soft insides and it feels unbearably good.

“Feels.....so good! Aah...more.....!”

It's much better now, the third time, rather than those first two times. I have become crazy, losing control of myself by sobbing and crying out in a lovely voice.

“You're sucking on me so seductively. You can hear the wet sounds, can't you?”

“Noo.....nnggh!”

His breath touches the back of my neck. I feel the heat of it and it gives me goose-bumps.

“So good! *Harder.....fuck me harder!*”

As he violently jiggles within me; my groin feels light.

“Does it feel good?”

“Good.....so, *so* good! Aah.....”

I dig my nails into the bed sheets and cry out to my heart's content. I have gone crazy.

“Noo.....I'm coming – !” I howl, ejaculating at last. Kuroki pulls out for a moment, and then bores right back into the deepest part of me in one stroke.

“*Ugu – !*”

I feel Kuroki's throbbing. My soft insides are dancing with joy and tightening up; squeezing everything out of Kuroki.

Then, after he plants a kiss on my shaking back, as if he were calming me, Kuroki separates his body from mine. I collapse on the bed, not having him support me up anymore.

Kuroki moves my limp legs apart from each other. He pushes my knees up so high to my chest that my waist is suspended over the bed, but I have already lost so much of my energy that I can't do anything by myself anymore.

“Aah – “

Kuroki enters inside me in missionary position. He drills right into me and my body opens up as far as it can, urging Kuroki inside.

“Your body is so soft.”

He separates my knees – that are pushed up to my chest – greatly apart and presses me down on the bed. He slowly pulls in and out as if he's screwing something in and all I can do is sob as I feel Kuroki's presence in an unbelievably deep part of me.

“Uugu.....uugu...nng!”

Through my tear stained eyes, I see that Kuroki's breathing intensifies, probably because it feels good, but his eyebrows are knitted so it looks like it's a little bit painful for him. Kuroki is being turned on inside my own body. This fact immediately brings me ecstasy.

“Tomoya – you look the most cutest when you're crying.” Kuroki squints his eyes at me. That expression seems terribly kind for a moment and makes me want to cry so much. I'm so happy that I got called cute. I want to be thought of as cuter; I want to be adored.

“Teacher.....Mr. Yoshitaka.....” Tears stream down my eye temples. I watch Kuroki scoop up the teardrop and lick it off of his finger, making me overflow with tears even more.

“You're really hopeless.” Kuroki laughs sarcastically at the sniveling me and then slowly pulls out. Before he completely pulls out, he fills me up inside for the second time, sending an electric shock from the top of my head down to the very tips of my toes.

“Aah.....aaahh.....!”

My legs tremble. My mind goes blank from the intense climax.

“Oh. You came dry.”

I completely don't understand what Kuroki means by that but this longer and stronger than usual wave of climax swarms over me – and still not knowing what's happening with my body – I let out a shriek as I squeeze Kuroki. This incredible climax that is making me lose control of myself continues for some time and it seems like I lose consciousness somewhere in the middle of it. I don't know how much time passes but I'm exhausted both physically and mentally and can't move even one finger by myself. However, when Kuroki calls my name, I somehow manage to lift my eyelids.

“Tea...cher. . .”

Kuroki wipes my wet cheeks and presses me to his chest. He lays his hand on my freshly cut hair and strokes it with gentle hands.

“Satisfied?”

I hesitate, but meekly agree. I don't feel like disobeying Kuroki in the slightest anymore. I want to devote my body and soul to him. I realize that by doing this it will make me happy.

“I'm very satisfied too,” Kuroki laughs. Then he stretches out his pinky in front of me.

“Listen, Tomoya. Let's make a promise.”

“.....A promise?”

I stare at his pinky wonderingly. I concentrate all of my brainpower on the sound of his voice, thinking I'm going to miss what Kuroki has to say.

“Yeah, a promise. Starting tomorrow, hold your head up high and look straight ahead of you. If you don't keep this promise, I'm going to severely spank your ass in front of everyone.”

I'm unable to answer at that very moment. Kuroki's warning pierces my heart but not because I'm at a loss at what to do.

“Answer me if you understand,” he reminds me, and I answer okay as I notice something all of a sudden: the commotion within my heart. The ache. The pain. Where is it coming from? I think all of it is proof that I am in love with Kuroki.

* * * *

It happened the next morning. As soon as I left the classroom, Ienaga came right up to me. Usually I meet with him after school to hand over the money, but today, for some reason, he summons me in the morning. Ienaga drags me along, not hiding the ill look on his face, and even if someone were to speak to him right now, he wouldn't even reply. We enter the bathroom.

“What's up with your hair?” He pushes me against the wall, snapping at me. For some reason, it seems like my hair is putting Ienaga in a bad mood, but I don't understand why he's so angry about it as I stare at him. “Stupid Shiromoto, what are you trying to look cool for? So what that you dyed it! You're *sooo* idiotic! It still doesn't change how lame you look!”

He spits out these insults causing me to instantly shrink away from him. Ienaga doesn't let his anger subside; rather, he heats up even more.

“That reminds me, you came out of the chemistry storage room yesterday. Don't tell me that someone like you, Shiromoto, plans on kissing up to Mr. Kuroki?”

Somehow, it seems like this is the root of his anger. But I never would have dreamed that Ienaga would be so conscious of me.

“Don't make me laugh! You're just a joke, doing whatever the hell you did. Don't go and dye your freaking hair. Look, change it back to the way it was. Looking lame suits you!”

Ienaga rattles away and then grips my head with both hands, shaking it. He pulls at my hair as if to say he really wants to get rid of it and my eyes well up with tears at the pain.

“So someone like you, Shiromoto, went to a beauty salon, huh? Where was this so called beauty salon? I bet it was a lame ass place anyway, right?”

“.....”

I think about how to protect myself as I cover my head, but I can't forgive what Ienaga says and powerfully shake off his hands. It would have been fine if he talked like this about some other place, but I can't forgive him bad mouthing the store Kuroki had brought me to.

“Wha- *what the hell?* You got something to say?” Ienaga widens his eyes in surprise at my first comeback at him because I had been a complete pushover up until now. But I'm not scared at all.

“*I DO!*”

I'm not going to hunch my shoulders. I'm not going to look down at my feet. That's right. I promised Kuroki this.

“Don't touch my hair! It's not lame! So I'm NOT changing it back and I'm NOT handing over money to you anymore either!”

I'm desperate. My legs shake but I have said what I wanted to say, nevertheless. Ienaga's face immediately turns red as he stares at me with a dumfounded expression. He narrows his eyes and I can even hear the sound of him grinding his teeth.

“Who...who do you think you're talking to!?” I almost collapse when he shouts at me. But I definitely don't look away from him. “Just try saying it one more time!” Ienaga sputters, but I stand my ground even when he threatens me.

“I- I said I'm not changing my hair back and I'm not going to hand over money to you either.”

“Shiromoto, you're so-!”

With a fierce look, Ienaga seizes a nearby floor brush and swings it up. I immediately stoop down and cover my head with both hands. I hear a dull sound. But I don't feel pain at all. Out of the corner of my eye, I see something white so I raise my head. That white thing is a white lab coat and it's Kuroki who is standing between Ienaga and me. He has caught the brush in his left hand and extends his right hand in front of me like he is protecting me.

“M- Mr. Kuroki.....!” Ienaga turns pale. His anger towards me disappears and he tries to force a smile, making his cheek muscles contract. “Te- teacher.....he started hitting me so...I- I turned to self-defense. This is self-defense.”

Kuroki looks over his shoulder at me as he listens to Ienaga's excuse.

“How do you explain what Ienaga says?”

I purse my lips before I slowly open my mouth again.

“He- he's wrong. Ienaga had been blackmailing me to get money so when I told him I wasn't going to give it to him anymore, Ienaga got angry and tried to hit me with the brush.” I speak quite smoothly considering it's me. Surely Kuroki also thinks so as he gives me a single nod of his head and turns towards Ienaga.

“Do- don't lie! Teacher, don't take what this guy says seriously! Shiromoto, nobody is going to believe what you say anyway!” Ienaga spits out with a faint smile playing upon his lips, but the next moment, however, his expression freezes.

“Really?” Kuroki looks coldly at Ienaga. “At least I believe Shiromoto.”



“.....Te- teacher,” Ienaga drops the brush, tears in his eyes, pressing Kuroki for an answer. “Why are you saying this? There's no way I would ever have anything to do with this guy, okay? Nobody has anything to do with Shiromoto.”

I can't argue against Ienaga, who so fervently appeals to Kuroki. Ienaga speaks the truth. Up until now, I had scolded myself for being worthless, but hadn't even tried to make an effort to do my best. That's why Ienaga was right when he said 'nobody has anything to do with Shiromoto'.

“Um.....”

At that moment, a soft, hesitant voice cuts into the conversation. It's Satomura and Iida.

“Last time.....we, um, happened to overhear that...well, Ienaga gets money from Shiromoto to go do karaoke and such.”

I'm surprised; this can't be real. I can't believe my ears. Particularly because Satomura is such a fan of Ienaga's so I didn't expect her to defend me. However, I had not misheard.

“Sorry we ignored you up until now, Tomoya. Teacher, we thought we should tell you that we saw Shiromoto gather up the courage to stand up for himself.” Satomura and Iida bow down in apology. I'm just confused, wondering what is going on.

“Thank you, Satomura and Iida. Well said.” Kuroki thanks them. Actually, I should be the one thanking them but I am so surprised that I can't speak. Ienaga sinks down to the dirty bathroom floor. His face turns pale with shock.

“Ienaga, follow me to the faculty room. I'm going to give you an ample punishment. If there were others involved, be honest and let me know. You're going to sit straight through a lecture and then write an apology essay. Of course, you will also return the money. Understood?” Kuroki informs him and Ienaga just helplessly nods his head, without any intention of arguing.

“Shiromoto,” after that, Kuroki turns his eyes towards me. Smiling with his lips closed, he says this in a low, wanton voice. “Your lecture will be on another matter.”

Of course, I nod my head. I can't disobey Kuroki. I don't want to disobey.

* * * *

“Ah, aah, so good...! Teacher, it feels.....soooo good!” I have lost it, crying out as much as I please on the bed in Kuroki's room. I'm mounted on top of Kuroki, his cock inside of me as I deliriously rock my hips.

“You like my lecture that much, huh?”

Kuroki looks up at me with a lewd expression on his face and it feels like his voice is sexier than usual. It's as if my entire body has become an erogenous zone.

“Ye- yeah, I like it a lot.....Ah!”

Kuroki knows this perfectly well but prompts me.

“Where is it the most pleasing, Tomoya? Here, where you're shamelessly dribbling out? Or here, where you're squirming obscenely?”

He points out this embarrassing fact and I throw my head back, sighing.

“Hey, answer me.”

“Both – both places feel good.....Aah!”

Captivating pleasure rises up from the spot at where we're joined. Sometimes Kuroki thrusts up, making me unable to hold on to my sanity.

“Move around properly. I can't use one of my hands.”

Suddenly, Kuroki tries to raise his left bandaged-up hand. When I see this, I come to my senses for a moment, feeling the pain in my groin.

I had accompanied Kuroki, who had dropped by the hospital. I had turned pale, my eyes welling up with tears, when I heard that he broke his hand. The fact that Kuroki got hurt because of me filled me with remorse. But when I hanged my head down, Kuroki had gently petted it. He laughed at me, since I couldn't even raise my head inside of the taxi on the way home, and because of that, he told me to cheer up.

“.....I'm okay so...No, don't.....aah.....suck there.....”

He sucks on my nipples, making me tremble violently. I move vigorously with both hands on Kuroki's stomach as I shake my head in denial. Every time I rock my hips, a wet sound reaches my ears making it unbearable.

“Aah.....this is so.....perverted.....Don't!”

My eyelashes are stained with tears at the obscenity of it all and it makes Kuroki laugh deep in his throat.

“Ah, you're in trouble. You're getting wetter and wetter.”

“No, don't say that.....ah, I'm coming again – !”

Honey starts spilling out of my cock. It doesn't splatter like before. Even I myself don't know how many times I had already come.

“.....Don't squeeze me, Tomoya. God, your little hole is so naughty. You want it again, hm?”

“N- no! Don't.....thrust in! It's weird!”

“Liar. You *so* want it.”

I have had it. The truth is that I'm thinking this, but even I myself start feeling like I DO want it when Kuroki tells me I'm lying. Even though it's my own body, I can't do anything with it anymore.

“But.....”

“I taught you before, didn't I? Say it, Tomoya.”

Kuroki entices me with his sweet whispering. I can't disobey Kuroki when he orders me to do something.

“*Fu- fuck me...*” I say the line he taught me to say as if I'm talking incoherently. “Rub.....fuck.....my sensitive spot.....Mr. Yoshitaka... please fill me up with your cum.....”

My body turns hot from the small amount of shame I still have left. Kuroki sees everything; the embarrassing words I say and my embarrassing appearance. I grow hotter when I think about this.

“You're a good boy, Tomoya.”

Kuroki grabs my hipbone with his right hand and rewards me by violently thrusting up for a short while. I cry as I continue calling out ‘teacher, teacher’.

“You're going to come.”

“*I'm coming.....I'm coming!?*”

He mercilessly tortures the deepest part of me and I reach climax, unable to hold back. Immediately after, Kuroki's cock enlarges so much inside of me that it hurts and Kuroki's ejaculation burns the walls of my soft insides.

“Aaah.....”

My body lurches forward and I collapse on Kuroki. Kuroki pulls me towards himself and puts his arm around me. He gently strokes my back many times with his right hand and I wet my already moist cheeks all over again, gazing at his pitiful, bandaged left arm.

“.....Teacher, why?”

I'd rather get beaten up myself than let Kuroki get hurt. It wouldn't have mattered so much if it had been me who had the broken arm.

“Come on now,” Kuroki glances at his arm and shrugs his shoulders. “I don't get it either. I noticed my body just moved on its own.”

These words are too much for me. My chest burns as I breathe deeply in and out, meanwhile summoning up my courage.

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka.”

I plant my feet on the ground, straighten up my back and look straight ahead. I must tell him the words I want to say.

“I.....love you, teacher.”

When I confess, utterly nervous about it, Kuroki suddenly looks very serious. My heart beats so fast, it feels as if it's going to break, when I see that he is lost in thought.

“It turned me on when I saw you getting tormented by Ienaga. If anyone is to torment you, I want to be the one to do it,” Kuroki says this with a terribly soft tone of voice.

“.....Teacher,” I must say something, so I part my lips, but Kuroki's lips touch mine before I can breathe out another word.

“But you're so slutty and naive that you do it everywhere. It delights me that we're joined in so deep.”

Kuroki's tongue feels incredibly sweet as it slowly licks my lips.

“I can't keep my hands off you.”

“Teacher –!”

Being by Kuroki's side is more important to me than anything else. My heart fills with joy.

“I love you. I love you,” I look straight into his eyes, which gaze at me, repeating ‘I love you’ as many times as I please. I myself feel that even if I say it many times over, it won't be enough to let Kuroki know how much I love him.

「Sweet Honey」

“No...this isn't the place...” I furiously shake my head. Kuroki's face looks deformed from the tears welling up in my eyes.

“Not the place? Tomoya, don't tell me you forgot where we first did it?”

“.....Hya.....aahh”

I shamefully thrust out my naked ass and swallow Kuroki into the deepest part of me. The very tip of his cock rubs against my soft insides, making me gasp for breath from the excruciating pleasure.

... “I'll be back at 7:30,” Kuroki had told me suggestively when we passed each other in the hallway. Joyfully, I had then gone with Kuroki to his apartment. Kuroki had opened the door and looked at me. This alone had set my body on fire.

“You look happy. You really are a very perverted guy. I don't want to deny you, Tomoya.” Then he had kissed me. We continued kissing as we stood at the front door . . .

“Hey, Tomoya,” Kuroki licks my ear sending chills down my spine. Each time Kuroki's cock pokes me I tightly squeeze him in.

“Tell me, do you remember where we first fooled around like this?”

“Aahh.....fuu...”

“A virgin like you got so turned on that you completely soaked yourself; where was this now?”

“Aah.....I...”

Kuroki's thrusts are so light that it feels like he has stopped. My soft insides squirm with dissatisfaction and without realizing it, I sway my hips back and forth prompting him to continue. Kuroki just strokes my ass and doesn't sway with me. It's because I don't answer his question.

I really want him to continue, so I quickly answer: “T-train ... on ... the train.”

“Yeah. You came so much and you didn't even care if anyone saw. You're such a pervert. You don't care where you have sex.”

“It's because of you, teacher...”

My first time with Kuroki was on a train. He had felt me up from behind (just like he is doing now), had hid me inside his coat and fucked me. I was ashamed and nervous that someone might see us, but even though I was a virgin, I was surprised at how good having sex felt. I was so turned on that I had begged him to fuck me harder.

“*What* about me?”

“I...love you. Aah.....no more, hurry-” I whine but Kuroki just snorts and bites my ear. I yelp from this sudden pain but it soon changes to a nice, captivating feeling when he continues thrusting.

Kuroki heavily violates me, but it feels so good that it makes me lose all sense of what's happening.

“You like it most right here, don't you?”

“Hya.....!”

He thrusts up hard, making cum dribble out from my already wet cock. I have lost track of how many times this has been going on for. These continuous orgasms make me squirm.

“Ah, aahh.....teacher, I love you. I love you.....give me mo~re.”

“You're so greedy.”

“Aahh.....it feels soooo good.....!”

I can't think about anything. My head is all cloudy and consumed by this pleasure.

“Squeeze me. I'm gonna cum inside you.”

“Urgh.....ngh!”

I strain my back and tighten around Kuroki more than ever. Kuroki's cock expands more inside me and he plunges in like he's trying to rip through my soft insides.

“I'm coming.”

“Ah, aah...”

Kuroki goes in deeper than before. His cum hits my most sensitive spot and it makes me shiver. I feel so faint from this never-ending orgasm.

Kuroki takes his cock out after jiggling inside me several times. Unsupported, I stagger over and squat down right there on the floor.

“Oh-ho, you even soaked up the floor. So you're a kid who wets his pants, huh?” Kuroki bends down to look at me. He is slightly smiling but it doesn't look like he is

criticizing me. Relieved, I extend both my arms, wrap them around Kuroki's neck, and tightly cling on to him.

The first time I had visited Kuroki's apartment was the day he had gotten hurt protecting me. I remember how relieved I had felt that he didn't break any bones in his hand from stopping the floor brush. But that day had been special to me for a different reason, as well: I proclaimed my love to Kuroki. I had confessed how much I love him. It had happened during sex (my supposed-to-be lecture) so I was half out of my mind, but I still remember it. When I had told him that I love him, I think Kuroki answered me with something like this:

“It turned me on when I saw Ienaga tormenting you. But if anyone is to torment you, I want to be the one to do it.”

And then he had said this:

“You're so slutty and naive that you do it everywhere. It delights me that we're joined in so deep. I can't keep my hands off you.”

I was more than satisfied with his answer. I had hoped from the bottom of my heart that he would never be able to keep his hands off me.

“Oh. You got my suit dirty,” says Kuroki but doesn't shake me off so I cling to him more tightly than ever. “Haven't had enough yet?”

It's never enough. When he holds me, I instantly start to want him really bad again. I remove my clothes because they are getting in the way and press our bodies together.

“Mhmm.....it's not enough,” I answer.

Kuroki raises one eyebrow in amazement.

“Having sex with a sex-addict like you leaves me no time to do anything.”

Then he takes me into his arms and heads towards the bedroom. He throws me on top of the bed. My heart beats violently as I watch in fascination by how Kuroki loosens his tie.

“I get that you want me, but you need to turn me on, you know,” Kuroki orders, so I lie on my back bending and raising my trembling knees. Kuroki is all I have. He is the only one who looks at me, calls me Tomoya, and holds me. Come to think of it, when was the last time someone had hugged me? I think the last time my mother had hugged

me was before I took the entrance exam to get into a prestigious junior high school, but she soon stopped after she found out I failed it. Then she stopped looking at me as well.

That didn't really upset me, though. Surprisingly, I didn't mind that my parents were indifferent to me. Besides, I have Kuroki now. Kuroki sees me. He calls me by my name and holds me. I feel like I'm a 'somebody' when I'm with Kuroki.

But is he happy? I would do anything to please Kuroki.

“Let me see you open it yourself. Finger yourself until your little hole oozes wet and show me how it looks inside of you.”

“.....Mhm.” I put my hands between my legs. “Teacher, look at it.....Please put it in again,” I say, my eyes watering. Kuroki draws in his chin, looking at me greedily.

“Alright. I'll put it in as soon as you do exactly what I've just told you.”

As I look into Kuroki's eyes, I do exactly as he says. Nothing makes me happier than the fact that my body excites Kuroki.

* * * *

I firmly plant both of my legs inside the shaking train. It's the rush hour so I need to be extra careful not to touch people when I slightly reel over. I am on the earliest train, so it's crowded and jam-packed with people wearing suits and uniforms. For quite a while now, the bag of the person behind me keeps going in-between my thighs. It is making me anxious, but I have to suck it up. I know that it's just an accident, and besides, it's only a bag that's rubbing the inside of my thighs, not a hand.

I keep telling myself that, but Kuroki's face comes to mind anyway. It has already been over a month since Kuroki had felt me up inside the train, but I still remember it as if it were yesterday. Meanwhile, I start to picture what had happened the day before yesterday. I can still see it clearly in my mind. Kuroki had fucked me. He had fucked me so much that even now, I still feel like there is something sandwiched between my legs. Thinking of Kuroki makes me aroused even though it's morning.

“.....Ngh!”

I can't. The bag between my thighs is starting to really bother me. The bag is only bumping against me, but I imagine that it's Kuroki's hand, moving around and plotting something. This makes all the hair on my body stand up as if in an uproar.

The more I try to hold back my desire, the more his hand comes to mind. I recall how good it felt when Kuroki moved inside me. I bite my lip. Oh, what should I do? This feels so good. My whole body becomes sensitive and the bag starts turning me on.

Seriously, what should I do? I can't just stand here. I tightly grip my pants with both of my hands. Then suddenly, somebody grabs and pulls my arm.

“I finally found you.”

I'm startled by how close the voice sounds.

“Don't get separated.”

I look at the man beaming down at me. I don't know him. He must have mistaken me for someone else, I think, but the man continues smiling.

“It's gonna be tough getting off since we're all the way in the back.”

As he pulls me towards the door, the train slows down. Then with a strong lurch, the train comes to a stop.

“Ah.....umm...”

“You're getting off here, right?”

The man gets off the train, still grasping my arm. He's right. I do get off at this station, but who is he and what does he want from me?

The man is tall, probably over 180cm, which is the same as Kuroki. And it seems like he's about Kuroki's age, too. He has kind, expressive eyes and anyone who sees him can easily call him a handsome man. His style is different from Kuroki's, but I'm sure that the girls at school wouldn't be able to get their hands off of him. A faint, citrusy smell lingers in the air; perhaps it's his hair-styling product or maybe his cologne. Kuroki smells stronger than him but this faint citrusy smell fits this man.

“It's pretty crowded, huh? Getting around by trains is tough.” The man loosens his tie with his right hand as he says this. He scans the crowd of people getting off the train and then looks at me with a slight grin. “But things like this happen to you often, don't they?”

“.....Things like?” My voice fails me because I'm so surprised. Did this man notice I was acting funny when I was fantasizing this morning?

“You know, meeting molesters.”

My heart skips a beat.

“You were molested, weren't you?”

I look down as soon as the man asks me that. How does he know? I don't remember mentioning that incident with Kuroki to anyone. Could it be that this man can read people's minds? I think this absurd thing in a panic.

“I- I wasn't!” I deny, but the man continues speaking.

“Didn't you realize? He was squeezing his bag between your legs on purpose. He was waiting to see your reaction. Ahh... salarymen are so pathetic. But he probably couldn't help himself.”

“The bag.....” I finally realize what this man is talking about. The man didn't read my mind. I sigh with relief. Of course. People can't read other people's minds. “I didn't get molested. I've never been molested.....” But my voice squeaks when I say 'molested'. I remember my first time with Kuroki. My very first time had left a huge impact on me.

“Really? You have such a cute face, though.”

He stretches out his hand to my cheek but I take a step back, by reflex.

What is this man talking about? I bet he's just trying to make fun of me when he says I have a cute face.

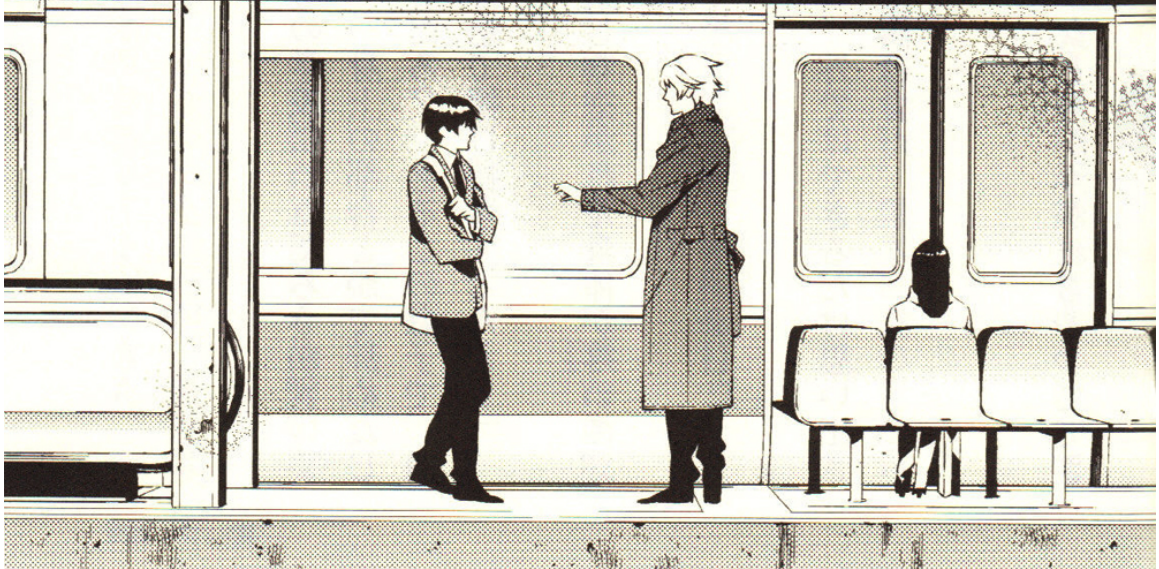
“Wha- what do you mean!?” I ask and wishing wholeheartedly to get away from him, I turn on my heels and leave the man without so much as excusing myself. I casually look back behind me when I reach the school's front gates. It's no shock. The man I was just with is waking a few meters behind me. When I meet his gaze, he smiles and waves at me.

“Morning~!” My classmate Murase greets me with a big yawn.

“Oh!Good morning.”

“What are you so jumpy about?” Murase laughs at me, because it's obvious that I'm nervous.

“It's nothing,” I say, shaking my head, and unintentionally direct my attention towards the man behind me. I nonchalantly pass through the school's front gates along with the other students. It seems like no one else is wary of the man because they all greet him back.



“.....Who's he?” I ask. Murase slightly cocks his head to one side.

“He.....? Oh, he's the new school nurse.”

“.....The school nurse?” I stop walking and look at the man – the school nurse.

“Oh yeah, you weren't here yesterday. The former school nurse, Takada, had resigned for personal reasons, or something like that, so that man is his substitute. You know that Sakisaka Hospital in front of the train station? Well, that man is the owner's son and a physician at that, too. He knows our school principal and the hospital head-physician and I guess he volunteered to work in both places for now.”

“.....I see.” I nod at what Murase says, meanwhile remembering why I was absent yesterday. Kuroki had fucked me so roughly that my whole body hurt so I couldn't sleep that night. Not getting enough sleep made me wake up with a fever yesterday morning. I can't possibly tell this embarrassing story to Kuroki.

“Ryou Sakisaka is a 27 year old, unmarried family doctor.”

I quickly shake Kuroki out of my mind because I'm talking to Murase about the school nurse right now. I must be careful not to remember Kuroki when I'm outside because my body starts acting up all on its own when I let my mind slip like that.

“He's young.”

He is one-year Kuroki's junior.

“Yeah. He's young as well as good looking, isn't he? The girls are going all gaga for him. They were already all over Kuroki, but now they're gonna go after Sakisaka too!”

I jump at the mention of Kuroki's name. I know that a lot of girls have the hots for Kuroki, but there's nothing I can do about it. Anyone who looks at Kuroki would think that he's hot. But Kuroki doesn't sleep with those girls; he sleeps with me. That makes me feel a little bit self-important, but I try not to smile and casually reply.

“Yeah.”

Right at that moment, I once again meet the man's – Sakisaka's – gaze. Sakisaka smiles and waves slightly, but I pretend not to notice him and resume walking.

* * * *

“Shiromoto, did you do the math homework?”

“More or less.”

“Really? Let me see~!”

I take my shoes off next to Murase. There's still time until class starts so students are heading towards their classrooms slowly, absorbed in their own conversations. I used to just sit dazed in my seat before class started but I don't do that anymore. Now I have Murase and a few others to talk to, as well as classmates who say ‘hi’ to me every now and then.

This is all thanks to Kuroki. First, Kuroki gave me a slight makeover, then he had told me how to behave: straighten your back; don't look down. I now realize how much effort that took. Ever since then, I decided to gather up my courage and talk to people, because I need to keep my promise to Kuroki. Kuroki's word is absolute to me. I still don't have much self-confidence, but at least I don't get bullied anymore. Ienaga and his gang don't pick on me anymore. I heard that Ienaga and his friends got in trouble with Kuroki so now they're on their best behavior. On top of that, not only did I get some new friends, but my grades improved, too. Nobody cared about my grades or anything before, but now Kuroki cares. Kuroki says ‘good job’ and pets my head when I get good grades, so now I care about studying and doing well. That's another reason why Kuroki means the world to me. He is a special and precious person to me. I love him so much. I would be by his side all the time if I could.

“.....” When I think about Kuroki, my mind wanders off and I can't concentrate on anything. I can't even remember anymore how I used to be like before I met Kuroki.

I enter the classroom. I sit down in my seat, empty the contents out of my bag, and hand Murase my math notebook. The girls in front of me are huddled close together and are very loud, considering it's so early in the morning. It looks like they're reading some feature article in a magazine.

“Oh-my-god, I can't believe it. I would never have sex with a guy right away! I respect myself.”

“Yeah, about that, haven't you been making out with that guy you've just met 3 days ago?”

From what I hear, I guess that they're excited because the article is related to a guy they know. I clearly hear the word ‘sex’.

“Where did you guys first do it? How many times do you guys have sex?”

This is an extremely inappropriate conversation to have so early in the morning, but for some reason, I listen in on this. My first time was on a train. I have sex 2-3 times per week. I silently answer the questions like they're being directed at me.

“Do you do everything he asks you to do?”

Of course. I don't want to say no to him. In both the chemistry storage room and inside his car, I have always done everything Kuroki had asked me to do.

“Oh, wow. That sucks,” Shimada, who is standing in that circle of girls, suddenly says. Then immediately begins reading the last part of the article, her face glued to the magazine that she's holding in both her hands. “It says: 'Having great sex is good and all but if he orders you around and you listen to everything he says, then you're just his friend with benefits. If you want to find out how he truly feels about you, then stop having sex for a while.’”

I am in shock. Not only do I hear the words “friend with benefits” but I also hear the words “how he truly feels about you”. I've made it very clear to Kuroki about how I feel about him. I love him more than anyone else. I listen to everything he says because I want to. But.....what about Kuroki? How does he feel about me? Kuroki never told me how he truly feels about me.

“I can't keep my hands off you.”

Kuroki had said, so I was happy but.....now I'm suddenly worried. What does Kuroki think of me when we do it?

“That really does suck. Don't listen to what he tells you to do. Men will often casually say 'I love you' to women they don't really love just for some sex.”

“He's gonna dump you sooner or later.”

Shimada sounds upset when her friends offer her advice.

“Oh no.....what should I do?”

At first, I had listened to them without much thought, but now both Shimada and I are worried.

Is Kuroki gonna dump me? That would be horrible. If Kuroki dumps me, I will be alone again. What am I going to do if he gets bored of me and dumps me? I absolutely can't have that. I wasn't worried up until now since we always fucked whenever we saw

each other; that's why I didn't really care about the reason why Kuroki has sex with me. But what am I to Kuroki? Am I just someone he keeps to boss around, because he enjoys playing with me every now and then? Having sex with him is terrific, but one day he will probably get bored of me and give me the boot.

“Shiromoto, are you okay? You don't look so good.” Murase, who is copying my notebook in the seat next to me, shoots me a glance, but I can't answer him. It's hard to pretend that I'm okay. “Why don't you go to the nurse's office? Seriously, you look sick.”

I shake my head in reply. I'm not physically sick. I'm just really anxious.

“.....I'm going to the bathroom to wash my face.”

I get up from my seat and leave the classroom.

Without so much as making a stop at the bathroom, my feet naturally take me to the chemistry storage room. I want to see Kuroki's face. I'm certain that if I see him, this anxiety of mine will disappear. That's what goes through my head as I walk towards the part of the building with the specialty classrooms.

“Hey,” someone calls out to me as I pass by. At first, I'm about to ignore it and keep on walking but then somebody puts a hand on my shoulder. I snap out of my daydream and stop walking.

“Oh.....”

It's the new nurse that I had just met this morning.

“Mr. Sakisaka.”

I can see why Murase is bitter. Sakisaka is good-looking but is modest about it, so it makes him appear kind.

“You remembered my name. And you are?”

“Shiromoto. Tomoya Shiromoto.”

When I tell him my name, Sakisaka flashes his pearly whites at me.

“Tomoya Shiromoto, huh?” His smile can lift-up any ill person's spirit.

“Um.....thank you for this morning.”

I still don't think I was being molested this morning, but I thank him anyway. I was anxious when I left the classroom but this friendly atmosphere around Sakisaka has calmed me down somewhat.

“You should be careful. You look like an easy target.”

“.....”

I can't agree with him on that. First of all, I'm a man, and second of all, even if someone likes to hit on men I think that they would choose someone better looking than me. Kuroki had molested me for a special reason.

I meet Sakisaka's gaze and step towards him. Sakisaka points to his watch.

“The tardy bell is going to ring soon, don't you know? If you need to do something in the specialty classrooms, I think you should hurry it up a little.”

It's true. There is only 5 minutes left until the tardy bell, but it's not like I came here to run an errand. The reason I had left the classroom was because I was feeling uneasy. I don't want to go back just yet.

“No.....I don't need to do anything there,” I say and turn around, deciding to head back down the hall.

“Shiromoto.”

A voice calls out to me from behind. I look over my shoulder at Sakisaka.

“If something happens to you, come to my office.”

I nod without replying to his tender concern, stifle my sigh, and go back to the classroom.

When 6th period is over, I head towards the chemistry storage room with a pile of handouts in my hands. When the chemistry professor, Tajima, asked us who wanted to collect the handouts and leave it on his desk in the chemistry storage room, I had voluntarily raised my hand. The reason I want to go to the chemistry storage room is to hopefully see Kuroki, of course. My heart races as I walk down the hall. On my way there, I stop several times in order to stall for time so that I can calm down. When Tajima finishes his work, he immediately returns to the teacher's lounge. Kuroki, on the other hand, usually stays after school by himself in the chemistry storage room until he finishes his work. When I arrive in front of the chemistry storage room, I take a deep breath before knocking on the sliding door and opening it.

“Excuse me.....I brought the handouts from Mr. Tajima.”

Volunteering to do this was worth it because I find Kuroki by himself here. My heart beats so loudly that it's annoying. Kuroki just shoots me a brief sidelong glance to

acknowledge my presence and then looks right back down again at the papers on his desk. It looks like he is working. I should just put down the handouts and quietly leave, but I continue to silently watch him. I'm disappointed that Kuroki just gives me a glance without saying a single word. I was hoping to spend some time alone with him.

As I stand there, handouts in my hands, at a loss of what to do, Kuroki stops writing and puts his pen down. He then picks up a cigarette and puts it to his lips. After he lights his cigarette and exhales up into the ceiling, he finally looks at me.

“What do you want?”

“Ah.....well...”

I didn't expect him to want to talk to me when he's working.

“I just brought the handouts from Mr. Tajima.....” I stutter over my words and place the handouts on the desk opposite of Kuroki.

“Mr. Tajima is usually gone by now,” he says as he taps the cigarette ash into an ashtray.

All I can say is: “Really?”

“.....Well then...”

When I glance at Kuroki, our eyes meet. At that very moment, my cock starts tingling and it leaves me breathless. I've seen this expression on Kuroki's face numerous times before. His words make me uncomfortable because I know what's about to happen. I start heading towards the sliding door.

“By the way, you've gotten pretty friendly with him haven't you?”

Gotten friendly with whom? What in the world is he talking about? I tilt my head to one side, unable to figure out what he means. Kuroki shrugs his shoulders lightly.

“The school nurse. He looks like your type.”

“Huh.....?”

Why is he talking about Sakisaka? All of a sudden I realize why. Kuroki must have seen me and Sakisaka talking in the hall this morning.

“No. Mr. Sakisaka saved me from a molester this morning.....Um, I mean...I don't know if it was a molester.”

Kuroki doesn't care for my frantic explanation. He just chuckles, so I shut my mouth.

“He saved you from a molester, you say?”

I shake my head.

“I told him it wasn't a molester, but Mr. Sakisaka said it was.....”

“Oh?” Kuroki extinguishes his half-smoked cigarette into the ashtray and gets up from his chair, laughing as if this is hilarious. Then he walks up to me and stands in front of me. “It makes no difference to you whether its early in the morning or not. You think about doing naughty things and it makes you wet between your legs, doesn't it?”

“.....Tha- that's not-!” I'm about to deny it, but I choke up. I can't say 'not true', because I really did remember doing it with Kuroki this morning.

“How was it? Did you get hard thinking about these things, Tomoya?”

“.....Ah...urgh.”

Kuroki's hand lightly brushes against the front of my pants. He does it so quickly that I can't even tell if he has really touched me or not but it sends shivers down my spine and makes my heart throb.

“.....I...didn't get hard...”

“What? Then you DID think about doing naughty things. You're hopeless, Tomoya. Are you telling me you thought up sexy little fantasies in your head while looking all innocent?”

“.....!”

“Tell me, what were you fantasizing about?”

Kuroki draws near my face; his breath falling on my forehead. I instinctively look down. Kuroki chuckles again. Kuroki doesn't move his hand but it feels like he is almost going to touch the front of my pants. Instead of that, though, he looks me up and down.

“Tomoya. What kind of naughty things were you thinking?”

“.....Tea- teacher.....”

My knees shake and my heart goes wild. My throat feels really dry so I swallow, but it makes a funny noise. I immediately bite my lip.

“Tomoya.”

He's really close to me. I stop biting my lip. I give up.

“About you, teacher.....”

“Me?”

My eyes start to burn. I have a hard time breathing as I tell him what I was thinking about on the train this morning.

“.....I was thinking about doing it with you the day before yesterday and doing it with you that time on the train.”

“The day before yesterday, huh? So you like getting fucked from behind while standing up, don't you? Is it because that's how I first fucked you? But you know, it was pretty tough cleaning up my front door after that. Your cum was everywhere.”

“.....Tea- teacher!”

“You surprised me.”

I feel my cheeks and neck flush. He's obviously making fun of me and it's driving me crazy with embarrassment.

“So you mean that you seduced the man around you cause you couldn't hide how turned on you were when you were remembering me, right?”

“I didn't seduce him!” I shake my head. That's all I can swear to. I had never once wanted to be with anyone else. I have this strong lustful desire because of Kuroki.

“But he *was* seduced by you, wasn't he, Tomoya?”

“.....Ngh!”

His large hand suddenly grabs my ass. I let out a silly sound when he starts feeling me up.

“Tea.....cher.”

“You say you didn't seduce and yet you sound like this. It feels good when I touch you, doesn't it? You're so horny that you just can't get enough. How does it feel, Tomoya?”

He strokes my ass and then gradually slides his hand into and down my butt crack. I slightly shift on my leg, unable to put up with him stroking me up and down through my clothes anymore. I can't help thinking about the stiffness in my pants. I want to touch it. I want to stick my hand in my pants and stroke my cock as much as I want. But maybe Kuroki should just stroke my butt crack more roughly instead.

“Teacher, teacher.....”

“Move your hips around some more. Seduce me. Then I'll give you what you want.”

“.....Aah, ngh!” I'm ashamed, but I can't fight against him. Kuroki's words are like honey to me. I do as I'm told and rub up against Kuroki's hand. Once I start, I can't stop. “Aaah.....teacher...aahh!”

I sway my hips then reach towards the center of my pants. I tightly grasp it and start rubbing. I get more and more excited as I rub my cock through my clothes because I can't take it anymore.

“I don't care. Get your underwear as wet as you want.” I hear his sweet voice in my ear as he licks my earlobe and it sends chills down my spine. “You're done for.”

“No, I-”

Kuroki is right. I'm done for. I feel wetness as I rub my pants. It's going to be a problem going home now, but there's nothing I can do.

“But you know, I can't put it in when you're wearing your pants. So what are you gonna do?”

I want him to put it in. I didn't think this would make him stop.

It tingles inside when Kuroki strokes me. It's unbearable. I want him to touch my bare skin. I want him to churn it up and rub inside me. I want him to forcefully put it in. I picture Kuroki violating me and it becomes even more unbearable. I place my shaking hands on my belt and undo it, as well as unfasten the hook on my pants. I lower my zipper, but my shame stops me from taking off my pants and underwear so I just tightly grip onto my clothes. Won't Kuroki do it for me? I look at Kuroki, but he just watches me, looking like he doesn't want to do anything other than stroke my butt crack with his fingertips.

“Teacher.....” I squeak, but he doesn't show any sign of action. “He- hey.....”

“You've done what you came here to do, right?”

“Huh.....?” I look up at Kuroki, surprised. What does he mean? Kuroki steps away from me, goes to sit down in his chair, and starts working again.

He doesn't so much as even glimpse my way anymore. It's horrible. He promised that he would give me what I want if I do what he says! I look at the front of Kuroki's slacks and see that he is hard. I want to complain. He made me all hard and now pushes me away? Maybe I annoyed him because I was hesitating?

“.....Teacher, I...”

Hesitatingly, I tug at the hem of my bundled up shirt. That's all I can do. Should I fix my clothes and leave quietly, or should I come on to Kuroki and take off all my clothes like he had told me to do so in the first place? I have these two options, but I can't do either one of them. I can't move. All I can do is just stare at Kuroki's bulge.

What should I do? I close my eyes and tightly grip the hem of my shirt. Feeling as desperate as I feel now, I can't help but cum in my underwear.

“Could you leave if you're all done in here? I'm busy.” He never changes. His good-looking face is as cold as ever, but he is hard.

Though I'm suffering here, Kuroki wouldn't even care if I go home, right? Or is he planning on jacking-off after I leave? I remember him rubbing his own cock and that turns me on even more. I can't help but rub my legs together and when I do, I hear an embarrassing squelchy wet sound come out from inside my underwear.

“Aah.....teacher.....!”

Trembling, I crouch down on the spot. Even I'm surprised at myself. Just picturing Kuroki masturbate makes me ejaculate and twitch as if begging to be fucked.

Tears rise to my eyes.

“Aah.....uugu.....kuh.....nng!”

I sit there hunched over and trembling. The discomfort in my underwear and the after effect of the climax makes me gasp for breath. I'm so embarrassed. No one was even touching my cock and yet I still managed to soil my underwear. My tears fall down to the floor.

“.....I'm not done.....I actually came here to see you, teacher.....!” I sound hoarse, whiny, and partly in despair. I sound like a little sniveling child when I hiccup.

“What are you crying for?” Kuroki scoffs. I shake my head as I tearfully look up at Kuroki.

“I don't want this.....! I.....don't believe this!”

“You don't believe this? A bad boy like you chooses now of all times to act like this? You wanted my cock so badly that it made you cum. You're really hopeless.”

“Uugu.....uugu!” Tears spill out of my eyes. I don't know what to do anymore.

“Let's see.”

Kuroki twirls his chair around to face me. Thank god he's still hard.

“Get undressed. Let's see. What have you done to yourself?”

“.....Kuh.....”

I slowly stand up and slip off my pants and wet underwear. It's really embarrassing but I'm not going to hesitate anymore. Nothing good ever happens when I hesitate. I want him to coddle me so I lift up my shirt with both hands.

“Oh my god, you've really soaked yourself up, haven't you?”

“Teacher.....”

“Wow. You've just came and yet you're hard again.”

“.....!”

Kuroki moves his right hand towards the center of his pants. He starts to slowly massage his bulge in a teasing way and the sight of this makes me gulp loudly. Kuroki chuckles.

“Do you want it?”

“.....Uugu.....kuh...”

“You want it so badly your little perverted hole is all twitchy with excitement, isn't it?”

Kuroki undo's the front of his slacks. His tight fitting underwear clearly shows how hard he is. It seduces me. I head towards Kuroki and kneel down in front of him. He doesn't say anything even when I stretch my hand towards him. I take Kuroki's cock out of his underwear. I sigh without realizing, making Kuroki laugh at me again.

“.....Mmh.”

I put it to my lips. After I lick the head, I put it in my mouth. I press down on it with my lips and stroke it using my tongue. My saliva and his pre-cum mix together. I desperately hold on to it.

“You sure love it.”

“Uugu.....uugu.....nng!”

“You even got my shirt wet from all this licking.”

Kuroki puts his hand in my hair and suddenly rips my head away from his cock.

“No.....!” I pout at being interrupted, but Kuroki beckons to me with his finger.

“Get on. You want me to put it in, don't you?”

My lower back starts twitching when he says that, and I start wanting his cock so

much that it's unbearable. I stand up and straddle myself on top of Kuroki's thigh as he continues sitting in the chair. Kuroki licks my fingers. He licks my index and middle fingers so much that his saliva dribbles all the way down them.

“Teacher.....?”

“You know what you're going to do with them, right?”

“.....Mmm.” I get it. I tell myself to relax and spread my asshole apart with my fingers so that I can try getting them in.

“.....I- I can't!”

I shake my head, unable to do it by myself. Kuroki also shakes his head from side to side as if imitating me.

“Spread it apart by yourself so I can put it in. This is as far as we'll go if you can't do it. What are you going do, Tomoya?”

“N- no.....!”

I have never done this by myself before so I'm scared. I don't feel like I'm going to do a very good job either.

“.....Tomoya.”

His breath falls on my ear as I continue hesitating. Then he playfully bites my ear once or twice. A chill runs down my spine. It makes me gasp for breath and lean slightly backwards.

“Don't you want me?”

Kuroki grabs his cock and lightly strokes it as if showing it off. When I see his stiff cock, I start breathing more heavily.

“You want me to shove it in you, right? You love it so much when I move inside you that it makes you cry. You like crying from the pleasure, don't you?”

“.....Huff!”

Oh no. I can't stand it anymore. The pleasure is irresistible whenever Kuroki puts it in and moves around inside me. Having Kuroki rub my soft insides with his cock turns me on, but I feel so helpless because I'm always crying.

“.....Mm”

I take a deep breath again, prepare myself, and reach my wet fingers behind me. Kuroki is sitting with his legs open so I also have my legs wide open, because I'm

straddled on his lap.

“.....Aah.....kuh”

I carefully push the tip of my finger inside my asshole. I don't realize it, but my hole has a desire of its own. It wants to become one with my finger. When I add a little bit of force, to my surprise, my finger slips in easily.

“Ah.....ohh...”

As soon as my finger is inside, it's not so painful to push it in further. Rather, I'm not quite satisfied and I push it in more.

“Teacheeerrr.....”

“How does it feel?”

“It's...warm inside.....”

It feels packed inside me. It scares me, so I'm about to take my finger out, but as I rub my soft insides, an intense pleasure boils up within me, so I just push my finger in again.

“Ah, aahh.....!”

I slowly push it in and out. As I do it over and over again, I don't even realize that I start doing it faster. I vigorously rub my soft insides with my finger. It really turns me on.

“Ahh.....”

“Feels good? Stick it in there some more.”

“Ugu.....nnggh”

I cling on to Kuroki with one hand and rub my penis against his while fingering myself and having my legs spread wide open. It's not like I'm not embarrassed, but I just can't stop.

“Look at all this drool spilling out of your penis. Does it really feel that good, Tomoya? Are you planning to soak up my shirt?”

“Noo.....” I intensely sway my hips as my desire forces me to put in another finger. It's very slippery so my finger has no problem going in. I use both fingers to vigorously churn up my soft insides.

“Te- teacher.....”

But it's not enough. I'm already turned on, and I want more. I want to go in

deeper. I want something bigger and firmer.

At first, I think I should just suck it up. But then, I take my finger out because I need something better. It feels empty inside and makes me antsy, so I try sitting on top of Kuroki's cock, but Kuroki stops me.

“No. Why.....?!”

“Think of where you're putting that in. You'll regret it afterwards.”

I will definitely regret it when Kuroki's cum starts leaking out on my way home. This thought crosses my mind but it only worries me for a second. I'm already on the verge of tears so I can't stand it anymore. I block Kuroki's hand and lower my ass on top of his cock.

“Tomoya.”

“It's okay. I'll manage...somehow so.....Aah...hya!”

I don't want to have to wait another moment. I just really want to feel Kuroki inside me. There's no condom this time so Kuroki's cock feels hotter and throbs more. Obviously, I think it feels much better, but it's kind of hard to describe this feeling.

“Ugu.....!”

I swallow up the tip of Kuroki's cock. It doesn't go in as easily as my finger does. It's like a powerful shock that hits me and I feel like my body is being ripped in two. It's so painful and cramped that it paralyzes me, but my desire overcomes this pain and I take Kuroki inside me as I let out a soft sigh.

“Haa.....”

Once Kuroki's cock is completely in, it surprises me how much it's throbbing. I grab his shoulders to at least try to keep myself still but there's no stopping the spasms inside me. Somehow, Kuroki's cock doesn't feel like a foreign object anymore.

“Who told you it was fine to put it in?”

“But.....”

I can't keep still any longer. Kuroki slaps my trembling hips.

“You have no self-control. You ignore me, plunge my dick right inside you, and now you move around as you please. It's like you're using me to masturbate.”

“Th- that's not true...!”

“Not true, is it? You don't really care what it is as long as you have something to

put inside you.”

“That's not true! You're terrific, teacher.....You're terrific, Mr. Yoshitaka. Ah...aahh.....!” I tell him that he's wrong, but I do what he accuses me of anyways. I'm so turned I can't help wrapping both legs around Kuroki's hips and swaying my own hips back and forth.

“Ahh.....! Uugu.....so good!”

“Your moves are so erotic. Does it feel that good?”

He unbuttons two of my shirt buttons. Kuroki licks his fingers and reaches under my shirt to touch my nipples.

“Ohh.....!”

He twists my erect nipple and it makes me even more aroused. I sway my hips more violently as Kuroki's cock rubs against the inner walls of my soft insides while sweetly pleading with him.

“Teacher.....”

Just rubbing is not enough. Kuroki must fuck me hard.

“Teacher.....fuck me.....”

“You're so greedy and yet it's still not enough?”

Kuroki grabs my hips. And gives one hard thrust up.

“AAHHH.....!”

My mind goes blank for a second and I cum all over my shirt.

“You're the best right after coming.” Kuroki says in a husky voice. I wrap my body around Kuroki, unable to let go.

“Ah, aahh.....oh! Wait.....!”

Tears blur my eyes but even though it hurts when Kuroki repeatedly fucks me, pleasure exceeds the pain.

“Tea...cher. Ah, aahhh.....nth! I.....love you, teacher.”

“Stick your tongue out, Tomoya.”

I stick my tongue out like I'm told. Then Kuroki violently sucks on it. In return, I desperately cling on to Kuroki.

“Ahh...teacher. I'm coming again.....I'm coming...”

I'm so turned on that it feels like I'm losing my mind. My whole body trembles.



“Where does it feel good?”

“In- inside! It feels good inside.....!”

“You're such a sex-addict.”

“Ahhh.....!”

It becomes so hot inside that it burns. I swoon with joy, getting weaker and weaker.

As I feel Kuroki's throbbing slow down inside me, he lets go of my hips. Now I want to kiss him and roll around naked with him, but I know that's impossible to do here so I get off his knees like a good boy. When his cock slips out, I tighten my ass. It instantly feels empty down there. If I didn't tighten up, Kuroki's cum would have dripped out. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Kuroki quickly straighten his clothes, sit down at his desk, and pick up a pen as if nothing had happened. I also straighten my soiled shirt and put my school uniform back on. I have to change into my gym clothes back at the classroom because there's no way I can ride the train with a dirty shirt. I will go to the bathroom after I change my clothes. In the bathroom, I have to try getting all of Kuroki's cum out of my ass otherwise it might stain my gym pants when I'm on the train. Kuroki has his face turned to the side, looking like he has already forgotten about me. I stifle a sigh, turn my back on Kuroki, and open the door.

“Um.....see ya then.”

Kuroki just says 'yeah' without even looking at me. When I leave the chemistry preparatory room and close the door behind me, I notice that my anxiety has only gotten worse. I press my hand to my chest.

I want Kuroki to look at me more; not only during sex. I want him to look at me all the time. I want him to call me ‘Tomoya’ and hold me some more. What do I have to do in order to get that? That's all I can think about as I walk down the hall alone.

* * * *

Every morning, I started seeing Sakisaka on the train, but that wasn't the only place we talked at because he made sure to say hello to me whenever I caught his eye at school.

“Shiromoto, you're not even on the health committee and yet you're pretty friendly with Sakisaka! I mean, I feel like Sakisaka has taken a liking to you. Like, even in the hallways he always makes sure he talk to you, Shiromoto.”

Since even Murase has noticed, it obviously made me wonder what all of this meant. I couldn't think of a reason why Sakisaka would like me; he was becoming even more popular than Kuroki. He instantly attracted attention because of his good manners and looks. I didn't mind that he was paying so much attention to me since this is Sakisaka we're talking about, but when Kuroki found out about this, it became a nuisance since he once again immediately accused me of seducing a man. But I only love Kuroki, so I would never seduce anyone else.

I get on the same train as usual, grasp on to the hanging strap and let my body sway along with the moving train as I think about Kuroki first thing in the morning again today.

“.....”

My heart starts beating violently from just thinking about him. I try to hide it, but it's somewhat hard to do.

When I let out a long sigh, I suddenly notice that something is touching my butt. It's not a bag. It's moving by itself.

A molester? It can't be.

It's very unlikely that a molester would approach me – a man. Sakisaka was wrong about last time, but right now, it seems like I really am being felt up! Someone is gently stroking my butt crack through my pants.

This feeling reminds me of something. When I went to the chemistry storage room to deliver the handouts three days ago, Kuroki had also gently stroked my butt crack. My body still grows hot whenever I remember the touch of his skilled hand, his long fingers.

Maybe Kuroki is the one behind me? My heart starts to race with excitement when I think this. I let the hand do as it pleases.

“Fu.....”

I almost cry out so I have to quickly bite my lip. I want to turn around and cry out 'teacher', but I can't do that since I'm on a train, so this frustrates me.

I feel a breath on my ear.

“Does it feel nice?”

The soft voice startles me. It's not Kuroki behind me! This soft voice is completely different from Kuroki's voice. I freeze on the spot, confused. I immediately want to escape, but my legs feel weak and I can't move. His hand moves from my butt towards the front of my pants. He slides his hand up my cock through my pants as if checking to see what's there.

“Oh? You're not hard. Didn't it feel good?”

This voice and faint smell lingering in the air seem familiar to me, and I try to remember where I came across it while I desperately try to calm down.

This is...this voice belongs to...

“Mr.....*Sakisaka*.....?” I ask doubtingly behind me.

He chuckles, and his breath tickles my ear.

“You just realized? You must have been quite shocked, right? I thought you were letting me do this because you knew it was me.”

Sakisaka touches my butt crack again, but this time he's not using his finger. He is touching me with a much harder and stouter object.

“No.....” I shake my head, realizing what this is, but he continues to rub up and down against me. A shiver runs down my spine.

“Mr...*Sakisaka*.”

“Oh, don't do that. If you keep sounding so cute I won't be able to control myself. Look what you're doing to me now! I couldn't stop thinking about you after we met, you know.”

“*Ngh*....!”

“It's your fault. You're making me hard,” he whispers into my ear with delight, and it gives me goose bumps. I can't believe this is happening inside a train of all places.

It doesn't feel disgusting, though.

“Please stop.....”

Even when I try to get him to stop, Sakisaka still doesn't stop.

“You really are cute. The more I look at you the more I like you,” he whispers sweetly and presses his hard cock against my butt.

“Uguu.....no...”

“Let's get serious, no?”

“Hurgh.....,” I accidentally moan. My face turns hot when I realize that I sound like I'm enjoying this. What a stupid reaction! He's not even Kuroki! Reacting like this makes it look like I don't care who I'm with, doesn't it?

No. That's definitely not true. Kuroki is the only one for me.

I squirm anxiously and in my head, blame Sakisaka for making me feel like this. Sakisaka is so cruel for turning me on! Why does Sakisaka sound so passionate when he calls me cute and says that he wants to get serious? He has never told me anything like this before so I don't know how to react to it. I'm so confused! One part of me doesn't believe him, but the other part is confused because Sakisaka doesn't sound like he's playing a joke on me.

“You're so cute. I want to do it with you,” he says and grabs me around my waist so that I won't escape. He persistently strokes my ass with his other hand, sometimes touching me with his dick, but for some reason I don't struggle.

“You got hard.”

“.....Eh?” I look behind my shoulder in surprise. I can't believe that a man other than Kuroki made me hard by rubbing my cock through my pants. When I look into Sakisaka's eyes, he looks back at me with a kind smile.

“You are hard, aren't you? It looks like you're going to come, Shiromoto, if I continue touching your cock like this.”

“N- no way.....!”

“Or maybe you'll come if I just rub right here?”

“.....Ahh...”

Sakisaka digs his finger into my butt crack, chuckling when I quietly cry out.

“Hey, can I put my finger in? I'll make sure no one notices.”

He stops touching my butt for a moment and tries to squeeze his hand inside my pants.

“Loosen up your belt for me, please?” He asks sweetly, sending a great wave of pleasure through me.

“Don't.....do that.”

“Why not? It'll feel good.” He grabs the front of my belt.

I desperately block his hand and take a step away putting some distance between us, but he immediately corners me to the door, so now we're facing each other.

“I'm serious. I can't get you out of my head. I keep picturing you naked,” Sakisaka passionately whispers in my ear. I don't believe him. Nobody has ever told me this until now.

“You're... embarrassing me.....”

My chest starts to hurt. I don't know how to keep calm.

“But I want you.”

“Mr. Sakisaka.....”

His passionate husky voice makes it hard for me to stand on my own. What should I do? If I cling to Sakisaka right now, he will definitely think I'm giving him the okay. He will shove his hand into my pants and then definitely put his finger in like he said.

“Ah.....”

My chest starts to hurt even more when I picture him doing that. Sakisaka presses his body against mine some more.

“I really envy Mr. Kuroki.”

“.....!!!”

A shock – like that of cold water being poured over the head – strikes me when I hear him say this. Without a word, I look at Sakisaka. He smiles and mentions Kuroki again.

“It bothered me that you looked at Mr. Kuroki so much, so I followed you that one time after school. I saw you go into the chemistry storage room.”

“*Th- that's...!*”

Cold sweat runs down my back. Out of fear, I find it hard to breathe.

“Calm down. You need to keep your voice down, Shiromoto.”

“.....!!!”

He found out! Sakisaka found out about Kuroki and I! I have to say something, but I'm just so flustered that I can't get any words to come out. My mind has gone blank, and I slowly start to tremble.

“There’s no need to be so scared. I’m not going to tell anyone. I’m just jealous of Mr. Kuroki. I too, want to pleasure you like he does. Oh, but please don’t get the wrong idea. I’m not going to force you to do anything. Wait, that doesn’t make sense now, does it? Haha. The thing is, I want you to want me.”

Is he saying I can trust him? The thing I’m scared of the most is having Kuroki’s reputation damaged. Kuroki will get in big trouble if the school finds out about us.

“I want you. I think I’ve fallen in love with you.”

I hadn’t been paying attention to him, because I was thinking about Kuroki but the word ‘love’ brings me back to reality.

“You love me?” I repeat after him. It’s not like I’m actually asking him if he loves me; it’s just that I’m not used to hearing the word ‘love’. Hearing it now makes me feel strange.

“Yeah. I love you,” Sakisaka says again, and my eyes widen in surprise.

Sakisaka loves me? That’s positively impossible! With that, Sakisaka brushes his hand through my hair and leaves. I silently watch the back of Sakisaka’s head as he makes his way through the crowd. The train has arrived at the platform, and I lose sight of him when he gets off. I think about what had just happened on my walk to school from the train station. But the more I think about it, the more confused I become.

I love you.

Sakisaka didn’t look like he was joking when he said that. Was he being serious? Did he really fall in love with me? My heart starts to throb. I press my hand to my chest and am surprised by how fast my heart is beating.

It must have been some kind of a joke. I keep telling myself to calm down, but Sakisaka is all I can think about even after I arrive to school. As usual, I talk to Murase while waiting for the first bell to ring, but Sakisaka’s face and the word ‘love’ continue to sit in the back of my mind.

He loves me... Sakisaka loves me.

Suddenly, there’s a commotion in the back of the classroom.

“What’s with that face?”

Ienaga is picking a fight. It looks like Oda is getting on his nerves.

Ienaga’s usually friendly looking face is contorted, but Oda doesn’t even try to

make peace of the situation. He walks away from Ieanaga with a sullen look on his face. It's rare for the two friends to be fighting.

“Don't stare at me,” Oda threatens me, his arm raised when I unintentionally make eye contact with him as he passes by me.

At that very moment, Ienaga comes up behind Oda and angrily pushes him, making Oda's arm accidentally hit me. He doesn't punch me, but his watch grazes my face. I feel a sharp pain right under my eye and it feels wet when I touch it.

“Woah! Shiromoto, you're bleeding,” Murase doesn't even need to look at my face because there's blood on my fingers. Ienaga looks at me with a my-bad-sort-of-look and goes back to his seat, perhaps thinking that he doesn't want to get involved in this.

“.....Sorry,” Oda turns pale and apologizes right away. I didn't expect for him to do that.

“It's okay. It's just a slight scratch,” I tell Oda and wipe my face with a tissue, but the scratch is bigger than I thought. I need to wash my face.

“Go to the nurse's office,” Murase says. My heart skips a beat at the word 'nurse's office'.

“No, it's okay. It's not a big deal.”

Sakisaka is in the nurse's office. I'm not sure whether or not I can act normal in front of him.

“But you need to put a band aid on that! We have math coming up. Takiguchi is going to see that you're bleeding and make a huge deal out of it. Takiguchi is sensitive to those kinds of things.”

Murase is right. Last year, Takiguchi decided to watch over a student who kept skipping school, because he was being bullied all the time. But that student still kept skipping school and that made Takiguchi feel like he couldn't help the student. So now, he overreacts whenever he suspects that there is bullying going on.

I was threatened before, so I know how the student who was being bullied had felt. But in my case, I never had any other choice except to come to school because I don't feel like I belong at home.

Then one day, I met Kuroki. Kuroki saved me from that miserable life. Thinking about that makes me grateful for being so lucky.

“Go to the nurse's office for our sake!”

It's hard to say no when Murase insists like this. I reluctantly get up from my seat and leave the classroom, pressing the tissue to my cut and telling myself not to think too much about Sakisaka as I head towards the nurse's office.

Sakisaka wouldn't say weird things at school. The first bell rings when I'm close to the nurse's office. The students talking in the hallway finish up their conversations and return to their classrooms. I walk briskly down the hallway until I reach the nurse's office.

I stand in front of the door, hesitating. Finally, I gather up my courage and slide the door open.

“Excuse me.”

Sakisaka sits at his desk with his back towards the door but turns around when he hears me.

“Shiromoto”

His smile instantly fades.

“How did you get hurt?”

He frowns in worry, and I look down with embarrassment. I didn't get hurt that badly. Sakisaka sure is strange for worrying over such a small injury. He stands up from his chair, walks over to me, and gently touches my cheek.

“It's a cut. Let's disinfect it, okay? Sit down on that bed.”

“.....Okay.”

I sit down on the bed, entranced by his kind and gentle voice. Sakisaka's tone of voice and words puzzle me. I find it odd that Sakisaka is so worried about me, but then I remember what had happened this morning.

I think I've fallen in love with you; He had told me and touched me.

Could he be serious? Remembering this makes me nervous all of a sudden, and I find it hard to breathe.

“This is going to sting a bit but please bear with it.”

Sakisaka sits down, gently holds my chin with his left hand, and lightly presses a cotton ball soaked in disinfectant to my cut with his right hand. After he's done, he blows on my cut and I raise my eyes to look at him without thinking.

His face is so close to mine when our eyes meet. He moves his hand from my chin

and touches my head, his fingers entwining in my hair.

“Please don't look at me like that.”

“.....Mr. Sakisaka.”

Look at him like what? I don't know how I'm looking at him so there's nothing I can do to fix this.

“This is why I'm hopeless.....I'm starting to lose control.”

I don't need to ask him what he means by that. Sakisaka forces a smile and gestures downward with his eyes.

The front of Sakisaka's slacks is bulging.

“Oh.....”

“It's your fault this is happening. I know I said that this morning, but you're good at embarrassing me.”

“I'm not doing it on purpose.”

I realize I'm staring at Sakisaka's bulge. Of course it makes me anxious.

“Shiromoto.”

His lips move towards mine.

Sakisaka licks my lips with the tip of his tongue and starts to kiss me. He kisses me over and over, making me tremble so much that I forget to break away from him.

“U- um.....” I open my mouth to tell him to stop, but his tongue immediately goes inside and moves around as it pleases, exploring my mouth.

“Ah.....,” I sigh. My body is starting to turn hot.

“Mr.....Saki..... don't...”

I try to break free, but Sakisaka wraps his arms around me and pushes me down on the bed.

“I'm going to defile you.....I can't take it anymore,” he softly tells me, gently running his hands over my school uniform. I shake my head no, really meaning it.

“Ahh.....”

“I fell in love with you the moment I saw you. *Please* don't deny me.....please don't hurt me. I feel like no matter how much I love you, you will always love Mr. Kuroki.....And that really breaks my heart.”

“.....!”

This is the first time someone has told me such passionate words. My body can't move although my mind is telling me this needs to stop and my heart beats out of control.

Sakisaka looks at me dreamily.

“Can I touch you just a little?”

“.....Do-...”

I try to say 'don't' but Sakisaka presses his lips to mine and starts rubbing the front of my pants. I try to get up, but Sakisaka pushes me down on the bed again.

“No.....,” I tell him, slightly shaking my head, but even I myself am not quite sure whether I'm actually resisting.

“Pleasure is your weakness, isn't it.....? I like this side of you, too,” he whispers, and I hear a metallic click. It's the sound of my belt being undone. Before I know it, he starts touching me. Sakisaka is looking at and touching my dick.

“Noo.....”

Sakisaka opens the front of my pants and quickly shoves his hand inside my underwear. Then he pulls all of it down to my knees.

“Aah.....No.....!”

He wraps his hand around my cock. Pleasure washes over me.

“Why 'no'? It feels nice when I touch you here, doesn't it?” Sakisaka's sweet voice hypnotizes me, and I start feeling like I can't move my own body.

“We.....we shouldn't be doing this.....What if someone comes in.....?”

“Don't worry. I'll take care of it if that happens. Leave it all to me.”

“.....But...”

Sakisaka's gentle touching turns me on so much, but I don't know what to do about it. His touch somehow feels familiar.

“You're so cute. I wanted to do this with you from the moment I first laid eyes on you,” Sakisaka says, and it instantly makes me hard. If he lets go of my cock now, I fear I'm going to be in trouble.

“This, right here, is also very cute.”

“Aahh.....”

I feel his breathe on my lower regions. I hold my breath as I picture what's going to happen next.

“Noo.....”

He does exactly what I pictured he would do, and it makes me arch my back from the shock. Sakisaka noisily sucks the tip of my cock and kisses it over and over. It quickly starts to feel good, but I want him to put my whole dick in his mouth and tightly suck it. He needs to start licking and sucking it otherwise I'm going to rock my hips back and forth.

“*Teacher.....*”

“I'm surprised. You're already so wet. I need to savor this moment.”

“Aah.....aahh.....ngh!”

Sakisaka grants my wish without me needing to ask him. He takes my entire cock in his mouth and eagerly starts licking and sucking. He slurps as he greedily swallows it. I arch my back again, squirming as I dig my hands into Sakisaka's hair.

“No.....do-n't...”

He places his hands on my knees and spread my legs wide open. Sakisaka so eagerly sucks my cock. His saliva travels towards my butt; it drips down my butt crack. When it reaches my asshole, I feel a violent pulsation down there.

“Aaahh.....!” I sigh as he licks and runs his hands over my asshole.

“So this isn't your first time after all. Mr. Kuroki has put it in before, hasn't he?”

“Aah.....kuh!”

“You want me. Look how much you're twitching.”

“Ah!”

Sakisaka inserts his finger into my asshole. It's already so wet from the saliva that his finger goes in without a problem. His finger stretches my soft insides as it goes in deeper and deeper.

“Aah.....kuh! Ngh!”

“Wow, it's going in so easily. I'm really jealous of Mr. Kuroki.”

He gropes around inside; the numbing pleasure wells up in me. I feel like I'm going to come at any moment now, so I try to stop myself by grabbing my cock. But this has the opposite effect. I grip my cock tightly, unable to let go. It's hard to keep my hands away from my dick.

By now, all I can think about is reaching an orgasm.



“Ah...ah...ohh.....”

Sakisaka pokes around inside of me with his finger while I hold my dick, gently rubbing it. The truth is, I want to rub it with all my might, but I'm holding myself back because I don't want Sakisaka to see this. Still, Sakisaka sees it anyway and laughs.

“Go ahead, rub it. What are you being shy for?”

“Aahh.....hya!”

“I'll do it for you,” he says and takes my dick into his mouth again. He sucks my cock as he pulls his finger in and out of my asshole, and I just can't stand it any longer.

Unsurprisingly, I come right inside Sakisaka's mouth.

“Aahh.....Nngh!”

Sakisaka soothingly licks my wet cock. Suddenly, he takes his finger out.

“Mr....Yoshi.....,” I gasp without thinking, and Sakisaka immediately looks up at me with a bitter smile.

“You remember Mr. Kuroki even though I'm the one doing this? How cruel.”

“.....!”

I immediately come back to reality when I hear Kuroki's name, turning pale as I realize my mistake. In a fluster, I straighten my school uniform and get off the bed.

“But you're cute, so I'll forgive you. I actually really want to have sex with you right now, but I don't want you to think that I'm forcing you.”

“.....”

I can't only blame Sakisaka. I was the one who enjoyed doing this with him.

“Besides, I already feel bad for going behind Mr. Kuroki's back.”

“.....”

That's right. I have Kuroki. I'll never doubt my love for Kuroki; he's the only one I want to have sex with. Then how did *this* happen?

“Hey, will you touch mine too?”

“Huh...?”

When he asks that, my eyes dart to the front of Sakisaka's slacks, and I see that he's even bigger than before. His dick is probably stretching out his underwear.

“If you touch me, I'll keep this a secret from Mr. Kuroki. What do you say?”

That sounds like a threat to me. I should hate Sakisaka for threatening me but for

some reason I don't feel any resentment towards him. I find that very strange.

“I'll only do it if you keep this a secret,” I answer.

“I'm glad..... touch me?”

Sakisaka unfastens his belt, undoes the hook, unzips the zipper on his slacks, and takes his dick out from his underwear. I wrap my hand around his cock and start rubbing it up and down. It's hard to hold back from wanting to lick the pre-cum dribbling from the tip of his erect cock.

“.....Aah...that's good. That feels nice.”

“.....Fuu...”

My chest feels tight when I hear how pleased he sounds. I never would have thought that something like this would happen here, the nurse's office, with Sakisaka.

“When you touch me like this, I feel like I can already come.”

Sakisaka stands in front of me, breathing heavily; his brow is furrowed, and I feel my mouth filling up with saliva.

I want to lick it. Sakisaka told me that he loved me, so that's the least I can do for him. He even swallowed my cum just a while ago.

“*Aah*.....I'm going to come.”

Sakisaka's dick swells up in my hand. Without thinking, I press it to my lips, but before I have time to put it in my mouth, Sakisaka ejaculates right on my face. I'm not the only one who's surprised at the cum shot, Sakisaka is too. He opens his eyes.

“Did you want me to come in your mouth?”

I hang my head, unable to answer. I can't get a hold of myself.

“How sweet...I'm falling even more in love with you.”

A smile creeps to his lips, and he smears the cum across my cheek. This doesn't gross me out at all. I find this strange, too.

“Ah,” I grimace. It stings when he touches the cut on my face.

He then kisses my forehead.

“We're wasting disinfectant like this, but go wash your face. Then I'll finish treating your cut again.”

I realize that this is his cue for saying that we're done, but I'm somehow disappointed. I get off the bed anyway, though.

“Tomoya.”

I turn around to look at him when he calls my name. Other than my parents, the only other adult who calls me 'Tomoya' is Kuroki. Lately, even my parents practically don't call me that. Sakisaka says my name in a very loving way.

“Can I call you that?”

“.....,” I remain silent, not answering him with either a yes or a no. I wonder to myself whether or not I can reject Sakisaka. This is the first time I have met someone as kind as him. This is also the first time someone has told me that they love me. I love Kuroki but Kuroki never says 'I love you' to me.

“Tomoya.”

It looks like Sakisaka takes my silence as a yes and says my name again.

“Won't you see me again?I'd like to meet up outside of school. Then maybe you'll fall in love with me if we spend more time together....Don't you think so, Tomoya?”

“Well...”

He's such a sweet talker. I never would have imagined that a good-looking adult like Sakisaka would say something like that to me!

My hearts fills with warmth, and I feel so flustered that I can't say anything. I'm still not sure why I feel this way, but I am sure that I don't want to disappoint Sakisaka.

“Is that a no?”

That's why when he asks me that, I can't say no.

“I'm so happy, Tomoya,” Sakisaka softly adds as I look down in silence.

My heart trembles at his kindness. How is it that being told 'I love you' can bring a person such happiness? Still, I feel guilty, but I can't help the wavering of my heart.

* * * *

Sakisaka continued to act the same even after what had happened. It's not like we arranged to meet or anything, but we talk everyday on the train that we ride to and from school. When we pass each other in the hallways, Sakisaka always smiles and waves.

One thing has changed though.

Occasionally, Sakisaka would quietly and sweetly whisper to me:

I can't forget how cute you looked that time.

I love you. Let's go on a date. Why not go for a drive this weekend? We can see a movie after that, what do you say?

I tremble whenever he does this. It leaves me feeling uneasy for the rest of the day.

I love Kuroki. I want Kuroki to hold me, and I would do anything he tells me to do. That has not changed.

Sakisaka is really confusing me. I'm so confused that I'm starting to feel like I love Sakisaka. No way! It's either Kuroki or no one. I have only Kuroki. But what if I'm making a mistake? What if what Kuroki said before, about me not caring about who I do it with, is true? I'm starting to confuse myself.

Sakisaka is nothing like Kuroki so that can't be the reason why I'm attracted to him. His appearance and personality are completely different from Kuroki's. Kuroki has a cold, good-looking face. The students think of him as a cool chemistry teacher with a stony expression. I know that Kuroki can be a little distant, but when he touches me with his cold hands, my body grows hot as if it's put on fire, and I can't help but want him.

On the other hand, Sakisaka always looks calm and friendly. This is probably because his eyes look so gentle. Sakisaka's double eyelids made him look very kind, unlike Kuroki's wise eyes. His words, personality, and the way he looks at me are all kind. He told me to go on a date with him this weekend, but I had never been on a date or ever been invited anywhere either.

“.....What should I do...?” I quietly sigh as I sit at my desk and look out the window before afternoon class starts.

I want to go for a drive. I want to give this date a shot. I bet the movie will be interesting too. Should I go? It probably wouldn't hurt to go just this once. Sakisaka so kindly invited me, so it would be wrong to turn him down. I don't have a reason not to go. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt if we just go for a drive and watch a movie.

Besides, I want to see how Kuroki would react to this. I wonder what Kuroki would say when he finds out about Sakisaka? Maybe he'll be jealous just a little bit! My heart starts beating fast when I think of Kuroki becoming jealous.

“.....”

That's right. I still haven't thanked Sakisaka for saving me from that molester, so that's another reason why it wouldn't be right to turn him down.

I'll go to the nurse's office when class ends and tell Sakisaka that I'll go on a date with him this weekend. But does it really make it a date if the reason why I'm going is just to thank him for rescuing me from that molester...?

I wonder how this date will go? I'll probably be so nervous that I won't know what to talk about. Besides that, I haven't sleep well these past few nights, so I'll probably be dozing off during the movie.

Ah, I know it's stupid to let my imagination run wild like this, but I sit through class worrying about these things. When the bell rings, signifying the end of 6th period, I make sure that the teacher leaves the classroom before I make my way out into the hallway and head straight towards the nurse's office.

I walk quickly – my heart racing – and arrive in front of the sliding door that leads into the nurse's office. I take a deep breath, call out 'excuse me' and slowly slide the door open. Sakisaka, who's sitting at his desk, immediately turns around and looks at me. He smiles the moment he sees me.

“You came.” He ushers me inside.

There's no need for me to explain why I came. As I stand in front of Sakisaka, he puts his arm around my waist and pulls me towards himself. I end up standing right above one of his legs while he himself sits in a chair. I force a smile as I try to free myself from his grasp.

“Um, I need to talk to you about this Saturday.”

“Oh, that. What about it?” he casually asks, but he doesn't remove his hand from my waist. Rather, his hand travels from my waist down to my butt. He strokes it as he coolly narrows his eyes at me.

“I- I didn't even thank you for saving me from that molester.”

“I'm glad that I could be of some help to you.”

His smile marks his words. He pulls me closer to him as I blurt out.

“A- and since you invited me, teacher.....I- I'd like to go, if that's okay...”

I have never been invited to go anywhere up until now, so I don't know how to

accept invitations. Sakisaka quietly looks at me while I wonder whether this is the proper way to do it.

Then he smiles and says:

“Really? Well, I'm glad.”

With that, he starts rubbing my butt more vigorously. I try to put up with it, but in the end collapse down on top of Sakisaka's thigh in a straddle position. When I try to get off, Sakisaka hugs me and pulls me close to him.

“Um, teacher.....” I protest, looking over his shoulder. His lips brush my earlobe and make me exhale a long deep sigh.

“You accepted my invitation, so I take it that you at least have some feelings for me?”

I didn't think of that. I simply didn't want to turn him down. I just wanted to go on a date with Sakisaka.

“.....It's...not like that...” I shake my head, but start to feel guilty.

Kuroki will probably be jealous.....

This makes me feel bad. Sakisaka is very happy, though.

“You really surprised me. I want to make you mine. I love you, Tomoya.”

“.....Teacher.....I...can't...”

I start to rise up from Sakisaka's thigh, ready to get off of him; but instead of letting me go, he hugs me even more and kisses my neck.

“Let's kiss, Tomoya.”

“.....”

“Look at me.”

When I look down at Sakiska, I see him looking up at me with seducing eyes.

“Teacher.....”

I let him put his hand behind my head and pull my face towards his.

Our lips meet. After softly kissing for a while, Sakisaka touches my lips with the tip of his tongue, and I open my mouth, letting his tongue slip inside. Sakisaka's tongue scratches the roof of my mouth and sends shivers down my spine. I can't resist this sweet kiss.

“Ngh.....fuu!”

Gently and passionately he kisses me, and I can't think about anything anymore. In the back of my mind, I know I mustn't do this, but I really like it when he kisses me like this. It takes my breath away. Sakisaka slides his lips down my chin and to my neck.

“You know I want you, right? I love you.”

I am fully aware that Sakisaka wants me, because I can feel his stiffening cock poke my butt as I sit on his lap. It hurts to breathe, but it hurts even more in my heart. My heart beats wildly, but I can't do any more than just slightly shake my head no.

“No,” Sakisaka says, letting me go. “I should stop embarrassing you, Tomoya. There's still tomorrow. I'll kiss you again tomorrow, so won't you tell me how you feel about me then?”

“.....”

I start feeling hot when I look into his eyes. I seriously don't know what to make of Sakisaka's words. Sakisaka is going to kiss me tomorrow, but I'm not sure how I should act or what I'm going to tell him.

“Please go. I don't know what I might do to you whenever we're together.”

“.....”

I get off Sakisaka. It's only after I stand up that I realize my penis is starting to act up, but what can I do now? I give a slight bow and exit the nurse's office.

“I'll pick you up at noon. I'm looking forward to it.”

That's the last thing Sakisaka says before I slide the door close.

Is it really okay to go on a date with Sakisaka tomorrow? I start to doubt, even though I know I won't turn him down because I'm looking forward to this date too.

* * * *

The next day, we went to a restaurant for lunch and after that to a movie. It took a long time to get there, but the reason we went so far away was because we wanted to make sure that we wouldn't come across anyone we knew. I was happy about this; because people would start to talk if they saw us together. My relationship with both Kuroki and Sakisaka is a secret. It suddenly occurs to me that I don't think people would accept it if they found out about it. Up until now, I never would have imagined that

having people find out about my relationships should make me so worried.

“Let's go buy the tickets, alright?”

“Ah, yes,” I nod, but Sakisaka pays for them before I have a chance to take out my wallet. He spoils me the whole time, and makes me feel all fluffy inside. So this is what a date is like. I'm so happy that my heart beats loudly the entire time.

“Here you go,” he hands me the ticket.

“Thank you,” I bow and politely smile at Sakisaka.

He pets my head and strokes my hair.

“Don't look at me like that. It makes me want to kiss you right here.”

“Ah...” I blush. I'm surprised but not because he says the word 'kiss' out in the open, but because he says it in a way that's sweeter than usual.

“It's going to start soon,” Sakisaka insists, and enters the theater room with me following closely behind him. The lights are already dimmed, making it dark inside, so I'm careful not to trip over the stairs as we make our way towards our seats.

“Are you okay?” he grabs my hand on our way there.

I feel embarrassed because he's being so thoughtful. I'm not used to being treated this way. I hold Sakisaka's warm hand and he doesn't let go of me until we reach our seats.

During the movie, he keeps touching me, and it makes me even more nervous. Sakisaka's hand remains on my thigh throughout the whole film and sometimes slides towards my inner thigh. I cast Sakisaka a warning glance, but his eyes are fixed on the screen the entire time, so I can't tell how much of it is on purpose and how much of it is unintentional. I end up holding back my breath for over two hours, so I don't pay attention to the movie. Only after we leave the theater room do I finally relax.

“Was it interesting?”

“Ah.....yes,” I nod, but it seems that it's not too convincing.

“...Couldn't concentrate, huh,” Sakisaka bluntly states, and I look down, pouting.

“It's your fault, Mr. Sakisaka.” Because he kept touching me. I quietly tell him that, and he smiles assuredly.

“Did I make you nervous? Were you thinking about what we're going to do after the movie?”

“That's not...”

'It', I want to say but can't.

It will probably be dark by the time we come home. What's going to happen if Sakisaka starts putting the moves on me in the dark? Sakisaka told me yesterday that he was going to kiss me.

If he starts kissing me I.....

I would be lying if I say that I didn't imagine anything.

“I want to turn you on so much that just the sound of my voice will get you all wet.”

“Teacher.....!” I warn Sakisaka as I look around us. Nobody is paying attention to us, but his words alarm me.

“That.....won't happen.”

“Are you sure?”

The sun is already setting when we exit the movie theater. While we walk towards the parking lot, I can't help but tremble as I argue with him.

“I'm sure.”

“You won't even consider the possibility of that happening? Do you find it that disgusting? Doing it with me?”

I.....don't find it disgusting. I know that by now.

“You.....just embarrass me when you say things like that, teacher. Didn't you say you wouldn't embarrass me?”

Our conversation ends with that. When Sakisaka comes on to me, I find it hard to refuse him. But I still love Kuroki. My feelings for him have not changed.

We reach the car, split left and right, and get in. It's just the two of us inside. Suddenly, I feel like I'm suffocating and begin breathing hard. Sakisaka puts in the keys and starts the car engine. We slowly make our way out of the parking lot and speed up as soon as we get on the main road. As I sit in the seat beside Sakisaka, I sneak a peak at him but can't tell what he's thinking about. Maybe what I said pissed him off? Sakisaka hasn't said a word since we got in the car.

It makes me anxious that he doesn't look my way, so I can't help but cast side glances at him. Is he angry because I keep avoiding him? Is he not going to come on to

me and say 'I love you' anymore? That makes me sad.

It hurts to think that Sakisaka is mad at me. Isn't he going to say anything? Anything will do! Even asking me if I'm imagining doing it with him would be okay, because then, I will honestly say that I was imagining it a little.

“What do you say we have dinner together at my place? My cooking tastes better than it looks. Or do you want to go eat somewhere else now?” he finally speaks.

He's inviting me over? I'm so relieved to hear that he doesn't sound angry that my eyes start to water, but I quickly blink a couple times to hide it.

“.....No, it's alright. Let's go to your place.”

I'm not hungry at all. I feel choked up like something is stuck inside me. If we go to a restaurant right now, I'm positive I won't be able to swallow the food.

“Good. Then we better hurry. It's getting late.”

It's gotten completely dark outside and the city is starting to glow in the night.

I look at my watch. It's ten past seven. The road is not very crowded even though today is Saturday so we drive without stopping. If this continues, I'm sure we'll arrive at his place in 30 minutes.

“Do you have any plans for tomorrow?”

“No, not really.”

Is he going to invite me to go on a date again for tomorrow? This doesn't turn out to be the case, though.

“Good,” Sakisaka just nods and doesn't say anything else. Then he changes the topic, leaving me in the dark of what exactly is so good about that. “How did you meet Mr. Kuroki?”

The unexpected turn around of the conversation shocks me. Just the mention of Kuroki's name stirs up guilty feelings and makes me regret going on this date. I want Kuroki to be jealous but I also can't stand having Sakisaka be mad at me.

I want them both. Yes, I know this makes me greedy.

“There's no other way a teacher and a student can become so close unless one of them makes the first move, right? I guess Mr. Kuroki made the move since you're the type who likes to play hard to get.”

It's almost like he saw it all.

Kuroki certainly did make the first move, and I really didn't resist much besides say 'no'.

“I.....don't play hard to get,” disagree, but Sakisaka smiles.

“Really? At least that's the impression *I* get. I think you're leading Mr. Kuroki on, too. You're just a boy looking for some sex. I shouldn't be surprised that you fool around.”

“I don't fool around!” I immediately deny that last part, but he gives me a funny look.

“You were fooling around with me, weren't you? Did you forget what we did in the infirmary? I fingered you and you came in my mouth. I'm sure you remember the taste of my dick.”

“That was because.....” The memory clearly comes back to me. I was embracing Sakisaka in the nurse's office.

“You were so cute that now I'm even more crazy for you.”

I didn't forget what had happened but I don't think that I was fooling around. Having someone think that I 'fool around' shocks me. It horrifies me. I hear the sound of gravel underneath and startled, I look around to see where we are going.

Sakisaka steers the car down a different road leading away from his apartment. Suddenly, I have a new reason to panic. Sakisaka enters a bypass road and finally stops the car in a secluded place. It looks we have arrived at a small park. Why did he stop the car here? I wonder as I sneak a side-glance at Sakisaka.

Sakisaka parks the car and looks at me.

“Teacher.....?”

He removes his seatbelt and moves towards me; a sweet, citrusy smell lingers in the air. I let out a sigh, feeling like I'm being enveloped in this smell.

“I want to do it for real. No more playing. I'll treat you right and tell you how much I love you everyday.”

There's nobody around in this dark. The only sound heard is our breathing and the rustling of our clothes. From the looks of this situation, it feels like Sakisaka and I are going to embrace at any moment.

“.....You...will love me...?”

“Yeah. But I won't only express it in words, I will actually give you my love everyday.”

“.....!”

What does he mean he'll give me his love everyday? Does he mean we'll do it everyday? Sakisaka smiles at me as I gaze questioningly at him.

“I'll give you sex everyday and simply hold you the other times. You will want it and tell me that you love me.”

“.....Eh?”

A vague picture forms in my head; it's something I never would have thought of until now that Sakisaka tells me about it. He will tell me he loves me everyday and hold me even when we're not having sex?

“You don't know what to say, huh?” Sakisaka says and places his hand on my chest while I'm busy imagining. Then he gently kisses me.

I instinctively part my lips, expecting some serious tongue action.

“Thank you. This makes me happy,” Sakisaka whispers and slips his tongue inside my mouth. His other hand goes behind my back. I flinch, but he pulls me close to him and slowly starts kissing me harder.

“.....Fuu.....ngh!”

He sucks my tongue, making my tailbone tingle. I gasp for breath as I let Sakisaka kiss me, tilting my head to the other side. Then he starts French kissing me harder. My head feels foggy, and my chest feels like it's on fire.

“No.....Mr...Sakisaka.....”

“See? When you cry out 'no' like that, it only leads me on.”

He slips his hand under my shirt and raises it up to my neck.

I grab Sakisaka's arm but cannot stop him.

“Aah.....!”

He locates my nipple and flicks it with his finger.

“This is the most sensitive part of your body, huh?” Sakisaka sighs when I flinch away.

“.....Ah.....no.....”

“It is. See? Your nipples are hard. I'm going to suck them.”

“Noo……” I shake my head no, but knowing that it feels better to have him suck my nipples rather than twist them with his fingers prevents me from stopping him. My nipples become hard even though I know I mustn't do this.

“Good boy,” Sakisaka lowers his face to my chest.

“Ah, aahh……noo……”

He licks, nips, and, rolls my nipple around with his lips. I feel an indescribable pleasure as I hug Sakisaka's head close to me with both hands.

“Does it feel good?”

“G- good……so good……aahh……”

He holds my nipple in his mouth and sucks on it. Gasping, I writhe in pleasure.

“I'm going to give you a blow job so don't rush.”

“Ah, but……”

I can't hold back the excitement growing in my jeans. However, as this continues, I feel I have to stop it. While I hesitate and think about what to do, Sakisaka places his hand on the front of my jeans. He grabs my cock as if trying to get the feel of it and sends up a numbing pleasure inside me.

“Teacher, no…”

I mean for him to stop, but Sakisaka doesn't take it that way.

“You don't like me touching you through the clothes?” he asks, unzipping my jeans. Without stopping, he starts rubbing my cock through my underwear, softly passing his hand up and down over it.

“Aah……”

It feels so good when he fondles my penis. I have lost myself.

“I want to do more but…”

All of a sudden, Sakisaka removes his hand away from me.

“It looks like it's time, so we'll have to continue this at my place as I thought.”

“……Time?” I look at Sakisaka, puzzled. Just a while ago he talked about time too. What does he mean? Sakisaka doesn't look at me, though. He is looking out the window behind me. What in the world is out there? I wonder, turning around.

“……! “ I'm shocked into silence. I start to shake because right there out the window is the person I least expected to see – Kuroki.

Kuroki's face looks pale white as he stands illuminated by the moonlight making him look even colder than usual.

“He needs to know that he has his hands on something that doesn't belong to him. I think this should clear things up. I told him to meet me here at 7:30.”

I completely can't comprehend what Sakisaka is saying. Kuroki is standing right there! The reality of it shocks me. Kuroki saw us. What should I do now? He's going to dump me. *Kuroki is going to dump me!*

My mind has gone blank and I open the door. I dash outside before thinking what excuse I will tell Kuroki. I must apologize even if he doesn't forgive me. That is the only thing on my mind.

I fall down on my knees in front of Kuroki and cling to his shoes.

“Teacher.....! I- I didn't mean it! I didn't want to do those things with Mr. Sakisaka, believe me! I only love you, teacher!” I beg forgiveness, in tears. I'm not lying. I really do only love Kuroki. Only now, on my first date, do I realize this. Sakisaka told me 'I love you' so sweetly that I couldn't think straight before.

This is all my fault!! Why didn't I turn down Sakisaka? I'm disgusted at myself.

“Please! Forgive me! For you, teacher I would.....”

Tears stream down my cheeks. I cling on to his shoes even more tightly. I feel like if I let go of him now, Kuroki will never look at me ever again. Kuroki doesn't say anything but doesn't shake me off either. I know I'm just grasping at straws, but I continue to plead with him to forgive me anyway.

“Teacher...I'm.....s-sorry...! I'm sorry I d-did that. I...I just wasn't thinking right!.....I'm so *sorry*.....! Punish me any way that you want..... J-just please, *please forgive me!*” I stutter through my tears. I don't know how to apologize so I desperately try to make it sound convincing.

“I'm...s-sorry.....teacher.”

My forehead touches the ground. When I raise my head just a little bit, Kuroki squats down in front of me. Kuroki touches my head and strokes my hair.

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka...”



My vision is blurry from the tears in my eyes but I can see Kuroki narrowing his eyes and looking sternly at me. This is my favorite expression of his.

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka. I'm really sorry. I'll never do that again,” I suck-up to him, coaxingly calling his name. Kuroki's touch is surprisingly gentle.

“Punish you any way I want, you say?” Kuroki finally speaks.

I frantically nod over and over.

“I'll do whatever. I'll do anything. I'll do what you say, Mr. Yoshitaka,” I beg.

Suddenly, I find myself in the air. I bury my face in his chest, sniffing with happiness as he holds me in his arms.

Thank god!! He forgave me! He's not going to dump me. I swear to myself that I will never do those things with Sakisaka again. Just having Kuroki is enough for me. Kuroki carries me to his car and helps me get into the passenger's seat. Before Kuroki gets into the driver's seat, he hurriedly zips up the crotch of my jeans since it was open the whole time.

It looks like Sakisaka also got into his own car. I feel like I need to apologize to Sakisaka, but I can't do anything in my current state because I gave my all to Kuroki. We drive away from the park following after Sakisaka's car.

We return to the original road that we were driving on, and I relax, but not for long. Kuroki turns right, continuing to follow Sakisaka. Sakisaka stops the car inside the parking garage of his apartment building, and Kuroki does the same.

What is the meaning of this?

“.....Teacher,” I anxiously glance sideways at Kuroki.

Kuroki's expression reveals nothing. Sakisaka opens the passenger door. He elegantly escorts me out of the car like he had already done so today.

I look back and forth between them, but neither of them says anything to me.

“You've got a nice apartment,” says Kuroki.

“It's under my father's name,” Sakisaka answers.

I have never seen them talk to each other at school but they seem to be very casual with one another. Since when did they become so familiar?

As I stand there in confusion, Kuroki pushes me from behind. It prompts me to walk in between Sakisaka and Kuroki. What in the world is happening?

Still completely confused by what is going on, I rise up, together with them in the elevator, to the twelfth floor.

“This is it.”

When Sakisaka inserts the keys and opens the door, I am the first one to be pushed inside. Kuroki gives me a look that means I need to take off my shoes, so I do, and we proceed inward. Down the hall there is an open door that leads into the living room, but we pass by it and go further through the hall and into another room.

“Te-teacher,” I cry out without thinking when Sakisaka shuts the door behind us.

We're inside a bedroom. I have no idea why they would bring me here. I don't want to think about it. I feel suffocated so I draw in a deep breath. My mouth waters with anticipation. Kuroki comes up to me as I stand stock still, unable to move.

“Take off your clothes.”

My heart is beating so loudly that it's hard to catch what he says. I look at Kuroki with fear. Without raising a single eyebrow, Kuroki orders me again.

“Didn't you hear me? I said take off all your clothes.”

“No.....*why*...?” I can't take off my clothes! What is Kuroki going to make me do in front of Sakisaka?

“No? And here you said you'd do anything. Were you lying? In that case, I can't believe anything you say anymore.”

“Ah.....,” I wasn't lying. I would do anything Kuroki says; I just didn't expect this. Kuroki gazes at me coolly showing no signs of backing down.

I look at Sakisaka hoping he will stop him, but he also stares coolly at me. I slightly shrug my shoulders. I have no choice when both of them silently keep egging me on like this. I hold back my tears, looking back to Kuroki.

“I'll do anything...but...what's going to happen to me when I take my clothes off? What are you going to make me do?”

Kuroki laughs.

“No need to be so scared. You like doing this. Sakisaka thinks you're really cute. He wants to make you cry.”

I finally understand what Kuroki is implying.

Kuroki is angry after all. He is angry with me for fooling around with Sakisaka so

he's going to make Sakisaka have sex with me in front of him.

“No.....! Teacher...I don't want to!” I desperately beg him, hoping that he will change his mind. But Kuroki sighs and frowns, looking displeased.

“I came here because you said you'd do anything I ask, but it turns out I came here for nothing... I can't believe anything you say.”

“N- no.....”

“Don't say you'd do anything so lightly if you know you're not going to do it. I'm out of here then,” Kuroki announces as he turns on his heel.

Having Kuroki turn his back to me is a sign that he has dumped me.

More precisely, Kuroki has now dumped me because I broke my promise.

I immediately grab him.

“I'll do it...anything...*I'll do it.*”

“You just said you didn't want to.”

“I've changed my mind! I'll do anything.”

Kuroki turns around and looks at me again. This alone makes me happy and makes me decide that I will in fact do anything for him. This is my punishment, so I can't disobey.

“Then you know what we're going to do, don't you?”

“Ye- yeah...” I unbutton my shirt with shaky hands. When I'm done, I let my shirt fall to the floor and take off the t-shirt I was wearing underneath. It's not cold, but goose bumps cover my entire body.

Sakisaka was watching us this whole time, sitting on the end of the bed. I know I can't do anything about him watching, though. I have no choice but to do what Kuroki orders me to do. I take off my jeans with shaky hands. When I take hold of my underwear, the tears I was holding back fall down my cheeks, but I don't even have the power to wipe them away. In tears, I finally take off my underwear. I stand there naked and ashamed. I can't stop my tears now.

“Good boy, Tomoya.”

I don't feel happy even though he praises me.

As I stand there between them, I cover up my front area with both hands and wait for the next command.

“Sakisaka sucked you off so I think you should return the favor. Don't you agree, Tomoya?” He's telling me to give a blowjob.

I walk unsteadily over to where Sakisaka is sitting and kneel down on the floor in front of him. Sakisaka just looks down at me, not doing anything.

I loosen the front of Sakisaka's pants and take his dick out from his underwear. It gets hard in my hand. Now I need to make it expand in my mouth.

“.....Ngh.....uh...”

Somehow, I can breath with Sakisaka's cock is in my mouth. I swirl my tongue around the tip of his cock and take it in deep inside my throat. I suck on it with my lips and tongue. Sakisaka's cock becomes harder in my mouth.

“Ngh, ngh, nng...” I squeeze the tip of his cock in my mouth as I suck and rub the part of his cock that won't fit in my mouth. I can hear raspy breathing above me.

“This feels so good. Tomoya...this is better than I had imagined.”

“Fuu.....guh.....ngh...”

My saliva mixes in with the pre-cum on Sakisaka's cock. I become completely engrossed with giving Sakisaka a blowjob because I want to make him feel good. I noisily suck it like mad.

“You sure love it. It's like I'm being eaten.”

“Ngh.....uh...”

“But I want to feed your other place,” Sakisaka digs his hands in my hair. He yanks me away from his crotch. I don't realize that I'm sucking his dick with so much appetite, and it kind of upsets me when he pulls me away.

“Come. It will be unfair if I'm the only one feeling good.”

“Ah.....!”

Sakisaka picks me up and pushes me down on the bed. He puts his hands on my knees and spreads my legs apart. When I close my legs out of reflex, Sakisaka flashes a glance at Kuroki. Kuroki, who has positioned himself leaning against the wall this whole time, walks over. He stretches out his right hand and gently combs his fingers through my hair, placing his left hand on my knee.

“Tomoya, listen. Open your legs and let Sakisaka see. Show him how your greedy little hole is shamelessly oozing wet.”

“.....Noo... tea...cher.....” I sob uncontrollably.

But Kuroki's word is absolute. I relax my legs. Sakisaka opens up my legs and exposes my private parts.

“I'm jealous. Do you really love Mr. Kuroki?”

“Uguu.....kuu.....” I sob like a baby.

My whole body becomes hard because Sakisaka strokes my loins with the tips of his fingers.

“You're amazing Tomoya. You can get a hard-on even in this situation. If you really hated doing this, you wouldn't be hard. Are you aroused even now, Tomoya?”

“Aah.....ngh!”

A sweet numbness runs up my back when Sakisaka teases me. I find that I don't hate doing this. Why is this happening to me?

“You can't help it, can you? Tomoya.”

As tears run down my temples, Kuroki wipes them off and kisses me gently. That alone sets my chest on fire.

“You're a natural born sex-addict. You get hard and wet when you see a man's dick, don't you?”

“N...no...” I don't want to disappoint Kuroki by having him think that I do such indecent things. I'm desperate. “You're the best teacher. Nobody else but you, Mr. Yoshitaka....!” I whine, wanting him to understand, but Kuroki just chuckles in my ear.

“Don't make me laugh. This was your plan all along. Getting two grown men wrapped around your little finger. You're terrible.”

His words, full of ridicule, make me sad. I certainly do deserve this. It's entirely my fault. But one thing is for sure – my feelings for Kuroki are real.

“It.....wasn't. I...can't...do something like that...!”

It was a mistake to go on this date and it was quite foolish to think that Kuroki would be even a little jealous.

“Liar. You wanted both Sakisaka and me, didn't you? That's what you hoped for.”

“No.....”

I want to explain it to him somehow but I am at a loss for words because the truth is that my heart really did flutter when Sakisaka confessed to me that he loved me. I

didn't plan on two-timing them, but I feel that if this is what Kuroki says I was doing, then I must have planned on doing this all along. I feel that maybe I did want to two-time them all along.

“I wanted you too, Tomoya. I had many sleepless nights because of you. Your cute face when you cum kept flickering in my mind,” Sakisaka breathes on my privates. I feel like the soft, fine hair on my pubes stands up.

“Yeah. I kept picturing your cute penis.”

He kisses the very tip.

“Ah, aahh.....”

He, then, puts it deep into his mouth and I feel a shiver running through me all the way up to the top of my head. He noisily sucks it and rolls his tongue around it. I gasp and writhe while Kuroki strokes my hair.

As Kuroki comforts me and Sakisaka gives me oral sex, it turns me on and I thrust out my hips.

“It feels good, doesn't it? Tomoya.”

“Good.....it feels so good...! No, ah, ah!”

I can't stop moving my hips once I start.

“But just oral sex isn't enough for you, Tomoya. You're itching to get it up the ass, aren't you? Let Sakisaka explore you.”

“No.....*ngh!*”

He spreads my legs wide apart.

Every part of me is exposed before the both of them now that Sakisaka has lifted his head: my lasciviously dripping-wet front and my eagerly twitching, tight hole. I feel their eyes on me and I'm extremely aware of the twitching happening down there just like Kuroki had pointed out.

“This is the kind of hole I like. So Mr. Kuroki trained you well, huh.”

“P- please don't...say that.....!”

“Why? I said you had nice front parts too, didn't I? Don't worry. I'm going to do it right this time, not just touch your front parts,” Sakisaka touches my opening. It goes in without difficulty probably because of Sakisaka's saliva and the wetness coming out of my ass.

My soft insides contract when he tries to go in deeper, rummaging inside me. I want to feel him deeper in me.

“Aah.....moooreeee...”

“You want more? Then let's put a second one in.”

I agree with Sakisaka. Kuroki puts his lips close to my cheek and scoffs.

“Tell the truth, Tomoya, this is still not enough for you, isn't it? You must beg Sakisaka if you want him to put three fingers in and churn it up inside you.”

“Ah, aahh.....fuu...”

I tremble because I remember how Kuroki had always fucked me. I like it when Kuroki stretches me out with three fingers and puts his dick in after he's done loosening me up. I said it goes in easier when I'm wet, rather than having him cram it in.

And I think Kuroki is the best.

“Okay.....” I hold my knees up, spreading my legs open and beg Sakisaka. “Do it.”

Sakisaka narrows his eyes at me.

“You can't help it, huh. You've been very well trained.”

“Hyaa.....uugu”

My wish is granted. He inserts three fingers inside and starts fingering me. It hurts but feels great. Kuroki gently kisses me and strokes my hair so it feels even better than usual.

“Do you like it, Tomoya?” Kuroki asks me; and trembling I answer that it feels good. “Then let's have Sakisaka put it in soon. Beg for it Tomoya. Say 'please'.”

I extend both my arms towards Sakisaka.

“.....P- please.....Mr. Sakisaka.....” I urge him but Sakisaka laughs, taking his fingers out from inside me.

“You call Mr. Kuroki by his first name so how about calling me 'Ryou'?”

“Okay. Ryo...u.....Mr. Ryou.....hurry.”

“Hah...awesome,” Sakisaka sighs and puts a condom on his dick.

“W-why?” I don't really like the feel of a condom. I feel that it doesn't go in as easily.

“Does Mr. Kuroki fuck you raw? Well, aren't you loved...” says Sakisaka.

I hold my legs, raising them up.

“.....Haa.” He puts it in as I lay missionary style.

Sakisaka's hard, strong dick stretches out my opening and slowly goes in deeper inside of me, rubbing my inner walls. There's nothing I can do about the uncomfortable feeling from the condom but even so, the intense, giddy pleasure boils up in me when I feel him scratching around down there.

“S- so.....good.....aah.”

He pushes it in all the way in one go. Sakisaka's throbbing cock stirs up my soft insides.

“Aah...it feels so full.”

“Yeah. Your lewd hole is completely stretched out. It's stuffed with Sakisaka's penis. Isn't it a nice view?”

Kuroki raises my back and supports me up, prompting me to look at what is going on in the middle of my crotch. I look at the place where Sakisaka and I are joined together.

“Ah.....c-cool.”

It's just like Kuroki had said. My hole is stretched out to as far as it can go. The spot where Sakisaka has penetrated me tingles a little.

“It feels good, right?” Kuroki asks and I obediently agree.

“Yeah...”

Sakisaka slowly pulls out. Then plunges in again into my opening and disappears inside of me.

“Aah.....amazing.”

It feels good. It feels so good every time Sakisaka moves, because his dick rubs my soft insides and the tip pokes deep inside me. I stick my tongue out, demanding Kuroki's lips.

“Aah.....no.....ngh!”

Kuroki starts sucking my tongue while grating my nipples with his hand.

“He's so tight. You think I can do it without touching him?” Sakisaka asks Kuroki.

“Yeah. Tomoya comes from just his ass, don't you, Tomoya?” Kuroki asks me,

and I simply nod yes.

Sakisaka takes a short breath, clearly satisfied with my answer.

“Your cute body matches your cute self. No wonder Mr. Kuroki can't keep his hands off of you.” His voice is feverish and excited. It becomes unbearable for me, thinking that he can make such a voice.

I wrap both my arms around Sakisaka's neck and shake my hips.

“Mr. Ryou.....I feel...amazing!”

“I feel amazing too. I love you, Tomoya.”

“Me.....too. I love you, too!”

As Sakisaka shakes me around and Kuroki kisses my cheeks, I lose control of myself and cry out as much as I please.

“What about Mr. Kuroki? Let's ask how he feels about you, Tomoya.”

Sakisaka says, and I look at Kuroki.

“*Teacher*...Mr. Yoshitakaaaa...do you love me?”

I want to know the answer more than anything. Usually I can't ask in such a flirty way, but right now Sakisaka is with me so I can speak more playfully.

“Yeah,” Kuroki smiles. “I love you and your lewd body.”

I can't be any more happier!! My heart trembles with joy.

“Really?You'll look at me?”

He answers yes even to this. “More than you think.”

“I'm happy...so happy, Mr. Yoshitaka.”

Fresh tears run down my already wet cheeks. Kuroki wipes away the tears with his finger.

“You're like a starved baby chick. Your need to be loved is never ending.”

“Teacher.....so please.....love me.”

I stretch my hand out towards Kuroki as Sakisaka shakes me around, and Kuroki answers 'alright' to me.

“If you're cute, I'll love you whenever and however you want.”

Sakisaka smiles and that makes me so glad. I say 'okay', agreeing with him.

Thank god! Kuroki told me that he loves me. I don't have any other wish. I'm so happy that it scares me.

“Aaaahhh.....teacher! It feels so good.....ohh.....amazing...so good!”

“Sway your hips around some more. Delight Sakisaka. Yes. Good job, Tomoya.”

By his command, I violently wiggle my hips back and forth. As Kuroki fumbles with my nipples, I can feel I'm reaching climax even though not a single finger is touching my front parts.

“Ah, ah...uugu.....*god...I'm coming*, I'm gonna come!”

He violently pulls me up, and I cry out in a ridiculous voice as I shake my hips.

“.....Wah...What's happening? Inside me-”

Sakisaka gives a slight groan and shakes my body even more violently. I shiver and twitch from the vibrations going on inside me. Sakisaka expands inside of me and I feel him come through the condom. I relax. Sakisaka easily withdraws from inside me.

This is not the end. Sakisaka turns over my weak body so now I'm laying face down on the bed sheets, him holding me with both hands.

Gasping, I look back behind me when I hear the sound of a zipper.

I catch sight of Kuroki's dick. Kuroki's strong, hard dick grows bigger when he passes it through his hand. Without thinking, my mouth waters with anticipation.

“Ah.....teacher.....enter me now. Hurry.”

Kuroki pushes his dick against my stretched out asshole. He buries the whole thing in with one go, but I can't help but feel ecstasy all over again. It feels so good! I love Kuroki's dick the most because he doesn't use that annoying condom.

“Aaah.....it's hot.....fuck me...Mr. Yoshitaka.”

I hear a squelchy sound when I shake my hips. It's so wet inside of me that it leaks out. It feels like it only becomes wetter due to Kuroki's thrusting and the left over lubricant from the condom. As he rubs his dick along my inner walls, I feel like I'm losing my mind.

“Noo.....teacher! It feels so good inside...!”

“Yeah. Now it feels amazing inside, doesn't it?”

“Ah...ah.....I don't want to...melt...what should I do.....? My body...is *melting...*”

I raise my butt up high and sway my hips back and forth like mad. Kuroki thrusts like he's screwing something into me. My hair is a mess, and I'm crying and gasping.

“So good.....! Noo...this is so...amazing!”

“It's like I'm being sucked from the core.”

“Haa...ash.....teacher, teacher.....it feels so good, I- *Aaah*...!”

Kuroki starts moving violently. I start losing consciousness, and my vision grows dim. My grasp on Sakisaka weakens.

“Amazing.....This is the first time I've seen such a lewd body.”

Sakisaka supports my torso as I start sinking down and steers my face to between his legs. His dick appears in front of me and I immediately stuff it in my mouth. Kuroki holds my waist and fucks my asshole while I lick Sakisaka's dick. I feel so terribly ecstatic that I go mad.

“Teacher, I...can't.....I'm...gonna die...”

I have a hard time connecting my words. Kuroki puts his lips to the nape of my neck and whispers excitedly.

“Then you should relax and die. Sakisaka and I will make sure you wake up.”

I relax when he tells me this. I leave my body in their hands, not thinking about anything.

“No.....okay...aahh.....ngh. Teacher.....please...release.....I want—”

“I will, but don't spill it out.”

“I- I won't.....so please, fill...me...up!”

His thrusting becomes more like ramming deep inside of me. I bend my back. I'm done for. I can't take it anymore.

“Aaahh.....ngh!”

I feel like I'm being pushed down into a deep dark place from way up high. With that, I drift off. I wanted to suck my teacher's cock but couldn't in the end. And I didn't even get to feel Kuroki come.



* * * *

On Monday morning I go to school in the blinding sunlight.

Usually, it's not a problem for me in the least to walk from the train station to the school but today it's hard to do. The front gates feel very far away. I drag my shaky legs; somehow managing to walk step by step. Usually it takes me 10 minutes to get there but today it takes twice as long. I know why.

After those two tormented me on Saturday, I was exhausted and fell asleep. I spent that night at Sakisaka's place and woke up in the morning because I felt that something was wrong. I jumped out of bed because I felt an incredibly pleasant feeling and a wet, slimy feeling crawling all over my skin. I found that Kuroki was fondling my dick and Sakisaka was sucking my nipples.

Yesterday, Kuroki was in the front and Sakisaka was in the back. They fucked me for two days straight and I literally became bedridden, so I spent half of Sunday in bed. I ended up finding out the hard way what Sakisaka meant when he had said he was glad that I had nothing planned for Sunday.

When it got dark, Kuroki took me back home and I fell asleep again as if I were dead. Thankfully, I was able to somehow get up this morning. I'll probably have to skip P.E. today.

Nevertheless, I am satisfied. When I acted cute, Kuroki said that he loved me, and I engraved those words deep into my heart. I unlocked Kuroki's heart; my heart trembles with joy when I remember how much Kuroki and Sakisaka had loved me. My body hurts, but nothing compares to the happiness I feel right now.

Finally, I go through the front gates and walk slowly towards the school's front doors. I change into my indoor shoes and then notice two tall figures having a pleasant chat in the corner of the hallway. It's Kuroki and Sakisaka.

When they stand side by side like this, they look so picturesque. I don't know what they're talking about but I can see that they occasionally smile so it must be a pleasant conversation.

I spy on them but Kuroki catches my eye. After that, Kuroki whispers something to Sakisaka and Sakisaka also looks over at me.

My heart skips a beat. It starts faintly pounding like a warning bell. A burning feeling goes up my spine as they stare at me. I immediately look down and am about to quickly head towards the classroom, but I can feel their gaze on me and my legs won't listen to me. My legs already feel defected as it is, so I wobble in mid air.

“Careful, Shiromoto,” Kuroki says, appearing suddenly next to me and grabbing my arm.

“Ah.....s-sorry,” I apologize and try to pull my arm out of his grip.

Truthfully, I want to embrace him, but I can't do that at school.

He doesn't let me go, though.

“Tomoya,” Kuroki whispers quietly so that only I can hear. “You're a slut. I know when I see one. That look on your face says it all. You're going to seduce a man you don't know again today, aren't you?”

“I- I'm not going to seduce anyone!” I protest, flustered by Kuroki's teasing.

I don't need to seduce anyone. I don't feel the need to do this.

“Well how about that? You don't even realize you turn men on.”

“.....Teacher.” I whine as I look up at him, making a point that he is the only one I need. For some reason, Kuroki looks cheerful, but he's probably faking it. It seems as if he is taunting me.

“That reminds me, Sakisaka says he's crazy about you. He wants to do it again...What do you say to that, Tomoya?”

“.....!”

I see Sakisaka behind Kuroki. He gives off such a classy impression that to me he doesn't seem like the type of person who does such perverted things. Sakisaka smiles at me and my heart can't help but stir because it hasn't been that long ago since he fucked me. I look up at Kuroki even though I'm surprised at myself for feeling like this.

“I- I think you're the best Mr. Yoshitaka. I only need your love, teacher.”

These are my true feelings. Kuroki is the person who comes before anything else to me. It's enough just to be by Kuroki's side.

“Is that so?” With that, he lets go of my arm. Just when I think that Kuroki is leaving, he suddenly stops and says with a suggestive smile. “But you know, Tomoya, your body is more honest than your mind. You know this better than anyone, don't you?”

He looks at me like he can see everything through me. The depth of his eyes seems cold at first, shining dully and reflecting my image. I gulp without realizing it. No, I now see a passion in Kuroki that he has never shown to me before. A wave of emotion runs through me. He looked at me like that for only a moment, but that is enough for me.

My whole body trembles with joy. I feel Kuroki's and Sakisaka's eyes on my back, but there's nothing I can do to stop my body from burning up as I head towards the classroom, grinning despite myself.

「Seductive Lips」

When he took a closer look, he understood. Though his outward appearance changed just a bit, the way he dealt with his surroundings changed completely. Basically, his situation went from bad to good, because once you've hit rock bottom the only way to go is up.

He was a pathetic, but cute, toy. If the boy heard that said about him, he would be terribly hurt, so he shouldn't actually let the boy know. But Kuroki liked calling him that and thought it was the most appropriate name for him. He liked him from the moment he saw him. Of course he felt the boy would change under the guidance of a capable man; he would change the boy himself. It would be interesting to observe this transformation up close. That was all that he had thought at first.

Holding a coffee cup in his hand, Kuroki observed the school grounds from the window of the chemistry preparatory room. It looked like the kids were split-up into two teams and were having a soccer match, but among them was a student who did not participate and was simply following the others with his eyes. That student was Shiromoto Tomoya, whom Kuroki called 'pathetic, but cute, toy'.

Kuroki taught first year chemistry, so he did not know Tomoya, who was a second year. Actually, Kuroki hadn't known Tomoya until he happened to come across him being bullied.

At that moment, the boy had thrown Kuroki a pleading look and a chill ran down Kuroki's spine when they had locked eyes. He wondered whether the boy knew this about himself or not, but to a man like Kuroki, Tomoya seemed like a masochist and this in turn made Tomoya look like easy prey.

Kuroki had decided that he would single-handedly deflower him and make him bloom into maturity. He would make him bloom into maturity and when he blossoms, plucking him should also be interesting.

Tomoya was running back and forth, staying out of people's way; the ball did not come to him much. He looked exactly like a small animal - a guinea pig. Realizing this, a smile inadvertently crept up on Kuroki's lips. He reached for the desk and picked up a cigarette. He pulled his eyes away from Tomoya for just a few minutes as he lit the

cigarette. When he returned his gaze, Tomoya was sitting on the ground. One of the players, perhaps the one who had hit him, reached his hand out to Tomoya. After the two exchanged a few words, Tomoya took hold of the stretched out hand and the player helped him up.

“.....”

As the match continued, the two went to the sidelines and began to talk. Judging from Tomoya's hand gestures, it looked like he was probably telling the other player that he was all right. Then the two slowly joined the rest of the team again.

This would have been unimaginable until just recently. Frankly speaking, Tomoya did not stand out in either his appearance or his personality. He was plain, and people made fun of for being a dim and gloomy student in his class. In fact, not only the male students but even the female students did not associate with him. The female students were actually harsher to him, but clearly he did not care.

Nevertheless, what was going on now?

He had gotten a slight haircut, had dyed his hair lighter, and was devotedly keeping his promise to Kuroki that he would look up and keep his back straight. Just by doing this, the environment surrounding Tomoya had changed.

“.....How irritating,” Kuroki exhaled smoke from his mouth and felt annoyed despite himself. Cigarette ash fell down on his slacks, dirtying them, and this also annoyed him.

After he brushed the ash off with his hand, he put out the half smoked cigarette in the ashtray. Turning away from the window, Kuroki heard the sound of the bell signaling the end of fourth hour. With a swish of his white lab coat, Kuroki left the chemistry preparatory room.

* * * *

After gym, Tomoya changed into his indoor shoes and followed the rest of his classmates up the stairs. Someone behind him tapped him on the shoulder. When he turned around he saw that it was Tanabe, a student from the class next door.

“Your right eye sure got red. Shouldn't you go to the nurse's office?”

During gym class, Tanabe had kicked the ball, hitting Tomoya in the face because Tomoya had been spacing out. Now Tanabe was worried about him. Up until now, they had barely – no, absolutely never – talked before, so Tomoya did not know Tanabe. Tomoya just shook his head no, not because he was dim-witted but because he was confused by the fact that Tanabe was talking to him.

“This is nothing...it's no big deal.....Besides, I got hit because I was spacing out.”

“Well, if you say so. But it's probably gonna swell, so I think you should put some ice on it.”

“.....Thanks.”

What a nice guy. Tomoya kindly thanked Tanabe. Tanabe scratched his forehead and then began to speak with extreme hesitation.

“Shiromoto.....you've changed a bit. I mean, you used to be really quiet before and had no friends...Ah, um...sorry.”

“No, it's okay. You're right,” Tomoya laughed rather than got offended by such a straightforward remark.

“Sorry, but that's how you were. Now you've changed, though. Everyone says you're so easy to talk to. They think something definitely must have happened.”

“.....Th- they do?”

They were sort of right. He did look a little different now and was earnestly keeping his promise to stop hunching his back, because he had been told to do that. Now he inevitably saw everything around him, since he looked straight ahead instead of down at his feet like had been doing before. There were things he did not wish to see among the things he now saw, but he was not allowed to look away, because Kuroki had told him that he would scold him no matter where they were if he cast his eyes down and looked away. Tomoya couldn't disobey Kuroki.

“So what happened?”

“Eh?” Tomoya hesitated as Tanabe peered at him. Although this wasn't the case, Tomoya felt like it had been obvious that he was thinking about Kuroki just now, so he instantly laughed it off. “Oh, n- nothing.....”

Not only did his voice shake, but his right hand was shaking too when he waved

the idea that something had happened away. Realizing this, he immediately stopped.

Walking from a distance, a tall figure of a man in a white lab coat came into view. It was Kuroki. Their eyes met. Tomoya panicked, wondering what kind of face to make, but then noticed that Kuroki did not seem to be in a very good mood.

“Shiromoto?”

He jumped at the sound of Tanabe's voice and immediately backed a little bit away from him. His body had instinctively moved all on its own.

“What's wrong?”

“.....Nothing.....I...I have to go.”

“Oh. Okay, sorry then.”

He couldn't get Kuroki out of his mind after he quickly left Tanabe behind and returned back to the classroom. He changed into his uniform and ate his *bentou* lunch so fast that it was strange. Then he headed straight to the chemistry preparatory room. It was lunch break so there were almost no students in the area where the classrooms for special usage were located. Rarely did students come here during lunch break to ask teachers questions, because the students thought that this would be wasting precious relaxation time or study time, so not many people did this.

Teachers thought the same. Both teachers and students shared this time to go on break, so this was a good opportunity to peacefully smoke a cigarette rather than associate with students. Kuroki spent the whole break time in the chemistry preparatory room rather than in the teacher's lounge, most likely for the same reason. This allowed him to spend his time away from everyone else and do whatever he wanted. The other two science teachers rarely used the chemistry preparatory room. One of the teachers was close to the retirement age, the other one was an old woman over fifty years old who thought it would be better to spend her time chatting while sipping green tea rather than shutting herself up in a tiny room with Kuroki.

Tomoya stood before the door. He couldn't see any figure through the frosted glass. Maybe he's not here, he thought. He nervously gave a light knock on the sliding door.

“What do you want?”

He heard someone say behind him. It startled him and made him jump.

“.....Te- teacher.”

It seemed like Kuroki had conveniently returned. He went inside ahead of Tomoya and sat down in a chair right away, putting a cigarette to his lips.

“Either get in or get out, but close the door. You're letting in a breeze.”

“Ah.....So- sorry.”

He quickly stepped inside and slid the door shut behind him. Although he entered the room energetically, Tomoya did not know what to talk about, so he couldn't help letting his gaze wander. He had no business to be here in the first place. Now that he was here, he began feeling restless for some reason. He felt that Kuroki was in a bad mood.

“Um...I just thought that something happened...because you look upset,” he said.

Kuroki, while continuing to face out the window, asked if he meant that something had happened to him. When Tomoya answered yes, Kuroki snorted, frowning slightly.

“And what if something did happen to me?” he said coolly, in a detached manner. Tomoya began to feel sad, but there was no turning back. If he did, Kuroki probably won't let him into this room again.

“.....I want to know what you're upset about.”

Slowly exhaling out smoke, Kuroki's gaze turned from the window to Tomoya.

“And then what will you do? You think you can comfort me?”

“N- no.....but...”

He immediately looked down at the floor but realized he wasn't allowed to do this, so he looked up right away. However, Kuroki wasn't looking at him anymore. He was smoking while impassively staring out the window like he had been doing before.

Nevertheless, Tomoya was satisfied that Kuroki had taken notice of him. Kuroki was testing him. Tomoya did not know what was putting Kuroki in a bad mood, but Kuroki seemed to be telling him to see if he can try to get him back into a good mood.

“.....Teacher.....” He locked the closed door and headed towards Kuroki.

Kuroki was silent. Tomoya gathered up his courage and approached him step by step. When he was beside Kuroki, who was sitting in a chair, Tomoya fell down to his knees by his feet. It was pointless to hesitate, so he undid the belt and the hook on the pants with shaking hands. Then he placed his hands on the zipper and lowered it.

The loud, dry sound of the zipper reached his ears, and his hands shook even more. When he looked up at Kuroki, he saw that he was smoking with a composed expression on his face as if nothing was going on. Seeing that he couldn't stop now, Tomoya decided to carry it through. With that in mind, he took out the limp cock from inside the underwear and wrapped it in his hand.

“.....”

Inadvertently, saliva filled his mouth, and it became really hard to breathe.

His heart was in an uproar. Sweat gathered on the back of his hot neck. Tomoya lowered his head and swallowed it into his mouth.

“.....Fuu.....nng!”

He coiled his tongue around it, and it grew instantly. Kuroki's dick increased in size. Tomoya was thrilled when it became too big to hold in his mouth and squirmed, unable to stand it. Slipping it through his lips, twisting his tongue around it and slurping it as his saliva dribbled – Tomoya became absorbed in this act. He was aware of his own dick becoming hard inside his school uniform.

“.....Ku.....ngh...”

Kuroki slightly pressed with his foot on Tomoya's crotch, which was getting so big it was becoming cramped inside his pants. Crying out, Tomoya immediately shivered, because this sent sweet pain running through him. Kuroki chuckled above him.

“Do you like it this much, Tomoya? Sucking a penis in broad daylight and enjoying it too. No one is as slutty as you.”

“.....Aah.....noo.....don't.....say that.....ah, ku...ngh!”

Tomoya felt the head of his cock becoming wet. At this rate, he will sully his underwear. Aside from that, his behind was tingling, and it was driving him crazy that no one was fingering him there.

“.....Mr.....Yoshitaka.....please.....”

He rocked his hips. The feeling of his underwear rubbing against his skin was unbearable, and heavy breathing escaped his lips. When he looked overhead, he saw Kuroki smoking while looking down and scrutinizing him. Kuroki slowly ran his tongue over his lips for show and even this turned Tomoya on. Tomoya deliriously sucked Kuroki's cock as he frantically rubbed his own dick through his pants.

“You should stop or else you'll end up sitting through afternoon classes with wet underwear.”

“MmTea- tea- teacher.....”

That's why he wanted Kuroki to strip him. Kuroki would strip him and stroke his worked up dick in his large hands. Actually no, Kuroki would first bury his erect cock inside Tomoya's throbbing soft insides. Just imagining this further heightened Tomoya's desire.

“You amaze me, Tomoya.”

Kuroki put his half smoked cigarette in the ashtray. He tore Tomoya away from between his legs, raised him up by his armpits, and placed him on his knee.

“.....Ah...ngh!”

Without a moments delay, Kuroki reached his hand behind Tomoya, heading towards his butt crack, that was begging to be touched, and stroked it several times.

“You look like you want me to put it in. Do you plan on coming to afternoon classes looking like you've just had sex?”

“.....Wha-?”

What was he talking about now of all times? It was like he was saying that they had never done it here during break time before. He had not expected Kuroki to care whatsoever about where they do it or when they do it, because the first time they had done it had been on a train. Even now, just remembering that time filled Tomoya with such ecstasy that it made him tremble.

Of course they had also done it here, in the chemistry preparatory room. It was only last week that Kuroki had fucked Tomoya despite him whining that fifth hour was gym. After that, he was unsteady on his feet during middle distance running and had to sit through the rest of class. Naturally, Tomoya had been reluctant to have sex at first but then willingly had taken part in it too.

“Tea.....che.....rrr.....Uugu...aah.....ngh!”

His hips squirmed because being touched there through his pants was tempting him. Each time Kuroki traced his finger up and down, he touched Tomoya's asshole through the fabric, and it felt more and more unbearable.

Tomoya wrapped both hands around Kuroki's dick like he was begging him that

he wanted it, but Kuroki just smiled suggestively.

“You've got no choice. I'll put it in if you get yourself ready.”

“Eh.....?”

“Finger yourself until you're loose. I'll put it in if you do that.”

“.....I.....I...can't do that.....!”

“Whatever then,” Kuroki spat out, pushing Tomoya off his knee. With a bored look on his face, Kuroki tucked away his erection, picked up the half smoked cigarette and put it in his mouth again.

“.....” Tomoya did not know what to do. He wanted to do what Kuroki had ordered him to do, but shame stopped him when he pictured being watched as he got himself ready, and he couldn't bring himself to do it. Lost in hesitation, Tomoya bit his lip when he heard the harsh ringing of the bell bidding the end of break time.

“Hear that? The bell rang. You'll be late for class if you don't hurry it up,” Kuroki said very coldly. Without meaning to, tears rose to Tomoya's eyes.

“Bu- but.....tea- teacher.....that's.....”

Tomoya regretfully stared at the bulge in Kuroki's slacks. He had missed his chance and now it would gradually return back to its normal state. Kuroki retorted with a cruel smile:

“I'm free after this. It's your choice whether to leave or give in. Of course if you leave now, I probably won't feel like doing this anymore even if you come rushing back here after school.”

“.....N- no.....”

“You would've thrown yourself on any man standing around you at that time, am I right? Or what about the guy you were having a friendly little chat with by the stairs just now? I bet you'd submit to him in a heart beat.”

“.....How can you even.....”

Kuroki was implying that Tomoya would go for anyone that could fuck him. But Tomoya had Kuroki, so he didn't have the slightest desire to do it with anyone else.

“Get back to class, Shiromoto.”

Even if he told Kuroki this, he knew that Kuroki would not listen to him, so he shut his mouth and looked down. Kuroki had called him by his last name and turned his

back on him, so there was nothing more he could do. Surely Kuroki was angry because he had disobeyed. Kuroki held him and paid attention to him when he obeyed, but when he disobeyed even a little Kuroki disregarded him instantly. This was a fact.

It was already too late to regret that he had hesitated. He sniffed as tears dripped down his face. He knew that Kuroki was aware that he was crying, but Kuroki didn't turn around to even glimpse back at him. Tomoya tugged down the hem of his school uniform jacket, trying to hide the embarrassing bulge, because he did not expect it would go down all too soon.

Heaving, there was nothing for Tomoya to do but to sadly leave the chemistry preparatory room. Even walking was painful, but he had to do it one way or another.

* * * *

Kuroki lowered his eyes to his cock and clicked his tongue. It had become completely hard and getting it to go down was somewhat difficult. But the idea of jerking himself off in this room irritated him. He angrily crushed his half smoked cigarette in the ashtray, putting it out, and then lit another one.

“Shit.....go down already.”

Actually he was more annoyed at himself. Lunch break was short as it was, so he had known that he had to make this quick, but he had accidentally gotten carried away. Looking out the window, he watched as students from some grade were having gym class and somehow tried to relieve himself.

With some effort, he managed to get it to go down. Tomoya must be squirming right about now, not knowing what to do about his own worked up body. If people saw his teary eyes, they would treat him like a great pervert. In order for that not to happen, Tomoya was probably desperately fighting with his surging desire right now.

Kuroki wrinkled his nose and clicked his tongue for the second time. After taking such great measures to calm his crotch, it was once again getting hard. His cock immediately swelled when the image of Tomoya - biting his lip, head lowered, and wet eyelashes - flashed before his eyes. Nevertheless, Kuroki did not want to lay a single finger on his own dick. Surely, Tomoya would come rushing in here, crying, after school.

“.....Please.....! Teacher.....let's do it right now. I'll go crazy if we don't. I'll do what you say.....I'll do anything!”

He smiled without realizing it. He felt that it was not in vain to wait here like this as he calmed down his painfully hardening cock.

Laughing to himself, Kuroki inadvertently traced his lips with his finger.

“Well then, what should I have him do?”

When he looked down at his watch, he saw that there was still time until the end of fifth hour. There was plenty of time left.

He would start off by rejecting Tomoya like he had done so before. Then he would make him spread his legs and make him stretch out his asshole. He wouldn't forgive him until he can put two fingers in. Tomoya will probably cry but won't say that he can't do it this time. If he says that he can't do it, Kuroki decided he would turn him down. Actually, he would still only be teasing Tomoya when he'd do this. Tomoya feared rejection the most.

He blew smoke towards the ceiling and put out his cigarette in the ashtray. It happened exactly at that moment. Without a single word or knock, the door flew open.

When he turned around to look behind him, he saw the actual Tomoya himself, standing there and looking like he was about to cry. No, in fact, his cheeks were already stained with tears.

“What happened? What about class?”

“.....I can't do it.....I just can't!.....I said I felt sick and needed to go to the nurse's office.....!”

“Hold on, so you tricked the teacher and left?”

“.....Yes...I...just...can't...stand it...!” Fresh tears fell down his face. Tomoya was at his wits end and tearfully threw off his school jacket. “I'll do it so...teacher.....”

Tomoya placed his hands on his belt. With shaking hands, he tried to undo the belt but it wouldn't come loose right away, so he kept biting his lip, thinking that this was annoying Kuroki.

Then Tomoya lowered his pants and underwear. He looked absurd as he stood there in only his socks and white shirt. His shoulders shook so much, like he was trying to control himself from dashing towards Kuroki. He threw Kuroki a pleading look.

“Te- teacher.....Did you do it yourself?Are you not in the mood anymore?” He asked anxiously with a worried look in his eyes.

Still sitting in the chair, Kuroki turned his whole body to face Tomoya and slightly opened his legs.

“See for yourself if I'm in the mood or not.”

Tomoya plunged down to his knees in front of Kuroki. Then he stared at Kuroki's crotch, which was bulging out through his clothes, and gulped. Without any hesitation, he took Kuroki's cock out of his slacks.

“Ah....tea...cher...”

Without stuffing it into his mouth right away, Tomoya licked the middle and the index fingers on his right hand. Then he finally put Kuroki's cock into his mouth and began to suck it, using his tongue, more wantonly than before.

“.....Fuu.....mmh.....!”

Kuroki put his hand in Tomoya's light colored, soft hair and glanced at Tomoya's right hand. It was trembling slightly, but he reached behind him in between his legs without hesitation.

“.....Uugu...nng!”

He had listened to Kuroki's command and was preparing himself. It was surprising how lewdly he was giving in to his desire, but Kuroki found this adorable.

“Do you want this?”

Tomoya slightly nodded his head several times but didn't stop giving head. It seemed like the act itself was turning Tomoya on, because even though his dick was hidden under his shirt, Kuroki could see that the tip of the dick was wet.

Kuroki muttered: “You're the best when you're submissive, Tomoya. You should've listened to me from the start. But we're wasting all your effort like this. Show me what you're doing back there. Get me more in the mood.”

“.....No, aahh!”

He grabbed Tomoya by the hair and tore him away from his crotch. Tomoya's tongue was left reluctantly hanging in the air. Kuroki was more itching to watch Tomoya's squirming than to watch his lewd tongue, so he pressed him down by both shoulders on top of the desk. He laid him down on his back, rolled his shirt up to his

chest and spread his raised knees open. There was nothing standing in the way now.

“This is good. Go ahead and show me.”

“No!!!This is so.....!”

It was natural for him to be embarrassed. No other position was so indecent. His nipples were erect, his cock was pointing towards the ceiling and spouting honey from its tip, and his asshole - the hidden place - was now out in the open. The opening was red, because Tomoya had been fingering himself up until now. With Kuroki in front of him and staring, Tomoya squirmed indecently.

“.....Please.....This.....is...so...embarrassing.....!”

His cheeks were wet with tears, but his trembling penis was wetter. Kuroki guessed that Tomoya didn't realize this.

“Do you know what, Tomoya?” Kuroki looked down at Tomoya and wrapped his Tomoya's-saliva-soaked dick in his hand. Then he slowly passed it up and down in his hand.

“You're really turned on. I want to see you in pieces. Perhaps then, I will go crazy for you.”

“Mr.....Yo.....taka...” Tomoya sniffled and helplessly slurred out Kuroki's name. There was no need to wait so much. Tomoya opened his legs up even wider than how Kuroki had them open, grabbed his cock in his left hand and slid his right hand towards his butt. “Mr.....Yoshi.....kaa.....Do you see? Do you see it good?”

“Yeah, I see your lewd penis and greedy twitching asshole, Tomoya.”

“Urgh.....nng!”

Tomoya pressed on the opening and slipped his finger inside.

“Aahh.....no, this is so embarrassing.....noo.....!”

Once he broke through, there was nothing to stop him anymore, and Tomoya slid his finger further inside.

“Ah, aahh.....no.....kuh.....nng!”

“It feels good. Move your finger around some more. Use your finger to rub inside yourself.”

“Aahh.....tea...teacherrrr.....”

Tomoya buried his finger deep inside himself and then withdrew. Tomoya

immediately became engrossed in this act and began moving his finger quickly as if churning.

“Feels good, doesn't it? Isn't it amazing?”

“Don't.....say that.....uugu.....fuu.....nnggh.”

Without even needing to be told, Tomoya inserted another finger and pulled it in and out so boldly that it made a squelching sound. His completely exposed and open asshole greedily contracted again and again. Before he knew it, Tomoya grabbed his dick in his left hand and energetically rubbed it like mad. Kuroki was also at his limit, looking at Tomoya violently swaying his hips.

“Teacher.....so good.....noo.....I'm coming.....aaahh.....nnggh!”

“Don't.”

Kuroki grabbed both of Tomoya's wrists stopping him from touching himself.

“No!” Tomoya protested with his hair in a mess. “I want to come.....I...was almost there.”

“I'm gonna put it in and release inside of you, Tomoya.” Holding both of Tomoya's wrists above him, Kuroki put his lips close to Tomoya's ear and enticed him with the sweetest voice he could muster. “You wanted my dick, didn't you? It's so amazing that you can't even compare it to a finger. Should I thrust it in deep where you love it, Tomoya? Or do you want me to rub my dick near your hole? I'll do whatever you want.”

“Tea.....cher.....” Tomoya raised his legs so that his knees touched his chest. He turned his wet eyes towards Kuroki as if teasing him. “Mr.....Yoshikata, you're the best.....I want.....you...to fill me up.....AAH!”

He didn't wait for Tomoya to finish. Kuroki placed his dick on his asshole and pulled Tomoya's legs forward towards himself. He felt like a vacuum was sucking him in. At that very moment, Kuroki felt the indescribable feeling of the wet, soft insides closing in on his dick.

“*Aaahh...!*”

“.....Ngh.”

Tomoya tighten around him even more. It seemed that the shock of penetration had brought Tomoya to his limit. His slim body wiggled on top of the desk like a fish,

and he sprayed cum all over his chest.

“.....Kuh.....fuu.....noo...I came.....aahh.....nnggh!”

Tomoya had tightened around him so much that Kuroki could not move. This turned Kuroki on so much that his back froze, and he almost came close to climaxing, so he had to hold back, biting his lip.

“...Nnggh...tea-cher..... don't...move yet... wait... wait... aahh... ah... amazing... you're making it so... wet inside... teacher,” Tomoya gasped with an expression of ecstasy on his face. He could distinctively feel Kuroki inside him. Kuroki kissed Tomoya on his trained lips, taking his breath away.

“It's cause you're too awesome.”

“Ugu.....un.....aahh.....it's so.....bi...g.....I'll...go crazy.....if you... rub... me... like this!”

“That's what I'm here for, aren't I?”

Kuroki could not wait anymore. He wanted to feel the ultimate feeling of the soft insides wrapping around him at once.

“No.....do it.....Mr.....Yoshitaka.....do something!”

“Yeah, yeah.”

Kuroki restrained Tomoya with a kiss and readjusted his grip on Tomoya's legs. Tomoya's weak, crying voice had been exciting him this whole time. He violently banged his hips.

“Ah, ah, tea.....cher..... amazing..... you've.....gone in.....so deep..... noo..... no way.”

“I'm gonna go in deeper.”

“Noo.....it's- it's too much.....ah, ah...noo.....!”

Kuroki changed the angle and practically drilled in further inside. Tomoya's wet, soft insides became wetter and made a squelching sound as Kuroki pulled in and out. Hearing this urged Kuroki to churn it up inside of Tomoya.

“Noo.....nooo.....!”

“No? You're joking. Who was the one shamelessly squirting just now?”

He flicked the tip of Tomoya's cock. The motion sent the semen flying and Tomoya overflowed with cum, soaking up Kuroki's slacks.

“No, noo.....I.....can't stop.....I can't.....stop.....cominggg.....”

“You're such a perverted boy, Tomoya. You keep coming and coming.”

“NO – !”

He thrust in deeper than ever, heading into the top half of the body. Hearing Tomoya's scream, made him ejaculate nicely right where he wanted to.

“.....Tomoya.” He was in such ecstasy that he sighed Tomoya's name out loud without even realizing it. Shivering, Kuroki now fully enjoyed the contracting soft insides and then pulled out.

* * * *

Lying on his back on top of the desk, Tomoya received a light slap from Kuroki and regained consciousness. For a moment, he forgot where he was, since he had such an intense climax.

“Sixth hour has ended. People are going to start coming out.”

“.....Right.”

Tomoya slowly got up and gathered his scattered uniform. As soon as he was done, shame dawned on him, but he didn't know what to talk about. It was awkward.

“This place isn't sound proof. What are you going to do if someone heard you screaming your lungs out?”

Even though Kuroki was lecturing him, he didn't appear bothered at all. Perhaps he was taking the possibility that they could have been discovered too lightly, or perhaps he was confident in himself at making up an excuse if it was necessary.

“Teacher.....”

“What?”

Kuroki had cleaned up and was already sitting in a chair, his clothes all straightened out and a cigarette in his mouth. As Tomoya managed to get dressed, he could not help but blame Kuroki.

“Teacher.....why?”

“Why what?” Kuroki repeated, looking indifferent.

“Why.....do this at school.....?”

Kuroki didn't know where to stop, so that's why Tomoya always fainted.

“This?” Kuroki was about to light his cigarette but stopped for a moment. Tilting his head a little to one side, he frowned as he lit his cigarette and then poured his gaze out the window. “What are you talking about, Tomoya?” Kuroki shrugged his shoulder and exhaled a ring of smoke. “You're so naive.” A spiteful smile played on Kuroki's lips, and he said either jokingly or seriously. “When a man forces sex, it means he's jealous.”

“.....”

Tomoya's heart pounded at such unexpected words. He wanted to find out whether this was true or not but didn't know how he should ask, so in the end, he couldn't say anything. But this was okay, because Tomoya felt that Kuroki's bad mood during lunch break was now gone, and it seemed that he was satisfied with just this alone.

「A Body, Immersed」

At the end of 6th hour, a group of second year students came in through the gates bringing in a wave of dust and sweat as they walked down the hall. It looked like they had been sketching outside for art class, since everyone had a drawing pad and paper.

“Oh, Mr. Kuroki. Are you going back to the teacher's lounge?”

A few of the female students rushed up to Kuroki.

“Yeah. If I don't show up every now and then, the other teachers are gonna forget who I am,” he said with a smile, and the girls shrieked with laughter. They were at that age where everything seemed funny, but to him this amusing was silly. As a teacher, Kuroki thought the students were cute in their own way. When he saw them diligently studying, trying to improve their scores, he was filled with emotion like any other teacher.

The problem was that sometimes the female students approached him with the wrong idea in mind. Kuroki didn't have such feelings towards the girls. A student is a student and won't become anything more even if she were to throw herself naked at him. To him, this wasn't only limited to student-teacher relations. There were other situations where this was also the case. All these unnecessary behaviors were annoying. The tone of their voice, facial expressions, and reactions were enough; it was clear that they liked him, of course.

“I'm gonna go then.”

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of Tomoya intently watching him from a distance. He went ahead and ignored him, waved bye to the girls and began walking.

“Um.....”

He heard a quiet voice. It was Tomoya.

Tomoya was opening and closing his mouth, looking like he wanted to say something but perhaps considering the surroundings. Finally, he closed his mouth without saying anything. Kuroki saw Tomoya lower his eyes in obvious regret, and felt a chill inside him. He laughed to himself at the fact that this look on Tomoya's face excited his desire. He could leave with an air of indifference but thought against it and cast a

glance at Tomoya. The moment their eyes met, Tomoya's cheeks turned red.

“Oh, it's you, Shiromoto.”

Tomoya had not expected Kuroki to call out to him, so that was probably why he was staring wide-eyed at him. Tomoya was unaware of the expression on his own face, but Kuroki could see a bit of hope in his eyes. For the most part, Tomoya was merely an ordinary student without any sex appeal, but with just a slight impetus he had the eyes to seduce men like a whore. Even now, when Kuroki called out his name, he was probably imagining all sorts of scenarios, such as their last sex scene. He rode on top of Kuroki in the chemistry preparatory room and rocked his hips out of control. He was hoping this would happen again. Maybe Kuroki would call out his name and fuck him again? Such were the thoughts that gave that look of desire on Tomoya's face.

“The band-aid on your neck is coming off. Go to the infirmary and get it fixed,” Kuroki said and Tomoya's hand immediately flew up to his neck.

Under the large-sized band-aid was the hickey Kuroki had given him. Tomoya let out a wild cry, when Kuroki had sunk his teeth in, and remembering now that flirty behavior of his made Tomoya's cheeks flush.

“Okay?” Kuroki prompted, and Tomoya nodded.

Satisfied with that, Kuroki left. He had been planning to show up at the teacher's lounge but changed his mind and switched his destination. He passed by the teacher's lounge and headed towards the infirmary. He slid the door open.

“Excuse me,” he called out, but Sakisaka wasn't here. Was he at the teacher's lounge? The bathroom? Or maybe he had already gone home? There were no students playing truant in here either, and the infirmary stood unusually empty.

Kuroki sat down in Sakisaka's chair and looked out the window at the sky. The sun was beginning to set and clouds were forming on the blue sky as if someone were painting a picture. It will be dusk soon. When he leaned back in the swiveling chair, the door of the infirmary quietly slid open.

“Um.....could I have a band-aid?”

It was Tomoya.

“Eh? Oh.....Mr. Kuroki.”

It seemed like Tomoya was surprised at seeing Kuroki's back at the desk. At the

sound of Tomoya's squeaky voice, Kuroki swirled around in the chair to face him.

“Sakisaka isn't here. Too bad, huh?”

Tomoya blinked in confusion. But at the same time, he waited for Kuroki's next words like a dog waiting to be ordered to 'stop'. Kuroki was satisfied with this reaction and motioned for Tomoya to come over with his forefinger.

“Show me what happened,” he said, and Tomoya eagerly walked over and stood in front of him. Kuroki stretched out his hand and took off the band-aid on Tomoya's neck, revealing the red mark from the hickey.

“.....You bit me teacher, so what else was there to do?”

Although Tomoya sounded reproachful, his cheeks flushed slightly perhaps from remembering that time. Meanwhile, Kuroki could tell that Tomoya was trying to drag out their moment together for as long as possible.

“Um, teacher, why are you here?” Tomoya asked while worrying over the sliding door. Kuroki understood that Tomoya did not want someone suddenly coming in and disturbing them.

“Because I knew you'd come,” Kuroki answered, and hope shone on Tomoya's face. “Did you expect me to say that?”

“.....Ah,” now Tomoya's face turned red from shyness. It seemed like Tomoya thought he was bad at displaying his own emotions, but they were so easy to read for Kuroki that he thought it funny. The sight of Tomoya clasping the hem of his school uniform jacket was plenty amusing for Kuroki.

“.....I didn't expect it...”

It looked like Tomoya was wishing he hadn't gotten so excited, but besides that, it also felt like he was unhappy with Kuroki. Tomoya's actions were innocent because he himself was unaware of them.

“Oh, well you look like you wanted that. You get turned on no matter where you are, don't you? What do you want me to do here in the infirmary in broad daylight?”

This question was a slap in the face for Tomoya, and he furiously shook his head.

“I'm...not gonna do that.....I just want to be with you, teacher.”

Kuroki laughed to himself at Tomoya, who had his eyes lowered, and thought what was it that he was not gonna do? Whatever Tomoya might say, it was still a fact that

Tomoya seduced men. In fact, Kuroki himself had been seduced by him, and so had Sakisaka. It was really cruel because Tomoya himself was oblivious to this. Tomoya had a strong charm on some people.

“We're the only ones here. What should we do?”

“What to do.....” Tomoya struggled for an answer. Seeing him desperately rack his brain, Kuroki shrugged his shoulders.

“It's only us. You've got something else to do other than sex?”

He saw Tomoya's adam's apple bob in his throat just because he had teased him by asking this so bluntly. Tomoya, acting on his desires, breathed deeply at just the mention of the word sex.

“I-I do.....I want us to talk, but just being with you makes me happy, too, teacher.”

Maybe he realized it maybe he didn't, but Tomoya still insisted on playing innocent and Kuroki responded with, “Talk, huh?”

Kuroki pushed his hair far back, then put that same hand on Tomoya's waist, and began to rub him there. At that very moment, Tomoya cried out in a quiet voice.

“I don't think just talking is gonna satisfy you, considering you're already making so much noise. Or are you gonna give it a try anyways?”

“.....!” Tomoya's eyes filled with tears in response to this.

Kuroki lifted Tomoya's school uniform jacket revealing the bulge growing underneath his pants.

“Okay, let's talk. No touching.”

Kuroki took his hand off from Tomoya's waist and Tomoya looked immediately disappointed. Leaning back in his chair, Kuroki thought it was fine if every now and then Tomoya's reactions were obvious.

“What should we talk about? Let's see... alright then, let's hear about you. What's your favorite subject or hobby?”

It's not that he was very interested to know this; it's just that this was a good way to start the conversation. It was clear that Tomoya was glad to hear this because he had probably thought that he was going to be asked something unreasonable.

“Um...I kind of like math, I guess. Because there's only one right answer...I'm

not good in gym class and chemistry labs.”

It was so like Tomoya to give an answer such as this. He probably said this because in gym class and chemistry labs you often had to work in groups.

“Chemistry labs!? That's unforgivable.”

“Ah...” It looked like Tomoya had forgotten that Kuroki was a chemistry teacher. “But lately I've been doing my best to study, so my chemistry grades have gone up a bit.”

Kuroki thought that the way Tomoya quickly covered up his mistake seemed just like a little animal. But little animals aren't just cute; they dodge and bite and will try every possible means to protect themselves. Even when they fawn over you, they are still in self-defense mode.

“And I read a book recently, the same one that was lying on your desk.Um, 'The Legend of Tono', I think? It was pretty interesting. I read it in one night, so I was sleepy the next day –”

“That was Mr. Tajima's,” Kuroki interrupted, and Tomoya was disappointed by this answer.

“.....Oh,” Tomoya had probably brought up the book in want of something in common to talk about, but Kuroki was growing tired.

“Ah.....teacher, have you read anything recently?”

Kuroki thought what to do about Tomoya's questions. They were wasting time by continuing on with this conversation.

“A book? Oh yeah, I read one yesterday...” Then Kuroki told Tomoya, who was eagerly waiting for his answer: “It was an erotica I confiscated from a student,” he answered.

Blinking, Tomoya's face turned slightly red.

“I'll...read it.”

He wasn't blushing at the word ‘erotica’. He was imagining what they were going to talk about next. Seeing Tomoya's reaction, Kuroki continued.

“It being an erotica wasn't a problem, but this student was reading quite a dirty one. It was a comic, with sexy pictures of breasts the size of watermelons, blowjobs, cream pie, anal sex – this book had everything. The main character was very reactive for a virgin. Oh, and that reminds me...” He cast a suggestive glance up at Tomoya.

“Somebody else was also very reactive for a virgin.”

Tomoya's face turned red. His forehead broke out in slight sweat and he began to breathe deeply perhaps from excitement.

“...Teacher,” he called out hoarsely, and Kuroki smiled.

“All wet between the legs and crying out in a lewd voice. Yes, that was in the comic. When a man sees something like that, he obviously gets hard. But where to stick it in once you've gotten hard? There's no other choice but to jack off.”

“.....!” Tomoya's breathing grew heavier as he looked at Kuroki with teary eyes. Tomoya began to rub his knees together. He will be unable to control himself soon.

“Teacher...I...” Tomoya began to approach him. A look of desire on his face showed that he was being seduced by Kuroki. Kuroki cast a glance at Tomoya's crotch.

“We're just talking, aren't we?” he said, and the corners of Tomoya's eyes filled with tears. Tomoya's underwear was surely all wet by now.

“.....But teacher...it's cause you say such things.”

Tomoya pressed his legs to Kuroki's legs, looking like he was going to straddle himself on top of his thigh. If given a simple okay, Tomoya was going to do it.

“Isn't this your fault? All I did was answer your question, because you asked which book I read.”

“But that's.....”

Even the tone of his voice had changed. At the very moment he looked at Kuroki, a helpless look appeared on his face

“What are you imagining? You are imagining, aren't you?”

Tomoya immediately proved him correct by nodding. It seemed like Tomoya couldn't talk right now, but Kuroki wanted to drag out the conversation a little bit further.

“.....I was thinking about how you did it yourself when you were reading the comic.”

“How did I do it? Well, who knows?”

Tomoya's head was filled with imagination. The way he kept licking his lips, as if on his way to climaxing, was obscene.

“Teacher.....I.....” Tomoya squirmed with impatience.

Kuroki pretended not to notice and continued talking.

“How do you think I did it? I got hard, rubbed myself and came...is that what you think?”

“No.....!” Tomoya cried out in a sultry voice.

“What are sounding like that for? I didn't do anything to you, did I?” He chuckled, and Tomoya bit his lip in shame. But Tomoya knew there was no need to put up an act, so he slowly lifted up the hem of his school uniform jacket by himself.

“But.....look what's happened to me.”

As expected, the middle of Tomoya's pants was bulging out. Kuroki glanced at it as Tomoya nervously stuck out his hips, wanting to be touched.

“Think about where you are. Someone might come with an injury from a sports club or Mr. Sakisaka might come back... Oh, but if Mr. Sakisaka comes in, you'd like that, wouldn't you?”

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka...”

It seemed that in the end, Tomoya could not control himself around Kuroki, who hadn't even laid a finger on him. Tomoya took his hands off his school uniform, grabbed Kuroki's arm, and hastily invited him to the bed with the partially open curtains.

“Teacher...you said it has to be touched for it to go down...I'll be quiet, so...I want you to do it, Mr. Yoshitaka.”

Perhaps too impatient, Tomoya pressed his hot body against him even as Kuroki was getting up from the chair.

“You don't know self-control.”

Although Kuroki himself felt a strong desire welling up inside him as he watched Tomoya, he continued to speak coldly and made Tomoya cry.

“I'm...sorry. But teacher, when I look at you, I.....I can't control myself.”

Heading towards the bed, these words stirred Kuroki's memory. Clearly, Tomoya resembled a foolish baby chick.

“Mr. Yoshitaka...”

When they reached the bed, they immediately started to kiss.

“See? You've got nothing else to do besides have sex, right?”

He thought that Tomoya was going to just agree with him, but much to his surprise Tomoya was still stubborn.

“You're wrong! It's just that I feel like having sex, too.”

How was he wrong? Even though it was a simple reply, Kuroki found it annoying that this brat thought this naive explanation made appropriate sense. Kuroki was appalled, but was quite aroused too, so he didn't protest whatsoever against doing it.

“Take off only your pants and underwear. Don't touch yourself until I say so. Or else you're gonna come right away.....Hey, someone is gonna come in if you don't hurry up,” He promptly instructed him and Tomoya, perhaps scared more than anything of someone bursting in on them, quickly opened up the front of his pants. Then blushing, he shyly slipped off his pants and underwear and climbed on top of the bed. As Kuroki sat with his legs stretched out, Tomoya positioned himself over Kuroki's waist and licked his own fingers. Tomoya reached his wet fingers behind himself while Kuroki watched in silence without helping out at all.

“Uguu.....”

Kuroki could not see what was happening, because Tomoya's jacket was in the way. But it was easy to tell judging from Tomoya's facial expression. His cheeks were red, and he had a pained look on his face. Of course, it wasn't like he was in pain, he was simply feeling rushed. In fact, his voice sounded sweet when he occasionally cried out.

“Mr.....Mr. Yoshitaka...”

As Tomoya repeated Kuroki's name, his eyes filled with desire. Kuroki eyed him with pleasure.

“.....Teacher, e-enough. Put it in already.....touch me,” Tomoya demanded, looking down at Kuroki's crotch. Kuroki felt hot inside as Tomoya looked at him with greed.

“Not yet, alright? Only after you can put three fingers in.”

“But.....teacher, you're already so hard.”

Kuroki grunted and put his hand on his own dick. When he rubbed it through his slacks, it got harder.

“Sure. But if you don't hurry up and put your fingers in, I bet it's gonna go down after a while.”

Climbing off the bed, he provoked Tomoya on purpose by telling him what Tomoya did not want to hear. He then undid the front of his slacks and rubbed his cock,

which was pushing up against his underwear, showing this to Tomoya.

“You wanted to see me masturbate?” He asked as he continued touching himself through his clothes.

“.....*Ngh!*” Tomoya could not keep his voice inside.

Urged on by this voice, Kuroki took his cock out from his underwear and immediately began rubbing it.

“No.....I want.....*teacherrrr...*”

Tears spilled out from Tomoya's eyes, wetting his cheeks. It was obvious from Tomoya's tear stricken face that he was fighting back his desire in shame. As he looked at Tomoya's face, Kuroki was seized with an urge to shove it in. But it was still too soon.

“Show me if you can loosen yourself up.”

The more he teased him, the more Tomoya got excited.

“N- no.....” Tomoya shook his head from side to side.

Kuroki knew that he was going to refuse, so he simply concluded with an 'all right'.

“Then I will do *this* by myself. I had hoped that you would do it. I don't feel like going inside such a tight, useless hole.”

Kuroki declared, and true to his word, quickly began rubbing his cock up and down, urging it to come out.

“Ah.....no.” At that moment, Tomoya pleaded for Kuroki to stop with tears in his eyes. “I'll.....show you.”

Sniffing, Tomoya crawled on the bed, repositioning himself with his knees on the mattress and his head down so that Kuroki would be able to see better. Tomoya knew that the more he hesitated the more he delayed getting what he wanted, so once he chose to agree, all hesitation had left him.

Before him, Kuroki saw Tomoya's red asshole opening and closing as if breathing.

“Open your legs up some more,” he ordered, and sobbing, Tomoya obeyed. “Spread it open with your fingers.”

Tomoya meekly obeyed this too, and Kuroki helped him out for the first time today.

“Ah, ah.....”

When he stroked Tomoya's asshole with his forefinger, Tomoya cried out and squirmed. When Kuroki inserted his finger inside, honey trickled down, wetting the bed sheets.

“Teacherrrr.....Mr. Yoshitaka.....nooo.....”

“Do you want it here, Tomoya?”

The best tightness is felt with the finger. Tomoya's twitching soft insides wrapping around his finger would provide immense joy for Kuroki's dick.

“Mhmm..... I want it.....”

Kuroki removed his finger and instead, put his hard cock on Tomoya's greedy asshole.

“Ah, aahh.....hurry...”

Kuroki grabbed Tomoya's waist with both hands and held it in place. Then he teased him by rubbing the tip of his cock against Tomoya's asshole, and with that, he almost got sucked inside.

“You're so greedy,” Kuroki said and turned Tomoya over. Facing each other, Kuroki pushed Tomoya's knees up to his chest and with one thrust crammed his dick in.

“Ahhhh.....!!”

Tomoya bunched up the bed sheets with his hands.

“Hey, didn't you want this?”

Kuroki drove in deeper into the place, which was screaming with delight. Tomoya cried out in a wanton voice and came hard. Because Tomoya's soft insides squeezed him so tightly, Kuroki felt an intense pleasure wash over him. He silently groaned, feeling the soft pleasure in his lower regions.

“Aah.....wait.....! Ngh...!”

Each time he thrust in, honey spilled out from Tomoya's cock. The joy Tomoya felt directly passed on to Kuroki, who rocked back and forth with pleasure as he fondled Tomoya's cock.

“Teacherrr.....noo...”

“That's good, Tomoya. You get better with every fuck,” he whispered and licked Tomoya's sweaty neck. Tomoya jumped a little, reacting even to this.



“No.....ah...I feel.....strange...!”

Tomoya coveted pleasure as usual despite his saying 'no'. As Kuroki swayed their hips together and watched Tomoya's sexy expressions, he touched the squelching wet area where he had inserted his dick.

“No? You don't mean that, right?”

“Aahhh...”

When Kuroki pried open that sensitive area, it twitched. Without waiting too long before it closed back up on him, Kuroki pulled out and quickly plunged right back in again.

“Kuh.....”

He ejaculated deep inside Tomoya. It seemed like Tomoya was ready for this. He squeezed Kuroki, extending his climax. The climax was mind-spinning. He released deep inside Tomoya, drop by drop.

After letting out a great sigh, Kuroki pulled out.

“Uugu.....”

Kuroki relaxed as he looked down at Tomoya's sexy, nude body.

“.....Teacher...”

Kuroki got off the bed, fixed his clothes, and brushed Tomoya's hair, while Tomoya muttered to himself.

“That felt good,” he said. A sweet sigh escaped from Tomoya's partly open lips.

That was cute, Kuroki thought as he looked past the bed curtain.

“Now it's Mr. Sakisaka's turn.”

Tomoya flinched at the mention of these words. It seemed he hadn't noticed Sakisaka because he was so preoccupied with doing it.

“Mr. Sakisaka is hard from watching us. You should make Mr. Sakisaka feel good.”

Kuroki stroked Tomoya's soft butt, and then moved away from the bed. Perhaps from great shock, Tomoya's hands shook as he propped himself up.

“.....Mr. Sakisaka.....you were watching?”

Tomoya looked shook-up, although it was too late to do anything about this now. He blinked his teary eyes, knowing that Sakisaka had seen him acting flirty.

“Yeah. I saw Mr. Kuroki put it in. I just took some injured students back and when I returned I see you two doing this... I got a little jealous, but when you cried, it sounded so cute, Tomoya, so here I am.”

Sakisaka came over to the bed instead. His slacks open, Sakisaka put his dick near Tomoya's lower half of the face. Tomoya opened his mouth partially by reflex and Sakisaka shoved the tip of his dick inside, but then suddenly turned around to look at Kuroki.

“Can I put it in?” Sakisaka asked Kuroki and not Tomoya himself.

Kuroki shrugged.

“Do you really need to ask me? Tomoya is waiting.”

To tell the truth, Kuroki couldn't understand Sakisaka's intentions. There was no reason to ask his permission, and he thought that Sakisaka should just do what he wanted.

“All right then,” Sakisaka laid Tomoya down on the bed. Then climbed on the bed himself and raised Tomoya's hips.

“You're so wet. Looks like it'll be easy to put it in,” he said as he put on the condom, which he took out from his pocket and slowly entered Tomoya from behind. Every time they moved, a wet, lewd sound came out.

“Aah...ngh.....! Mr. Ryou.....”

“Yes. It feels amazing inside you.”

“Aahh.....Me too.....i-it feels so good...”

“You really are submissive and cute.”

Kuroki listened to the two of them talking as he washed his hands. Then he headed towards the hallway.

“No!” At that moment, Tomoya loudly cried out. Kuroki, who was about to open the sliding door, turned towards the sound of the voice and looked at the two on the other side of the curtain.

“Don't go.”

Kuroki thought Tomoya was definitely oblivious to anything, but his eyes were fixated on him. Tomoya was gazing at him with teary, seductive eyes.

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka.”

Tomoya stretched out his hand towards Kuroki.

“Please don't go yet. I don't want you to go.....”

Tears ran down Tomoya's cheeks. Sakisaka wiped the tears off with his finger.

“You really are cute. Do you love Mr. Kuroki that much?”

Sniffing, Tomoya nodded in response to Sakisaka's question.

“I love him,” he said without a moment's thought.

“What about me?”

“.....I love you,” he gave the same answer.

“Thank you, Tomoya. But Mr. Kuroki is still your first, isn't he?”

Kuroki faced Tomoya, who was nodding in agreement to Sakisaka's remark, and snorted, thinking this was foolish. Whether it is first or second, what say do these numbers have anyway?

“Mr. Kuroki, won't you do me a favor and stay just a little while longer?”

“.....”

Sakisaka was slyer than he thought. He wanted Tomoya, so he used Kuroki. Of course Kuroki himself couldn't blame others since he used Sakisaka's presence to get a stronger rush.

He sighed and went back.

“Honestly, it's all about you.”

He sat down on the bed and touched Tomoya's cheek with the palm of his hand.

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka.”

Tomoya called out in a sweet voice and snuggled up against his hand.

“I'm glad, Tomoya.”

Sakisaka pulled Tomoya's hips towards himself and began moving.

“Ah, ahh.....so...good!”

“Let's have Mr. Kuroki play around with your front.”

He was already disgusted at being forced to watch them deeply joined together, and yet now Sakisaka was getting carried away and asking him to do this.

“Sorry, but I already washed my hands so I can't.”

Not only was he being asked to stay, he was also being asked to help. However, when he refused, he was offered another suggestion:

“It can't be helped, then. I'll hold Tomoya's pee-pee so let's have Mr. Kuroki hold

your hand.”

He wanted to refuse to do this too but also wanted to end this as soon as possible, so he reluctantly took Tomoya's eager, outstretched hand.

“Ah, I'm coming...I'm coming!”

The next moment, Tomoya, who tightly clung onto his hand, ejaculated on to the sheets while trembling.

“Yes...it's so *tight*,” Sakisaka shivered after joggling several times while continuing to fondle Tomoya's cock. Now that it was finally over, Kuroki let go of Tomoya's hand and headed towards the hallway, leaving the two tangled up in each other.

“.....Mr. Yoshitaka,” Tomoya called out his name but was not stopping him from leaving anymore.

Kuroki, who left the infirmary, was disgusted with himself, wondering what the hell was he doing? There had been no need to stay just because he had been asked to stay. Heading towards the chemistry preparatory room, Kuroki inadvertently looked down at the palm of his hand. Tomoya's warmth still remained there. Tomoya had clung to Kuroki's hand and tears had flowed out of his eyes from the intense climax.

“...This is ridiculous,” Kuroki spit out.

But just as he got to work, he realized something. Usually he would be instantly satisfied. However, today it only lasted until he got to the chemistry preparation room.

This was *definitely* unacceptable.