

No rainy day shoos warmth away

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by Anonymous

Summary

Tobitaka was only doing routine work. The means of relaxation after his shift just didn't come in the shape he expected.

Tobitaka was working rather late that day, since there was surprisingly a lot of customers around the evening.

A group of salarymen seemed to be celebrating their promotion and, while they were all drunk, they left a whole mess behind them. And what did this bunch leave behind as they passed the exit door? A dozen of bowls after personalised ramen orders, many glass cups, emptied at various levels and now generally alcohol-vacant sake bottles. Tobitaka exhaled. Not the first time he had to deal with party goers such as them. It's just too bad they happened to come by on his busiest shifts.

He collected all the tableware. Got a piece of cloth to wipe off and clean the remains of food and spots of alcohol from the wooden tables. His hands were quite sore after the dish washing. And even though he had done it under warm tap water, he could use a proper hand wash with soap by the sink of his own bathroom.

Quite the heavy way out to go home. Thankfully, he lived right above his restaurant. He just had to walk around one last time, to make sure everything has been properly tidied up, no crumbs crammed up anywhere, and that the front door was locked, of course.

Lightning snapped somewhere far in the sky, flashing light through the glass door.

A pouring rain.

Tobitaka didn't realise when it got so heavy, his mind being so preoccupied with the chores. Wanting to get a whiff of it, he opened the door and found solace in the drizzle. Barely standing there for a full minute, he realised a young man in a grey suit was leaning against the wall. His hands, with black gloves on, clenching a briefcase. His hair, all wet and glistening. His lower eyelids slightly puffy, either from fatigue, either from ... crying?

An alluring sight Tobitaka couldn't help but contemplate for the next few minutes.

And then...

"What a poor soul you are."

The young man jumped, startled out of his own thoughts.

"Oh, my bad, I didn't mean to scare you" Tobitaka said, letting out a little laugh, as his subject of interest looked at him from top to bottom. And he did likewise.

"Wait... Utsunomiya Toramaru?" the purplette stepped forward, his fists resting on his own waist, then leaned at the other and crossed his arms. "It's you, right?" Indeed, he – Toramaru – nodded. "I thought you seemed familiar."

Tobitaka welcomed him into the dimly lit restaurant, and gestured to follow him.

"Sorry about this, I had no umbrella so I'm completely drenched" Toramaru said, seeming a little more relieved, as they headed upstairs. The encounter having turned out to be of someone he knew.

"Even after all this time you still play recklessly, huh?" Tobitaka said, concluding he ran under that rain.

"No. Just a matter of bad luck, that's all."

Tobitaka sighed. Hearing his former Inazuma Japan teammate utter such words just couldn't be right. He used to be more on the positive outlook of things.

In the apartment, he had Toramaru step out of his soaked clothes, then sit on a chair. This wasn't either thought twice about, as they used to be in the same changing rooms. It felt pretty normal, actually. The purplette handed him a towel.

"Bad luck? I thought only team Raimon had to deal with that as of late."

Toramaru avoided his eyes for a second, a defensive move that puzzled Tobitaka, who grabbed another towel and helped him dry his hair.

"Well, I know that" Toramaru replied. "Too much of it actually. I work for the Fifth Sector after all."

These words escaped his mouth, cold and sharp as ice. His slightly sour expression from a moment ago came back also.

Tobitaka was once again taken aback by the contrast between the blue-black-haired man sitting before him now and the boy he used to be ten years ago, a sun beaming with warmth and energy.

"I figured you'd be against soccer regulation, just like anyone else" Toramaru stared back in acceptance. The spark in his dark teal eyes seemed so faint now, replaced by something akin to guilt. "It's fine, Tobitaka. I'll just leave when the rain settles down."

"Is that why you cried down there?"

Tobitaka shot him the question, not even looking away from the kitchen corner where he was reheating some broth in a pot.

"I'm not gonna try to convince you of anything, you know. I just took pity of someone who could fall ill given tonight's weather. Besides..." He approached Toramaru, now dry, and

placed a bowl and a wooden spoon before him. "We all have been on the naughty list once, so who am I to judge you."

An understanding grin, prompting Toramaru to finally crack a small smile too.

"I'm not sure working in a company really is on the same level as being a delinquent" he said, then took the bowl and drank some of the broth. His cheeks grew more color. The blood must have went back to pumping, the more his lips met the edge of the spoon he sipped from.

Now this sight is more satisfying, Tobitaka thought as he sat on the other side on the room, on a small sofa covered with a wool blanket. A mug of broth in hand.

"Interesting choice of words, though."

"Well, if you are involved in a shady business, then yeah, 'naughty' is the word" he joked, then placed the mug on the small table between them.

"I wish things were different. You must be questioning my love and loyalty for soccer right now, I just know it."

Tobitaka was, but that didn't matter. He was just glad to see him after all this time. He missed seeing this face, clear of any ill intent. The Fifth Sector gig must be explainable by a set of circumstances. Yet it was not something Tobitaka really was in the urge of knowing, anyway.

A shadow loomed over him.

Toramaru had walked over to the sofa, to which Tobitaka lifted his head, eyes maintaining all confidence.

"I think you are questioning it yourself. Otherwise... why would you be a crying mess in front of my restaurant?"

This bold question again, except it's rhetorical.

"I won't be in trouble like I would if I stood in front of my old soccer club" Toramaru stated, his tone flat.

"You think?"

A curt retort.

Tobitaka leaned back on the sofa and lifted his foot to gently press it against Toramaru's chest while maintaining eye contact. *I see*, he pondered. *Maybe I wanted more than to wash my hands in the warm water of my sink. Maybe, I just need to sink my teeth into something warm instead ...*

"I don't mind" Toramaru answered.

Normally, noone would think much of Tobitaka, since he was far past reformed from his delinquent ways and now lived an honest life of a ramen shop chef. Even so, the vibe of his stature alone embodied a force to not be reckoned with. So to play brave like this ... it's like, Toramaru knew what all this could entail.

Tobitaka abruptly stood up and pulled on his nose.

"So, I'm not kicking you out, but... Here's your chance to take a stand for yourself, tiger. You have no idea what I'm capable of when I'm frustrated after a long, tiring shift."

Toramaru flustered, quickly taking the bait. He ran in an attempt to hide behind the kitchen counter. And not just himself, from what Tobitaka noticed when he rushed to his side. He flashed a smirk, his tease having effect.

"Why, I'm sorry. Did my bluff excite you?" He was obviously referring to Toramaru's erection. "Or rather, is that the extent to which you don't mind?"

"What no I'm still- I'm just nervous" Toramaru fumbled his words, haphazardly covering his hard on.

Tobitaka grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him in for a kiss. His tongue aggressively thrust into Toramaru's mouth, yet the latter was a quick learner and pushed back with his own. Sending a shiver up Tobitaka's spine, as both their tongues wrestled.

His arms wrapped around Toramaru's neck and he easily kept him beneath his own body, although the younger man was putting in his best effort to flip their positions. Tobitaka had undeniable strength and sitting on top, with that erection sandwiched right between them, pretty much painted him as establishing dominance.

Toramaru's eyes fled to the side, his face all red. He really was nervous, a tinge embarrassed too.

Enough playing strong then.

Tobitaka started to unbutton the white crumpled shirt of the blue-black-haired man, right there on the tiled kitchen floor. A hesitant hand grabbed his wrist, one that clearly sought reassurance.

"Don't be scared" Tobitaka uttered, as softly as he could. He took off his pants and underwear, then gently slid down Toramaru's, stained with pre-cum already. "I only want to pleasure you. You'll grant me a wish by letting me do so."

The younger man nodded, so Tobitaka, after lying next to him, slid his roughened hand onto his exposed shaft and stroked along one visible vein, watching on every little reaction. His chin resting on Toramaru's shoulder. He followed by going down and taking it into his

mouth. His tongue strategically licked it, through and through, making sure that he had Toramaru's full attention.

An olive oil bottle stood the top on the counter. He reached for it, then poured abundantly, on Toramaru's crotch and his own. Malaxing it throughouly on their exposed flesh. The former tiger striker shuddered in anticipation.

Where was this going?

To his surprise, it's the ex-delinquent that squatted and took the erect cock into himself. He moved around, feeling every inch of it. Squirming slightly as his anus clenched. His breathing, hard and short.

Toramaru couldn't look away at this point. He noticed Tobitaka's rising dick, and swallowed the lump stuck in his throat. He could be at ease now, had he grabbed onto these toned hips for a while. The temptation of a tease would be difficult to resist. He did want to make this man, a former teammate, feel good. Being wrapped by the warmth of Tobitaka's insides was already way beyond of what he ever imagined to experience. It was like digging into dough, soft and malleable. And so, wearing his black gloves, he reached in front of him and rubbed the barely leaking tip with the smooth leather covering his fingertips, while squeezing the purplette's thighs.

"Oh god, I forgot you still had these on" Tobitaka spouted between two grunts. "T- Take them off, I wouldn't want to soil them."

Toramaru ignored the request. He could see the material granted Tobitaka a somewhat alien sensation against the delicate portion of skin. And he liked the sight of him being at the mercy of this gesture.

Trembling.

Vulnerable.

"You're right, Tobitaka. I did cry."

Tobitaka felt a rush of adrenaline wholeheartedly. He couldn't tell whether it was Toramaru finally admitting his state, or the latter stimulating his stiffened dick in such a cruel way. He lowered his torso near Toramaru's, his hands pressed on the tiled floor on both sides of the younger one's face for support. All while he felt a steamy breath bask his own neck.

"I was a bit tired and stressed though, so you missed on the reason."

The young Fifth Sector employee eventually flipped the ramen chef under him, his struggle to reverse their positions having finally payed off. With more control on his side, he thrust back and forth inside Tobitaka. His gaze, intense, stuck on the latter's closed eyes. He also wasn't sure why he went in so hastily each time, but he figured from a glance that the

enjoyment was mutual. That warmth and sweat, so pleasant. Tobitaka was so patient with him, he always has, and so understanding.

A squelch due to the olive oil, as tasty and satisfying as the sound of unmolded jello. That didn't miss sending the former hawk player a spike to his pulse. Additionally accelerating as he felt his red shirt lifted, Toramaru clearly seeking to increase skin-to-skin contact.

"I'm so glad I was in front of your restaurant" upon pronouncing these words, Toramaru held him, his fingers firmly grabbing onto the muscles of Tobitaka's well build back, arching upon contact of the black leather gloves. A moan echoing throughout the room at every thrust. This chef was such a carnal treat, his kindness having only grown.

"Me too- ah, Toramaru."

Tobitaka said, full of tenderness, then was pulled in for another kiss, while their chests pressed against each other. He lost again in the tongue wrestling, but that was fine. He appreciated the sloppiness, the mess, the imperfection. It was something he yearned for once more in his life. And it seemed to be the type of distraction Toramaru's poor soul needed.

Toramaru woke up some time later, lying on the sofa and covered by the wool blanket. Tobitaka, dressed into a clean red shirt and underwear back on, was just getting done with perching the grey suit to dry completely. After that, he sat across him, on the very chair Toramaru was sitting much earlier, before the latter entangled himself into fucking the purple haired man.

That delicious smell.

Seems like Tobitaka poured himself another portion of broth into his mug.

"Are you alright?" his low and calming voice resonated in Toramaru's ears, his watchful eyes glued on him.

"Yeah ..."

Then, Tobitaka silently stood up and sat near Toramaru. The latter was prompted to scoot next to him, albeit awkwardly.

"You're hungry?"

"How can I not? You've messed me up quite badly."

A coy smile.

Making the younger man avert his gaze, especially since his hair got ruffled.

"This will hurt you tomorrow, won't it?" he asked, concerned.

"Don't worry" Tobitaka passed him the mug so he could have a sip. "I was a defender in the best soccer team in the world, once, so for lack of a better word, I can take a pounding."

Toramaru choked, and the purplette pat his back to help him calm down.

"Why would you phrase something like that so casually?" the ex-striker could feel his head spin and his ears grow beet red. "N- Nevermind, you were part of a gang back in the day, of course this makes sense."

Tobitaka chuckled. Truly, he found the blue-black-haired one's nature endearing, even in the alluded back in the day. Hence, he had let go completely and chose to be rammed into by his junior. It's a matter of trust.

"You known? Sure, taking a blast from a ball on the field was always much better than a beating in the streets. But, I have to say what we did here is just as thrilling ..." Blood rushed to the former thug's cheeks this time. "... Satiating, even."

In a slight state of daze, Toramaru's fingers mindlessly fondled their way up under the red shirt, straight to fiddling with his nipple.

"Naughty. You're 100% on more than one naughty list."

"Well, thanks to whom?" Toramaru replied, laughing and leaning on his shouder.

In response, Tobitaka's hands made their way under the wool blanket to cop a feel of Toramaru's pectorals.

"You're so warm" his lukewarm fingers sled beneath the seams of the younger man's underwear, giving the latter goosebumps.

Toramaru's eyes searched the room for a clock.

About 3 in the morning.

The rain was still tapping outside, on the window, and the sound made him yawn. He had a shift some time later. He thought of returning home, but...

"Hey, Toramaru. It's fine if you don't want to talk about what you do in the Fifth Sector. Just know, even though the situation is complicated, you don't have to close yourself off-" by that last word, Tobitaka froze.

He took quick notice of a pair of gloves lieing on the ground, near the table. Ah, so it was definitely Toramaru's bare burning fingertips that stealthily glided under his boxers, right between his thighs. He bit on his lower lip, stiffling a gasp. The younger man's hand seized his dick, wrapping around it slowly like an octopus does with prey. It felt so much better than the leather gloves.

Meanwhile, the other hand kept on touching Tobitaka's chest, in a manner he thought was comforting.

"I have to run, soon. Could I come here again, when I'll be done at the office?"

"Of course, kh-" Tobitaka shifted, relaxed from the heat envelopping his cock. A single bead of sweat ran down his face. "I ... have the afternoon off, so you're in luck."

Toramaru laughed, content. "One good omen blessed me after all" then snuggled, getting comfortable like a cat. "I hope you fulfilled your wish... What was it ... by the way ..."

He yawned and immediately drifted away in Tobitaka toned arms.

The purplette exhaled and caressed Toramaru's lower eyelids, now less puffy, with his roughened palm. Of course that wish of his has been granted. *He* had fulfilled it, by making his body and heart melt so many times this evening. Tobitaka made these wandering hands wrap around his waist, instead of poking two sensitive spots, then embraced Toramaru. He covered both their bodies with the wool blanket.

And they just lied there, on the sofa.

In silence.

Here I thought I'll take a soak right after my busy day. Should have foreseen this, after inviting in someone who always had so much energy bottled up ... Tobitaka pondered, smiling. Then he whispered, his cheek leaning on top of the blue-black-haired's head, as he too fell asleep.

"It's ok. Come over anytime you feel lonely or upset. I don't mind helping you take the edge off, Toramaru."

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