



ADULT CONTENT (18+)



Building Up (Ayase)

Book 2: Side Story

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Please note

This story contains graphic adult themes and content.

Slight romantic spoilers for Book 2: Chapter 4.

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Preview

Ayase felt the sheets at her feet rustle. She froze as a pair of hands gripped her ankles.

She whipped onto her back in a panic, her hands clutching the sheet to her chin. A rush of cool air touched her toes as the hands slid up her legs. A warm shape followed them and into her futon, a burrowing bump in the darkness.

What?!

Ayase's heart seized. She slammed her knees together and jerked her feet free. As she curled back defensively, a body slid over her own. She wrenched up the sheet.

Kiyoshi peeked at her from under the covers. His lips curled into a sleepy smile.

"Hi," he drawled, before burying his face in her chest.

Fear strangled the tiny scream in Ayase's throat. Her robe had shifted in the night, revealing a sliver of skin down her chest that dipped dangerously low. She kicked out and struggled against Kiyoshi, but he just hummed his pleasure and lazily kissed her collarbone.

"K-Kiyoshi!" she finally whisper-gasped. "What are you doing?! Get off me!"

He moaned his disagreement. "But you're so...*pretty*," he mumbled.

He almost sounded drunk. Ayase suddenly remembered Jo's story about Kiyoshi wandering their dorm at night.

"A-are you asleep?!"

Kiyoshi didn't answer. He just hummed again and dragged his lips to her shoulder.

Ayase could feel the flush in her body pushing out against the skin. She wrenched her head around in a panic, certain that his drawled little moans and the blood pounding in her skull had woken the entire church.

The other two futons, thankfully, didn't stir in the quiet. Ayase swallowed hard as her face burned.

She grabbed Kiyoshi's shoulders. "Go back to the boys' room!" she hissed. "Or you're gonna wake up your sister and embarrass us!"

Kiyoshi giggled, the action rippling through his body. A shiver ran up her spine as he lifted his face to stare into her eyes.

"I can be quiet," he whispered.

The terror squeezing her heart sent a flood racing down her legs. She felt a flushed tingle between her legs and then, creeping behind it, a soft spread of warmth.

She fought to breathe. He stared at her in the dark, something bizarrely non-threatening in his cloudy eyes. The smile slowly dropped from his face.

"Ayase," he breathed. He lifted himself onto his elbows and crawled up the futon. He furrowed his eyebrows, pushed his bangs behind his ears, and pressed his forehead against hers.

"Can I stay?"

Ayase's throat went dry. She stared up at him, at the way his long eyelashes curled from under the perfect curves of his eyes...the hair behind his ears broke free, swishing in to mask his gentle gaze once more. She swallowed at the silken touch of his bangs across her cheekbones.

She knew he was beautiful. But she...she could usually forget that. She could forget it in groups, with distance, by averting her eyes if he smiled at her. But now, as he slid the rough pads of his fingers up her cheek, she felt trapped by those eyes.

Desire paralyzed her. All the physical contact she'd rejected from him in the past--spurred by panic, by fear--had haunted her with a ghostly, terrifying promise. This promise.

His heavy, lean body, enveloping her in the dark.

He tilted his face down against hers and buried his nose against her cheekbone. He kissed the corner of her mouth, his soft lips pulling on hers.

"It's okay," he breathed. "It's okay if you want me."

Ayase squeezed shut her eyes. A weak whine pushed out of her throat as his lips pressed her eyelid.

"We won't tell anyone." Those rough fingertips brushed the tears building in the corners of her eyes. "It's okay if no one knows, right?"

Her mind reeled. *Is that all I'm worried about?* she wondered. *Isn't there something else?* She couldn't think through the fog in her mind; she couldn't focus while he ran gentle kisses across her face. This was wrong, but...why?

Why?!

His fingers ran down her lips, then down her chin, then abruptly dipped under the covers. Every dangling thought vanished when he slid a hand into her robe.

"Hnn!" A whimper broke through her nose as she grabbed his wrist. But then he looked up at her, into her eyes, and the strength drained from her grip.

His hand slid up over her stomach to bloom over her right breast. He cupped her through her bra, his fingers digging gently into the flesh. He leaned in and kissed her neck with an open mouth.

"Ah-Ayase," he breathed hoarsely as he ran his mouth over her skin. "I want...ahmmm..."

Something wet and hot squeezed out between her legs. Raw lust blinded her, blurring her vision, blanking her mind as he gasped against her neck and his wet tongue squirmed on her skin. He grabbed desperately at her breasts, his fingertips sliding under the cups of her bra.

Something inside Ayase snapped. Her fear drowned in desire as her hands slid over his shoulders; the robe slipped down over his arms, exposing pale skin in the dark cavern of the sheet. She watched the curve of his neck, the sinewy trail from his collarbone to his flexing arm and chest as he rocked over her, panting, moaning as he sucked her neck.

Her throat closed when she tried to speak, reducing her words to strangled grunts. She forced sound through her esophagus, a weak whisper through her ragged breathing.

"K-Kiyoshi," she whispered.

The word broke the last spell between them.

Kiyoshi suddenly rocked his hips down, breaking through her locked knees. His bare stomach crushed over hers and pushed fabric to the futon. He grunted and folded one of her knees up, pulling the lower half of her leg to wrap around his back.

He rocked again, this time digging the hard lump in his boxers against the blazing sensitivity between her legs. She gasped as warm heat streaked up her waist, the wet fabric of her underwear a weak barrier against his erection.

He dragged his mouth along her jaw, roughly grabbing one of her hands and splaying it over his chest. He pushed it down the skin to the hard tightness of his abdomen; she felt his muscles bunch then release as he ground up between her legs.

"You can touch me," he groaned. "It's okay...t-touch me."

Ayase's fingers spread of their own accord, digging into smooth skin and hard muscle. She gasped and tilted her head back, giving his mouth access to her throat as her hands dragged over his thrusting hips.

He groaned something incoherent. One of his fingers hooked into the waistline of her underwear and slowly dragged it down.

Ayase's eyes snapped open.

She shot up in her empty bed, the sheet bunched in her grip. She jerked her head around in sudden terror.

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She was alone. Daniel's old bedroom, converted to the girl's room, was empty in the quiet. She stared at the empty floor as her mind raced.

Where...? The question in her mind faded almost immediately. She closed her eyes.

The sick room. Emi and Aisha were in the sick room. Ayase swallowed hard and rubbed at her eyes.

It was a small relief. She had no idea if she...moved or made noises when she was having a dirty dream, but she didn't want to find out through someone else. Especially not Emi, who might *ask* about the dreams.

Ayase felt the color rush to her face. *That was a bad one*, she thought as she gripped the bed sheet. Her sex dreams about Kiyoshi were getting...more detailed. She swallowed and shifted her legs. There was a faint dampness to her underwear, and she felt the soft, dying throbs of her heartbeat between her legs.

Dammit.

She didn't want to dwell on it, since that could make things worse. She just pushed off the sheet and slid her feet to the floor. She rubbed the beads of sweat that had gathered behind her neck.

I need to cool down. She pulled her robe closer around her body as she shuffled to the door. The church was blissfully quiet that night--no arguing, no commotion from the sick room, no secret plans whispered behind closed doors. For the first night since she'd moved in, it sounded like everyone was asleep.

Ayase counted her blessings. She clenched and unclenched her shaking hands as she headed for the faint glow of the kitchen light. Once in the doorway, she looked up.

And froze.

Kiyoshi was quietly poking through a cupboard, dressed in nothing but a pair of boxers and a black tank top. He looked over his shoulder, revealing a few cookie sticks poking from between his lips.

His eyes lit up under the mess of his bangs. "Hey," he called quietly. "You can't sleep, either?"

All the blood drained from Ayase's face.

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