



Coming Down (Jo)

Book 1: Side Story

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Please note

This story contains graphic adult themes and content.

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Preview

Most of the girls at the party were pretty, but Jo had his eye on Rei. She wore a little too much make-up and her shoes were wrong for her outfit, but she had the best legs in the room. She also had a slight awkwardness about her that melted the second he showed her any attention.

"Can I call you Rei-san?" he asked an hour in, handing her a bottle of tea.

She laughed excitedly. It was too loud and she covered her mouth, clearly embarrassed under her alcohol-spurred flush.

"Well, you don't *know* my last name," she said. "So I guess it's okay."

"What's your last name?" he asked. "No one's mentioned it."

She hummed and sipped at her drink. "You can call me Rei-san," she giggled.

He offered to walk her home. She laughed at everything he said along the way, whether it was funny or not. When they arrived at her middle-class house, she leaned over to whisper in his ear.

"Wanna come up?"

Jo answered her with a kiss.

They had to sneak upstairs to avoid waking her parents. He had a brief flash to Fuuka--smiling at him in a dark hallway, kissing him as she pulled him into her room--and his stomach twisted. He banished the thought as he slipped into Rei's bedroom behind her.

She snapped a bedside light on. In the limited glow, Jo noticed a few cartoonish posters hanging on the wall nearby. They looked like they were from some anime. One of them in particular drew his eye... Were the half-naked, embracing characters both men?

Rei unbuttoned her blouse, which immediately regained Jo's attention. She bit her lip and slowly slid the shirt off her shoulders.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" she whispered, the swell of her breasts in her bra glowing in the faint light.

Her endearing neediness stoked the fire in his gut. He pulled her close.

“Beautiful,” he assured her before kissing her throat.

Jo hadn’t planned to go as far as sex that night, but one thing led to another. She was so *responsive* to his touch, and her welcoming arms drew him in. He was a little lonely--he could admit that. And unlike the few other girls he’d hooked up with before, Rei treated him like a longtime lover she trusted completely.

She wasn’t a virgin. With the haunting vision of Fuuka’s blood in the back of his mind, he was relieved that some of that pressure was off. Rei was enthusiastic in bed--she touched him and begged him and climaxed at least once. She ran her hands through his hair and pulled his head against her chest.

It felt...right. *Normal*. Like he belonged between her legs, in a little house in the suburbs.

When he snuck out at dawn, he was sent off with a kiss this time.

He woke up anxious the next morning. He was still worried that he’d rushed things. The minute he was dressed, he called Rei--banking on the fact that she seemed needy and wouldn’t find his call “desperate.”

To his relief, she was happy to hear from him. She giggled excitedly when he asked her to be his girlfriend.

Machida happened to pass through the kitchen when Jo was using the phone to call her; the older boy stopped as Jo finished setting a day and time for his next date. When Jo returned the phone to the receiver, Machida smiled.

“Was that Rei?” he asked.

Jo nodded and fished a cigarette from his pocket.

“Did you guys hook up last night? I thought I saw you leave with her...”

“I don’t kiss and tell.”

Machida laughed. He pulled a lighter from his pocket and leaned over to light Jo’s cigarette.

“She’s hot,” Machida admitted, “but a little weird. I didn’t know you were into otaku.”

Jo murmured a thanks and puffed his cigarette. “Otaku?” he repeated.

"Yeah. Total geek... She's usually too busy watching anime to come to parties."

Jo shrugged. "Who cares?"

"Not a big deal, man. I was just curious." Machida paused. "You're meeting her after school next week, huh? Is that what I heard?"

"Yeah."

"Come home and change first. She's a senior in high school... If she sees you in your junior high uniform, she might freak out."

Jo took a drag on his cigarette and averted his eyes. He hadn't *planned* on going on a date in his school uniform...but not because of that.

"Good call," he murmured around his stick, the words a little depressing in his mouth.

They had sex after every date. Jo hadn't expected that much, honestly, but he slid into the routine with an ease that surprised even himself. They were both into it, and that was all he cared about.

Once he saw Rei's room in daylight hours, though, he understood Machida's "otaku" comment. Her bookshelves were overflowing with manga and video games, and she had small posters or magazine cutouts pasted along her walls and desk. She even had weirdly detailed pretty boy figurines perched around the room, including a brooding guy in a long coat who stood on her bedside table. That one in particular creeped Jo out, so his pre-sex ritual became shoving that figurine in a drawer.

But it was a price he was willing to pay for privacy, since Rei planned their dates for when her parents weren't home. She also seemed to get bolder every time they slept together, so Jo grew more confident. When she flipped him onto his back one day and asked if she could be on top, Jo smiled into her mouth.

"Whatever gets you hot."

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