

Maya, Aiji & the Pickled Cucumbers

MayaxAiji

Von novembermond

irgendwer hatte sich mehr lm.c gewünscht. ta-da! :D
(irgendwann schreib ich auch mal wieder auf deutsch, sonst verlern ichs noch)

Well, it could be said that Aiji was used to Maya's antics by now. Therefore, it was completely his own fault for asking: "What's that?"

"Pickled cucumbers", came the proud answer. His younger colleague sounded much like a kitten that caught his first mouse and now presented it to momma-cat for approval.

Aiji felt like massaging the bridge of his nose. He did it. "I know what it *is*. What is it doing there?"

"Hey, you asked what it was. How should I know you knew it?" Maya chewed on the stick in his mouth, the leftovers from his latest lollipop, before he spit it out. Aiji cringed at the soiled stick hitting the floor. "It's here because I put it there. And I put it there cause I felt like it." He explained.

Aiji felt like hitting his head on the kitchen counter. He didn't. "Maya I told you we'd have dinner in ten minutes when we talked on the phone. Which was twenty minutes ago."

"But I was hungry then!" He opened the glass and pulled a small cucumber out to suck suggestively on it. "Except it doesn't go so well with cherry lolli..." He put the offending cucumber back into the glass.

"Maya!"

"What?" There was a sparkle of something in Maya's eyes. Might have been mischief, might have been lust. He reached for Aiji's hips and pulled the guitarist closer. "Are you pretending not to get in touch with my saliva on a daily basis?" Aiji got kissed hard and deep, apparently for emphasis.

Several minutes later he struggled for breath. "But... it's unsanitary..."

"Like this?" Another kiss tore Aiji's defenses down. Why had he even asked about the cucumber in the first place anyway? It was clear that it was the result of some of Maya's nonsensical urges.

"Whatever. Dinner is ready. Was ready fifteen minutes ago, in fact." He turned around and tried to fill a bowl with curry, while Maya was holding him from behind, nuzzling Aiji's shoulder. From the corner of his eye Aiji saw movement on the counter that held Maya's ominous pickled cucumbers. Unfazed by the duo's lovey dovey antics, which they were used to, the staff had snuck in, opened the glass and attempted to steal the contained vegetables.

"Not the..." pickled cucumbers, Aiji tried to say, but a grinning Maya put a hand over Aiji's mouth. "You're so disgusting." Aiji mumbled.

"How about we're being disgusting in the bathroom while the staff is occupied?"

"But dinner..."

"Dinner is you." Maya's hand fondled Aiji's front.

Aiji gave up trying to be the reasonable sempai. He went for being the unreasonable sempai: "But I'm on top."

Maya gave him a big smile. "Whatever the sexy guitarist wants."

The staff knew better than to go anywhere near the bathroom when those two left like in such a state.

They never found out about the cucumber, which was eaten by the manager.

The end

notes:

freudian slip for your entertainment: I typo'ed cumcumber. I almost left it in for the lulz.

quite obviously inspired by some of Maya's tweets. therefore, Maya owns the storyline, the persons own themselves, I own the added BL. ^^"

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follow Maya on twitter: http://twitter.com/maya_LMC

XD