

Care of A Kitten

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Fandom: Weiß Kreuz (Knight Hunters)

Pairing: Aya/Omi, Aya/Omi/Yoji

Rating: NC-17

Timeline: Set after Aya returns to Weiß in Kapitel

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Summary: Yoji sees something that leads him to understand more about two of his team mates than he thought he ever wanted to.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. My favourite character is Aya and yet my first ever finished WK fic is from Yoji's PoV - go figure :). Not really sure where this came from, but it sort of emerged fully form from my subconscious so I wrote it down. It's been languishing in my WiP folder for months waiting for the last scene to be written and Connotations seemed to be a good reason to finish it.

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Yoji heard sounds coming from the back room of the shop, and if he had been in a club he would have said they were the sounds of sex. The fact that it was lunchtime in the flower shop and he had come back early, having been blown off by his lunch date, to find a 'back in fifteen minutes' sign on the door had been strange enough, but this new development caught his attention. Aya and Omi were supposed to be working in the shop and yet neither of them was at their post.

Walking towards the door he listened more closely and he almost dropped the sunglasses he was holding in his hand as he definitely heard someone moan. Desperate whimpering and the sound of flesh on flesh followed and Yoji had absolutely no doubt that the person making the noise was Omi. That there were two people in the backroom having sex and one of them was the innocent youngest member of the team that ran around his life like a kitten on a sugar rush rather shocked Yoji, for all his worldly ways. Omi might have been well on his way to eighteen, but unless they were on missions Yoji always thought of his team mate as so much younger than even Ken.

All evidence pointed to the fact that the other person had to be Aya, but Yoji just couldn't get his head round that. Aya did not have feelings, except possibly anger, and Yoji couldn't imagine that the man had a sex drive. All Aya cared about was his sister. It had to be someone else, and he felt his curiosity growing. No one had ever accused Yoji of having tact and before good sense could get the better of him he was turning the handle of the door.

He was not an assassin for nothing and there was barely a sound as he opened the door, definitely not enough to be heard above the whimpers coming from Omi. What he saw when he peered round the door made him freeze with open mouthed shock; the other party in the encounter was Aya and the red haired assassin was very much involved. It seemed that Aya came the same way he went through most of his life; silently, but that did not stop the most incredible look of ecstasy from being on the man's face.

Omi was half sitting on one of the potting benches, naked from the waist down with his legs wrapped around Aya, who was buried deep in the younger man. Omi had his arms around Aya's neck and was whimpering into his shoulder as the

older man threw his head back and rode out his orgasm. It was one of the most erotic things Yoji had ever seen. He was so stunned that he did not move even when Aya did.

While Omi's shorts and briefs were sitting on the table it appeared all Aya had done was unzip himself as the red head removed whatever protection they had been using and rearranged himself quickly. It was as Aya stepped away slightly that Yoji noticed two more things; Omi was wearing some kind of harness that covered his genitalia, and his youngest team mate was as hard as a rock inside the rubber pouch. Yoji could not help but wince in sympathy; that had to be horribly uncomfortable. The way the youth was whimpering he was incredibly aroused.

"Good boy, Omichi," Aya's voice held more warmth than Yoji had ever heard before from his team mate's mouth, "if you are good today I will reward you this evening."

That was met by another whimper and Aya stepped back a little more, reaching for something Yoji could not quite see on the table. He almost gasped and gave himself away to the currently oblivious pair when he realised what it was. As he watched, open mouthed, Aya slowly pushed a medium sized, black, butt plug into the space the red head had so recently vacated, causing Omi to keen quietly as it was attached to the harness to keep it in place.

This was too much, even for Yoji and his mind refused to believe that straight-laced, serious Aya and innocent little Omi, okay maybe not so little nor innocent, were playing sub/Dom sex games in the back room of the shop. The world had just shifted suddenly on its axis and did not make any sense any more. He was so wrapped up in trying to figure out who had slipped him what in his last drink that he almost failed to notice the cuts he could see running down the inside of Omi's leg. They were not new cuts, but they were not completely healed either and Yoji had seen their type before; Omi had been hurting himself. If Aya was causing this in some sick revenge Yoji was going to kill him very slowly.

Before he could figure out a course of action though, his choices were taken away from him as Omi opened his eyes for the first time.

"Aya-san," Omi's voice was small and submissive, "we are not alone."

Aya turned then and locked gazes with Yoji. Surprisingly there was no hint of shame in the other assassin and although there was a momentary frown on Aya's face it cleared quickly.

"It's all right, Omichi," Aya said, voice still far warmer than Yoji could ever have expected, "put your clothes on and return to the shop, I will deal with this."

"Yes, Aya-san," Omi said, no longer looking at Aya or Yoji.

It was so shocking and confusing, especially given Aya's reaction, that Yoji just stood there as Omi scabbled back into his clothes and then disappeared through the door with a small 'excuse me' to get him to move out of the way. It was like some crazy dream.

"Come in and close the door," Aya said, voice back to its usual arctic levels now that Omi was gone.

Yoji did as he was asked, but only because he did not want Omi to hear any of what went on next. If he had to rip Aya a new one it was not going to be pleasant.

"What the fuck is going on," he demanded without trying to hold back his anger, "and why is Omi hurting himself?"

Aya just looked at him with the usual even stare for a while before he spoke.

"He's not anymore," was the cryptic response, "but you're welcome to beat the crap out of me if it makes you feel better; the cuts are old, but they are my fault."

The whole speech left Yoji trying to figure out what to do as the two responses it drew clashed within him. With one half Aya seemed to be indicating that the sex was not the cause of the injuries, but with the other he was clearly taking responsibility. In the end Yoji had no choice but to go with completely confused.

"Explain now," he said, not willing to let Aya off the hook, "before I ram that katana of yours where the sun doesn't shine."

Aya was looking at him levelly again and seemed to be weighing up his options. It was some time before he spoke.

"What I tell you here can go no further," Aya said eventually.

"If you're abusing Omi, you son of a bitch..." Yoji did not like Aya's tone at all.

For his part the red haired assassin did not look surprised at the accusation.

"I am not abusing Omi," Aya smoothly interrupted his tirade before he could get very far into it; "our relationship is mutually consensual."

"Then why..?" Yoji did not understand anything as all; it was all too confusing.

"The cuts are because I left," Aya said, a hint of regret in his voice which caught Yoji's attention immediately, "I neglected my duty to him."

It seemed just like Aya to think of sex as a duty.

"You are one fucked up kitten," was the only thing Yoji could think of to say. "Sex should not be a duty, Aya."

"It was part of the job description," was the reply that completely flawed him.

It took him a while to process that information; the implications were so out of left field that he had no idea what to think.

"Job description?" he asked quietly. "This is Kritiker's doing?"

Aya nodded. Righteous indignation started to flare in Yoji again; this was sicker than he had ever imagined.

"Omi is not exactly who you think he is," again Aya's words stemmed the tide.

Yoji wanted to throw his hands up in the air and stalk away to get lost in a bottle of something strong, but he was too worried about Omi just to walk out.

"Ever wondered why a man would train his own flesh and blood as an assassin?" Aya asked simply.

It was a question that had occurred to Yoji once he had found out that Omi and Persia were related, but it was a weird world they lived in and he had not bothered to pursue the idea. Omi was the first of Weiß, he had always been there and Yoji had just sort of accepted it.

"Tell me," he said shortly.

"Omi does not remember everything about when he was kidnapped as a child," Aya said evenly. "Takatori did not just refuse to pay the ransom, he paid for the kidnapping in the first place; he was having Omi conditioned. By the time Persia got to him it was too late to stop all of the damage. I've seen the files, I demanded all of them after Omi started to remember, and believe me they tried to bring him back, but the part of Omi that is Bombay has to be controlled. That was why Persia started to train him to kill."

Yoji did not like what he was hearing.

"Are you saying Omi is a conditioned killer?" he asked, wishing that he had decided to mind his own business.

Aya nodded again; a short efficient movement.

"But it does not come out like that," Aya continued the explanation. "Omi was conditioned to need a dominating figure in his life, a leader. He needs tasks to fulfil, and every now and then an outlet for the violence we only see when he is Bombay. At first Persia was his leader figure, but when Omi hit puberty his needs changed. Persia could no longer fulfil the role, so others had to be brought in. Omi knows he's not normal, but not why. It was made very clear to me when I joined up that I would not just be head of the team for him."

For a moment Yoji actually saw guilt on his companion's face.

"If he does not have what he needs Omi hurts himself to stop himself hurting others," Aya said, voice cold, but eyes staring at the floor filled with pain. "I let myself believe that he would have adjusted, but I've as good as abandoned him twice and when I came back this time I found out that it wasn't true. It's not usually like this, it's usually just sex, but sometimes he needs discipline."

"And you provide the discipline," Yoji still didn't like it even with the explanation.

"I provide what he needs," Aya said, a little of the old anger showing through. "You saw the wounds, the scars, do you want him doing that to himself?"

"What about deprogramming?" Yoji just couldn't accept it; how could their Omi be so broken?

"I told you," Aya said showing more emotion than he usually did, "they have tried it all. Omi was too young and too susceptible; the kidnappers used drugs and other things you don't want to know about. What he remembers are modified memories planted in case he was ready to recall something. The rest have been wiped, but the conditioning remains. I've done my best..."

"And fucking Omi like a toy is your best is it?" Yoji was angry and his only target was Aya.

Omi was little more than a child, how could anyone condone treating him like that. Aya's eyes flashed like lightening and Yoji knew he had stepped into dangerous territory.

"When I arrived he was being visited once a week by a sadistic bastard called Renard," Aya said, clearly angry. "He never complained because that's what he thought he needed. It took me months to get him to the stage where it was just sex. I tried, even though they told me to just maintain the status quo and then I wrecked half of what I'd done. He's my responsibility and I will not abandon him again no matter what you think of me. If it bothers you that much Kudou forget you ever saw it; you were oblivious for long enough."

"So he's another cross for you to bear, is that it?" Yoji struck out again with something he knew would hit Aya where it hurt.

If the way he was glaring was anything to go by, Aya was about to snap and Yoji was itching for a good fight. As far as he was concerned there was nothing in the world that could not be forgotten in a good punch up, and in hand to hand he thought he could take Aya. He was ready to throw the first punch if Aya provoked him just a little more, but to his surprise the other assassin seemed to deflate.

"I thought he was," Aya said quietly, looking away, "but he's not. Omi is not just part of the job anymore."

Yoji felt his anger flowing away and he slowly let himself slide down the back of the door; this was just so completely fucked up that he had no idea how to deal with it. Yes he went out most nights, yes he did his best to drink himself into a stupor or get laid, but he had never guessed that two of his team mates were playing master and slave in the bedroom. There had been no hint at all and Omi had seemed so normal when Weiß had come back together.

"You're as trapped in this mess as Omi, aren't you," Yoji said, realising for the first time that maybe he was blaming the wrong person.

If this was anyone's fault it was Persia's; something should have been done about Omi a long time ago, but Persia was dead so there was not a lot Yoji could do to the man now. There had to have been alternatives to turning a child into a killer. Aya did not even look at him after the question.

"You won't be leaving again then," Yoji finally asked, "not even after we find Aya-chan?"

It had been something he had been wondering since Aya had been so adamant about not coming back in the first place. He had really expected the red haired assassin to walk away again once Weiß had served his purpose, but now he wasn't so sure.

"No," Aya said, but did not elaborate further.

Yoji did not know what to say and in his musing he missed quite how tense the silence was. He had almost forgotten that there was a conversation going on until Aya took a deep breath as if to speak and then hesitated. If there was anything Yoji knew it was that Aya was never afraid to make his point so he looked up.

"What?" he asked.

"I don't intend to leave," Aya said and looked as if it was taking all his will to speak, "but none of us are immortal and what we do is not exactly safe."

Yoji frowned, not sure what Aya was getting at.

"Ken would never understand..." when Aya trailed off Yoji began to realise what his companion was suggesting.

"No way," was his instant response; "Aya there are some things I will do to make this world a better place, but that is not one of them. You'll just have to make sure you come back alive."

He'd had enough and he climbed to his feet; there was only so much he could take.

"I hope you don't mind if I skip my shift, I have a lot to think about," he turned and began to open the door.

He was shocked when the door slammed shut again as Aya's hand connected with it.

"Kudou," the red head said bluntly, "do you want Omi to end up with a stranger? I don't intend to die, but we've all been close."

"Find someone else," Yoji all but snarled and yanked the door open; he did not need Aya trying to lay a guilt trip on him. This was beyond the call of duty.

Yoji spent a good couple of hours driving around thinking before he returned to the flower shop and when he did it was almost as if nothing had happened. Aya was all glares and monosyllabic communication; Omi was his usual happy, cheerful self; and Ken was teasing Omi about the fanclub. Omi was treating Aya like a friend rather than a superior and it was all so ridiculously normal that, if he let himself, Yoji had no trouble imagining that the whole lunchtime debacle was some weird hallucination. It was only the odd looks he shared with Aya from time to time that made it all clear in his mind.

Omi really was one of the sweetest kids Yoji had ever met, although he really needed to stop thinking of Omi as a kid since he clearly wasn't, and while he had been driving round Yoji had tried to square that image of his youngest team mate with the ruthless killer of mission nights. It was rather strange how Omi and Bombay seemed like such contrasting people. Occasionally Yoji had seen them blur, surprisingly enough when it came to situations involving Aya, but otherwise they were completely at odds.

The fact that Omi was mentally unstable was not really much of a stretch of the imagination. It hurt to admit it, but when he looked at it objectively it was obvious Omi was more damaged than even the rest of them, and none of them was exactly sane.

Most people would probably have thought that Yoji objected to Aya's suggestion because of the fundamental reason that Omi was male, but that wasn't the case. No matter the image he usually showed the world Yoji was bi and always had been, a fact he was pretty sure Aya had figured out, although the other assassin had never said anything. He rarely indulged his impulses for the male of the

species because, frankly, it was easier to play the lady killer role, but Yoji knew his way around the male form as well. What he objected to was the whole principle of the thing.

No matter what way you looked at it Omi was being exploited. Kritiker was using sex to control Omi as clearly as they were using money to control the rest of them. The dilemma that he had found himself thinking about was whether Omi could ever be freed from his need. If what Aya had said was true then the red head had been trying to help in his own way, but Yoji could not decide if that was just an excuse. He spent the entirety of dinner brooding and being uncommunicative and went straight to his room afterwards. It was only when Aya walked in without knocking and dumped a thick manila file on his desk that Yoji came out of his thoughts.

"Omi's file," was all Aya said before walking out in the same manner he had entered.

For a while Yoji sat there not sure if he really wanted to know what was hidden in the innocent looking folder. If he read it he would only be getting in deeper and he was mired enough as it was. In the end it was the look of fear he had seen in Omi's eyes when his team mate had realised Yoji was there that day that made him move. He did not want to know, it was simply a matter of that he had to.

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Yoji found Aya sitting in the kitchen nursing what looked like sake; it was clear the red head had been waiting for him. He sat down and took the waiting cup from the table.

"We can't leave him alone," he said simply and downed his drink; Aya poured him another one.

They finished their sake in silence and then Yoji trailed Aya out of the room and up the stairs. There was no need for discussion; Yoji knew this was under Aya's control and he had followed Aya into enough situations to trust the man to lead, even in this. Aya knew Omi and Omi's needs and Yoji only had an idea of what he was walking into.

A voice at the back of his mind told him that this whole situation was crazy and that he should be running in the other direction, but it was no where near as loud as the one demanding that he help. He was not an altruistic person, but once he had given his loyalty he found it very difficult to take it back, and no matter how he looked at the problem he cared about what happened to Omi, and Aya was right; they were not immortal.

Following Aya into the room he saw Omi sitting on his bed typing away at his laptop as if nothing unusual had happened that day. A smile lit the younger Weiß' face as Omi saw Aya, but his eyes went big and wide and scared when he saw Yoji. Panic fluttered across Omi's features and he looked so sad and scared that for a moment Yoji felt about a hundred years old.

"You're leaving again," was the panicked cry from Omi and Yoji watched in shock as the laptop slid to the floor completely forgotten.

He had never seen Omi move so fast as the youngest Weiß dashed across the room and wrapped himself around Aya as if his life depended on it. Aya did not resist, embracing the clearly shaking Omi in gentle arms creating a tableau that

made Yoji's heart ache. How had they come to this? Omi was clearly totally dependent on Aya and if Yoji had not come back early from lunch he never would have known.

"No, Omichi," Aya said using the same warm tone he had earlier in the day that Yoji still couldn't quite believe came from their ice prince, "I am not leaving. I promised; I will never leave you again if I can help it."

Yoji felt very uncomfortable when he found himself being pinned down by frightened blue eyes peeking out from behind Omi's arm. Seeing him with Aya had definitely upset the youngest member of the team and Yoji did not know what to do about it. Part of him was trying to point out that this was a very bad idea, but he stood his ground and tried to look unthreatening.

"Then why is he here?" Omi's voice was very small and quiet as he asked his question.

"It is time to make sure you are never left alone, Omichi," Aya said pulling back slightly from the still shaking Omi.

That clearly confused the younger man and Yoji had to hold himself still to make sure he didn't do something stupid. There was a balance in this room, he could feel it, and upsetting it would not be good.

"But," Omi started and Aya silenced him with one finger to his lips.

"I do not intend to leave," the redhead said firmly and Aya's tone was more a cross between his usual businesslike approach and the strange new Aya Yoji had only glimpsed.

Omi reacted instantly, his back straightening and his eyes going to the floor.

"I am sorry, Aya-san," the youngest Weiß said submissively, "I did not mean to question you."

"I forgive you, Omichi," Aya replied almost instantly, hand reaching out to caress the side of Omi's face, "I know you are afraid and that is my fault, but you will listen to me now and you will understand."

Yoji had never seen Omi so cowed as the young man nodded, never taking his eyes off the floor. It was a side of the younger Weiß that remained very well hidden and if it had not been for the fact that he could clearly see that Aya cared deeply for Omi, Yoji might have tried to do something about it.

"We live dangerous lives, Omichi," Aya said his tone warm but firm, "and no one can say when one of us will not come back from a mission. I will not allow you to be left alone if it is me that does not come back. That is why Yoji is here."

Blue eyes peered at him through messy bangs and Yoji allowed Omi to look for as long as the younger Weiß needed. If this was half as difficult for Omi as it was for him then Yoji did not want to push it. At least the fear seemed to be leaving Omi, which made him feel a little better about what was going on.

"What should I do, Aya-san?" Omi asked, eyes going back to the floor.

"Were you doing anything important on the computer?" was not quite what Yoji had expected Aya to reply.

"No, Aya-san," Omi responded and glanced at the fallen laptop, biting his lip, "but I may have broken it."

"Put it away and we'll worry about that later," was the calm instruction and Yoji could not help understanding why Aya was their leader even though Aya was not the oldest.

Omi gave a little bow and scurried to do as he was told; the laptop clicked shut with a snap and Yoji thought it was a rather final sound. He realised at that moment that there was no going back now. The moment he had walked into Omi's room he had crossed a line and there was no going back; if he was honest with himself there had been no going back the moment he had given in to the impulse to enter the back room that afternoon.

"Take your clothes off, Omichi," Aya said, eyes still only on the youngest Weiß, "we want to see you."

Big blue eyes flicked over to Yoji as he stood placidly in front of the closed door, but that was the only hesitation Omi gave as he began to shrug off his clothes. At the first hint of more flesh than he was used to seeing, Yoji felt his body begin to respond and it surprised him; he had not thought it would be that easy to become aroused, but there was something sensual about Omi's movements that appealed to his libido. It had not occurred to him that he would be so easily attracted, even after what he had seen at lunch time.

Top, shorts, briefs and socks all ended up in a pile at the end of the bed and then Yoji was given his first view of Omi's body. What often appeared to be a boyish frame under Omi's baggy mission outfit was in fact hard muscle and Omi looked no where near as childish out of his clothes as he did in them. There was no hiding the fighter that was Bombay when Omi was not wearing the costume that hid him and Yoji realised he was looking at the whole now; not the part he was usually allowed to see.

His pants felt uncomfortably tight as he drank in the sight of Omi naked except for the rubber harness Yoji had caught a glimpse of earlier in the day. He was beginning to see how this had gone from a duty for Aya, to something else completely; Yoji could see himself worshiping the body revealed to him with little or no effort.

"You are very beautiful, Omichi," Aya's voice was warm and soft again. "Yoji does not know how talented you are, show him."

Yoji felt the breath catching in his throat when Omi's full attention turned to him and he felt like he was back on his first date. He hadn't been nervous in this sort of situation for years and yet he felt out of his depth in this room. Showing it would have been a mistake though, he knew this instinctively; he and Aya were the strong ones here, the authority, and he had to maintain that image.

"May I, Yoji-san?" Omi asked, eyes looking through bangs at him, and although Yoji was not quite sure what he was being asked he nodded anyway.

He doubted Aya was about to let anything happen that would cause a problem so he decided to go with the flow; it was a strategy that had served him well for years. When nimble fingers made short work of his belt, button and fly, he was a little surprised, but did not resist, allowing the material to be pushed out of the way. Omi kept glancing at his face, as if trying to gauge his mood and Yoji gave

the younger Weiß a small smile of encouragement. The groan when Omi slipped a hand inside his pants and pulled his erection free was very much heartfelt. With quite how tight his pants usually were he rarely wore underwear which at that moment was a definite plus.

When Omi slid to his knees Yoji had to use every trick in his arsenal not to come there and then. There was something completely sinful about the younger Weiß and the anticipation of what was about to happen was almost enough to set him off, but Yoji would not have been an experienced playboy if he'd let that beat him. When Omi ever so gently took him into his mouth, Yoji forgave himself the uncontrollable moan and was very glad he had had the forethought to be close enough to the door to grab at it and keep himself upright.

It did not help that when he opened his eyes where they had fluttered closed he caught Aya's lavender gaze and the heat he found there sent all sort of messages all over his body. Before that moment this had been all about Omi, but in that second Yoji came to the stunning conclusion that it wasn't anymore. Yoji had jumped on the back of the tiger and now he couldn't get off, but what was more startling to him was he found he didn't want to.

When Aya moved behind him, he felt the other man's slim and still fully dressed frame insinuating itself between him and the door, but even if he had not been completely distracted by what Omi was doing with his tongue he would not have objected. He was in this for the long haul and denying that he found Aya attractive would only cause trouble. As arms looped around him from behind and began to undo the buttons on his shirt he chose to enjoy the sensation rather than wondering what it meant.

Turning off conscious thought was something he had no trouble doing and he let himself sink into the feel of Omi's hot, hungry mouth on his cock and Aya's dexterous fingers undressing him. He had walked up the stairs with duty in mind, but it was very far from that as Aya pulled off his shirt, hot breath ghosting over the back of his neck, making him shiver.

He was not sure what exactly Aya had in mind and normally Yoji would have insisted on control, but every time he thought about it he remembered the balance in the room. Here they were not just Omi, Aya and Yoji, but Bombay, Abyssinian and Balinese as well. There was a purpose to this beyond pleasure and that notion kept Yoji from playing this like any other encounter.

"Enough, Omichi," Aya's voice had taken on a deep velvet like quality that sent signals straight to Yoji's prick even as he suppressed the disappointment when Omi's delicious mouth moved from what it had been doing.

He had been very close, but it seemed Aya had something else in mind than watching him being sucked off by Omi.

"Finish undressing him," it irked a little not to be involved in the conversation.

"I am here, y'know," Yoji could not sit on his response to that one.

When he glanced at Aya he was surprised to see the ghost of a smile on the man's face. Aya so rarely smiled that to see it now stopped Yoji dead.

"My apologies, Yoji-kun," Aya said, face returning to as enigmatic an expression as ever, "it can sometimes be so difficult to tell."

Yoji's brain was so fogged with sex that it took him a second to realise that he had been insulted and then his pants being slid towards his ankles distracted him from a decent retaliation.

"Hey," was about all he managed as Omi urged him to step out of his remaining garments.

"Come to the bed, Omichi," Aya said, sitting down on the piece of furniture as he spoke, indicating the other end to Yoji with his eyes.

It was more of a request than an order, but Yoji knew it would be a bad idea to refuse and followed Omi to the bed. The bed was not big enough for his patented sexy sprawl so Yoji chose to lounge against the wall after he sat down instead; luckily it wasn't too cold against his naked back. If there was one thing he had no problem with it was being naked, but he could not help noticing that Aya had not even undone his shirt let alone taken anything off.

Omi knelt on the bed in front of Aya in a demure little pose that belied the harness he was wearing; it was such a contrast of innocence and sinfulness that Yoji almost laughed. What stopped him was Aya leaning forward, taking hold of Omi's chin and then proceeding to kiss the youngest Weiß passionately. It made Yoji's body tighten to realise that Aya was probably tasting him in Omi's mouth.

Sexuality oozed off both Aya and Omi as their mouths seemed to do battle and Yoji realised that Omi was not submissive in all things. There was equality in this kiss and it gave him a glimpse of what could be, which was strangely even more exciting than what was. Aya made a noise in the back of his throat and when he drew back there was blood on his lip; Omi had bitten Aya and from the gleam in his eye Aya did not mind one bit. It was another part of the dynamic that Yoji did not fully understand, but he accepted it.

"Hands and knees," was the short command and Omi's moment of rebellion was over as the youngest Weiß moved to obey instantly.

Now Yoji felt Aya's focus shift back to him and he licked his lips in anticipation.

"He's beautiful isn't he, Kudou?" Yoji began to think that Aya could talk him to orgasm if the redhead felt like it.

"Hell yes," he replied, eyes roaming over the firm buttocks, spread by the black silicon poking out from between the cheeks.

"I promised him a reward," Aya's voice was like a vibrator direct to his cock and Yoji barely stifled a moan, "would you like to give it to him?"

Aya let his hand wander over Omi's presented arse and as smouldering, lavender eyes looked at him, Yoji nodded.

"It would be my pleasure," he said as smoothly as he could manage.

He was not used to being anything but suave and sophisticated in the bedroom, but at that moment he really didn't mind that a few cracks were showing. Nothing in the bedroom had been this important before. Once again Aya used his eyes to give Yoji his cues and the lavender gaze flicked to the fastening on the harness as Aya himself moved back. Yoji did not need telling twice and he knelt up slowly, coming to rest behind Omi, hands taking the place of Aya's hands as he gently

stroked Omi's buttocks. The muscles under his hands shivered in the most alluring way.

It took him only a second or so to release the buckle on the harness and he removed it carefully as Omi whimpered quietly. This was about Omi now and his focus narrowed completely to the younger Weiß. Yoji prided himself on being a thoughtful lover; his reputation was not just for his charming tongue and he intended to make very good on Aya's promise of a reward. Moving slowly he ran his hand down between Omi's legs and gently stroked the younger Weiß's revealed erection. Omi's thighs trembled and the softest of moans passed the youth's lips.

"So beautiful," Yoji found himself saying, echoing Aya's earlier statement.

Omi was sin and innocence all in one package, a duality much like the roles they all played and Yoji felt closer to his companion at that moment than he had to anyone in a long while. He was beginning to understand why Aya had become addicted to this. When he glanced up at Aya the red head had moved and was just sitting back in his original position and Yoji found two things being thrown at him. Assassin reflexes came into play and he caught both easily, one in each hand, to discover that he had been given a bottle of lube and a condom. He nodded his thanks.

The harness was gone, but the butt plug was still very much in evidence as Yoji ran his eyes over Omi again. Very aware that he did not want to hurt Omi in the slightest he flipped open the lube and poured a little onto his hands before slowly spreading Omi's buttocks a little further and caressing them gently. He lubed the narrow part of the butt plug generously where it disappeared into Omi's body and then he very carefully began to ease it free.

Omi moaned much more loudly this time and the sounds went straight to Yoji's cock, but he maintained his concentration. Having had the plug in place so long, Omi's muscles had adjusted and they seemed very reluctant to give up their prize, but eventually the plug slipped free and Yoji wasn't sure he'd ever seen amore wanton sight than Omi's glistening hole.

He was all too aware of Aya's gaze on his every move as he quickly ripped open the condom wrapper, rolled the latex over his straining erection and then coated himself with lube. Omi was there before him, spread and waiting, but he found himself looking up at Aya before he made his final move. He was not sure if he was seeking permission or just wanted to see the heat in those lavender eyes, but he felt his body throb as Aya gave him the slightest of nods.

Taking hold of Omi's hips he lined himself up carefully and ever so carefully pushed in. Omi might have been prepared by the plug, but it had not been big enough to make the younger Weiß completely loose and Yoji did not try and stifle the groan that Omi's warm, slick heat caused to bubble out of his chest. The mewling sound that Omi made at the same time did nothing to aid his control, but he held back from the desire to thrust in hard as his lover's muscles flexed around him.

This was for Omi and he repeated this constantly in his mind less he forget himself and think only of his own pleasure. There was plenty of sexual gratification to go around and he intended to share as much as he possibly could. Pushing forward he sank into Omi completely, coming to a stop for a moment to allow Omi to adjust to what had to be a very different sensation to the butt plug and only when he felt Omi push back ever so slightly did he begin to move.

It had been a while since he had been with a man, but there was one thing Yoji was good at other than killing people it was sex and he never forgot a trick. After a few gentle thrusts he re-angled his aim and when he pushed in the next time the startled gasping from Omi told him he had hit the spot he was aiming for.

"Okay?" he asked as he leisurely pulled out again; he was well aware that for some the prostate could be a little too much.

He took the mumbled, strung out sound that Omi made as a 'yes' and did it again. Omi had to have been on the edge all day and from the tremors Yoji could feel running through his lover's body he knew the younger Weiß was close even after so little attention. He was not a playboy for nothing and he could tell that Omi was barely hanging on and he surmised that his companion was probably doing it for him. This was about Omi, not him and Yoji actually found the selfless part of himself that he so very rarely bumped into. Having held off orgasm enough times to know that Omi was probably dying trying to hang on he made a quick decision.

Leaning forward he reached round Omi and took the younger Weiß's erection into his hand. The choked sob from Omi told him everything he needed to know and as he thrust in again he stroked firmly.

"Let go, Omichi," he whispered quietly, "let it take you."

And with little more than another couple of moves Omi was crying out and shuddering around him, spewing warm, viscous liquid over his hand and the bedspread. Omi's body went into spasm from head to toe and Yoji milked his lover for everything he had, buried deep in Omi and riding out the waves as he felt every after shock. He was close, but he had been so intent on Omi that even the muscles clamping down on him did not send him over the edge and as Omi finally stilled he pulled out slowly, hard and aching.

It was not that he thought Omi would object to him finishing off, it was that he really didn't want to push the younger Weiß any further. He was always a thoughtful lover, but he wasn't usually a selfless one and he was a little surprised by his own actions. When Omi recovered enough brain power to look over his shoulder Yoji found himself pinned down by those big blue eyes again.

"You may finish, Yoji-san," Omi said, sounding a little puzzled.

It was one of those moments where Yoji really didn't know what to say and that was as rare as him doing something with absolutely no self interest involved; it seemed to be turning into one of those days.

"Don't worry, Omichi," Aya spoke before Yoji had a chance to gather his thoughts, "Yoji is saving some for me."

Having just lost a lot of blood from his brain to his cock Yoji took a while to figure out what Aya was saying and it was only as the red head began to peel out of his clothes that it dawned on him. He couldn't help being rather amazed at the implication in the statement and he looked at Aya's face questioningly. He had come into this thinking that he would be having sex with Omi and possibly interacting with Aya, but when Aya threw him a fresh condom there was no doubt what the other man was implying.

For his part Omi looked rather startled by the notion as well and Yoji found it a little unsettling as the blue eyed gaze moved between him and Aya repeatedly. It didn't bother him for long though, because, when Aya finally stepped out of the last garment, all of his brain power moved to his nether regions. Yoji was not sure what he had expected, but he hadn't really thought that Aya's presence would be increased by removing clothes. It was the most bizarre feeling as Yoji came to a stunning conclusion; Aya looked more powerful out of his clothes than he did in them.

"Maybe you should fight naked," he heard himself saying before his brain caught up with his mouth, "I think most people would just surrender."

He almost died when Aya actually laughed.

"I'll take that as a compliment," was the also unexpected reply.

"Aya-san?" Omi sounded confused and a little lost and suddenly Aya was all seriousness again.

Rather than say anything Aya leaned down and captured Omi's lips in a brutal kiss that had Omi moaning again in a second. Yoji just remained where he was on the bed, sitting on his haunches waiting to see what would happen next.

"I will be whatever you need me to be, Omichi," Aya said quietly as the red head pulled back, "but it is not all that I am, just like you are more than Kritiker could ever imagine."

Omi's eyes lost their confused look and the expression of love and devotion on the younger Weiß's face took Yoji's breath away. In that moment he felt like an interloper, until Omi looked at him. The expression was nowhere near as intense, but there was something there and Yoji realised one inescapable fact; this was no longer about sex. His heart leapt into his throat as it hit him and he wondered what it truly meant.

"You just going to sit there, Kudou?" Aya's voice cut through his shocked thoughts and he looked up to see a challenge in the red head's expression.

Yoji's brain was nothing if not one tracked and it flicked back to sex very easily. So Aya was a bossy bottom it seemed and Yoji liked a challenge. Almost leisurely he removed the old condom and put on the new one, making sure to emphasise his movements and keep his eyes on Aya. The smouldering heat in those lavender eyes almost made him move faster, but he kept to his own pace before standing up. Omi shuffled into the space Yoji had vacated, Aya moved on to his hands and knees and Yoji shifted onto the bed behind Aya.

For this Yoji would have preferred to have Aya on his back so he could see those lavender eyes, but he might have been about to fuck Aya, but he knew who was still in charge. If Aya wanted it this way he would play along, Yoji was sure the red head had his reasons. Yoji was very aware that Omi was watching everything with his big blue eyes and it was a bit like performing for the most important audience there could ever be. Yoji was not one for performance anxiety and the almost innocent stare just spurred him on.

He opened the lube and coated his fingers before running them down the crack of Aya's arse. It was no time for playing around, but where Omi had been stretched already Yoji had no intention of hurting Aya by going too fast. When he slipped in

one finger he found out how right he was because Aya was tight even against that.

"When was the last time you did this?" he asked in little more than a whisper as Aya grunted quietly.

"Crashers," was the breathless response.

This was a side to Aya that Yoji had never suspected and he slowly worked the other man loser. Aya as a sexual being was a very new idea in his head and Yoji couldn't say he didn't like it, especially when Aya began to moan. He spent a good ten minutes just playing with Aya just to see what noises he could get out of the other man until Aya pushed back with a growl.

"Get on with it, Kudou," Aya demanded and Yoji found himself grinning; a very pushy bottom.

"Patience," was all Yoji said and brushed Aya's prostate with his fingers again and reduced the man back to a voiceless groan.

He was up to three fingers and he was just about ready, but he made Aya wait a little longer and was very pleased with the sigh of disappointment from his lover when he did finally remove his fingers. It took him a couple of seconds to lube himself up and then he was pushing smoothly into Aya. The red head was much tighter than Omi and it was quite obvious it had been a while for Aya and Yoji had to pause a little way in as Aya grunted. He waited as he felt Aya's muscles clench around him and he moaned himself at the stimulation.

It was another few seconds before Yoji dared move and then he slowly eased himself the rest of the way in. Aya was gasping by then and Yoji paused again as much to catch his own breath as anything else; Aya was so tight even with the preparation. When he did begin to move he had to hang on to his own arousal with everything he had as Aya moaned so wantonly that he almost came on the spot. After a few thrusts Aya was beginning to loosen up, but Yoji knew he wasn't going to last thanks to the level of stimulation he was receiving and there was no way in hell he was coming before Aya.

Thinking as fast as his sex soaked mind would let him he looked up at Omi and the solution presented itself in the younger Weiß's hungry stare. Seating himself deeply in Aya he reached forward and urged his lover off hands and knees and into a kneeling position so that Aya's back was flush with Yoji's chest.

"Fancy helping out, Omichi?" Yoji asked before kissing and nibbling along Aya's pale neck.

Omi's eyes lit up at the invitation and it was clear the younger Weiß only had one target as he moved in. Aya finally gave up any semblance of control as Omi swooped in and bent down, swallowing his straining erection whole. Yoji felt Aya begin to tremble and he slowly began to move again and, as both he and Omi worked on the red head, Aya began to make even more delicious noises. It seemed that when Aya actually let go he was quite vocal, something Yoji never would have guessed and it also told him how controlled Aya was all the time.

Being slightly taller than Aya, Yoji had enough leverage to move against and into the other man easily and he did his best to give Aya everything he had. He wanted to see Aya come undone completely and he wanted it really badly. Having been on the receiving end of Omi's talented tongue he didn't expect it to take

long what with his input as well. In fact, from the way Aya was almost writhing against him, Yoji knew it was going to be very shortly.

When Aya pushed back against him and tensed from neck to waist it was the most incredible feeling as he was trapped inside the other man and he gave up his own control. As Aya shuddered and moaned so did Yoji and it was the ride of a lifetime as his body surrendered to orgasm. When he finally came down he and Aya were still pressed closely together, but they were both leaning over and Omi was further down the bed again. When he looked up and met the younger Weiß's eyes Omi grinned at him and Yoji was reminded of the cat with the cream and quite possibly that was a very good way to describe Omi at the moment.

Aya grunted as he slowly pulled out of him, but there was no resistance and Yoji efficiently removed the condom before collapsing into a sprawled sitting position on the bed. Aya took a little longer to move and sat down more gingerly which made Yoji laugh and Omi looked caught between respect and wanting to laugh as well. The look Aya gave Yoji just made him laugh harder and there was a hint of revenge in those eyes.

Aya held out his arm to Omi who immediately went to him and Yoji was caught again by quite how well the two fitted together as Omi cuddled up next to Aya. Yoji was learning so many things about Aya that it was hard to keep up and as for Omi; Yoji just couldn't quite take it all in. He had just had sex with two of his team mates and it was still difficult for him to accept. He really didn't know what this meant or where they would go from here, but he could not say he wanted to go back to what had been.

The pair beside him had something he did not yet quite comprehend, but as Aya looked at him through lidded eyes and Omi gazed at him from where the younger Weiß was lying on Aya's chest he felt that he was being drawn in. This was different from anything that Yoji had been part of before and he could not help wondering what would come next.

The End