

Chaos or Crawford's Hideously Awful Operational Screw-up

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Fandom: Weiß Kreuz (Knight Hunters)

Pairing: Aya/everyone, Weiß/Schwarz (in lots of combinations)

Rating: NC-17

Timeline: Set after Kapitel - no Gluhen.

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Summary: Humour - Schwarz have a perfect plan until chaos steps in to ruin Crawford's week, but at least the sex is good.

Warnings: multiple partners, rimming, light BDSM, dubious consent, blood play

Author's Notes: I'm not even going to try and justify this one; it's a humour fic with lots of sex and a little plot. When I started it I thought it was going to be easy to write, but I had to keep hitting Aya over the head with heavy objects to make him shag rather than angst. Still I finished it in the end :). It was written for the Connotations zine last year. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Crawford prided himself on knowing what would happen and planning around it, but there was one thing he could never plan for: chaos, often also known as Weiß. No matter how clear a vision was or how carefully he put together a strategy, chaos could throw the proverbial spanner into the works, or rather the whole tool box on some occasions. No butterflies causing a hurricane for him, but equally as inane things could occur and literally send the whole universe on a detour. It was at times like that he would find himself wiped out by a blinding headache as all that he had seen rearranged itself in his head. Crawford looked on chaos as God's love of a good joke.

Up until chaos reared its ugly head everything had been going perfectly; Weiß has been lured to the required location by false pretences, Abyssinian had been seeded with the experimental serum under the guise of a tranquilizer and everything had been proceeding as expected; devious, quite probably deadly and typically Schwarz, all in all a really good day.

It was approximately eighteen hours later that things had gone wrong, and Crawford knew the exact instant that they had, because his peculiar gift showed him everything. It could be annoying like that, giving him a blow by blow of exactly why his week was about to go to hell in a hand basket. Schuldig tripped over a stray shoelace and gave himself mild concussion, which for a normal human being wouldn't have been a problem, but for a telepath it was disaster. This in turn caused Schuldig to miss his target and meant that Balinese was not delayed in returning to Weiß's current base, and that's when hell broke loose in Crawford's brain and actually caused him to pass out.

Aya opened his eyes slowly and blinked upwards in an effort to clear his fogged brain. The initial tests from Kritiker on what had hit him the previous night showed that it had been a simple tranquilizer with a trace of something else; it was the something else that had him worried. The others had sent him back to bed that morning when he had inadvertently walked into the refrigerator door that Yoji had opened, which he had totally failed to see. The fact that he'd been

watching Ken's arse at the time rather than where he was going he just put down to temporary insanity.

Dragging himself out of bed was achieved more by luck than judgement as he all but fell off the mattress and caught himself before he hit the floor. Getting dressed was also a somewhat hit and miss affair and, since buttons were too much of an effort, he picked a ratty old t-shirt that just happened to be in the bottom of one of his drawers and an equally ratty pair of joggers. He didn't realise until he was halfway downstairs that the t-shirt was pink and had kittens on the front and was in fact one of the oversized t-shirts that Aya-chan had liked to use as night shirts and he had kept out of sentimentality. His sister, like every other young Japanese girl had always been very much focused on the cute. By the time he noticed, he couldn't be bothered to try and get back up the stairs to change and all that was worrying him was how hungry he was.

Aya could barely see straight as he tried to make himself a cup of tea. Life just wasn't fair when you had a hangover and hadn't even had the luxury of becoming thoroughly fuck-faced before hand. Getting drunk wasn't really his thing, but if he was going to have the hangover he damn well wanted the fun as well, even if it involved ending up wearing a pink t-shirt.

It was only when the door to the kitchen opened that anything changed.

"Pink's a new look for you," Yoji's amused voice made it through to his fogged thoughts a bit like a battering ram through plywood.

He looked round trying to focus his fluctuating eyesight, but for a moment all he could manage was a blurry shape that he assumed was Yoji.

"Aya, you look like crap."

The second time the other assassin spoke, Yoji's voice lanced straight into his brain and it was like a bolt of lightening through his nervous system. He turned properly and his whole world narrowed to his blissfully unaware team mate. It was as if something in him came alive the moment his eyes finally focused on Yoji and at that instant Yoji was god. A small voice in the back of his mind tried to point out that he had never felt this way about Yoji before and it was highly unlikely he really did now, but it was a very tiny voice.

A corner of his brain also noted that sniffing the air was not a normal thing to do, but it was equally as pointless information since that was what he was doing. Yoji's familiar deodorant seemed incredibly noticeable as it overlaid a scent that Aya's strange focus informed him was distinctly Yoji. It was like caffeine directly into his system and pure alcohol to his brain at the same time; he was drunk and wired. Not what he'd had in mind as a cure for the not-hangover from hell, but he was willing to go with whatever worked.

When Aya crossed the room in two strides, Yoji was fiddling with something or other and didn't remotely see it coming as he took hold of his team mate's shirt and pushed the other man against the wall. He barely took any notice of the startled look on Yoji's face and leant in, covering Yoji's lips with his own, kissing his team mate with everything he had. Nothing else mattered and now he knew what he was hungry for; he wanted Yoji and he wanted the completely delicious man like he had never wanted anything in his entire life.

"Woah," was what Yoji finally said as the taller man managed to push him back, "this is kind of sudden, Aya."

Aya just growled and tried to get back what he had lost, but his attack wasn't exactly coherent and Yoji had him held firmly at arm's length.

"Been in the medicine cabinet, Aya, or are the kittens a statement on the new you?" Yoji asked and sounded amused again.

That amusement was enough to annoy Aya to such an extent that he gained just a little more coordination and remembered that he was in fact an assassin and trained to get out of holds like this. He had Yoji pinned back against the wall in under ten seconds and with the joint attack of kissing Yoji and rubbing his hand firmly against Yoji's crotch at the same time, resistance was not something of which his prey seemed capable.

Aya had never thought of himself as a sexual being, but right about then it was the only thing on his mind, and Yoji was definitely on the same page if the speed with which the taller man hardened in his trousers was anything to go by. Aya could smell the arousal on his companion so the Yoji not liking men theory was out the window.

The kissing was good and the fondling was better, but Aya soon found that he wanted more and his prize was currently under his hand. When he thought he had Yoji nonsensical enough not to go back to resisting, i.e. when Yoji had been reduced to incoherent moaning, he pulled his mouth away from a particularly thorough tongue sucking and dropped to his knees. He had released the button on Yoji's trousers and almost had the fly all the way down before Yoji even realised what he was doing.

"Aya," his name was more moaned than spoken, "don't you think somewhere more pri...ngh."

It was very easy to free Yoji's erection since Yoji's trousers were far too tight for underwear and Yoji stopped protesting as soon as Aya swallowed him whole.

"Here's good," was the defeated squeak that ended the one sided conversation.

Aya was in heaven; the smell and flavour of Yoji seemed to be permeating into every pore of his body and it was wonderful. Yoji was completely under his control and he was loving every second, but he wanted more access, so he unceremoniously pulled down Yoji's trousers and grabbed himself a handful of firm arse in each hand. Yoji's legs almost gave out.

He held on tight as he deep throated his prize; a new experience that he seemed to be inordinately good at, which surprised a small part of his mind that had given up trying to communicate with the rest of him. Only when he was pretty sure Yoji was going to come if he didn't stop did he pull back slightly and swap to light strokes with his tongue as he began to play using his hands instead. The way Yoji's legs were trembling was very gratifying, but not really conducive to their current position.

Without giving Yoji any chance to object, Aya dragged his companion down onto the floor and removed Yoji's trousers and shoes without any care as to where or in what condition the clothes ended up. Since as soon as he had Yoji where he wanted him he went back to sucking gently on the other assassin's cock, Yoji had no chance to say anything about the matter. Aya urged Yoji's legs apart and began to fondle his lover's balls, which in turn meant that Yoji began making the

most wonderfully erotic noises. It was like the most incredible drug straight to the higher centres of his brain and Aya couldn't get enough.

He continued to play, drawing Yoji so close to the edge that his companion was whimpering and then bringing him back again and it was almost as if he knew what Yoji was feeling. He moved on instinct using the same kind of thinking that guided him in to a kill and Yoji was putty under his touch. He even seemed to know when Yoji simply couldn't take it any more, when hands grasped desperately as his hair, and then he moved in.

Opening his mouth he swallowed Yoji's cock until his nose was almost nuzzling the soft hair at the base. There was very little time between this action and when Yoji reared off the floor, thrusting into his throat even more and then Yoji was coming with a startled yell. Aya pulled back slightly so that Yoji's seed spilled into his mouth and he drank it all down, savouring every taste he could get. He milked his companion until Yoji collapsed back to the floor and then he remained sprawled between Yoji's legs, playing with his prize a little more. It was quite a few seconds before he realised that Yoji was not responding in the slightest.

Pushing himself up off the floor, Aya looked up at Yoji's face to find that his companion appeared to have fainted, for which Aya glared at his unconscious comrade. He had been enjoying himself a great deal and he was still hungry and Yoji had no right to wimp out on him. Kneeling up, he took hold of Yoji's right hand and pulled his companion into a sitting position. Then he stood up and calmly hoisted Yoji over his shoulder into a fireman's lift; it was not even remotely difficult, he felt wonderful and Yoji sure as hell wasn't getting away that easily.

Yoji opened his eyes from what had to have been one of his most erotic dreams to date, and who knew he had a thing for Aya? It wasn't until he looked up at a ceiling that was definitely not his, because he had this really interesting crack in the shape of a penis, that he realised something odd was going on.

"I thought I might have to resort to a bucket of water," Aya's voice was like silk and Yoji turned his head quickly to find that his associate was lying beside him.

A quick glance around told him that he was indeed in Aya's room and that they were both on Aya's bed very much naked; it seemed the incident in the kitchen had not been a dream. Yoji had never fainted while having sex before, well not since he was fifteen and he'd masturbated so much that when he stood up he'd been so light headed he'd fallen and knocked himself out on the side of the bed. Ashuka was the only person he'd ever told about that and she had been of the firm opinion that was why he was obsessed with sex.

Yoji always liked to pretend that he was completely heterosexual, well most of the time anyway, but frankly he'd go for anyone who took his fancy. Aya had caught his eye when the redhead had first joined Weiß, but the ice prince persona had soon turned him off, but Aya was a long way from ice now. Frankly Yoji hadn't seen many things hotter than Aya leaning up on one arm and regarding him with hungry violet eyes.

"What's going on, Aya?" for once Yoji found that his higher brain reacted to the situation before his lower brain, even though from a quick inspection he knew that was very much turned on as well.

"I'm hungry," was the rather short reply and then Yoji found himself pushed into the bed by a very eager redhead.

Normally Yoji was an alpha male, he attracted women like flies and was always the controlling factor in the encounters. Part of the reason that he had never more than briefly considered Aya was the fact that the redhead was even more alpha than him and they would have clashed, but as he stared into Aya's eyes he felt any resistance melting out of his body.

"I'm going to taste," Aya began to say and placed the lightest of kisses on his neck just below his ear, "every millimetre," a small lick in the same place, "of your body."

When Aya nuzzled the same spot, Yoji gave up trying to process anything but the sensation and threw out sensible thought as a bad lot. It seemed that at the moment his whole body was one big erogenous zone, but Aya seemed to be able to find the really sensitive bits and surrender was his only option. Who was he to argue anyway? He had a sinfully gorgeous man all but worshipping his body; so what if he would have sooner said that Omi was an evil mastermind than Aya wasn't completely straight? That was the other, rather crucial, reason he'd never really considered Aya as a bed partner before.

It turned out Aya had been perfectly serious in his proclamation as Yoji found tongue, lips or teeth investigating every available part of his skin. He thought he might go mad when Aya reached his nipples and spent a good five minutes turning him to jelly by the application of tongue and teeth in such an amazing combination that Yoji almost forgot his own name. Aya really wasn't supposed to be this good at sex. Aya wasn't supposed to be good at anything except being a cold bastard who's only care was his sister, but clearly Aya had been hiding his true talents.

Tiny bites to the inside of his thighs did make Yoji forget his name for quite sometime and he'd never realised quite how sensitive the back of his knees could be. Part of his brain was very strongly pointing out that one part of his body had so far been neglected and that his cock really needed some attention soon, but even as he let himself be rolled over, the rest of him was in far too much ecstasy to protest overly much.

All thought died when Aya plastered across his back and began kissing and nibbling at the base of his neck. If the fact that Aya's very definite erection was pushed up against his arse hadn't been enough, the nape of Yoji's neck was possibly the second most sensitive part of his body. Little did any would-be attackers know that if they tried to strangle him with their bare hands he was more likely to come in his trousers than die.

With Aya's ministrations it was a very close thing and Aya only moved on just in time before Yoji lost it. He basically just came apart under Aya's hands and mouth. Somehow Aya even managed to make the bottoms of his feet seem like an erogenous zone and he had never been a foot man, ever. His whole world became Aya touching him and his replying little whimpers, which would have been embarrassing had he been coherent enough to really comprehend what he was doing.

A light nip on the arse and a kiss right at the base of his spine were the only warnings he was given that Aya was ready to move to the next level. When a wet finger was slid into him, he grabbed the pillow, buried his face in it and moaned like a whore.

It had been a long time since he had been with a man, and even longer since he had let anyone top him, but the idea of stopping Aya was so remote in his brain as to be almost non-existent. If Aya wanted him, Aya could have him as long as the amazing sensations kept coming. He'd been a sex addict for quite a while, it was something he had never tried to deny to himself, and at that moment Aya was definitely his drug of choice.

Aya found his prostate very quickly with devastating accuracy and somehow managed to find the correct level of pressure to put him squarely in that happy medium between scrabbling away in oversensitivity and being teased beyond endurance. If he made it out of this with any part of his brain still working he was going to give Aya a medal, well right after he forced what the hell was going on out of their enigmatic leader anyway.

Driving him to distraction was definitely Aya's goal, he was sure, but Aya didn't seem to be hanging around either. It wasn't long before he felt two fingers being pushed into him, this time definitely slicked with something more than saliva, something that smelled faintly of roses. The part of him that was perpetually amused wanted to make a joke about being deflowered, but he was far too strung out and far too far from being a virgin for it to really work, so he gave up on that.

Considering how long it had been since he had let anyone do this to him, he found his body surrendering remarkably easily. Aya had three fingers in him in very short order and his muscles were relaxed and ready. It was as if this was the most natural thing in the world and he just lay there and let Aya have his way until his lover finally shifted into position over him.

"Condom," Yoji was almost completely focused on the wonderful feelings Aya was causing with his fingers, but he was a player and hence had very well ingrained behaviours which had finally decided to kick in.

Safe sex might not be something everyone in Japan believed in, but Yoji made it a rule not to die of easily avoidable causes. Aya's response wasn't quite what he expected as he once again found himself pinned to the bed with Aya all across him, only this time Aya was growling.

"Mine," Aya snarled into his ear and something that felt like a cross between morphine and adrenaline flooded through him.

Yoji had no idea what it was or how Aya was doing it, but all he could do was move back against Aya begging for his lover to finish what he had started. He, the king of sexual conquests, was totally, one hundred percent desperate and anything but Aya pinning him to the mattress was unacceptable.

All thoughts of condoms and other such things fled his mind and all that remained was the sex. Aya pulled back again and urged his hips slightly off the bed so that his arse was raised. Then he felt the head of Aya's cock slide against his exposed entrance and suddenly it wasn't enough. He needed this like he needed to breathe and he pushed back on Aya before his lover pushed into him and he didn't stop moving until Aya's cock was buried in him to the hilt.

His muscles burned as his arse complained at such ungentle treatment, but he wasn't the only one moaning and that was all he needed for it to be perfect. He wanted to move, anything to hear those almost animalistic sounds coming from Aya, but strong hands gripped his hips as he tried.

"No," Aya said with such a whip of command that he stilled instantly, "wait."

There was no question of disobedience, not at that moment and all Yoji could do was stay perfectly still with Aya in him all the way. His cock was throbbing as almost unbelievable levels of arousal pumped around his body and yet he could do nothing to help himself. He wanted Aya like he had never wanted anything in his life and, when his lover finally moved, it forced a pathetic whimper from his mouth.

At first Aya's movements were not big, in fact it was more of a gentle rocking motion than real movement, but it still stimulated the right spots. Yoji wanted more almost immediately, but that was because of how perfectly it was pressing his erogenous buttons.

"Please," he begged.

Aya did not release his hips so he could move as he wanted, but his lover did increase the pace a little, sliding further out and back in. His body had completely surrendered now; there was not the slightest resistance in him and all Aya would let him do was respond with moans and small cries and groans as he was very efficiently taken.

The pace increased slowly, but at a rate which was perfect to drive him almost insane and then at the very last moment give him what he needed and before too long he was clinging to the bed with Aya pounding into him. It was fast, it was hard and it was so incredibly good. He wanted to come so badly it hurt.

Just when he thought he couldn't take anymore Aya released his hips and reached round under him. Firm fingers wrapped around his cock, fisting over his erection in perfect time with two more hard thrusts and then he was screaming into the pillow like it was the end of the world. As far as he was concerned it could well have been, because everything definitely exploded and the world fell apart and was remade in the space of a few seconds.

Everything was very surreal for quite a long time and all he really knew was the incredible orgasm that tried to make him pass out again. There had to be a law somewhere against Aya making him faint twice in the same day and he just barely managed to claw on to enough self control to fend off the blackness.

When reality finally deigned to make a reappearance, he found that he had been pushed on to his side and he blinked, trying to make sense of what he was seeing. Aya was kneeling up watching him and very slowly licking his semen off the long, clever fingers that had been wrapped around his cock. All he could do was watch in stunned fascination as Aya finished with his own hand and then gracefully leant over him. When Aya began to clean his cock with a very agile tongue he thought he might just die.

Ken walked into the kitchen as Omi went and parked his bike. The fact that Omi had had a puncture and had to call him for help meant they were both late back, but at least they had made it before the heavens opened. It had been threatening rain all day, but so far it was holding off. The first thing that Ken expected to find was not a pair of shoes and a pair of trousers on the floor just inside the door. They were quite obviously Yoji's and the way the table had been pushed back slightly and the chair all but shoved out of the way either Yoji had decided to fight naked or sex was involved in the situation somewhere.

Ken knew he was not the most worldly member of the team, but he did recognise the signs when he saw them and his first thought was that Omi was coming through the door any moment. Omi was not innocent either, but he was the chibi of Weiß and hence Ken had this irrational desire to protect his younger friend from whatever depravity Yoji was into today.

Quickly he picked up the evidence, putting it under one arm as he did his best to straighten the kitchen, then he headed up the hallway with the intention of hiding Yoji's stuff in his room until the older Weiß reappeared. He could even smell sex on the clothes. Aya was definitely going to have to do something about Yoji's habits sooner or later; this was ridiculous, it was still the afternoon for heaven's sake.

"Ken!"

He stopped dead as he heard his name called in a rather desperate tone. Problem was the voice was definitely Yoji's and it was most assuredly coming from Aya's room, which were two facts Ken had expected to intersect even less than he had expected to find Yoji's clothes in the kitchen.

"Yoji?" he asked in a tentative tone, walking up to the door and putting his ear to it.

He heard a rather wanton moan and almost backed off again.

"Help," was the one word that stopped him.

For just a moment he doubted what he was hearing through the door and it was enough to kick start his desire to assist a team mate in distress. Before he could talk himself out of it, he took hold of the door handle and turned it, and it actually opened. What he found as the door swung back made his chin almost hit the floor and something about what he saw caused all the processes in his brain to stop at the same time.

Yoji was on the bed sort of half reaching for the door, but not really and Aya was lying across Yoji seemingly very interested in the taller man's chest. They were both distinctly naked and there were signs of hot and heavy sex on both of them. Yoji definitely didn't look like he needed help and Ken would have fled, but something in the room seemed to have separated his brain from his body. The way Yoji was writhing under Aya was possibly the most erotic thing Ken had seen, ever, including the time Yoji had got him drunk and made him watch porn, and he felt himself hardening.

"Ken," Yoji finally looked at him, "Aya ... oh god ... something wron... ngh ... insatiable, going ... to ... kill me."

The problem was that through the whole speech Yoji seemed completely torn; the oldest Weiß appeared to be enjoying himself, but he did look rather exhausted.

"What should I do?" Ken finally managed to make his body cooperate enough so he could speak.

The moment he uttered a sound Aya looked up and he found himself pinned down by lust filled violet eyes. It was the most disconcerting feeling, especially as Yoji sighed in relief.

"Close the door," Aya said in a perfectly reasonable tone as if Ken had been talking to him.

The really freaky thing was that Ken found himself doing just that as if Aya's order had bypassed his higher brain and engaged his motor centres directly. The door swung almost closed as he flicked it with his hand and then he was alone in the room with Yoji and Aya.

"Well done," Aya said to Yoji and kissed the other man, who moaned again and Ken began to suspect a set up.

Any reasons for this possible scenario fled his head, however, when Aya languidly climbed off Yoji and began walking towards him. Part of Ken really wanted to run away, since both his danger instincts and his complete embarrassment level were firing, but he was rooted to the spot. There was no preamble, no indication of what Aya had in mind, the redhead just walked up to him, took him by the front of the shirt, pushed his collar aside and bit him hard.

Ken's legs almost gave out and he dropped everything he was holding as erotic messages flew to every part of his body. He was sure Aya had bitten him almost hard enough to break the skin and it destroyed any resistance in him. There was no one in the world who knew what he fantasized in the dark of his room at night, but Ken had known for a long time he had a kink and Aya had just found it. He just about managed to keep his feet under him as Aya dragged him towards the bed and all but threw him down next to Yoji.

Ken really did consider trying to fight Aya off, he honestly did, but the way Aya climbed onto the bed and straddled his hips, all domination and power, had most of him trembling like a school girl with her first crush. When Aya casually reached out, took his shirt in both hands and then ripped it in two he actually whimpered. Something that he kept very well hidden deep inside of him was rising to the surface and literally all he could do was lay there.

Aya pushed his arms out of the way and moved up over his chest and Ken did absolutely nothing to resist. His higher brain seemed to have been completely removed from the equation and, as he breathed in the smell of musk, sweat and sex, the rest of reality seemed very remote.

"Suck it," Aya said with a tone of command that had Ken quivering with arousal.

It never entered his head not to obey and his eyes zeroed in on Aya's more than healthy erection. He lifted up as well as he could, bent his neck and took Aya's cock into his mouth without even considering not doing so. He was not sure what he expected Aya to taste like; it wasn't as if he'd ever given a blow job before, but his senses exploded with the male, musky flavour. His higher brain wasn't sure if it was really pleasant, but something deep inside of him thought it was wonderful.

Looking up, all he could see was Aya towering over him, almost glaring down at him with those intense lavender eyes and it made him want to melt. It also made him want to give Aya as much pleasure as was physically possible, and, guarding his teeth, he took his friend in as far as he could. Hollowing his cheeks he sucked as he had been told to do and did his best to fight off his natural gag reflex.

For a while Aya let him continue, making the occasional appreciative noise, before leaning forward and lacing fingers through his hair. Aya's grip was hard and firm and Ken just let his superior take over. He had no choice but to let Aya use his

mouth any way Aya saw fit and he surrendered completely without the slightest resistance. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew Aya was pushing him to his limit, but not beyond, as Aya thrust in to his mouth and the fact that he was helpless just made his own body throb with greater arousal.

He was a sick, sick puppy; he had always suspected it and now he was proving it, but he really didn't care.

When Aya finally moved back, pulling his hair and making him look up, he could not help coughing a little, but other than that he did not try and move. Aya actually gave him a little smile for that, which sent erotic messages all over his body. Every cell in his body wanted to submit and if Aya had told him to crawl along the floor he would have done.

"You like pain, don't you, Ken-chan," Aya said in a low whisper, illustrating by pulling his hair and making him moan. "Is there anything you won't do for me?"

Ken shook his head, far too gone to speak with any coherency. When Aya pushed him back onto the bed, he went and, when Aya climbed off him, he was parting his legs almost before Aya urged him to. He knew what Aya wanted without being told and his whole torso was shivering in anticipation. If Aya had been wearing mission clothes at that point he was pretty sure he would have just died of pleasure overload and made a mental note to see if maybe they couldn't play that game later at some point.

"You want me already," Aya said in an amused tone, "but I don't think you can take me just yet."

Part of Ken wanted to protest that he could take anything Aya could give, but the submissive part was far too much in control to contradict his current master. At some point, probably the moment he had been bitten, his subconscious had decided Aya was in charge, and he was not about to disagree with anything. He was actually sure he was incapable of disagreeing. Aya pushed his legs up and apart and he did his best to stay exactly where he was put; even if his higher brain didn't quite know what was going on, his lower brain knew exactly what his role was.

Aya's touch was firm and unyielding as his leader leaned over him and forced two fingers into his mouth. Ken sucked on the digits until they were withdrawn and did his best to remain as relaxed as possible for what he knew was coming next. Aya pushed both fingers into him without giving him the slightest chance to adjust and it hurt as his muscles complained, but the pain just increased his arousal. He had never been touched there by another person and Aya was being rough, but it was incredible.

He couldn't help whimpering as Aya stretched him, but he wouldn't have stopped Aya if he had been able. This was everything he had ever dreamed about as he rubbed himself almost raw in the quiet of his room.

"Relax," Aya said with such command in his voice that Ken's body responded without his conscious consent.

He would have melted into the bed if he could, but the burning in his arse reduced considerably. It was a little disconcerting to realise his autonomic functions seemed to be at Aya's command as well, but he was not about to complain.

"Good boy," Aya praised with another small smile and he basked in the praise.

He knew he was going to hell for this, but he didn't care and he watched as Aya reached for a small bottle that was on the bed.

Ken kept himself as passive as he was able and, when Aya used the oil in the bottle, forcing a third finger into him, it was far less shocking than the first intrusion. It still hurt, but he reacted automatically as if he was now hardwired to do so. It was almost as if he was drugged and he was on such a high that his body could cope with anything.

"Now you're ready," Aya whispered into his ear, fingers still pushed deep into his body.

All he could do was whimper again as Aya pulled his fingers out, before climbing between his legs and forcing his thighs further up and apart. He watched as Aya used the lubrication again, slicking the erection he could barely take his eyes off. There was no hesitation about Aya's movements, no chance to give him time to think about what he was letting Aya do, and he couldn't help the small cry that was dragged from him as Aya pushed in.

His body did not like the intrusion; Aya stretched him more than he could have imagined and he panted hard through the discomfort. Aya loomed over him and waited and he felt as if Aya was looking into his soul. His muscles turned to liquid under that gaze and Aya waited just a moment less than he needed to adjust completely so that when Aya pulled out and pushed in again there was that edge of pain that set his nerves on fire.

Ken turned his head to the side and bit into the pillow, whimpering as pain and pleasure mixed in his body in such a haze of sensation that he barely knew what reality was.

"You are mine," Aya told him, while using his body in the most direct manner.

"I am yours, Aya-sama," he whispered back between moans of pleasure.

He had never felt this before, never experienced the total domination from another human being and he revelled in it. Aya could have anything his master wanted. All he knew was that this was the most completely mind-blowing moment in his entire life. He almost didn't notice when Aya pulled out, forced him onto his knees and then took him again; all he recognised was the delicious sensations that removed his need to think. When Yoji became involved as well reality really did dissolve into nothing.

Omi had noted Ken's absence when he entered the kitchen and had decided to put dinner on since he had promised to cook for his friend in thanks for rescuing him. It was only twenty five minutes later when Ken had not reappeared and everything was almost ready that he decided to go and find whoever was at home. He put everything in the oven on a low heat to keep it warm and set off into the rest of the house. They didn't always eat together, but Omi liked to bring them all together as often as possible, sort of like a family.

There had been no answer when he'd knocked on Yoji's door, so he'd moved on to Aya's, which was why he was standing outside staring at it as if it might bite, because it was partially open and he had just heard what sounded remarkably like Ken say: "Harder, Aya-sama, harder."

Omi was pretty sure Ken had not been referring to a football tackle or anything equally as innocent, because there were definitely some sounds accompanying the phrase that Omi guessed were skin on skin. He couldn't help himself, he just stood and listened and he almost pushed open the door when he heard Yoji mutter something unintelligible as well.

Over his time as an assassin Omi had honed his skills in listening at doors and, as he soaked in all the sounds, he gained a fair impression of what was going on in Aya's room. As he stood there, he became more and more aroused and more and more annoyed; it was very clear that the rest of the team were getting off with one another and they were doing it without him. That just wasn't fair. By the time he heard Ken coming loudly and presumably very hard he had himself very worked up.

He was not going to stand for being treated like the baby; he was old enough to kill and had been doing that for some time so he was sure as hell old enough to have sex. No one seemed to remember he had been eighteen for two months now and they all always treated him like a kid, well he wasn't going to let them anymore. Absolutely sure of what he wanted he pushed open the door and walked in.

What he saw derailed most of the thoughts in his brain since seeing and hearing were apparently two different things as his already interested anatomy stood to full attention. Ken was on his hands and knees on the bed over Yoji who seemed to now be covered in Ken's cum and was absently stroking Ken's deflating erection and Aya was bent over Ken moving his cock in and out of Ken's arse hole. Now Omi had seen porn magazines before, but he had never seen anything like this and his hormones reached up and strangled all ability to think.

His eyes were rooted to Aya moving in and out of Ken making Ken moan and shudder under him and Omi could not look away. It was like all his masturbation fantasies rolled into one and multiplied by about a hundred times. He almost came in his trousers when Aya pushed into Ken really hard and literally quivered from head to foot, red hair falling in front of bliss-filled features, gasping and clearly claiming Ken for his very own. It was only then that he could tear his eyes away and he blushed as he realised that Yoji was watching him watch.

"Run now, Omichi," Yoji said quietly, "or Aya-kun will have you."

Omi was not sure if the words were supposed to scare him away or entice him closer, but he definitely wasn't in the mood for running. He was a man, dammit, and he was going to be fucked like one. It occurred to part of him that that might have been a rather bizarre mental statement, but it didn't stop him pulling his top over his head. There was one small flaw in his plan as he realised he hadn't undone the top button so it took him an embarrassingly long time to free himself, but once he did he was glad to see no one on the bed seemed to have noticed.

The fact that Aya had pulled out of Ken and pushed the younger man out of the way was obvious, because Aya was in the process of licking the cum off Yoji's chest and stomach. Omi almost quit breathing as Yoji acted as Aya's smorgasbord and for a while he forgot that he was supposed to be making a point. Only as Aya licked up the very last drop and lavender eyes looked up at him did Omi remember how to move. The come on in that gaze was so clear that Omi struggled out of the rest of his clothes in record time before bowing to the will of his cock and walking the rest of the distance to the bed.

Innocence; Aya could smell innocence and it was even more intoxicating that the scents of sex around him. Omi was standing there in front of him all blushes and virginal nervousness and Aya decided Christmas had come early. He looked down at Yoji who gave him a lecherous smile and then moved, climbing onto the still rather out of it Ken and attacking the younger man's neck with kisses and teeth. The mew of over stimulated high that came from Ken then was very gratifying since Aya had caused the high, but more of his attention was on Omi.

He patted the bed in the spot Yoji had just vacated and sat back, waiting for Omi to take the invitation. It was obvious that Omi was nervous, but the younger Weiß climbed onto the bed and sat down in the offered place. He was gazing at him with those big blue eyes that had seen far too much and Aya felt something other than sexual need stirring within him. That didn't stop his body reminding him how desirable this new morsel was, but when he reached out it was with tenderness as well as desire. He was almost shocked by his own actions.

Leaning in he nuzzled Omi's neck, taking in the scent of his latest prey. Omi was untouched; he could sense it with the clarity of a neon sign and he kissed Omi with all the gentleness he could muster. If Omi had been sitting there holding a placard saying "I am a virgin please deflower me" it couldn't have been more obvious.

"I will not break, Aya-kun," Omi said, a little catch to the sounds as he kissed down Omi's neck and onto the pale chest.

"I know," he replied, flicking his tongue over one nipple and enjoying the shuddering gasp Omi gave in response, "but you are mine to do with as I wish, and it is my wish you feel nothing but pleasure."

He sucked on the tiny nub below his tongue and Omi arched into the touch.

"And I think you will like it," he added with a chuckle.

"I ..." Omi tried to reply, but Aya was through talking and sucked again, efficiently removing Omi's voice.

Omi was already hard; Aya had been aware of that fact as soon as the younger Weiß had entered the room, and he let his fingers dance lightly over Omi's engorged erection. Omi moaned again, gasping and arching into the touch, so responsive that part of Aya wanted Omi writhing underneath him at that very moment. It was hard to resist, but he was not so desperate now that he would despoil what was on offer.

"Hands and knees," he said as his mind sparked with an idea.

It was a very wicked idea and it very much suited his mood.

Omi looked dazed and a little confused as he pulled back so suddenly, but as Aya watched, his prey did as instructed. He was presented with a small, pert arse and he licked his lips in appreciation. Uncharted territory was laid out before him and it was all his to explore. Smiling to himself he ran his fingers over the exposed flesh and Omi shuddered, turning to look at him over one shoulder.

"Get comfortable," Aya instructed, "just keep your arse in the air."

For just a moment Omi appeared perturbed, but then the younger Weiß's expression hardened with determination and Omi shifted on the bed into a more comfortable stance. Omi was nothing if not focused and Aya almost shuddered with delight at the delicious sight before him. Reaching out, he ran the tips of his fingers over one round cheek and Omi purred in response.

It was a lovely sound that made his cock twitch in anticipation of more, but he needed to be closer to touch and taste properly and he moved on the bed. He knew what he wanted and so he went for it straight away. Leaning in, he placed a kiss at the base of Omi's spine while running his hands over the lovely arse displayed for him. The puckered little hole was right in front of him, and soon he was going to claim it completely, but for now he was going to play with it.

Without further ado he swiped his tongue right across it, tasting and committing Omi's flavour to his memory. Omi's response was somewhere between a gasp and a small cry and it was just what he was after. It made him smile in delight and he did it again just to hear the same noise from Omi's delicate throat; so innocent and yet so debauched at the same time.

For a while he licked and nipped lightly, just to see what wonderful noises Omi would make, but his attention span wasn't as long as it sometimes was and it didn't take him long to need more as Omi became used to what was happening. That was when he thrust his tongue hard at Omi's entrance, demanding that the muscle give under his ministrations and Omi rocked in place as the younger man's arms almost gave way.

"Aya-kun," Omi moaned his name as if it was the only thing in his head.

Aya took the advantage and subjected Omi to a thorough tongue lashing until his prey was quivering with stimulation. The small pucker pulsed at every touch and Aya gained great pleasure from taking Omi to the next level. When he finally pulled back Omi was panting and trembling and Aya had no doubt Omi was ready to be led even further.

Now he picked up the small bottle of rose scented oil that he had chosen for his conquests. It seemed somehow right in his sex soaked mind as the scent of flowers mixed with sex in the room. Once his finger was slicked it took virtually no pressure to breach Omi's besieged hole. His tongue had done its work and Omi opened to him as he pushed his finger in all the way to the knuckle, pulling it out all the way again afterwards and enjoying the sight of Omi's hole reflexively closing and opening as he removed his touch.

"Ay ... Aya-kun," Omi begged as he pushed his finger back in.

He knew Omi wanted more, he could feel it, but this was one prey he needed to play with. Omi gave such delightful responses to every new sensation that he could not just go on; he had to explore; it was almost a compulsion. Pushing his finger in further he twisted it and just lightly brushed Omi's sweet spot. The way Omi's arms collapsed so that Omi was face first on the bed with arse in the air was worth every patient moment.

Omi did not try and beg for anything again as he played some more with the fingering, slowly moving to two and then three as Omi gasped, panted and moaned at every touch. Even Yoji and Ken had stopped what they were doing to watch as Omi succumbed to his attentions.

Eventually he decided Omi was ready, but he did not move in to take what he really wanted; he had other ideas for Omi.

"I want you to give yourself to me, Omichi," he said, removing his fingers and pulling Omi into a kneeling position.

The glazed look in Omi's eyes was very gratifying, but it soon began to clear when Aya moved Omi and lay down on the bed. Omi's eyes fixed on his erection, especially as he coated himself in the oil and Omi always had been a quick study. The nervousness was back in Omi's eyes, but it was laced with the determination he had seen earlier and Omi moved to straddle him. Omi looked down at him, blue eyes wide and open and all he did was nod once.

As he held Omi's waist Omi reached back and wrapped dexterous fingers around his erection; that alone felt wonderful, but no where near as good as when Omi lifted up and carefully positioned himself. They were all flexible and strong; they wouldn't have survived very long as assassins if they hadn't been and Aya was perfectly sure Omi was quite capable of what he had asked. As Omi slowly pushed down on him, he was proved right and moaned along with Omi as he was encased in tight, slick heat.

Omi was barely seated on him when he felt powerful muscles flex and Omi was moving, riding him. He barely needed to do anything as Omi began first with rocking and then progressed to lifting up and down and all Aya had to do was hold Omi in place and enjoy. When Omi opened blue eyes and looked down this time, Aya saw no nervousness, only passion and he began to thrust his hips in time to Omi's movements. Omi just put his head back and moaned out his pleasure as they moved together in perfect time.

Every time they met, Omi's erection brushed his stomach and he was well aware that he was neglecting Omi's cock, but Omi didn't seem to care. In fact Omi's movements were becoming faster and more desperate, so much so that Aya could feel his companion's orgasm approaching without any further stimulation. It wasn't a surprise when Omi pushed down on him hard and totally lost control, shuddering and ejaculating all over his chest and stomach, what was a bit of a shock was when the sight, the sensation of muscles clamping around him and the sheer sensuality of Omi's orgasm sent him over the edge too.

He just about managed to hold on to Omi as he rode out his own high and then he found himself looking into Omi's dazed features. Omi looked satisfied in a way he had never seen Omi look before and he definitely liked that look on his younger companion. As Omi gathered his wits, his expression began to clear and Aya watched as Omi came back down. Omi was still impaled on him, but Omi didn't seem to care, and gave him a little smile before reaching down, dragging a finger through his own come and then offering it to him like a lollipop.

Aya raised an eyebrow at the brazen behaviour, but lifted his head and sucked on the finger anyway. Omi was a surprise, but a very nice one and he had every intention of exploring some more.

Aya was no longer starving, but he knew he hadn't had enough as he let Omi collapse to the bed, spent for now. He was still hard even after having taken all of the others at least twice and he wanted more. He knew this was unusual to say the least, but it didn't take a genius to realise that something very bizarre was going on anyway. It wasn't as if he was about to stop himself though; the

thought barely entered his head, but it would have been nice to know what was going on for once.

He'd never been overly interested in sex. Oh he'd had sex; he wasn't as much of a freak as Yoji had always liked to make out, but he usually had more important things on his mind. Right about then though, there didn't seem to be anything more important than sex. He surveyed those in bed with him, at least able to pause for a while now even though his instincts were driving him on. Ken and Yoji were wrapped around each other in a most delightful way and Yoji seemed to be doing his best to try and reduce Ken to a boneless heap. Aya never would have guessed that Ken was a submissive in bed, not until he had walked across the room and just knew. Ken had never been the leader type, but the fact that he turned to putty if someone so much as looked at him funny in the bedroom had been a bit of a surprise.

The fact that Yoji was in his element wasn't really a stretch of the imagination and the tiny logical part of Aya's mind that was still functioning was very glad it had been Yoji through the door first earlier. He didn't have a lot of imagination available at the moment that wasn't saturated with pure lust, but he did have enough to come up with some interesting scenarios. The one where Omi came home first kept coming back to haunt him.

Of course Omi had been rather a surprise as well; all that passion locked up in such an innocent package. Aya couldn't guess if it would have been released without the other two already in play, but he definitely wasn't complaining about it now. The fact that Omi had all but begged him the second time had only increased the fun and as for the third time, well Omi had deserved it after his little attempt to take control. However, even youthful exuberance had its limits and Omi looked thoroughly shagged out at that moment.

Yoji had Ken arching up under him and whimpering, which was nice to watch, but Aya was still hungry and that meant he wasn't in a voyeuristic mood. He went to separate them and demand their attention for himself when he felt something that dragged his thoughts away. Something had touched his mind and the little logical voice pointed out that there shouldn't be any way he could know this, but he did anyway and his whole focus shifted.

"Stay," he said shortly, climbing off the bed and walking towards the door.

He had absolutely no doubt that the other three would do as he said, if they even noticed he was gone he'd be surprised as he was vaguely aware of a moan from Omi as Yoji and Ken turned their attentions on the youngest member of the team. The three would remain occupied until he returned, he was sure; they were higher on hormones than he was.

Aya only knew one telepath and said telepath was tall, redheaded, German and rather attractive and so he set his sights. It occurred to him in the back of his mind that if Schuldig was around then this whole situation probably had something to do with Schwarz, but he really didn't care. There was only a tiny corner of his mind that even registered that going after a trained enemy telepath nude might be dangerous and an even smaller part that considered there might be resistance from said assassin. The only thing that mattered was that there was another healthy male in the vicinity and Aya needed another snack.

On the landing he just stood there for a moment and listened to his instincts which made him turn right. He walked down the hall to the bathroom, went in, silently opened the window and then climbed out onto the flat roof of the garage

that was a cover for their current mission room. It was a little chilly to be outside without any clothes, but the breeze did nothing to cool his ardour.

There was a brick structure in the centre of the roof that appeared to have no discernable function, but which was nevertheless there and which was the only cover in the vicinity. Aya calmly walked up to it and then around it to find Schuldig leaning against the other side of it with his eyes closed. There was a lecherous grin on the telepath's face and Aya didn't need to guess where Schuldig's mind was.

"Eavesdropping is a bad habit," Aya said and made sure there was no trace of emotion in his voice.

The look Schuldig gave him as the man's eyes shot open was priceless; shock, fear, arousal and confusion all rolled into one. Aya didn't give the telepath time to really react, he just balled all the desire, lust, need and release he had experienced over the last hour or so and mentally threw it at Schuldig. Blue eyes opened even wider before rolling back into Schuldig's head as the telepath fell forward into Aya's waiting arms with such a wanton moan that he considered ripping Schuldig's clothes off there and then. It was only a particularly chilly gust of wind that changed his mind.

As Aya hoisted Schuldig into a fireman's lift, just as he had done Yoji earlier in the day. He knew the telepath was not completely out of it, but he made sure what he wanted to do to Schuldig was very clear in his mind and there was no resistance from his burden. It seemed that every team required a sex maniac and he had just found Schwarz's, even if the telepath was more of a voyeur than a player. Getting back through the window was interesting, but where there was a will there was always a way and Aya definitely had the will.

Yoji and Omi were sharing Ken, seemingly with Omi in charge, which didn't really surprise Aya when he walked back into his room with his prize. Aya enjoyed the view for a few moments and then decided that Schuldig was getting heavy and it was time to return to his own purpose. The other three did stop what they were doing as soon as he approached the bed and they quickly made space for Aya to put down the out of it telepath.

"Strip him," he said simply and waited to be obeyed.

Enthusiasm was not lacking in the room and even as Schuldig opened his eyes, he didn't stand a chance.

Being overwhelmed by the goings on in another's head was not something that happened to Schuldig; he was the master telepath and no matter how full his mind became he prided himself on being able to force his thoughts free. He'd been able to do it for years and yet it took him an embarrassingly long time to claw his way back from the sexual meltdown that Abyssinian had thrown at him. It was like swimming through treacle as he tried to separate himself from the fog of sex that was coming at him from every side.

When he finally did manage to concentrate on something other than his dick, he opened his eyes to find that he was semi-naked among the very naked Weiß. He almost panicked, which definitely wouldn't have done his dignity any good. In fact he was so distracted that Siberian had his trousers off him before he had a chance to object and, considering the fact that he had been wearing shoes and

underwear as well before the divestment and was wearing nothing afterwards, he had to admire the other assassin's technique.

That, however, didn't mean that he thought being up close and personal with Weiß was a good idea, especially since he knew what Schwarz had done to Abyssinian. No matter how utterly fuckable Abyssinian looked standing beside the bed and staring down at him with those intense lavender eyes, this just wasn't happening. He knew from his eavesdropping that the other three were under their leader's command so he directed his escape effort at Abyssinian and threw the most powerful telepathic suggestion he could at the man to let him go.

There wasn't even a flicker and when he tried to read any thoughts in Abyssinian's mind all he got back was sex.

"Scheiße," he said very pointedly; he was in so much trouble.

Not only had he given himself a headache and missed his target earlier, but now he was about to find out the effects of the serum in a very direct manner; Crawford was going to kill him. That was if Abyssinian didn't manage it first.

He was pinned down at the shoulders by Bombay and Balinese so he couldn't even use his speed as the redheaded leader of Weiß pushed his legs apart and knelt on the bed between them. He really didn't need to be telepathic to know what Abyssinian wanted from him then and he hated to admit it, but he was so hard just thinking about it that it almost hurt.

"Surrender," Abyssinian said, ever the man of few words, "I promise you'll enjoy it."

Schuldig tried to resist he really did, for all of five seconds, but there was sex coming at him from every direction and he was a hedonist at heart. If he was going to die at least this was one hell of a way to go and he let his head drop back with a wanton moan. The smile that crossed Abyssinian's face was almost worth the possible death sentence and Schuldig let all thoughts of escape go as clever fingers wrapped around his cock.

Sex for a telepath could be a very hit and miss affair; faking an orgasm just didn't work when your partner could see inside your head, which meant that Schuldig had had very few lovers in his time that actually satisfied him. Someone who wasn't really in the zone, only pretending they were, had a tendency to wreck it for him, but he couldn't say that was a problem with Weiß. Every last one of them was so in the zone that it was difficult to imagine how anyone could ever not be and they were all focused on him.

Abyssinian alone was so completely turned on that the redhead would have been enough to send him into ecstasies, with all four of them they could have screwed him up, down and sideways and he'd have come back begging for more. He was almost willing to beg anyway as all four of them did things to him that he couldn't even follow as his body and mind hummed with sex.

He swore long and loud as lips wrapped around his cock and a slick finger was forced up his arse simultaneously. He was so aroused that he came instantly, pride or no pride, and the last time he had done that he'd been sixteen and experimenting with an equally horny teenage male. There had been only one rule at Rosenkreuz about sex and that was get a girl pregnant and lose your balls, so everything else had been fair game. He had a feeling everything was fair game here as well as Abyssinian moved back before leaning in again and he was given

a very clear mental image of just how the other redhead was going to screw him into the mattress.

Where there was one Schwarz there were often more and Aya discovered he had even more available brain power when he'd finished with Schuldig, so he began to think that the more partners he had the better. The hunger was dimming as well, but he was well aware he was not finished yet and he knew just how to get what he needed.

"Schuldig," he said, taking the telepath's face by the chin and turning Schuldig's head so that the man's dazed eyes were looking at him, "how many of you are watching us?"

Schuldig's pupils were blown as if the telepath was high, but Aya knew he had been heard.

"Three," was the eventual reply, "all but Crawford."

Aya couldn't help smiling; that meant there was more prey close by.

"Call one of them," he said shortly and for the first time since Schuldig had surrendered the man looked torn.

Leaning over the other redhead, Aya stared Schuldig straight in the eye and rubbed his hand firmly over the telepath's cock while broadcasting the sexual need he was feeling. Schuldig actually whimpered.

"Call one of them," Aya repeated.

"Yes," Schuldig moaned out and closed his eyes.

For a moment Aya let the telepath be, not wishing to interrupt whatever his captive was doing and, seemingly by his will, all other activity stilled on the bed as well. Only when Schuldig opened his eyes again did movement restart.

"He's coming," Schuldig said, seemingly far too far gone for guilt now and Aya leaned over and kissed him.

"Good boy," he said, pulling back again.

He really didn't care which one was on his way, all that mattered was that fresh prey would arrive soon.

Looking back at the pile of bodies on the bed he decided it was becoming too crowded. It had been a group effort to subjugate Schuldig, but the others were beginning to become involved in each other again and there just wasn't enough room. Reaching over his naked companions he removed the pillows first, throwing them onto the floor and they were quickly followed by the covers which had become bunched up in the corner of the bed. That left only people.

"Yoji, go play over there," he said shortly and indicated the pile of bedding now on the floor.

The instruction didn't seem to faze the playboy at all as he pulled Omi off the bed with him and onto the sheets and pillows. Ken was left sitting next to where Schuldig was still lying looking rather unsure now that he had neither of the

others with him. He looked thoroughly edible, but Aya held himself back since he knew their next guest would be here very shortly.

"Schuldig," he said, running a finger over the telepath's abdomen and bringing the man out of the daze Schuldig had fallen into, "Ken-chan's lonely."

Schuldig looked over at where Ken was sitting and the sight of Ken looking at him nervously seemed to wake the telepath up. The smile that graced Schuldig's features would have been scary in most situations; the fact that everyone was naked made it even more so. Aya took hold of Schuldig's chin again before the man could move.

"Don't hurt him," Aya said firmly and then glanced at Ken, "unless he wants you to," he added as an after thought.

That made Schuldig grin even more and the arousal Aya felt coming off both men as the telepath crawled onto his knees to tower over Ken was quite incredible. Aya almost wasn't paying attention when his door banged inwards.

He turned to see Prodigy standing in the gap, clearly ready for a fight, and he left Ken and Schuldig to it, climbing off the bed to confront the newcomer. The youngest member of Schwarz swung a cold gaze around the room with eyes that were far older than the teenage body in which they resided. There was no innocence here even though Nagi was younger than Omi, Aya could tell that at just a glance and he had no qualms about focusing on his prey.

"Schuldig," Nagi snapped, clearly trying to attract his team mate's attention, but Aya knew the telepath was far too busy to reply.

"He's mine now," Aya said, taking a few steps across the room, but stopping before he was close enough to Nagi to set the youth into action.

Nagi frowned at that, this was clearly not what the telekinetic had been expecting.

"Come in, Nagi-san," Aya invited in a reasonable tone, "you are already caught."

Aya wasn't clear on how he hooked his prey, but he knew it was fast and he could sense the effects in others. It had taken only seconds for Nagi to be affected and now all Aya had to do was reel the youngest Schwarz in. To his credit Nagi held up his hand to use his power, but Aya crossed the rest of the distance between himself and Nagi before the youth could do anything.

He did not touch the telekinetic, but just stood there and looked Nagi directly in the eye. He did not challenge and he did not try and coax Nagi any further, he simply waited. Eventually Nagi let his hand drop and Aya stepped back to let the youngest Schwarz step into the room.

"This was not supposed to happen," Nagi said as the telekinetic looked around the room.

"I don't doubt it," Aya replied, treating Nagi as the adult he knew him to be rather than the teenager his stature suggested, "and yet it has and is happening. You were caught the moment you opened the door. What caused this?"

"An experimental serum," Nagi replied, still taking in the other two couples in the room, "but I only know this was not the prescribed outcome not its complete effects."

"I will show you the effects," Aya said and found himself the soul focus of Nagi's attention again.

Something in him knew that if he pushed too hard too fast the results would be disastrous and he had to land this prey carefully. Nagi appeared as drawn as the others had been, but also very wary. He could feel the heat of the other's stare as Nagi looked him up and down and he liked it. There was no way out of this for Nagi now. Stepping up to the younger man he reached out slowly and tilted Nagi's head up slightly, leaning in and claiming an almost chaste kiss.

Nagi just stood there blinking at him when he stood back again. He had Nagi confused now, which was exactly how he wanted him. Soon his latest catch would surrender and he would have what he wanted.

"I can feel your power," he said and he honestly could; just like he had felt Schuldig's attempt to brush his mind before he had gone to find him, even though that should have been impossible; "use it to remove your clothes."

Nagi again just looked at him.

"Why should I?" the youth asked in as cold a tone as ever.

"Because you want to," Aya replied simply.

He knew Nagi was aroused; he had sensed it happening and the uniform the youngest Schwarz wore did nothing to hide Nagi's burgeoning erection. Nagi clearly considered this statement carefully and must have decided he was right because Aya felt the atmosphere in the room shift and Nagi's clothes began to unfasten themselves. He watched in wrapt fascination as button after button released and slowly the Nagi underneath the neat clothes was revealed.

Nagi was even more delicately built than Omi, but Aya could feel the strength inside the slight body. Nagi's power was of the mind, not of the flesh and as Nagi stepped out of the pool of material now around the young man's feet Aya moved in. Nagi was small, no weight at all and he lifted him with ease, walking to the wall and pushing Nagi against it. Nagi's weight settled around his waist as the youngest Schwarz figured out what was going on and wrapped slender legs around him.

The raw power he could feel inside the frail human shell was an incredible turn on and he knew that it would be his to command. He was going to claim Nagi for his own and then that power would protect them all.

"I could kill you," Nagi said, even as they were skin to skin.

"No you couldn't," Aya replied with perfect certainty and kissed his captive.

Nagi moaned, but cut off the moan and when Aya pulled back the youth almost appeared affronted by his own actions.

"You are caught," Aya pointed out, "let go and enjoy it."

A loud moan from Ken made Nagi look over and Aya felt Nagi's physical reaction almost instantly as the cock resting against him twitched.

"I can never let go," Nagi managed to say with only a little stammering.

"Then use it to enjoy yourself," Aya urged, rubbing his body against Nagi's.

For the first time Nagi looked unsure and perplexed.

"There is oil in that bottle," Aya said and indicated the rose oil with a nod; "prepare yourself for me while I enjoy the rest of you."

Nagi still didn't seem particularly sure about everything, but, when the oil bottle began to float across the room, Aya knew he would be getting exactly what he wanted. He set about leaving a mark on Nagi's pale, perfect skin as Nagi did as he was told. It took a few minutes and Nagi squirmed against him several times as he lavished attention of what he could see and Nagi lavished attention on what he couldn't, but he knew when Nagi was ready. He wondered what it was like to be prepared by invisible fingers, but he was really more interested in other things at that moment.

He looked into Nagi's eyes and they acknowledged each other and then he lifted Nagi's smaller body a little more. He felt Nagi help as he lined them up, but he was fully in control as he slowly pushed up and slowly lowered Nagi at the same time. It was very clear this was not the first time Nagi had done this as they came together easily.

Nagi was obviously bracing himself with more than muscle as Aya began to slowly thrust into him and Aya started to see more and more advantages to this arrangement. They were perfectly arranged now and he began to move in earnest, finding Nagi's prostate with his third thrust. Nagi's eyes were intense, boring into him even as he heard the passion and arousal in the moans and little cries from Nagi's mouth. It was like staring into a hurricane encased in a brittle glass jar and it excited him.

When he finally reached for Nagi's cock, he knew it was true that Nagi could never completely let go; he had seen it in that gaze the whole time, but he was determined to at least make Nagi release just a little. He moved his hand in time with his thrusts, feeling for the arousal in Nagi's thin frame and building on it, movement by movement. Nagi would be his and would come apart, just a little; he was going to make sure of it.

When it hit it was glorious.

Nagi's head went back, hitting the wall, and the youth keened long and loud, coming between them as Aya pumped his cock. Wonderful sensation ran through Aya as he raised his fifth prey to orgasm and he enjoyed every second. The only thing he wasn't expecting was the vase he had on the shelf next to where they were engaged to implode and turn into a pile of dust. Nagi looked strung out and just slightly apologetic when he looked into the youngest Schwarz's face, but it dawned on him that this was what he had been trying for so it wasn't really Nagi's fault. He could have stayed where he was and questioned what had just happened, but he was far more interested in sex and there was plenty more in Nagi. Pushing them off the wall he carried his latest prize to the bed and tried to decide how to proceed next.

Once Nagi was thoroughly subdued and part of the group, Aya had Schuldig call the last member of Schwarz in the vicinity. Farfarello, always guaranteed to be odd, came in through the window rather than the door. Aya calmly kicked the man in the jaw from his position on the bed and then leaned over to see where Schwarz's Berserker had fallen. Surprisingly Farfarello was just lying there looking dazed and Aya noted that his kick appeared to be more affective than before, possibly it was a combination of the atmosphere in the room and the attack.

Climbing over the edge of the bed, he left Nagi to his own devices and stood over the still prone Farfarello.

"Welcome to the second circle of hell," he said, looking down at the one golden eye he could see.

"Lust," Farfarello said with something akin to reverence.

Aya smiled; this was going to be as easy as he had thought. When he reached down and removed the stiletto from Farfarello's hand, the mad Irishman just let him and Aya used it to slice straight through the material of Farfarello's top; so much easier.

Crawford opened his eyes slowly and was instantly assaulted by images of Weiß, or more specifically Fujimiya and he swore loudly until he ran out of languages to use. Of course Weiß would be at the centre of chaos' game and Crawford was of the firm impression that Weiß were in fact nothing more than agents of chaos set free to wreck his perfectly orderly universe. If only Kudou had been delayed as was supposed to happen then Tsukiyono would have been first home and Fujimiya would have attacked him and the resulting reaction would have destroyed Weiß and proved the serum in one simple stroke. Instead Kudou the slut had made it back first and the energy had made Fujimiya all the stronger. Crawford was cursed, he was sure of it.

Every path he considered there was Fujimiya all violet eyes and red hair like an avenging angel; even in the timeline where he dressed as a woman and changed his name to Belinda, Fujimiya was there looking back at him. With a sigh he picked himself up off the floor and wondered who on high he had pissed off quite enough to be singled out so completely.

He knew his team were lost because he had what they had all been doing, or possibly that should have been who was doing them, written on his brain in graphic detail thanks to the rearranging of his visions, and reluctantly he picked up his keys. There really was nothing he could do but accept his destiny and, with the small comfort that he knew the sex was going to be good, he prepared to leave the house.

Crawford walked through the already open door into Weiß's residence, closing it behind him and bolting it against the assault it would have to bear later in the day. He never left the house without a gun, but he knew he wasn't going to need one here, so he pulled out the weapon and left it on the kitchen table; he didn't want to tempt himself that much. Part of him wanted to walk up the stairs and calmly blow Fujimiya's brains out in a fit of pique, but at this stage that would be detrimental to just about everything and he was nothing if not practical.

Next he slipped out of his jacket and hung it over the back of a chair followed by his shoes and socks and then his pants, which he folded carefully and left in a neat pile on the same chair. He loosened his tie, but decided not to take it off completely as a possible use for it flashed through his peculiar mind and then he placed his glasses on the table. There was no point in running the danger of them being broken, since he could see well enough without them, just not perfectly, and he shuddered to think what state his suit would be in if he wore it into the room upstairs.

He turned off the oven since he was well aware no one would be seeking the food it contained for several hours and then, wearing only his shirt, tie and boxer shorts, he padded into the hallway. It was simple logistics to give in to the more powerful force; he had been doing so for a very long time and he felt no embarrassment as he walked towards Fujimiya's room. A small voice at the back of his mind pointed out in an annoying chant that he had lost again to Weiß, but he refused to listen to it; violence in this case might be balm to his soul, but it would solve nothing.

Opening the door onto his goal he did have to stop for a moment and just stare. Long ago he had learned to view what his gift showed him dispassionately and reality was a rather more heady experience. Schuldig and Kudou had Hidaka pinned between them on the floor and were well on their way into subjugating their prey into taking both of them at the same time. The gasps and moans from Hidaka did not seem to be in any way discouraging and on closer inspection Crawford's assessment went from 'prey' to 'willing victim'.

To their right Nagi had Tsukiyono on his back almost bent double and was fucking the youngest member of Weiß with a fervour and skill that belied Nagi's youth. Being Rosenkreuz trained, Nagi had not been innocent in a very long time and Crawford was vaguely proud that his protégé was clearly no one's cowering uke.

However, the most captivating sight in the room was occurring on the bed where Farfarello was sprawled on his back over the remnants of the bandages he usually wore all over his body. Farfarello's scars were on show for all to see and there were some new wounds scratched on his chest along one of which Fujimiya was running his tongue while he clearly had Farfarello impaled firmly on his cock. The only time Crawford had ever seen Farfarello in such ecstasy was during a kill, but it was clearly Farfarello who was dying here, not anyone else.

"I am the devil and you are mine," he heard Fujimiya whisper and then Farfarello was bucking under the redhead, coming with a silent cry and an expression of pure bliss.

Crawford felt himself hardening at the pure eroticism of what he was seeing. He was always the calm controlled one, nothing moved him, but that did. Fujimiya sat back slightly, but keeping his lower body joined with Farfarello and languidly ran a finger through the creamy white mess all over Farfarello's stomach. Half way through the gesture it changed and Crawford watched in fascination as Fujimiya drew blood with his finger nail turning the cum ever so slightly pink. Farfarello followed all of this with his one good eye and Crawford couldn't take his gaze off either of them as Fujimiya lifted his finger to his mouth and licked it, humming in the back of his throat as if it was the most wonderful thing in the world.

In response Farfarello moved his hips, which was enough to trigger Fujimiya into leaning over him, thrusting once and coming with a low moan. It was quite honestly one of the most erotic things Crawford had ever seen and it did not

surprise him in the slightest when Fujimiya pulled out of Farfarello and then bent to claim the rest of the prize spread over the Irishman's scarred body.

The serum had been designed to turn a man into a sexual predator, dependent on the sexual highs of other human beings and it seemed Fujimiya knew exactly how to get what he needed. It had been created as a method of silent assassination as a trusted employee or friend became a sex fiend and literally fucked to death the victim, who was instantly addicted to their pheromones. Slightly altered body chemistry guaranteed mutual participation and since the human body could only take so much stimulation before the heart gave out or a stroke would occur it was an elaborate, but effective method of killing.

Given the random variable of Kudou Yoji, the world's greatest slut, however, it seemed other outcomes were possible. In earlier tests subjects had only ever fixated on one victim; Fujimiya, however was going for a stable of lovers and Crawford already knew it was a workable solution. Who could have guessed that seven was the magic number; ironic really, but he had long since given up arguing with the universe when it came to anything to do with Weiß. A supreme being somewhere was laughing his or her arse off, but there wasn't anything he could do about it now.

No one in the room seemed to care that he was standing there, so he stepped further into the room, closed the door behind him and waited for an invitation. Fujimiya spent a good few minutes playing with Farfarello while he just stood there, cock becoming more and more interested in proceedings, but he was well aware that Japan's newest incubus was no where near as oblivious as he seemed.

"Not willing to destroy your handiwork?" Fujimiya finally asked, and looked up at him for the first time.

Attempting to maintain as much dignity as he possibly could when wearing only a shirt and boxer shorts, Crawford simply looked back for a moment.

"That would have been detrimental and quite possibly fatal," he replied in his usual calm tone; "and at this point is a moot question."

"I take it Kudou was the uncalculated variable?" Fujimiya said next, standing up and walking over.

They both looked over at the man in question who was far to involved in Hidaka and Schuldig to be paying any attention to them at all. The wanton moans really said it all.

"You're brighter than I gave you credit for," Crawford admitted as he turned back and gave the naked Weiß an up and down.

That made Fujimiya laugh, a sound Crawford had, quite frankly, never expected to hear from the man in his presence. It was usually more a matter of snarling, but then before the whole cock up he had never expected to be in the presence of Fujimiya while one of them was naked either.

"My brain has been somewhat occupied this afternoon," the other assassin told him, "but I would be very dead by now if I couldn't work out something so obvious. Who was I supposed to get first; Omichi?"

Crawford just nodded; there was no point denying it now and he was really quite surprised his mental functions were still working so well.

"You're at my mercy," Fujimiya pointed out, "give me a good reason why I shouldn't just kill you for what you've done to us."

It was his turn to smile and he used his best cold, calculating one because they both knew the point was already decided.

"You need a seventh unless you plan to gradually kill the others," he pointed out, "your pheromones will only be affective in addicting others for another half an hour, and I am far more valuable to you alive and under your control than dead."

If he had been talking to Kudou or Hidaka he knew his argument might have been met with petulance, but he was well aware that Fujimiya was almost as practical as he was. Hence he was very unsurprised when his companion took him by the tie and dragged him towards the bed.

"And why shouldn't I just rape you like you wanted me to do to Omi?" was the next question as he let himself be thrown onto the bed.

"Because you get off on the pleasure," Crawford replied simply.

Fujimiya gave a rather worryingly manic grin at that point; it was not an expression he had expected to see on the man's face. Unexpected things worried him because they were so rare and the earlier events of the day had already upset his delicate equilibrium. For once in his life he was left feeling rather unsure and vulnerable and he discovered it was not a pleasant experience. He was actually almost nervous, which, quite frankly, was an affront to his own sensibilities.

"Are you just going to let me have you, Crawford?" Fujimiya asked. "That's not like you. Is the great Oracle just going to surrender and be fucked?"

He hadn't thought of it quite like that and it began to dawn on him that maybe Fujimiya had a few anger management issues and didn't want him to simply surrender. He sat up from where he was sprawled on the bed.

"Are you sure it is me who will end up being fucked?" he responded, still not sure what the outcome would be, but playing the game never the less.

How Fujimiya had managed to sidestep his visions again he had no idea, but suddenly it was rather exciting. When Fujimiya leapt at him he was only just ready.

"We'll see," the Weiß said as the redhead pinned him to the bed.

With a flick of his hips and a roll Crawford swapped their positions as Farfarello quickly moved out of the way. There was something alive and animalistic in Fujimiya's eyes as he was given a quick glimpse before they were wrestling in earnest. He knew who would win, he knew it as soon as they started to battle properly, but he also knew that wasn't the point. It was so primitive that his higher brain could barely grasp it and part of him really didn't want to play the game.

"Fight me," Fujimiya hissed at him as he almost surrendered and it spurred him back into action.

Underneath the pristine suit and perfectly controlled exterior, Brad discovered that he was in fact a real human being and pushing his shock away he began to fight in earnest.

By the time Fujimiya had him completely pinned they both had bleeding lips, he had a black eye and his opponent was sporting the beginnings of a lovely bruise all along his left cheek. Crawford was well aware that every other person in the room was watching them even as Fujimiya bound his wrists using his tie. He had pictured it being used for such a purpose, but the run up had been quite a surprise.

"Mine," Fujimiya said with a finality that had him sinking into the bed without question.

It was quite an experience, very heady in the fact that adrenaline was still pumping fast and his cock was so hard he felt fit to burst. Never in all his years had he ever lost out to his sex drive, but he didn't have much choice this time and, when Fujimiya reached out and ground a hand into his crotch, he moaned like a two-bit whore. The prim and proper aspect of his nature gave a wail of distress and promptly spontaneously combusted as anything but carnal lust left his mind. He was swamped by the many and varied things Fujimiya was going to do to him and his resistance caved completely.

His shirt went the way of the dinosaur in that the moment Fujimiya attacked it, it was very much extinct. It was possible to sew buttons back on, but not when they had been ripped out of the material leaving ragged holes behind. Fujimiya was nothing if not effective and that was why he had left his suit downstairs.

His boxers did not go next, in fact Fujimiya dribbled a little oil right onto them and began to rub him through the fabric. It made him moan again despite his attempts to control himself and that was the point where he decided that it just wasn't worth the effort. He was going to be subjugated and summarily fucked and testosterone or no testosterone he was going to have to live with the idea. When he had walked in, he had been quite happy with the idea, but the fight had rather riled him. He had to admit he was impressed; there weren't many people who could get under his skin like that.

As Fujimiya continued to play with him at least he had the small comfort that there was no ridiculous kissing. He moaned and writhed and reacted like a human being for once and when Fujimiya finally pulled off his underwear he couldn't help the sigh of relief.

"That is unnecessary," he said as he saw Fujimiya reach for the bottle of oil again.

That gained him a raised eyebrow.

"Prepared for every outcome?" Fujimiya asked even though they both knew the answer.

"Of course," he replied and was completely unsurprised when the Weiß reached up and unfastened the bond around his wrists.

They were both very clear on where this was going to go now.

Fujimiya did not wait for permission and appeared to just assume everything was already expected and Crawford very rapidly found himself being breached by a

very insistent cock. Even though he had known it was going to happen there were just some things it was impossible to be completely prepared for and he groaned long and hard.

Reality was once again much more direct than his visions and for once he was simply along for the ride. It felt much more intense than he had let himself believe and was quite honestly rather mind-blowing as hormones overcame all sense. Logically he knew he was high on Fujimiya's pheromones, but logic had very little to do with how things were going.

Sex, everything was sex and he really didn't care. At that moment he just never wanted Fujimiya to stop touching him and he didn't care who knew it. Possibly he would regret that later, but he didn't have any brain power to argue with his libido just about then. Enjoying bottoming was another new experience to add to the growing list since he had done it before, but of necessity rather than anything to do with pleasure, but right then he was definitely enjoying it. So much so that, when Fujimiya pulled out after pounding into him for what could have been anything between a second and eternity, his first thought was that he had done something wrong and was about to pay for it.

He quickly found he was very wrong and shortly thereafter lost the ability to think again as Fujimiya's mouth clamped around his cock and two fingers were then employed to tease his prostate. It seemed Fujimiya was hungry and was going about things directly and he managed to hold out for a little under thirty seconds. When his mind finally short circuited completely and he surrendered to his orgasm it was so intense that not even his visions could get through. All that existed was the moment and he was dazed and confused.

In fact he was so dazed, confused and thoroughly shagged out that he didn't catch up with the fact that Fujimiya wanted more until his legs had been forced up and back. Having a cock back inside him was almost too much and all he could do was gasp and cling on to the bed sheets as Fujimiya used him in an almost desperate manner.

Something was clearly going on in the Weiß's head to which Crawford was not privy and he had no choice but to let things happen. When Fujimiya finally shuddered, collapsing over him and barely preventing falling onto him completely, his brain recorded it as a thing of debauched beauty and gave up trying to classify the whole situation as anything else. When the redhead shifted so they could see each other again, he wasn't quite sure what to expect.

They stared at each other, both breathing hard and he noted that, for the first time, Fujimiya looked as dazed as he felt. As Fujimiya pulled out of him and looked down at himself rather stupidly, Crawford thought the other man might have finally broken something. It only latterly occurred to him, as his brain started to function again that his bed partner seemed to be staring at his own erection, which was slowly deflating.

"Oh thank god," he heard Fujimiya say and was somewhat shocked to find the Weiß lying down on the bed beside him and all but draping across him.

He had never been one for cuddling after sex and he hadn't really expected to start now.

"Sleep now," were the semi-coherent words that confirmed his suspicions and he had a nasty suspicion that Fujimiya went to sleep directly after uttering them.

It left him feeling more awkward than when he'd had his feet around his ears and Fujimiya pounding into him like a sex maniac. The fact that Schuldig giggled madly shortly after these thoughts had travelled through his mind reminded him that there was a telepath in the room and he was probably broadcasting loudly. He gave Schuldig a glare, but from the way the giggles continued he had a feeling he was not as imposing naked with an armful of Weiß as he might want to be.

"Brad's got commitment issues," Schuldig chortled through the laughter.

"Shut up, Schuldig," he said in his best commanding tone, but the giggling just became louder, especially when Farfarello, who had just been sitting in the very corner of the bed watching, decided to lie down behind Fujimiya as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

He closed his eyes and counted to ten, doing his best to ignore the irritating laughter that Nagi seemed to have caught onto as well. He began to regret that he had left his gun downstairs.

Aya was dozing lightly when he heard the front door slam in downstairs and he opened his eyes with a frown. From the thundering of feet up the stairs he came to the conclusion that the cavalry had arrived a few hours too late. He shared a look with Crawford and then put his head back on the man's chest to continue what he had been doing.

"Nagi," Crawford said in an almost offhand manner, "deal with our guests, please."

"But don't hurt them ... much," Aya added as his door gave in to a superior force from the outside.

That drew a laugh from somewhere in the room that Aya couldn't be bothered to follow.

"Why don't you let him do what you really want him to, Oh Glorious Leader?" Schuldig asked, still laughing.

"Economics," Aya replied, not exactly pleased that he couldn't go back to sleep, "they'll be paying our wages."

Even as the interlopers aimed guns around the room, two of them flew backwards, carefully missing Aya's bookcases and hitting the wall and the others were succinctly relieved of their weapons.

"Good god," Aya heard another familiar voice say and decided to look up again and saw Manx standing in the doorway. "You've all been contaminated with an experimental serum," the woman said, quickly regaining her composure, "but we can help you."

Aya just lifted an eyebrow at that; he knew he had been right to worry about the something else with the tranquilizer, but nobody had bothered to listen to him when it could have done some good. He was unimpressed with the show of force now.

"No you can't" Crawford said with the cold certainty Aya always associated with the precog, "but none of us are contagious anymore so you can cancel the

quarantine. You are, however, stuck with a team of eight rather than four so you might want to adjust your records accordingly."

Manx did a rather fair impression of a fish when she was surprised it seemed.

"But you're the enemy," Manx said clearly at a loss to explain what she was seeing.

"They're mine," Aya found himself growling out before his higher brain caught up with his instinctive one. "Now go away," he said snappishly, annoyed by having his nap interrupted, "and take the toy soldiers with you."

Then he dismissed her from his mind and put his head down again.

"Schuldig, no," he said without bothering to look up again as some sixth sense in the back of his mind that he didn't understand informed him that it was the right thing to do.

"Scheiße," Schuldig responded in a sulky tone, "you're even less fun than our ex-Glorious Leader."

"And moodier I'll bet," that was from Yoji, so Aya picked up a cushion from behind him and accurately threw it at Yoji's head without even bothering to look up.

There was a very satisfying thump.

"Bastard," was the half-hearted response.

Aya really was tired; he had just had sex with seven people, nearly all of them several times in fact and he wanted to sleep. It seemed to him to be very impolite not to let a man rest when he'd been working that hard and if people weren't careful he was going to get cranky.

The End