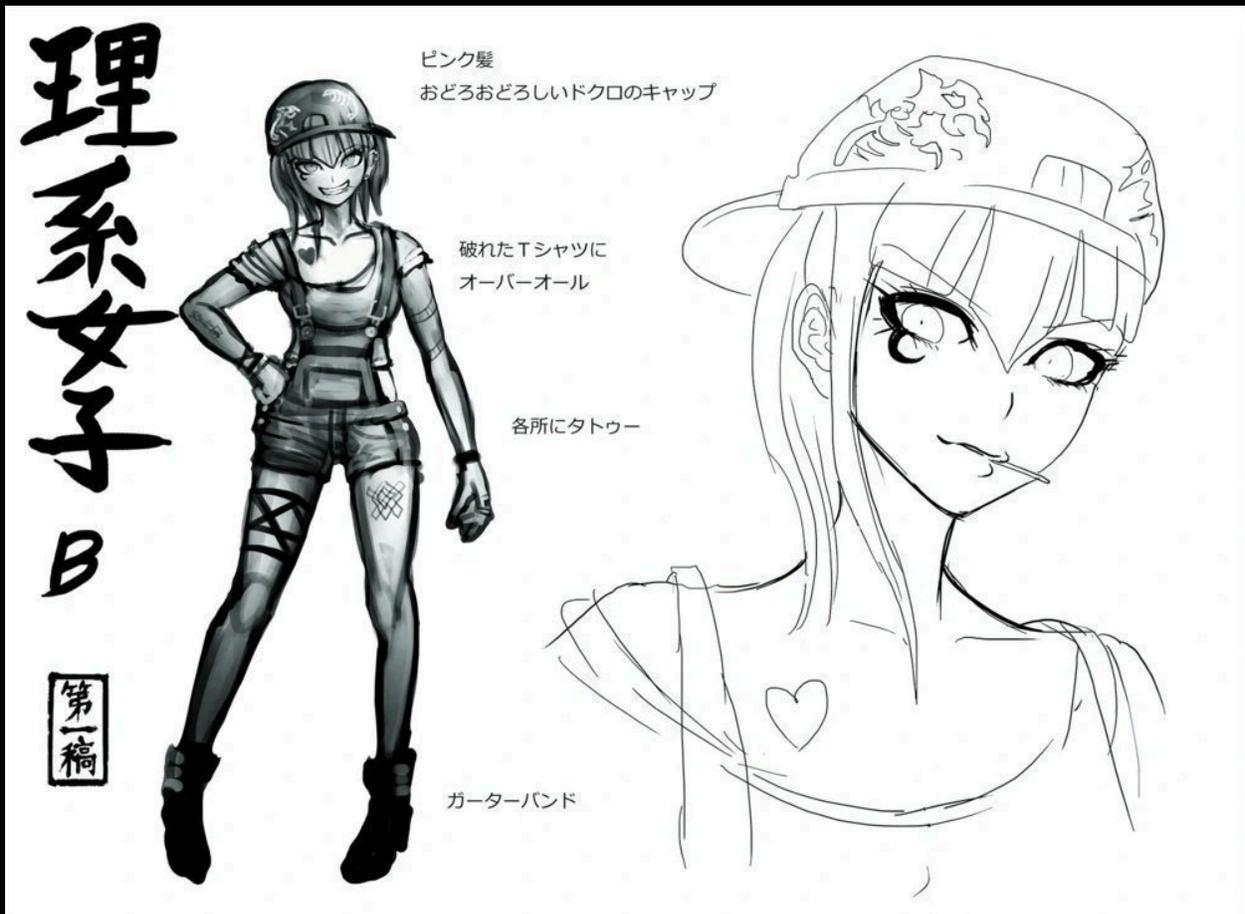


For reference, yes. I did write Miu with the following design in mind.



For Kaede.. uh. Just look up a random genderbend design of him and take your pick.

“Keitooooo.” Mirai Iruma sighed, sprawled out on Keito’s dorm room bed. “I’m boooooored.”

Keito looked up from his little piano, shaking his head at his bestie. “And what’s that got to do with *me*, Mirai? I already told you I’m going to be busy with practice for an upcoming concert.”

“It’s always ‘concert this, concert that’ with ya now. No more time for yer best bro, huh!? What happened to homies over hoes, ‘n shit like that!?”

“... Mirai, that’s not what that song from the boondocks is about. And I’m not choosing any ‘hoes’ over you, anyway. I’m choosing my career as a pianist.”

“Pft. More like Pee-anist. Heh. Heheheh...”

“You’re so mature, you know that?”

Mirai scowled at his friend, getting down onto all fours and crawling closer to him. He really was bored out of his mind, and if Keito wasn’t gonna give him some entertainment, he was gonna make him. Mirai quickly hatched up a plan to finally act on some lingering desires. It might change a lot. It might even go south. But he had to try.

“Yeah, ya got no choice but to put yer homies over yer hoes anyway. Ya don’t got *any* hoes in the first place, Mr. Virgin!”

Keito’s head tilted just enough to give Mirai a mean look. Under Mirai’s cackling smirk, he cowered just a little bit. Mirai loved to tease, but none as much as Keito. Early on he figured out that Keito was somewhat sensitive when it came to his lack of action, *especially* when he was as pretty as he was.

You’d think a boy like him – and an **ultimate** at that – would be drowning in girls, but that just didn’t seem to be the case. Mirai poked fun at him for it before they became deep friends, and he kept it up even now.

“How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t find joking about that *funny*, Mirai?” Keito frowned.

It was an incredibly sore subject.

“C’mon, there’s no shame in bein’ a filthy low-life virgin! I mean, not that I can relate. Been ‘round the block a lot. Drownin’ in babes *and* dudes, maybe one day you can be like m–”

“Get *out*.”

Shit. Did he push this a bit too far? No, no. Just... just keep it up for a liiiiittle bit more.

“What!? Don’t get pissy at me for statin’ the truth! Who cares if you’ll die alone without ever havin’ fucked? There’s more important things, riiight, Mr. Pianist?”

Keito was red enough in the face that he threw his piano off the bed when he hopped to his feet and glared down at Mirai.

‘Heh, nice, got him to get rid of that piano!’ Mirai cheered in his head. There was still the matter of defusing this before it really exploded, though.

Suddenly, he’d laugh. To Keito’s shock, he’d also wink and bite the corner of his lip.

“Y’know, since I feel so bad, I wouldn’t object to a romp in the hay with ya so ya know how to treat somebody if ya ever get the chance. Just one night with me, and you’ll be a proper **stud** in no time.”

Keito was so bewildered, he completely forgot that he was just pissed off at him.

“W-Wha..?” He took a step back, too. Kinda cute.

Mirai was a very *shameless* flirt. He made off-handed sexual comments about and towards everyone. There was a stark difference between that and genuine propositions, however. He’d made the latter towards many people, but *never* Keito.

The blonde boy had to admit that sometimes he fantasized about such a thing happening. As time went by, he gave up hope. And here it was, right in front of them.

“T-That’s not very funny either, Mirai.” He crossed his arms, pouting to the side.

Mirai wasn’t going to let Keito ruin this. The inventor always found his fellow ultimate to be cute ‘n all, but he... kinda... assumed he would’ve been a shrimp dick.

After ‘accidentally’ walking in on him in the shower one time it was proven to not be the case.

“Who the fuck says I’m jokin’, jerkwad?” Mirai groaned. “You stare at my hips ‘n thighs all the time, and you’re just gonna pass off like some kinda *loser* when I make a proposition like this!?”

Keito finally glanced back at him. “You mess with me all the time! H-How am I supposed to know that you’re being serious for once!?”

“Uh, I don’t mess with you like this, fuckwit. If you’re so desperate for *proof*, well...”

Mirai smiled slyly. Just like Keito, he forced himself off the bed. Slowly, his hips bounced side-to-side during his approach.

Keito gulped, backing up as Mirai got closer. He cursed under his breath when his back was to the wall.

‘*Nowhere to run now, sugar.*’ Mirai mused. He reached his prey and winked right at him, palms spread against his chest. Then, he dipped himself into a low squat, face in front of Keito’s crotch.

“Before I continue... d’ya still think I’m messing with ya?”

“A-A little...” Keito softly admitted. “Seriously. I’m going to be really mad if you’re pulling wool over my eyes.”

“... Moron.” Mirai groaned, getting to work on undoing Keito’s pants and tugging them down.

He didn’t make any complaints then. Keito did go to place a hand over his mouth to maybe stay quiet, but Mirai stopped him.

“Don’t even think about keeping yerself quiet, twinkie. I wanna hear *every* noise you make.”

He nodded silently, and the throb in his underwear excited Mirai like nothing else. Just one more obstacle in his way... he grabbed onto the hems, slowly pulling down and making the most of it. Keito’s hands reached down to grab at him, halting the process.

Mirai looked a little annoyed. He hated being stopped, *but* if Keito genuinely wasn’t comfortable with this, he wouldn’t push it. “Whats’a matter?”

“N... Nothing.” He shrugged. “Just a little shocked this is happening. My first time. And with- with *you*. Sorry, you can keep going. But if we go any further, shouldn’t we need a condom, or?”

Mirai snorted out a laugh. “Fuck no! I use a pill, nothin’ beats getting nuttied in raw. ‘N if you’re worried about getting burned, I get tested all the time, this pussy is **clean**. So don’t try to get out of floodin’ yer bro’s womb, bitch.”

With that issue handled, Mirai forced the underwear down and felt Keito’s cumbersome cock literally *smack* down onto his face.

“Ho...ly *fuck*. It’s even bigger than I thought, DAMN!” Mirai stared up in pure *awe* at it. It had to be nearing a foot in length, and rivaled a bottle in width. “Maybe it’s good ya never got any pussy. Woulda killed someone if it wasn’t *me*.”

“I don’t know if I-I should feel complimented or insulted by that comment.”

“Both!” Mirai smiled. Keito gave one back, albeit a weak one. “Now, hush, and let daddy get to *work*.”

“D-Daddy...” Keito echoed before Mirai dove in, and he’s glad that he heard that.

He started at his crown jewels, gingerly cupping both in one hand and covering them in kiss after kiss. Salty, sweaty and utterly delicious. Just the way Mirai always liked 'em. He was onto the base next, even putting a bit of tongue into the smooching. Next was the midway point of his shaft. The glans were finally reached, Mirai's lips hugging around it and *tugging* passionately.

You only experience your first blowjob once. Mirai looked up to survey Keito's reaction, who was taking it surprisingly much better than expected. He was shivering, yes. His knees buckled, yes. He spat out every swear under the sun quietly, yes. No, Mirai didn't have very low expectations for Keito, why do you ask?

Mirai tilted back a little just to spit on the head and then gobble it back down, easing himself into a deepthroat with minimal effort. He may have sucked down *bigger* than Keito, but none of those logs of raw meat were as special as this boy's.

"Hnfg! M-Miraiiii..." Keito moaned out.

Mirai couldn't blame him for squealing so adorably when his entire mast was doused in so much saliva, and getting throated down like it was nothing. An impressive sight, and a most cock-tickling feeling.

When he started bobbing his head, it was even worse for his bestie. Mirai tried to strike some kind of middle ground. Slow and sensual enough to not overwhelm Keito and to show him that he *really* cared, yet speedy to the point where Keito got the idea that Mirai adored the taste of him.

Dragging his tongue painstakingly against his flesh, pushing his lips out more for a tighter grip on him. Every writhe and mewl of Keito was more than enough of a reward for Mirai. Keito tried to maintain the eye contact Mirai established, but it was too difficult. How could he keep staring down at such a pretty face like that while it blew him like *this*?

He blushed and averted his eyes each time, drawing a giggle out of Mirai that'd tickle his cock and make him groan deeper.

Both sides were in a state of pure bliss. Keito was getting sucked off. By his hot best friend. His hot best friend he's secretly lusted after for *months*. Things were starting to really go right for him.

Mirai felt similarly on a sentimental level. But on a slutty level, he was completely fascinated by the greatest tasting pillar of dickbeef that he's smacked past his lips in months.

“Shlrrp... shlrrp. Glrrfhk. Shlrrrkkk..~” His throaty squelches got his own boypussy wetter than the sea. Fuck, it was just **good**.

It was why he felt some regret bubbling up in his chest when he peeled off Keito's groin. They weren't done, not by a long shot, but he was getting curious to see how this shaft would feel elsewhere.

“W-Why'd you stop?” Keito asked, clearly disappointed.

“Don't get yer panties inna twist.” Mirai huffed. He rose and then pointed towards the bed. “Much as I wanna gobble yer jizz, I'm not takin' a chance that a virgin is gonna have the stamina to go for another round. We're havin' sex for *real*, Kei. Think you're ready for that?”

“I-” Keito hesitated. In his thoughts, Mirai *begged* for him to not blurt out an ‘*I don't know*’ right now. He needed this dick in him yesterday. Shit, he needed it in ‘im when they first met, with how good that shit is!

Suddenly, Keito's unsure expression faded. He nodded, stepping forth and taking both of Mirai's hands into his own. “Yes. Yes, Mirai. I'm... I'm ready for that. I want to make you feel as good as you've made me feel.”

“... A-Ah.” Mirai squeaked out, surprised by his own shy response. T-The *fuck* was gettin' into him!? And Keito, his touch was so gentle and soft and sweet and god he was so handsome up close and and and-

“Pfh, whatever, gayass!” Back to normal old Mirai. Call *him* that to ignore the fact that *you* just had a gayass moment. “You don't got the experience to make *me* feel as good yet. Look, lay yerself on the bed, lemme get on top and lemme work my magic on ya.”

“But-”

“No but's besides my *own*, dammit! Like I said, yer a fuckin' virgin. Just let me show you the ins 'n outs while you *give me* the ins 'n outs. You can worry about rocking my world the next time.”

“Next time, huh?” Keito couldn't hide his excitement. “Is someone getting attached to my body that quickly?”

“Heh, already flirtin' back? Look at you go, tiger!”

Filled with anticipation, Keito and Mirai sped through the process of undressing. Away with those stuffy pants that still clung to Keito's ankles, away with that stupid fucking sweater vest that made him look so idiotic yet so *handsome* to Mirai.

Away with Mirai's backwards hat that looked more dorky than it did cool, and away with those overalls that always made his ass look so tantalizingly perfect to Keito. Something told him Mirai was well aware of that fact, and kept wearing ones that were tighter and tighter.

They were in the nude in front of each other before they knew it. It wasn't as if this was the very first time. All the guys were basically naked around each other constantly in the locker room. The difference was night and day nonetheless, and both knew why.

To Keito, Mirai was the walking definition of beauty. He thought everything about him was just so gorgeous. From his head to his toes. From his hips to the fading surgery scars at his chest. And probably most all from his wagon of an ass to that *fat fucking pussy*. Mirai took pride in it. He didn't blame him.

Mirai was having very similar homoerotic thoughts about his best friend. Keito's figure on paper wasn't anything to write home about. Not a muscly hunk like Mirai normally thirsted over, nor a perfectly curved hourglass like he himself had. Keito was just... he was just *average*. A normal guy. Not too skinny, not too thick and not too tall and not too small. Again, on paper, not anything intriguing in particular.

So why did he feel like he needed to kiss all over this boy and ride his dick like he's trying to break it?

"Gonna stop starin' at me like that, or take me to pound town already?" Mirai asked with a grumpy tone.

"*You* were just staring at *me* even harder." Keito pointed out.

It went ignored. Mirai pushed the other boy back onto the center of his own bed, crawling over to straddle him. Keito decided on sitting upright instead of laying down, frustrating Mirai a little because of how *close* he was.

'*Stupid prettyboy face..*' He sighed. He guided Keito's hands over to rest upon his hips, and draped his arms around Keito's shoulders.

The pianist's dick rested right against Mirai's stomach. He looked down at it, and knew this was going to *really* bulge him out. **Good.**

Keito gulped. "Guess we're about to reach the point of no return?"

“Buddy...” Mirai rolled his eyes. “It wasn’t even that long ago that I guzzled yer dick until ya squealed like a bitch. We’re *miles* past the point of no return.”

He hummed while lifting himself and planting his petals of meat against the crown, grinding back and forth just to get a few quivers out of Keito.

“Ya really gotta be like, right in front of me while I do this shit? Can’t just lie there and stare up in awe?”

“Nope,” Keito smiled. “I’d... nnh. Rather see your cute face when you take it in up close.”

“H-Huh?” Now *that* caught him off guard. He coughed, eyes averting and trying to laugh it off. “Tch, fuckin’ weirdo! F-Fine. If ya want it so bad, here you- nng... g-go..!”

Thus, the arduous process of guiding Keito inside began. He was a real heavyweight, and it wasn’t as if Mirai didn’t deal with it before. Honestly... he usually would have just slid down someone with minimal effort like a **slut**, but he wanted to give Keito an experience to remember. To look back on fondly. Intimacy like this wasn’t Mirai’s strong suit, but he was at least trying.

Slowly cramming it inside himself, inch by inch. A sudden and deep insertion brought forth sudden surges of pleasure Mirai knew how to handle, but something like this? Little jolts and zaps of goodness that grew incrementally?

“Ooh... nnNHHFH! Ah.. *haah*.”

Mirai wasn’t built for that. He sped up towards the half-way point, not even because of his own impatience, but because Mirai began pulling him downwards. With his help, he made his way to the bottom.

There was a little bulge poking out after all. Nothing major, but just enough for Mirai to *feel* that it was there and to notice it with his sight. He huffed a bit, trying to get the energy back into himself.

Keito was a little louder, hugging Mirai closer.

“T-This is how it feels to be *inside someone*? It- mph. I kinda never want it to end.”

“Guess my coochie is just that fuckin’ delish, eh?” Mirai smiled. “Whewww... awright. H-How ya feeling?”

“It’s pathetic, but already *really* up there.”

“Well, we ain’t all sex machines during our first bout. Lemme... s-start it up for ya.”

Mirai closed his eyes, forehead touching against Keito’s. He forced his hips upwards, painstakingly taking every segment of cock out of his hole. He kept it up until he reached near the tip and came moving back down. It wasn’t anything like the swift bouncing he gave to other partners, or that he’d imagined putting Keito through during the (not) rare fantasy.

But it was a necessary evil, for now. Slow and diligent pulling of his hips vertically, ensuring that he would feel every little bit pulsing in and out. And so Keito himself would feel every crevice and spot inside Mirai’s walls, closing around him like a constrictor.

Keito’s hands were firm on Mirai’s hips, but almost as if they feared wandering elsewhere. This wouldn’t do. Mirai grabbed a hand and silently forced it to massage along him, hoping Keito would get the silent message. When he did, Mirai’s arms shifted back into their previous position.

Now Keito was kneading everywhere he could reach. Tracing shapes along Mirai’s stomach, patting against his chest and **squeezing** into the pillowy softness of his ass. Finally getting the chance to touch that dumptruck ass made him feel like he was on top of the world. He basically was.

Mirai giggled at his excitement, and upped the ante since he deemed Keito ready. It was a step below Mirai’s usually frantic pace, but it was damn well close, and it was a jump Keito would have to quickly adapt to.

His low grunts grew more high-pitched and frequent. All of his shudders got chuckles out of Mirai, who he wished would have warned him before going this hard. It was probably inevitable, anyway.

The male’s fat cheeks were audibly *clapping* now, smacking off Keito’s skin all wet. The bed creaked very lightly, almost unnoticeably so. Much more fluids were leaking out of Mirai’s crotch now, and sped it up more whether they liked it or not. Because of Keito’s gradually worsening throbbing deep in there, Mirai was already inclined to pick up the pace another time.

And so, he would. The loud, wall-bouncing **SHLAP, PLAP, CLAP** that followed brought a warm grin to Mirai’s face. Fuck, *there* it was.

The bed creaked much more loudly. Keito heaved and gasped much louder. Mirai himself was even purring excitedly, using Keito like he was just some kind of toy.

“H-How’s- *oofhhfuck*. T-This speed, loverboy!? HaaWWHH..! Mmgfnh. *Fuck*, that dick is sooo guuud..”

Keito didn’t answer. He was trying to stay composed, whispering out a “Fuck!” and a “Miraiiii~” here and there, but he ultimately gave in and was borderline *barking* out cries of pleasure.

“S-So good.. So, s-so **GOOD!** How.. c-close are you, Mirai? Any moment now, I’m gonna-”

“Then *don’t* hold back.” Mirai bit his lip, smashing his hips down with even *greater* force. “Don’t.. hNNGFhh hold out on me. I want y-you to BREED this fuckin’ pussy, dude. Y’wanna... y’wanna punch tongues while we nut together? Yeah?”

“M-More than anything.” He answered. He barely got to finish that sentence before Mirai started smooching him.

Keito may have not had *sex* before, but he has *kissed* before.

He just never kissed anyone as madly lustful as Mirai is before, however.

It wasn’t slow nor careful nor caring but it was every bit as passionate as the others. It was like... it was like *fireworks*. Sudden bursts of fiery, loud and crackling energy. There was nothing he could compare the way Mirai used his tongue to. That was just straight up *godly*.

The two best friends embraced each other and deepened their kiss the furthest it could go. Mirai pounded himself on Keito’s dick the furthest he could, ensuring to move in a way that’d push the both of them straight off the edge. Mirai felt his walls convulse and contract down tightly, and Keito throb like a dozen times per second. Hyperbole, but it fuckin’ *felt* like it.

Mirai threw himself forward, toppling Keito over and laying atop him while he got filled with his best friend’s cum. Keito may have only had one round in him, but he made the most of it with the amount injected in there.

Throughout the orgasm, their smooching became much slower. More... intimate. More loving, even. Mirai felt his heart fluttering and his cheeks growing beet red. It scared him a little bit.

Thankfully, they needed to part for air before *that* weird little event could go on any longer than it already had. Mirai and Keito looked into each other's eyes for what felt like ages. Mirai rolled off eventually, lying beside Keito and snuggling into his chest, lightly tapping along it.

The rush of hormones and adrenaline passed, and they were left in an awkward little slice of heaven they didn't know what to do with.

"That... w-was..." Keito trailed off.

"Everything ya ever fuckin' dreamed off?" Mirai finished for him. "Yeah, I know. I'm pretty awesome. Ya got a nice enough dick, so I wouldn't mind lettin' ya hit it again. And again. Many agains."

Keito grinned at the thought of it. "That'd be great. But... ughhh. I was practicing for my concert, you know. Then you had to go and distract me with your body."

"And I was bored outta my fuckin' mind, like I told ya! Then I got ya to whip out that dick, and bam!"

"Wha- wait, did you start teasing me again hoping it'd lead to this!?"

"Duh."

"You really are something else."

"So I've been told." Mirai sighed, leaning in to use Keito's chest as a pillow a little better. The strokes of hair he received were a surprise, but not one he would reject. He even leaned into it a little.

Mirai didn't speak up when Keito reached for his blanket and draped it over the both of them, either.

Was it just Mirai, or did everything feel very awkward now? Should he say something? Should he stay quiet?

"I, uh..." Keito spoke up. "I-"

'...' Mirai waited for those dreaded words.

"Thanks, dude." Keito settled on instead, ruffling up his bestie's hair.

Mirai didn't know whether the feeling in his heart was relief or disappointment. Both? Was it possible it was both? Meh. He'd settle this another day.

"You're welcome, virg- ah, shit! I gotta find a new insult."

"How does shooting yourself in the foot like that feel?"

"S-Shaddup! Grrr. You're lucky yer dick is fat. Now lemme nap, I need t' catch up on my beauty sleep."

"Fine, fine. I'm tired, too."

It wasn't hard for Mirai to doze off in Keito's arms. Holding him tight. Making him feel so safe, secure and lo-

...

Yeah. He'd settle this another day.