

# Wallpaper

Von Lauv

No matter what people said, Tokyo winters *were* cold despite the lack of real snow. Nino was someone to freeze incredibly easily, and during winter he made sure to wear an extra layer of clothes and the long, soft scarf made by Ohno's mom. It was blue with ridiculously shiny yellow fringes, but that only made Nino like it all the more. And still he would freeze more than anyone else.

But as cold as those winter mornings were, Nino needed them. In fact, out of all seasons, he liked winter the most for the aspect that he could get out of bed better. Or, well—not get out of bed better (because his warm bed was even more tempting on cold mornings), but once he had managed to get up, he would leave his flat to the staircase outside and let the cold wake his body up. And whereas he would be sleepy the whole day during other seasons, the cold air during winter woke him up like nothing else; it helped.

It was just as easy as that—stand here, dead tired from way too little sleep, in his sweatpants and a thin t-shirt, leaning over the railing of the stairs outside his penthouse and stare into the sky.

It seemed to be exceptionally cold this morning though, and Nino shivered visibly as he looked down to the ever-alive city. It was early noon, but Arashi had been filming until morning, and even though it was rather late already, Nino hadn't caught more than a few hours of sleep.

It was so *cold*. Cold, cold, cold. His body was waking up slowly, and Nino tiredly and tremblingly rubbed the sleep out of his face when he heard steps from down the stairs.

*Finally*, Nino thought and a little cattish smile appeared on his lips when he turned his head to the side and looked down at his arriving visitor.

*Click*. Ohno had taken a photo of Nino before the other man could protest, and Nino had even looked directly into his cellphone camera by pure chance.

"Can't you just put your phone away for once?" Nino asked when he realized what Ohno was doing, and frowned. He even tried to sound annoyed, but how could he *really* sound annoyed when it was no one else but Ohno a few steps down the stairs, looking so endlessly adorable, all wrapped into a thick winter coat and a huge yellow scarf around his neck, covering half of his face? His nose poked out from over the scarf though, slightly reddened from cold. *Of course* Nino could not sound annoyed.

"Why should I?" came the plain answer, and Ohno looked at the screen of his phone as he walked up to Nino slowly.

*DSC\_2076.jpg successfully saved into the folder "pictures"* it said.

"I already have over two thousand pictures of you on this phone," Ohno announced

proudly when he reached the end of the stairs and leaned against the railing, next to Nino.

"How about 'good morning' instead?" Nino offered, inching a little closer to Ohno. It was real cold this morning, and Ohno's coat looked so big on him, Nino was sure he'd fit into it if Ohno just opened it a little so Nino could worm in...

"Can you... look to the side a bit?" Ohno asked instead of actually taking care of warming Nino up though, pushing the scarf down from his face to reveal cute, pouty lips. "I need a new wallpaper for my phone."

Nino wanted to slap Ohno, or kiss him, or both. He had just got up, and he *really* didn't care about his damned wallpapers. Ohno *always* ran around with his phone, taking photos of Nino in all kinds of situations, so couldn't he—just for once—?

"Please?" Ohno asked again, and Nino gave up. He could never say no to Ohno after all, not with that damn pouty face and begging eyes.

"Fine," he mumbled and turned away, looking down to the city again.

"You look so cute when you've just woken up," Ohno remarked, his lips curling into a happy smile. "So cute. Your hair's such a mess..." Ohno's hand reached out then and he let his long, slim fingers run through Nino's chaotic morning hair once, trying to get it into order. Then he gently cupped Nino's face by his chin and turned it a little more to the side before stepping back and taking a photo.

*DSC\_2077.jpg successfully saved into the folder "pictures"* his screen read.

"Perfect," Ohno commented and picked it out as the new wallpaper on his phone.

"See?" he spoke further, happily, and got close to Nino again, offering up his phone.

"Don't I have a handsome boyfriend?"

Nino laughed a little but didn't spare the screen more than a quick glance. "Maybe, but mine is even more handsome. And don't you even argue."

Ohno wanted to protest though, but Nino had already stepped right up to him, freezing very obviously now.

"What?" he whispered before the other man could say anything, his face so close to Ohno's that Ohno's breath warmed up Nino's nose comfortably, "Can I finally get my good-morning kiss now or do you need even more photos to create a damned screensaver?"

It wasn't even half a second later that Ohno's lips were already brushing against Nino's own, and Ohno giggled. "No, I still have my old one with photos of your naked—"

It was very rare that Nino ever felt the need to shut Ohno up, but right now he felt exactly that, and so he did.

Ohno's lips felt cold against his own, but once Nino had parted them with his tongue and pushed in, it was all warm, and so much *Ohno*. Ohno everywhere; and there was nothing Nino liked more than this very taste.

Ohno sighed into the kiss, his eyes fluttering shut, and without being prompted to he opened his coat, immediately pulling Nino's cold body flush against his own and wrapping both of their bodies into the warm coat. Both of Nino's hands slid around Ohno's body in return, pulling him so close it almost hurt, and it felt perfect.

Ohno was embracing him all over with his warmth from head to toe; he was kissing him strongly, his tongue ravishing Nino's mouth with more passion and fire than one would possibly have expected Ohno to show, and even when Nino managed to push back and nibble on Ohno's lower lip instead, it felt like Ohno was still the one warming him up.

"So delicious," Nino mumbled incoherently against Ohno's wet lips when they parted

for breath, and then they kissed again, tongues dancing with each other, lips sucking, and Ohno gasped quietly into Nino's mouth. It felt hot and wet, passionate, a tiny bit arousing, but mostly it felt like *love*, and Nino drowned a little bit in it.

His hands found Ohno's butt easily, and soon he was squeezing there too until Ohno helplessly turned his head to the side, whimpering innocently, and Nino buried his face in as much of Ohno's neck as he could reach what with the scarf being a bit in the way.

"Good morning," Ohno whispered huskily, slightly out of breath, his cheeks tinted in a rosy red from all the kissing and groping.

"Good morning," Nino mumbled back, covering every single inch of soft skin with tiny, loving pecks.

Despite the cold, those Tokyo winter mornings definitely *were* the best.