

# Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

## Promise (1)

Fuck him. Honestly, just- well, not actually, since that was not an option as of now. Anyway, he could go to hell. Or back to his creepy ex, for all he cared.

Yosuke threw his school bag into the corner of his bedroom after banging doors and ignoring concerned words and glances from his family on his way up here.

Whatever, he didn't really need him, he could manage on his own. He flopped down on his bed, face first into his cushion.

Which smelled like him.

God fucking damn it.

He pushed it on the floor before it made recent memories resurface in his mind and made a mental note to change his bed sheets later. Or rather make his mother do it.

Oh, she will be just delighted to hear the news. Her son was now a little bit less of a disgrace again! If only he would do a better job at school now, too!

Yosuke barely remembered what kind of homework he had to do, which was a shame, because he might have actually done them today. He had promised to him to at least try to be a good student, but that promise flew out the window now. Why the heck should he keep this promise when Masaru hadn't kept his.

Fumbling his phone out his pocket, he had already forgotten what he'd left on the screen before he had shut it off. Being greeted by *that* text message made Yosuke's stomach churn. That this motherfucker didn't even have the guts to tell him personally probably ticked him off the most. What a fucking coward. His phone joined the cushion on the floor.

Now with nothing left to distract himself, Yosuke turned on his back and just stared at the ceiling. He should have turned his radio on, or something.

It was okay. His kisses sucked anyway. He snored sometimes, and his hands were always way too rough on his skin, even though Yosuke told him to use lotion. He wasn't really a cuddler and always jerked away when Yo did as much as stand a little bit too close to him in public. It was a miracle he had let him touch him in this very room when his family was home. Which had been just a week ago. On this bed. Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.

His body went hot and cold, and he wanted to vomit. With weak arms Yosuke picked up the cushion from the floor and pressed it tightly against his body, inhaled the scent and let the tears soak the fabric.

He would probably not change the sheets for a while.