

A Christmas Interlude

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Simply how two cousins spend their Christmas. Yes, this is rather late.

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Warning: Shounen-ai, maybe a little shouta?

Disclaimer: I do not own one little bit of this story, besides the words, minus the names of the characters. Yes! I do own the pixels... quite you!

A/N: Well, I wrote this around Christmas time, and I guess it's a little late... but I still hope you all enjoy it. I'm just... prolonging the holiday, that's right! X3

A Christmas Interlude

Every year since his cousin had returned from America, Christmas had become better for Suguru. Before, the holiday was its usual, commercial self. Gifts given to close friends and lovers, stores using the time to sell their products and make a dollar before the end of the year. The first year after Tohma had returned from that far away and foreign country, Christmas was redefined. Suguru still remembered the phone call, his cousin asking him if he wanted to celebrate the holiday together.

'Mika is visiting her family, she doesn't believe this is a worthy enough holiday to spend with her husband,' the word husband had been slightly changed in its annunciation, twisted ever so subtly into a word with a meaning of less importance, *'I have no one to celebrate with this year, so maybe you would like to...'* he had left his question unfinished, but Suguru had understood and accepted.

The night had been quaint, a pathetic attempt at making a Christmas tree which ended up being discarded and replaced by settling down near the fire place with two mugs of hot chocolate. The two cousins huddled close as they were sharing a blanket, more for the sake of atmosphere rather than for heat. Tohma told Suguru tales of all the differences in America, and about the *true* Christmas. So the years passed, each December twenty-fifth becoming a little nicer and a little closer to the traditions of Northern America with the revolution of the earth. The second year the cousin had a real tree, the third ornaments that had been stored from the previous year were found and placed upon the boughs of a new tree. Next came lights, tinsel and carols which Tohma had imported from America. One year brought mistletoe, something Tohma had gotten to enliven his wife, and which ended in a awkward silence when one cousin tried to enter and the other left the kitchen. Soon Christmas became a day to look forward to with anticipation and look back on with fondness for Tohma and Suguru, it was a constant in their lives.

This time it would be much better than in the past. As eager as Tohma was to spend the holiday with his cousin, the blond arrived belatedly to Suguru's apartment. The flat was already decorated with lights and garlands. The normally avalanche prone piles of music were gone from the table and couch in the living room, the floors had been cleaned, and the normally dull residence had been transformed into a decorative and festive apartment.

Suguru was waiting near the door, apprehensive and wearing a red Santa's hat that Tohma had purchased for him in a previous year.

"Merry Christmas, Tohma", Suguru said in greeting, with the nervous, new addition of his cousin's first

name.

“Yes, Merry Christmas,” the blond removed his winter coat and hat, hanging them on a wooden coat rack near the door, “I’m sorry for being this late, but my *family* demanded a proper amount of my time to be spent with them,” Tohma carefully unsheathed his hands from his form-fitting black gloves and placed the apparel in the left pocket of his coat.

Warm arms encompassed the older man; Suguru embraced his cousin trying to drive the chill from the outdoors away from Tohma. He returned the hug, pressing their bodies closer together and smiled.

“It doesn’t matter, you’re here,” Suguru responded, though it did matter, he had been worried when his cousin had not arrived promptly at the pre-ordained time. He had nervously flitted around, as he was prone to do. Tohma had called him a humming bird once because of his fidgeting habit, but the anticipating time of waiting was over and the celebration was starting to begin.

Suguru looked towards the ceiling, then gently pressed his soft lips to his cousin’s. He had to stand on his sock covered toes to close the several centimeter distance that height differences caused. In the range of kisses this one was precisely in-between chaste and sweet, and was soon over as Suguru shifted his weight back to the balls of his feet, drawing their touching lips apart.

Tohma looked at his now blushing cousin, then up at what had been so interesting before their impromptu kiss, “I don’t think we’ll be moving from this spot tonight.”

The innuendo in his cousin’s words only caused the teen’s face to continue to redden, “I... I put it up other places too.”

“Hmm... I wonder where else?”. Tohma Seguchi was a master of wit, sarcasm, and most of all, feigning innocent, “We should find the rest.”

Suguru copied his cousin’s smile as he was dragged into the opposite room, he closed the door for Tohma, because the blond was most likely going to forget to do so.

It is safe to say that the pair of relatives did not get even one wink of sleep that night, and one more thing: the room they were in was not the kitchen.

~Fin~