

Happy Game

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It's amazing how a happy little game can lead to your greatest desires. [Yaoi][One-shot]

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Title: Happy Game Rating: M Genre: Romance Summary: It's amazing how a happy little game can lead you to your greatest desire. [Yaoi][One-shot] Disclaimer: Shaman King © Hiroyuki Takei Yoh smiled down Manta, who lay below him, exhausted and trembling lightly. It wasn't oftenthey got a night alone in Funbari Onsen, and as Yoh did every other time, he took advantage of theirtime alone. He smiled as he began to gently smooth the wrinkles out of Manta's blue hoody and whiteshorts, and then leaned down and kissed the boy lightly on the forehead. The smaller would probablysleep clear into the morning, and when he awoke he would complain about Yoh letting him sleep insoiled clothing, but the shaman was looking forward to hearing his beloved's voice. Whenever his other friends complained or were displeased, they would hit, kick, cut, and evenpummel him. But Anna was going to be in Izumo for a week with Tamao, Ryu had gone camping withhis friends and wouldn't be back for several days, and Horo had dragged Ren to Hokkaido to meet hisfamily. There wouldn't be anybody to disturb his happy time. And happy time called for Happy Game. He wasn't sure how he had managed to come up with such a concept as Happy Game. Justafter the shaman tournament, he had spent some time at Manta's to get away from Anna's training andhis family's lectures about preparing for the future. He hadn't cared for any of that, now that GreatSpirit's intentions were revealed. He had just wanted to get onto his happy, relaxing life; Somethingnobody else seemed interested in. Manta had been different, though. He was obviously still in shock from what Hao had done onTop of Star, but he tried his best not to show Yoh that he was shaken and did many things for himduring his stay. He prepared the best meals he could, took him shopping for anything he might want,and generally waited on him, though he was always careful to make his actions friendly, rather than aduty. He would even sit with Yoh when he bathed to talk, and then days later he began washing Yoh'shair for him. Something Yoh got used to quickly when he found how comfortable it was when Mantawould massage his head while lathering the shampoo. He smiled, remembering the third day Manta had done it for him. Like any other day, Mantahad had his small complaints. However he hadn't said a word to Yoh about a fight he had had with hisfather that morning over the phone. During the bath Yoh inquired about it, but other than tensing at theinquiry Manta said nothing about it. Finally Manta prepared to leave when it was about time for Yoh toget out of the water and dry, but as he stood Yoh caught him in a half-hug, pulling him closer to the tub.He grinned, remembering the questioning look Manta gave him as he shifted to get a better grip onManta, and then slowly he let his left hand begin rubbing the boy's side, looking for the sensitive areashe had titled 'soft spots' when he was younger. It didn't take him long to find one in Manta's sides, justabove his hips, and immediately he began massaging the two areas. For several moments he happilymassaged his friend, listening to the little squeaks of pleasure, and then pulled Manta into the tub withhim. He sat voluntarily in Yoh's lap, a lasting wince on his face as Yoh rubbed more vigorously onhis 'soft spots', and Yoh continued to grin. Manta was the most reserved of his guy friends, so Yohdidn't need to guess that the blonde was scared of the new sensations, but he could also guess that hisfriend enjoyed the attention. Slowly he nuzzled his ace into Manta's neck and lightly nudged his head tothe side and began nipping around Manta's neck for any other sensitive areas. When he finally reachedthe nape of Manta's neck, he was rewarded by a startled gasp, and then began attacking the area withkisses, licks, nuzzles; Anything that would make the boy cry out, though he also enjoyed when Mantagiggled if something tickled him. Finally, though, he had to stop his little 'play time' with his friend.When he had felt Manta's grasp on him become weak, he examined him and found he was barelyawake anymore, though in a state of utter bliss. So, Yoh bare and pruny and Manta clad in soakedclothing, they cuddled quietly in the bath. Since

Manta had fallen asleep, it left Yoh in silence to think. He liked this little game that had occurred to him. He got to make Manta feel really good, and that made him feel good. Of course, it was frustrating that he wouldn't get to feel the same pleasure, but at the same time he did get to do something intimate with the boy that had become his best friend, and the best part was they didn't have to do dirty things to feel good. It was a very happy little game indeed. So he named it 'Happy Game'. He tired quite frequently to play with Manta after that, but after landing Manta in hot water with Anna and accidentally causing him to fail a test, he soon decided that Happy Game was something that would have to wait for alone time, or until Manta finally grew out of his shyness for intimacy. Over the past fourteen months, though, Happy Game was becoming more special to the young shaman. Lying in his futon with Manta, he felt most natural and peaceful. Over time he had been growing more and more attached to the human, and the more attached he became, the more he thought about them, and their future. And now, snuggling the blonde in his arms firmly, he watched Manta sleep, his expression thoughtful. Even if Manta tended to be panicky, he still always trusted him in the end. And it was rare for him to be upset about doing things for him. Yoh thought quietly for a moment, and then smiled. Whenever they were alone, Manta gave him a taste of that peaceful life he wanted. And each taste was more delightful than the last, whether Manta was ranting about the food, he was comforting the blonde, or they were playing Happy Game together. Curled up together now, sleepy and contented was the sweetest taste yet. He looked down and watched as tiny hands grasped his yukata, in search of a protective warmth, and then he smiled. Perhaps it would upset the others; Particularly his family. However, it didn't change that he wanted a restful life. With a contented sigh he offered Manta the protective embrace he was seeking, and then closed his eyes. In the morning he would plan his route to his peaceful life. The place he had found while playing a happy little game.