

# Of Love and Lust

By KonohaRhamen

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*Okita Souji is a boyish gentleman and is always smiling, but what will you do if you lost in a duel against him? Is sex a good retribution?*

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**Chapter 1 - Of Love and Lust**

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# 1 - Of Love and Lust

Of Lust and Love  
by: Rei Li-Kitayuki

Cast: Okita Souji x OC (Hijikata Hikaru)  
Series: Peacemaker Kurogane  
Rating: T+/M  
Frequency: One-Shot  
Genre: Non-Yaoi/Romance

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"Man, I couldn't believe this. I lost again," Hijikata Hikaru muttered after Souji vested her again in another duel. She didn't bother to stand up from where she is lying after her friendly competitor threw her on the floor. Her eyes momentarily closes, her chest heaving unevenly while trying to catch her breath in a steady rhythm. She could just here a faint shuffling sound beside her, but still, she didn't bother to open her eyes.

"So I guess we should discuss this on my room, ne Hi-chan?" his mellow voice snapped her eyes open, seeing him towering over her. Glints of something she can't put shines on his soft eyes, "Or you prefer we do it here?" he adds with a serious tease, his lips already found its place on her *gi's* open collar. She tried evading those seemingly hungry lips but his hands already found her hands and locked it invisibly against the wooden floor. "Hmm, you smell nice as always...I must always make sure then that you always loose to me..."

Hikaru on the other hand tries to calm down the rioting emotions inside her, but the warmth his lips brings on the flesh once carefully hidden beneath the collar of her *gi* distracts her greatly, her hands trembling beneath those calloused but surprisingly soft hands of his. Souji chuckled, sensing the nervousness vibrating from her to him. But instead of stopping the cause of her reactions, he moved his wandering lips up to her awaiting neck...porcelain, smooth and inviting. And with a soft, butterfly touch of his lips, Hikaru could have sworn she will die soon enough if he don't stop what he's doing to her.

"Souji..." she called, her hand now clasping tightly to his, "...no one here knew that I'm a female..." she continued, causing his eyes to look straight at her, "...if ever someone sees us here, you know what will my brother do to the both of us..." she finished with a firm voice. But instead of moving off her, Souji leaned teasingly down at her, their lips only a hairsbreadth away, his violet eyes never leaving her.

"I don't care about public discretion, Hikaru," he whispered against her ear, his breath tickles her most

ticklish spot, "...mostly here, of all places."

His soft eyes wandered back to hers, the confidence, the lust...those serves as his aphrodisiac for the time being she unconsciously seduce someone so gentle and so cheerful like Okita Souji...the seductive man he is right now is well hidden behind those boyish grins and plays. How come she didn't recognize it? How come she didn't realize it herself that those very simple sway of her hair, the synchronized beats of her feet everytime they spar, her laughters serves only as a requiem of seduction on his ears...those simple gestures brings such impact on him that everytime he tries bottling it up, the more it wanted to be loosened.

"In your room then," she murmured with a sigh, "So that it will both save us our head."

Souji let her hands go and got off her. Hikaru abruptly stood up, straightening the revealing scene the collar of her *gi* is making. And for the second time, she drew out a sigh and defeatingly followed him to his room. She knew that this **punishment** is all about those pent-up lust she created to him. She knew that what will just happen is all nothing but lust. Physical attractions. No commitment or anything of that sort. Just lust. Physical union. Sex.

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Hikaru nearly dropped the bowl of rice to the floor. She shot Ayumi an accusing glare, making the former laugh knowingly.

"He likes you, Hijikata-chan. You can see it in his eyes," Ayumi teased, ignoring her glares. "I wonder what kind of an animal is he when he's on bed," she added causing Hikaru to flush in pure embarrassment.

"Maa, Ayu-nee it is unethical to talk of Souji-kun like that," she replied defensively, setting the bowl aside, "How could someone so gentle looking like him could be the animal you're saying?"

Ayumi spinned her around unceremoniously, "Those who are gentle looking are more of an animal inside," her voice serious, her eyes are as well, "He is a man after all, and his eyes are obvious evidence that he's attracted to you."

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"Ah, there you are!" Tetsu's chirpy voice broke in through her reverie, stopping both her and Souji on their tracks, "Hikaru-nii, Hijikata-san is looking for you."

"Where is he?" she inquired casually, smiling down at the vibrant kid.

"He is in his room, uh I guess he's still doing those annoying calligraphy," Tetsu replied nonchalantly, making Souji smile and her, sweatdrop. She admits that her brother has this fetish for doing calligraphy to ease down whatever pisses or bothering him. And if her hunch is right, he is pissed as of this moment of whatever it is. Her shoulder slumped, to imagine that this sudden calling is another of those tryst he always has.

She pat a hand on the kid's head and ruffled his already messy hair, "Tetsunosuke, calligraphy is good on swordsmanship. And try refraining yourself from saying something like that on my brother's choice of hobby. I am sure you don't want any repeatance of what he was when Souji-kun stole his collection of Haikus," she reminded with a worry tone.

"You must go now, Hi-chan. We'll resume this later," Souji interjected, making her flush beet root on where she's standing, "Or tonight seems to be more better." He whispered gingerly on her ear, making her heart pound more wildly inside her chest. She gave him a bow while letting Tetsu drag her back to Hijikata's room, leaving an unseen anticipation drawn on the Shinsen's ghost's face.

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And as per usual, her hunch is right. Her brother, Hijikata Toshizo is again pissed since Souji had stealed, again, one of his new Haiku collections. And the whole afternoon was spent by reassuring their commander that it will be retrieve by tomorrow. She took a seat on the wooden panel and rests her tired body on the wooden pillar.

As soon as her feet touches the space between the wood and the earth, her mind flew back at the scene that happened between her and Souji. The Souji she never thought would be as lustful as that. The Souji who was always smiling and gentle would really be that kind of animal when his sexual cravings are on the limit. The Souji she thought who is nothing of what Ayumi had just said...

"But this is what I had wanted right?" her voice released in a slight audible whisper.

From out of nowhere, a finger ghostly touches her nape...gently, caressingly, stimulating... making her freeze on her place. She could feel the warm breath of someone on her hair, her back lightly pressed against someone's chest. Then a hand found its way on the belt of her *hakama*, mischievously but

slowly untying its knot, causing her to gasp in surprise...

"Souji...please, not here," she pleaded, trying to ignore the conquest his lips is making on the back of her neck. Her hand found his on her belt and stopped it from thoroughly making her half naked, "We're outside."

"Then come, let's make haste," Souji's voice huskily commanded, stirring an unknown anticipation on her stomach. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her stealthily in his room. And when the paper door finally closed behind his back, he reverently kissed her neck, leading her slowly down on the bed. "I should had done this a long time ago..." He moved her head again, initially confusing her, then delighting her when he nipped at the silken flesh of her neck. She gasped, a soft sound borne of surprise, pain and excitement. But the pinprick of pain caused by Souji's teeth was smoothed away a moment later by the soft suckling kisses he graces on the same spot.

Hikaru flattened her palms against his chest and moved him a bit away from her. And with only the moonlight shining through the paper door, Hikaru could see the magnanimous yet enigmatic emotions that are clearly reflecting on his eyes, "Why me?" she suddenly asked, smoothing his beautiful face, "You can go to *Shimabara* everytime you're in this mood." She replied rather in a whisper when she saw his face unchanging of its expression.

Souji wound an arm around her waist, pressing his chest gently against her, allowing the other hand to do the unrobing slowly, "Because I am attracted to you," his hand gently parting the collar, revealing the whiteness of her shoulders. "Because I like you," then he carefully torn the bandages that hid her upper femininity. "Because I want you," he slides the garment down her waist, now working his way down on her already loosened belt. "Because I don't want any other men to possess you..." the *hakama* finally slid silkily down to her feet, showing a set of fine shape legs for a samurai, "...just me." His free hand finally pushed the *gi* out of her arm, thoroughly making her naked in front of him.

For a moment, their faces very close together, they looked into each other's eyes. Souji disrobed his self with exquisite but torturing speed and placed her gently down on the bed, placing a blanket above their naked bodies. And for a minute, he just stared down at her, admiring the look on her face...far from that samurai he met.

"I will not find what I am attracted at in *Shimabara*," Souji explained in a softer tone, bending low to kiss her forehead, then cheek. "...because the one I am attracted to is in here." He kissed her as though her lips alone kept him alive. Light as a feather at first, tender and strangely tentative. And when finally lost in her rioting emotions, she opened her mouth invitingly, she receives his tongue with a mixture of passion and desire, the moan on his throat was one of pure animal sensuality.

"Souji, I don't know if I can," Hikaru barely whispered, breath in the run, the sincerity in her ebony eyes

touched him in a way that made him pause. "I've never...before...ever."

He smiled at her then leaning over to kiss her lips quickly, tightly. "Don't be afraid," he whispered, sliding one around her shoulders, cradling her head in the crook of his elbow. "I would never hurt you. You must believe me."

Hikaru raised her knee, sliding it against Souji's hip. His face was close to her own, his violet eyes wildly intense with the strain of self-control, "I'm not afraid," Hikaru whispered, as much a declaration to herself as to Souji. "I'm not afraid...but be gentle with me."

"I will," Souji replied, pushing down to her, feeling her opening to him. "Always."

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His head shifts from her shoulder, snuggling up to her neck, burying his face on it like a child on his sleep. Hikaru pulled the blanket up to his shoulder and slid an arm so that they would face each other. With that little movement, Souji moved his arm around her waist, fitting his body perfectly on her embrace, tucking his head under her chin. And that very gesture proved Hikaru that he is indeed in need of some attention, especially when asleep. She kissed his forehead and brush his hair away from his face and shoulder with her free hand.

"Rest Souji...it has been a long night," she murmured, closing her eyes to sleep.

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"Souji-san, wake up...lunch is ready," Tetsu's voice hovered over the paper door, slowly pulling him out of sleep. His hand lazily pats the space beside him. He opened his eyes slowly and suddenly jerked up when he was sure that no ones there.

He seat up straight, fully awared that Hikaru is no longer in his room. A smile tugged at the corner of his lips, remembering the touching gesture she just let him feel when she thought he's already asleep, after their lovemaking. He could feel the same warmth inside his chest just to remember the protection she provided when he is unguarded, slightly creating a confusion whether that union is nothing but lust or is a start of something like love. He shook his head and picked up his neatly folded *kimono*.

"Don't make me love you Hikaru," he recited alone by his self, "...someone stained doesn't deserve you."

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Souji knew its not very him to stare on her more than the usual stolen glances he used to give before. But with their tryst now happening more often, allowing him to see the missing part of himself, Souji could no longer concentrate better whenever she's around. Whether its very near or just from afar. It made the others worried, especially Hikaru who seems to be getting even more conscious to her self than the usual.

"What's bothering you?" Hijikata's voice shoot right through his abstracted musing, "Are you sick or anything?"

He shook his head and gave Hijikata the same smile he usually gives. And even though Hijikata's look bespoke of his disbelief, Souji remained smiling not minding the observation he is getting from their critical leader. "You're just like Hikaru. She's been acting weird this past month," Hijikata declared making Souji loose grip of Saizo, that the piglet almost fell on the earth.

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Hikaru gently pulled her *gi* up to her shoulder, glancing back at Souji's sleeping face. Her face broke into a smile, smoothing his face tenderly, her eyes swells with sadness in contradiction. This lovemaking has been happening more often than they expected...whether it is out of loosing from a duel or out of Souji's jealousy as a punishment for causing him that drastic feeling. He could be gentle at times but when he is from the foul mood of jealousy, he sometimes gets too harsh that she almost cried in pain. But whichever mood he was, it only brings her one certain feeling. Happiness. A sheer feeling of happiness.

She leaned down and kissed his forehead. Her feet quietly balanced her standing, her hands silently knotting the belt of her *hakama*. After finishing dressing herself, she kneeled on her heels and watch him sleeping. Souji slowly opened his eyes and saw her watching him intently. He sat up from the bed, smiling back at her thus making her look away in embarrassment of being caught.

"Leaving already?" Souji asked, not minding that he is still naked.

"Yes, I have to go back to my room. Its already break of dawn," Hikaru answered, her voice soft and in a murmur.

Souji reached at her hands and pulled her gently against his arms, "Are you happy with this?" his lips

starts travelling on her throat, kissing the pulse that suddenly throbs quickly. His hands smoothing the clothed smallness of her back, unconsciously enticing seduction once again between them.

"What happiness do you meant?" she asked back, her mind in a dazzle caused by the sensations his lips is bringing.

"This. Everything of this," he replied, stopping whatever he's doing. He looked straight right to her eyes, his finger smoothing the corner of her lips. Hikaru gently brushed his finger away and ardently kissed his awaiting, hungry lips. Her lips parted, lashing against his probing tongue, earning a moan rumbling in his chest. Then his kiss travelled back to her throat, then working his way to her ear. She felt his sharp teeth grasp her earlobe, and though she cried out softly, she made no effort at all to get away from him.

She cupped his face with her hands and showered his cheeks and nose with butterfly nippets, "Are you happy with this Souji?" she shot back, leaning into him again, teasingly pressing her mouth over his, kissing him more hungrily than before. When his tongue again touched her lips, she opened her mouth and touch the tip of her tongue to his. She moaned then, trembling with desire as his slowly deepening, erotic kiss gently and irrevocably stripped her the energy to go.

Shuffles of footsteps echoed through the balcony, causing their lips to pull apart. Souji buried his face on her chest, and childishly hugged his arms around her waist. Rays of sunlight are slowly peaking on the horizon, a cue that everyone is starting to wake up. Hikaru planted a motherly kiss on his forehead, silently telling that she really must go. His arm loosened from its embrace, allowing her to stand up and straighten her clothes. Then she quietly opened the door and discreetly walked out of his room.

He layed back on the *futon* and stared blankly at the ceiling. He never expected nor thought that this lust and attraction he is feeling for her will lead the both of them in this one kind of a predicament...a predicament he never thought would even cause him such confusion. That everytime he make love to her, his emotions swells up like he never wanted to let go. Of her and of that feeling. That if ever something happened, he is ready to face whatever wrath is coming his way...even if it means Hijikata's wrath of all disaster.

Souji closed his eyes and pulled up the blanket under his chin, "Did I already grew up of that?" He thought wryly, realizing that sometimes, love can be possibly built from pure lust, "I guess someone stained is still deserving of you, Hikaru..." he murmured, surrendering to the sleepy sensation his heavy lidded eyes is making, "And I guess, I am deserving to say I love you..."

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