

# Cinnamon Lips

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*An AkuRoku fic of mine. I'm rather fond of it, though most of it was just to past the time and seem rather rushed. Hope you like it anyway. :)*

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## 1 - So the fun begins.

Roxas tapped on the thick glass counter of the candy case, loosening his apron with his free hand.

Oh. Did I mention the fact that it was a hot pink, and very effeminate, apron?

Monday's are too long. Especially when you're working very long hours in a too-sweet smelling candy shop after having gone to school for what seems like endless hours on end. Counter jobs were boring, but they paid, and Roxas got free candy.

Like red hots. Those were the best.

Speaking of red hots, Roxas popped a couple in his mouth when his boss disappeared around the corner. He tended to lurk around areas of the tiny shop where he assumed mischief was occurring, and those places usually included anywhere Roxas was present.

"Mansex is on the prowl again."

Roxas sucked all the cinnamon flavor off the red hots, getting to the sweet and sugary center. "He's going to hear you one of these days, you know. Then you'll get fired. Though I'm not sure why I'm warning you; having a quiet shop would be nice for once."

The flaming, yet natural, redhead next to Roxas scoffed. "You'd miss me and you know it, Roxy." He smirked, the tattoos under his eyes rising with his cheeks.

"Sorry to burst your little fantasy bubble, whatever it may entail, but I wouldn't mind working alone. And I'd really prefer it if you didn't call me Roxy." It was the same routine almost everyday. Axel would make a sarcastic comment about their slightly paranoid boss, Roxas would warn him about the dangers of such actions, and Axel would shrug it off with a 'cute' nickname attached.

"And I'd prefer not to look like a prick wearing this apron, but we all can't get what we want, now can we?" Roxas rolled his eyes and Axel's trademark smirk widened.

"I have to restock the Milky Ways. Try not to get yourself fired by doing something stupid while I'm gone, okay?" Axel's face contorted in mock admiration. "Roxy! You do care!" Roxas's clear blue eyes rolled back into his head again. "Actually, I'm worried about the safety, and possibly sexual innocence of the customers that come in here. I remember last Halloween." He said, turning on his heel towards the chocolate bar aisle.

"How was I supposed to know she was underage and only dressed up in costume??" Axel yelled after

him. Roxas chuckled inwardly to himself as he refilled the towers of candy. He had known Axel for about two years now, and nothing had changed since he first walked into the store for a job interview his sophomore year. The first words he ever heard his spiky headed companion ever say still ring through his head.

“Hey there Blondie, you hear to buy some candy to make yourself even sweeter?”

Roxas had almost walked out of the store then and there, and had one foot out the door after Axel made a reference to the cans of chocolate body paint they had in stock. Of course, a split second later “Mansex”, or Xemnas, whichever you prefer, came looming out of his office, and the interview began.

Unfortunately, he got the job. Something about Roxas’s love of anything with sugar in it and ‘bubbly personality’ would attract customers. Which Roxas found very odd...considering his personality was anything but bubbly.

Oh well.

Roxas finished stocking the chocolate bars and grabbed a handful of cinnamon hearts from the pocket of his apron, popping them into his mouth happily. Hey, it’s not like that pocket was holding anything else. As he chewed, he heard the small jingle of the bell above the shop door as someone came in.

Roxas immediately made his way back to the counter. Leaving Axel alone with any customer for more than a minute could be dangerous. A small and skinny redhead was looking at the baked goods in the counter, her short pink skirt riding up as she bent over. Oh Jesus, here we go.

Roxas peeked from behind an aisle close to the front, just watching for now. If Axel made a perverted comment – which he most assuredly would – then he would approach the counter and save the girl from the clutches of a horny Axel. But for now, he was in spy mode. He heard the girl giggle lightly. Axel must be throwing out the old charm. He inched farther out of the aisle to hear what they were discussing.

“Well, I’m actually here to buy something for this guy...” The girl said quietly, a lightly blush springing up on her cheeks. “Oh, I see.” Axel replied, nodding. “He your boyfriend, or...?” She sighed heavily, shaking her head. “No...I’m just a secret admirer. But I’m hoping that maybe he’ll notice me after this, you know?”

Axel nodded, bending over to take some iced sugar cookies out of the glass case. “I know the feeling. I’m actually kind of in a situation like yours, you could say. A one sided love on my part.”

Roxas’s ears perked up. Axel liked someone? And only one person? This was uncharacteristic. And why hadn’t he told Roxas? Not that they were *that* close, but...Well, I guess now that he thought about it, they did spend a lot of time together...There were a lot of nights when there wasn’t much business at the shop and Axel and Roxas had talked for what seemed like hours about personal stuff.

I guess that’s what makes a best friend, isn’t it?

“But they have no idea, and I’ve hinted plenty of times at it.” The girl made a sympathetic noise. “I know what you mean. Some people just can’t see when someone right in front of them has feelings for

them.”

Axel laughed. “Well, my dear, you’re an inspiration. Maybe I’ll work a little harder from now on.” “That’s the spirit!” She said, high fiving him. “Thanks, Axel. Good luck with your sweetie!” She winked and waved, leaving.

Well that was...unexpected. Roxas emerged from the aisle, hopping over the counter as Axel closed the sliding doors to the case. “Hey there, cutie. You all finished?” Roxas popped a few more cinnamon candies in his mouth, nodding. “You scar any small children while I was away?” Axel shrugged with one shoulder, leaning up against the counter. “Maybe a couple. But I needed something to make this day more interesting...I think this has quite possibly been the most uneventful work day since I started here.”

“Which was when, exactly?” Roxas realized at that moment that he didn’t know how long Axel had worked here, or even how old he was, or why he was working here...he was just Axel, his friend who worked with him and pretended to hit on him on a daily basis.

“The summer after my junior year of high school, about four years ago. I almost quit a couple of years ago, and yet here I am still.”

Wow...Axel was almost done with his junior year of *college* by now. Meaning he was probably about 20. The thought of him being so old was shocking.

“Why didn’t you quit? I mean, this job doesn’t pay much, and I’m sure you can get a better one somewhere else that pays more...”

All of a sudden Axel’s whole presence changed. He stared at a box of Tropical Dots on the counter, crossing his arms. He looked almost...*uncomfortable*. “I don’t know...I just decided to stay.”

Well that was odd.

“...Right. Well, I guess once you get past the long hours and creepy boss, it’s not so bad.”

Axel went back to normal, his eyes shining. “And the fact that I get to see you everyday.”

By the end of the days shift, Roxas had eaten a grand total of two boxes of cinnamon hearts, Xemnas had checked in on them seven times, and Axel had complimented him ten times, if you count the comment about his @\$\$.

Roxas groaned, pulling off his apron and throwing it on the counter. “I’m ready to get out of here. Can you lock up the case while I check all the windows?” Why they were required to lock up late when Xemnas left an hour earlier than the shop closed, he would never know, but Roxas had the feeling a burglar wouldn’t break in to steal candy. Unless he had some creepy, candy fixation and he didn’t have enough money to buy some. But then he could just steal the money and not the candy, right?

Anyway.

Roxas finished ‘checking’ the windows and returned to the counter to pick up a box of red hots for the

road, where he found none other than Axel eating his cinnamon hearts from his apron pocket.

“You know, these things aren’t so bad once you get used to them.”

Roxas frowned and grabbed his apron, throwing it over his shoulder. “Get your own, skinny.” Axel chewed thoughtfully, taking a few steps forward towards Roxas.

He raised his eyebrow. “Is skinny bad?”

Roxas was caught off guard. The hell? Well...I guess not...I mean, skinny alone isn’t that bad, but paired with Axel’s spear-like hips, it made him look quite womanly...

Roxas stood, pondering this phenomenon for a moment as Axel advanced on him. “I personally don’t like skinny, myself. I like cute, short blonds, who have a strange addiction to cinnamon candy.”

Roxas scoffed. “Now’s not the time, Axel, I’m tired and ready to get home...” He turned and stopped dead in his tracks as he found himself nose to nose with the tall red-head, staring into his emerald eyes.

“No...I really do...” He breathed, the scent of cinnamon washing over Roxas’s face and filling his senses. He smelled so delicious...He could almost sense Axel’s lips curling up into a smirk. “You seem speechless, Rox. I thought I made myself pretty obvious, didn’t I?”

This was all happening WAY too fast, and Roxas didn’t have time to clear his head. All he could think about was how fantastic Axel smelled and how pretty his eyes were.

And then the warm pressure on his mouth.

It was foreign, but he couldn’t deny the somehow familiar taste of cinnamon lingering there. He felt Axel’s warm hands slide around his waist, pushing him up against the glass counter and pinning him there. He was stuck.

But at that point, Roxas didn’t really care.

He slid his own smaller hands onto Axel’s thin arms, feeling the goosebumps pop up underneath his fingers. But that wasn’t the most exhilarating part of the whole situation. It was the way Axel’s lips were moving slowly against his, the way he parted his lips slightly to let the spicy flavor of the candy dance on his tongue.

By the time Axel pulled away for a breath, Roxas was intoxicated, his eyes closed and his breath coming short. Axel grinned. “So...how about a movie tomorrow?” He whispered, sending chills down Roxas’s spine. “S-Sure...yeah...movie...” In all honesty, Roxas hadn’t understood a word Axel had just said, but right now he was a little too drunk on Axel lovin’ to notice.

Perfect.

Axel leaned in and gave Roxas one final kiss, brushing his smooth cheek with his thumb. “See you tomorrow at 8, Roxy.” And then he was gone.

Roxas leaned up against the counter for a good ten minutes, catching his breath and arranging his thoughts. That was...wow. Unexpected, would be a start. He felt a vibration in his pocket just as he felt composed enough to push himself away from the counter and stand on his own.

“H-Hello?”

“Roxas? You okay? You sound kinda...drunk...”

Roxas wiped his mouth off. “Yeah, I’m fine. Just a little tired.” It was Sora, his brother. He didn’t need to identify himself for Roxas to know who it was.

“Okay...well, Riku and I are going to the mall tomorrow. You wanna come with? Maybe around 8-ish?”

Suddenly, it hit him.

...shoot.

“I don’t think I can, Sora.” “Why not?”

“...I think I have a date.”

## 2 - Oh, Fuck.

Let it be known at this point that Roxas is not gay.

He just happens to be going on a movie date with another male, the day after he kissed him quite passionately in a dark candy store. And he randomly, by pure coincidence and a possible flaw in his little teenage hormones, gets all nervous and jittery every time he thinks about this male s marvelous eyes and hard abs (which he only saw last summer when they went swimming, thank you very much.)

&So yeah. Totally not gay.

Although, despite this fact, Roxas was feeling those butterflies flutter back into his stomach as he sat on his bed in the fetal position, waiting for Axel to come by and pick him up. He checked the clock by his bedside compulsively, the red numbers seeming to change every hour instead of every minute. It was only seven o'clock.

He had overshot a teensy bit when calculating how long it would take him to get ready - or more, Sora had overshot when he burst into the room three hours earlier, attempting to tow Roxas out from under the covers by his feet. And, unfortunately for Roxas, he succeeded, no matter how hard the little blond clung to his bedposts.

Roxas was fully aware of the date he had planned for the day, and was prepared to hide his scrawny @\$ under the covers all day, feigning a possibly-fatal head cold while happily eating his co-co puffs and watching the Powerpuff Girls. (Which, in fact, did not help support the Roxas is not gay theory, but we won't get into that.)

Yes. It was the perfect plan, and involved chocolate. What could possibly go wrong, right?

Well, of course, if this plan was followed out, you wouldn't be here reading this, now would you? As it so happens, Sora was the only one in their family who knew that Roxas had something to get out of today, and pretending that he had a minor, un-contagious illness wasn't going to deter Sora from forcing him into the shower after humiliatingly stripping him and tossing him in by his feet.

Sora was quite strong when he wanted to be.

So here he stood, in the steamy bathroom, lathering Herbal Essences mango blast shampoo in his hair (once again, not exactly pointing to an idea that Roxas is straight) and taking deep breaths to calm his nerves. "What did I do to deserve this??" He complained aloud to himself, spitting out soapy water from his mouth. "I'm a good kid. I get decent grades. I have a well paying job and don't ask my parents for much. So why, gods of all that is manly and non-homo?? WHY!?"

Sora pounded on the door. "Roxas! Hurry up!! I have your outfit picked out and I want to see you in these pants!!" Roxas turned the water off and pulled back the curtain, drying himself off with a fluffy towel. "Sora, what are you talking about? I only have a few pairs of pants and they're all cargos."

Suddenly the door burst open and there stood Sora, grinning like mad and holding up a pair of what appeared to be very, VERY skinny jeans. Roxas almost dropped the towel from around his waist.

"...There is no way in HELL I am wearing those." He said, eyeing them up and down. "Any pants that taper that much can't be healthy. I like to have ankles that breathe.

"But Roxaaas!" Sora whined, shaking them around. "I borrowed them especially for you! And they'll make your @\$\$ look FANTASTIC!" Roxas rolled his eyes, pushing past Sora and trudging over to his mirror, rubbing some gel in his hair. "Besides the disturbing fact that you just made a comment about my @\$\$, maybe I don't want it to look fantastic. I'm not wearing them."

Sora tossed the pants on the bed, sighing. "Fine..." And suddenly, an epiphany hit him. He smirked devilishly, pretending to leave the room. "Then I guess I'll just have to wait downstairs to show Axel those pictures of you from Kairi's party last year&

Roxas had the pants on in ten seconds flat.

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So here is where we left off. Roxas sitting miserably on his floor, making patterns in the carpet to distract himself from his appearance.

In about an hour, Sora had managed to put Roxas in not only skinny jeans, but a long sleeved checkered shirt and&God forbid& Eyeliner.

Roxas looked at the clock again, peeling his eyes open through the sticky, black gunk. Damn him, where is he? If I have to go on this date, I at least want it to be over with! He jumped up, pacing. (Which, granted, wasn't very comfortable, judging the fact that skinny jeans leave no mercy in terms of wedgies.) He shuffled over to the window, opening it and sticking his head outside for some fresh air. He peered around at the street corner, just in time to see a practically broken down, rust colored, junk-of-a-car BMW pull around and slowly make its way over towards his house, wheezing the whole way. Roxas leaned out further, watching as Axel stepped out of the car. Wait, were those flowers&? Roxas leaned out further, watching as Axel sauntered over to the door, his normally huge head of spikes pulled back in a ponytail. He actually looked presentable, in nice pants and a button-up striped shirt. Roxas leaned out further and  
GRAAAHHHH!!!

Roxas prepared for impact, his eyes squeezed shut, but the impact never came. He opened his eyes to see a shocked Axel staring down at him, holding him behind his shoulders and legs. Wait&he caught him? Axel laughed.

Hey there, Roxy. &Is that eyeliner?

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Roxas sat with his arms crossed, staring out the dirty window of Rusty, Axel's very appropriately named beamer. C'mon, Roxas, it was funny!! Just be glad I caught you&though you did smash your flowers& He frowned, making a screeching u-turn through a stoplight. Roxas held onto the dashboard, scoffing. First of all, do you even have a license? I find it hard to believe&and secondly, guys don't want



flowers!! Girls want flowers!!

Axel smiled, gripping the fuzzy, leopard print cover of his steering wheel. I'll try to be more careful. And it's perfectly fine for guys to like receiving flowers. There's nothing wrong with it. But if you like, next time I'll get candy. I know what kind to get, don't worry.

Roxas mumbled under his breath, crossing his arms against his chest tighter. Since when did Axel become so understanding? He was supposed to be brash and annoying, dammit! BE BRASH AND ANNOYING!

Roxas felt a hand on his shoulder and looked over. Axel was grinning, shaking him out of a trance. They were at the movie theatre. Already? That was a short ride& We're gonna be late for the movie, Rox. He released his shoulder and stepped out of the car, making his way towards the theatre. Roxas scrambled to unbuckle his seat belt and ran to catch up to Axel, matching his stride, but still not looking at him. Axel chuckled, walking with his hands in his pockets. Roxas was always on guard, waiting for Axel to make any sudden movement. He knew Axel would pounce at any moment, like a cat, and he would be prepared for when that time comes.

Axel didn't even attempt to make small talk. It was extremely out of character, and to be perfectly honest, it wiggled Roxas out a bit. It got to the point where Roxas made small talk himself, just to make things feel more normal. Roxas would make a comment on how nice the weather was, or how good the movie sounded, Axel would reply with a 'Yeah, it is, or Yeah, it should be. And Roxas would reply with a 'What do you know?', only making Axel laugh.

Sometimes, he would never get that man.

As soon as they were in the theatre, Roxas had run out of topics for small talk and had settled with the awkward silence, talking to himself in his head.

He had to distract himself from how nervous he was feeling- And from that amazing smell&where was that coming from&?

Roxas sniffed about, his nose finally landing on something soft and warm. It smelled amazing, like a campfire, or one of his dad's old T-shirts. He breathed in heavily, sighing at the wonderful scent.

&R-Rox? What are you doing?

Ah&shoot. Roxas immediately shoved himself off of Axel, wiping his nose off. N-Nothing!! I just smelled something gross and wanted to know where it came from.

Nice cover, Rox. He'll never know, hehehe. Mental pat on the back for that one.

Axel smiled crookedly, eating a bite of popcorn. Right. Sorry, I'll wear less Old Spice next time.

Enter: Awkward silence. Man, he was actually enjoying himself for a minute, smelling Axel. God, he's getting creepy! Who enjoys smelling someone else? Snap out of it, Rox, you'll be fine. Just watch the movie.

The lights dimmed, and Roxas sank into his seat, getting himself comfortable. He hadn't gotten much sleep the night before worrying, and the dark and quiet atmosphere of the movie theatre was getting to him. Not to mention the yummy smell wafting from his left.

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He wasn't quite sure when he fell asleep exactly, or if he was even fully asleep, but he definitely zoned out at one part of the movie. And that smell was just so damn good&he moved his head over to the source. Ooh, it was comfy too. Roxas laid his head on the source of the warmth, snuggling his nose into the soft fabric that was covering it. He felt even warmer as something wrapped around him, pulling him closer. And then he tasted the familiar taste of his favorite candy&this was heaven&

&Wait. Tasted? His eyes shot open, only to see Axel closed eyes and inch away from his own.

He was freaking sleep-kissing him!

Roxas attempted to pull away, but like the night at the candy shop, Axel's arm had him pinned in place.

Axel was kissing him surprisingly softly, and there was the strange zesty taste of Cinnamon candy on his

lips. He thought he could smell them earlier&

Before his brain could tell him to stop, his eyes had closed again and he was kissing him back. Axel's lips trailed away from Roxas's mouth and across his cheek and eyelids. It was only until Roxas whimpered from lack of pressure on his mouth that Axel made his way back to his lips.

His arm wasn't even around Roxas's shoulder anymore, and Roxas could have pulled away anytime if he wanted to&

&But he didn't. It just felt too amazing. His face was heating up, and the way Axel's arms were caressing his lower back was pure ecstasy.

And as soon as it had started, Axel was off of him, searching around for something in the seat next to him.

&W-What are you doing& Roxas whined, reaching out to grope for him in the dark. Axel chuckled, his voice distant as he searched. Keep your pants on blondie, I'll be right back.

Roxas waited for what seemed like an eternity before he felt a hot breath over his mouth and a deep, rough voice close to his face.

Now, where were we?

Roxas didn't bother asking Axel what he got. There was a hot guy ready for making out in front of him, and hell if he wasn't going to take the opportunity. He dove in again, only this time, Axel had something else in mind.

He gently pried open Roxas's mouth with his own, and Roxas's senses were completely filled with the taste and smell of red hots.

Roxas wanted that Red Hot, and by golly, he got it.

Roxas's definitely wasn't thinking straight, and unfortunately for him, his entire attention was directed towards Axel. He didn't even realize that the movie had ended until the back of his brain somehow managed to hear,

OH MY GOD.

Roxas knew that voice. And there is no way that he had just gotten caught making out with another guy in front of his own mother. No. Effing. Way.

&Can you say frack?