

Foot Workship

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Video Game: Kingdom Heart 2

Characters: Roxas X Axel

Contains: Tickling, felling, licking, smelling

"People actually find feet sexy?" Roxas' voice was doubtful, and Axel knew that if he looked up, he'd see scepticism in the blond's eyes. But then, Roxas was like that about a lot of things.

"Yes, people find feet sexy. I think your feet are sexy." Axel raised an eyebrow and looked at his smaller lover, sprawled naked across their bed. "Are you saying mine aren't?"

"Axel, they're feet. They're for walking on. And sometimes they smell bad. What's sexy about that?"

Axel grinned. "Why don't I show you?"

He wriggled around on the bed until he was facing Roxas's feet. Contrary to the blond's words, they didn't smell at all. The younger boy was meticulous when it came to personal hygiene, and wouldn't come to bed before he'd showered away the day's sweat and grime. Or stay in bed without cleaning up after Axel had made him sweat some more. The pyro wondered if he'd ever convince his lover that a little dirt wasn't always a bad thing. But the feet beside him were clean, the skin soft and pale, each toe topped with a carefully trimmed nail, the skin beneath a delicate pink. Sexy wasn't quite the word, Axel thought to himself. Roxas's feet were pretty, and a little delicate-looking, much like the rest of him.

He reached out with one finger, tracing it along the top of one foot, testing to see if the skin was as soft as it looked.

It was.

And the touch sent an interesting little shiver through Roxas' body, starting at his foot and travelling up his leg. Axel followed it with his eyes, feeling a smug grin cross his face as he finally met his lover's eyes. Roxas was biting his lip, bright flags of colour decorating his cheeks.

So you don't think you're gonna enjoy foot sex,huh,Roxas? You ain't seen nothing yet. With a smirk, Axel dipped his head and traced the same path with his tongue.

There was a strangled sound from the other end of the bed.

Axel took it as encouragement, and moved his attentions to the underside of the foot, his fingers skating along the delicate curve of the arch. Another smothered sound, and the foot flexed in a delightful manner, making the arch more noticeable, toes splaying as the muscles tensed.

The abrupt movement did remind Axel of something though: his total lack of desire to be kicked in the face. So he clasped the foot around the ankle, holding it firmly before moving closer to repeat the movement with his tongue.

"Ngh!"

"Still think feet aren't sexy?" Axel teased.

"Axel, you think - gah! mph! - everything is sexy!" Roxas gasped out. The panting breaths, the sounds of pleasure he tried so hard to smother, all suggested that whatever he was saying, the blond was enjoying this a lot. "You're obs-" A sharp hiss of sucked in air. "Obsessed."

"Mmm," Axel hummed, tracing the curve of Roxas' big toe with his tongue, tightening his grip when the foot jerked in response. "Only with you, babe."

"Please, Axel, st-stop."

Begging already? Axel mused. This is better than I thought. He responded by taking the whole toe into his mouth, sucking on it lightly while his tongue curled about it in deliberately suggestive movements.

"Enough," Roxas moaned.

Hardly, Axel thought. He ran his tongue along the crease of flesh between sole and toes, letting it dip into each little gap between.

Roxas made a broken, high-pitched, breathless noise that sounded like - a giggle?

Axel's tongue dipped into the crevice between two toes, and the foot jerked again, this time strongly enough to pull it right out of his grip and hit him in the nose on the way past.

"Mnph!" Axel was seeing stars and not the good kind, either.

When his vision cleared, he could see his lover writhing on the bedcovers; skin flushed pink, tears in his eyes, breathless, everything Axel had hoped for - except for the laughter.

"I'm s-sorry," he gasped out between giggles. "It's just - It -" The sentence dissolved into slightly hysterical hiccups.

Axel sighed. It had sounded so intriguing when he read about it, the idea that feet could be so sensitive, and he'd been eager at the idea of driving his lover wild - but clearly, foot worship was a bad idea if your lover was ticklish.

Funny, that the magazine had never even mentioned that possibility.

He stared at Roxas; hand still cupped protectively over his injured nose, thinking that if only it wasn't for the giggles that still rocked his body, the blond would look completely fuckable.

Axel felt his trademark smirk return as he reached for the familiar tube sitting on the nightstand. He was sure Roxas would stop giggling soon . . .