

Footsie

Fandom: Gyakuten Saiban

Pairing: Phoenix Wright X Miles Edgeworth

Containing: Foot fetish, gay lawyer sex.

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A low moan passed through Miles' lips, the most the man could allow himself, as a hot tongue swirled around his ankle, flicking over the tender pale skin. His fingers gripped the sheets of his bed tightly as he forced himself to look down at the man at his feet.

A cheeky grin was directed up at him as Phoenix took hold of his foot, his grasp gentle, but firm enough not to tickle him. He tried to relax as thumbs rubbed against the arch of his foot, kneading with slow movements. It was an obvious attempt to relax him, but he felt he ought to comply, leaning back on his pillows.

"That's better, just relax." Phoenix murmured, looking back down to his feet. 'If he were any more tense I'd be bouncing pennies off his ass...'

Miles could feel the heat rising in his cheeks, starting to get turned on by the touches. Watching Phoenix concentrate on his foot, he felt quite aware of how the other man seemed to be trying to memories the contours of his foot as his fingers brushed nimbly over the skin. Always taking care not tickle. He could see the pink tip of his tongue flicking over his lips, ready to taste his skin at any time. It almost seemed to be a tease; Miles pressed himself further into the pillow in anticipation.

He knew Miles hated that.

If he made him giggle, that would be the end of this session. The other man would most likely clamber out of bed, still sporting his hard on, and go off to make himself some tea. Woe betide him if he were to bruise Miles' dignity.

Warm breath ran over Miles' toes as Phoenix leaned in closer, tongue tantalizingly close. A flicker of amusement crossed Phoenix' face as Miles rubbed his face into the pillow in unvoiced frustration, the action only making the situation worse as the smell of his partner filled his nostrils.

Deciding to give the other man some mercy, Phoenix lifted the slender foot to his mouth, licking over the big toe slowly, his eyes watching Miles' face intently. On his tongue he could just taste a slight saltiness, as well as Miles' own flavour. Tracing around the end of his toe with the tip of his tongue he was rewarded with a small whine of encouragement.

His hand cupping the ankle, and his thumb continuing to massage his heel, Phoenix started sucking on the big toe, lips rubbing firmly against the skin. Clutching the pillow closer to himself, Miles' bent his other leg up instinctively, torn between pulling away and begging for more. Something this simple shouldn't have such a strong effect on him; he should be kicking the other man in the face for doing such a thing to him.

Pulling back from his toe, Phoenix ran his tongue over the arch of his foot in a long worshipful lick, kissing a trail back down. Running his hand against the side of Miles' foot, he looked up for guidance, expression calm and passive.

'He might not take any more pushing...' Not breaking eye contact, Phoenix kissed the arch of his foot to show his willingness to continue.

Rolling onto his back properly, Miles lowered his other foot, nodding in silent acknowledgment as he extended it.

Lowering Miles' foot to the bed, Phoenix switched to the other, the heat of his mouth assaulting the sensitive skin once more. Reaching down, Miles rubbed his erection through the material of his boxers, a soft groan escaping his lips as he watched the dark haired man worship his foot. Propping himself on one elbow, he slipped his hand under the elastic of his boxers, looking down at Phoenix confidently as he touched himself. He felt an odd flutter of power as the other man made no effort to stop or discourage him. Indeed, Phoenix seemed quite preoccupied with what he was doing. Without any command to stop he continued with the task at hand.

Pulling the elastic of his boxers over his erection, Miles pushed the fabric down his thighs to expose himself fully. As Phoenix' eyes flickered up to look, the interest was clear, but he still didn't move up. It seemed that he was willing to wait for as long as Miles would take to admit he was needed elsewhere. Drive him into a greater mess than he already is in, and enjoy him pleading. Carefully pulling his foot out of the other's grasp, Miles decided to cooperate, beckoning the other man to come closer.

Phoenix crawled up to Miles' lap his dipped his head down, greedily taking tastes of the other man's skin as he went. Without any demand he reached up, rubbing his thumb on the underside of Miles' shaft as he licked over the tip of his cock.

A smirk of amusement on his face, Miles pulled Phoenix back by his spiky hair.

"Hey – ouch- that hurts!"

Bending forwards he lifted Phoenix so their faces were level, eliciting another yelp of pain.

"I didn't tell you I wanted that, did I Wright?"

"Phoe...nix.." Muttering the correction, Phoenix didn't think it would help much.

Ignoring him, Miles broke the distance between them as he ran his tongue over Phoenix' lip, initiating a firm kiss. The force pushed Phoenix back somewhat, the hand holding his hair preventing him from pushing back in any meaningful way.

Lifting his hand to the top of Phoenix' chest, Miles ran the palm downwards as he felt the gentle contours and brushed his fingers over a hard nipple, giving him an assertive push back. Tongue and lips assaulting him, Phoenix soon opened his mouth for the other man, unable to hold in a low moan as their kiss deepened.

Eventually Miles broke away, pushing Phoenix onto his back and clambering onto his thighs. Reaching over to the bedside table Miles picked up a tube of lubricant, conveniently left there, and tossed it over to Phoenix, nodding to his cock pointedly.

“Go on...Phoenix” Expression softening, Miles reached down, rubbing his hands up the tops of Phoenix' thighs and over his hips, cupping his sides.

Smiling at the use of his forename, Phoenix unscrewed the cap, squirting a generous amount onto his palm so he could spread it on himself. He looked up at the other man's face, deliberately taking his time screwing the cap back on with meticulous care when he saw the need shining in those pale eyes.

“You just have to tease, don't you?” Tutting in disdain, Miles moved himself over the other man's cock, trying to relax as he started to lower himself, unable to prevent the look of discomfort.

'You can't say you don't play with me either...!' A small smile of amusement crossed his face, but it soon left as he reached up to rub Miles' hips, pulling him down carefully. Letting him adjust, Phoenix reached up as best he could, propped on an elbow as his fingers brushed fine strands of fair hair from Miles' face.

Arching his back, Miles rocked his hips experimentally before lifting himself up, determined to start without the other man's aid. The hand that had previously touched his hair was now on his chest, which had remained unattended to until now.

Laying his hands on Phoenix' stomach to balance himself as he moved, he could soon feel muscle flex as the other's hips moved under him, meeting his movements with perfect rhythm. He leaned in a bit further, looking up the other man's body to his eyes. Phoenix let out a small noise of pleasure as his cock was squeezed.

“Touch me Wright.” A rare grin appeared on Miles' face as he pulled the hand away from his chest.

“I told...you...” Phoenix' breath hitched as Miles brought himself down particularly fast. “'s... Phoenix.”

“I know.” Wrapping the other man's hand around his own cock, Miles rocked himself down more forcefully to emphasise his point. Giving in, Phoenix started to stroke the other man, rubbing his thumb under the head of his erection and grinning at the deep moan he caused.

The heat of the other man tensing around him, Phoenix groaned as he squeezed his cock, unable to help thrusting up as he neared orgasm.

Panting as he kept moving, Miles soon found himself struggling to hold back, hissing in pleasure at every minute movement. Shocks of pleasure every time Phoenix moved his fingers, touching the most sensitive spots of all, driving him into releasing over the hand with a long moan of pleasure. His movements weakening, he could feel the other man jerk up as he came; the dark eyes losing their focus for a few seconds as Phoenix shuddered beneath him, gasping his name.

After a minute catching his breath he moved off the other man, only to get pulled down into his chest when he wobbled in sitting up.

“Phoenix...” Too tired to struggle, or complain about how their sweaty skin was sticking together, he just rested his head quietly on Phoenix' shoulder.

Turning his head to the side, Phoenix gave him a clumsy kiss where he could reach on his temple, the silvery hair tickling his nose.

“That's right.”