Fake Blood (and Other Occupational Hazards).

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1122.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandoms:	Bungou Stray Dogs, BSD (bungo stray dogs), Bungo Stray Dogs
Relationships:	Dazai Osamu/Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Soukoku, skk, Dachuu
Characters:	Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Dazai Osamu, Nakahara Chuuya
Additional Tags:	Rockstar AU (sc), Smut, Condoms, Rough Sex, Kinktober 2026, Piercings, Tongue Piercings, Genital Piercing, Rough Oral Sex, Dressing Room Sex, Deepthroating, Power Imbalance, Enemies to Lovers, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn, Porn with Feelings, Maybe a Little Plot, POV Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), POV Third Person, POV Third Person Limited, Soukoku - Freeform, Double Black Being Idiots (Bungou Stray Dogs), Dazai Osamu is a Mess (Bungou Stray Dogs), Top Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Bottom Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Nakahara Chuuya is So done (Bungou Stray Dogs), Rockstar!Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Bodyguard!Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Dazai Osamu is Down Bad (Bungou Stray Dogs), No beta we die like Oda, Smoking, Pierced Dazai Osamu, Setting Change - Rock Band, Idiots in Love, Miscommunication, 69 (Sex Position), Bodyguard (Sex positions), Mentioned Ozaki Kouyou (Bungou Stray Dogs), Mentioned Kunikida Doppo (Bungou Stray Dogs)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-03 Words: 8,041 Chapters: 1/1

Fake Blood (and Other Occupational Hazards).

by the_mackerel

Summary

How unfortunate it is that Chuuya’s job is, by definition, watching.
The chorus leaves space for another slow couple of bars, and there, right then, the performance turns private: Dazai’s head turns, slowly, like he knows where to aim, right at the specific square of unlit space where security hides, and he finds him. This is not the routine.
[...]
His left hand, adorned with thick silver rings, comes up, just adjusting the mic, wrapping around the stand as his hips roll on the downbeat. Dazai’s gaze doesn’t move, still meeting the ginger’s eyes through fifteen metres of smoke and stage.
“Oh, I wanna go deep, all the way inside…”
For a moment, just a second, Dazai pulls away from the mic, his lips moving with no sound, but with a very specific shape: ‘You.’
Rockstar Dazai Osamu is an HR nightmare, love that for him. Chuuya is convinced the man is actively trying to shorten his lifespan. Eventually, they'll get on the same page, sort of.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“If you tell me to quit again, I’m hangin’ the fuck up.”

On the other end of the line, a soft laugh comes. Kouyou is no stranger to this very conversation, and even if it’s not a daily occurrence, it has indeed happened before: six months filled with frequent variations of the same complaints.

Leaning against the venue’s back wall, in one of those corners where the music comes through muffled and timid, allowing for a conversation, here he is, Chuuya, with an unlit cigarette between his fingers. In theory, he quit the habit, but he still keeps them around, just to avoid the urge to chew something when Dazai gets like this. Which is always. So no, he hasn’t quit.

“I swear to God, it’s getting worse. He’s escalatin’ shit,” he mutters into the phone, currently wedged between his ear and shoulder. Chuuya’s had this job for a whopping one hundred and eighty-two days. Complaining doesn’t solve things, he’s aware of it, yet he’s vented to anyone who’ll listen anyway. All he has got in return is a whole lot of ‘*so? He’s a rock star, they’re difficult, everyone knows it.’* Sure, that’s true, every frontman with a tongue piercing and ink tends to be a handful: moody, entitled, self-destructive. If that were to be the full extent, Chuuya could deal with all that: it’s his job, and he’s more than capable of handling the screaming fans, the obsessive press, the backstage chaos and the inevitable babysitting.

“On Monday,” Chuuya starts, even if nothing useful will come of whining. “We’re leavin’ a venue, right, so I’m checkin’ everything on the bus. The bastard comes out of the bathroom, nothing but a towel, just standing there, soaked.” A pause. “First things first, who the fuck uses that shower? The water tank is tiny, everyone else does it when we stop at the hotel, because it’s better, because the water is not cold, because everyone else is not a pretty boy without a brain!”

“Come on, lad, that’s uncalled for…” Kouyou’s voice is tender, but her patience doesn’t do much to conceal her own amusement.

“He just stood there, like he’s forgotten how the fuck legs work. I had to ask him three times to put somethin’ on. Three. Fucking. Times. I swear, a toddler would be more cooperative.”

“Maybe he’s just comfortable with his body. It’s part of the job, he might be coping with the lack of privacy from fans mapping every inch of him…”

“Oh, no, you’re doing that thing again!” Chuuya shifts, he lets the wall take his weight: shoulder blades flat until the back of his head rests against the plaster. “Stop taking his side and make this bullshit sound reasonable. It’s not!”

“I’m not taking his side, you know it. Just breathe.”

“I’m both breathin’ and complainin’...”

“Chuuya.”

“Fine!” He drags a hand down his face. His eyes are squeezed shut. “I know you’re right, I’m just… ventin’, it doesn’t change anything, I’m just tired. You know?”

“You’ve had it worse plenty of times, but it never bothered you this much.”

Truth is that it doesn’t bother him *so much*, no, he’s the right amount of bothered, because everything is shitty, and all the instances tend to pile up into an exhausting pile of… Chuuya opens his mouth, he’s about to say all of this, but he stops: he’s about to argue in circles with a woman who knows him well, hence she’s already won.

“I gotta go,” he mutters the lie without a second thought: she knows he’s not in a rush, but he’s just looking for a way out.

“After the concert ends, get some rest, will you.” She’s graceful even in this, in granting him an escape. Of course, she already knows why this pattern of whining exists, but the younger man has to figure it out on his own. Some things, and most things that really matter, tend to exist only by virtue of the process it takes one to get there.

“Aight, night.” He pulls the phone away, storing it in his trousers’ back pocket out of habit. With a sigh, he rolls his shoulder until it cracks, relieving some of the tension built by having it pinned to his ear. The cigarette in his other hand is bent, it’s leaking tobacco… he gives in and lights it anyway.

Just this one, just for what happened earlier: that’s the thought that grants him permission to smoke what he calls ‘the last one’. That’s the intention, for sure, but Chuuya’s been smoking packets full of ‘last ones’ for a couple of weeks.

There are many things he doesn’t tell Kouyou. He doesn’t tell her how the bastard stretches when he knows Chuuya’s eyes are on him, and never otherwise: a slow arch, lifting his shirt with one hand, feigning the need to scratch somewhere near his ribs. He’d almost dismiss it as a fabrication of his own mind, annoyance seeping through until it encompasses everything Dazai does. Each and every time, though, the bastard stares right back at him.

The fake blood thing, that’s another one Chuuya’s kept for himself. Last Friday, the ginger had been watching yet another performance from the wings, monitoring the corridor that connected the stage to the dressing rooms. The view from there is always strange, with the crowd reduced to a wall of noise and phone lights. The fake blood was scheduled for the last song of the night, a capsule the bastard had in his mouth, which he bit at the right moment. It ran down Dazai’s chin and chest, glittering under the sweeping strobes.

Tacky as fuck, sure, but the crowd lost its mind anyway.

Dazai covered the distance from the curtain to his station in seconds, and Chuuya was there, holding a towel like he always does: it’s not in his job description, but it makes sense to him. Dazai ignored it, his hand went past the towel, snaking around the ginger’s wrist… and just pulled, enough to yank the shorter man forwards, half a step. Okay, weird, but it’s the rest that Chuuya has yet to process, as of now: Dazai’s lips made contact with the pristine cuff of

his white shirt, deliberately so. Parted lips, smeared with fake blood, leaving a perfect print behind. Then, as if that wasn't enough, he had the audacity to wipe off whatever was left, sliding his face down Chuuya's forearm.

It must have been less than a couple of seconds, yet each action still lingers in his memory. With a "*Whoops, my bad!"* delivered with a bright chirp, Dazai freed him. It's almost a blessing that Chuuya didn't react back then, because he would have kicked that bony arse as his resignation letter. Speaking of the shirt, the bigger smear has been bleached to nothingness, but the imprint of Dazai's mouth has proved particularly resilient.

Between his fingers the cigarette dies, and he lets it fall just to crush it under the sole of his boot. Enough, nothing good comes from revisiting whatever the fuck that was or wondering why he didn't act, why was he frozen on the spot like a pathetic… Nope.

He goes back in, swallowed by the service corridor and its awful lighting, surrounded by fresh sweat and fog juice.

In the following half an hour that same corridor morphs into something unrecognisable, filled with staff hurrying here and there, doing this and that. Amidst them, Security Chief (overpaid babysitter) Nakahara buries himself in his own routine: perimeter check, a word with the venue's head of security, a piss, car confirmation, a bottle of water and half a protein bar.

The doors open with the usual cacophony: there's nothing to respond to yet, it's all anticipation for what's to come. The openers are not his responsibility, hence the ginger has the luxury of not fully paying attention to them… this is the closest to rest he usually gets, on days like this, right in his spot: left wing, hands clasped behind his back, eyes to the stage.

Then the house lights dim and the pre-show music cuts: the last screams and claps fade; only the darkness remains, at least until the first note hits. "Check, check; one, two…" That's enough to make the audience roar again, which in turn draws a low laugh from Dazai's lips, amplified by the line arrays. "Sweet, you're all still standing there."

A scratchy and distorted guitar riff sets the crowd off, screaming.

And there he is, that insufferable bastard.

From where he stands, Chuuya gets a different angle, one that the audience isn't allowed to get: an unfortunately close profile view. Under a studded double-rider jacket that won't survive another couple of songs, he's wearing a silvery mesh shirt. The mesh is sheer enough that the Bastard Amber stage lights do half the work of taking it off him; regardless, the mesh is cut short just above Dazai's navel, leaving a strip of skin bare.

Whenever the lights sweep over him his jewels shimmer: a multitude of studs climbing his ears, a single metal ball occupying the middle of his tongue, a septum ring swaying back and forth as he moves. As the first song ends, Dazai shrugs the jacket off before its time; it lands behind him where someone, concealed by the darkness, scurries to catch it. His torso is more ink than flesh, with dense blackwork covering both of his shoulders, spilling down in fragments past the collarbones. On his left forearm, and only there, gauze covers the span from wrist to elbow. It's a permanent feature, it's the only part of Dazai's body that stays

covered. Even in the sultriest photo shoots the bandages remain; more resilient than the man’s underwear, that’s for sure.

It’s ridiculous, really, a display of pure incoherence from the man who whines and complains about his inability to tolerate pain whenever interviewed about it. As if looking like that is a painless endeavour, something that happened to the frontman, almost by chance, conveniently matching the aesthetic of the genre.

Such ridiculousness goes unmentioned. A paradox no fan bothers with, they can’t, really, it’s hard to think when all the blood’s gone south.

The second track crawls in, slower, bass-driven, and the feedback from the previous one subsides into quietness. At the front of the stage, the singer’s already sweaty, pacing with the mic cord trailing behind him; it’s way less frantic, inciting intimacy, making the audience project onto him whatever they crave, it’s both lazy and clever.

How unfortunate it is that Chuuya’s job is, by definition, watching.

The chorus leaves space for another slow couple of bars, and there, right then, the performance turns private: Dazai’s head turns, slowly, like he knows where to aim, right at the specific square of unlit space where security hides, and he finds *him*. This is not the routine.

“I'm just tired of doing it pretty when we both want it raw.” Lips lingering close to the mic, with the frontman gazing dramatically into the dark… it’s a moody composition, the classic bullshit performers do.

The next two lines, words that Chuuya’s memorised despite himself, come out pressed to the mic, with the snake-bite piercings grazing the grille: "God, I'd take you against the wall; break the divide.”

His left hand, adorned with thick silver rings, comes up, just adjusting the mic, wrapping around the stand as his hips roll on the downbeat. Dazai’s gaze doesn’t move, still meeting the ginger’s eyes through fifteen metres of smoke and stage. “Oh, I wanna go deep, all the way inside…”

For a moment, just a second, Dazai pulls away from the mic, his lips moving with no sound, but with a very specific shape: ‘*You.*’

The arena erupts like it always does after the most explicit lyrics: it’s the predictable response to that kind of bait, the desperate enthusiasm that comes from imagining that the stranger on the stage, whom they clearly have a parasocial relationship with, is singing to them specifically. It's a mass delusion, and god, it makes them always lose their shit. Bloody idiots.

Now, that’s what Chuuya would tell you, and it’s true, but the audience is reacting to ‘*inside*’, the word you’d find on every site recounting the lyrics. The bodyguard is reacting, or rather trying not to react, for something ephemeral, which could have been a mere trick of the lights, a personal illusion of sorts.

His body is locked in place, and that's convenient, because that's the professional response; alternatively, he could either walk onto the stage and strangle the man mid-song with that tantalising mic cord… or he could storm out of the building and go somewhere else where no witnesses will see him put his fist through a wall.

Offensive and inappropriate, wildly and almost cartoonishly inappropriate. And also impossible to report. How do you file a complaint about this? '*Mr Nakahara, this is a valid complaint that we're not dismissing, but we require proof.*'

And a single word, mouthed, not even pronounced, leaves no tangible proof, beyond the shallow breath of a professional who's been provoked past the point of tolerance.

Dazai's already gone, back to the audience, back to the song, seducing the crowd rather than the short man in the left wing.

Duty keeps Chuuya there, on autopilot, for the rest of the concert: it's almost two hours of bullshit, of idiots screaming themselves hoarse, pressing against the barriers but never pushing past them. When a concert is over, that's when his job truly starts: band first, then crew, then the VIPs and wristbands, then the dickheads who shouldn't be here but always somehow are. The job is security, but it often looks like an unwilling herding dog shepherding a bunch of dim-witted sheep.

Outside the backstage area, the house lights make the crowd drain towards the exits in an infuriatingly slow march, but Chuuya's task, after yet another corridor check, is to simply station himself outside the door, arms crossed.

Most nights, nothing comes from inside Dazai's dressing room: the creak of the couch as Dazai collapses into it, the faint *whoosh* his vape makes on the inhale. So far Chuuya's dealt with zero groupie incidents, so when the sound of voices, plural, followed by a clearly feminine giggle, reaches him through the door, of course he opens it: he's a guardian of the routine, and his job is to be present when something threatens it.

Inside, the frontman sits between two people; he's sprawling on the stained leather couch in a state of objective decay, the reality of such a strenuous performance that few people get to see up close: Dazai's brown hair is matted, the mesh shirt is dark with sweat, there's a new rip on his trousers that wasn't there three hours ago. He's a man who's been working and who clearly needs a shower.

The two cunts at his sides have no passes hanging by their necks, which is objectively idiotic; there's a girl in a merch tee cut to show everything, preserving only the '*NoLongerHuman*' lettering on the front, and a guy with black liner which must have been impressive at the start of the day, but is now reduced to a smeared mess.

"You can go now, Nakahara-san," Dazai muses, looking up, in a voice that's almost kind, despite being raspy: albeit flat, it's a deception like any other, since it builds on the incorrect implication that this is customary, that this has occurred many times before when it hasn't. "Take the rest of the night off. I *definitely* don't need a babysitter for this."

The girl chooses that moment to trace his jawline with her lips: there's no time to waste when you're living the moment of a lifetime, a bite of heaven stolen in an adrenaline-fuelled rush.

There's a hand sliding under the mesh shirt at Dazai's side, another touch propelled by the same urgency; Dazai leans into it, tilting his head towards the guy. For a moment nothing happens, nothing else should happen after all… but their lips meet. What follows is angled with surprising precision, it's exactly the type of kiss one would expect from a bastard with a tongue piercing and no shame: open enough to show tongues meeting halfway, indulging in obscene and wet swirls that are in plain sight.

Albeit novel, this is none of Chuuya's fucking business, in theory… but it is, Dazai makes it so: his eyes are open, aimed across the room, eyeing the ginger while someone else's tongue is in his mouth. The frontman's eyes are half-lidded yet undeniably focused on *him.*

It shouldn't matter, rock stars with exhibitionistic tendencies are a cliché, it should be unremarkable, yet Chuuya finds his hands shaking anyway.

"OUT."

Here it is, a sound that escapes the man at the door, unplanned: it's a roar that fills the dressing room, loud enough that the girl flinches and pulls back. "Take her, grab your shit, and get out of my sight before I call venue security and have you both blacklisted from every concert hall in the fucking country! Move!"

It's almost satisfying to see them scatter like birds, grabbing their shit and scrambling off the couch and past Chuuya with panicked steps. One might wonder if this is justified or if it's going to cost him his job, but it doesn't matter: he got rid of people who had no right to be here, pawing at someone who should know better than to pull similar stunts.

The door bounces once within its frame after it shuts.

The bastard reclines on the leather, letting his nape meet the backrest as if nothing happened; his hand drops to his thigh. Dazai opens his mouth slowly, letting the piercing click against his teeth before whining: "Chuuya, that was incredibly ru-"

"Are you fucking mental?!" His voice cracks, but it's fine: this point is bound to come, sooner or later. Chuuya's patience has been tested for months, and even if one could argue that tonight was nothing special, that this is what talent does to people… who the fuck cares. "I've put up with your bullshit for way too fucking long, you insufferable, attention-starved twat!"

The smugness flees Dazai's face as he sits up, slowly, straightening against the couch in silence; his mouth opens and closes once, but the frontman produces no sound.

"What?! Were you waitin' to see if the fag bodyguard'd pop a boner so you and your little band can have a bloody laugh about it later?!" Chuuya snarls as he takes a step forward; his chest heaves, and he's not thinking at all: he should walk away, cool off, and then come back with an apology.

Dazai’s hands come up, palms up, fingers curled in surrender. “No, that’s not…” but the plea fractures there, because the ginger is already three words into the next accusation.

“D’you think I'll just stand there and take it ‘cos I'm gettin' paid to protect your scrawny, tattooed arse?” His boot meets the leg of the coffee table, and the plastic bottle on it rattles; it’s surprisingly rewarding amidst the silence. “I thought you were just a bored, twisted arsehole who got off on torturin' the help, but…” Chuuya’s voice cracks again, and what emerges is him, stupidly yelling at the taller man: “Well, newsflash, rock star, you’re a fuckin’. Proper. Psycho piece of shit!”

The taller man’s hands drop down onto his knees; his fingers find the raw edges of the artistic holes in the denim, tangling with the threads and pulling. It’s a nervous tic from a man who seemed unable to experience such a thing. “I wasn’t mocking you,” he tries, without meeting Chuuya’s eyes.

“Don’t you dare fuckin’ lie to me right now.”

Of all the vitriol Chuuya’s spat so far, that’s the wrong thing to say: Dazai’s patience snaps; his spine goes rigid against the couch and, when he speaks, his voice is the one he usually saves for encore finales, thundering even without a microphone: “I’M NOT! I was trying to seduce you!”

Seduce. Months of targeted and increasingly insane torture, and a single word is enough to reframe it all. The anger still resides in Chuuya’s fists, but it’s been derailed towards no specific target. He could still tear the bastard a new one, but heat is crawling up his freckled face, painting him in the embarrassment of getting something wrong for so long. “What?!”

“I wasn’t torturing you. I simply didn’t know how else to get your attention without risking yet another scandal.” Dazai is, for the first time since they met, speaking plainly. “I couldn’t outright hit on my own bodyguard.”

"You're shittin’ me… you ruined my favourite shirt ‘cause you wanted to get laid?!”

“Yes!” It comes a bit too fast, shamelessly reiterating the truth with a defensiveness unbefitting this HR nightmare in the making. “Maybe not my best execution, I know, but…”

A sound escapes the shorter man: it’s neither a laugh nor a sob, it starts as the former in his stomach and it morphs into the latter by the time it slithers through his gritted teeth. His fingers tangle with the copper curls at the top of his head as he turns away. No, he’s not looking at Dazai right now. *What the actual fuck.* The absurdity of it all makes his eyes horrifyingly wet: his employer, the man who sells out arenas, who could shag every groupie with minimal effort, who’s got a following of thirsty slags who’ve wanked over every line of ink on his body, has just confessed that his idea of flirting is psychological warfare with extra steps.

Chuuya moves towards the door, his back is straight and this is the wisest course of action: exit, corridor, run after management, shout your resignation in their faces, flee the venue and pretend none of this shit ever happened. Behind him, there’s a soft exhale: Dazai’s simply accepting a rather predictable outcome.

Instead, the handle goes ignored, but the lock *clicks.*

With one hand flat against the wood, Chuuya lets his forehead touch the door. He's not ready to face the bastard, not yet: he has to wallow for a breath, not in doubt, but just a second to accept his own stupidity and gather some moronic courage.

Courage to do what, exactly?

Chuuya's across the room in three steps, circumventing the table in a whirl. The singer sees him coming with wide eyes; his body recoils into the couch, sinking into it and letting his hands come up halfway, bracing for a hit because fleeing is not an option. Dazai's mouth opens in the shape of a '*wait',* or maybe something smarter that might soothe the ginger's murderous intent… but Chuuya's already there.

One knee slots beside Dazai's hip and the other follows on the other side: there Chuuya is, settling his weight in the cradle of the bastard's thighs. Dazai's hands are surprisingly useless: they aimlessly linger, just for a moment, still defending against the wrong threat.

It's absurdly stupid of him, Chuuya knows it, but the insides of his thighs are clamped against the outside of Dazai's, with the heat bleeding through the fabrics, and none of this sounds like a bad idea anymore. What are the consequences, really? A scandal for Dazai, sure, but one befitting the image of a wild rock star sticking his dick in places he shouldn't. But for Chuuya? A moderate loss of reputation in the industry, maybe, but the other man's hands finally land, committing to the shape of his arse and claiming two generous fistfuls of flesh, and everything else becomes woefully unimportant.

"Has anyone ever told you," Dazai says, and his tone has regained a certain levity, because he simply cannot help himself, "that your little anger issues are a massive turn-on?"

In response, he earns a smack to the sweat-slick column of his neck: it's theatrical and exasperated, not meant to harm, but the force shoves Dazai's head forwards, with his hair falling into his face and a startled *yelp* falling out of his lips. It melts quickly, opening into a wheezing laugh, an unexpected little sound; this is it, this is what the frontman had chased with every single one of his sadistic attempts: Chuuya playing along.

Chuuya snorts through his nose, despite himself and any shred of dignity he might have left. A laugh follows soon after, and it's his own: he's straddling the frontman, which is the hilarious part, so his whole frame is shaking. We all build subconscious expectations of how other people will react to things, and although often accurate, here Chuuya's guesses fall short: Dazai's brown eyes are crinkling at the corners, tracking across the ginger's face.

Seeing that expression, dripping with *devotion* and aimed at *him,* for fuck's sake, makes restraint feel both stupid and absurd: the bodyguard spent so many days being the reasonable one, the unfazed professional who never rose to the bait… and yet this is where it got him. The destination was bound to be the same from the very start, Chuuya's fight has been a pointless one all along. Well, then *fuck it,* might as well see how it goes, no?

His fingers climb into the damp and crunchy tangle of brown waves at the base of the singer's skull, and he drags that face up to meet his own. Chuuya licks past the seam of

Dazai's lips, racing over the two rings adorning the bottom one, and that mouth opens wide for him, with a pierced tongue pushing forwards, eagerly lapping.

Within the wet heat of two mouths learning each other's shape, the piercing feels like an intruder, a firm press against the softness of flesh that gives the ginger pause. He draws back just to take a look at it: the silver ball sits prettily at the centre of the muscle, slick and glinting under the fluorescent lights of that dressing room. One could simply resume that kiss, sure, but Chuuya ducks down instead, his back arching obscenely to press into the taller man's body, and his lips close around Dazai's tongue, sucking it into his own mouth. Some saliva escapes from the corner of his mouth, but Chuuya's too busy rolling the stud between his tongue and palate to care. The taste itself is barely noticeable, but the feeling of it… *God,* he is sucking on someone's tongue like a *greedy little slut*.

With your tongue stuck in someone's mouth there are few sounds one can make, but Dazai's answer comes regardless, delivered by his hips: a single grinding roll presses something that feels undeniably like the ridge of a hardening shaft, clad in heavy denim, and yet perfectly finding its place against the seam of Chuuya's trousers.

It shouldn't work well through this much fabric, but the upward roll drives the hardness right against sensitive flesh, with a dull and indirect friction that races upwards, making Chuuya's own cock throb in protest, his legs stiffen and his spine bows even more dramatically. A second later, Chuuya's thoughts contribute to making everything worse: the man underneath him, the rock star whose every appearance generates a thousand posts from strangers detailing what they'd let him do to them, is currently *rutting* up into his bodyguard like a teenager.

Oh, *fuck*. It's a realisation that makes the shorter man gasp for air, inhaling through his mouth, which allows that pierced tongue to slip free. A second later, the exhale carries a moan trying very hard to wrap around four distinct words: "Son of a bitch."

Needless to say, the insult doesn't land as intended… or maybe it was never intended to be much more than a helpless exhale. In front of Chuuya's slightly mortified gaze, an unhinged grin spreads across the bastard's face, crooked and clearly delighted, celebrating a victory that's coming his way.

Long fingers climb up the back of Chuuya's jacket: one cups a freckled cheek, bringing the bodyguard's lips back into reach, whilst the other weasels its way to his shoulder, underneath the simple black jacket the bodyguard is wearing, sliding it off.

Mid-kiss, Chuuya tries to shrug it off himself, without breaking contact, but his elbows catch in the sleeves and he's forced to pull back with a grunt to free himself. Dazai's fingers, meanwhile, have snaked upwards and they've already managed to undo the knot of his necktie with surprising speed. Next, the buttons of that pristine white shirt yield willingly, and just a couple of frantic breaths later Chuuya's shirt hangs open, revealing his heaving chest. The fabric is gently eased off his shoulders, exposing his densely freckled skin.

Seizing the moment as the singer's dark eyes rake down his bare torso, openly tracing its definition, Chuuya grabs the mesh shirt by the hem and hauls it up. Nothing: the fabric resists, stubbornly clinging to the slick valleys of inked ribs. It takes a second firm pull,

strong enough to rip and widen a couple of holes, and Dazai lifting his arms: only like this they manage to peel it free.

Photographs compress and conceal, so even if Chuuya's seen the frontman shirtless in countless photos, now there's nothing between his blue eyes and the ink: the blackwork sprawls across both shoulders, scattering on the chest in fragments of smoke, morphing into more delicate linework climbing up his throat, gently cradling his Adam's apple without touching it. He tracks the lines greedily, standing still for a moment: it's a body designed to be looked at, kept lean by chance more than diligence, but patiently decorated. Lyrics are impressed on his ribs, tracing them one by one, but there's a notable lack of work at the centre of the man's chest. The right arm houses an extension of the pitch-black ink, with tiny specks left untouched here and there, giving the bizarre illusion of a minimalistic white sky.

Is the whole picture a masterpiece? No, such things never are: it's a display of choices, many of them, all belonging to the man Chuuya's paid to protect; it's a mix of endless moments marked into skin with a needle, with some pieces clashing with their neighbours… so no, it's not perfect to his eyes, but that doesn't imply it's not beautiful, up close.

Everything is undeniably deliberate, or at least everything except the left arm: from the middle of his bicep a cascade of stylised eyes looks back at Chuuya, but the further down he goes the thinner they become, lacking shading and detail, and gauze abruptly cuts them off from the elbow to the wrist.

The bandages have always been there, present in every interview or leaked backstage photo, sparking numerous theories Chuuya never cared for: his job is to herd the man's chaotic arse from venue to venue, he's not paid to wonder about that sort of shit.

But… right now he could…

His fingertips find the edge of the gauze, where it's already peeling at a corner; maybe he wants to know what's underneath, not that it'd change anything, but doesn't he deserve to see the only part of Osamu Dazai that nobody else gets to look at? His thumb hooks underneath, lifting.

A hand catches his wrist, firm but not panicked; Dazai's eyes find his as he quietly murmurs: "Not that." The singer's thumb strokes once across Chuuya's knuckles, an apology, maybe, or a simple 'not yet' that he's not ready to say out loud, and then his hand withdraws.

Come the fuck on; there's frustration clawing at the back of Chuuya's throat, and his mouth opens around a protest he doesn't voice. Hasn't he earned it? No, admittedly not yet, and seeing what Dazai's been hiding is not a reward for good behaviour, is it?

So, maybe not tonight. There's enough skin to occupy himself with anyway; he can be patient about one forearm.

Nimbly, Dazai's fingers drop to his own jeans; the button pops open, the fly swiftly drags down, but as he lifts his hips to shove the denim down… he can't, Chuuya's weight pins it down at his hips.

“Maybe… a little help?” The singer mutters, and Chuuya complies, albeit in the most impractical way: he extends one leg out to the side, lifting his hips *just enough* to let the man work the trousers down and kick them off. He sinks back down the moment they hit the floor, right onto… *Christ*, through the thin layer of the man’s black boxers the hardness is pleasurably blatant, hotter and longer than it was half a minute ago.

Chuuya fumbles for his own trousers; the button is right there, he can feel it with his fingertip, but his wrist has no room to make the necessary twist and the angle is shit. He tries again, shifting his hips, and he succeeds only in grinding himself against Dazai’s bare stomach, which… is definitely *pleasant*, but not the goal. With a frustrated *huff*, he lets his forehead drop against the singer’s inked shoulder.

A palm flattens against the ginger’s sternum and pushes; Chuuya’s world rotates, his back hits the couch with a bounce and, above him, Dazai is looming, grinning wildly and working on the waistband. The pull is fluid and ambitious, dragging both trousers and underwear down his hips, past his knees, off the ankles and they’re gone, hurled towards the floor.

“Gimme a second,” Dazai says, holding up a finger, before twisting his torso to rummage through a drawer built into the vanity unit, right next to the couch; he turns back with two condom packets in his grip, and he drops one onto the ginger’s stomach without much care. *Over-prepared little shit.*

With one hand bracing on the armrest, the singer rises to his feet, towering over the man currently sprawled horizontally and forcing him to tilt his head back to keep the singer in view, which puts Chuuya’s eyes right at hip level. The boxers come off without a single spark of self-consciousness, and breathing becomes optional for Chuuya.

The thin cotton fabric clears, and the shaft swings free with a bob, jutting up from a thatch of dark hair. On the underside something snags Chuuya’s focus: a single barbell piercing right under the head. He needs a moment, or several, thank you fucking much. It doesn’t match speculation and fan art, which usually depict a PA: it’s the perfect trade-off between aesthetics and pain.

“Surprise?” The question drops from above, slightly amused and definitely breathless, and it brings Chuuya back to the moment: he’s been staring, unashamedly, at the man’s cock for a bit now. His freckled face floods with heat, and he finally looks up at the singer, who’s standing there, clearly expecting him to be able to form sentences.

One foil square gets ripped open with clumsy urgency, and the ginger rolls the latex down himself with a few strokes; still standing, the singer does the same. It tightly hugs his shaft and dimples where the barbell sits.

“Fuckin’ hell, just get down here,” Chuuya commands in a rough rasp. With a raised brow, the singer complies, sinking back onto the couch, legs falling open above Chuuya’s shoulders. The shorter man swings a leg over in response: his knees perfectly bracket the singer’s head.

It’s a perfect close-up of Dazai’s body, with the weight of his balls resting on Chuuya’s forehead, and that barbell hovering just inches from his lips. Without another thought, the

ginger takes the shaft in his hand and leans in; his tongue drags a slow strip from base to tip before curling around the head. The metal presses against his teeth, tiny and solid: a fascinating hard line, muffled by the condom. He is so focused on working it down his throat, inch by inch, that he gasps when a wet mouth engulfs his own dick without any preamble. The gasp messes with Chuuya's breathing, forcing him to pull back for air.

"You're an insufferable piece of… *ah*," the ginger manages, and it was an important thing to say, but he's unable to finish it properly given that the bastard swallows him down to the root, cheeks pulling taut. *Fuck.*

Two fingers press flat against his perineum and drag back, circling Chuuya's hole with the pad of a fingertip; his legs start shaking against his will, and instead of bobbing his head there's just his tongue, working the underside of Dazai's length with broad and sloppy strokes. A bit insufficient, but he needs a fucking minute…

Unfortunately, the hips above him snap down without warning, feeding an inch or two of dick past Chuuya's lips, making him splutter. Instead of pushing him up, the bodyguard plants a hand on Dazai's hip, urging him deeper within his own tightening throat.

For a moment the fingers vanish, which allows Chuuya to bob his head a couple of times, and then they return slick, pushing in with a surprisingly delicate curl. The ginger's thighs fall open wider, his spine arches off the leather, and a loud moan comes out muffled around Dazai's shaft.

The bastard takes advantage of it, setting a proper rhythm with his hips, a downward grinding motion that slides himself along Chuuya's throat, savouring the inevitable spasm of a gag. The singer backs off immediately, letting him cough and swallow around nothing, before rolling his hips more carefully.

It'd be almost a display of care, but Chuuya'd swear he feels the bastard smirking around a mouthful of cock.

A second finger presses in, alongside the first, and another hand grips a freckled thigh, sinking into the tender flesh to prevent those muscular legs from clamping around his own head.

When they finally disentangle, the process is utterly graceless: Chuuya's mouth slides off the shaft, drool trailing down his chin, and the taller man's fingers slip free. With a huff, the singer twists to lie flat on his back, on the opposite end of the couch, with one hand pressed flat against his jaw as he works the stiffness out of it.

As the leather stops creaking under their weight, the only sound left is their breaths: they're both panting. Lying flat on his side, Chuuya finds his eyes watering, and when he blinks a tear tracks down his cheek. He wipes it off with a knuckle; it's nothing emotional, really, it's the collateral damage from having his face fucked. Despite that, his puffy lips curl into a satisfied smirk.

"Holy shit," Chuuya rasps, dragging both hands down his face. He doesn't elaborate any further, it's not needed. On the other end of the couch, Dazai is grinning like an idiot, with his

inked chest heaving in uneven pulls, cock long and dark against his belly.

“Don’t get smug, dipshit. We ain’t done.”

“God, I surely hope not. I’d cry if we were done just like this,” and Dazai laughs as he says it; the sound is surprisingly bright.

With a chuckle, the ginger pushes himself up on shaky arms, bracing against the armrest as he scans the room for a surface that isn’t cramped or stained. His knees are jelly, but he still makes it to the door; the walk is probably unsexy as hell, but who cares. Chuuya plants both palms flat against the wood, leaning on it; he spreads his stance, which inevitably pushes his arse out, cheeks parting.

“S’locked,” he throws over his shoulder, before swaying his hips back and forth, just once, giving the bastard a little show. “S’solid…” It’s perilous to find something else to add, but Chuuya tries anyway, saying the wrong thing: “It’s the only thing in here that can take a proper poundin’ without fallin’ apart.”

“Are you describing yourself or the door?” The quip is automatic, but the singer’s already halfway across the room: Dazai looks so disgustingly *eager* as he crosses the space between them in quick steps.

A ringed hand clamps onto Chuuya’s hip, metal biting the flesh. Without craning his neck, there’s no way to see what Dazai’s doing, but Chuuya feels the press of that shaft nudging his hole. A small testing push is given, but on the second, it pushes past the rim in an unhesitating slide. It’s embarrassingly easy: the ginger’s body simply opens up, welcoming the sweet fullness as the height difference does something devious, forcing them both into a very specific angle: the head presses right where it should, delivering a direct hit to Chuuya’s prostate, sending a jolt through him that makes his palms slide on the door. Briefly he’s falling, knees buckling, but a fully inked arm snakes around his ribs and *yanks*, reeling him in against a solid torso.

“Got you,” Dazai breathes against his ear, an unsteady chime of delighted enthusiasm as hips pull back and drive in again, without pause.

Both hands migrate to Chuuya’s biceps, closing in just below the shoulders and pulling his arms backwards: there’s no fucking escape from this position, his body is there, held open as the singer accelerates. There’s a guttural *mmnh* whenever Dazai dives deep, and a bitten-off hiss whenever he pulls back.

“*Shit*, right there… *Ah!*” Chuuya’s words fracture as his head drops forwards, his forehead meets the wood with a soft thud, and a moan climbs out of his throat: it starts low, it drags high and just stays there, drawn out across three full thrusts before tapering.

The staff ain’t stupid enough not to understand something this fucking simple, and everyone within earshot now must know what’s happening to the security chief; Chuuya’s never been quiet about anything and he’s not about to start now, not with a cock hitting his prostate. He wanted words, but violent moans are all he’s got.

The rhythm holds for a bit, punching a moan out of the bodyguard on every impact, but, gradually, it flags: thrusts losing their snap whilst the singer’s breathing grows progressively ragged.

Fine, it makes sense that the frontman’s legs are done after leaping for hours on a stage. Chuuya’s legs, luckily, aren't. He’s gonna do it himself then; he frees one arm from that grasp, pressing it against the door before lifting his right foot, hooking it backwards around the outside of Dazai’s calf. It’s a tiny motion, but it opens his hips wider, giving the ginger a chance to meet the next stroke halfway, rocking backwards at a desperate pace that’s all his own.

The body behind him goes rigid in a couple of thrusts; Dazai’s hips stutter, abandoning the pace entirely, and they drive in deep for one final time, settling within the tightness. Inadvertently, Dazai takes a couple of steps forwards, pressing the shorter man flat against the door as he shakes through his own orgasm with a long and surprisingly melodic moan. The sound holds for a moment before breaking into sharper breaths as he spills into the latex.

Fuck, it’s a satisfying sensation: a length twitching inside him, with thick and irregular throbs. The singer doesn’t pull out, he just stays there for a moment as his forehead drops between Chuuya’s shoulder blades, damp with sweat.

“Jesus, fuck,” Dazai mumbles, and it carries a tone of apology, bolstered by a hand that finds Chuuya’s neglected length once the singer shuffles back half a step. It’s a firm grip, with a thumb lingering at the tip just to tease his slit for a moment, before picking up the pace: tight on the upstroke, a twist at the top that drags the foreskin over the head and back again.

Chuuya doesn’t last, and how could he? Being impaled by a softening cock and pumped in tandem makes his legs violently quiver. It’s just *so fucking good* that Chuuya lets out a pathetic ah-ah-ah, unable to conjure something more dignified whilst fucking into the channel of that fist with mindless fervour until every sensation crests. This is how Chuuya comes, with the singer pressing sloppy open-mouthed kisses on his shoulder and letting out a hoarse shout.

He’s left trembling, afterwards, pinned between the door and the weight of a man who’s still, stubbornly, inside him, with cum filling the latex.

Someone should say something before this shit gets awkward, but Chuuya’s brain isn’t complying: what do you say? He settles for the following: “Y’gotta pull out.”

“Mhm, nah.” Dazai’s refusal comes muffled against his skin.

“The fuck d’you mean ‘nah’?,” Chuuya snaps, gathering some strength to twist within the hold to glare at the bastard, but without moving enough to dislodge it; the singer’s eyes are half-closed, and his flushed face is squashed against freckled skin.

A sharp knock makes them both flinch, as a thundering voice cuts past the door: “Dazai! The bus leaves in fifteen minutes, and we’re already three minutes behind schedule!” It’s the tour manager, Kunikida-san, a tall blond man who always tries very hard to keep everyone on time, whose impatient steps are already fading down the corridor.

Everything after that is speed and scramble: finally Dazai pulls out, and the loss forces the ginger to bite back a whine, but there's no time for that. Trousers are yanked up, feet are jammed into shoes that neither of them bothers to lace.

There's nothing they can do to make themselves presentable enough, and even if they had time to alter their appearance, nothing could properly conceal the specific slackness on their faces that speaks of stupidly reckless yet fully satisfying sex.

They look *obvious.*

"Come on." For once, Dazai doesn't dawdle: he's already at the door, chivalrously holding it open.

Thankfully, the corridor is clear as they traverse it, stupidly side by side. At the loading dock, the bus is idling and, in front of it, there's the poor tour manager, standing with a clipboard in his hands and resignation on his face. "Get on the bus immediately, and I'll pretend I haven't heard…"

He's not given the chance to finish his threat, because the two idiots scramble up the narrow stairs. Chuuya takes his usual seat, with Dazai taking the one across the aisle.

Two days later, the photograph hits the internet: it was taken through the dressing room's grimy window, exploiting a tiny gap between curtain and frame that some opportunistic leech managed to find.

Despite the shitty lighting, and the lack of focus, the subject is still recognisable: Dazai's elongated back, with his bony arse flexed in the effort of a deep thrust. Braced against the door, almost perfectly concealed by the frontman's body, is someone smaller, with a head of ginger hair peeking out from the side.

EXCLUSIVE: NLH Frontman O. Dazai Gives Fan WAY More Than an Autograph! [Leaked Pic Below the Cut]

Chuuya flips the phone screen-down. The photo exists, it's on every shit-stirring site on the internet, it's fucking mortifying but the scream never comes: he's not giving the crew the satisfaction of a meltdown at four in the morning. He allows himself a meagre and scandalised whisper: "*Your pasty crack is trending and they've all seen you balls-deep in… fuck.*"

Across the aisle a curtain shifts: Dazai's face appears in the gap, hair a disaster of brown waves, squinting against the annoying light of dawn. "You saw?"

"Course I fuckin' saw."

Without warning, a hand snags Chuuya's wrist: the bodyguard doesn't have time to yelp before he's being pulled sideways, across the bus and into the bunk opposite of him. The partition swishes closed after he lands inside of it: it's a microscopic place, barely enough for

a lanky rock star, and the ginger finds himself pressed against the bastard’s chest, trapped by an arm wrapped around his waist.

“Sssh,” Dazai breathes, pressing his lips against his temple like a kiss is going to fix it all. It’s an invitation to surrender, and for once Chuuya takes it: he tangles their legs together, and after stealing some of the blanket, he lets his eyes close.

Let the world speculate. Kunikida already knows and the crew'll crack it by lunchtime, sure, but the rest of them? No face in the shot, no proof. It’s alright, it’s *fine.*

At least until Kouyou sees it.

End Notes

Please, leave a comment; it'd make my day in these tiring times! Each and every comment will be welcomed and cherished, even if it's just an emoji! Whatever doesn't make me feel like I'm shouting into the void, really ♥
°. .

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!