The Warmest Place on Earth.

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The Warmest Place on Earth.

by the_mackerel

Summary

Set roughly two weeks before the epilogue seen in 'Curiosity Killed the Executive (not really, though)'. One cannot fuck the suicidal ideation out of Osamu Dazai, but God, it's worth a shot.

Some lives easily accumulate habits, others don’t. There’s a kind of failure that’s unique to people who seem unable to develop them: doesn’t your daily life always ask for the same things?
But when a man has spent his whole life mistaking such absence for his own personality, a lack of habits is rarely identified as relevant.
[...]
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At last, the chopstick slides free as the knot comes apart, all at once, with copper spilling over his shoulders. One-handed, Chuuya rakes it back without looking away; that, paired with the slightly-too-big jumper… for a moment, Dazai forgets to be miserable.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Some lives easily accumulate habits, others don’t. There’s a kind of failure that’s unique to people who seem unable to develop them: doesn’t your daily life always ask for the same things?

But when a man has spent his whole life mistaking such absence for his own personality, a lack of habits is rarely identified as relevant.

Whether things stick or not, the question is *how* it happens. Having witnessed it happen to other people over the years, Dazai knows it as a gradual calcification of behaviour into routine. Nobody seems immune to it but him: habits are things that require a tomorrow, and his is never guaranteed.

Lately, his immunity has been failing. Tonight finds him here yet again, at a convenience store quite far from both his own flat and the ADA office building. For the fourteenth day in a row, he takes a shopping basket from the stack by the konbini’s door. A sugary *bitō* first, for himself. Feigning nonchalance, he adds a plain black coffee, as if it were just an afterthought.

The cashier scans the two cans without looking up, Dazai pays with some coins he’s started keeping in the inside pocket of his coat.

Outside, the cold hits him, persistent even if it has yet to turn cruel. In a matter of weeks, the leaves that used to litter the pavement have vanished, leaving the streets pristine.

Walking, he lets the bag swing gently against his hip, the two cans rhythmically knocking against each other. The destination is obvious, the route requires no thought; his feet take him where they’ve already been.

Two habits now, maybe three; none of them has had the time to become permanent as yet.

Nobody would dare call this a problem, would they? Cast as tiny votes in favour of tomorrow: yet another day he’ll be walking to Chuuya’s flat, assuming the mafioso will be there and won’t throw him out.

But he could still stop at any point, turn around, drink both coffees himself on a bench by the river before jumping into it. If he did, the counter would go back to zero. More than that, unfortunately: the Agency’s protocol for his attempts is a known inconvenience; Nakahara Chuuya’s reaction to being ghosted by someone and then having to fish that someone out of Ōoka river, on the other hand, is harder to dismiss.

Not stopping, he keeps to the route ahead. Maybe there’s nothing to worry about, why call something a habit when he can name things as they truly are? Convenience might be the root of it: he’s headed towards warmth, delicious food he doesn’t have to pay for, and sex. Basic needs are wonderful motivators. That's all it takes to make a man walk *home*.

Home?

Until that one word, his thoughts have been pleasantly harmless. At the kerb, his feet stop, just before that one junction with the broken light. It blinks amber, and that’s all it’s going to

do.

A stricture slithers in his chest, making his breathing thin. A thought shouldn't matter simply because it occurred to him, except he's referred to Chuuya's flat as '*home'*. It took months for his flat at the Agency dorm to be anything other than *the room;* months of returning there at night and hanging his coat on the hook by the door, and even then the word was used grudgingly. Weeks aren't enough time for a place to become anything. Regardless, *home* is the only term he can use, encompassing far more than a place: the left side of the bed he's somehow claimed, Chuuya's shrieking alarm clock, a spare toothbrush keeping someone else's one company… It's a myriad of little things, moments turning into routines; if that's what makes a place home, then he has one.

Maybe he should really spend the evening somewhere else. He'll ruin this, sooner or later. Might as well start tonight.

All too often, feelings arrive at a conviction with no reasoning in tow: Dazai is not a man who improves the lives he touches. A handful of instances, generalised to encompass everything that ever was and ever will be. Worse still, that statement brings implications, which Dazai stubbornly carries, and amongst them the most important one is very simple: he doesn't deserve this. People are worthy of what they can care for, and he cannot. Eventually, he'll destroy this, simply by virtue of who he is.

Lately, he's been distracted, but that good stretch can't last forever; the weather changes and so does the one inside his ribcage.

What then?

When he inevitably disappoints?

When he offers no entertainment and avoids touch?

When he won't show up because walking there feels impossible since Kunikida confiscated his spoofed IC card?

Rigid around the bag, his hands clutch tight for no reason; and the world is sharp. He should be alert, something wrong is happening, everything is happening, right at this instant, and he should turn around, right now…

Without deliberation, his feet step off the pavement, across the street and past the broken traffic light instead of darting in the opposite direction. The promise of warmth is enough to propel him forwards, temporarily softening the world around him and deadening the rot inside him. There's always a certain relief that comes from doing that one wrong thing you can't stop doing.

Around him, Yokohama moves, indifferent to the microscopic crises its inhabitants insist on having; the last three blocks, two left turns, a right one, the entrance, one lift, the keypad… and finally, the door.

As he lets himself into Chuuya's flat, the cold stops.

It takes him only one step, and the warmth starts soothing the spots the cold got to, caressing his hands, beckoning him to come closer. After shedding his coat, he reaches for the hook without sparing it a glance: the third one from the door is his, temporarily at least.

Despite everything, his body leans towards the warmth and he finds himself walking towards the kitchen: there, the radiator is humming and the stove adds its own heat; the smell of garlic and red wine wafts from a pot of something slow-cooking… something that probably started with him in mind.

“Took your fuckin’ time tonight,” Chuuya says, without turning; he’s leaning over the stove, with both hands braced on the counter edge. Gathered in a loose knot by a single chopstick, his hair leaves the most elusive strands to frame his freckled face. The borrowed jumper he’s wearing exposes the pale column of his neck, where the black leather choker permanently resides. That’s a place Dazai’s mouth has recently been.

There Chuuya is, stunning in the honey light of the cooker hood, tasting what he’s made whilst waiting *for him;* the room is warm and something smells incredible… it’s a *dream*.

And it’s unbearable.

Really, how could it not be? Tenderness offered without any excuse and with a side of profanities here and there is still something anyone would want to keep. Holding onto things is…

The pull behind his ribs returns, bringing a pinch of nausea with it. *Holding onto things is a mistake.* Dazai should move, letting the evening unspool will force the anguish to subside, moment by moment. It’d be the perfect temporary fix, but it'd be better than standing there, frozen, at the entrance, with his hands still gripping the plastic bag. Such a fleeting moment might come apart in front of his eyes: eventually he’ll see the warmth fade and patience wear thin.

“Did ya hear me?” Chuuya glances back, a little furrow settles between his brows. The moment he gets a proper look at the taller man, the irritation leaves his face. “You okay?”

He sets the bag on the counter and peels his fingers off the plastic, one by one. Though many potential answers could satisfy the query hanging between them, Dazai opts for the one that says nothing: “Not everything is something, you know?” A little too casual for what came before; it’s meant to dismiss the query whilst reframing the oddity as inconsequential. The sentence is a banal way to make a conversation die. An imperfect success, since it yields only silence.

Why is there no answer? Avoiding Chuuya’s eyes, he busies himself with extracting each can, slowly, from the plastic bag, as if that’s the most important thing he should be doing right now. That sentence is also true in a way he didn’t intend, and it’s something he’d like to take back, but he cannot; his movements freeze, and he remains there, staring at the wood grain of one of the kitchen cabinets.

‘Everything’ is, by definition, a word with reach, and it’s wide enough to contain this: the newly formed habits, the gentleness, this unspoken arrangement between them. With its

volatility inadvertently exposed, the whole thing between them suddenly seems too good to be true. Well, too good to last for sure. Is this the problem? Is this the source of the acrid taste in his mouth? Is he fearing impermanence or its contrary?

The hob turns off with a tiny click; no protests or profanities come. Daring to turn his head, he finds Chuuya rooted to the spot, hand still on the dial for a moment too long.

One sentence, and Dazai has ruined the evening. Some people have this unfortunate talent for spreading rot by merely existing, and he is one of them. Believing otherwise would be pointless, given life has provided him with so many instances of failure.

Perhaps this will end tonight, in a blaze of shouting and kitchen utensils turned into projectiles. Better people would make it work. No, that's unfair. Better people than Dazai would make it work, Chuuya could…

Chuuya's hand reaches for the bolo tie at his throat, closing around it without a word, and he pulls. Downwards, just to be bitchy, and then forward; the taller man takes one stumbling step, then another, and the kitchen gives way to the hallway.

Unfortunately, the sharp words Dazai's been anticipating don't come, they must have got lost on the way here. The two men move past the bathroom, where the spare toothbrush resides, and through the bedroom door. Of all the spaces in this flat, the bedroom is the one that changed the most: the duvet is thicker, but that's due to the weather turning harsher; over the chair by the window there's one of Dazai's spare shirts; the bedside table on the right side of the bed houses some bandages, a cheap plastic lighter and a bottle of pills. There's far more evidence than this, testimony to his belongings migrating with Dazai himself.

As they stop at the foot of the bed, the detective finally allows himself to look at Chuuya's face: his lips are pressed together, bloodless in their effort to hold back sound; he's glaring up through narrowed eyes and his nostrils flare. As the gemstone falls free, Chuuya reaches up. He has to stretch for it, heels lifting the floor, but his hands make it: calloused fingers curve along Dazai's jaw, lingering with no demands.

"You're so fuckin' stupid," Chuuya whispers. Dazai's mouth opens before he's able to conjure some clever thing to say, but the ginger's already closing the last inch between them, and the cleverness dies on the way out.

If he genuinely deemed himself unworthy, he'd be stepping back, away from that warm mouth, but his body leans in instead and his own lips make a liar out of him, challenging every thought he's had on the way here.

Then the warmth flees, and Dazai's lips are still reaching when the mafioso's palms hit his sternum with far more force than necessary. His knees buckle against the end of the bed and down he goes, flat on his back. Even if the ginger doesn't follow him onto the bed, he still lingers for a moment, hands at his sides, before a decision is clearly made.

"You think I don't…" Chuuya mutters whilst bending over the bed to snatch Dazai's left shoe; he wrenches the lace apart. As soon as it comes off, it's hurled through the open door and it crashes against something in the hallway. Whatever.

“...see right through...” Second shoe, same treatment. “...your shit?”

Unfortunately, Dazai’s rebuttal remains tangled in his throat, unable to climb out properly, words scratching their way up to no avail. He manages a sound, precursor to a fib.

“Shush.” The tone is gentle even if the ginger isn’t looking at him; he raises a hand and flicks his wrist dismissively before he starts moving, pacing along the foot of the bed in an agitated back and forth. “Right. So,” the mafioso says, chin up.

Without bothering to add anything else, Chuuya simply pivots and paces it off, to one end of the bed and back, barefoot on the shiny linoleum. “Listen…” His stride breaks, but a hand comes up, talking for him, chopping the air for a moment; then he resumes the pacing, now at double the speed, mumbling to himself: “Nope, fuck’s sake.” Worked loose by the sharp pivots, the chopstick sags, precariously dangling in an unravelling knot.

It’s the funniest thing Dazai’s seen in a while, and his lips briefly quiver, and he wisely prevents a smile; Chuuya seems to be talking himself into something, something he must have thought about extensively too… or at least that’s what the detective assumes from the flush rapidly spreading on that freckled face.

“I’m gonna sit on your dick,” Chuuya announces as his steps halt at the corner of the bed; one hand closes around his own wrist behind his back. “Unless you’ve got somethin’ to say about that.”

At last, the chopstick slides free as the knot comes apart, all at once, with copper spilling over his shoulders. One-handed, Chuuya rakes it back without looking away; that, paired with the slightly-too-big jumper… for a moment, Dazai forgets to be miserable.

The relief doesn’t last long, a suspicion swiftly replaces it: this isn’t really about sex, is it? Despite never establishing a routine they’ve always done things differently: dinner first, then whatever else is there to do, then sex on the first viable surface. They’re doing things out of order tonight, maybe he should be thinking of that, perhaps that’s a warning sign the detective is currently missing…

But God, he’s tired.

“Alright,” Dazai concedes.

It’s good enough, albeit vaguely insulting, but alas, Chuuya seems to decide that strangling the bastard can wait until later, and he turns his back to him in order to take his own trousers off. The motion is probably far less smooth than he’d like, given the whispered curse that immediately follows. Underwear next, and then he hops once when the fabric reaches his ankles.

Ah, Chuuya’s arse, what a lovely view. Maybe there are some advantages to being alive.

“Oi,” the mafioso starts, turning slowly to shoot him a glare. “Take your own shit off, I’m not doin’ everything.”

Dazai sits up just enough to work his brown belt open and wrestle everything past his hips. After kicking that bundle of fabric off the bed, he lies back down, head falling against the pillow and his cock slapping his stomach, below the bunched up shirt and vest.

The mafioso grants him a quick once-over before crawling up the mattress, stopping only when his legs bracket Dazai's thighs. As he reaches sideways for the nightstand, his jumper drapes over Dazai's hips and its edge brushes his length; a touch of unintentional intimacy, grown customary already. And none of this would exist without a cat and a curse. Funny how life is. The cap pops and the lube coats Chuuya's fingers. One hand settles on the duvet, at his side, allowing the mafioso to lean back: his whole weight pins Dazai down as he spreads his legs wide. Strong thighs, sitting on him, spread to an almost impossible angle thanks to the ginger's flexibility, and above them the jumper has ridden up, exposing Chuuya's half-hard member and, below it, his arse, perfectly positioned to be stretched and *filled.*

Visuals as obscene as this one rarely make it into real life; it doesn't matter how many times Dazai gets to witness it, it never fails to ignite the same dissonant reaction. It starts as an indecent thrill shooting through his veins, and it ends with a shiver lodging itself at the nape of his neck. The latter is troubling, because it's far louder than the profane little shudder that precedes it, forcing the detective into idiotic reverence. Unbeknownst to the other man, Dazai's many attempts at shattering it have always failed.

He has learned nothing from experience: he obstinately fishes for a quip, some small taunt; he finds none. Right now his eyes are wide, transfixed on a single focal point, waiting.

The first finger sinks inside to the knuckle, fighting some tension on the way in and still breaching. One thrust, another… the third one delivers pleasure instead of friction, making Chuuya's head tip back. He adds another finger and his breath comes out shaky through his nose, ribs expanding under the jumper as the wet squelch of fingers fills the silence.

Underwhelming as the show is, Dazai's dick appreciates it anyway, swelling with the first heavy pulse of blood, rising to half-mast.

With downcast eyes, Chuuya looms above him for a moment, sweet in a way that feels almost premeditated. Maybe that's all it is: it hardly takes any foresight to predict that the local suicidal maniac might be prone to sabotaging himself. With his thumb bracing Dazai's shaft, he notches the tip against his own rim before sinking down in one lube-slicked slide.

The fevered grip of Chuuya's walls is flush against his skin, hotter than anything outside that point where they're joined. No escape given nor needed, really, yet it's quite destabilising tonight: obscenity doesn't disqualify the significance of being inside someone who *wants him* there.

Remaining fully seated, Chuuya rolls his hips, forward and back, in a maddeningly slow sway: it grinds the member inside him against the front wall, again, and again. Dazai feels himself harden inside that clutch, and the rim goes tight. A shudder traverses Chuuya's body, making his back arch and forcing a low moan out of him.

Pressure is not the friction Dazai's body craves, so his hips roll up into the shorter man. He manages a single deep thrust before Chuuya's thighs clamp shut around his hips, locking him

in place. With it, the sway cuts off too, leaving Dazai buried to the base but with no reprieve. His hips strain upwards on mere reflex, but he gets nowhere.

“Now, jackass.” Chuuya’s right hand flattens on Dazai’s chest, below the bolo tie, keeping him down. “This is how this is gonna go: truth gets you more, lies get you nothin’. Understood?”

Trying to lever himself up, the detective whines: “Chuuya, come on…” The protest grants him nothing, the hand on his chest doesn’t budge. Even thrusting upwards is futile, with the ginger’s warm thighs tightening further. Bitter frustration festers in his chest, making his hands reach for Chuuya’s hips, ready to dig into the flesh and impose a pace of his own; they’re batted away with a slap. Okay, alright, nothing.

“Nuh-uh, try again,” the mafioso hums, busying himself with loosening the buttons of Dazai’s black waistcoat, and when it falls apart, he moves onto the shirt underneath, laying the fabric open, button by button, openly antagonising the taller man’s impatience as his fingers unveil no skin whatsoever, only bandages.

“Okay,” Dazai allows, eyes to the ceiling. What a graceless defeat it is, yet it’s not surprising given that this terrain has always belonged to the other man. After all, this division has characterised their partnership since the very start, long before passion replaced animosity: one contributed the schemes, and the other struck the enemy. Here, with Chuuya snugly wrapped around his dick, planning is inevitably useless.

A tiny hum of satisfaction comes from above and draws his gaze to Chuuya’s face: the knit between his brows has grown smoother, brightening his fond eyes. Right below, though, sits a smug and toothy grin.

He’s the worst, isn’t he? Such an awful little man…

Finally, Chuuya moves and the detective’s thoughts shatter in response: he rises until the rim threatens to slip past the head before dropping his weight back down. The long awaited friction is almost blinding; a slow drag pulling up along his shaft, followed by a faster descent that swallows him back to the base.

It’s a rhythmic bliss Dazai arches into, groaning every time he’s welcomed back within that slick tightness, again, and again, and…

And Chuuya has the audacity to freeze on the downstroke, comfortably seated. It costs him too, with his rim fluttering around Dazai’s length and his legs shaking, struggling to remain still. “So, you think about leavin’? While you’re walkin’ here?” The mafioso’s voice is surprisingly thin, as he asks, but he stubbornly keeps it steady even as his own cock twitches, neglected, adorned with a bead of desperate pre-cum.

“Sometimes.” Vague, but a truth nonetheless, offered whilst his thumb pressed a crescent into the meat of Chuuya’s hip, childishly channelling the detective’s irritation.

Chuuya rewards him with a single, shallow bounce, undoing his own composure a little before he utters: “Mhm, ah-, why?”

“Maybe it’d be easier.”

Oh, that’s the wrong answer, isn’t it? Dazai can feel Chuuya’s spine straightening, shifting the weight forwards, just a fractional motion.

“Easier for who?” Chuuya’s next query has lost its predecessor’s wanton breathiness, how disappointing.

His gaze slides off Chuuya’s face, holding it would be asking too much of himself. This one truth requires no pondering, that’s not the problem, but…Dazai doesn’t want to see it land, so he sends his eyes to the blank ceiling while he forces two syllables out of his throat: “For me.”

Oh, there’s a crack on the ceiling; how out of place for an otherwise pristine flat! It runs from the light fixture towards the corner, undeniable. In his periphery, the ginger’s body holds him still, and then, thank God, the thighs around Dazai’s hips shift.

This time it’s a proper pace: riding and falling at a pace that gains speed, with urgency growing stroke after stroke. The slap of skin meeting skin mingles with their moans, and it’s… good, it’s so *good* and it lasts long enough that Dazai allows himself a stupid hope: maybe that’s it. Maybe the interrogation is over, and he gave Chuuya what he needed, and now they can be this: two people fucking, half clothed, in a warm flat that smells like dinner, where the worst parts of both of their lives cannot torment them.

Yeah, what else is there to ask, after all? It surely must be it! The crack on the ceiling is blurred, so his eyes finally leave it alone, tracking down the body riding him: down the jumper, askew, traversing the flushed skin beneath it and then he’s staring at the sight of Chuuya’s dick. Each thrust makes it jerk, slapping against the bunched wool and making a mess out of it with thin and sticky strands. The jumper might need dry-cleaning after this, sure, but Dazai would currently volunteer to lick the rest clean; his tongue hopelessly darts across his lips, too far away from where he’d want it to be.

It’s alright, he’ll taste Chuuya later, and soon enough, really, because neither of them is gonna last much longer, no? The questions must be over, how wonderful! What a nice talk, maybe they even both needed it, but the relief is way sweeter than honesty could ever be.

Chuuya’s arse meets Dazai’s bony hips and *stays there*, the next stroke doesn’t come; he manages to get yet another question out, in an indecently breathless voice: “Next, d’you deserve to be here?”

The denied rhythm is a shock, making the detective’s legs tremble with the need to thrust, to demand more. Aren’t they done with this? His spidery fingers fist into the duvet. This will avail him, and them, nothing: forcing honesty out of him is a peculiar type of violence, depriving him of his customary misdirection. Of course Dazai labels it as useless, any other accomplished clown who jokes about the noose would do the same, mistaking pain for evidence.

“How is that…” A weak protest comes through gritted teeth.

“Answer,” Chuuya coaxes, and the hand that’s been resting on Dazai’s bandaged ribs lifts to find his face, palm settling on his cheek.

The touch helps, not unexpectedly, and his grip on the duvet loosens. It is not fair, is it? He’s being gentled into honesty! Yet the detective still caves: “No.”

“Mhm, nuh, wrong,” the mafioso chides, holding still above him, waiting.

Finally Dazai lets himself look at Chuuya’s face: his lips are parted, and the flush on his cheeks is merely sex-induced, and his eyes are desperately searching for an answer that Dazai has yet to provide.

Oh, no; he knows where it comes from. He’s forgotten, stupidly, that Chuuya has never been easily fooled by his masks, and now, unfortunately, the other man has a pretty big reason to care. Every slightly late arrival these past few days, every mistimed laugh: all of it compounding into worry, now brimming at the corners of Chuuya’s eyes.

It can be fixed, right? It’s alright, there’s no need to cry when someone is still alive and well, no? Dazai can fix it, at this very instant, somehow, because there’s nothing to worry about, this is temporary, no storm is eternal…

For a heartbeat, Chuuya’s eyes squeeze shut, chasing some tears away before speaking: “You think you’re gonna ruin this.”

“Probably.”

The riding doesn’t resume, even if it should. Dazai gave an answer, a pretty truthful one too, but no. Maybe this is how the interrogation ends, with the worst possible outcome for the both of them: the mood spoiled mid-fuck, their cocks not having received the memo that the evening has gone to shit.

“Last question,“ Chuuya announces, his voice has regained some steadiness now. ”What d’you think happens to me when you succeed? Have you thought about that?”

Dazai shakes his head once. No, he hasn’t, of course he hasn’t. Misery teaches you that the world ends at your skin, and the thought of collateral damage is laughable. What comes after is not a concern of his, obviously! One doesn’t need self-preservation to be as despicably selfish as Dazai is.

“I’ve had two weeks of this, of walkin’ up to your stupid face, and it’s been…” His voice splinters. “What do I get? Same as always with you, *nothin’!*” Serrated words, growing in volume: Chuuya is done with containing this, and he has, objectively, every right to fury.

“Am I supposed to just…” His hand flees Dazai’s cheek, landing on his own face instead, pressing against his eyes. “What!? Be glad I got anythin’ at all?!” These words come out from behind his palms, slightly muffled.

No, please. Stop, Dazai’s not ready to witness this, even if he can predict what that single hand has been concealing.

With no mercy, the hand drops anyway, and the face underneath is blotched. “Maybe we shouldn’t have started this.” Here it comes, quietly interrupted by a swallow. “I should have saved myself the trouble.” A sob escapes Chuuya’s lips, shattering grief’s attempt at passing for caustic anger. “Of spendin’ the rest of my life mourning you.”

“Don’t say that.” This is Dazai’s automatic response; it hurts to look up at him, but Dazai keeps his gaze steady anyway. He has no right to look away, not when he’s the one who caused this. Chuuya’s been bracing himself, rehearsing a eulogy just in case, and that is… not unwarranted, of course, but it’s a very bad case of taking Dazai’s uncertainty and pushing it to its ugliest logical end. It is not a guaranteed epilogue, it’s just a *possibility*, but now it’s visible. Dazai hasn’t pondered the consequences, he never does, but good luck ignoring them now.

A warm tear lands somewhere on his chest, barely perceptible on the gauze, but he’s seen it fall. *Don’t*… but, don’t what? Don’t cry where he can see it? How selfish. Don’t cry *at all*? That’s protective and, admittedly, foolish. By some miracle, the less selfish thought wins: “I’m sorry.”

Yes, it’s a shitty apology, but it’s also the first one the detective has sincerely voiced in years.

“So?!” Chuuya demands.

“I’m sorry,” Dazai sniffles in response. A tremor runs through his hands, fingers stuttering at his sides as he denies them the right to reach out. Not now. “It was just a few shitty days, I’m staying, I promise you.” His voice is uneven, he barely sounds like himself, but he pushes forwards anyway. “I’m okay. No, I’m not okay, but I’m gonna be okay.”

Despite himself, and despite every ounce of intelligence he possesses, Chuuya believes him. He doesn’t want to, believing something Dazai Osamu says is, notoriously, idiotic, but he does it anyway, leaning down to join their lips once again. It’s an angry kiss, drenched in tears that probably had no reasons to be shed. Their lips are imprecise, landing a bit offset, corner against the opposite one… but it reignites them both anyway.

Yeah, maybe they were doing something before the interrogation derailed, but they’re both stupid, in their own unexpected ways, and dramatically incapable of doing anything in the right order when the other one is involved.

“You better, you bastard,” Chuuya whispers against his lips, and his hips resume their pace: it’s a slow roll at first, allowing the pleasure to flood back, washing some of the tears away. Only metaphorically, unfortunately, their faces are disgustingly sticky, just a bit though.

Eh, it’s a problem for later.

Planting his feet on the duvet, Dazai bends his knees and lifts his hips clear of it. With such freedom he thrusts *up*, altering the depth, and the whine Chuuya makes, forehead dropping to Dazai’s shoulder, is not one of sadness anymore.

Slowness has no chance to linger: they’ve both been hard for far too long. After one of the worst conversations those two idiots have ever had, the lust hasn’t had the decency to flag, so

the pace snaps faster, shamelessly aided by the ginger riding down and Dazai thrusting up hard enough to make the shorter man lose his balance, now and then.

As usual, Chuuya's moans have no concept of modulation and, currently, the man's usual booming register is allocated to pleasure. He could go on for hours too, even if sweat is currently darkening his hair to rust at the temples: a trained body like his has endured far longer, with considerably less incentive than this.

Each thrust sends a spark through Dazai's spine, and his voice rises in pitch in ways it rarely does when mockery isn't involved. When an erection is stupidly forced to last too long, the moment friction is allowed, anyone would become a slave to sensation. And yeah, sinking in such an agonisingly tight ecstasy is *incredible*; however, underneath, there's more: his legs are shaking, not due to indescribable pleasure, but because he's lifting an amount of weight he's not built to sustain. His abdominals are protesting, with each thrust costing more than the last, and… is that an ache in his lower back?

Within two more thrusts, the burn in his muscles stops registering: his back arches and he spills inside, eyes squeezed shut and breath held through it. His hips drop, and he's *done.*

Chuuya isn't, unfortunately, but maybe he should let the man breathe… no, he stays seated instead. Rolling his hips draws a tiny pained sound from Dazai's lips, but this is not malicious revenge, it's that he's *right there.* His hand wraps around himself, adding tight little strokes to the fullness of a spent cock. Well, only if he angles his hole right.

It takes less than a minute before Chuuya joins him with a full-body shudder, collapsing onto the taller man's body. Cum lands messily on Dazai's bandaged stomach just to get smeared by the weave of that poor jumper Chuuya's been wearing all through this. Eh, another problem for later.

He doesn't lift off, even if he should, Dazai expects it, of course he does: withdrawal, cold air, getting cleaned, and then maybe… dinner? His hands settle on the ginger's hips, meaning to guide the dismount.

Instead, Chuuya rearranges, tucking his face into the curve of a bandaged neck and letting his legs fall open wider, altering the angle but maintaining the connection. It's pointless, sure, and they're both growing soft, but Dazai is inside him now… he is *staying,* right? "You promised," he breathes against Dazai's throat, closing his eyes.

Skin against skin, they remain joined in a tangle that's a bit uncomfortable and definitely filthy. Semen is leaking, escaping Chuuya's body and racing downwards on Dazai's skin and cooling there… how depraved. Yes, very depraved, Dazai is definitely *not* into it.

What's the appeal of staying sheathed past the point of purpose? There's absolutely no valiant twitch in his length, absolutely not.

The mafioso instigated the depravity, and yet he bears none of it, not like this, curled against Dazai's chest like there's nowhere else he'd rather be. The filth is all Dazai's doing. Chuuya, as of now, is just *cute.*

Hours go by. Dazai's back will make him pay for it tomorrow, but he doesn't move; Chuuya dozes in and out above him, grip ebbing and tightening, until he shifts, at last, and burrows harder into the detective's neck, sheepishly murmuring something that sounds like '*food*'.

Nothing is solved, and maybe nothing ever permanently is. But tonight Chuuya has bought them time, and time is exactly what's between now and a Tuesday in the middle of December.

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 ♥
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