genuflect

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by Anonymous

Summary

megumi, a priest, meets yuuji a few weeks before he's supposed to officiate his wedding.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Megumi is a young priest.

(He can’t tell you why. God didn’t save the only reason he’d ever attended mass.)

Yuuji, a newcomer, is about to get married in his parish. The wedding's been arranged by his family, but Yuko's a childhood friend.

He has no reason to complain, he confesses to Megumi but he still.. he still..

Megumi finds he understands. There's a reason he spent years in seminary school when there wasn't a bone in his body that believed in any word written in the bible.

Still, he tries to assure him. He's seen this before. Pre-wedding jitters. Before he can think better, he invites Yuuji to come back if they don't dissipate.

They don’t.
They keep talking.
Megumi becomes curious, observant.

(Despite himself. Enough so that he’d learned how Yuuji’s lips quirked into a curious questioning smile whenever he caught Megumi’s eye. He fought the blood that rushed to his face, feeling like a student again, teaching himself to control his bodily functions.)

Yuuji is a kind person, easy to root for. To hope for. Yuko is a sweet girl, earnest - on paper a union between them and their families makes perfect sense. And he can see in her eyes that she loves him. A simple schoolyard love, but love nonetheless.

Yet the smile that crinkles Yuuji's eyes when he plays with children and the smile he reassures her with when she stumbles in his arms are too similar. He doesn't look at her any differently than a stranger.

It is completely different to the shy secret smile Yuuji now gives him when their eyes lock during a sermon, like there's something between them. Something discrete, only known to them.

(The first time Yuuji sat for confession, Megumi couldn’t stop himself leaning forward. His heart ran a little faster, his blood rushed a little stronger. Purely curiosity, he told himself. It wasn’t often that new faces entered the congregation and stuck around long enough to become familiar.

He was at least confident that there was nothing for Yuuji to see on his face but he found himself disappointed that that meant he couldn’t watch Yuuji’s either.

“Hi. Uh, father?" Yuuji had coughed awkwardly. “I’m sorry I’m not sure how this is supposed to go.”

“It can go however makes you comfortable, Yuuji.”

Technically there was a proper procedure for taking confession. Megumi had gotten the feeling that Yuuji needed a little more freedom than procedure would allow.

Yuuji had smiled at him through the metal bars. His teeth glinted. Megumi felt his own lips twitch in response. He restrained himself.)

He realises quickly that Yuuji is very easy to love. He realises slowly that Yuuji reminds him of someone he already loved.

He decides this is what makes him ask why Yuuji was going to another suit fitting that afternoon, scheduling his next confession around rehearsal dinners for an event that only brought him trepidation.

He knows he shouldn’t have even without Yuuji's stricken gaze, shock stark behind the metal bars of the privacy screen. Because Megumi knew the answer, of course. He'd been asked to do it. By now, Megumi knew Yuuji could be unfairly simple like that.

Because his parents had asked only this of him, because Yuko had always been kind to him, because the Ozawas were nice people, because he had an obligation to be good to people who were good to him, because he didn't have a good reason to say no.

Because simply not wanting to be bound to a person he did not love for the rest of his life was not a good enough reason.

Megumi had learned a lot about the groom in the weeks before the wedding he was supposed to officiate. Perhaps too much. So when Yuuji said he had to go and fled the confessional, he didn't follow although he could feel the urge to, physically.

Another bodily function he had to condemn in the name of something he didn't believe in. In the darkness of the tiny room, he can see Tsumiki shaking her head, her face clearer than it had been in years.

Yuuji doesn’t come to confession. He doesn’t come to mass that Sunday. Or the next. Or the one the week before the wedding. Yuko leaves early. Their families retain the air of all being well but Megumi can see the tension in how Yuuji's mother checks her phone after communion.

There is no reason to be hopeful in their distress but Megumi is. He knows it. He has no reason to lie to himself. He ends his sermon with a smile even as the parish descends into hushed whispers.

Three days before Yuuji is supposed to be married, Megumi finds him waiting in the confessional.

Yuuji starts as soon as Megumi sits.

"Hi. I'm sorry, I don't know why I ran away last time, I don't even know why I'm here now. Actually, no. Sorry again. But that was a lie and that's no good. To lie here of all places. Um."

"Yuuji, you don't have to apologise to me." He looks at Megumi then, eyes bright through the metal bars. "I'm the one who overstepped."

At this Yuuji laughs. Megumi blinks. It sounds different than all the other laughs he'd heard from him, more brittle, more sharp. Like broken glass. He drinks it in all the same, selfishly hoping this is another thing that only exists between them. He wishes he could touch him. The thought scalds.

"Yuuji," he says but he's not sure what should follow. So he repeats, "Yuuji."

The laughter dries as abruptly as it began. "You didn't overstep."

He sighs, "Yuuji - "

"You didn't. That's why I'm here. I want to answer." Megumi swallows his words.

"It's not that I haven't thought about, about why. Why I was getting married. It wasn't just the last few weeks, you know. It's been months. Over a year since they told me it would be Yuko. And I, I just, I let it happen. No. That's not right. I didn't care. It didn't matter to me. It felt like the least I could do to make everyone happy and, really, all marriage meant was moving. Actually, I thought the worst part would be coming here. Doing this, church thing. Um. So I think I got scared. When you asked me why. Because it's changed. But even then I had to come back. Even if it hadn't - I would've come back because I don't want you to misunderstand me. Because it has changed. Because it didn't matter to me then, spending my life, my eternity with someone I didn't love. But then I met you. And it changed."

"Yuuji," he starts.

"No, just, please. I'm not, I'm just. I have to - I have to do this now. Please."

Silently, Megumi nods.

"I don't know when it happened. I think it was there even before I had the courage to come," he gestures," here. I think somehow just meeting you put something in me. Shit. Sorry. This doesn't make any sense."

He shut his eyes, rubbing them with the base of his palm. Megumi's fingers twitch at his sides. He wants to pull his hands from his face, peel his fingers back, conjoin them to his own. He curls his hands into fists. Despite that, as if he heard Megumi's desires, Yuuji looks up at him again.

"You know, Yuko still calls me Itadori, sometimes, when we're alone. By accident, but still. I can tell she prefers it." Yuuji exhales, the breath heavy. The warm air brushes Megumi's lips.

"You've never called me anything but Yuuji."

Megumi isn't sure he's breathing. Yuuji's eyes are gold in the soft light leaking into the tiny room.

"I don't think you know how much they love you. These people who see you every Sunday. Not a single one has a bad thing to say about you."

At that moment, Megumi doesn’t care what anybody but Yuuji thinks of him. He doesn’t care if anyone but Yuuji loves him.

"I wished they did. I wished someone had said that Father Fushiguro was a little grumpier in the mornings, or that he was just that bit too cynical when discussing scripture, or that you have the palate of a baby because who still picks out green peppers and onions? But they couldn't even if they wanted to because they didn't know any of that. I did. Only I did. And I was so, so glad that it was just me. So selfishly happy. And I didn't, I knew I couldn't do anything with that. And then you asked me why. And I. I. I had to tell you. I had to come here to tell you. I'm sorry."

"Yuuji." Megumi's voice feels raw in his throat. "You don't have to apologise."

"No. I do. I lied again. I said I came here to answer you. But that's not why. I'm sorry I keep lying. I’m just scared."

They’re on a precipice. No, Yuuji is. Teetering back and forth over something Megumi can’t see because he'd fallen far over the edge a long time ago.

"Why are you scared, Yuuji?"

"I'm scared,” he breathes, “because… I think I'm about to ask a man of god to commit a sin. And that's probably unforgivable, even for God."

"Yuuji. I think you'll find there's no man of god here."

The silence is so heavy it drags his heart to his knees. He can't feel his feet. He wants, he wants, he wants.

“Megumi.” Yuuji's voice is soft, practically dissolving in the air. It hits Megumi like lightning. “Can you come over here please?”

He’s out of the box before he can think, spinning on one foot to tear the thick purple outer curtain to one side.

Yuuji looks up at him, eyes wide and rimmed with red. His hair is messier than Megumi's, messier than he’d ever seen it. His face looks warm.

Megumi’s heart is in his ears, it's in his fingertips.

He steps forward, stumbles and doesn't catch himself. Hesitant and too eager, he slips on his cassock, but Yuuji is there.

His arms are strong as he pulls Megumi to him and Megumi lets himself be brought to his knees, face buried against the hoodie Yuuji wore. Too thick. His hands rise, finding the edges of the fabric and dipping below easily. So easily.

His fingers splay along the skin of Yuuji’s waist, tracing the ridge of his abdomen, dipping into the curve of his hips. Yuuji squirms but doesn’t pull away. His fingers glance over the nape of Megumi’s neck, and Megumi’s breath catches in his throat. As he moves up, the touch firms, fingers curling into the hair behind Megumi’s ear. Megumi shivers as they press into his scalp, unable to stop himself leaning into the touch. When the direction of the pressure changes and he feels Yuuji pull him, his mouth drops open in a gasp.

Megumi looks up and is captured by Yuuji's wide-eyed stare. Green on gold. This close Megumi can see he’s flushed past his neck. He wants to see how far the blood has travelled. When his thumb dips below the waist band of Yuuji’s pants, he watches Yuuji bite his lip, squeeze his eyes shut. His knee juts by Megumi’s head. Cute, he thinks. Sexy. He wants to see more.

Yuuji shudders as Megumi tugs his sweats lower, revealing more tan, smooth skin. His underwear rides low. He remains silent until Megumi’s lips latch onto a spot along the anterior line of Yuuji’s pelvis.

The sound of Yuuji’s gasped moan is almost enough to pull Megumi away but he can’t - he hadn’t expected Yuuji to feel so soft. The muscle gave way easily under Megumi’s tongue, and the taste - somehow the scent of Yuuji’s body, sweat and skin and salt was trifold on Megumi’s tongue. He presses his face deeper chasing the taste and Yuuji twists in his grip with a squeak, one hand pushing Megumi’s shoulder but Megumi’s hands are stiff, three fingers dig into the small nook of Yuuji’s back and his teeth slip into the skin, unbidden, desperate to hold him in place. Yuuji’s voice fills the tiny box in one short cracking burst, fingers tight in Megumi’s hair, body arching forward covering Megumi’s head. Still, Megumi is unmoved. His eyes flutter shut, entranced in this saturation of Yuuji, mouth working away, teeth pressing deeper. He’s leaving a mark.

“Megumi,” Yuuji’s voice is so brittle in a completely different way than before and Megumi loves it, “Megumi,” he loves the way his name sounds in Yuuji’s mouth, he’ll never tire of it. “Megumi, Megumi - w- wait, at least - the curt–” Yuuji’s voice cuts as Megumi rolls the flesh between his teeth before pulling off. A dark red bruise circled by the indents of Megumi’s teeth, shiny with his saliva. His.

His eyes snap to Yuuji’s face. Red all over. Megumi realises he’s trembling, eyes lidded and unfocused. The air in the box is warm, thick with arousal. Yuuji looked… Megumi’s gaze drops to the space between his thighs still hidden by clothing. Had Yuuji…? Megumi’s head spins. He wants, no, he needs to..

“Megumi.” His name tickles his ear and Megumi stills completely, head emptying. It’s easy for Yuuji to collapse above him completely, cradling Megumi’s neck. His own curve around Yuuji’s waist automatically, knee dropping to support both their weights.

“Yuuji?”

“Hm, Megumi,” Yuuji nuzzles against his hair. “I like saying your name.”

Megumi feels all the blood remaining in his body rush below his pelvis.

“Yuuji,” his voice is tight, obvious to both of them with what.

“W- wait, before we, uh, continue…,” Yuuji gestures behind them. “The curtain.”

Megumi turns and sees that he’d never pulled the curtain of the confessional back. They’re bare to the entire congregation. Had anyone walked in, what he and Yuuji had been doing, what he had done to Yuuji would have been obvious.

Good.

He presses his lips to the skin below Yuuji’s belly button, fascinated by the sensation of his abs flexing below his skin.

“Megumi, seriously, we can’t–”

“We won’t.”

He stands pulling Yuuji into his arms. Yuuji isn’t light but his body fits comfortably against Megumi’s as he strides towards his rectory. His arms stay tight around Megumi’s neck and he hums in surprise.

“You didn’t think I could carry you?”

Yuuji looks away with a cute little pout. “No,” he lies. Then, muffled into the fabric of Megumi’s cassock: “but most people can’t.”

He fails to resist the grin that spreads his mouth open. I could do anything for you.

Later, it’s with that same thought that he dresses Yuuji in the few layman clothes he still had, stuffing Yuuji’s own clothes into the 2 bags already packed with the few belongings he'd planned to take with him.

Yuuji had taken both bags while Megumi locked up. Leaving the keys in the second most obvious place. It wouldn’t do for the church to be robbed while the congregation awaits a new priest. Although nobody in the parish seems the type, nothing is impossible to him. Not in this moment where Yuuji stands at the doors waiting for him.

Yuuji takes his hand once Megumi is close enough.

“All good?”

Megumi nods.

Yuuji smiles and kisses the back of the hand he held.

Megumi feels his ears turn red and Yuuji laughs.

Megumi pulls him close, hands still intertwined. The other settles on the small of Yuuji’s back. Immediately, Yuuji’s gaze dips to Megumi’s mouth, his own face flushing. But he only leans further into Megumi’s space.

“Later.”

Yuuji pouts, lips soft against Megumi’s finger.

Then, quicker than Megumi can blink, Yuuji pushes himself to his tiptoes and presses their mouths together in a fleeting kiss.

Just as quick Yuuji is ducking out of Megumi’s grip, back pressing against the door with a wholly mischievous grin on his face.

“Later, right?”

“Yuuji.” He steps toward him, intent on closing the distance between them but Yuuji’s already pushing the door open. The early morning sun fills their vision. Yuuji turns on his heel, one bag thrown over his shoulder, the other securely in his other arm. He reaches backwards, smiling into the sun.

“Come on, Megumi.”

Megumi takes his hand and follows him into the day.

End Notes

this was envisioned as a 300 word MAX thread fic id post to twitter. as you can see it got a bit too long... but i had too much fun writing this to abandon it to google docs purgatory forever soooo confession scene in a confessional go brrrr
hello ff.lol i hope u have a hickeys and biting tag

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