Permission

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by FallLover

Summary

Ugetsu visits a gay bar in Tokyo looking for some company. Wing finds him.

Notes

This was originally published on Archive of Our Own.

You don't really need to know anything about "Hunter X Hunter" for this, but some understanding of the plot of "Given" would probably be good. This basically takes place in the "Given" universe.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Aren’t you that famous violinist?”

Ugetsu blinked and looked up from the drink he’d been contemplating for the better part of an hour. He’d come to the small gay bar he was currently at because he didn’t feel up to the various bigger bars he used to frequent when he lived in Japan more regularly. He also had another performance in three days and didn’t want to screw himself over before that. He hadn’t visited this place in a while, either, in part due to his busier travel schedule, but also since he tended to find better conquests to piss Akihiko off at the louder places.

But Akihiko had been out of his life for over a year now. And while Ugetsu had been trying to *embrace* his life more, he felt that perhaps he needed to take more purposeful steps about finding someone to take his mind off of things (“things” of course being Akihiko). His friendship with Mafuyu was good and still strong, but he needed something more. If nothing else, Ugetsu really needed to get laid.

Ugetsu’s gaze went to the man seated at his right: a tall, thin man with short, dark hair, big glasses, and a gentle smile. The stranger wore a white suit shirt, and dark pants. So: cute, and probably easy.

Ugetsu put on one of his fake smiles, the kind that usually charmed most people. “Which one?” He might be trying to be more genuine in his life, but some tricks were just worth keeping.

“You were the soloist for the concert I saw on TV the other night!” the man said, his grin lighting up his expression. Then he winced and put on an abashed expression. “Sorry, you probably want to be incognito while you’re not working, right?”

Ugetsu shrugged. He had about a 60/40 chance of running into fans, or at least people who knew him, while he was on the prowl. Thus far it hadn’t caused any issues. As long as he showed up sober and in shape for work, and didn’t make a spectacle of himself, conductors didn’t care. Orchestras had their own dramas, and Ugetsu largely stayed out of them. “I don’t mind. Did you like the performance?”

“It was beautiful!” the man said, smiling. “You played very well! Though I admit I don’t know much about music.”

Ugetsu smiled. “I always appreciate praise.” *For a night, anyway.*

The man grinned and said, “I’m Wing, by the way.”

“Ugetsu.”

Wing leaned more on the bar. “Do you come here often?”

Ugetsu shrugged. “It’s been a while. I haven’t been up to seeing people for a time.” *Not since I finally got rid of Akihiko.* “You?”

“I visit sporadically. Work keeps me busy. I always have lots of students who take my focus.”

“Where do you work, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“I’m a martial arts instructor.”

“Oh,” Ugetsu said, idly rubbing his glass. “That’s neat.” He’d slept with a couple martial artists. He thought it would get the point across better to Akihiko if his conquests looked strong. Like replacements. Even if they never could replace him.

“It is, but we don’t have to talk about it.” Wing’s gaze was sharp and bright, his entire focus seemingly on Ugetsu. “It doesn’t compare to a world-renowned prodigy.”

Ugetsu chuckled. “I’m sure I’ll be thinking that if I ever get mugged and taken for all I’m worth, since I can’t defend myself at all.”

Wing grinned. “I think they might meet their match, honestly.”

Ugetsu’s smile faded. “What?”

Wing leaned his head on his left hand, still smiling. “You have a bit of a reputation.”

Ugetsu kept his expression neutral. “Do I?” He hadn’t been in Japan for a few months at this point, and had hardly interacted with anyone here in that time. Was the man a reporter?

Wing smiled apologetically. “I was wondering why everyone was avoiding one of the hottest men here, so I asked around, and I guess you’re known as someone who uses people to cheat on his boyfriend. Sorry if it was kind of invasive, I didn't know if you had a rule to be left alone or something, and wanted to make sure I wasn't intruding. But I guess that's not the case?”

Ugetsu’s expression didn’t twitch. “Ah.” That was somehow far less demoralizing and also still frustrating, in a way. He supposed his last few flings *had* been quite dramatic, even to last months out in the minds of anyone they spoke to about it. When Wing didn’t say anything else, Ugetsu raised an eyebrow at him. “So if you learned that about me, why aren’t you avoiding me, too?” *Unless you want me to use you to hurt someone else?*

“Well, word’s traveled around that your boyfriend is seeing someone else, and you’re here, alone.” Wing smiled again. “I assume you aren’t together anymore.”

Ugetsu’s gaze might have slipped into a glare, just a bit. “Yes. We’re not.” Ugetsu had barely spoken a handful of words to Akihiko’s new beau over the years. He didn’t plan for that to change any time soon. Or to try and steal Akihiko back. That was *done* and over with.

He’s better off, Ugetsu reminded himself.

Wing shrugged. “Then I don’t see the problem. You’re attractive and clearly looking for someone to sleep with between gazing moodily into your full glass. I figured I’d shoot my shot.”

“Because I’m desperate?” Ugetsu said, *definitely* glaring at Wing now. Sometimes he’d go for the arrogant types, but tonight he wasn’t up to it. “Because I’m so honored you’re higher-

minded than the other idiots here?”

Wing winced. “No. Because you’re driven, skilled, and beautiful, and I’d like to get to know you better.”

That gave Ugetsu pause, and his glare lessened. “Excuse me?”

“I’ve met prodigies before,” Wing said, his eyes never leaving Ugetsu’s. “And people who just worked themselves to the bone to achieve their goals. Both are amazing to behold, and always excite me.” He smiled. “You’re someone who’s spent his life working to attain some of the highest levels of skill and success in your industry. And it’s obvious in the art you share with others. I can’t help but be drawn to that.” A kind of heat entered his gaze. “Because it only pushes me to try harder in my own studies.”

Ugetsu felt his cheeks warm. It skated close to Akihiko, without turning into overt worship. A challenge that Wing had apparently already accepted.

It was an odd thing.

“Ah, I’ve made a bad impression, I’m sorry,” Wing said, reaching back to scratch his head. “I didn’t mean to be so confrontational.”

“Yes, you did,” Ugetsu said, looking back down at his drink. “But I underestimated you, so that’s fair.”

“You did?”

Ugetsu chuckled. “I thought you’d be as easy as the others I’ve picked up here. I’ve slept with martial artists before. They’re often a specific type. But you’re different.” Ugetsu eyed Wing thoughtfully. “You’re… interesting.”

Wing grinned. “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

Ugetsu shrugged. “Also, your shirt is untucked.”

“Ahh!” Wing looked down with chagrin at his shirt half-sticking out of his pants on the right side of his hips. “Apologies. I’m a mess without my students to tell me what to do.”

Ugetsu snorted. He *was* cute, despite everything. “Tell me about your students, then, if you’re okay with it.”

They ended up chatting for most of the evening, talking about their travels, Ugetsu’s upcoming concert, and the competition Wing was in town to observe. They laughed about the weird coincidence of them both being visitors from New York.

“Small world,” Wing laughed. “Though it happens more frequently than you’d expect if you travel enough.”

At any moment, Ugetsu expected Wing to push him to go to bed or fuck in an alley or something, but Wing was just thoughtful and had an unending stream of questions when Ugetsu paused for breath. Ugetsu found he was glad for the lack of silence. For all he was calmer these days, he found the silence between Mafuyu's calls a bit too much.

"Mafuyu sounds like a handful," Wing said, smiling again. "And a good friend."

"He is," Ugetsu said, grinning. "To both." Ugetsu was still surprised at that. But he liked the ways Mafuyu pushed, despite himself.

"That was a genuine smile," Wing said.

Ugetsu blinked. "What?"

"You've had this aura of sadness about you all evening. I assumed it was from your break-up. But you smiled then."

Ugetsu frowned.

"Ah, sorry!" Wing grinned. "I've enjoyed talking to you, you know. I'd love to do it more."

"You want to sleep with me."

Wing blinked at him, and then replied, "Well, yes. But I also like talking to you."

Ugetsu's eyebrows rose.

"Unless you feel differently, then I understand." Wing smiled again.

Ugetsu studied him for a bit, lifted his drink up and finished it off, then stood up. "Let's fuck then, and we'll see if we want to talk again."

They barely got into Ugetsu's hotel room and locked the door before Wing pushed Ugetsu up against an empty space of wall. Wing's lips were hot and possessive against Ugetsu's, but not painful, and he was good at keeping his teeth in the right places.

Ugetsu leaned into the kiss, and reached down to undo Wing's pants, pushing aside the loose shirt. He made to grab Wing's cock, but Wing gently pushed his hands aside to undo Ugetsu's pants, in return.

Wing grabbed Ugetsu's hips as his pants fell and said against Ugetsu's cheek, "Hike up your legs for me."

Ugetsu blinked and complied as Wing lifted him, leaning his back against the wall. Wing returned to the kiss. Ugetsu's heart raced a bit, and eventually Wing broke the kiss, replacing his lips with two fingers that he pressed into Ugetsu's mouth. Ugetsu obligingly sucked on them, opening his eyes to meet Wing's spellbound gaze and heated smile.

Wing finally removed his fingers and lowered his arm to better support Ugetsu's left leg. He moved around to press his right hand between Ugetsu's asscheeks, pushed his wet fingers to Ugetsu's rim, and rubbed it gently.

Ugetsu shivered a bit at the touch and the wetness. He was starting to feel antsy, knowing what was coming.

Wing grew more confident quickly and was shortly thrusting in and out.

Ugetsu was glad he'd been keeping himself busy with toys, because he was decently loose, still. He was getting impatient with just the fingers, though, and said, "Hurry up."

Wing laughed. "Okay, okay." He removed his fingers and rearranged Ugetsu a bit – leaning Ugetsu's head up against the wall – before pressing his cock into Ugetsu's ass.

Ugetsu grunted and shut his eyes as Wing slowly thrust his way inside. Despite the toys, it *had* been a while, and he missed this. Wing was clearly experienced, too, and soon enough, waves of pleasure began rippling through Ugetsu, making his legs twitch. Wing's cock was thick and forceful in its movements, and Ugetsu craved it. The slap of Wing's body against his stole his breath away, and he clung to Wing, afraid to fall.

Wing didn't let him, though. He leaned in to suck on the right side of Ugetsu's neck, making Ugetsu gasp.

On one particularly powerful thrust, a burst of pleasure ripped through Ugetsu, and he came with a gasp. He grunted as Wing powered through it, pushing for his own orgasm. Ugetsu grunted softly as he felt Wing spill inside of him before stilling.

For a while, they just breathed. Then Wing said, "I'm gonna move us to the bed."

A while later, they lay on the bed together, both nude and messy. The window was open, letting in cool air, and the room was dark with the lights off. Ugetsu had money for a decent hotel, so the bed was big and comfortable. Sweaty as they were from the sex, there was room between them to lay out.

"So, you're just here for a concert?" Wing asked, his breathing pretty even. "Not planning to visit any friends?"

A part of Ugetsu wanted to listen to the instinct to roll into Wing and suck up what warmth he could, recalling how hot Wing had felt against him before. But that would be needy, and he didn't do that.

Perhaps Mafuyu and Akihiko would be disappointed in him for it.

"Yes," Ugetsu said, idly twitching his left foot over. They were too high to hear cars, and he considered calling room service for a late-night dinner. "I haven't been back in a while, so there's really no one here for me." He'd grabbed lunch with Mafuyu once, but they were both pretty busy, otherwise. And Ugetsu had a string of concerts awaiting him after.

Perhaps he was running from commitment this way, but it passed the time. And he could focus on the music.

“I feel similarly,” Wing said, grinning. “I was born here, but I don’t come here much anymore. It’s nice to be back.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever been to a martial arts competition,” Ugetsu said. His right hand rested idly on his bare chest. Usually, he was kicking his conquests out by this point, or ignoring them and sleeping. But Wing was just chatty, and Ugetsu wasn’t tired. Wing was as pushy in bed as he was at the bar, but it wasn’t overwhelming, and Ugetsu thought the sex overall was decent enough.

“You should try it sometime!” Wing said, turning his head to smile at Ugetsu. “There are a lot of amazing martial artists here. Obviously, you don’t have to go to *this* one, but there are lots of opportunities!”

“I’ll keep it in mind.”

They lay there for a bit longer, until Wing said, “You’re more relaxed than I thought from just looking at you.”

Ugetsu raised an eyebrow at him. “What do you mean?”

“Well… You seemed a little arrogant, is all.”

Ugetsu laughed. “Then I guess we’re a good match.”

Wing smiled. “I guess we are.” He sat up and said, “I want to kiss you more.”

Ugetsu flushed. “You’re not done?” Wing had been demanding earlier. All in a good way, but still.

Wing grinned. “I have a lot of pent-up energy. But I can stop if you want.”

“…No, it’s fine.”

Wing leaned down over Ugetsu and kissed the center of his clavicle, making Ugetsu swallow reflexively. Wing’s right hand moved to Ugetsu’s left hip, keeping him still while Wing kissed lines around Ugetsu’s left breast, then moved his mouth over Ugetsu’s nipple, sucking hard on it.

Ugetsu grunted, and then fisted the blanket beneath them.

When Wing finally moved his head up, he asked, “So am I good port of call?”

Ugetsu blinked. “What?”

Wing chuckled. “Sorry, it’s… With our schedules, that’s all this is, right? A brief thing. I don’t mind though.”

“…Were you expecting me to propose marriage?”

“I was expecting you to be interesting, and you are,” Wing said before he leaned down and licked the bruised nipple he’d been focusing on.

Ugetsu breathed in and said, “You’re a good port of call. I suppose.”

Wing chuckled against Ugetsu’s skin, which was an odd sensation. “Good to know.”

“With your confidence, I’m surprised you need the boost.”

Wing looked up at Ugetsu thoughtfully. “I’ve been with a few rebounders before. It’s not a pleasant experience.”

Ugetsu grimaced. “Is that what you think it is? It’s been over a year. Don’t you know what hook-ups are?”

“Oh, I know. That’s what I was looking for. But I know it’s sometimes hard to move on.”

Ugetsu snorted. *What do you know?* “You have a lot of experience?” Then he winced at himself. “Sorry. I… I didn’t mean…” Mafuyu would be disappointed in him. Perhaps he should have waited to try out the hook-up scene again…

Wing, oddly enough, smiled. “So, you *are* bitey. And I don’t mind.” Wing pulled back and settled on his side again, leaving Ugetsu feeling oddly bereft. “I haven’t had anyone that way in a while. I mostly know what it’s like to be on the other end of the backlash. But I’ve seen it a lot. And I’m sorry.”

“I don’t need your pity.”

“I’m not offering it. Or at least… I’m not trying to.”

Ugetsu grimaced. He could see Mafuyu’s quiet presence, just listening to him talk himself out. It was the only real kind of support he could stand. “I've already talked myself out with Mafuyu. I’ve moved on.”

"I'm glad you have him."

Ugetsu smiled. *Me too.*

“Obviously if this is out of line, sorry, but um... You didn’t sleep with Mafuyu?”

Ugetsu snorted. “No. He's not that kind of friend.”

“Did you want to?”

“Not in a million years.”

Wing laughed. “I imagine I should be grateful, then.”

Ugetsu frowned at him. “What do you mean?”

“That you’re still free for me to steal.”

“…You didn’t steal me.”

Wing looked at him thoughtfully and said, randomly, “You want to cuddle me. Why haven’t you?”

Ugetsu’s cheeks warmed. “You’re presumptuous.”

“I wouldn’t mind. We don’t have to fuck more. Cuddling isn’t bad.”

Ugetsu swallowed. “That’s… You’re…”

Wing waited.

Ugetsu grimaced.

Wing reached out and pulled Ugetsu close, burying Ugetsu’s face in Wing’s chest, but not so hard that Ugetsu couldn’t wiggle his face free. He realized quickly that Wing had also somehow arranged them in a rather comfortable position for Ugetsu. And that Wing was, in fact, quite comfortably warm.

“You’re not the only one who’s been alone for a while,” Wing said, keeping his hands still as he relaxed on the bed around Ugetsu. “We’ll just say this is me being selfish.”

Ugetsu winced.

“You’re still really tense,” Wing commented.

“You can’t order me to un-tense.” Ugetsu *wished* that was how it worked, but it unfortunately wasn’t.

“No. And I wasn’t going to try.”

Ugetsu was quiet for a while before he finally said, “People always expect things from me. They want… They want someone they’ve made up in their heads. They don’t want *me.*” When Wing didn’t say anything, Ugetsu added, “Or at least we always miss each other, because we want different things. And then we fight.” Ugetsu swallowed. “I can’t be trusted to know what I want.” All his ways of choosing ended up hurting people.

“Can’t you?” Wing asked. “You made the decision to talk with me. To come here. And nothing bad came of it.”

Ugetsu snorted.

“I also can’t imagine no choice goes into your music. You’re an artist. You’re successful. Your performances are acclaimed. That’s not an accident someone else decided for you.”

Ugetsu swallowed. “That’s just… That’s beside the point.”

“Sometimes we need things that we can’t get from specific people. And they need things we can’t give. It doesn’t mean we can’t be trusted.”

“…You knew I used people to hurt my boyfriend.”

“I was curious why people were avoiding one of the more attractive men in the bar, since I was new there and scouting things out. Who I found was a quiet, but firm, attractive, and funny young man who was open to spending time with me, and made the decision not to leave when met with my own brusqueness.”

Ugetsu frowned.

“You’re hardly perfect, Ugetsu. No one is. I’m certainly not. But you discount yourself too soon, possibly based on one relationship it sounds like you understandably had a lot of emotion wrapped into.” Wing squeezed Ugetsu’s back lightly. “I’m not him. I’ll never be him.”

“…Mistakes can be made more than once.”

Wing laughed. “We’re both artists, we both know that. And it takes practice to learn not to do that, right?”

Ugetsu’s face was heated, and his throat felt oddly tight.

“I don’t mind practicing with you,” Wing said, softly.

Something crumbled in Ugetsu’s chest. It was hard to imagine a future of practices. Anything beyond this night. But they both lived in New York. Perhaps they’d never see each other again, and this would just be a moment. Perhaps they’d spend the time they were both in town together and that was it.

Or perhaps Ugetsu could give something new a chance. He wasn’t sure he was worth it. But… he wanted to.

Ugetsu pressed his face against Wing’s warm neck, glad he wasn’t alone. “Okay.”

End Notes

I've liked both these characters for a while and wanted to write ship fics for them, but didn't know who to pair them with. And it turns out they work well together :D

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