Lavender Caress

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Lavender Caress

by relocation

Summary

A beautiful person barges his way into sharing your drinks, and before long you're sharing your bodies, or:

Jakotsu has a night apart from the band, and finds you alone, pent up, and willing to tolerate his antics.

Pre-/Non-T and Pre-/Non-Op due to taking place in feudal Japan. Natal genitals mentioned with 'masculine' or neutral terms

Written for Pride Season 2023.

Imported from my AO3

Notes

I've wanted to write a Jakotsu story for a while, because there aren't any reader-inserts for him (that I can find tagged), and because I like him, and because I want to appreciate canon gays (fuck queercoding, and yikes to Takahashi making him a man so Inuyasha doesn't have to kill a girl, but it did make a hot villain.) When I was thinking of queer stuff to do for Pride, I thought, "I have to do gay trans x gay cis fic," as I am a trans man with a cis husband, and for some reason Jakotsu sprung to mind and wouldn't leave.

I am a trans man, and used terms and situations that I am comfortable reading and writing, but I understand if this is not for you.

Warnings for trans readers:
This fic refers to the reader as having a pre/non-op and pre/non-t body. The presence of a protruding chest (hidden under clothes) is mentioned, as well as the existence of natal genitalia and related things. Nipples and genitals are touched. No words for natal parts are used (terms actually used: 'your cock,' 'your cum,' 'your shape,' 'between your legs,' 'you' (as in 'he touched you'.)

Jakotsu is referred to as 'they' before his gender is confirmed.

Giving oral, receiving anal and external digital stimulation (ie, jacking)

There are also mentions of (assumed) transphobia as a need to keep the reader's past hidden.

Reader is clocked as a queer man

More general warnings: drinking (very mild), drinking establishment (temporary setting), explicit anal, oral, and rimming, consensual-but-not-always-best-practices (ie groping a willing partner without warning)

And, as apparently this is a concern (???), being attracted to and fictionally fucking a villain does not mean you or I condone anything he does

See the end of the work for more notes

You sighed.

The tavern was full of regulars. Not just regulars, but particularly loud ones, and more than usual. Normally, the labourers cleared out when the soldiers came back to town- and they did all too often, considering you had only been there a few weeks, and had seen them regularly- but today the place was packed.

There were the usual sad drunks, sitting near the kitchen in hopes of getting their sake faster, with money enough to keep the drinks flowing, but not to keep any maids around to pour it for them. At the tables nearest them were the slightly better off ones, the ones who owned businesses in town; not rich enough to drink at a better place, but with enough money to keep the prettier girls on shift around their tables, kneeling demurely to pour drinks even as they exchanged ribald jokes with the jovial men. They almost never brought their wives out. A few older, but similarly not high ranking enough to drink somewhere else, soldiers were on the fringes, at tables near enough to benefit from the service, but not so near to be involved in the conversations about money.

Then there were the younger people, townspeople and soldiers alike, being attended to a bit more occasionally, yet in higher spirits, rowdy, challenging each other to more drinks and betting on those challenges for who would buy the next round of snacks. Many had brought girlfriends with them tonight, and you'd observed them holding their own, and making their own challenges amongst each other when the boys were distracted.

Closest to the door were those who either couldn't afford more than a few drinks, or did not wish to get too close to the other patrons, whether that was to avoid a fight or attempt to get some quiet even in the crowded room.

You were in this final group; sometimes you sat closer, trying to join the village boys in their partying, but not on a night as rowdy as this, and not when they were getting amorous with the girls around. It didn't take long for the dick measuring contests- sometimes literal- to get started on nights like this. Just once you'd been close enough for a teasing girl to reach for your own, and drunk enough not to remember that this could be a problem.

That was a few towns back; you had left in a hurry, even though she was mercifully silent about it. Come to think of it, it was getting time to leave this town; you were still worried someone who knew you might show up. One more town away from home would be fine, one slightly larger so there was less chance of running into someone, even if they showed up.

You'd been telling yourself that for several towns.

As you sipped your hot shōchū, you could, just barely, hear an argument outside.

Not long after, someone stormed through the door.

'Someone' was wearing a pale lavender kimono with a pattern of teal-green leaves, a far cry from the more utilitarian colours- dark blues and browns- worn by most in the establishment or indeed, the town at large.

They cast around, then spotted you, and, to your shock, made a beeline for your table, sitting down without asking.

"Buy me a drink."

You stared at them, aware of how impolite you were being- not that they were being polite either. They had two long, slightly curved points tattooed down their cheeks from their eyes, and their fluffy hair was held up by a beaded pin. Purple scaled bracers peaked out from their sleeves, fastened by golden rings around their middle fingers. Peaking up over their shoulder was the hilt of what had to be a heavy sword.

"Well?"

"You chose the wrong table. This was all I could afford."

You gestured to the small ceramic bottle of shōchū you'd been served, and the iron pot of water beside it.

"Hey!" they yelled across the bar, startling you. "Another cup!"

"Really?" you asked. "You know, if you sat with the big spenders over there, they could probably keep up with you."

"They're not my type," they said, "and I'm not theirs."

"How can you be sure of that?"

One of the staff girls brought a cup, then hurried away to serve the rowdier customers.

"At least introduce yourself if you're going to sit here, drinking my drinks," you said, as it became apparent that they weren't answering your previous question.

"It's Jakotsu."

You sipped your drink.

"That's an unusual name."

"Sometimes a man has to make a name for himself."

"True," you answered simply.

He took the shōchū in one hand, and the pot in the other, then faltered.

"Is it water first, or shōchū first?"

"Water," you answered.

"Right, and it's... four sixths water?"

You took both vessels from him, filling his cup yourself, then handing it back.

He took a sip.

"Perfect."

There wasn't much left to finish off, but you occupied yourself in getting as much down as you could, not speaking to Jakotsu, who himself seemed content to drink and stare at men across the bar.

"So," he said as you placed down your empty cup. "Where are we staying?"

"Excuse me?"

You sat up straight, again staring at him, this time as though he'd grown an extra head.

"You bought me a drink-"

"I really didn't."

"-so clearly you want me to stay the night."

Heat spread across your face, and he laughed.

"What, is it your first time?"

He grinned, though to your relief it seemed more mocking than lascivious.

"N-no..." you answered, though in a way, it would be, if you went through with it, which you wouldn't.

"You're lying," he teased.

"No," you asserted. "No, but it's been a while."

"All the better," he said. "I love an eager man."

You felt yourself flush deeper as between your legs, you felt a hot throb, and a wave of excitement passed through you.

"Look, I don't think I'm your type either," you said, pleading more to yourself than him.

"I can tell you are."

You looked down, and he sighed, rubbing his temples.

"If you're this much of a prude, we'll just sleep. My brothers have plans tonight and I'm 'not subtle enough' to join them until we leave tomorrow."

"I'm not-"

You paused.

"Fine," you said. "I'm staying at a ryokan on the other side of town. Costs even more to drink there, on top of what I'm paying for a bed; that's why I'm here. Let's go."

Scolding yourself even as you led him outside, you walked him down the streets. It was dark, other than the lights of the inns and brothels, and only a handful of drunks were out there with you. You didn't know how you were going to pull this off.

The crossroad you took was even darker, all merchants who had long closed for the night.

Jakotsu took your waist in his arm as you walked, and even as you fought not to squirm, you pulled away, apparently a noticeable amount.

He stopped, and against your better judgment, you did too.

"Look, I thought you were interested. You think I can't go get another man?"

You couldn't see him beyond an outline in the shadowy street, but he sounded angry.

"I'll have you kno-"

"It's not you. It's my body."

It's okay, you told yourself. He was going to leave tomorrow and not come back. He was confident he could go get someone else. You were safe. If you couldn't tell someone who was so against society's standards for a man, those standards that you were desperately trying to learn, who would you ever be able to tell?

Another part of your mind reminded you that he was carrying a sword, and you were just as much of a nobody in this town as he was. No one would notice if you disappeared.

"Your body will be *fine*," he was saying. "I wouldn't have picked you if I didn't think so. Though if we wait any longer, I think I'd be fine with anyone as long as I get *a* man toni-"

Facing him, you grabbed his hand, placing it on your chest.

Even amid the fear and shame, it was an effort to keep silent as he touched you, filling his hand with your... your shape, and grazing over your hard nipple as he felt you.

You released it, but he didn't stop immediately, instead reaching out with his other hand, pulling you closer as he explored you, and every shape that the blocky drape of your kimono hid, down your sides and hips as you silently winced.

Without warning, save the proximity to your hips, he reached between your legs, pushing the thin fabric against you, and even as you clenched your jaw in worry and shame, you couldn't help but gasp.

He pulled back.

"You are a man though, aren't you?" he asked.

"I... yes, I am."

After all, that was the entire reason you had left home.

"And you *want* men."

"Yes."

"Then let's go."

Stunned, you followed him several steps before remembering where you were going, and taking the lead. Several times, while you were still in the shadows, he groped your ass, and you pretended to be offended, until you goaded him into trying again.

"I can't help it, it feels so good in my hand," he complained. "It's so cute. I love the cute type."

Cute?

You stammered out an answer, and he touched you again.

"I just haven't felt an ass like yours."

"Maybe because you haven't met a man like me."

He snorted, and you let out a huff of laughter as well, feeling a strange tension leave your shoulders as you joked about something that made you yourself.

You turned a corner, then gestured to quiet down.

"This is me."

Thankfully your room had an outside door, so you didn't have to find out whether the owners were the type to comment on who you brought back.

As you closed the door, Jakotsu lit the lantern.

Nervous, you turned to ask him how he wanted to get started, only to be met by a bruising kiss.

Your body ached.

Reciprocating the demanding kiss, you pushed hard against him, as though you could rut against him, and both of you fell to your knees. Jakotsu shoved his knee between yours, rubbing his cock, hard and hot through the thin layers of silk he wore, against your hip, while you in kind found yourself grinding desperately against his bare thigh.

His mouth was hot, and his tongue soft but demanding. You moaned against it, feeling a rush of nerves, of excitement rush through you, one that had you already desperate.

He broke the kiss, sucking at your neck and pulling your waist closer.

"Fuck," you hissed as his cock pressed against you. "I haven't made someone hard in so long."

Jakotsu chuckled against your neck.

"That can't be true."

You laughed, but he pressed on.

"Just because they're not *showing* you how hard you made them doesn't mean you're not doing it."

You didn't have a response, so instead you bent your head to kiss his neck, pushing his neckline open to access to his collarbone.

He untied his narrow obi and let the shoulders of his kimono fall, revealing purple scaled breast plate, held up by a strap over the shoulder opposite the one you were attending to. It matched his bracers, which he kept on as well.

Still rubbing against his leg, you pushed him back, and he pulled his cock free as you did.

Doubled over, his leg still wedged between your own, you licked the head of his cock and it throbbed, immediately swelling against your tongue.

You breathed in his scent, shivering. It filled your head in a way that made you almost dizzy. He smelled good, and clean- he must have been to a bathhouse sometime today- but more than anything, he smelled like something, something indeterminable, that made you hard.

Moaning, you thrusted harder against him, then plunged your mouth down on his cock until you almost gagged, then quickly pulled back and repeated the action, only relenting when you couldn't help but taste him through the saliva you had coated him in.

He was moaning too now, short cries, quieter than your own, but needy and wanting nonetheless. Your lips closed around him, you massaged the underside of his cock with your tongue, looping around the tip and the slit in it each time you moved back up.

There was a heat in your groin, but you were distracted now, more interested in making your handsome, beautiful partner come in your mouth than in getting yourself off; you had fantasized about a man giving himself to you for so long, and you weren't going to let your inability to participate in other activities stop you from giving to your fullest in other ways.

Jakotsu twisted a bit below you, cursing and moaning and begging you in the same breath. In between his heavy breaths and moans, he tried to talk to you.

"It's been... it's... everyone just wants to take my... holes, I haven't... haven't been sucked so good in so long..."

You kept up your pace, humming in an attempt to show your interest, but he was too lost to make sense. Seeing his reckless, ardent pleasure made your own cock throb between your

legs, desperate for release. Instead of touching it, you busied your hands, gently rubbing his balls in one as you teased down his crack with the other.

His hips started to buck up to meet you, and your grew lightheaded as his pace interrupted your breathing, causing you to suck in air and his thick scent each time he pulled out.

It took you a second to realize what was happening when he held your shoulder back, stopping his thrashing at your mouth.

You felt a pit in your stomach, and pulled your hands away. Had he changed his mind? Realized for all you had called yourself a man, you weren't his type?

Apparently he saw your concern in the dim lantern-light, for he ruffled your hair, still panting.

"You're going to make me come."

You reached for his cock again, unsure why he had to stop you to tell you that, and he moaned at the firm stroke you gave him, then stilled your hand, opening his eyes

"I know I'm young and beautiful, but I can't promise to be 'ready' again tonight. Do you *really* just want to suck me?"

"I-" you stammered. "I can't really..."

He laughed, and you felt yourself blush, and hoped he couldn't see it.

"Maybe you can't do *that,* but I'm pretty sure you could take it, if you wanted to."

Realizing what he meant, your eyes widened.

You weren't sure, you'd heard this could be painful, and you'd never tried it- your partners before leaving home hadn't really shown interest in what Jakotsu was suggesting... but your cock was so hard that it was taking most of your restraint- that which wasn't already occupied in keeping you from swallowing his cock again- to keep yourself from humping his thigh as you had been before.

"I know what I'm doing," he told you, stroking your shoulder before reaching out boldly to touch your too-sensitive nipples.

There simply wasn't another option. You let him undress you, his cock occasionally prodding against your leg or hip as your clothes fell away.

Facing you, he reached between your legs, and you squeaked, then winced at the pathetic noise you'd made.

"Don't hide, I've made much older, more serious men make much more pitiful sounds. You're so hard," he continued, stroking it up and down, "it's so hot; it's like you're boiling."

You closed your eyes, but this time not in shame, but because the way he stroked you, perhaps on a smaller scale, but the same way you'd touched him, was too much to take, too much to see anything through the pleasure he was causing.

Without really realizing it, you let him guide you forward, bending you over into a bow and coaxing your hips high in the air.

"Do you have any oil in here?" he asked.

"O-only lamp oil," you answered, a bit startled. "Why?"

"I suppose it can't be helped," he sighed, though he didn't sound disappointed.

Jakotsu leaned forward, and you felt his hot breath on your skin, and waited, wondering, with some worry, if he had changed his mind about putting it in you.

Then you felt a cool, wet sensation smooth over your hole, and you gasped.

"Oh, you like that?" he teased, his lips skimming over your skin as he spoke.

You couldn't speak, but you made a noise you hoped was affirmative,

He did it again, and the top half of your body slumped against the floor as though he'd enchanted you to sleep, while your hips naturally rose, pushing back toward him.

Laughing against you, he licked again, a long, languid lick across your skin. Then he started in, speeding up his tongue, flickering it against your sensitive hole, then firming it up, dipping it just barely in.

The air was cool on your dampened skin, and it served only to contrast with the heat of his tongue.

Soon he brought his fingers in too, his spit coating them as he teased at your hole, sliding just one in at first, listening to you cry out in pleasure as he massaged you open, then pushed deeper, past his knuckle, stroking you inside as he licked the outside

You hardly registered when he slid a second finger in; you weren't sure how you hadn't collapsed already, but your cock throbbed hard and insistent, until Jakotsu's free hand touched it, rubbing it slowly, teasingly.

He pulled his mouth back and, still stroking you, removed his fingers.

You tried to turn, to ask if everything was alright, when you felt something much hotter and thicker press against your hole.

"Jakotsu," you said, as he rubbed it up and down, forcing you to shiver with desire. "Jakotsu, I don't think it'll fit-"

"I told you, I know what I'm doing," he insisted, though his voice seemed colder, less jocular now. He stopped holding you close, instead using his free hand hold your hip in place.

You remained still and bowed, if only because your cock was so engorged, harder than you'd been before, at the prospect of his taking you.

He pressed lightly against your hole, and you felt yourself stretching around his very tip.

You squirmed.

"Such a cute ass," he said, maybe only to himself.

Then he spat, and you flinched, feeling your asshole clench as the cold, slick fluid hit it.

"Just relax," he hissed, and his hand reached around you, between your legs again, pumping your desperate cock.

You relaxed, and he pushed against you, and this time, he slid in.

Your eyes popped wide as he filled you, stretching you in ways you had never felt, rubbing things you had never touched.

He began thrusting, slowly at first, and you ached each time he left you empty, moaning, wordlessly begging for him to pick up the pace, and he did.

His balls slapped against you as he sped up, and you became acutely aware of the hand jacking you off, rubbing the excess saliva that had dripped down you around your desperate head.

Suddenly, you were overwhelmed. You were being stretched, rubbed, pounded; nerves all through your body were firing, making you shudder and twitch against his relentless fucking.

"I'm going to-"

You couldn't hold out, and the shaking and shivering took over you, your knees barely holding out as you cried out into your futon, your own cum soaking your thighs.

Jakotsu kept thrusting throughout your orgasm, but as it finished, he shuddered too, thrusting in several times, very hard, but slower, before he stilled.

Panting heavily, just as you were, he pulled out.

Your hips fell; you collapsed onto your bed.

Jakotsu let himself drop next to you, and though you exchanged no words, he slept there, the night through.

In the first light of dawn, you awoke to Jakotsu fully clothed, pulling his sword up onto his back.

"Come back to me," you told him.

"Get some practice while I'm gone," he answered, grinning.

He kissed your head, and left.

End Notes

Re: Jakotsu saying everyone just wants to fuck (penetrate) him: I know the stereotype nowadays is that there aren't enough bottoms around (and I know plenty of people are vers or sides), but from the small amount of historical gay research I managed plus the Inuyasha canon, I think people wanting to top Jakotsu, as a power-play thing, and as a hierarchical thing, and so on makes sense. I also think Jakotsu definitely enjoys bottoming, but after a spell of only getting one thing (fucked), getting sucked off and fucking someone is going to be a strong experience.

Would love to see comments regardless of how late you see this fic.

Transphobia and homophobia will be deleted and reported.

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