Misunderstood

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Misunderstood

by Mapleee

Summary

Teru Mikami always wanted to find someone who thought the same way he did.

Teru Mikami always wanted someone just like him—someone who would understand him and help him rid the world of evil people.

But did Teru Mikami always want to be manipulated by someone he could call God?

Chapter 1: A dream

Teru Mikami always felt misunderstood by everyone from society to his own mother

He felt isolated from others, even unwanted, and constantly pushed aside. Whenever he tried to stand up for the weaker ones, the only "reward" he received was being called a "weirdo" in the hallways and being scolded by his teachers.

He hated this world where people found joy only in inflicting violence on others. Why wasn't anyone like him? Why didn't anyone try to stop it? He dreamed that some deity would step in and do something to change this sick world. Unfortunately, his dreams remained just that. From the beginning of elementary school through the end of high school, he tried to do whatever he could to change the behavior of the people around him, but sadly, people like that would never change; according to Teru, people like that deserved a cruel death.

Why bother trying when you could just wipe them out of this world? That would be possible if a savior were to come to Earth a savior for Teru and for the whole world. A savior who would share Mikami's worldview.

If there were people like that, the world would be a much better place without murderers and rapists, right?

No one would miss them, but if anyone were to forgive these monsters in human form, they would be no better than all those criminals who murder in cold blood.

No crime in Teru's ideal world will be forgiven (and certainly not by him)

When you commit such a terrible act any crime that dehumanizes another person to any degree you will have to face justice.

And the name of justice is Teru Mikami, who will be willing to give his life so that justice may reign in the world

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The first time Teru began to fantasize about his ideal world was when he tried to defend a student a year younger than him from some school bullies

They were a head taller than Teru or even more and in any case, Mikami was much shorter than them and, as a result, weaker.

When Teru stood up for his friend, he was mocked by the bullies; although he was afraid of them, he attacked them to defend the student.

The ruffian with brown hair whom Mikami had been aiming for easily dodged the punch. After Teru's failed punch, the brown-haired boy aimed a kick at his shins and struck Teru the black-haired defender dropped to one knee in pain. The brown-haired boy walked nonchalantly up to Teru. "If you do something like that again, I'll smash that pretty little face of yours to pieces, you dickhead," the bully groaned so that Mikami could hear what he was saying. After that, the brown-haired boy swung his open hand and struck Teru with all his might. Mikami stumbled backward from the blow, and his glasses fell off his nose; he touched his reddened face with one hand while searching for his glasses with the other, At that moment, the other black-haired boy approached Teru, which made it look as if Mikami were kneeling before the bully. The black-haired attacker stepped on the glasses with his boot, shattering them. The black-haired boy had already grabbed Teru by the hair, but just then the teacher walked in

As usual, the teacher didn't do anything about the bullies, but she punished Teru instead. The teacher told him to stay in the classroom after class, and Mikami obeyed and did just that. Unfortunately, he had to listen to the same old lecture about how you shouldn't get into fights, blah blah blah

Mikami is going to have to leave school after what happened his mother won't be happy eithershe's always lecturing him that he's doing the right thing but shouldn't get involved in fights like that at all.

It turned out just as Teru had suspected; his mother gave her usual lecture about fighting.

That was when Mikami realized that his mother also deserved to be eliminated, just like the evil people, because, according to Teru, she was one of them

Chapter 2: Appearances

After Light's confrontation with L, Light went straight home. Light was fed up with not having any privacy; he didn’t even have any in his own home because L had decided to install cameras in his room. It’s true that L didn’t tell him outright that he’d done so, but Light’s gut feeling told him that was exactly the case. He had to do something to finally get L to stop treating him as a suspect in the case.

Maybe L still considered him a suspect because Light didn't socialize with anyone. At his age, people usually have a lot of social connections,they even have partners,but what about Light? No one had ever seen Light with anyone.

Light thought that maybe if he acted like a real student with a life outside of school and had some kind of relationship with even just one person, the detective might stop spying on him.

So he started thinking,he had to find someone susceptible to manipulation, unless it was Misa; she was unbearable when Light pretended to be in a relationship with the blonde girl. Teru Mikami seemed like a good option for the moment,Teru regarded him as a god and would do anything to make Light happy. In fact, he could even call Teru right now to propose a “relationship,” but the plan was for Mikami to believe that the feelings Light was showing him were genuine.

Why? Because Teru Mikami would act unnaturally around Light if Light simply said, “Listen, I want the detective to stop thinking I’m Kira. Will you be my partner to throw him off the trail?”

If Light had said that, Mikami would have acted, well... unusually, which would have led to even greater suspicion that Light is Kira.

Since Light wanted to pretend they were in a relationship, he had to make it seem realistic, so he decided to text Teru and ask if he’d like to go for a walk in the park,without, of course, making it clear that it was supposed to be a “date” in any way.

To be honest, Mikami was a weirdo, but for Light, anyone would have been fine except for Misa, who wanted to spend practically all her time with him. Mikami, like Misa, is obsessed with Light, but he certainly knew he would be much better than Misa Amane.

He knew full well that Teru was much smarter than Misa, and it was quite exciting to think that someone as smart as Teru was so obedient to him

He did what he wanted to do, now he was just waiting for Teru's reply.

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Teru Mikami was sitting at his desk, watching news reports on his laptop about Kira and his latest victims

Finally, someone had taken charge of this world the way he had longed to since childhood. In Teru’s eyes, Light was God because he could create a perfect world,and only God can create a world.

He was honored to be one of the few who knew Kira's identity,he felt chosen by God to help him.

Suddenly, Teru’s thoughts were interrupted by the rumbling of the phone on the desk next to him. He grabbed the phone and saw the name “Light.” Could he really be so important to God that God Himself had contacted him? Mikami didn’t even know what Light had written, but the very thought that God had thought of him and written to him sent shivers down his spine. Opening the text message, he read: “Hey Mikami, I know you might not remember me anymore, but I’ve been thinking about you lately. We had such a good conversation, so I wanted to get back in touch. How about we meet tomorrow in the park around 1 p.m., if you’d like?”

Mikami stared at the message for a long moment, unable to believe his eyes,did Kami really want to meet with him? Of all people, he had written to Teru. Light was very popular, and he could have written to anyone else, but he decided to write to Teru. Mikami felt more than special,he felt chosen by God. Most people don’t get the chance to discover God’s identity, let alone talk to Him of His own free will!

Mikami spent a long time daydreaming about the day they would meet, what they would do, and how Kami would treat him.

Actually, Teru could have gone out today just for Light's sake, but Kami had set the meeting time, so Mikami didn't want to go against him in any way.

Mikami replied to Light’s message: “Heyyy Light, there’s no way I could ever forget you. I’d like to start by saying that I feel honored to be talking to someone like you. I’d love to meet up with you,any time you choose works for me, and I’m sure you won’t regret this meeting!”

After writing that message, Teru threw his phone onto the bed, screen side down, out of stress.

His phone buzzed right after Mikami replied to Light’s message about meeting up. Teru ran over to the phone, picked it up, turned it around, and opened the text message. Light replied, “Okay, so we’re set for tomorrow, then. See you tomorrow, Mikami.”

As Teru read the message, he felt a strange thrill,he couldn't have imagined such an event even in his dreams.

Mikami put down his phone, changed into his pajamas, and got into bed. The only thing on his mind was the next day, when he would meet his God in complete privacy, with absolutely no “work related” purpose just him and his God.

He fall asleep imagining how beautiful Kami will look tomorrow

Chapter 3: Meeting

Light woke up this morning with a terrible headache because he remembered who he had forced himself to meet

To tell the truth, it wasn't Misa, but that didn't stop him from complaining

He felt that L’s suspicion that he lacked social skills was very unbearable, because even though Light could hide at home when he used his notebook, it was an extremely uncomfortable feeling knowing that someone had cameras in his room.

Light decided to put off his thoughts about the person he was going to meet until later, figuring that he should start getting ready for the meeting now.

Getting out of bed still half-asleep, he headed straight to the bathroom to brush his teeth. As he picked up his toothbrush, he wondered whether he should buy a gift for Teru all things considered, it would be a good idea, and Mikami would trust him much more. When he finished brushing his teeth, Light looked into the mirror in front of him. Seeing how messy his hair looked, he picked up a comb and began to untangle the knots in his hair.

As he left the bathroom, Light walked over to the closet to see what he could wear, he wasn’t sure whether to dress more elegantly or casually, but since it wasn’t a restaurant date, he decided to wear something that wouldn’t stand out. He put on a plain black T-shirt and, over it, a slightly oversized gray sweatshirt with some kind of slogan though it was so faded that it was impossible to read along with sweatpants that matched the sweatshirt.

As he left the room, he grabbed his wallet from his desk and then went down the stairs. “Mom, I’m leaving,I’ll be back a little later!” Light called out to his mother in the kitchen, who was cooking something. Sayu ran out of the kitchen and rushed toward Light, blocking his way to the door. “Where are you going, brother? Do you have a girlfriend? I’ll tell you right now,I’d love to meet her!” Sayu said enthusiastically to Light. “Sayu, give it a rest. If I had a girlfriend, I’d tell you. And please get out of the way,I’m leaving,” Light said, stepping around Sayu, who was standing in the doorway.

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Mikami wakes up to the sound of his alarm clock,he hardly slept at all that night because he was thinking about the day ahead. He got up feeling sleep-deprived; in general, Teru had been having trouble falling asleep lately. For several days in a row, he'd slept no more than four hours a night, and he didn't know why. He'd even considered going to the doctor about it,maybe the doctor would prescribe some medication,but he immediately dismissed the idea. He remembered that the last time he'd been to the doctor, the doctor had tried to convince him that he had some kind of disorder and had even prescribed medication for him. To be honest, Teru didn't believe what the doctor had said and didn't even remember what he'd been diagnosed with, the medication that had been prescribed to him was lying somewhere in the bathroom, unopened.

Mikami got out of bed and shuffled to the bathroom,as soon as he stepped inside, the first thing he saw was his reflection in the mirror. He had horribly large bags under his eyes, and he wondered if he had any concealer at home to cover them up at least a little, because what would Kami think if he saw him like this? So he started rummaging through his makeup bags and finally found some. To be honest, it was way too dark for his skin tone, and if he put it on, it would look unnatural, but I guess it's better than walking around with bags under his eyes.

After applying concealer and brushing his teeth, Mikami began to wonder what to wear, he had to dress up for such an occasion. He started thinking about wearing a suit, but he gave up on that idea because he was sure that other people would be dressed casually, and he'd just look silly walking around the park in a suit. He could have texted Light to ask how he was dressing, but at the last moment, with his phone open to the texting app, he changed his mind. He thought that if he texted that, it might come across as a little weird, and he didn't want to lose any respect in Light's eyes.

I think he stood there staring at his closet for about 10 minutes before deciding he'd just wear a T-shirt with the HIM logo, bell-bottom jeans, and combat boots. He knew it was warm, but according to Teru, only those boots went with the outfit,he also put on a silver necklace and slipped a silver knuckle duster onto his right hand, After checking himself in the mirror another 20 times to make sure he looked good, he spritzed on some old cologne and left the house, then put on his headphones and turned on some old goth music.

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On his way to the park, Light stopped by a flower shop to buy flowers for Teru. He didn't know what kind she liked, so he picked out a bouquet of roses. As he paid, the saleswoman smiled and said, "Your girlfriend must be really lucky to have found a boyfriend like you who buys her flowers for no reason,some women can only dream of that!" Light blinked a few times and thanked the saleswoman for the compliment,he really didn't feel like telling her that the flowers weren't for his girlfriend. Why did everyone assume Light was going to meet up with a girlfriend? After all, anyone can buy flowers and give them to a "friend"....

Okay, maybe not everyone, and MAYBE it’s a little weird to give Teru flowers on their first meeting, but oh well. Light left the flower shop, waving goodbye to the saleswoman with a smile, and headed toward the park.

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Mikami sat on a park bench, his gaze wandering,he couldn't see where Light was. Maybe he'd be a little late, but that didn't really bother Teru, because he considered simply meeting God a blessing.

Suddenly, he sensed someone standing next to him,he turned his head and saw Light standing there... with flowers?

“I know it’s just a small gift, but I brought these for you,I hoped you’d like them,” said Kami as he handed Teru the bouquet. “You didn’t have to, Kami. I-I don’t have anything for you,I’m a little a-ashamed now,” said Mikami, accepting the flowers with his face completely red. Not only did Light look like a god, but he acted like one, too. Kami was so kind that he even bought Teru flowers, he was sure that even if they wilted, he wouldn’t throw them away. “Come on, it’s just a little something. Want to go for a walk?” Mikami nodded in agreement, and then they set off for a walk in the park.

Teru’s heart was pounding so hard it felt like it was about to leap out of his chest as he walked right beside Light in a complete, slightly awkward silence. Suddenly, Light broke the silence and said, “Um… “You know, Teru, you look nice.” After hearing those words, Mikami blushed even more, and he felt his blush reaching all the way up to his neck. “Thank you, Kami,” he stammered, then turned his head away in embarrassment, feeling Light’s gaze on him. "Listen, Mikami, you don’t have to call me 'Kami'—you can just call me Light. I don’t mind.” Mikami felt like his whole body was on fire, from head to toe. He forced himself to look at Light. “It’s an honor for me to address you that way—you can call me by my first name, too,” he stammered again.

They kept chatting and walking around the park for another 5 hours, time flew by, and Teru learned a few interesting things about Light,like the fact that he has a younger sister. They had a good time, and he wasn’t sure if he was imagining it or not, but sometimes it seemed like Light was flirting with him... No, that doesn’t make sense. Light considered him,MAYBE, and I emphasize MAYBE,just a friend,he certainly wouldn’t consider him a potential partner...

After the meeting, they said goodbye and made plans to go out again. This time, Kami invited him to the movies, and he felt blessed once again that Kami had taken notice of him.

On his way home, Mikami thought about the day and how they’d spent their time together,and well Light was actually pretty handsome.... Mikami, don’t even think about it!

As soon as he opened the door to his house, Teru went straight to look for a vase for the flowers he had received. He put them in the vase, took off his shoes, and, without changing into his pajamas, lay down in bed and fell asleep.

Chapter 4: His hand

In the morning, Teru's alarm went off,well, of course, he had to go to work. To be honest, he didn't like anyone at that job,there were only people there who were trying to play the role of justice, but only one person truly embodied justice, and that was Light.

As for Light, he hadn't started working yet,he was still in college. At yesterday's get together, he told him about how open-minded the people there are, considering the circumstances they're in.

The beeping alarm clock went off, and the time was 5:30. He had a bit of a long commute to work, so he got up an hour and a half early to make sure he wouldn't be late.

Mikami thought about taking a shower, so he went to the bathroom, took off his T-shirt, and instinctively glanced at the mirror. He had a gaunt body with visible ribs and a very pale, unnatural complexion, he looked a bit like a vampire. Lately, he hasn’t been able to keep anything down. Of course, he tries to eat something during the day, but it usually amounts to just one slice of bread with butter. Looking at his face now, he saw how prominent his cheekbones were,and well, he had to admit they looked terrible. Did he look like that yesterday, too?

He took off the rest of his clothes, trying not to look at his reflection in the mirror. He turned on the water, and cold drops fell on his bony back; he squeezed some shower gel onto his hands and began scrubbing his shoulders. He felt an incredible pain,or rather, a stinging sensation Sometimes he forgot he even had such scars on his arms maybe because he’d gotten used to them. He’d had them since he was 13, and in a way, he’d considered them a part of himself ever since, something that couldn’t be changed. Perhaps when he was younger, someone could have stopped him from self-harming, but no one took him seriously. When his father found out what he was doing to himself, he simply called it the “emo phase” and, laughing, suggested he sprinkle salt on the wounds. His mother always told him to be gentler with him, but she, too, was afraid of him and couldn’t do much.

He stood there staring at the wall for quite a while until he snapped back to reality and began drying his soaked body with a towel. He walked over to the closet and grabbed the first suit he saw, just as he was about to tie his tie, he realized it was missing and started searching the house. It was simply impossible that he had forgotten where things were in his own home. He retraced his steps and saw that the tie was right under his nose on the desk next to the closet,he was sure he had checked there....

Glancing at the clock, he saw that it was 6:10, which meant he’d missed the bus. Teru almost ran outside to see if anyone was waiting at the bus stop; luckily, he made it onto the bus at the last minute. He got on and sat down in an empty seat. He realized that he hadn’t dried his hair after his shower and was riding with wet hair; on top of that, he’d forgotten his briefcase with

his documents. What’s been going on with him lately? He keeps forgetting everything all the time....

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Things weren’t any better at work either his coworker accidentally spilled coffee on him, and then he couldn’t even figure out whose file he was looking at. To make matters worse, it started raining after work. He was supposed to have time to go to the gym today, but he thinks he’ll skip it and just rest when he gets home. Of course, something had to go wrong on the bus ride, too there were traffic jams because they were building a new road, and he had to take a detour to get to his apartment. Just great he’d been dreaming of standing on a bus for an hour, not only reeking of rain but also with his suit ruined by coffee. Just fucking great.

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When he got home, Teru took off all his soaked clothes and put on some old clothes instead. As he lay on his bed, slowly drifting off to sleep, he suddenly heard his phone buzzing. Who could be texting him besides his coworkers? He picked up his phone and saw who had texted him it was Light. “Listen, I know it’s hard for you to get here by bus right now because of the traffic, but I hope you’re somewhere nearby because the movie we planned to see is about to start.” Oh, damn, how could he have forgotten?

In his rush, he didn't even have time to get himself together, so he put on the same clothes he'd worn yesterday. Obviously, it wasn't very hygienic, but he preferred to wear something that suited him rather than just throw on random things from his closet.

He left the house,there was no bus, so he walked briskly,the movie theater was only two blocks away. If he could, he would have run, but he was so famished that if he started running, he would have fainted after two minutes, so he stuck to a brisk pace.

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“Teru, I was starting to think you weren’t going to show up!” they shouted at him as he approached. His legs felt like they were made of cotton, and he was seeing dark spots all over his vision; he wasn’t sure if he’d be able to make it through this route again without fainting...

“No, no, I—I wouldn’t have forgotten, I—I just lost track of t-time,” he stammered, glancing at Light’s slightly parted lips. “No, no, don’t apologize,everything’s okay, but we’d better go in now; it’s already started,” he said, then took Teru’s hand and began leading her toward the movie theater. He could feel Light’s smooth, silky skin on his hand,it felt nice to the touch. He could feel his whole body blushing; no one had touched him like that since he was a child, let alone in this way. Maybe he was overreacting,just because Light was holding his hand didn’t mean he was romantically attracted to him, right?

They walked into the movie theater, and sure enough, the movie had already started. They took their seats. Teru didn’t even know what movie they were seeing,he didn’t really care which one it was, as long as he was with Light, his god.

“Um… actually, what movie are we watching right now?” he asked quietly, and the other guy replied, “The Butterfly Effect. It’s got good reviews, so I thought we’d like it.” Us… Light told us... meaning him and Light,just the two of them. Because of Teru’s good deeds, he must have been chosen by God to be the friend he thinks about and buys gifts for.... All their friends are buying each other gifts and holding hands in public... Maybe Kami wanted something from Teru,why else would God do and organize things like this just for the two of them?

Maybe he's overreacting a little, and Light just wants to be nice to him;anyway, I'll think about it at home for now, I'm just going to enjoy the moment.

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“So, did you like the movie?” Light asked as they were leaving the theater. “Well, you know, I’m no expert, but I actually liked it,” he replied, then remembered that he still had to walk all the way back home. “Teru, I know this is going to sound weird, but if you want, you know, you can come stay at my place for the night, or I could walk you home,to your house. You see, I’m worried; there are some shady people hanging around here.” His heart skipped a beat. Something must be wrong,why would Kami invite HIM of all people over? “That’s very kind of you, Light... I-I’d love to go with you.” Shit, what did he just say? “It’ll be nice to have you over. Follow me.” The brown-haired boy started walking, apparently toward his house, and Mikami followed him… Could something bad happen?

Chapter 5: The Love He Longs For

The neighborhood where Teru was right now seemed unfamiliar; he didn't know how long they'd been walking, and he felt exhausted after the whole day, but being near Light made him feel alive,he could feel Light's hand resting on his. "Will you have dinner with my family when we get home?" he asked, and Teru narrowed his eyes at the slightly taller boy. It was true,he hadn't eaten anything since that morning,but he felt he wouldn't be able to swallow a thing. "Light, I don't know if that's a good idea, and besides, I already ate at home…" It was hard to lie to God, but unfortunately, he had to say it that way. "Listen, I know you might be on a diet, but if you eat something at home, nothing's going to happen. Besides, you look pale… I don't want to doubt what you said, but did you really eat something at home…?" His throat tightened, and he felt a cold shiver run down his neck. What was he supposed to say? "I… well, you know… I'm vegan, and I don't usually eat anything at other people's houses… and don't worry, I really did eat at home." A lie;even if he were vegan, he wouldn't have turned down dinner with the Light family. The problem was that if he ate the whole dinner, he'd throw it all up, and he didn't want to have to clean up afterward.

"I understand… but it would be nice if you could at least sit with us at the table and chat," Light suggested, leading Teru further. "Sure, I'll sit with you guys,I'd love to meet your family," he replied, trying to smile at Light. Jesus, he must have looked so awkward...

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"Well, we're here. Don't pay any attention to what my sister says,she sometimes says… thoughtless things," he said, turning the key in the door. What did he mean? He just nodded and followed Light into the house. The house smelled of food, and sounds of Light's parents were coming from the kitchen.

"Mom, Dad, I'm home. I hope you don't mind that I brought someone over!" He shouted so his parents, who were sitting in the kitchen, could hear him. "You brought your girlfriend over, brother!?" the girl shouted in a shrill voice. Did Light have a girlfriend?

After he said that, he heard the sound of planks creaking beneath his feet, and suddenly a young girl appeared in the doorway. "Sayu, stop talking like that and let us through," he replied, his voice tinged with irritation. Was this Light's sister he'd mentioned?

Once inside the house, Sayu looked at Teru. He hoped she wasn't staring at him because of his disheveled appearance. "Aren't you going to take off your jacket?" he asked, looking at her curiously. "Uh… "Yeah, yeah, I'll take it off," he said, and with a single motion, she slipped hiz jacket off his shoulders and hung it on a coat hanger. It was very cold inside,why was everyone walking around in short sleeves without shivering from the cold?

He slowly followed Light into the kitchen and saw the family sitting at the table. "Mom, Dad, Sayu, this is Teru Mikami, my.... friend," he said, pointing at him. He caught everyone's

attention in the kitchen; now everyone was staring at him. That was exactly why he hated going to people's houses,the attention always had to be on him. Couldn't they just pretend he wasn't there?

He hated getting any kind of attention, and he hated it even more when that attention came from his God's family.

"I'm Sayu, Light's sister. Nice to meet you!" said the girl who greeted them as they entered the house. "Sachiko," said an older woman,who appeared to be Light's mother. "Soichiro, nice to meet you, Teru," said Light's father, shaking his hand. "Will you have dinner with us?" said Mrs. Sachiko, urging them to sit down at the table.

He sat down next to Light at the table and looked at his plate, which held cooked rice and soy cutlets. He couldn't bring himself to refuse Light's mother's offer of dinner, so he simply agreed without considering the consequences that might await him. He watched the others eat, wondering to himself whether he should just leave his plate full. His thoughts were interrupted by the question, "So, Teru, where did you meet my son? Do you two study together?" asked Light's father. To be honest, it was an unexpected question for him. Just as he was about to speak, Light interrupted him: "We don't study together. Mikami works at the courthouse as a prosecutor. We've known each other for a long time,we went to the same high school." Why did Light lie to them?

He just looked at Light in confusion. "Teru, don't you like it?" Ms. Sachiko asked. It was hard to tell whether it was good or not, considering he hadn't taken a single bite. "No, I just made it up," he said, coming up with some lame excuse, and Light's mother just smiled gently.

He picked up a fork and knife and began cutting into the soy cutlet; he cut off a small piece and tasted it. It was true;Light's mother was an excellent cook, so good, in fact, that he couldn't wait to taste it again in 40 minutes.

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"I'm sorry, but I need to use the restroom," he said, rising gracefully from the table. "The restroom is on the left, just around the corner. I'll be in my room upstairs; the door will be open, so you'll know where to go," Light called out to him, then headed toward the stairs.

He made it to the bathroom and closed the door behind him; his head was spinning, and he knew he was about to throw up. He knelt down by the toilet, took off his glasses, and tried to hold back his hair. He felt a lump rising in his throat, so he opened his mouth, and a mixture of what he had eaten came pouring out.

He sat by the toilet for quite a while longer, waiting for another wave of nausea, but it didn't come.

He got up off the floor and walked over to the sink; he turned on the water to wash the remaining traces of vomit from his face. He hated that aftertaste it was disgusting and

whenever he was at home, he always brushed his teeth afterward so he wouldn't have to taste it.

He hated the way his teeth looked because of it; they were worn down at the back from constant vomiting. Often, when he smiled, he'd encounter disapproving stares; people looked at him as if he were completely unkempt and tried to avoid talking to him anymore.

He walked out, closing the door behind him, and headed upstairs just as Light had told him. He began walking down the hallway and saw an open door;that must be where Light was. He approached the door and was greeted by the sight of Light's bare chest; he blushed immediately but kept looking with curiosity. After all, it was normal for a man to walk around shirtless in front of another man, right? He didn't even realize when Light turned around and looked at him. "How long have you been standing there?" Light asked, putting on a white T-shirt that served as pajamas. "I-I-I'm s-s-sorry, I've b-been standing here a l-long time; I-I-I should've l-let you know e-earlier t-that I'm h-here," he stammered, avoiding Light's gaze out of embarrassment.

"No, nothing happened,just say you'll be here next time, and besides, don't just stand in the doorway,sit down." Next time? Was he supposed to invite him to stay the night one more time? They closed the door, and he obeyed, sitting down next to Light on the edge of the bed.

"Would you like me to get you a blanket? I can see you're shivering…" he said, touching Teru's thigh. He'd even forgotten that he was cold; goosebumps were running all over his body, and the only source of warmth was Light's hand resting on his thigh.

Light was staring intently at him, and there was something soothing in his eyes,exactly what Mikami had always needed

Light moved so close to Teru's face that Teru could feel Light's breath on his nose, but Light kept getting closer. He felt a light brush of the other boy's lips,it wasn't an intimate kiss, just a light brush of the lips.

They looked deeply into each other's eyes, as if neither of them knew what had just happened, and then, unexpectedly, Light grabbed him by the back of the neck and began to thrust his tongue inside, exploring every corner of his mouth.

He felt a flush spread throughout his body and returned the kiss, their foreheads touching. Light began to pull off Teru's T-shirt while continuing the intimate kiss. As they kissed, Light began to shift his weight onto him, causing him to lie on his back on the bed, while Light's hands touched the mattress beneath him.

"You know, maybe we shouldn't… Light, your parents are right behind the wall," he stammered, breaking the kiss as he took a deep breath and shyly averted his gaze from the brunet's features. "Don't worry, they won't hear us if you're quiet," he said, moving his lips to Light's neck and beginning to suck on his skin.

Mikami began helping Light take off his T-shirt, after which Light slid his knee between his legs, causing his crotch to swell even more than before, and he tried to stifle a moan.

Light began unbuttoning his pants, stripping down to the naked, then started pulling at Teru's pants, trying to take them off along with his boxers.

Both of their penises were rock hard. Mikami spat into his hand, then ran it lightly over Light's cock; the other boy's whole body shuddered, and he tilted his head back and gasped. He moved his hand up and down at an ever-increasing speed, which only made Light's moans grow louder.

Light grabbed his hand and forcefully pulled it away from his genitals, reaching for the nightstand where the condoms were kept, opening one, and putting it on his penis while gripping his thighs and rubbing himself against the opening he was about to enter. His penis entered his anus, fitting inside almost entirely. He responded with a loud moan, trying to hold his tongue, but in the situation he now found himself in, it was practically impossible.

He began to move his hips faster and faster, causing Teru's whole body especially his thighs to tremble. Light quickened his pace and leaned over the moaning boy, sucking on his smooth, sweat-drenched skin. Pushing deeper and deeper, the fair-haired boy hit a spot that made Mikami let out a loud moan as he arched his back. He placed his hands on Light's shoulders, clenching his fingers around them, practically screaming the name of the boy towering over him.

Light gave his prostate one last thrust before the two of them came, and the room was filled with their deep breaths.

They lay side by side for a moment longer, still rubbing against each other, before he took off the condom and threw it into the trash can next to the bed. At the same time, they both put on their boxers, turned off the light, and lay down next to each other. He snuggled up against the other boy's waist, slowly drifting off to sleep.

For the first time, he felt loved by someone, desired by someone. Only God could have given him such happiness, right?

Chapter 6: Barely Alive

As he opened his sleepy eyes, he felt the warmth of the other boy's body close to him (but it wasn't a dream). He felt a sudden headache,maybe it had been a bad idea not to eat anything yesterday. No, it couldn't be because of that; after all, he usually didn't eat anything and somehow managed to function without headaches, let alone ones this bad. The pain was unbearable; he tried to fall asleep but to no avail. He started clenching his teeth,maybe Light would give him a painkiller; that would definitely help. "Are you awake yet?" asked the boy he was pressed up against. "How did you know…?" he asked, rubbing his cheek against Light's chest. "It's hard not to notice when you're moving around all the time," he said ironically, and the reply caused a slight blush to spread across his face. "Sorry I woke you up, but my head hurts so much it feels like I have a hangover. Do you have any pills?" he said, moving slightly away toward the nightstand where his glasses lay. Every movement was pure agony,what on earth could have happened to make his head hurt this much?

"Where are you rushing off to? It's 4 a.m.Don't worry, you won't be late for work. I'll check the medicine cabinet to see if I have anything; if you're in that much pain, I'll go right now," he said, then rose smoothly from the bed, picked up the T-shirt and pants he'd been wearing yesterday from the floor, and went downstairs. It looks like it'll take him a while to find the pills; in the meantime, Teru can get herself together.

He had barely gotten up from the mattress when he started seeing spots before his eyes and felt detached from reality, as if he had stepped outside his body and was simply observing it

As he got dressed, he could feel every touch of his cold fingertips on his body. His body felt lighter than usual, and his hands gracefully traced every centimeter of the T-shirt he was putting on.

After piling his clothes on top of each other, he went down ,or rather rushed down the stairs. When he got close to the stairs and started going down, his vision began to blur, which meant he could barely see the steps and kept tripping over his own feet.

After his embarrassing "fall" down the stairs, Mikami headed toward the bathroom; he wanted to check himself out in the mirror. After all, he had to look at least a little bit good to impress God. He walked into the bathroom and looked in the mirror; his hair was a mess, and his bangs were getting in his eyes and sticking to his forehead. He thought he should probably go to the barber to get those bangs trimmed ,they were really annoying him but he didn't have time to make an appointment. His gaze drifted down to his neck, where there were hickies and bite marks; they were in such a spot that it was practically impossible to cover them up. He cursed under his breath as he gently ran his fingers over the bite marks;how was he supposed to show up at work like this?

Suddenly, someone knocked on the bathroom door. “Can I come in? I found some painkillers,” Light said through the closed door. “Sure, come in,” he replied, scratching his neck in the mirror while thinking about how he was going to give Light hell for making those hickies in such a visible spot. The boy walked in, closing the door behind him, and Light shot him an annoyed look.
“Light, for fuck's sake, look at these marks on my neck!”
“I see, I did it myself.”
"Thanks for reminding me who did this to me, you know! Now tell me, how am I supposed to show up at work with my neck all decked out like this!” he replied sarcastically, then reached for the pills Light was holding in his hands, squeezed two out, and swallowed them without water. “It says right here on the package that an adult should take a maximum of two within three hours,” he said, squinting at Teru and waiting for any response. “One wouldn’t do anything,” he declared, then turned his head away to avoid Light gaze.

“Instead of worrying about how you’re going to cover up those hickies, how about taking a bath? Your hair’s all sticky,” he said, approaching Teru from behind, wrapping his arms around his waist, resting his cheek on his shoulder, and gazing at the mirror in front of them. “B-but are we g-going to take a bath t-together?” he asked, already knowing the answer. It was incredibly romantic to him to bathe together in the same tub; just the thought of it sent a pleasant shiver down his spine, making him forget his headache for a moment. “What, are you embarrassed by me?” he said sarcastically, then took off his T-shirt and walked over to the tub to run some water. He had to admit that he looked quite handsome standing next to him in just his pants; his chest was downright perfect in every way he couldn’t help but stare at it.

“It's a little unfair that I'm the only one without a shirt,” he said, turning off the water since he had already filled the tub. Well, a faint blush spread across Mikami's cheeks, and he began to take off his shirt.

He heard the sound of water splashing, then began to take off his pants and underwear, leaving his glasses on the sink.

Stepping in first with one leg and then the other, he sat down between Light's legs, which were bent and spread apart up to his chest

Light gently ran his wet hand through Teru’s hair, causing Mikami to shiver at his touch. Every brush he received from Light made him feel anxious, yet also a strange sense of intimacy he had never felt before. He wasn’t often touched, let alone in such an intimate way. The only physical contact he usually experienced was at work when he had to push his way through a crowd, brushing against strangers with his shoulder, or when he had to greet someone and shake their hand. He had always felt averse to physical contact, but the touch Light gave him was completely different;it was a touch from God.

Light began lathering Teru’s dark hair with shampoo, which gave Teru an unbelievable sense of pleasure. Suddenly, he felt Light stop moving his hands. “I don’t want to worry you or

anything, but your hair is falling out in handfuls… I'm afraid that's not normal," he said calmly, massaging Teru's scalp with his fingertips. "Everything's fine,maybe I'm not eating enough protein or something," he replied, nervously wiggling his toes. "Mikami, what the hell are you talking about;not enough protein? I don't mean to be rude, but you look like you haven't eaten in at least a month, and that worries me a little. You're pale as a ghost, not to mention that you can see all your bones sticking out, so don't tell me it's because of inadequate protein intake when you're literally not eating anything. No offense, of course," he said gruffly, continuing to scrub his scalp, and Teru's headache returned. "It's… not like I want to be like this… I mean, you know, look like this, and if I could, I wouldn't look like this… I don't know…" he said nervously, then began scratching his hands like a cat. "You didn't deny that you haven't eaten anything in a long time, and you should see a specialist because this isn't normal," he said, and Mikami suddenly turned his head toward Light. "Do you think I'm sick, or do I act like a sick person to you? I don't need any help, and I certainly don't need it from a specialist," he declared, and after finishing his sentence, he clenched his teeth and shot Light a cold glare. "Come on, let's be honest,do you even see what you look like? You can barely walk, for fuck's sake, and you're telling me you're not sick in any way? Stop acting like a child, and go see a doctor or at least start eating, because if you keep trying to function like this, you won't live much longer," he declared with a strange grimace on his face. "Fine, cool, okay, I'll start eating. Happy now?" he muttered, then rested his head on Light's shoulder, lying down completely in the bathtub

Light just stayed silent and began to touch his injured arm. "Do you have a cat at home…?" he asked, running his hand over the scars. Teru felt cold sweat begin to trickle down his skin,how was he supposed to explain this? Kami was too intelligent to believe a story about a cat that kept scratching him unnoticed, so why was he asking him about it himself?

Mikami angrily pushed Light's hand away. "Why don't you tell me why you lied about where we met, hmm?" he said, covering his scars with his hand. "I think that if I'd said you were just a prosecutor and that we'd only met recently, my parents would have told me not to bring you here anymore. You know, my dad is working on a case with Kira and he's a little wary of new people, so I said that to prevent a scene after you left this house," he said nonchalantly, continuing to stare at the picture frame.

"The water's getting cold; you need to rinse your hair," he said, and then began pouring warm water over him.

They went out and started drying off with towels; Teru wrapped his around his waist, and Light turned on the hair dryer, drying his own hair and then Teru's. Fortunately, he didn't ask about any of those personal things anymore;it was as if it had never happened.

As a farewell, Light kissed him on the cheek and muttered again that he should eat something couldn't he just leave him alone? Of course, he respected every word God spoke, and it was obvious that he would do what Kami asked of him, but in his opinion, he himself was getting too much attention from God, not that he didn't like it on the contrary, it really excited him that Kami had even noticed someone like him,but he probably would have preferred that Light rid the world of evil rather than worry about his health.

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To be honest, he felt absolutely terrible at work. Ever since he stepped onto the grounds of the facility where he was, he’s felt like throwing up constantly.

At the end of the workday, as he was sitting there doing paperwork, he felt thirsty, so he went to get a drink of water. He made no secret of the fact that at that moment he felt very, very bad,really, really bad. Suddenly, his vision blurred; he opened his eyes and saw his coworkers. Had he fainted? “It’s a good thing you woke up we were about to call an ambulance. You know, you just fell for no apparent reason.Are you okay?” asked one of the three people standing over him. “How long have I been lying here?” he asked, still half-conscious. “I don’t know, maybe 20 minutes. You should take some time off,you look terrible…” he replied, then helped him to his feet. How had it come to this that he was being helped up by his coworkers?

Now he was trying to get out of there as quickly as possible; it was embarrassing to collapse on the floor in a place like that why on earth did he faint right then? After all, he hadn’t been running, and he hadn’t been doing any kind of physical activity.

He walked briskly toward the bus stop, silently begging for this to be just some terrible dream from which he would wake up any moment now. If he showed up at work tomorrow looking like that, it would probably be a whole new level of humiliation. Not only was he covered in bruises, but on top of that, he’d smashed his stupid face into the floor.

Once he was on the bus, Mikami turned on his phone out of boredom and saw that someone had sent him a message

Light: “Are you okay? Have you eaten anything?”

To be honest, he completely forgot that he was supposed to eat something; he was too busy with work. When he gets home, he'll definitely eat something.

Teru: “Yes, I ate don't worry, I feel fine.”

Light: “If you want, you can come over to my place,I don't mind.”

Teru: “No, I'll be at my place today.”

Light: “Take care of yourself. I'm worried.”

Teru: “Don't worry, everything's okay. Good night.”

He'll click “Send” on the last message he was supposed to send today. It looks like Light isn't going to leave him alone.

Chapter 7: Overwhelmed by thoughts

When he stepped inside the house, he felt incredibly down; he felt strange—to be honest, it just felt kind of “empty.”

For most of the evening, he was lost in his own thoughts

Sitting in the kitchen at the table in complete silence,he reflected on himself, on his life. What made him always feel an unimaginable sense of justice,what made the silver blade always touch his skin when something didn't go his way? Maybe he just felt too much,maybe he didn't know what he was feeling? Maybe if his parents had taken proper care of him as a child, he wouldn't be able to cope with the condition he is in now?

He was fed up with always feeling different,although at times he wanted to avoid thinking about constantly administering justice,although at times he wanted to feel normal, to feel loved by someone. Whatever he wanted to feel, to make him believe he was alive and not just here

Still staring at the wall,he realized he had oatmeal in front of him. Jesus, when he made it, he didn't remember it, I think he preferred not to remember his whole life. Life in his own head suited him 100%. There he is no more than an ordinary prosecutor,there he is himself... although it is difficult for him to say what it means to be himself..

Looking at the bowl in front of him, he felt a gag reflex. Everything seemed disgusting,everything they swallowed was tasteless. Whatever he ate was vomiting back,and it wasn't because he liked looking emaciated, on the contrary, he hated the way it made him look. He tried going to the gym,but building muscle when you can't swallow anything was impossible and he stopped going there regularly

For the first man better, it would be unthinkable that a prosecutor could use drugs. According to him,such proper marijuana was not a drug,it was only needed when he was too stressed and she helped him, and it always restored his appetite and improved his mood when he was high. He remembered that he had maybe two more grams of weed hidden in his desk,maybe he'll smoke some. Besides,he wasn't addicted, he smoked somewhere once a year... okay, maybe a few more times, but that didn't mean he was addicted right away, right?

He remembered smoking pot with his first boyfriend back in high school. He was always ashamed to talk about his sexual orientation,and his father didn't seem like the person who would like the fact that his son was gay, he often said he looked like a faggot with long hair, which really irritated him, why was his father so strict towards him, what did he deserve to be treated like that? He remembered the moment when, during a family dinner, he would ask him when he would find a girlfriend and he would just wince. It was so appropriate to know what orientation he was,everyone suspected he was gay,but he never brought any boy home or invited him, so it remained just a rumor

He always gave his father cold eyes,like a wogule, dared to start a talk about how, if he didn't look very feminine but some other nonsense, it was hard to remember everything his father did to him when he was behaving „too gay" it was hard to remember them all, there were too many of them, but one of them was etched in his memory

His first boyfriend's name was Ren,he had red-dyed hair that was similar in length to his,he had a lip ring that Teru always envied him for when he was a teenager,he had beautiful sea eyes that Mikami could stare at for hours, and it is with him that he remembers his first time

It's unclear why,but the herb always sexually stimulated him like no one else, he really didn't know if it was the weed or something inside him that always made him horny after smoking it

Once,when he and Ren were smoking in the school locker room, he took a supernatural urge to kiss him, but he didn't even realize it when they were already naked and he was pressed against the locker. Over time,Teru knew it was very stupid to have sex in the school locker room, it was a very embarrassing memory, but probably one of the best of his life. He always imagined someone seeing them that day and remembered him forever as „the one who fucked in the school locker room." After this incident,they became a couple,Ran often came to his house when his parents were not home and Mikami also came to Ren,but compared to his house,Ren's parents liked him very much and even encouraged Teru to come more often,he couldn't lie but he envied Ren his parents because they accepted him for who he was,which could not be said about his parents

One day when they were at his house smoking pot,his parents came home from work early, and well, when he was hight, he said something he couldn't say sober

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It's a pity that Ren moved out, he said that his parents had financial problems and they had to move abroad because they would find a better job there

Over time, Teru did not regret what he said then, he has no contact with his parents and probably will not want to have it in the future

The only thing that probably changed was that his family confirmed that he was gay, his father still lived with them, since then he didn't pay any attention to him, he probably forgot he existed, but maybe that's better.

Enough memories, Teru now the only one he loved was God himself and he would do whatever Kami asked me to do

He left the kitchen and entered his room, heading towards his desk, as he thought there was a bag of weed deep in the drawer. They start rolling a blunt, he hasn't done it for a long time, I think he last smoked it 3 months ago for unknown reasons. Often he didn't remember why he smoked at all, but he probably had some reasons that he didn't want to remember, so he forgot about them

Finishing rolling the blunt, he raised it to his lips and moved the flame towards him and inhaled, then, pushing the smoke out of his lungs, he felt a euphoria that was unimaginable. He finally felt alive

He didn't even notice that he had smoked a whole blunt, the only thing he noticed was that he had finally been feeling good for a week. He didn't notice that he had been sitting in one place for an hour, laughing and talking to himself. Jesus, why didn't others want to be friends with him, Mikami told very funny jokes (according to him)

Mikami felt hungry for the first time in months, so he went to the kitchen. There was something in a bowl on the table, he didn't remember what it was, but the important thing was that it was good, so in his condition, whatever he ate would be good. While eating, Mikami turned on his phone out of boredom, he missed Light so much so he decided to text him, damn it was about 11 p.m. maybe Kami will reply

Teru: "Lighttt, I miss you, please let's meet ♡"

Light: "Isn't it too late? Then I asked if you wanted to come to my place for the night, you said no, did something happen?"

Teru: "Lighttt I know it's late but I'm asking you so nicely, please come, it's boring without you ;("

Light: "Okay, I'll come, but is everything okay?"

Teru: "You are loved. Everything is fine, it's nice that you're worried, I love you ♡"

Light:"if you want me to come, send me the address-"

Teru: "sorry, I'm sending you now"

Mikami immediately sent the address where he was located, he couldn't believe that Kami would visit him in his own home, the mere thought of Light touching his furniture makes him blush (he will never wash this furniture again)

Walking or even running towards the closet. He was still dressed in the clothes he wore at work. Kami deserved the best version of himself, both mentally and physically. He had to dress nicely for God himself, so they started rummaging through the wardrobe and took wide pants and a tight black T-shirt with short sleeves that fit his waist very nicely. He probably hasn't seen a more ordinary outfit, but it's hard to say, maybe God will like it even in this ordinary version

After changing his clothes he ran to the door waiting for someone to knock, he was going to stand there until Light knocked on his door.

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He heard a knock on the door and immediately pulled it to open it

"I'm glad you came, please come in," he said, hugging the other boy's shoulder

Light crossed the threshold and looked at Teru in confusion. "Listen, Mikami, are you sure everything's okay? You're acting weird..." he said and then they started to take off his jacket.

"Everything is in perfect order, can't you see?!" He said then walked over to Light taking his jacket "We can look at my old albums if you want!" He said and then without thinking, he grabbed Light's hand and headed towards his room

While rummaging through the closet looking for his old photo albums, he found one and threw it on the bed next to where Light was sitting.

He opened the album and slowly looked through the pages one by one, while Teru watched every movement of his hand.

"You look sweet in every photo...You haven't changed much" Flash said as he flipped through the pages of the album. At these words, Mikami turned crimson and looked away so that his face was not visible

"hmmm, maybe we should drink vodka? yes, that's a very good idea, I'm going now" he said and answered his own question by rushing to the kitchen without giving Light any time to answer.

He took two glasses and a bottle of Absolut with him, he hadn't drank for a long time, actually he didn't like drinking alcohol very much, but from time to time he just had to drink a little, and this was an opportunity when he could drink a little

He placed the glasses on the bedside table and poured pours into both of them, feeling Light's gaze on him and he blushed even more. He will take the glass and swallow its entire contents, tilting his head back, swallowing the sharp taste as it travels down his throat.

„Teru-"

„What?!"

"are you high...?"

„..."

Mikami just looked at him, smiling slightly to himself, why did he feel like laughing now?

"What~ Where did you get that, I don't know what you mean. It's the first time I feel good and you immediately assume I'm a drug addict, that's rude!" He groaned in a high-pitched

voice and then lay down with his back on the mattress of the bed, staring at the other boy with glazed eyes.

"Mikami, maybe you'd better go to sleep..." he said and then got up from the bed, walking towards the light switch.

"Light~ don't leave me here alone please lie with me" he said pulling the brown haired boy's hand towards his side

"I'm not going anywhere, I'm going to turn off the light" he said, trying to slightly push away Teru's hand that was making it difficult for him to reach the switch.

"Fuck this light! Please don't go, stay with me!" He moan, drawing out every possible word as he continue to hold Light's hand

Light, not wanting to hurt the other boy, rolled his eyes and gave in to Teru's pleas and lay down next to him on the mattress. Mikami wrapped his legs around him and held his hands in Light's hair while kissing (or rather licking) his cheek sloppily.

He mumbled something before they fell asleep and Light felt his warm breath touching half of his face, I guess he had no choice but to spend the night with him

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Light woke up to the sound of his alarm clock coming from his phone in his pocket

He tried to get up without waking Teru, but it was practically impossible because whenever he moved even the slightest, he was pressed even closer to Teru's body.

"Mikami, please let me go, I have to go to university..." He said in a sleepy voice, pushing Teru away from him, leaving the bed and heading to the bathroom, or rather he was trying to find the bathroom.

He walked around the house, opening each door one by one until he found the bathroom. He found the door that led to the bathroom and entered, running his feet along the white tiles. It was impossible to lie, Teru's entire house was very nicely furnished and every detail matched the interior

He looked in the mirror and then took the comb lying on the sink, Mikami probably won't be offended at him when he uses it. Wogule was sure that if Teru found out that he was using his comb, he could do very inappropriate things with it. Mikami was a little crazy, to put it mildly, so he wouldn't be surprised if the comb landed in some strange place on Teru's body...

A strange guy, there was definitely something wrong in his head, it was impossible that a healthy person would behave like that. He should definitely be tested for any mental disorders

Leaving the bathroom, he went to see if Mikami was already up, to be nice he thought he would give him a ride to work, but he was surprised because Teru was lying in the same position he left him in.

"Hey, aren't you going to work? I could give you a ride if you wanted," the only response he got was silence.

"Fine, don't answer if you want, no one is forcing you to answer me," he muttered, slightly irritated by the black-haired boy's indifference.

He left the house, leaving Teru alone, since he didn't even bother to answer him, he didn't see the point in begging him on his knees to go with him.

Driving his car along the road to the university, he wondered what Teru meant, just yesterday he was beaming with joy, what must have happened for him to suddenly stop talking to him, not that he cared or anything, but he was just curious. He thought about it the whole way and came to the conclusion that Mikami might be bipolar, not that he was a doctor but that's what it looked like

When he got out of the car and entered the university, he saw a familiar figure sitting on a bench, it was L. What did Light have to do to make L appear at his university again? On the first day at university, he met him because he admitted to him that he was the detective who was looking for Kira

And in their minds they will curse L, what must have happened for him to show up at his university, maybe he had some clue about Kira?

Light walked up to the detective sitting on the bench and he smiled at him

"Hey Light-san, maybe you would like to introduce your partner to the investigation group? It might be useful if I find out who he is" he said, staring at him and he stood frozen as to why he wanted to meet Teru, after all, when he met with Misa, he didn't ask him to introduce her, but why the investigation team met her, it was only because she was suspected of being the second kira. What was supposed to make L stop suspecting him probably made him even more suspicious, well normally it was a great idea to sleep with Teru in his house, why did he think that then they would stop suspecting him? Well, I guess now all he can do is pretend to be in a relationship with Teru

Maybe Teru will be the reason for L's death?

Chapter 8: Finally Happy?

"That's good Light, I'm starting to like it more and more" - Ryuk chuckled and Light flinched because he almost forgot about the company of the God of Death because he rarely showed any signs of life lately

"Ryzaki, how do you even know about this..?" - He said as if he was trying to act stupid, after all, he knew that there were cameras in the room and he still decided to play an intimate scene with Teru

"It's hard not to know that Light-san, you're wearing what you wore yesterday because you went to your partner, the one you introduced to your parents, right?" - The detective replied, staring at his partner with a neutral expression.

"My father told you that I was dating someone? Or maybe you installed cameras in your house to track me haha" - he said, slightly giggling as if what he said was somehow funny

"Shall we take a walk, Light-san?" - he replied, completely avoiding answering Light's question, and then he got off the bench, turning his back on Light, and wandering in an unknown direction.

Light just rolled his eyes in irritation and ran towards the detective

"Light-san, why don't you introduce your boyfriend to the investigation team?"

Did L really want him to introduce the entire investigative team to Teru..? Even if he said that he wanted him to meet him today, it wouldn't be good at all. Mikami didn't speak to him, let alone to people he barely met. So why did L want to meet Teru, after all, they have been dating for a short time, it was probably inconceivable that L might have thought that Mikami was the second Kira? Was it even possible?

"If you could, we could see him after your class today."

Wow, who would have expected that L would want to meet Teru today

"D-does it really have to be today?" - Light stammered. There is no way that Mikami will come and introduce himself and talk to them, after all, he can barely keep his feet on the ground and talk, let alone introducing himself will be quite a problem for him.

"do you have any other plans Light-san?"

Fuck that's the point, there are no plans. Jesus, asking Teru to say something was bordering on a miracle, let alone going to a meeting where they would probably ask him about being the next kira. Maybe everyone will think that Light is harassing Teru and that's why he doesn't want to talk to anyone

"No, I don't have any, we can meet after my classes..." he sighs, slightly irritated at the thought of having to go to Teru after studying and present him to the investigative group.

This thought tormented him throughout his stay at the university

He couldn't concentrate on anything and everything made him nervous for the rest of the day, just thinking about what he had to do made him grimace.

Honestly, he thought that his stay at the university would last a little longer, but in fact, several hours passed in the blink of an eye

Maybe he shouldn't worry about it, maybe when he gets home Mikami will suddenly cheer up... well who was he trying to fool, himself?

Leaving the facility called the university, he got into the car and started it, admiring the season of blooming flowers outside the window. He liked spring, he liked watching nature wake up. For him, spring was a very comfortable time of year

He decided that on the way he would stop at a flower shop to buy flowers for Teru. The last time he bought him flowers he seemed happy, although I think Mikami would jump for joy even if Light spit on him, but maybe at least some flowers would improve his mood so that he wouldn't look as if he was depressed, although you never know, maybe he was

He parked at the flower shop and felt a warm, pleasant wind blowing in his face

He slowly opened the door to the same flower shop where he had been at their first meeting, the same saleswoman was standing behind the counter, what a coincidence, right?

The saleswoman greeted him with a beaming smile and stared at him the entire time he tried to choose flowers

"Can I help you with something?" - said the red-haired saleswoman, still looking at Light touching the petals of beautiful red roses.

"I don't need any help, could I have a bouquet of these roses?" he said, looking in a completely different direction so that his eyes didn't meet those of the saleswoman.

"Ah yes of course, this type of roses is very beautiful because they have a very blood red color, you must really care about someone to give them such beautiful flowers" - she said and Light just gave her an awkward smile, he didn't need unnecessary chats

"that'll be 5,038 yen,"- she continued with a smile from ear to ear, and Light paid and left with a bouquet of flowers. As he was leaving, he heard another word come out of the red-haired woman's mouth, but honestly, he didn't really care what she said, and he didn't care much when anyone said anything to him. He was also much smarter than these people, these people didn't even deserve to talk to him, who did they think they were? Giving him a crooked look, he was the God of a more beautiful world, they were supposed to worship him and not treat him like an average person, they had no emotion to see his genius, let alone the fact that he was the one changing the world for the better

Once he was sitting in the car, he looked around him. He saw an old couple crossing the sidewalk, a lady walking her dog, why were they all so disgusting? Light couldn't even look at them without gagging, they didn't even deserve to be in the same room as him, they were all dirty, and only he as God could clean the world

Putting his hands on the steering wheel of the car, he left the flower shop and headed towards Teru's house

The road was rather peaceful. Everything seemed quiet around him, so quiet that he wanted to stay in silence a little longer, but he had already arrived at his lover's house

He opened the door and immediately headed towards Teru's room

He opened the bedroom door so he could see if anyone was lying on the mattress

In the distance, he saw a small figure lying on its side, piercing the darkness of the room

Light now opened the door wide. He stared from the doorway at Teru's lying body, his skin was pale, making him look like a dead person.

"Mikami, have you been lying like this all day...?"- he whispered, standing in the frame of the door and waiting for the other man's answer. However, the only answer he got was deathly silence

After a moment of awkward silence, Light walked towards the bed to see the black-haired man's face. He crouched on one knee next to the bed where the boy was (what is he doing?) He placed the flowers on the bedside table and grabbed Teru's hand with both of his hands. (What happened was that God himself had to bow down on his knees before his followers)

"Please, talk to me. Have I done something wrong? I'm sorry for everything, I'm just begging you, talk to me..." he muttered, holding his lover's cold hand. Teru didn't even look at his face, apparently the wall was much more interesting to him because he was staring at an invisible point without taking his eyes off it.

"Why did you leave me here...?"-he muttered in a muffled voice. Finally won, Mikami finally spoke, Light should have received crowds of applause for this, but this was not the moment for self-adulation.

“I didn't leave you—I'm right here! Can't you see?”

“I'm sorry...”

“Everything’s fine, don’t apologize to me—you need to worry about yourself for now. Do you need anything? Would you like me to make you something to eat?” he asked, tucking a strand of his lover’s hair behind his ear.

“I'm not hung-”

“Should I carry you to the kitchen?” he said in an overly sweet voice, then began helping Teru climb out of bed by holding him around the waist.

“Light, I can walk on my own. You can let go of me...” he whispered, trying to push himself away from Light's body, but to no avail

“Stop acting like nothing happened. You were literally lying in bed all day, and now you're trying to tell me you could have walked to the kitchen all by yourself as if nothing had happened?” Mikami turned his head away so he wouldn't have to look at Light's face, and they didn't say a word for the rest of the way.

When they reached the kitchen, Light sat the black-haired man down on a stool at the table and then started rummaging through the kitchen cabinets. It looked like no one had gone grocery shopping in a long time; the only things in there were pasta and tomato sauce. What did he expect, anyway?

He laid out all the ingredients on the kitchen counter and then began preparing the meal

He could feel Teru’s gaze on his back and hear a soft whisper coming from Mikami’s lips. He didn’t know if Teru was talking to himself or saying something to him—it wouldn’t be surprising if Teru were talking to himself. The guy’s got a screw loose, and you can tell that at first glance.

“Excuse me, could you move my cigarettes for me? They're on the cabinet by the front door,” he said, speaking louder than he had in his previous sentences.

Light just nodded before heading toward the exit. There were cigarettes on the cabinet—menthol ones. Don’t expect Teru to smoke menthol cigarettes; he seems more like the type who smokes Camel Blue. He grabbed the pack and headed back to the kitchen. He was slowly getting fed up with having to literally babysit another man; after all, when Mikami first met him, he saw him as a god, so he could at least help Light a little bit in building this “relationship”—or whatever the hell they even are.

He tossed a pack of cigarettes onto the table where the black-haired man was sitting. The man immediately grabbed the cigarettes and lit one of them.

“Are you smoking in the kitchen?” he mumbled in surprise, staring at the man who was taking deep drags on his cigarette as if he were craving nicotine.

“If this bothers you, I can leave—”

“No, it's not a problem, I'm just surprised because I thought you'd be smoking outside.”

He turned his back on him, then served the dish onto a plate and set it in front of Teru, who was stubbing out his pipe in an ashtray he hadn't noticed before.

“Do I really have to eat this...?” he said, almost in a whisper, his mouth twisted into a grimace.

“You have to,” he replied almost immediately, then picked up a fork and guided it toward Mikami's mouth.

“Open your mouth”

“Please, stop treating me like a child—I can feed myself" he muttered, staring at the fork that was still lying near his mouth.

Light wouldn’t move his hand back even a centimeter; he wanted Mikami to finally eat and go to bed, but of course not—that guy has to make everything so difficult. If Mikami weren’t so, ugh… demanding, maybe he would’ve gone today to introduce him to the investigation team, but he decided to screw it and not go anywhere, because when he looked at the other man, he knew it wouldn’t be a good idea to even mention that idea.

Teru just cleared his throat in irritation and opened his mouth to finish the rest of his meal

Light put the dish in the sink; he had no intention of washing it right now—it would be a blow to his ego if he did. Wouldn't it look ridiculous if the new God were washing dishes for his servant? If he wants to, Teru will wash them himself.

They'll drag him back to the bedroom, hoping that Teru won't act like a sulky four-year-old who refuses to take his nap.

Fortunately, Mikami didn't even look in Light's direction most of the time. Wasn't it ironic that less than an hour ago, Light had been begging him to say anything at all, and now he was silently praying that Mikami wouldn't say another word today?

Everything was fine until he turned off the light and lay
down next to Mikami's body

“Light... can I give you a blowjob?” Mikami mumbled

Wow, that was probably the most random question he could have heard today. He still had some empathy for other people and didn’t want Mikami to humiliate himself. He knew that Teru would regret the things he was planning to do the next day. So, as befits a polite person, he said nicely, “Maybe next time.”

An awkward silence fell, but right after that, he heard Mikami whimper an apology for what he had said.

“Listen, Teru, I don't want to force you into anything, but it would be good if you made an appointment with a therapist... Because the way you're acting isn't normal—especially the self-harm. I mean, why are you doing that, anyway?”

“I… I… I don’t even know why I’m doing this, I don’t know why I’m like this… It’s hard to explain—you know, ever since I was a kid, I’ve had this feeling of nothingness, and that was the only thing that helped me feel anything at all… What’s the point of going to work? Why eat? Why make friends? Since tomorrow will be just the same, leading to both nothingness and suffering—because this pain in my hands that I feel right now is nothing compared to

how much I’m suffering inside...” —The man paused for a moment in his story, sniffing (was he crying?)

“I realized that the only thing that gave me pleasure was exactly that—whatever I was feeling at the time—but one day I realized that the second thing that made me feel anything was upholding justice. I don’t know why that was the thing that allowed me to feel something, but apparently that’s how it was meant to be. — But then suddenly you appeared. You are justice, and you made me feel something I’d never felt in my life. “God, I-I think I love you. You’ve brought some color into my life. If there’s something you want, I want it just as much. If you want me to see a therapist, you’re absolutely right to think I’m sick! I’ll do anything—just please don’t leave me alone. I don’t want to suffer anymore...” —he whispered melancholically, then began to snuggle into Light’s arms

Wow, what he just said was downright poetic—he should stop talking like that, or Light might accidentally get emotional.

Teru was stressed out—he was actually afraid of Light’s reaction to what he’d said—because Light had been sitting in complete silence ever since he’d started talking about himself. He silently prayed that Kami wouldn’t think of him as a weirdo masochist and leave him to fend for himself.

He was probably about to lose his mind if he didn't hear Light's voice right away

Suddenly, he felt soft lips that began to slowly suck on the skin of his neck—it was like ascending to heaven. Light loves Teru just as much as Mikami loves him! He’d known this from the very first message; after all, it was immediately obvious that Light (God) had chosen him from the moment of his birth so that he could join him in doing good!

He felt warm tears streaming down his cheeks, but these weren't the tears that always fell when he was beaten; these were tears of... happiness?

Mikami ran both hands through Light's thick brown hair and pressed his head closer to his neck

Meanwhile, Light slowly pulls Teru's shirt down and begins to shower her stomach with kisses

The warm tongue felt so good against his cold body that he didn't even notice he had started to tremble

A crimson flush spread across Mikami's cheeks, and quiet moans began to escape from his throat

They weren't having sex; they were just rubbing against each other, but that rubbing was much more intimate than any sexual intercourse

Chapter 9: Short-term memory

The morning sun’s rays woke Light, and the first thing he saw was Mikami’s drooling face resting on his chest. Holy shit, his whole shirt was covered in drool, which was disgusting. He could have asked Mikami for some clothes, but most of them would have been way too small for him; comparing Mikami’s and Light’s builds, it’s clear that Light wouldn’t fit into Mikami’s clothes, and even if he did, they’d be incredibly tight.

Fuck, Mikami wasn't just drooling like a dog—he was also moaning like some porn star. No, sorry. Mikami wasn’t moaning—he was fucking screaming. He literally gets turned on by everything Light does. You could even say that just hearing Mikami praise him would make him come without any physical contact. Actually, after what he heard Mikami say about him yesterday, that was 100 percent likely.

What was said yesterday made him very happy—that at least one person treats him the way he deserves to be treated; everyone should think of him as a savior who will protect this decaying world from further decay.

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—he had to admit that Mikami’s remark had sent waves of excitement through him; if he wanted to, he could have made Mikami praise him at every turn—What the hell is he thinking! Mikami is just another pawn in the plan to kill L, and nothing more! It was embarrassing that someone like Light Yagami even dared to think about wanting to get even a drop of attention from Teru fucking Mikami. After all, that man was so pitifully pathetic that Light could have killed him in the blink of an eye—correction, Mikami could have killed himself without Light’s help.

Okay, that's enough about Mikami!...

It would be hard to wrap up a conversation about someone who’s literally glued to him—Light could feel him on top of him, had his saliva on him, and could feel his tousled hair against his chin. What was he supposed to do—imagine he was somewhere else so he wouldn’t think about Mikami? What else was he supposed to do? Stare at Ryuka, who was standing right in front of the bed and giggling to himself the whole fucking time (and he means the WHOLE time)?

Lately, the whole world has been revolving around Mikami (Teru can be happy that he got God wrapped around his little finger)

After all, he was still supposed to go see a psychologist with him—he was the one who suggested it, so it would be a good idea to do that. He had a “friend” who would definitely agree to see them, even today; all he has to do is call her.

It would be good if Mikami were prescribed some medication; maybe it would at least help him. Even if Mikami turned out to be completely healthy (which was hard to believe), he would pay out of his own pocket to get a prescription for the medication.

Well, but I guess he had to ask him about various things in his life first, right? I think that's how it worked—he had to write down some questions that were essential for diagnosing certain mental disorders.

“It was shaping up to be such a wonderful day,” he thought sarcastically, staring at his lover’s face resting on his chest, and then, out of boredom, he began to play with Mikami’s tousled hair with his fingers; Mikami immediately shuddered at his touch—he must have just come and woken up.

“Are you up yet, honey?” he said, and immediately his face twisted into a look of embarrassment—damn it, they’re not in a romantic comedy, after all; why say things like that and then be too embarrassed to look at his own reflection in the mirror? He hoped Mikami hadn’t heard that.

Still looking sleepy, he sat up from his chest and put on the glasses that were lying on the nightstand.

He began looking around as if his bedroom were a place he didn't recognize at all; he rubbed his sore neck, which was clearly aching from Teru lying in the same position for several hours

He looked at Light and then noticed the sticky goo clinging to Light’s clothes. Who else but him could have done this? Teru blushed beet-red—how could he have desecrated his God like that! How could he! A God who tolerated his very presence! What he had done was disgusting, and he should be punished for it!

“Oh my God! I'm so sorry for what I did! I swear it wasn't on purpose! I would never treat you that way!” he whimpered, tears in his eyes, as he knelt by the bed and clasped his hands as if in prayer.

“Don't make a big deal out of it—it's just clothes. Just lend me some of yours,” he said, then watched as Mikami walked briskly toward the closet.

Mikami’s fucking submissiveness was incredibly arousing—he’d drop to his knees and apologize even for the tiniest trifles, and that’s exactly what Light likes about him... STOP! Light’s mind has been acting weird since this morning—really, really weird. Even though Mikami was pretty cute when he got embarrassed, Light couldn’t think of him with lust.HE WASN’T CUTE AT ALL! WHO THE HELL IS TAKING CONTROL OF HIS MIND! Now all they want is to pull out the Death Note and write their full names in it out of embarrassment

Mikami interrupted his internal struggle by setting the clothes down next to him; looking at what he’d given him, he’d look quite… different than usual.

This was different from how he usually dressed; he saw a loose T-shirt with the word “Pantera” printed on it, along with some other design—apparently it was a band that Light neither knew nor listened to—and the T-shirt was still okay, but the pants were flared jeans with a “Dystopia” patch—probably another band he didn’t know—but that raised two completely different questions for him: first, what normal person puts patches on flared

jeans? And second, were flared jeans really the only kind of pants Mikami ever wore!? Well, I guess he had no other choice—he didn’t want to walk around all day in mismatched clothes, so he started getting changed.

Well, the T-shirt was pretty loose, but those pants were terribly tight around his thighs; he wasn't used to wearing clothes as tight as the ones Mikami wore—he probably would have wanted the ground to swallow him up if anyone he knew had seen him dressed like that.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that Mikami was staring at him while he was getting changed, but whenever Light looked at him, Mikami immediately looked away.

Leaving Mikami to his own devices, he went out into the hallway to call Mayu, who was his ex-girlfriend and would gladly refer him to a therapist through her connections.

“Hello, this is Mayu Urata. How can I help you?”

“Hey Mayu, listen, it’s Light Yagami here. We used to know each other well, and you know I’m aware that you’re a psychologist. Well, I’m in a bit of a crisis right now because I really need to talk to a psychologist today. Would you be willing to see me in your office as a favor?”—What he said was incredibly underhanded, but did he even care? Not really.

“Oh, yeah, I remember you from high school... I don't usually make exceptions like this, but since we know each other, I don't think it'll be a problem—I have an opening today at 2 p.m.”

“Thank you so much—I owe you one.”

“Sure, but could you tell me why you want to talk to a psychologist?”

“Um, well, you know, I suspect that someone close to me might have some kind of disorder. I'd like to find out if everything is definitely okay and if this person is really sick” — “someone close to me”—that's a good one.

"Oh, okay, but in order to diagnose the disorder, we also need to know the patient’s family history, as genetics could be a factor in this disorder. If that’s not a problem, please ask the person you suspect has the disorder if they have any addictions or if they know of anyone else in their family who has any illnesses. It would really help me if you could find that out.”

“Sure, that can be done. Thanks again,” he muttered, then hung up. Well, it looks like he'll find out more about Mikami today.

Light walked into the bedroom and sat down next to Mikami on the bed

“Listen, I need to ask you a few questions, and you have to answer them honestly, okay?”

“Okay”

“Do you have anyone in your family who has any health issues? If you don't know, you can call your father to find out—”

“You know, I don't think my dad took it very well at all—if he wanted to, he'd sell me at the market for $2. Should I call my mom?”

Wow, what he said about his father was really sad. I wonder what Mikami must have done to him for him to harbor such intense hatred toward him, as Mikami describes.

Mikami picked up the phone and began dialing her mother's number

The woman answered almost immediately

You could hear the joy in Mikami's mother's voice, which suggested that Mikami didn't call her very often

Not even five minutes had passed when he hung up, shook his head from side to side, and then replied that no one in his family was sick

“Okay, so do you have any addictions?”

After hearing the question, Mikami nervously rubbed the back of his neck

“Um, I smoke weed sometimes, but does that mean I'm addicted?” he said, clearly nervous about Light's reaction.

“Oh, okay,” he mumbled, glancing at his lover's flushed face; he had the impression that Mikami turned bright red at even the slightest trifle.

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“Light, he's stressed out...” he whispered in his ear as he entered the therapist's office.

“Come on, everything will be fine,” he whispered in reply, and then the two of them sat down across from a woman named Mayu.

“So, what’s your name?” the woman asked, pulling a notebook out of her bag.

“Mikami Teru.”

The woman died as if she had just heard that Teru had, at the very least, done a somersault on the ceiling

“Excuse me, did I hear that right? Mikami Teru, right?”

“Yes. Is something wrong?”

Light furrowed his brow and glanced back and forth between Mikami and Mayu

“That’s kind of funny—a few months ago, I had a client with the exact same first and last name as you, and he was also diagnosed with a certain disorder. He was prescribed medication—did you come in for another dose?”

At that moment, Light felt like strangling Mikami. How the hell could someone be so scatterbrained as to forget that he'd been diagnosed with a disorder? After all, it wasn't something you could easily forget—it was a fucking disorder that you'd think would be hard to forget so easily, but apparently, it is that easy to forget

"I'm sorry, but what was the disorder, if you can recall—"

"As I recall, it was bipolar disorder. I prescribed mood stabilizers; I can even give you those medications right now."

Light had guessed that Teru might have this disorder, but he hadn't expected him to actually have it. After making such a lucky guess, he could head to the casino.

The woman set aside two boxes of pills labeled Lamilept and Bonogren

Light took the two boxes of pills, grabbed Teru by the hand, and led him out of the office.

"L-Light, are you mad? I-I-I'm sorry, it just completely slipped my mind—I forgot and—" he mumbled, but Light cut him off mid-sentence.

"You forgot!? For fuck's sake, Teru, you can forget about grocery shopping or doing laundry, but not about a fucking illness!"—he was furious at Teru for wasting his precious time; he could have done so many useful things, but what did he do? He made a fool of himself in front of his old friend, to whom he'd now be indebted

They looked at each other awkwardly for a good two minutes, after which Teru walked over to him, wrapped his arms around his waist, buried his face in the taller man's shoulder, and began to whimper an apology.

They went outside in complete silence and walked toward Teru's house in that same silence.

On the way, Light asked if Mikami wanted to stop by the café they were passing, to which he simply nodded, and the two of them went into the café and sat down at a table

Teru didn't break the silence even after they sat down at the table; Light tried to start a conversation by offering him a caramel candy he'd found in his pants pocket, but Teru just shook his head

Light chewed on the candy—who knew how long it had been in that pocket?—expecting Mikami to remain silent, but Mikkami spoke up, saying he didn't really like sweets.

"You know, there's this guy at work who eats nothing but candy," he said, and then he saw a twinkle in Teru's eye.

"Come on, don't be jealous—you're the only one I have my eye on," he said, and then he winked at Teru, which made him smile slightly.

That was probably the cheesiest thing he could ever have said...

Chapter 10: How could you have done that?

It’s been a few months since Teru started taking mood stabilizers, and to be honest, the only change in his behavior was that he became more unpredictable and jealous rather than depressed; fortunately, there were no more instances of him lying in one position all day without saying a word. He also returned to work

It was also clear that he had gained a little weight; he was still slimmer than Light, but you could tell he looked healthier.

Light started going out with him in public, but he felt embarrassed every time they met in a public place because, for example, the way Teru dressed made it obvious that he was open about his sexual orientation. He heard people whispering to each other about how Teru looked, saying they were surprised that someone like Light liked guys. He was embarrassed to go out with him because he heard them laughing at them as they walked past a group of teenagers.

He often wondered if Teru was taking some kind of drug along with his medication (which was very possible, given his fondness for marijuana), he acted excessively happy, and when Light asked him why he was happy, he’d say it was because he’d quit smoking—which was a lie, since Light had seen him with a cigarette in his mouth more than once after saying that. He spoke so quickly and incoherently that Light would just nod along because he couldn’t understand what Teru was saying, not to mention that he would laugh to himself at random moments. Light tried to tell him to stop because it looked like he was talking to his own hallucinations, but Mikami kept saying that he was laughing because he felt good and that he couldn’t control it

He also introduced him to the investigation team, and his colleagues really took a liking to him, but they looked surprised when they found out that Teru was older than Light. Sometimes he even sat in on their meetings regarding the Kira investigation, which really surprised him—that they’d just let him listen in on the case’s progress. He still didn’t know why L wanted Light to introduce his boyfriend to the investigation team, and he probably never would find out why, but his parents accepted their relationship (or whatever they chose to call it). Of course, his father was surprised at first and asked if he was sure he liked boys, but then he gave up when he kept getting the same answer over and over again—hearing “yes” every time. To be honest, Light didn’t feel any romantic attraction to either women or men, but he never talked about it. Sayu found out too, which sometimes led to snide comments directed at him; He explained to her that it was rude and terribly homophobic to ask the kinds of questions she was asking, but of course he knew she wasn’t trying to offend him—yet he could feel the blood rushing to his head when she asked him if he was a top or a bottom, because he wouldn’t let anyone fuck him, least of all that idiot. He felt practically no romantic attraction to anyone; the only one he loved was himself. He would often stand in front of the mirror and masturbate to his own reflection, which was quite embarrassing.

When he said Mikami was jealous, he meant that he was jealous of practically everything; Light sometimes got the impression that he was even jealous of his coworkers who were 20

years older than him. Whenever they were around, Mikami would stick close to him and say all sorts of unnecessary things, which was very embarrassing for Light. Sometimes he couldn't take it anymore and would tell Mikami in front of other people to shut up, then, of course, he'd get comments that he shouldn't talk to his boyfriend like that. In short, L was 5 percent sure that Mikami was Kira and 98 percent sure he was an abuser, but this gave him pause because whenever Mikami didn't treat him very well, people would only focus on how Light treated Teru, which meant that the Kira case took a back seat, since they were worried about Teru. He often heard them say behind his back that Light was toxic and that he should break up with him, and well, he'd probably do anything just to delay the investigation into Kira.

The members of the investigation team cared more about what was going on around them than about tracking down a serial killer, which suited him just fine; it's possible he even enjoyed playing the role of the toxic partner.

Sarcastic comments and insults from Light toward Mikami started to fly, but instead of responding, Mikami just smiled awkwardly and nodded—and he fucking loved it so much—he liked that he was so obedient and submissive; he liked that he felt in control; he liked that even if he spat on Teru, Teru wouldn't say a word and would just smile; he enjoyed humiliating him, though he hadn't shown it during their first meetings and tried not to let it show, Well, just as he'd thought, it worked to steer the investigation team away from the Kira case; the reactions of some members of the investigation team were comical, to say the least—whenever he made some inappropriate comment, they'd look at him with contempt, even his own father gave him that look. It was funny that they paid more attention to Teru and Light's toxic relationship than to the Kira case.

They were now sitting together with Ryuuzaki and Mikami at a café; L was, of course, eating cake, while Mikami, sitting next to him, was licking an ice cream cone in a very suggestive way. It was pathetic how desperately he craved Light's attention, He could see that every time Mikami moved his head to take the popsicle deeper into his throat, he'd glance out of the corner of his eye to see if Light was looking at him.

"Listen, sorry, Ryuuzaki, but I'm going to the restroom," he said, then headed toward the restroom. He knew he'd get there before Mikami, and well, he was right.

As soon as he entered the bathroom, Ryuuzaki knelt down next to Light, trying to unbuckle his belt, but Light pushed him away. Strange… he thought Light had gone to the bathroom to have a quickie with him. Lately, Light had been acting very cold toward him; he treated him completely differently when they were alone compared to when they were around other people.

"Teru, let me make this clear: I have no intention of having sex with you in public," he said, watching as the black-haired man got up from the floor

He brushed off his clothes and furrowed his brow

"Do you really treat everyone who wants to give you a blowjob with such ingratitude? Listen, Light, I'm going to make something clear too: I have needs as well, and at home I get the impression that you're more interested in work than in me—I've noticed you don't spend any

time with me at all," he muttered, at which Light frowned; he spent all—and I mean ALL—of his free time with him.

"Stop acting like a 15-year-old with raging hormones—you're a grown man, so you should be able to control yourself. Besides, I spend all my free time with you—I don't know what you're getting at."

and Teru just grimaced.

"Light, do you think I don't see that? Do you think I don't see the way you look at Ryuuzaki?"

What was he getting at? He said it as if he could see something Light couldn't. Light was looking at Ryuuzaki normally and would never have thought what Mikami had thought. Slowly, he began to wonder if Mikami really only had bipolar disorder and not schizophrenia as well. Damn it, not only is he bipolar, but he's also schizophrenic...

"I don't get what you're getting at. I don't know what you're imagining, but you're imagining things that never even happened, and you're trying to convince me that what's going on in your head is the truth. Did the meds mess with your head that much? Are you sure you're taking the right dose? You're not taking too much, are you?" — he said in a slightly raised voice, then tapped Teru's forehead lightly with his index finger

"THE DOSAGE IS PERFECT! Don't try to make me look like an idiot because I can tell a mile away that you're after him. You know what? Let him suck your dick from now on—sorry, I've got a better idea. Maybe we'll have a threesome, and I'll watch you fuck him. You know, I'll have a great time!" — he said, raising his voice and emphasizing the sarcastic tone of the last two sentences he'd spoken

It was true that he'd been taking a higher dose of his meds for about a week, but he didn't think that was the problem in this situation. During that week when he's been taking double the dose, he really does feel better

"Have you completely lost your mind?! Are you hallucinating or something? I don't know, are you on some fucking mephedrone or what? Because you like to get high, don't you? You like to shoot up or snort a line of white stuff up your nose, don't you?" he said, then started waving his index finger under his nose. "And I don't know where you got the idea that I'm fucking Ryuuzaki—he's not a faggot, unlike you, because let me remind you that not every man likes having a dick up his ass."

Teru just laughed sarcastically at Light's remark

"Oh, right, I completely forgot about my sexual orientation—thanks for reminding me. Do you feel like a man now? And do you realize how pathetic you sound right now? I'm sure you realize that the two of us are in a relationship TOGETHER—I'm not forcing you to do anything. As for the accusation that I'm a junkie, tell me just once when you've seen me taking hard drugs." Silence. "Exactly—you haven't seen me, so you have no right to accuse me of that." Teru opened his mouth to say something else, but Light cut him off

“You fucking hypocrite—I can’t assume you’re doing drugs, but you can accuse me of fucking my boss?”

At that moment, Teru’s face turned bright red with embarrassment because he knew that what Light had just said was true, and the words on his tongue began to get tangled; he wanted to come up with a sharp retort, but all he could manage was a stammer.

“B-but it’s n-n-not quite the s-same thing.”

“It’s exactly the same—only today you’ve swapped your brain and your penis!”

Mikami couldn’t think of a single reply—what the hell was he supposed to say to that? So he just stood there, staring at the taller man

“Ran out of arguments? Not going to say anything else?” Light cleared his throat with that irritating smirk, as if to symbolize that he’d won the argument

“L-Light, can’t you see how much I want you? I’m trying to be nice, but lately you’ve been treating me worse than trash—don’t you like me anymore?” he mumbled, staring at the bathroom tiles beneath his feet

“Oh, s-so I’m t-treating you b-badly?!” Light said, mimicking how Teru had stuttered at the beginning. “Should I bring up what you just did? You accused me of cheating just because I didn’t want you to suck my dick in public! Didn’t it occur to you that I’m treating you the way you treat me?!”

Mikami looked up from the tiles at Light and grimaced in surprise.

“Oh no, no, no—you’re not telling me that I’m the one who treated you badly. I treated you like a fucking prince, and you liked treating me like a doormat. You liked showing your dominance over me; you let yourself treat me like your footstool because you knew I’d run after you like a dog anyway. But suddenly, when I dare to defend myself by responding to your snide comments, I’m the one who’s messed up—is that right? My responses hit your fragile ego so hard that the only thing you can do to defend yourself is to claim that you’re the victim and hope that eventually I’ll feel guilty about what I said and apologize to you. “IT HURTS YOU THAT I WON’T LET MYSELF BE MANIPULATED!” — he said triumphantly, clenching his fist

“If you’re so unhappy with me, then fuck off! Go! I don’t give a shit!” — he shouted, waving his arms left and right

“You bet I’ll go,” he said, then began heading toward the exit

“Well, if you’re leaving, don’t ever come back! Don’t come back later begging for forgiveness! And anyway, no one’s going to want you because you’ve got a fucking barcode on your hands! Go cut yourself, you bipolar faggot!”

The two of them stood there, processing what they'd just heard. Mikami turned his head toward Light, and a look of disgust spread across his face.

"Are you feeling better now?" he mumbled, staring into Light's angry eyes.

"You bet I am."

"I'm glad to hear it," he said, then turned and slammed the door.

It was a low blow—after all, he knew Teru hated it when people brought up his scars, and he knew that was one of his weak spots, so why did he say such disgusting things to him?

Light stood staring at the door that had just slammed shut. He didn't regret what he'd said—Mikami deserved it. Instead of taking the insults lying down as usual, that jerk suddenly started talking back to him? That's ridiculous! Not long ago, Teru had trouble moving, and Light had pulled him out of his worst state; if it weren't for him, he'd still be in the worst possible condition—both mentally and physically—and for that, he deserved at least a little respect. Besides, sooner or later Mikami would come and beg him on his knees for forgiveness for what he'd said—he knew him too well for that not to be true.

Teru left the café and just walked straight ahead; he didn't know where he was going, he was just walking somewhere to calm down.

Why was Light such a jerk? Lately, they'd been arguing a lot after Teru told him that his snide comments were disgusting. Of course, those arguments didn't end like this one usually did—they'd just stop talking to each other for a while, but then they'd apologize to each other.

Teru thought he wasn't the only one in the relationship suffering from bipolar disorder. When they first met, Light told him he was too skinny and should gain some weight, and recently he'd heard comments—supposedly as jokes—that he should lose a few kilos because his face was getting chubbier, and he didn't know why Light liked to make those kinds of comments to him. At first, when Mikami reacted with irritation to Light's remarks, Light would just laugh and tell him not to take everything so seriously—that it was just a joke. But jokes are supposed to be funny for both people, and they weren't funny to him at all.

He wondered if Light even liked him at all, because when Teru brushed against Light's penis, Light didn't even get hard—Mikami had to masturbate Light to elicit any reaction from him at all. During sex, Light looked and acted as if his mind were somewhere else entirely. It wasn't just about their bedroom activities; Light didn't even want to hold hands or cuddle with him, and Mikami couldn't remember the last time Light had said he loved him—not to mention that Mikami was the one who always initiated all intimate acts. Sometimes he even thought Light was ashamed of him.

He was too embarrassed to admit it, but sometimes he'd slip some Viagra into Light's tea (I think that's against the law—actually, not "I think," but definitely…) to get him aroused in some way. He'd watch as Light would start sweating and get an erection caused by the pill. He'd then lightly run his fingertips along the inside of his thigh and offer to pleasure him with his mouth or hand, but Light probably turned him down more often than he agreed. Was

he really such a loser that his own boyfriend didn't want to make love to him even after taking fucking Viagra? He had to admit he was sexually inadequate.

He started to think that Light wasn't visually attracted to him, so he began wearing tight T-shirts that accentuated his waist; he'd stretch so that the shirt would "accidentally" ride up, revealing his stomach, He tried to get his attention; it annoyed him that Light devoted more of his attention to work than to him. His desire for Light's attention became so intense that Teru practically followed Light around all the time; he could see that Light got irritated when he tried to grab his hand in public. He started taking him on dates—or rather, he tried to; there was a twenty percent chance that Light would agree to go out because he was busy with work. He started buying him jewelry that Light never wore anyway. He even started sending him intimate photos when they were apart, but Light continued to act the same way—he'd stare at him with a blank look in his eyes when they made love.

He knew he should be grateful that Light was even putting up with Teru's personality, but his jealousy got the better of him

When Light started insulting and verbally humiliating him for unknown reasons, he began to notice that Light would get an erection whenever this happened. He started to think that Light was turned on by violence or simply enjoyed being dominant. Besides, he'd been humiliated his whole life and didn't really see it as a problem that it was Light who was humiliating him. He started wearing collars that squeezed his neck and suggested sexual positions that were as humiliating as possible for him. He was probably trying to convince himself that he liked what Light was doing to him, he didn't like it when Light yanked his hair or grabbed his hips so hard that bruises remained; it hurt him, but he never mentioned that anything hurt—his desire to make Light happy was so strong that he sacrificed his own comfort

He missed their first encounters; he missed how Light had treated him before, how Light had asked him out, how gently he'd touched him—it had been romantic.

He thought Light just had some kind of fetish, but he didn't ask any questions; he was surprised that Light started humiliating him in public places too—he'd thought it would stay strictly between the two of them. Once, when he dressed quite provocatively for a get-together with Light and his coworkers, Light simply said that Teru looked like a male prostitute. It's true that he'd dressed rather provocatively that day, but he'd done so to catch Light's attention—and, all things considered, you could say that Light had indeed taken notice of him.

He despised himself for not liking what Light did to him—he was supposed to like everything Light did to him. He tried to convince himself that what Light said didn't hurt him, but the longer it went on, the more he hated it

He thought that if he started taking double doses of his medication, he'd be much calmer, but the medication didn't work the way he expected.

He simply forgot about Light when he wasn't around, but when Light appeared next to him, he became… too honest and spoke his thoughts out loud.

And that's exactly how this argument started.

Now he didn’t even know where he was; it was getting dark and cold, so he went into a nearby bar and sat down somewhere out of the way.

He didn’t like places with a lot of alcohol; they reminded him of some rather embarrassing memories from the past. He didn’t trust himself when it came to alcohol. He was afraid he might fall back into his old habits

When he was fifteen, he started hanging out with a pretty shady crowd; they paid him attention, and Teru liked that—he felt noticed and wanted to impress his older friends. They were the ones who let him smoke his first cigarette, even though he threw up right after. His mother told him to find a group of friends his own age because she was afraid he’d be taken advantage of by his older friends. But he just nodded at her words; as time went on, one could agree with what his mother had said—it was quite strange that he was the only fifteen-year-old in a group full of nineteen-year-olds, but apparently that didn’t bother the younger Teru; perhaps he was trying to convince himself that his “friends” liked him and weren’t just treating him as someone to make fun of. But Teru was young and foolish; he tried to rebel against his parents in some way.

He started sneaking out of class just to meet up with them; he tried to suck up to them because he wanted to be accepted by anyone and not called a weirdo

They bought large amounts of alcohol, and to impress them, he’d get so drunk that he couldn’t stand on his feet and would just fall to the ground; of course, no one helped him up, so if he wanted to get anywhere, he had to crawl.

It was pathetic that he would humiliate himself like that just to get a little attention from his older friends.

He often drank himself into a stupor, and they would just laugh and take pictures while he lay unconscious in his own vomit and urine

His mother noticed that he often didn’t come home at night or that he’d skip class; she’d ask him where he’d been and why he smelled like alcohol, telling him it wasn’t normal for a fifteen-year-old to be using substances, but he’d just tell her to fuck off because he thought he was mature for his age and knew what he was doing

Now he wondered how he had even managed to function while consuming such enormous amounts of alcohol.

He literally couldn't even sober up in peace; you could say he was drunk the whole time. If someone had asked him at that moment what day of the week it was, he certainly wouldn't have been able to answer that question.

He wanted to erase those memories; he didn’t want to remember them, didn’t want to remember what he looked like or how he behaved—at that time, his personal hygiene had hit rock bottom. His hair was, sadly, sticky from the alcohol he’d been pouring over his head, he could go weeks wearing the same clothes, which were often stained with alcohol and vomit; his face bore large, easily noticeable bags under his eyes from sleepless nights; his body was

covered in bruises from constantly falling onto hard surfaces; and he walked around all the time with half-closed eyelids—not to mention that he stumbled even on a straight path.

He wanted them to face the consequences for how badly they had destroyed him mentally, for how they had exploited him for their own pleasure, for how they had recorded him doing embarrassing things while he was under the influence of drugs, and for how they had forced him to lick spilled alcohol off the floor.

Of course, they didn't stop at just giving him huge amounts of alcohol; they also started offering him lines of cocaine, showing him how to snort it, and he would copy them. Due to the combination of a hard drug and a large dose of alcohol, he often suffered seizures and nosebleeds; he was in such a state that he was out of touch with reality—he could hear what was going on around him, but his body was paralyzed, and he couldn't utter a single word.

He couldn't blame them alone for his cocaine addiction, because whenever he was alone in a room, instead of trying to get some sleep, sober up in peace, or do anything to at least get himself together a little, he'd snort like the worst junkie, all by himself—which was probably even worse than if he'd been using around others, because when he was alone, he'd get paranoid and it seemed to him that someone was calling him all the time, even though he was alone

He was already so broken that he would go out in the middle of the day to a place where he could be alone and snort lines or drink hard liquor. When he was sober, he immediately felt the urge to take some kind of substance to feel even a little better; sometimes he'd lose track of himself and walk into the room where his parents were sitting, with a cigarette in his mouth or a bottle of beer in his hand, and his mother and father would look at him in surprise, and then, of course, he'd get an earful about what he thought he was doing, drinking and smoking at such a young age.

But deep down, he was grateful to them for never hitting him over it; I think the first and last time his father hit him was when Teru gave a rather interesting and detailed speech about his sexual orientation, and that was the only time physical violence was used against him. He was very glad they never hit him again in his life, because if, back then—when he was already at rock bottom—they had started using physical violence against him as well, he doesn't think he'd be alive today.

He remembered that time when, after a week of not coming home, he finally decided to return because he had nowhere to stay and didn't want to sleep outside—but he also didn't want to go back home; he didn't want to answer questions about why he'd been gone for the past week and why he hadn't been in touch, why he couldn't stand on his own two feet, and on top of that, his nose was constantly running.

He remembered that as he tried to make his way home, he kept tripping over his own feet; he fell to his knees so often that he tore his pants in those spots. It hurt so much, like scraping his knees until they bled as he scraped against the asphalt.

His legs hurt so much back then that it's actually a miracle he made it home on his own. In fact, he was surprised that, in that condition, he even remembered the way home at all

He remembered that his mother opened the door for him and helped him inside; she held his face with both hands and asked, with tears in her eyes, who had done him such harm. He also remembered that his father was looking at him, but not as he usually did—he was looking at him with sadness in his eyes, as if he felt sorry for him. He must have really been in terrible shape if even his own father was worried about him

It's a shame they weren't just as worried about him when he was becoming addicted to self-harm; he had issues with self-harm when he was younger, but they got worse when he turned fifteen. He was so mentally broken from drinking alcohol day in and day out that he spent most of his time lying in bed doing nothing—not because he wanted to do nothing, but because he couldn't bring himself to get out of bed. Because of this, his mother often cried; she would kneel by his bedside, drenched in tears, holding his hands or stroking his head, and repeating that she should have intervened sooner, that if she had, he wouldn't be suffering

But he felt no suffering at all; he felt nothing—he didn't even have the strength to suffer

For several weeks, he did nothing but lie there—and in any case, he couldn't have done anything else even if he'd wanted to, because he was constantly writhing, shaking, and drenched in sweat due to the sudden withdrawal from drugs. His mother took time off work to take care of him; she tried to feed him, bathed him, dressed him, helped him walk, and put him to bed

After what felt like two weeks of doing nothing, he finally felt strong enough to get out of bed on his own and get dressed by himself. When his mother saw him standing in the hallway by the kitchen, she burst into tears and began hugging and kissing him on the cheeks

From then on, his mother was overly kind to him. She bought him albums by the bands he liked, asked him if he wanted to go to the store with her to buy some trinkets, and bought him his favorite candies

It hurt him that his parents only came to love him after he'd nearly killed himself with drugs.

That fact cut him like a razor; he hated to think that the only reason his parents were nice to him now was because they didn't want him to end up in that state again.

He might have cut himself because of a few people—but what was the point? Teru himself probably didn't know why, but that's just how he dealt with his problems. He was addicted to lines—not lines of cocaine, but lines on his arms. He liked watching the blood flow from the wounds; it was mesmerizing

Week after week, there was no more space left on his arms, so he started looking for other methods. He'd tighten his tie too much around his neck and choke himself. It didn't give him the same sense of relief as cutting his arms, and that annoyed him.

He deliberately wore longer shirts that could cover his hands and neck, but it was inevitable that someone would eventually realize he was self-harming again.

All in all, it was pretty easy to see that something was wrong, and I guess only a complete idiot wouldn't have noticed that he was constantly scratching his hands. At that time, his

palms itched practically all the time, so his mother asked him if he wanted to see a doctor because she thought he'd just gotten some kind of rash

At one point, his mother must have finally had enough; she told him to take off his shirt because it wasn't normal for him to be scratching himself all the time, and she was afraid the rash might develop into something worse. She was a little surprised when, instead of a rash, she saw scabs. She started asking him why he was hurting himself again and said she thought he'd stopped doing that several years ago. Teru didn't answer because he didn't see the point in explaining himself for anything. Was he hurting himself? Yes, he was—but so what? He didn't see a problem with what he was doing. They should be glad he didn't end up as a new keychain.

She tried to disinfect the wounds, but he pulled his hands away and told her to back off because he thought he knew exactly what he was doing, and there was no need for anyone to interfere with his mental health— after all, he wasn't snorting cocaine anymore or getting drunk to the point of passing out, so he had absolutely no idea why his mother was so worried about him—he couldn't possibly make himself any worse off than he already was. He hated the way she was looking at him at that moment, as if he were some kind of victim of fate; he saw pity in her eyes, but he didn't need pity.

He'd heard that his mother had argued with his father that night about sending him to a psychiatric hospital because she was afraid that, after what Teru had seen, he would take his own life.

But his mother was wrong; he didn't want to commit suicide—he was simply trying to numb his emotional pain with physical pain. The pain he felt in his hands was completely different from what he felt inside; the emotional pain was unbearable, while he actually enjoyed the physical pain—he liked that it was the only kind of pain he could control himself, rather than someone else.

And although his father was a little kinder to him, he was still the same strict parent. He said that Teru didn't need a doctor and that he was self-harming because he didn't respect himself and was trying to get attention that way—or that he was simply a masochist. Not to mention that he was kinder to him solely to prevent Teru from doing anything that might damage his father's reputation. His father was a lawyer whom everyone considered outstanding, so it was obvious that people would start talking when they found out that the son of a famous lawyer was not only gay but also a junkie who was high twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. As for the accusations that he was a junkie, people were right, and it was good that they avoided him because of those rumors. He was stupid back then for starting to stuff himself with drugs, but they really didn't have to be so hard on him, seeing the state he was in.

And the rumors people spread made his life miserable; and he often couldn't leave the house because his parents had heard so much gossip from random people about him—some of it was so nonsensical and stupid that he himself was surprised anyone would even say such things, let alone believe them, because what kind of person with even a shred of intelligence would believe she was sleeping with a man twice her age? Of course, when his parents heard about it, they gave him quite a lecture, and he didn't know what they were talking about; he said it wasn't true, that people were just making up anything and everything just to have a

reason to hate him. Of course, in the end, there had to be a homophobic comment: that to get people to stop talking, he should find some girl who would fuck all the “faggotry” out of him. Which was pretty disgusting, since he was a fucking teenager who hadn’t even had sex yet—

“Hey, cutie! It's been a while—maybe I could buy you a drink,” he heard a man with an exaggerated British accent say from behind him

He didn’t recall walking into a gay bar. Was it really that obvious that he was queer, or did he simply have “I’m gay” written in huge letters on his back that men were approaching him in regular bars and hitting on him?

He turned his head to see the man who had spoken to him.

The man was shorter than him, had short black hair and piercings in his lip and eyebrow; his build resembled Teru’s. He looked Japanese, so he was surprised to hear a British accent. Judging by the slight blush on his face, one could tell the man was a little tipsy

“Um, excuse me, but do we know each other?”

The shorter man furrowed his brow as if surprised that Mikami didn’t recognize him.
“Yes, we know each other—or rather, we used to know each other. Ren Osano.”

What a coincidence.

He started to feel a little embarrassed for not recognizing his ex-boyfriend, but he remembered him completely differently and hadn’t expected him to look the way he did now.

“You know that drinking alone is alcoholism, right?”

“I’ve never heard of anything like that—”

“So can I buy you a drink?”

“Sure,” he replied, then watched as the man pulled up a chair to the table where he was sitting. Jesus, what is he doing? He told himself he wouldn’t drink anymore.

“So what do you want to drink?”

“A Negroni.”

“Oh wow, I didn’t expect you to order something so bitter. I remember you always liked sweet things—I remember when you used to eat caramel candies and share them with me. They were so sweet that I really don’t know how you could eat them by the kilogram.”

Teru blinked a few times in surprise; it struck him that even though he’d had a drink, he still remembered things that had happened so long ago.

And it was true—he loved sweet things. He didn’t know why he pretended not to like them. I guess he thought that if he said so, he’d be seen as more serious.

He remembered how much he loved those candies—he could stuff more than six of them into his mouth and still want more. Because he stuffed so many candies into his mouth at once, he heard people say he looked like a hamster; he pretended not to like the comment, but he kept doing the same thing just to hear more comments about his appearance, and every time he pretended to be annoyed, even though his smile and the blush on his cheeks suggested something quite different. You could say he was blaming his bitter life on the candy.

Ren told him he worked as a piercer and gave him a business card in case he wanted to get some piercings. To be honest, he thought Ren would end up being some kind of photographer because back in high school, he had the impression that Ren was always walking around with a camera; it seemed to me that Ren would pull out that damn camera in situations that were awkward for him. He remembered that once he got way too high and started hallucinating, and he began kissing the wall. He had to admit that the photos were pretty funny, but it annoyed him a little when people brought up how he'd been making out with the wall.

"Thank you so much, but I'm afraid that in my line of work, I can't wear piercings."

"So where do you work?"

"I'm a prosecutor."

Teru didn't know why he felt himself blushing—after all, Ten wasn't flirting with him or anything like that. He tried to explain it away as the alcohol he'd drunk, but he knew he'd had too little to be unaware of his own behavior.

Maybe Teru was blushing because of the way Ren treated him—he didn't treat him like the others did, he didn't treat him like a child, he treated him like an adult, and Teru liked that. He felt safe in Ren's company, even when he was drinking, and he had to admit that Ren was kind of handsome.... Who the hell was he trying to fool? Ren was insanely attractive. He couldn't stop staring at him as Ren licked the last drops of alcohol from his lips with his tongue.

I guess you could say he still harbors some romantic feelings for his ex-boyfriend.
He had to admit that he was having a good time with Ren; he enjoyed listening to the other man tell old stories from high school—it made him feel strangely nostalgic. Usually, he preferred not to think about his teenage years because everything he'd done back then was pathetic, but now, sitting next to the other man, he felt at ease.

He felt butterflies in his stomach every time they made eye contact, but each time he'd get embarrassed and look away

At first, he didn't want to get drunk, but then he remembered that he could afford to have a little more to drink than usual that evening because he'd had a tough day—not only was everyone pissing him off at work, but he'd also had yet another argument with Light. Besides, he didn't want to go home for the night, so he figured he could afford to stay at the bar a little longer; tonight, he'd probably rather book a hotel room nearby than spend the night with Light.

He heard himself starting to slur his words and didn’t even realize when they were looking into each other’s eyes—and he had to admit that he was a little (?) turned on by the other man.

If Ren brushes against his thigh one more time, he swears he’ll lose control and throw himself at the man.

He rested his cheek on his hand and stared at the shorter man (that’s normal, right?) (Is it also normal that he’s literally drooling at the sight of him? Teru probably doesn’t want to know the answer to that question)

“Fuck, I’m so horny—”

Did he just say that out loud? Judging by the other man’s reaction, it seemed so. Ren was now staring at him with furrowed brows, apparently waiting to see how his uncontrolled outburst would play out

“Uhmm… fuck, I’m really sorry, that’s not what I meant… I don’t know how to explain it… you know, I didn’t mean that I have a crush on you—fuck, I don’t mean that I want you to bang me, like, you know, I wouldn’t mind, I mean, what? I meant that I’d like to sleep with anyone, not just you… Jesus... that sounded like I’m a slut—I really don’t sleep with random guys...”—Teru tried to explain himself, but apparently he just dug himself into an even deeper hole—or maybe not that deep, because the other man started chuckling

“Yeah, right, I believe you.”

“I’m telling the truth.”

“Come on, man, I don’t care who you sleep with—you don’t have to explain yourself to me.”

Ren’s words didn’t help; he still wanted to sink into the ground from the embarrassment he was feeling at that moment.

To chase away the shame, he probably drank whatever was offered to him, and from all that alcohol, his vision began to blur.

He’d probably had a little too much to drink; he should probably get some sleep...

“Listen, uh… I’m feeling a little sick… I should stop drinking and go home,” he mumbled with narrowed eyes, clutching his nose, then began to get up from the table.

“I can walk you home if you live nearby.”

Damn it, he doesn’t even know where he is, let alone where he lives in this state.

“Listen, a slightly funny situation came up… Do you know of any hotels nearby?”

“Why would you need to book a hotel? Do you live far away?”

“Ummm, you could say that...”

“Come on, you don’t have to waste money on a hotel. If you want, you can stay at my place tonight.”

This can’t end well… but he nodded anyway and left the bar with the other man

Did Teru mention that he had absolutely no idea what street he was on? All he knew was that the street was in the middle of nowhere—besides that bar, there didn’t seem to be anything else around here

The walk was boring—absolutely nothing was happening—and the two of them walked in silence.
Well, okay, maybe something was happening after all, because he could see that the neighborhood wasn’t exactly the best; he’d noticed some junkies trying to say something to them.

He didn’t know how many minutes they’d been walking; it seemed to him that they’d reached the other man’s studio apartment incredibly quickly.

In fact, everything around him was happening so fast—he was seeing through a haze and was already a bit out of touch with reality—and he thought it was downright astonishing that back in his teenage years, it had been the norm for him to get himself into this state practically every day

Jesus, why did he drink so much today? Not only does he not know what’s going on around him because of the alcohol, but the next day he’ll probably have such a massive hangover that his head will explode

Not to mention that she’s now going with a guy from the bar to his place, where they’ll probably be all alone together—and that couldn’t possibly end well. After all, he was already drooling over her at the bar; who knows what he might say—or worse, do—once they’re alone.

He didn’t even realize it until they were already inside; the place was a mess. He didn’t like being in a mess, but tonight he didn’t really care where he was going to sleep. He looked around the small apartment and could clearly see some women’s underwear lying there, but there were only the two of them nearby, and he neither saw nor heard the owner of the underwear.

The two of them sat down on the couch, and the other man was saying something to him, but it all seemed so incomprehensible to him. He only knew that they were sitting so close to each other for some unknown reason that if either of them leaned in just a little closer, their lips would touch.

And who could guess what he did at that moment?

He leaned in slightly and pressed his lips against the other man’s, trying to slip his tongue into his mouth, but to no avail—Ren didn’t return the kiss, but he didn’t push him away either. What the fuck was he expecting? After all, even back at the bar, Ren hadn’t shown any

interest in him—so what was supposed to change now that they were alone? Jesus, what he'd just done was so stupid that even under the influence of alcohol, he felt embarrassed

He pulled his head away from the man and ran his tongue over his lips, then began wiping the remnants of saliva from his mouth with the sleeve of the sweatshirt he was wearing

So what was he supposed to do at that moment? Just apologize and pretend nothing happened, or jump out the window out of embarrassment? I guess he was leaning more toward the second option—or anything that would make what he'd just done seem less awkward.

"Jesus, uh… I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to… it just kind of happened on its own. I promise I'll never do it again," —he mumbled, staring at the other man with slightly narrowed eyes while still running his tongue over his lips. To his surprise, the other man's gaze wasn't one of disgust, as he'd expected; he was just looking at him, probably because he had to figure out for himself what had just happened.

He didn't hear a reply, but Ren tilted his head toward him so that he could feel his warm breath on his face, and their lips met again—only this time, it wasn't his fault.

He returned the kiss; their tongues began to entwine, and with each passing moment, the kiss grew more passionate, and he could taste a faint hint of alcohol on his lips, coming from the other man.

It had been a long time since he'd kissed someone as passionately as he was now. Why did the best things always have to happen when he was in this state?

Teru felt Ren start to kiss him more aggressively, pressing himself against him harder and harder, as the other man's warm hands slid under his sweatshirt and T-shirt

His hands moved toward the belt, and he ran two fingers along it before slipping them under the leather strap

"Can I?" Teru mumbled, pausing for a moment to stop sucking on the man's lips, gently choking him as he felt that his lips were swollen from constant biting

"Do you want to?" he murmured as he planted careless kisses on Teru's jawline.

"I really want to," he said, seeing that they were both throbbing with erections.

"Then you can," he murmured into his neck, then stopped sucking on it and pulled his hands out from under his T-shirt so Teru could kneel down.

Teru dropped to his knees in front of Ren; he wanted to show off his skills today because, often, when Teru performed well for his former partners, he'd hear them jokingly say that if his career as a prosecutor didn't work out, he should do this professionally. Of course, every time he heard that praise, his face would turn bright red because he wasn't used to frequent compliments, and he really liked it when anyone praised him, even for something small. He was surprised that they were praising him for it because, at first, he'd generally avoided the

topic of oral sex like the plague; when they asked him why he only did anal and never offered to go down on them, he was too embarrassed to admit that, up until that point, he'd never done it in his life, and he was a little stressed that he might accidentally bite them or fail to satisfy them. But apparently, he'd worried for nothing, because it seemed to him that since they were praising him, they must have liked it. Actually, he didn't really like giving someone oral pleasure because at that time he had some strange oral fixation—if he felt anything in his mouth that could be considered dirty, he'd go and brush his teeth; he might brush them four times a day or even more. To be honest, it really disgusted him, and he grimaced at the very thought of someone putting their genitals in his mouth. All in all, the only reason he did it was because he wanted to be complimented, and he was willing to sacrifice himself and kneel before someone just to hear a few kind words directed at him. He sometimes wondered if, when one of his partners gave Teru a blowjob, they felt the same disgust he did, or if he was just weird for being repulsed by the idea of touching human genitals with his mouth.

He thought that since someone had praised him for it, that meant he was good at it, so he tried to show off his skills to Light, but Light just told him to hurry up and grabbed his hair, controlling Teru's head himself. Teru hated it when Light did that because he forced him to move so fast that Teru would simply choke and feel the urge to vomit, which left his esophagus sore for the rest of the day.

Actually, he didn't know why his former partners had some strange obsession with pulling and yanking his hair. He didn't quite understand what was so exciting about pulling his hair; sometimes he wondered if they'd perhaps organized a contest to see who could yank out the most hair. He really didn't know why they liked pulling and yanking his hair so much; once, when his ex came on his hair, he spent about an hour and a half afterward trying to get rid of the sticky feeling on his head. He wanted them to stop, to treat him a little more gently, but he never asked for it—he didn't want his whining to leave him all alone—so he just tried not to think about how they treated him, because, strictly speaking, they weren't causing him any permanent physical harm. All in all, you could say that the only person who was hurting him was himself.

He was afraid that if he said he didn't like something, they would break up with him, and he didn't want to be alone. When he had no one by his side, he didn't really know what to do with himself, so he desperately looked for someone to be with him—even though deep down he knew that this was only destroying him even more. He knew full well that he was always at their beck and call and would do whatever they asked of him, even if it took a toll on his mental health. He tried to please his partners in every possible way to prove that he was useful in some way; he did this, in part, because at that time he believed he had to "earn" good treatment, and I suppose that symbolized, to some extent, that he needed professional help—but at that moment, no red flags went off in his mind at all.

He felt awful doing things he absolutely didn't want to do, but at the time he thought he was being picky and had extremely high standards, when in reality, from another person's perspective, he was the easiest person to pick up and had practically no standards at all.

He felt guilty for being "ungrateful"—after all, that's exactly what he wanted: his partner's attention. But even when he got it, he still wasn't satisfied. He should have been happy to feel

useful, yet he had the nerve to be picky about what he liked and didn't like, so he started taking sedatives. This would have been completely normal if it weren't for the fact that Teru was already excessively calm, and the pills just made him dazed all the time, out of touch with what was going on around him—maybe because, instead of taking one or at most two pills a day like a normal person, he took five a day, convincing himself that one pill had no effect at all.

Whenever someone broke up with him, he'd start isolating himself from the world and tell himself how stupid he'd been to let himself be taken advantage of like that, and he'd convince himself that he wouldn't let himself be treated that way again—but it turned out he'd say one thing and do another, because usually, whenever he said that, the same situations would just repeat themselves

Of course, not all of his partners hurt him—there were better ones and worse ones—but it seemed like fate usually picked the worse ones just to spite him; yet when he came across the better ones, to be honest, he learned things about himself that he hadn't known before. Well, to his surprise, they did things to him that he really enjoyed, and to put it mildly, he went crazy with joy when they sucked and licked the inner sides of his thighs, or when they ran their hands through his hair and stroked him while whispering praise and compliments in his ear and calling him affectionate names, or when they teased with him. It was safe to say that his life literally revolved around sex, and at times he wondered if he might be addicted to it, but what could he do? He loved making love to someone—it gave him the feeling of being desired by another person and of being needed, and that was exactly what he wanted. It was his weakness, and some people took advantage of that weakness to slowly make him dependent on them—perhaps even unconsciously at times.

That's why his adult life seemed to revolve around constant sexual encounters. But was that a bad thing, something he should be ashamed of? After all, the whole point of sex was to show intimacy to another person—it wasn't his fault that society had turned it into something bad and lustful.

To be honest, he didn't understand at all why he liked those particular things. I suppose you could say he liked them because, for most of his life, he had been treated like an object and expected to be obedient and free of any flaws—otherwise, he would be useless. But that very lack of flaws was his only flaw; when people spat on him, he pretended to feel as if it were raining. People had driven him to such a state that Teru fantasized about them being gentle and tender toward him instead of the way they actually were; he wanted them to look at him with love rather than with lust or pity. That was probably his greatest unfulfilled fantasy; he was aroused by the fact that people treated him in the most normal way, because for half his life, it was safe to say that people had simply been taking advantage of him, and he had simply gotten used to such treatment and considered it the norm—so when another person literally gave the absolute minimum of themselves, he considered that to be special treatment already.

It was downright baffling that someone as intelligent as he was could be so submissive and let himself be treated so poorly—

He moved his fingers toward the buckle of his pants and began to slowly unbuckle it, and he felt a hand on his head, but this time the hand wasn't pulling his hair—it was just gently running through it—and well, he had to admit that he liked it.

He began to pull the other man's hard cock out of his pants so he could lick its entire length

He wrapped his hand around the shaft of his erection and began to plant gentle, wet kisses on the head of his penis, and Ren gasped, tilting his head back so that it rested on the couch

He stuck out his tongue and, in a slow, circular motion, licked up the pre-ejaculate dripping from the tip. He did this for quite a while before tilting his head to run his tongue along the rest of the penis several times

He returned to the head of the penis, took it into his mouth, and began to suck, slowly moving his head up and down. He heard a quiet whimper escape from Ren's lips, which at that moment sounded melancholic to his ears

The man's hand, which was still tangled in his hair, tried to guide Teru's head. He felt the hand pressing down on his head, which was probably meant to signal that he should take the penis deeper into his mouth

Jesus, why did everyone always want to control his head as if he couldn't do it himself? It annoyed him so much that at first, despite having the penis in his mouth, he tried to mumble for him to let go of his head—which apparently didn't work, because he still felt the pressure.

At that moment, what was left of his pride must have hurt a little too much. Finally, he pulled the penis out of his mouth, which caused the other man to groan, and a trickle of saliva appeared from the corner of Teru's mouth

"Fuck, why'd you stop?" he said, staring at Teru, apparently a little surprised.

"I swear, if you don't take those hands of yours off my head, I promise I'll bite your dick off," he mumbled, raising his voice slightly, and felt the hand on his head relax and finally let go.

He ignored the arrogant smacking sound he'd heard and simply went back to what he'd been doing before

He moved his head up and down, this time trying to shove his cock as deep as he could into the back of her throat

Time was dragging on so much that he wasn't even sure if it was his mind that was so exhausted that everything felt like it was taking forever, or if it was just his imagination—and it was actually Ren's fault that he couldn't reach orgasm after some fucking six minutes of her giving him a blowjob.

Not only were his eyes closing on their own and he felt like he was about to black out, but on top of that, all his limbs ached, and his still-throbbing erection wasn't helping the situation.

He was so busy feeling sorry for himself in his thoughts that he didn't realize Ren had finally come. He felt a stream of semen hitting the roof of his mouth.

He pulled away and swallowed, but today the taste of semen was so exceptionally revolting that it made him grimace. Could it be that alcohol had so corrupted his taste buds that what he was swallowing tasted disgusting? After all, before, when he swallowed it, he hadn't felt such revulsion—he'd just done it—but now? Now, the moment he swallowed, he actually felt like throwing up. Not that he'd ever liked the taste of semen before—even when sober, he'd found both the taste and the texture repulsive—but today, in particular, it was unappetizing.

Another reason for Teru to stop drinking—semen tastes bad. Not that he often gave blowjobs to people when he was drunk, but it was still another reason for Teru to put an end to his completely nonexistent alcohol problem.

He was a bit torn by his own thoughts because, on the one hand, he told himself that everyone likes to have a drink sometimes and that he isn't an alcoholic since he doesn't pass out every day, but on the other hand, he kept telling himself he should quit drinking because he didn't want a repeat of what he'd gone through as a teenager.

He really needs to get his act together. Starting tomorrow, no drinking, no smoking, no drugs—that's the second voice in his head speaking up right now. Teru denies that he's a drug addict; he was simply a frequent user of a natural plant that you can smoke—which, in his view, are two completely different things

Jesus, it's only now that it's dawned on him just how much of a loser he is. Not only is he a junkie (a frequent user of a natural plant that can be smoked) and an alcoholic who convinces himself he's not one at all, but he also has a boyfriend who doesn't want to be his boyfriend at all—he just wanted to hook up and dump him at the start of their relationship, and this idiot insisted that since there was sex, there must also be a relationship.

He started making out with some random guy who was buying him drinks. He was basically the perfect guy—the kind you can only dream of. Jesus, he didn't realize at first just how easy he was. I don't think any sane person gets turned on by someone who was just nice to them.

Teru promises himself that one day he'll change. Just maybe not today, or tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow—but someday for sure. Right now, he didn't want to change—he just wanted to relax a little, to take a break from all those events he'd been reminiscing about today

He rested his forehead on one of the man's knees—the man was still sitting in front of him on the couch—and narrowed his eyes. He didn't even feel like dealing with his own erection anymore; if anything, he'd just masturbate tomorrow

I don't think he even realized he'd blacked out.

He'll wake up covered with a blanket on the couch. It's a good thing Ren didn't leave him to sleep on the floor, because he probably would've fallen asleep there, and everything would've hurt even more than it does now—and right now it hurts a lot.

He tried to lift his head off the pillow, but to no avail, because it felt like his head weighed about five metric tons. To be honest, he’s not surprised that he hurts so much because he doesn’t even know how much he drank, but he definitely drank a lot—he doesn’t even remember half of what he did yesterday, but he’d bet he said or did something stupid

What an idiot—he knew what alcohol used to do to him, so why the hell did he even reach for it in the first place? I could understand small amounts, but when he drinks, there are only two options: either he manages to control himself while he’s drinking and doesn’t drink at all, or he promises himself he’ll have just one glass—and then he wakes up God knows where. Now, too, he didn’t know where he was; the room he was lying in was a mess, so logically speaking, it wasn’t a hotel. All in all, he didn’t really care where he’d slept—what mattered was that he was in an apartment, because he just as easily could have woken up on the street with that awful headache.

He buried his head deeper into the pillow and tried to remember what had happened yesterday.

What on earth had he done while drunk? All his limbs ached so badly—he understood that his head hurt, but his whole body? On top of that, he felt something sticky between his legs, which probably didn’t bode well. A thought popped into the back of his mind: that he’d let himself get fucked

No, that’s impossible...

He wasn’t that easy—or at least that’s what he thought—and besides, they wouldn’t let someone he’d spent barely two hours with get laid. Or rather, they wouldn’t have let him if he’d been sober; when drunk, he might not necessarily have refused—he didn’t know what might have crossed his mind, so it was highly likely that he would have let himself be taken advantage of while in that state.

Teru should start piecing together a timeline of events based on what he remembers, but the problem was that he couldn't remember anything except that he'd gotten into a half-fight with Light first.... Yeah, he did get into a fight—and when he remembered that, he felt a twinge of guilt over what he’d said yesterday. Maybe it really was his fault that Light was treating him that way? Light was actually somewhat right in what he said; maybe he was a little too paranoid, and MAYBE just a tiny bit jealous that Light wasn’t paying him enough attention, but he didn’t mean any harm. When he gets home, he’ll definitely make it up to him somehow—

Yeah, once he gets home...

How was he supposed to get home when he didn’t even know where he was right now, or what time it was?

He started rummaging through his pants pockets to find his phone. He held the phone up to his face, and the screen’s light stung his eyes. 10 o’clock—that’s not so bad, I guess... He ran his hand over his face, realizing that something was missing.

He swore that if he’d lost or broken his glasses, he’d probably go crazy. Not only were the glasses damn expensive, but he didn’t feel like going to the eye doctor again this year—he’d generally had enough of doctors this year anyway.

So whose fault is it? He should’ve worn contact lenses—then he wouldn’t be half-blind now. He knows full well he has a -2 prescription—he should’ve watched his glasses like the apple of his eye, but he didn’t have to get wasted and lose them somewhere

I guess he should start pulling himself together—after all, he can't just lie there for the rest of the day calling himself an idiot.

He rubbed his eyes a few times and started to get up, and oh my God....

A disgusting smell hit him—one he recognized all too well. He grimaced, determined to get out of there as fast as possible.

What the hell kind of normal person would decide to smoke weed in a closed room (and judging by the strong smell, a lot of it), and then not even air it out?

Today, it seemed like the world had decided to punish him for some sins he’d committed—there couldn’t be any other explanation.

He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry—he was probably going for a third option: throwing up. He felt like everything inside him was overflowing, and with the silence in the room and the only sound he could hear being the ticking of the clock, his head probably hurt even more

Listening to the empty silence, he realized he was alone in the apartment. He was a little surprised because few people would let a barely acquainted person stay alone in their own apartment.

Unless it was so quiet because Ren was asleep too—but he wouldn’t be wandering around an apartment he didn’t know at all, so he probably preferred to think he was alone.

It wouldn’t take him too long to get himself together; the hardest part was probably just managing to get up, and he’d already done that—the rest should be easy, because, after all, he was already wearing clothes and shoes, and all he had to do was walk out.

And he should also check to see if his glasses are nearby; only if he finds them can he leave.

Teru’s gaze began to wander around the room, and almost immediately he spotted the black frames of his glasses lying on the floor next to the couch where he was sitting.

I guess he shouldn’t have panicked so much at first that he didn’t know where they were.

He bent down to pick them up. It was very likely that he’d dropped them without realizing it and they might be slightly scratched, but I guess slightly damaged glasses are better than no glasses at all.

Well, he probably exaggerated a bit about them being damaged, since the lenses were only slightly scratched, and that probably won’t bother him much in everyday use

He put them on and didn’t notice much of a difference.

He got up from the couch surprisingly gracefully and began wandering around the apartment, scanning the room for the front door.

When he found the door, he grabbed the doorknob and stepped out into the narrow stairwell hallway, which was littered with cigarette butts

He stepped outside and felt a pleasant, warm breeze hit him; he breathed in the fresh air through his nostrils, which was a welcome change from the smell of cigarettes and who knows what other substances

All in all, he didn’t know where this feeling came from—that he didn’t know where he was—because now, looking out at the street, he knew exactly where he was and how to get home. Maybe it was because it was dark, and he was perhaps too drunk to recognize the streets. It was a street he didn’t frequent very often because he associated it only with junkies lying around and a high crime rate, and I guess it seemed normal that he didn’t recognize where he was in the dark.

Maybe he was being too paranoid, but it seemed to him that every passerby he saw was staring at him. He probably left a little too soon—he could have run his fingers through his hair and washed his face—because now, from a passerby’s perspective, he was sure he looked like someone whose favorite treat was crystal meth.

He nervously began running his slender fingers through his hair to try to fix his disheveled hairstyle in any way he could, and to be honest, now it seemed to him that he looked even more ridiculous.

He took his hands off his head because he’d already managed to make himself look even worse than he did before.

They started walking at a brisk pace because, on the one hand, he wanted to go home, but on the other hand, he didn’t want to, since that meant he’d have to see Light’s face again, and the thought of admitting to his probable betrayal sent shivers down his spine. After all, he didn’t even know for sure if he’d slept with him, so this information probably wasn’t essential to Light’s survival. But if he didn’t say anything, he’d still feel guilty most of the time for not having said it.

He’d just realized what a jerk Ren was. He’d probably slept with him and then just walked off somewhere—it made no sense. What normal person does that?

Sometimes he felt like he was the only normal person around, but only sometimes

He was terribly stressed out about having to explain himself at home for things he wasn’t even sure he’d actually done. But what else could he do? He kept walking, trying to think positively, but it wouldn’t leave him alone

I think he’s panicking a little too much—after all, Light’s reaction can’t possibly be as bad as he expects

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