How I Married a Chibi

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How I Married a Chibi

by melli

Summary

This is based off of a Tumblr post I did a while back.

Dazai proposes to Chuuya

Notes

This was one of the first fanfiction I've written, and I've since wrote many more works, but this one specifically is one of my favorite's written.

Also, excuse any grammar mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

I rolled out of bed with a smile, humming to myself as I got ready for the day. You see, today is no ordinary day. After all, I've got something planned. Slipping on my best (and only) coat, I leave my
apartment and head to the Agency.

The first thing I needed to do was to make sure someone could do my job. I wasn't all that worried about having work come up, but I would prefer not to handle some case today.

"Heyyy Atsushi~!" I called out, walking over to him.

"Good morning, Dazai." He greeted back in his usual manner. I smiled.

"I got a job for you!" I told him. I watched as his expression changed.

"I've got a bad feeling about this..." Atsushi muttered to himself.

"If any work comes up for me today, you should take care of it for me, 'k?" I chimed. He was in no position to decline even if he wanted, after all I was his senior coworker and amazing mentor.

Atsushi sighed. "I knew it wasn't good." I shook my head.

"Really, it's quite the honor. I'm sure you will be just fine." I reassured him.

"Dazai-"

"If you need any help you can always ask Ranpo or Kunikida."

"wait-"

"See ya!" I walked out of the room, hearing him sigh behind me. He would one day thank me for all the efforts I put into helping him. Up next was inviting the shortie himself. It had been a while sense I last talked over the phone- Chuuya preferred not to bring his around. Not that it was a problem; I knew he would be around his phone on a day like today. Pulling up my own phone, I dialed Chuuya's number and brought it to my ear. He picked up immediately.

"For the last time, STOP FUCKING CALLING ME, MACKEREL!" Chuuya spat. I felt a smile in the corner of my lips.

"Chuuya! Nice to talk to you too!" I greeted cheerfully. "Hey I need you to do something for me." I could hear Chuuya shaking his head.

"No way, piss off." He demanded. I sighed, Chuuya was always the difficult (and short) type.

"Now come on, I even took the liberty of getting your favorite wine." I complained.

"... What do you want." He reluctantly asked.

I hummed to myself. "Great! Meet me at the port, mk?" I chimed to Chuuya.

"Dazai the hell you planning-"

"I'll see you there, Chibikko-kun~" I told him as he yelled at me on the other side. Hanging up, I slipped the phone into my pocket and made my way to the wine store. Now I had to pick up the wine. I had made a reservation earlier that day for a bottle of Chuuya's favorite.

He had never once told me nor has he ever drank it around me- but we were partners once. And like the good partner I was I knew everything that gremlin liked. And sense I was the best partner,
I also know all of his passcodes, passwords, relations and aliases. That was to be expected of myself, after all.

Walking up to the wine shop, I opened the door. Fumes of all different wines hit myself instantly, reminding me of Chuuya's bad drinking habits. In fact, by the sound of it Chuuya was drunk during the call. I sighed, it was to be expected of him after all, even though it's just past 10:00am.

The lady at the counter looked up, puzzled as to why someone was shopping for wine so early. "Hm? May I help You?" She asked. He voice reminded me a lot of Kouyous'.

"I would like to buy a bottle of [x] wine, please." I told her. Immediately, she looked token aback.

"This... early?" She asked, shook. I nod.

"It's for a friend, a regular here actually." I informed her. She nodded in agreement.

There was only one person who would drink at this hour, and that was the little shrub. She handed me the bottle in exchange for cash.

The last thing I needed to do was head to the port. I skipped and hummed on the way there, in no particular rush. When I got there I saw the prickly pear standing there impatiently. By the

pink flush on his cheeks I knew my assumptions were correct, as always.

"There you are. This better be important." He greeted in an oh-so Chuuya manner. I handed him the bottle with a kiss, in witch he wiped of stubbornly.

"I hate you" Chuuya muttered, pulling out his bottle opener he kept on him at all times.

I swiped the opener out of his hands and smiled. "Really? I thought you loved me?" I pouted teasingly.

Chuuya swiped at the opener to grab it unsuccessfully. "Give it back mackerel." He demanded. (Honestly the chibi was cute when he was mad drunk.)

I waved my finger. "Not yet." I told him.

"Then hurry up and tell me what you want so I don't have to see your ass of a face looking down at me." He complained. I smiled in amusement.

"But I'm always looking down at you, how else am I suppose to see you?" I teased. His cheeks burned red- not from alcohol this time.

"fuck you." He shouted, turning around to storm off. I grabbed his hand and turned him to me.

This was the moment I had been planning all day from the moment I woke up. It was safe to say I'd been planning this for a while (sense yesterday) I could feel my cheeks heating up agents my will. Chuuya seemed to notice the fact also.

"Let go you shit- when did you become drunk?" He asked. I glanced away.

Why am I embarrassed? I've been planning this out in my head, none of my plans have failed, so why is my heart racing in anticipation of a slip-up? I could feel my face get more and more warm as I sat there holding his arm, his face mere inches away from mine. I've kissed this man before so why am I so flustered now? I've seen this man in bed so why am I flustered? I took a deep breath, regaining my posture as much as I could.

Retrieving a ring from my pocket, I kneeled down. His's eyes widened as he saw me.

"I'm so glad you're short." I joked, tilting my head sideways.

"What did you say?" The gremlin demanded, taken aback from my moves.

I smiled and, for the first time, tilted my head upwards to look up at him. (something that would never happen again)

"I said I loved being Double Black with you. So would you, Chuuya Nakahara, marry me?" I

popped the question.

. . . . .

Silence.

Chuuya's brain was still processing what had just happened, I presumed. After all, (unlike mine) his face wasn't a tomato just yet. I could feel my heart pounding inside my chest.

When it finally clicked inside Chibikko's head, his face turned (somehow) even more red than a tomato. (maybe because he was already drunk??) He stumbled back half a step, almost falling over in shock. (side note: I would've laughed if I wasn't so flustered myself at the time!)

"E-EHHH!?" Chuuya screaked at last, unprepared for the moment. I felt a pain in my heart at the thought of Chuuya's rejection, though that would never happen. For the first time, I found myself mustering up words.

"So... your answer?" I asked. Chuuya looked at me for a long moment before whisking his head away.

"You're so much trouble." He stammered, closing his eyes. I felt myself smile in the corner of my lips as he slid on the ring.

His eyes shined as he admired the ring. "I know."

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! SKK is one of my favorite M/M ships to exist! If you have any fic suggestions feel free to drop them below!

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