No One Mourns the Wicked

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/941.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Slash (M/M), General (non relationship-focused)
Fandoms:	Bungo Stray Dogs, Wicked (Movie)
Characters:	Dazai Osamu, Chuuya Nakahara
Additional Tags:	Setting Change - Highschoolers, Alternate Universe - Setting Change, Demon Dazai, (not rlly but yk..?), Chuuya has two diff eye colora, One Shot, Unless given more ideas, Dazai as Elephaba, Chuuya as Glinda
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 1,402 Chapters: 1/1

No One Mourns the Wicked

by EepyWithNoTimeToSleep

“Good news… He’s dead!!” A happy town folk shouted.

“The wickedest demon to ever live is dead!” Another finished happily, “The one who was the biggest threat to Oz, is dead!!”

People ran out of the safety of their houses, all meeting in the middle of the town to celebrate. People were taking down posters and ripping anything down that related to the horrible demon.

A few cheers came but were cut off when another citizen yelled out, “Look! It’s Chuuya!!” Pointing to the sky, everyone looked. And there he was, the gravity manipulator Chuuya Nakahara.

As Chuuya descended from where he came from he started to speak, “Fellow citizens of Oz.” He paused as if looking for the right words. “Let us be grateful, let us rejoice in the knowledge that he’s gone.”

“Isn’t it nice to know that he’s gone, isn’t nice to know he can no longer spread fear?” Chuuya continued despite himself, that dumbass isn’t scary enough to do shit. Chuuya held a sigh, but he had to keep up the act just a little while longer. Until he got home at least.

Nakahara was about to continue when he overheard other town folks speaking. “No one should ever mourn the wicked” he said, “No shall cry ‘they won’t return’!” Another continued.

“No shall lay a flower of their grave!” More added, it started to piss Chuuya off a bit. But he had to play along with there twisted vision of what was true. “A Goodman scorns the wicked!!” A man shouted throwing flower petals.

“We’ll make sure our children will learn,” A woman continued, “what we miss when we misbehave!”

Chuuya quickly composed himself. Act he told himself, just keep playing the fool. Chuuya walked down the steps to join the fools at the bottom, immediately everyone focused back at him.

“And goodness knows, that the wicked are lonely. Goodness knows, that the wicked die alone.” Chuuya said. he hated having to do this, saying those things despite knowing the truth.

Even with all that everyone agrees with Nakahara, repeating it as the danced around throwing flowers in celebration.

Chuuya sighed knowing no one would hear it with their celebration going on. Being tired and wanting to go home he started to climb back up the steps.

“But Mr. Chuuya!” A little girl cried out. Chuuya stoped and turned around, “yes?”

“Why does wickedness happen?” The little one asked her mother hugging her from behind, probably upset her child spoke out. But non the less everyone quite down at the question, also wanting to know the answer Chuuya would give.

Chuuya thought for a second, “That’s a good question, one I’m sure we’re all confused about.” Chuuya spoke, “Are people born wicked? Or do they have Wickedness forced onto them?” Chuuya answered with another question.

“After all the demon had a childhood, he had a father who was appointed governor of munchkin land, and a mother as many do. But like every family, they had their secrets.” Chuuya continued.

==========

After the man left his mother quickly walked over and opened the back door.

She was greeted by just who she was looking for, he took a sip of his drink and handed her some which she accepted gratefully.

The woman pulled him in by the collar of his shirt and closed the door behind them. “Have another drink my beautiful dark eyed love” he said passing the drink back.

“I’ve only got one night left here in town, so let’s enjoy it while it lasts. Have another drink of my elixir and let the memories of stress fade away.”

-{(Big change here to help my storyline)}-

“Honey I forgot-“

Both the woman and the man she was currently kissing in bed looked up in shock. She quickly pushed the man away and looked at husband.

She’s been caught.

===(slight time skip bc I don’t know how to play that off..)===

Despite the time she was caught cheating, her husband still kept loved her. But now she had gotten pregnant and she didn't know who the father was.

Eventually the time came. She screamed as is felt as though the child was killing her from the inside.

"It's coming!" One of the nurses said, "I see a curl!" Her husband said.

"It seems it's gonna be a healthy normal perfect little-" the baby cried, "oh sweet Oz!"

The woman still in pain and bleeding asked, "what… what is it?"

"How could it be…?" A nurse asked, "what does it mean?" Her husband added.

The now newly mother was starting to worry, what was wrong with her baby? It was supposed to be a healthy baby girl the doctor had said once. So what possibly happened?

"It's eyes…" a nurse had said.

Its eyes? What was wrong with her eyes?

"It's uncanny"

"It's unnatural"

“It’s obscene!” Her husband added.

“The baby’s eyes are unnaturally…” red, she thought. Blood red, as if sent from hell itself.

Everyone gasped.

“Take it away” The husband said putting up his hand in a dismissive way.

The child, demon, cried and everything began to glow in an unnatural blue. It seemed as though the temperature it the room had dropped by 10 degrees, and the animal nurses began to panic slightly.

===(Time-skip to when the kids talk about him and then the item gets flung idk)===

Crying. That’s what Osamu heard at the moment, his sister was crying.

“Osamu!!” He heard his father yell.

Great, he’s gonna think I’m the one who made her cry. Dazai thought. Why is it that people always come at the worst times possible? Dazai sighed, time to act.

“Yes father?” Dazai asked, even though he knew what was up.

His father looked like there was smoke coming from his ears with how mad he was. “Why is it that when I come out here to check on you two, I find your sister crying and you the only one here to have caused it!?”

‘Simply because your to slow and stupid to one, come out in time. And two, put together the pieces that obviously tell you that other people were here.’ Osamu wanted to say, but he didn’t because he wasn’t that impulsive and dumb.

If Dazai wanted a roof over his head then he would keep his mouth shut and play his part. So instead he just stayed silent, something he grown good at. (…don’t tell him)

His father huffed. Dazai could swear that smoke came out, like an angry dragon that got his treasure stolen because he couldn’t hide it properly.

He rolled his sister away to safety, all while Osamu just sat there looking with his blood red eyes. It’s okay, he told himself. At least now I can read my book peacefully now, right?

====

“You can see how that would be difficult now wouldn’t you?” Chuuya asked.

But before he could continue further more towns people rolled in a giant stick statue of the demon himself.

“No one mourns the wicked!!” They said.

“Now at last he’s dead and gone!! And there’s joy throughout the land!!”

Chuuya walked around and through the people trying to one, kept the scowl off his face. And two get a better look at the stick statue. It wasn’t anything special the only thing that stood out the most was the ruby red eyes.

It looked like a single spark could set it ablaze.

Then he realized, it was supposed to be set on fire. To signify that he was truly dead and gone.

“He died alone..” Chuuya said quietly to himself, as the other town folks danced around in celebration.

Suddenly a man came up to him and handed Chuuya a torch and nodded. Chuuya sighed he knew what he needed to do, even if it stung a little.

Without looking Chuuya threw the torch onto the base of the statue, and it immediately started burning . The fire spread quickly and soon the whole thing was a flame.

Chuuya walked back to the steps and was about to leave when he was stoped again by another voice.

“Is it true you two used to be friends?” Someone shouted, and at that everyone including him froze.

“Yes” it slipped out before he could correct himself. At that everyone gasped.

“Ah.. well I did know him, our paths did cross.” Chuuya said finally, a small smile on his face.

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