The Best of Us Can Find Happiness in Misery

by redroses100

Summary

“It’s destructive. You know it is. It’s never going to be healthy.”

“Because he’s a man?”

“Because he hates you. And you know he hates you. But you welcome it, because you hate yourself too.”

“At least we have something in common.”

OR Izaya is extra and self destructive and pining for the Monster of Ikebukuro, who just wants to give Izaya an orgasm once in a while too.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Sugar We're Going Down

The way Shizuo’s nails dig into my hips mirrors the press of my own nails into my palms. I wouldn’t be surprised if we both had blood on our hands by the end of this. And yet, I feel more calm than you would expect. After all, it’s a frequent enough occurrence by now.

Blood is a constant companion to these little lapses in judgment between the two of us. Blood seeping between fingers clenched too tightly against skin. Blood filling my mouth from biting my tongue too hard. Blood seeping down the inside of my thighs—depending on how angry I’ve managed to make him beforehand.

It’s not so bad today. There was no malevolent plot to bring him to me, it was just a chance encounter. Not that it matters. Coincidence or not, my monster is always less than pleased to see me. And he makes sure I know it.

Shizuo’s foot pushes against the inside of my ankle, shoving my legs further apart. I have to unclench my tight fists to steady myself from the abrupt shift; pushing hard against the wall only inches from my face to keep from slamming into it as hard as my monster is slamming into me.

A grunt of displeasure slips from my throat and crashes against the cage of my closed lips. Shizuo hears it anyway, one of his hands abandoning its death grip on my hip to close instead against the back of my head. All my attempts to save myself from smacking into the wall turn out to be pointless when he shoves my face against the counter I’m sprawled across anyway.

“Quiet.” He growls, always trying to forget that it’s me beneath him. I guess I’ve enabled him some— I’ve used silence as a shield since the very first time I goaded Shizuo into putting his dick in me. And my willing silence spoiled him. Now he can’t stand the thought of my voice breaking whatever illusion he clings to while he fucks me.

Keeping one hand pressed against the wall, I curl my free palm around my already tight pressed lips. Shizuo’s grip eases some on the back of my head, his fingers getting lost in my hair instead of gripping it.

The deceptively light scratch of his nails on my scalp sends goosebumps up and down my arms. I’m glad Shizuo’s never had the ambition to undress either of us. The physical display of my pleasure remains a secret only I know.

Other things are not so easy to hide.

Shizuo’s left hand hitches my hips a little higher, coaxing me back up onto my tip toes to make up for the height difference between us. Normally I do a good job of passively keeping whatever pose he puts me in. But somewhere between almost face planting into the wall, and trying to contain my reactions to him, I fell back to the comfort of having my feet flat on the ground.

Now the subtle shift of my legs back to attention brushes my dick against the smooth polish of his kitchen cabinets—drawing a shiver out of me before I can help it. Surprisingly Shizuo chuckles—low and throaty— not bothered by this like he was my noise of discontent.

I guess it makes sense. A groan is hard to imagine away. A shiver on the other hand could be coming from any whore in Shinjuku, bent over his kitchen counter, body begging for more even as they say nothing.

It’s an unfortunate comparison. Unfortunate in the sense that it hits far too close to the mark. The
only real difference is that I’m not getting paid. Well, certainly not in the traditional sense.

“Fuck…” Shizuo groans, curling further over me. His stomach presses into my back, bearing down on me like there’s even a chance I could slip away from him now. Like there’s a chance I’d want to.

I cage the thought in with all the others that swarm my mind, but will never be given voice. Instead, I bite down on my tongue hard enough that the first taste of blood starts to spread. It always lingers a few hours before I can will myself to brush my teeth and get rid of any remaining blood.

It’s disgusting- Namie has told me that in no uncertain terms many a time. But the taste of my own blood has become something comforting in it’s own way. It means that I’m here- under Shizuo. It means that I haven’t driven him off with my stupid voice and cutting words. It’s a reassurance that because of that, there might be a next time.

Like he can hear what I’m thinking, Shizuo’s nails make an unexpected reappearance, digging hard into the tender flesh of my scalp. My body tenses, which may have been his intention. His hips snap forward faster, spurred on by the way I clench around him out of pure physical instinct.

“Goddamn it…you piece of shit…” He all but hisses, his voice closer to my ear than I remember it being. I try desperately to suppress another shudder, but it’s a child’s endeavor. With his smoker’s rasp so close to me that I can feel it vibrating out of his chest, there’s no way I can resist my own body’s submission.

I’m not sure if it’s the shudder, or just the timing making it seem like it was the shudder, but Shizuo gets off finally. His next thrust spreads heat through my insides as he groans long and low into my shoulder blades.

It’s always the most lovely sound- hearing my monster come undone inside me. It’s a sound I cling to for the rest of the night, and yet find myself doubting by morning. So much so that I usually start to plan the next encounter with Shizuo by the time I finish breakfast.

Now though, it just makes my heart race in my chest and my dick throb against the cold paneling of his cabinets. I gasp in a breath through the tiniest gap in my lips and fingers, trying in vain to keep myself composed while he jerks a few more times to really ride his way through the last of it.

The quiet of Shizuo’s apartment starts to creep in between us once he’s come back to his senses. This is always a weird moment.

Most of the time he just walks away, probably trying to continue imagining some other scenario just happened. And eager to please, I always comply by vanishing from his apartment- or wherever we find ourselves- before he can return.

But every now and then, he lingers. He pets my hair back into place. He watches the way my skin swells with superficial broken capillaries that will soon enough turn black and blue. And, on the especially horrendous days, his hand slips beneath me, pulling me away from whatever surface I’m on and against his own body.

Evidently, today is one of those days.

His hand curls around my dick, a decidedly pleased sound purring from his throat when he feels how hard I am. In an instant my own hand is wrapped around his wrist, yanking his touch away from me. Usually that’s the end of it. Shizuo gets the picture, walks away. Everything is as it should be as I leave his presence without him having to watch me go. I’m not expecting the growl that spreads from his chest right into my back. And I’m definitely not expecting him to wrench out of my grip and
Immediately return to palming my cock.

Now both of my hands go to prying his touch away. A short yelp escapes my throat when he squeezes almost painfully around the base of my dick in reply. But his grip eases and he drags slowly up my shaft to slide his thumb across my slit, and that’s when a small measure of panic creeps cold into my veins.

I scramble for the knife that hardly ever sees use anymore. I keep it on me for show, to goad him, but I can’t remember the last time I actually tried to cut Shizuo. And I’ve never even pretended to go for it while he’s got me bent over whatever surface he deems suitable for a fuck that day.

Maybe that’s why he seems so surprised when I twist around as much as I can and hold it to his throat. I manage to keep my own face level and cold, clinging to indifference as I watch him go through confusion, anger, then disgust. He’s an open book, my monster. My favorite book.

“Whatever.” He growls, both his hands jerking away from me like he can finally feel the toxicity I carry in my very veins. “Get out.” He then orders, tucking his dick into his pants without looking away from me.

I flick the knife shut, pocketing it and dragging my jeans up over the swell of my ass. I’m already halfway to the doorway by the time I’m zipping them up. I can feel Shizuo’s eyes trailing after me, hot with hatred that I used to pretend was enough.

It’s not enough. It never was, and it never will be. That’s the only reason I can summon my normal smirk into place while I turn back towards him in the doorway.

“Thanks Shizu-chan. I had a great time. Maybe next time you’ll finally kill me, like you always say you will.” Shizuo’s already angry, he doesn’t need to be poked and prodded. The next time he sees me I’ll definitely be dodging some kind of heavy object as I navigate our chase towards some abandoned area of Ikebukuro.

“There won’t be a next time, you shitty flea.” But then, what’s wrong with a little insurance policy?

“My mistake. I must be thinking of a different pathetic beast who doesn’t have enough functioning neurons to think with his brain instead of his dick. Shame.” A stray glass in his sink shatters against the wall by my head, and I’m laughing before I can help myself.

“Get the fuck out of here, fucking flea!”

“Anything for you Shizu-chan. You know I love you. Deep, deep man love.” I close the door seconds before another shatter sounds against it, complimenting his roar of disgusted outrage quite nicely, I think.

If I wasn’t quite so uncomfortable, I’d be skipping away with glee. As it is though, I hardly get two blocks before I’m ducking into an unused alley and thrusting into my own hand in the darkest corner.

Every sound Shizuo made is fresh in my mind. Every touch still lingers like a brand on my skin. I can still feel the way my calves ache from standing on my toes. I can still remember him dragging me to my toes with just two fingers hitched inside of me like a fishhook.

I must be a pretty stupid fish. To willingly seek out the same intent fisherman week after week, month after month. And Shizuo must be pretty stupid, to accept the same shitty fish. But, if he feels stupid, it doesn’t stop him from doing it. Doesn’t stop him from fucking me until he comes inside me. Over and over and over.
I shakily pull my free hand from my mouth to reach around behind me. A hiss brews in my throat at the raw feeling of my fingers pressing into my hole. It’s like stretching a sore muscle, painful but satisfying. And the slow dribble of still warm cum that coats my fingers makes my heart shudder in my chest.

He’s a fucking monster- and sometimes I honestly wonder if the bricks of my apartment building are smarter than him. But I can’t imagine the day I won’t crawl back to him, praying he hasn’t realized he’s better than this.

On that day, if it comes, I hope he kills me.

He always says he will, at first. At the beginning of the chase. The tacky seed on my fingers is proof of how well he sticks to that.

I dig my fingers further, feeling for something that sits a little farther forward in me than in most men. Which is a pain for me, but a blessing in disguise when I’m beneath Shizuo. I have to do things right when I’m with Shizuo, and if he ever fucked into my prostate, I wouldn’t be able to stay the silent, still illusion he’s willing to deal with.

It doesn’t matter. It’s better that I take care of myself. It wouldn’t do to become too dependent on Shizuo for my pleasure. Although I can freely admit I already am disgustingly hooked on him.

All it takes is one adventurous image of it being his fingers stroking against my nerves for me to shudder my release against the alley wall.

I let the shivers take me for a long moment while my heart slows in my chest. But the second the pleasure leaves my bloodstream, I fix my clothes and wipe my hands on the inside of my jeans- they need to be washed anyway. And now I’m able to head towards Shinjuku with a spring in my step that would infuriate my dear monster if he was here to see it.

The first few times we did this, Shizuo would try to talk to me about it the next time he saw me. In his own way, of course. He growled threats, demanded to know what I had to gain from it. I knew he’d believe the truth far less than he’d believe any lie I could drawl at him with the normal pageantry we’ve come to expect from each other.

Of course, he doesn’t buy the lies one bit either. He’s smarter than I’d ever admit to him out loud. My monster. So bright, and yet so dumb.

Thank goodness he is dumb though. If he were any less of a brainless imbecile, he’d see exactly why I do this; no need to ask me.

In complicated situations like ours, sometimes the most obvious answer is the right one. And in this case, the correct and obvious answer is that I rile Shizuo up and play with his animal instincts to get him to fuck me- simply because I want him to. I’ve wanted him to for a very long time. And after so many years of longing and brewing resentment because of that longing, I sank to a petty, selfish level.

I did what I thought I had to do to feel close to Shizuo. And I keep doing it, over and over. Spurring him on so the very sight of me makes his blood race- with rage or lust, it doesn’t really matter. Either way I get what I want.

As for Shizuo...he’s had countless opportunities to snap my neck while buried balls deep inside me, and he hasn’t. Maybe, just maybe, that means he’s getting something from this too. If that something is an outlet for his aggression and a quick fuck, so be it. I don’t care.
For reasons that utterly escape me, there are others who do care.

“Where was it this time? Gas station bathroom?” Namie drawls after only a cursory glance over me when I open the door.

“His apartment.” I brush past the obvious irritation in her tone, waving my hand through the air like I can physically shoo it away. Predictably, it doesn’t work.

“I suppose his bed is too much to hope for.”

“Are kitchen counters really so different from beds Namie-san?” She scoffs in disgust, pretending to be busy sorting paperwork while I shrug out of my coat. She’s sneaky, but not sneaky enough for me to miss the way her eyes take a second pass over me without my outermost layer.

There’s obvious places she stops to analyze, as always. She checks my neck, my wrists, before returning to my face. Based on the way my cheekbone is throbbing ever so gently, there’s probably some redness left over from having my face pushed into the counter. I try to keep the left side of my face away from her prying eyes.

“You were supposed to come in at eight, you know.” I tell her, hoping to turn the tides a little.

“Seiji needed me.” She tells me, blunt as usual. And that, at least, is something I can always appreciate about Namie. “You look more shaken than usual.” And right back to business. Which is something I do not always appreciate about Namie.

“Only because I’ve been so frantic around here without my secretary all day. When did you even get here? I’ve only been out for an hour.” Maybe two, but hopefully she hasn’t been here long enough to call me out on that.

“I’ve worked more than enough overtime for you to ignore my tardiness.” She seems anything but worried about her job security. Maybe I’ve been too lax with her. I sigh through my nose and wander past her to the kitchen. There’s coffee that’s still lukewarm from being brewed, and I knock a cup back before turning to face her again.

“Right you are, Namie-san. You’re a picture perfect employee.” Her nose crinkles in disgust at the cheer I pour into my tone. She and Shizuo would probably have a blast talking about how much I disgust them. Or they would if Namie didn’t have some unreasonable detestation for him.

“He’s going to really hurt you one of these days.” She tells me with the most infuriating note of piousness in her voice. I grind my teeth behind the fake smile spread across my lips.

“I fail to see how that’s any of your business.” Her nose goes up in the air, clearly not done with her self righteous quest to keep me from “destroying myself”.

“I can hardly count on you to employ and protect me if you’re dead in an alley at Shizuo Heiwajima’s hands.” A cold smirk crawls across her face. It’s the only warning I have that her next words are going to make the cup in my hands a potential weapon. “Or perhaps it would be more correct to say, “at his dick”.”

“Fuck off Namie.” I snarl, slamming the cup down so hard I’m surprised it doesn’t even crack. She raises one eyebrow- not even close to impressed.

“Am I not allowed to worry about my employer?” She’s aiming for innocence, which is so laughable I almost manage to recollect my composure.
“Being my mother is not in your job description. So stay the fuck out of it and go back to smothering your unwilling brother with all your pathetic maternal instincts you’ll never use on a real child.” I can see on her face that I’ve crossed the line. It’s almost impossible to do with Namie- usually only mentioning Seiji will push into untouchable territory.

Which I damn well know by now. I must be more upset than I thought.

Namie stares coldly at me for a moment that feels far too long, considering I’m trying so hard to look impassive. Finally she drops the pen she had been holding for appearances sake and stands with hardly a whisper of sound in her graceful movements.

“Fine. If you don’t want my help, I’ll leave. I’m done for the day.” I don’t try to stop her. I don’t point out that she’s only been here for an hour at most. Or that there are piles of crisp manila files that require her attention. I don’t even ask if she intends to ever come back. She knows as well as I do that it’s her own funeral if she doesn’t return.

It wouldn’t effect me in the long run. I’ve survived without Namie-san for years, and could survive again without her. And if she was gone, I wouldn’t have to keep having this argument, over and over- every time I limp home and avoid looking her in the eye.

These are the comfortless thoughts I have to cling to as the the echo of the door slamming behind her rings in my ears. I don’t need her mothering, I don’t need her. But Namie-san was wrong when she said I didn’t want it.

I want her care almost as much as I want Shizuo looming over me. But I can never accept it from her, for the same reason I can never accept the rare shows of kindness Shizuo offers me.

I don’t deserve it. No one knows that more than I do. And no one fights to make sure I don’t get it more than I do.
It's Hard to Say "I Do" When I Don't

Chapter Summary

When all your problems start with the letter S. Shiki, Shizuo, Stress, Serious mommy issues. I mean...

Chapter Notes

Hey there! I'm back, sooner than I meant to be, but hey i'm impatient. i changed a few tags and warnings because of this chapter, but if the ones i added aren't to your tastes, i recommend giving it a read through to try to understand where i'm coming from. I'm just covering my bases, because this whole fic could be a definite trigger depending on what your tragic backstory is. But personally i see this less as non con and more as Izaya thinking he has to do it or he'll lose Shizuo. Shizu-chan would stop if Izaya wanted him to, you know he would. But i'm sorry if it's still too much for you.

Anyway! Thank you to everyone who commented on the first chapter, it meant a lot! i hope you guys like this new chapter too! More to come soon.

“You look more distracted than usual. Am I boring you, Orihara-kun?” Shiki-san is a dangerous man to zone out next to. I know it, I've always known it. And yet, here I am being drawn back to the present by none other.

“No, not at all Shiki-san. I apologize, I just have a lot on my mind.” It's a weak excuse. Maybe that’s why he allows it.

Shiki takes a deep breath of his cigarette, watching carefully as I turn away to avoid seeing the action. There’s no way to escape the smell though. It’s the same smell that clings to Shizuo like a second skin. And when I get home after seeing him, it clings to me for hours afterwards as well. Namie hates it. I washed all my clothes after the last time to hopefully appease her. But she still seems angry.

I wish it didn’t bother me. I wish I was better at not letting it bother me.

“Domestic troubles?” Shiki draws my attention back in, sounding bored by the conversation, but still polite. I cringe.

“Am I so easy to read? I’ll need to fix that.” I mumble this mostly to myself. I just barely catch Shiki’s scowl before he smooths it back out into indifference.

“You’re not easy to read at all. But I know the face of a man straining under the weight of a crumbling life. Given the fact that your job has required that of you for years, I can only assume this is because of a change in your personal life.”

My lips feel strained by the dry smirk I force them to twist into. “You’d guess right, Shiki-san.” He
quirks an eyebrow. It reminds me too much of Namie. “As hesitant as I am to admit it to you.” I add, and now he looks slightly more human. His eyes soften just enough to show that he is in fact having this conversation out of something besides convention.

“Keep it sorted Orihara-kun. You don’t want to know what happens to people who fall under the weight of multiple collapsing empires.”

I blink at him for a long moment before a strangely genuine laugh bubbles up in my throat. Now he looks slightly more interested, if not a little offended, by my reaction. “My dear Shiki-san, I think you must be overestimating the stability of my life before you knew me. At this point, there’s hardly any harm in juggling rubble. If it all falls down, it’s already broken. No harm done.”

His face shuts down, back to his unimpressed mask. Seeing it, I draw my own dry amusement back and level him with an equally stoic gaze.

Our little staring contest goes on for some time before Shiki signals the driver to stop. We’re in Ikebukuro still, not even close to Shinjuku where he picked me up. I can only assume this means I’ve managed to annoy him spectacularly well today.

“Do as you wish with your life, Orihara-kun. But if it starts to interfere with our business, do not expect me to turn a blind eye. Am I understood?” He mutters in a deadly tone.
Remembering Shizuo’s rasp against my ear only a few days ago, his threatening voice doesn’t hold as much power as I’m sure he would like.

“Of course Shiki-san.” I agree pleasantly. He hums in a displeased kind of way and jerks his head for me to get out.

“I’ll be in contact with you later this week. Will you have what I need by then?” I give him a tense nod, and wait for him to look away before climbing out of his car.

“Matane, Shiki-san.” I chirp with all the annoying pep I normally wear like a shield around me.

“Oyasumi, Orihara-kun.” He grunts, and then the car pulls away and I’m left staring after it feeling vaguely unsettled. It’s not a great feeling. Maybe this is why so many people hate being around me.

Even now, the people walking past me are giving me a wide berth, some scurrying on without looking up. Some gape and whisper. I tuck my hands into my pockets and pick a direction to head in. The whispers and awkward shuffling only follow me as I go.

To the people of this city, I’m a dangerous man. Maybe not as dangerous as Shizuo, but certainly the number two. For all that I can’t pick up cars or tear out street signs, I can inspire that behavior in Shizuo- and frequently I do. The carnage he leaves in his wake is at its peak when I decide to stop by Ikebukuro. And that’s not even touching my profession, my connections, my general unsettling personality.

Who knows, to some I may be the most dangerous person in this beehive of chaos and delightfully dreadful people. Whatever. My lovely little humans can believe anything they’d like about me. I’ll still love them, unconditionally.

I wind up near Nishiguchi Park, feeling lighter on my feet than I have for the past several days. Between Namie being so moody due to my jab at her, and the lingering discomfort of my last little tryst with Shizuo, it hasn’t been a good week. Being out around my poor little simpleminded humans always brightens me up though.

Part of me wonders if Shiki knows that. Maybe that’s why he elected to make me walk home. Even
if he was just trying to get rid of me as soon as possible, I feel a little swell of gratitude for him.

Or I do until the moment my eyes find a shock of blond hair so distinctive I could find it at night during a blackout.

Luckily Shizuo doesn’t spot me quite yet. He’s facing away from me, perched on a bench next to the Headless Rider, deep in one sided conversation. It’s the perfect opportunity to eavesdrop or get someone stupid to attack him, or to just do something at all. And yet I find myself rooted where I am, just watching the way the two of them interact.

They’re good friends, I’ve know that for years. Shinra would whine to me about it frequently when he was under the impression that Shizuo would make a move for Celty before he could. I think about sending him a picture of the two of them with some misleading caption, just to see what he would do now.

My phone buzzes insistently in my pocket before I can entertain the idea any further. “Yes?” I ask without checking to see who it is.

“Is that any way to answer your mother?” All at once I can’t see Shizuo or Celty anymore.

“Okaa-san.”

“Where are you? It sounds loud. It’s getting late you know.” I glance around at the darkening park, only half seeing it.

“I’ll be careful.” I state blandly, knowing it’s what she wants to hear. Well, it would be if she could believe it.

“I doubt it. In any case, I’m going to be in town next week. I expect you’ll make time for me?”

“Of course, Okaa-san.” My throat feels small.

“For gods sake, stop calling me that. I’ve told you before. Your sisters don’t have this problem you know.” Oh yes, I know. Mairu and Kururi have never had any problems, as far as my mother is aware of.

“I apologize.” It comes out just as dry, if not more so, as my attempt at comforting her. She huffs a little, but doesn’t say anything about it.

“Pick wherever you’d like to eat. I get in on Wednesday at ten, so I’ll leave the planning to you.”

“Is Otou-san with you?” She makes a noise so dismissive she really doesn’t have to answer me at all. “Just the two of us then.”

“Yes.” There’s no room for argument in her tone. No invitations to Mairu and Kururi to tag along. Which means no buffers between my mother and me. “Goodnight Iza-chan.” I cringe despite myself.

“Goodnight Kyouko-san.” I murmur to appease her. Her pleased hum is all I get for my efforts before the line disconnects and whines the dial tone in my ear.

Suddenly it feels like things are just piling up too damn high. Namie. Shiki. My mother. No amount of time with my humans can make this day feel anything less than the bundle of stress that it is.

“Flea.” And the night keeps getting better. I glance up from the now dark phone screen in my hands to Shizuo. Celty is long gone- not a trace of her or her demon motorcycle to be found. Most of the
people in the park are gone, as a matter of fact. I wonder how many of them saw Shizuo and me in
the same general space and wisely decided to flee.

“Shizu-chan.” My immediate instinct to pester him flares up before I can try to convince him to
pretend he didn’t see me, just this once. Even the sound of his nickname on my tongue has him
narrowing his eyes and setting his shoulders and shit, this is just not my day. “Sorry to disappoint
you, but I don’t think I’ll be much fun for you tonight.” I cling to the jovial mask I foolishly put on
before I could help myself.

“Shut the fuck up.” He grunts, not sounding as angry as I thought he would. I become aware of the
fact that he may or may not have been standing there for a while. Who knows how long I’ve been
zoned out. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“You’re going to have to be more specific Shizu-chan. You should know better than anyone that
that’s a long list.” I throw in a wink and he growls.

The cigarette in his hand is dismissed into the park ashtray he’s been standing beside. I’m so busy
marveling at the small act of citizenship that it takes me too long to realize he’s now empty handed
and headed towards me.

He’s got my arm twisted halfway up my back with his other hand on my opposite shoulder before I
can close my grip around the knife in my pocket. Unfortunately he saw my intention and out of the
corner of my eye I see Shizuo sliding my poor flick knife into his own back pocket.

“You really are fucked up tonight. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you move so slow.” His purr is said
into the shell of my ear and I jerk away immediately. The only thing this succeeds in doing is pulling
wrong on my arm.

“Let me go Shizu-chan.” I hiss, clawing at the closest bit of skin I can get my nails on. He grunts a
little and twists my arm harder, forcing the breath from my lungs for a hot second as I wait in fear for
a crack from my bones. It doesn’t come, and after a few long seconds the pain ebbs away. “I’m not
in the mood for your dick tonight.” I add when I feel like I can speak without my voice cracking.

“We used to do other things, you know. Like try to murder each other. If I remember right, you said
that maybe I would actually kill you this time. It’s starting to look like I could.” As if to prove it, his
hand moves from my shoulder and wraps around my throat to pull me back against his chest. Even
with his other hand pinned between us, keeping mine trapped, he’s still got the upper hand.

“Then do it.” I spit it out, my vision set ahead of me at the empty park. Everyone is gone now. No
one wants to be collateral damage. I don’t blame them. Humans are so infallibly fragile after all.

Shizuo noses at my ear. I turn my face to escape the gentle prods, unwittingly exposing my neck to
him. “Sure seems like you want my dick. You’re not fighting me- beyond token protests. And you
bear your neck so prettily. Like a bitch in heat.” He nips at my neck and I cringe.

“In your pathetic, lonely dreams.” It’s all but a whisper. It still gets Shizuo to growl at me. He finally
releases the arm he’s kept pinned up my back. While I’m still easing my shoulder down from the
uncomfortable angle it’s been in, he makes use of the freedom of his right hand.

It slips easily into the back of my jeans, sinking down until his fingers can hook up and immediately
seek out my entrance. Two of his fingers force their way inside of me with no warning or ease. A
strangled sound of surprise escapes me with the exhale that’s driven from my lungs.

“Stop.” I gasp with my next inhale- which comes about five seconds later than I need it to.
“Say it like you mean it and I’ll think about it.” Shizuo rumbles into my ear, pressing in further despite the fact that there’s nothing helping the way. The friction of dry skin and tight muscles can’t feel any better to him than it does to me. Yet when he shifts to crowd in closer to me, I definitely feel his hard on against my hip.

“We’re in a fucking park you animal.” I hiss, getting my nails into his forearm, even though it’s a weird, awkward angle and I don’t think it hurts him as much as it hurts me.

“An empty park. Just be quiet like you always are and no one will know.” I’m opening my mouth to snap at him when I feel his teeth against the skin just under my ear. He doesn’t bite down. But the threat of it keeps me from even breathing for a moment. “Or would you prefer I put you over my shoulder, carry you to the nearest alley, and fuck you so hard you’ll have to make noise?”

My throat immediately closes up as my blood rushes south. We’ve never done this before. For all the things we have done, banter has never been in the equation. Shizuo doesn’t talk, beyond some curses and insults. I don’t quite understand what’s gotten into him. But my body responds to Shizuo in ways it doesn’t respond to anyone else. And right now, it’s definitely responding.

“Can’t you control your beastly instincts for one night?” I wriggle in his hold, wary of upsetting him too much while we’re in the middle of a very public park. He already has his fingers in my ass. If I upset him too much he could very well drop his pants here and now and fuck me where any mother and child could take a late night stroll and see.

“Not with you.” He admits it so easily that I’m stalled into stillness. “You fucking drive me insane, I-za-ya-kun.” His bitter drawl of my name is coupled with the painfully dry addition of another of his fingers into my ass. I arch away from it, rising to my toes to try to escape the feeling of being scraped raw in the most intimate of places. Shizuo purrs against my skin.

“Fuck!” I gasp out when it just keeps pressing in and I’ve got no where to go. The more I strain up and away, the more pressure he puts on my neck. It keeps my head and shoulders firmly in place against him while my hips try to rise and get some distance between us.

“You sound so angry. But if you really wanted, you’d already be out of here. I know you can still reach your knife where it is in my pocket. And as distracted as I am, you probably wouldn’t need a knife to get the drop on me. Why don’t you just admit that you fucking want it, flea?”

My lungs feel tight with all the oxygen I’m inhaling but don’t seem to be using. I wonder if this is how Shizuo feels when he smokes. Why would anyone like this? Why do I like this?

After a long day of vulnerable moments from basically all the closest people to me, this should be the tipping point of a mental breakdown. Instead I feel like every second I spend keyed up and trapped in his grasp is taking away another second of stressing over people I don’t know how to deal with. At least I know how to deal with Shizuo.

“This is the problem with you Shizu-chan. You never listen to reason. I shouldn’t have to fight my way out, the fact that you’re trying to get off in public should be enough of a reason to stop.” It’s watery, but it’s the kind of condescending, flippant remark that Shizuo hates- especially from me.

“Are you really so hung up over being in a park?” He grumbles, either misunderstanding the larger meaning in my words, or just not caring about them. He yanks his hand out from my jeans almost as quickly as he stuffed it down there. The absence of his prodding fingers both swells my lungs with much needed air, and drops my stomach almost down to my toes.

I can’t decide if I want to be relieved or so disappointed, and that’s more frustrating than anything.
else about this.

Before I can say anything, or even think anything to say, Shizuo slides the hand on my throat to the side, wrapping his forearm around my neck instead. The feeling of being put in a noose spikes uncomfortable panic in me. When he starts half-dragging, half-leading me away from the paths and benches of the park it only spikes higher.

“F-Fuck are you serious?!” I stumble along to his insistent force, finally starting to consider that this might actually be the night he kills me. Shizuo doesn’t answer me. He’s unusually stoic as he pulls me along.

Anyone who sees us looks away immediately upon realizing who we are. The tourists and the like who have no clue probably think we’re a couple of drunk friends stumbling home together. And even if they looked at us long enough to see that I’m in a fucking choke hold and not under the arm of a bestie, they probably wouldn’t do anything.

With Shizuo’s arm around my neck, it would be all too easy for him to choke me out or break my neck if I tried to shout at anyone. And while it would be hilarious for him to try to explain my corpse away, I wouldn’t be here to see it. And really, what’s the point if I don’t get to bask in my own glory?

In the end the only protest I offer him is clumsy, stumbling steps that drag the journey out. Considering how familiar he is with my normal cat like grace, he has to know I’m doing it on purpose. He’s practically vibrating with a constant, soft little growls by the time his apartment building comes into view.

Shizuo lives in a middle class neighborhood currently. Nothing close to my own apartment in Shinjuku, but nothing close to the slums either. The buildings are old, but maintained well enough. The walls are decently thick, but not soundproof by any means. And although small, his apartment fits Shizuo in a way my spacious space never has.

It’s cozy and actually bizarrely clean. But I blame that on the fact that Shizuo has barely anything to his name to fill it with. At one point in time I was so bored that I actually researched where everything he owns came from. With the exception of a few pairs of pajamas and most of his books, everything is a hand-me-down or a gift. His couch, his TV, even his futon. 90% of his wardrobe is from Kasuka.

Kasuka. Of course, why didn’t I think of it.

“You know, are you sure you wanna be doing this right now Shizu-chan?” I drawl, still under the tight hold of his arm even though he’s closed and locked his door behind us by now. He only grunts to acknowledge me. “You know, cuz of-”

I don’t get a chance to finish whatever bullshit lie I was going to spin about his brother. Shizuo spins me around and shoves me into the wall. Like this, with him lording over me, he seems much taller than he is. I try to hold myself tall to somewhat even the gap.

“Don’t you think you’re-”

For the second time in less than a minute I find my words stolen from me as he shoves me down to my knees. This disorienting change in pace keeps me confused long enough to stare blankly at the obvious bulge in his pants, not quite getting it. When he sees my lack of comprehension, Shizuo takes the liberty of unzipping his pants and shimmying both them and his underwear over his hips.
Shizuo and I have fucked a lot. I’ve had his dick inside of me a lot. And yet, seeing it like this, on an
eye to eye basis, is way different. All I can do is stare for probably an awkward amount of time.

“Jesus Christ, do I have to draw a fucking diagram for you? Suck it, you shitty flea.” Shizuo nudges
his hips forward, leaving a smudge of precum on my cheek as his dick rubs against my face. I
immediately reach up to wipe it off.

Shizuo catches my wrist and holds it to the wall above my head, using it both to restrain me and to
stabilize himself. With his other hand he reaches down and shoves his thumb between my teeth.
When I let him pry my mouth open, he puts his thumb on my tongue and glides it back and forth
softly, gathering my saliva on his skin.

“Fuck, you’re like a goddamn doll. Like they made you in a factory for me or some shit.” Shizuo
groans, putting his thumb between my molars like a wedge.

His hips come in close enough that his other fingers can catch and hold his dick, guiding it until his
slit is rubbing against my bottom lip. My lip twitches at the contact and I see Shizuo’s mouth purse a
little. And then he’s sliding in further and I can feel the heat of his dick on my tongue and all at once
it finally sinks in.

I pull back, his cock falling out of my mouth and when I jerk my head to the side his thumb is gone
too. I’m breathing heavily, which is kinda ridiculous considering he didn’t even get close to my
throat. But I blame it on the way my heart is beating erratically in my chest.

“W-Wait, don’t you think--”

Shizuo wraps his hand around my mouth, his thumb and fingers squeeze either of my cheeks to
effectively grab my face and point it back towards him.

“Do I look like I’m asking, I-za-ya-kun?” My heart shudders and I pitifully shake my head. Shizuo
eases his grip on my face, running his fingers over my cheek and then up into my hair where he has a
good grip on my head if he so chose. For now his fingers just sift through my hair and scratch
pleasantly at my scalp.

It’s almost enough to distract me from the fact that I’m going to give him a blow job. And if he
doesn’t like it, I’m not sure I want to know what he’ll do. I’ll probably find out, since I’ve never
done this before and well…this is a bad way to try it out for the first time.

Shizuo’s dick bumps against my lips again and I obediently open for him. He positively purrs as he
slides into my mouth. It’s not all the way, like I almost feared. Barely any of his dick goes in at first,
actually.

Nervous, but managing to keep my hand from shaking, I reach up to slide my fingertips along some
of his shaft that’s not sitting heavy in my mouth. Shizuo groans appreciatively, startling me enough
that I pull my hand back for a moment. When a quick glance up reveals that he’s not angry, I wrap
my whole hand around him. His eyelids flutter, so I think that’s good a good sign.

“What the fuck, you’re acting like you never done this before.” He rumbles thoughtfully. I flick my
eyes down, suddenly very interested in his pubes. It’s a little disconcerting that they’re not blond too.
I should have expected it. It’s not like Shizuo is a natural blond after all.

He shoves his hips forward a little, more of his length sliding into my mouth. The taste buds on the
back of my tongue aren’t quite sure what to make of him, and I shut down any dwelling before it can
begin. That’s not something I want to remember about this.
“Hey, have you really not sucked a dick before?” Shizuo sounds more amazed than thoughtful now. Like he doesn’t even need me to answer, he’s so certain, and he’s so confused by it. Still, I shake my head without pulling away from his dick. I doubt he’d let me get far, with the hand in my hair.

Shizuo laughs, one short force of air that sounds amused and judgmental in the same barely there noise. “I guess it makes sense. Who’d trust you not to bite it off, after all?” I want to scream that obviously he does, otherwise he probably wouldn’t have his dick in my mouth! Or maybe he’s just confident that I won’t try it, knowing how very dead I would be if I did.

His hand in my hair clenches a little and that’s all the warning I get before he’s pushing in further. My chin bumps against the fist I have around his dick, but he keeps thrusting softly so I drop my hand to curl into the bottom of his shirt.

His dick is teasing with the idea of pushing into my throat now, and already I can feel my muscles rejecting the idea. My gag reflex is primed and ready to go, but I don’t really want to give it the chance to go full operational. I push against him with the hand in his shirt, but it’s like pushing against a brick wall. And his hand in my hair has become a grip that would hurt to pull away from.

“Hey, calm down. It’s gonna feel weird at first, but just keep breathing through your nose. Since you obviously know jack shit about sucking a dick, I’m just gonna fuck your throat a little instead. It’ll be easier than trying to walk a stubborn little shit like you through a blow job.” He says it so casually, almost gently. This whole night has felt like a glimpse into some twilight zone clone bullshit of the Shizuo I thought I knew how to handle.

I push against his hip again, with just as little success. I can’t do this, I’m going to fuck it up, and it won’t even be on purpose and that’s almost worse somehow. I don’t want to throw up on a dick, or bite a dick on accident because I was panicking. And I’m sure Shizuo doesn’t want those things either. But I don’t think he’s planning on listening to me, even if he did give me a chance to speak.

Vaguely I think about going for my knife where it sits well within reaching distance. But I force myself to calm down a little before I can ruin this. If this is what Shizuo wants from me, well then at least he wants me for something. He wants me.

Shizuo readjusts the grip in my hair so that he’s holding me by the back of my head instead of the top. And then he’s pushing forward, further than I think I want to see. I clench my eyes shut as compulsive tears well up.

The feeling of his dick pushing into the back of my throat is terrifying and exhausting. All the muscles of my throat are trying to reject his advance, choking and aching agonizingly. It hurts and fills me with a sudden weariness out of nowhere.

I claw nervously at his shirt and the skin of his hip that’s revealed when the shirt rides up. My other hand twitches in his hold against the wall uselessly. And if it weren’t for the steel grip on my scalp, I would be turning my head to retreat from this feeling out of unconscious reaction. It’s…nothing like I imagined it would be. It’s more invasive than I could have imagined. I don’t think I like it.

Shizuo on the other hand seems to have found pure bliss. The soft sounds he’s making piss me off more than anything in the world. Because here I am, the most uncomfortable I have ever been, and yet I’m still turned on- throbbing in my jeans to be exact- all because of his stupid fucking noises.

Between my instinctive panic, my disgusting arousal, and my general what-the-fuck-is-going-on emotional status, it’s not long before I’m full out shoving against his hip to try to get him to pull out of my throat. Finally he sighs and pulls back, but not out of my mouth. I never thought I’d be happy to feel the head of his dick stopping on my taste buds.
“Fuck Izaya, your throat was spasming so much I thought I was gonna come right then.” His breathing has picked up, but not nearly enough for me to believe him. I dig my nails, weakly now, into his hip and he chuckles. “It’s hard to get used to, isn’t it? You actually did really good though. You listened to me about breathing through your nose, that’s the biggest thing.”

I try to jerk my head, and cringe at the pull of my hair coming out of my scalp in some places. Shizuo drops his other hand to adjust so he has one on either side of my scalp, buried in my hair and holding me still.

“Careful, you’re gonna hurt yourself.” I roll my eyes so hard it actually hurts my head a little. Then again, that could be the ache in my jaw or the tight pull to my hair from two directions. Or the way my sinuses are clogging up from the abuse to my gag reflex. Or just a general reaction to this day.

Shizuo doesn’t warn me before pushing back in. With both my hands now free, I thought I might be able to get some kind of leverage on him and push him off if it gets to be too much. This is not the case. He presses slowly back into my throat without showing the least hesitation, and this time he doesn’t stay still.

He hesitates long enough for my throat to accept it’s being filled again and then he starts to thrust back and forth like he does when he first starts fucking my ass. Which only fills me with dread at the idea of him fucking my throat like he does my ass.

A sudden desperation to have him out of me fills me with new and frenzied passion. I give up on scratching at him and try instead to dig my thumbs into the joints of his hips. He grunts in pain and pushes harder into my throat. I immediately ease up, clutching at his shirt as reflexive tears fall in rivers down my face. Shizuo eases up as well, pulling back a little but still settling into a rhythm and depth that seems to please him.

“Oh fuck, Izaya- I shoulda done this a lot sooner. Knew you had ta have a better use for that fucking mouth of yours. Ah, fuck-”

I can’t take this anymore. My nose is dripping with snot that I didn’t know was building up. The clogged mess of my sinuses allows only the smallest stream of air to reach my lungs. And without air…well maybe he is going to kill me tonight after all.

Again, the thought of going for my knife pops into my head. My hand even flexes with the desire to pull it free of Shizuo’s pocket and put an end to this. But when I look up at him, the idea disappears. He’s looking back down at me, and it almost seems like he’s happy with what he sees. I flick my eyes away and try to relax my throat, even though it’s an impossible task.

My eyes start to close not out of anxiety now, but simply because they feel so heavy. And every pitiful gasp or breakthrough stream of air only provides enough to kick start a tiny bit of panic before it’s used up and I’m back to almost floating.

I mean, all things considered, dying from choking on a dick isn’t the way I wanted to go. There’s massive amounts of discontent for this situation roiling around inside of me. And with literally nothing but my life left to lose, I let that discontent flow through me and out into a deep groan that I hope makes it impossible for him to pretend there’s any part of me that enjoys him fucking my throat.

It startles me when his hips hitch forward somehow more than before, sinking in just a little bit further and then stilling and-

Oh fuck.
Heat fills my throat, thick and burning, and I’m compulsively swallowing before I can even realize it. When it sinks in just what I’m ingesting, I have the urge to cough or retch or even just stop swallowing. But my body’s instinct is to clear the way, and I’m more disgusted with myself than usual when it does. Until finally Shizuo is done and pulling away from my mouth with a stunned look on his face.

Like normal, it takes Shizuo a moment to come down from the high of orgasm. In that time he stares down at me like it’s the first time he’s ever seen me. His fingers in my hair scratch lightly at my scalp, one hand pulling my hair away from my face like he wants the full view of the wreckage he created.

I’m panting big gulps of air, cringing both at the burn in my throat and the uncomfortable feeling of his cum in my stomach. My lips feel puffy and bruised, and my face feels tacky with drying tear tracks. Not to mention any snot that’s dripped down my face as well. I’m sure I look as disgusting as I feel. But Shizuo still has that awed look on his face as he stares at me.

When I start to squirm under his attention he seems to snap himself out of it, his face regaining some composure. He kind of shifts on his feet, like he’s not sure what to do now. To make it a little easier for him, I reach up to push his hands from my hair. He captures my wrist again, and I cringe at the tight grip.

“S-Shizu-chan-” My voice is raspy, even more so than his smokers drawl. His nostrils flair at the sound. I cringe away from him when he settles on his knees in front of me. “What are you-”

He drops his grip both from my wrist and my head, his hands going instead to my jeans, a determined look on his face. “What are you doing?” I demand, trying to stop or even just slow his hands down.

“You’re turn.” He states simply, almost breaking my zipper in his haste to get it open. Panic thicker than what I felt a few minutes ago- when I was dangerously low on oxygen- spreads through my blood like ice.

“Don’t Shizu-chan!” I snap, trying harder to stop his hands. He’s opened up my jeans by now, and is reaching to push them off my hips, totally ignoring me. “Hey stop it!” My dick springs to life over the waistband of my pants. I try to cover myself with my palms, which he easily pulls apart only to collect in one of his hands above my head.

His other hand curls around my dick, and through my panic hazy vision I see him wetting his lips. Like he’s really going to-

“Shizuo I said no!” My body acts before my mind fully forms a plan, bringing my foot between us to deliver a savage kick to his stomach. Shizuo falls back onto his ass, groaning from the force of the blow. His eyes are as angry as I’ve ever seen them when they snap open to glare at me.

They don’t glare for long. When Shizuo sees the look on my face, his own morphs into genuine concern that feels so wrong. He shouldn’t be looking at me like that. Even if I feel like I’m half a minute from hyperventilating.

“Izaya-kun, I-”

I push to my feet and run, pulling my pants up and together as I go. He doesn’t follow me, thankfully. He doesn’t so much as blink as I retreat from his apartment. As far as I know, he stays like that all night. The second the door closes, he freezes in my mind. I keep him pinned there in the same place in my imagination the entire stumbling journey to Shinjuku.
And when I open my apartment door and find it as empty as it was before my meeting with Shiki, it’s like a blessing. I don’t know what the fuck I would do if Namie was here now. Probably cry.

But, to be fair, that’s exactly what I’m doing without her here too.
I’m Like A Lawyer With the Way I’m Always Trying to Get You Off

Chapter Summary

Dinner is served! For dessert- crippling emotional torment and an orgasm. ...what do you mean it's supposed to be OR, not AND? Why didn't you tell me before? Fuuuuck.....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“They have exceptionally good tuna here, I thought you might like that. But all of their sushi is great, very fresh. They have a lot of specialty rolls, a lot of American favorites, since they host a lot of business parties here. I think they may even have an American menu specifically, if you’re in the mood for anything foreign. I mean, you’re out of the country so often, this could very well be foreign for you. So maybe a sushi sampler.”

I’m as aware that I’m rambling as my mother is, but she doesn’t try to stop the flow of words about the restaurant and their specialties. Considering the awkwardly silent taxi ride over here, it’s a relief to have something to talk about, even if it’s only food.

“How is their crab?” She asks when she sees me stalling.

“Great. Their squid is a little chewy, but some people like that.” Not me, but some people.

“What do you normally get?”

“Otoro sashimi. I like the otoro better at Russia Sushi, but that’s in Ikebukuro, and not in the best part of town.” For me there is no great part of Ikebukuro, currently. That’s not something I want to discuss with her though.

“Worried your mother can’t take care of herself?” Kyouko Orihara is the last person on earth that I’m worried about defending themselves.

“Not at all, Kyouko-san.” She smiles wryly for a moment, and then frowns all at once. That’s… comforting.

“And, yourself? Should I be worried that you can’t take care of yourself?” I stare blankly at her for so long that she looks like she’s about to actually reach out to touch me- just when the waiter arrives for our orders.

I stall as long as possible, asking him about different things and pretending it’s for Kyouko’s sake. By the time the now irritated waiter retreats with our orders, Kyouko only looks more determined.

“Who called you?” I demand.

“Your sisters. And your secretary. And your friend, Kishitani-san. It was a conference call. They’re all worried about you Iza-chan.” I’ve been trying to prepare myself all week to keep from cringing at the childhood nickname. It doesn’t work. But luckily I think she mistakes it for a cringe at the list of people she rattles off.
“Worried about what?”

“Please don’t make this difficult. I made room in my schedule for you. I canceled a very important meeting to make room to see you Izaya. Don’t embarrass both of us by pretending you don’t know why I’m here.” I clench my teeth so hard my head starts to ache.

A snarl is there, at the tip of my tongue, wanting so badly to destroy her like I would anyone who hadn’t given birth to me. Why is she trying to guilt trip me about canceling some stupid meeting when I didn’t ask her to make room for me? I never told her to do that. I never told her to come see me. It burns me up with bitterness that’s been stewing for 22 years and is coming to a boil for the first time since I was 15.

Kyouko must sense it. She doesn’t wait for me to acknowledge her sacrifice. She doesn’t wait for me to deny what she’s said, or agree with it. She pushes on with new piousness, much to my dismay. “Izaya the…self hatred that you cling to is not healthy. But to take it to this extent? Things were different when you were a child and your father and I took care of everything for you. But you are an adult now.”

“And I take care of things for myself. I have everything I could ever want. I look after the twins when you’re away. I work. I have social interactions.”

“I wouldn’t call letting some boy bend you over any available surface a social interaction, dear.” She says it so calmly. Everything in me hurts like she’s taken the words and used them like a baseball bat. “It’s destructive. You know it is. It’s never going to be healthy.”

“Because he’s a man?”

“Because he hates you. And you know he hates you. But you welcome it, because you hate yourself too.” I stare at her, and she stares right back. Her wine colored eyes have always seen too much. Far more than I wish she did.

“At least we have something in common.” Kyouko doesn’t even flinch.

“Izaya. Why are you doing this to yourself? You coped in different way when you were young. Not all of them we approved of, but it was never anything like this. Your secretary, she told me that sometimes you can’t even walk the next day. She called me yesterday to tell me you’d only just barely gotten your voice back from last week. I shudder to think how you lost it.”

So do I, but definitely not for the same reasons. “It doesn’t matter why-”

“On the contrary, that’s the only thing that matters. If you can look me in the eye and tell me why you think this man is worth all the pain you bring on yourself, then I’ll promise to listen and try to work something out with you.”

It’s a tempting bargain. It always is with Kyouko. But listening and working something out doesn’t mean the same thing to her as it does to me. It never has.

“You wouldn’t believe me.”

“I’m your mother. If you tell me the truth, I’ll believe you Iza-chan.” She promises. The hope that aches in my chest disgusts me. But there’s really nothing else for it. If I don’t talk to her, we’ll just sit here staring at each other for hours while she gets more and more disappointed. That’s a hard evening to suffer through- I know from experience.

“It’s not about the pain, okay? I’m not trying to self injure in new and creative ways.” I’m expecting
her to look unimpressed. But she keeps her gaze focused and intent; doing as she promised and really
listening.

“The pleasure then? Sadomasochism is hardly a new concept, but generally there are rule you follow
in such relationships. Rules meant to protect each other and so on.” I feel myself flushing, which is
something that I rarely do anymore. I can’t remember the last time I felt my cheeks burn like this.

“We don’t have any kind of relationship—definitely not one like that. There was never any agreement
or rules.” I insist. She frowns, the corners of her thin mouth turning down sharply.

“Do you love him?”

I choke on my own air, coughing and reaching for my water immediately. Kyouko nods knowingly.
“You never could accept your own feelings. And what, you think you need to punish yourself for
loving him?”

The silence stretches between us for too long before I can make myself answer. When I do, it’s
shaky and quiet. “Yes. I’ve done so many things to him. Fucked him up in a lot of ways. But it was
never enough, and I took it one step further even. Letting him fuck me however he pleases is a small
price to pay for everything I’ve taken from him.”

“Is that how he feels?”

“I don’t know the first thing about what Shizu-chan feels.”

“Or how you feel, it would seem.” She drawls so sharply that I look down at the table just to avoid
her in some way. She must be where I get my discomforting personality from. How am I only having
that realization now?

“He has so much rage inside of him. He hates it, and I love it. When I taunt him and get him to fuck
me, I like to think I’m helping both of us. He gets to let go of a little bit of that rage, and I get to revel
in it.” She’s back to silently watching me, waiting for something she can expand on. “It’s not hurting
anyone else, so why does it matter?”

“You said that before, when you were younger.” I glance back up at her, intrigued. “When your
father and I found you in your closet, curled around a bloody knife.” She reaches forward to curl her
hand over my bicep.

Kyouko’s thumb sweeps back and forth in one area. I have to marvel at her ability to remember
exactly where the deepest scar is.

“I thought I would slap some sense into you right then, but your father insisted that wouldn’t help
anything.”

“He always was sentimental.” I agree softly, and Kyouko smiles. “This is different. This isn’t self
injury.”

“It is, Iza-chan. It’s a more creative, more complicated and emotionally driven form of self injury.
Based on some of the things Kishitani-san told me, it’s more violent than anything you’ve done to
yourself in the past. And for what? Some imagined penance that no one but you expects of
yourself?”

“You don’t understand.”

“Then help me understand.” She demands, squeezing my arm briefly before dropping her hand to lay
on top of mine.

I ball my hand into a fist beneath hers, my nails digging into my palm in a now familiar way. It sends little shudders up my spine until I relax my hand again. Disgusting.

“I love him, Kyouko-san. Everything about this situation is selfish, I know that. But I’m a selfish person, aren’t I?” She sighs through her nose.

“It runs in the family, unfortunately.”

We stare at each other, neither of us willing to break the silence. In the end our food comes to us before anything else is said. And even then, I’m nearly halfway done with my otoro before she reaches out to put her hand on mine again.

“I know you think you love him. But this isn’t love. What you’re doing with him isn’t loving.” My mother whispers.

“It is for me.”

~~~

I stare at Shizuo’s walls, willing my mind to stay as blank as they are. He’s never put up any paintings, and surprisingly there’s no dents or scratches to be seen. They’re as pristine as they day he moved in.

Vaguely I consider the idea of spray painting something on them to piss him off. But I don’t need to resort to petty vandalism to get my monster riled up. My very existence does that.

I should have told Kyouko that, it probably would have been very insightful for her.

Kyouko. Mairu. Kururi. Namie. Shinra. What the fuck do they think they know about this situation? Where the fuck do they get off thinking they can interfere in my life like that? I’m surprised they didn’t get Shiki-san in on it too.

Whatever. It doesn’t matter. Every single person in my life can think that I’m going off the fucking deep end for all I care. Shizuo knew that I was fucked up from the very first glance, but he never treated me like some invalid incapable of making my own life decisions. He treated me like a fucked up person. A person.

Is that why his apartment was the first place thought of after Kyouko finally released me from our dumpster fire of a dinner meeting?

Shizuo isn’t home. It’s late, nearly midnight. So he’s probably out drinking with Tom-san, or maybe chatting with Celty about something. But just being here helps a little. It helps that I can just stare at his walls and pretend that I have as much control over my life as Shizuo has over his carefully maintained walls.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” I stir from my trance lazily, glancing towards the entryway where Shizuo stands glaring at me.

“Isn’t it obvious? What else have we ever done in your apartment, Shizu-chan?” I drawl, perhaps a little too condescendingly. Shizuo’s hand crushes the already cracked glass it was holding-something he probably bought from the bar when he was unintentionally rough with it. A slow trickle of blood follows the shards to the floor.
“Get out Izaya.” He grits, looking like the offer to let me go is actually painful for him. I raise an eyebrow, the action riling him up impossibly more.

“I thought we’d decided to not do the whole ‘in public’ thing last time.” I coo innocently, skewing his words.

He stalks towards me, every heavy step coming with an equally heavy growl. “Get. The fuck. Out.”

Token protests aside, Shizuo is usually perfectly agreeable to the whole fucking me thing. Last time it was me spewing the protest and he was still ready and willing. But the look on his face, and the rasp in his enraged tone is genuine. He wants nothing to do with me right now. He doesn’t even want to fight, he just wants me gone. It stings more than I care to admit.

“...You’re serious?” I whisper.

“Do I look like I’m fucking joking?” Shizuo yells, putting his uninjured hand on the back of the couch near my head. I quirk my head to the side so it rests against his tense forearm.

“I’m just confused, Shizu-chan. You’re always in the mood to fuck. It’s one of the best things about your disgusting animal nature.” I purr.

His eyes spark dangerously as he leans in closer to hiss at my face, “You either leave in the next ten seconds in one piece, or I throw you out with a few less limbs.”

I like to think I know when a line is coming up. Sometimes I cross that line on purpose, just to see what happens. And sometimes I do it on accident, overestimating the safe distance remaining. The irritation burning up inside of me is maybe a combination of the two- willful intention and overestimation of his limits. But after the evening I had, I’m not going down without a fight. I can’t.

“What did I do to piss you off so bad that you won’t fuck me? Is it about last time? I let you fuck my throat, didn’t I? Even though it fucking hurt and I could have knifed you, I let you. Even though I thought I might actually die at the end, I still fucking let you.” His hand closes around my throat and I feel my stomach drop as he throws me bodily across the room, into the wall.

Idly I glance up from my crumpled heap on the floor, but the wall is still perfect. No chipped plaster, no hairline crack. It’s dissatisfying, since I feel myself cracking and breaking open all over.

Before I can stand up again, he’s got his hand around my neck once more. This time he uses it as a hold to lift me and keep me pinned to the wall I’ve recently become acquainted with.

“So what, you want a fucking medal? Or you want me to do it again or something? Maybe this time I’ll wait until you’ve fucking suffocated on my dick before I come. Would that make you happy? Dying on my fucking cock?”

The reminder of how manic I felt in those moments before he came down my throat sends shivers running through my body. “N-No.”

“Then get the fuck out!” He shouts it in my face, so close I can feel each word as well as hear them. The silence that comes after feels so abrupt. So disconcerting.

It’s the same kind of silence that falls when someone in on the ledge of a building. One good gust of wind could send them toppling back to the roof behind them. But it could also be the thing that sends them over the edge.

I want to go over the edge, damn it. “What do you want from me Shizu-chan? Do you want me to
get on my knees and fucking beg?” I gasp. He snorts a very humorless laugh, jerking away from me suddenly like he can’t bare to be near me. I know the feeling all too well.

“Like you would ever fucking lower yourself so far. Don’t you think I know who you think you are? Don’t you think- what the fuck are you doing?” There’s a swell of satisfaction in being the one who renders Shizuo Heiwajima speechless. I don’t let it fluff my ego at the moment. Maybe I’ll think about it later.

But right now, I look up at him through my eyelashes from where I’ve dropped to my knees, any trace of pride long since gone. I have no pride when it comes to Shizuo.

“Fuck me Shizu-chan, please fuck me.” I beg, not managing a very cowed tone, but the words ring true for both of us. I can see that he knows they’re true.

“What are you doing?” He repeats, his raspy voice accusing.

“I’m begging you.” He flinches a little. “I’m begging you to fuck me, Shizu-chan.” I insist, and his face finally snaps out of shock and back into the icy cold glare I’m familiar with.

“What the fuck, Izaya.” He grabs me by the front of my shirt and lifts me back to my feet. I can see anger and confusion warring in him, wanting to lash out at me. I don’t give him the opportunity.

“Fuck me, or I’ll fuck myself on your dick. I don’t care. Just let me.” Unsavory weakness creeps into my throat at the end and he’s struck with shock for another blissful moment. He recovers faster this time.

Shizuo shoves me back against the wall and lets go, watching as I sink back pitifully to my knees. The longer he stares blankly down at me, the more my anxiety grows. Finally he kind of scoffs and walks back to the couch. He drops down into what is obviously his favorite spot, fishing out a cigarette once he’s settled.

When he glances over and meets my confused eyes, he lights his cigarette and takes a deep inhale. The smoke seems to calm him down even more. By the end of his exhale, he’s not even glaring at me. But his drawl is still plenty harsh when he does deign to speak to me. “Get the fuck up.”

I feel more than a little wary- and I think justifiably so. But what else can I really do? I push up to my feet and slowly walk towards him when he jerks his head in invitation.

Without taking his eyes off me, Shizuo uses his free hand to start working his pants open. “What are you doing?” I ask softly, not sure what to expect. This isn’t what we normally do- not that the last time was anything familiar either. I’m in unknown territory.

“Take your clothes off.” He demands, breathing in another deep drag of his cigarette.

I stall in my steps. Talk about uncharted territory. Shizuo’s fucked me more times than I can honestly keep track of, and in all those times my jeans have never fallen below my knees. He’s never expressed the least interest in seeing me naked. And I’ve never wanted him to see.

“Why?” I whisper. Shizuo gives me a sharp glare, breathing out a cloud of smoke. I stumble back half a step, and no further. He jerks forward and bunches his hand up in my shirt to drag me between his legs.

His cigarette hangs between his lips while his hands push at my jacket, shoving it off my shoulders before I can process it. “Hey wait.” I grab for my jacket, but it’s gone, over the back of the couch, before I can close my hands on it. Instead, Shizuo’s hand closes around my wrist and squeezes
painfully.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” He growls. My stomach flips and I nod. “Then take your fucking clothes off.” His fingers are cold when they slip under my shirt and start to lift it up over my stomach. I mechanically go through the motions of helping him, raising my arms and pulling them through the sleeves. When he tosses the shirt as well, I’m left bare chested and resisting the urge to wrap my arms around myself.

Shizuo reaches for my jeans, but only hooks his fingers under the waistband, going still. I squirm uncomfortably, following his silent gaze to the pale lines etched into my biceps. He doesn’t say anything, but even he’s not dense enough to misinterpret their origin.

I push his hands away so I can undo my jeans myself. It snaps him back into the moment at least, and he leans back to take another drag of his cigarette. Once I’ve stepped out of my jeans he continues to sit back and stare. My fists are clenched so tight they ache, but it’s better than restlessly trying to hide myself from him.

“Well, get started.” Shizuo breathes finally. My brows draw together in confusion. “Fuck yourself like a goddamn slut.” He adds, the softest smirk curling at his lips.

I swallow thickly, glancing down at the growing tent in his pants. Based on context clues, I have to assume he’s not going to be any help. But I guess I did say I’d fuck myself on his dick, as long as he let me.

I take a couple deep, calming breaths of my own and straddle his lap. Shizuo doesn’t move or say anything. His eyes track me, but otherwise he looks perfectly at ease—leaning back at home after a long day at work. One arm is spread over the back of the couch, and the other periodically brings his cigarette to his mouth. The picture of leisure.

I’m not entirely sure where to start. But I know how uncomfortable a hard cock can be when trapped in pants that don’t give an inch. I finish undoing his pants, shimmying them and his underwear down as much as I can to free his dick. I jump a little when Shizuo’s thumb brushes against my bicep. I was focusing so hard I didn’t even see him move.

“How old are these?” He asks, his voice a soft rumble.

“Older than your presence in my life.” I mutter in return, jerking away when he sweeps the pad of his thumb across the deep one Kyouko touched just a few hours ago. His hand follows and wraps around my arm tight enough to make it clear that he won’t be brushed off.

I steady myself with another deep breath. This sucks. I shouldn’t have let him see how much I need this. Now he knows exactly how much power he holds in this situation. He knows that he can do pretty much anything and I’ll still take it to get him to fuck me.

Shizuo lets his hand drift down to my wrist and uses his grip to bring my fingers to my mouth. We’ve done this enough that I immediately know what he intends. I bring three of my fingers past my lips, licking and sucking until they’re covered in spit.

When I’m alone I’ll use lube instead of spit. But with Shizuo it’s always saliva. Even after years of this, neither of us brings any kind of preparation. And that’s fine, I don’t really care. Spit is better than being dry, in any case.

I don’t look at Shizuo as I bring my hand down between my legs. Two fingers is no trouble anymore, but three can be a bit much right off the bat. However my monster isn’t exactly patient.
The faster I can stretch myself, the better off I’ll be when he gets bored in a few minutes and cuts preparation short.

My other hand grabs the back of the couch for support while I grit my teeth and bear down on my fingers. The faster I get this over with, the faster I can have his dick in me. I have to keep telling myself that. The burn of three fingers is worth it.

A sudden, unexpected touch at my entrance makes my head snap up towards him. Shizuo isn’t looking at me, his eyes are fixed on the place my arm disappears between my legs. As I gape at him, he gently traces around the taunt rim of my ass, feeling around each of my fingers.

He must have finished his cigarette while I was focusing on preparing myself. His lips are empty and both of his hands are on me now. The touch at my entrance alerts me to the fact that his other hand is resting on my ribs, his fingers tracing the sharp point of my shoulder blade.

“Do you always start with three? When you’re at home, in your bed?” He demands, eyes flicking up to my face finally. I shake my head, unsure if I could offer him anything better than that right now. “How many can you take?” He rumbles curiously—surprisingly earnest as he asks.

Whenever he prepares me, it’s rough and fast just like his actual fucking. I don’t think he’s ever put a third finger in me. He’s usually too impatient to move beyond two. Now his eyes are glimmering with possibility that makes my stomach flip again.

“Four.” I admit, my pinky twitching when his finger brushes it. Shizuo yanks my hand from between my legs, oblivious to the indignant noise it draws from me. Before I can even ask what he’s doing, he has my hand lined up with his own.

Our hands are pretty similar, all things considered. Thin, long fingers perfect for picking locks—although he uses his more for punching them open. A couple of his fingers have slight curves to them, probably from breaking them on other people’s faces and not setting them properly. And each of his fingers rises over mine by a good centimeter at least.

When he turns our hands so he can see the side profile of our differences, I also can’t help but notice his are a little thicker than mine too. Maybe that’s also from punching people.

Shizuo hums in his throat thoughtfully, which gives me exactly no idea what he could be thinking about. Before I can ask, his hand abandons mine and creeps down to my hips, along with the one he’d left on my ribs. He feels over the swell of my ass, one finger dipping between my cheeks to whisper a touch to my entrance.

And then his hands dip under my ass and with no warning lift me, swinging me over his shoulder at the same time he stands from the couch. In the dizzying aftermath I’m left scrambling to catch up to the fact that Shizuo has me over his shoulder and is currently carrying me somewhere deeper into his apartment.

I know the layout of his meager home. I’ve been here when he’s not home and I know what to expect of it. There’s really only one place he could be taking me. And yet I’m still surprised when he opens the door to his room and drops me onto his futon with absolutely no warning.

“What the fuck…” I breathe, a little afraid to raise my voice. I don’t know what’s going on with Shizuo today, but it’s almost like he’s under a spell. I’m not sure what I could accidentally do that would break it. I’m not sure if I should be trying to or not.

Shizuo walks away towards his dresser, but he’s coming back after only a few seconds. He tosses a
bottle beside me without a word for explanation. I stare at it dumbly for a long moment before it clicks exactly what it is.

“What are you-” My words escape me when I look back up and find myself faced with a shirtless Shizuo. It’s hardly the first time I’ve seen him shirtless- we did go to the same high school for three years after all. And the boy has no boundaries, at least around most people. He always did with me. Why is he suddenly acting so different?

I swallow thickly and open my mouth to ask again, but he’s kneeling between my legs before I can put words together. He puts one hand on either of my knees and spreads them apart, scooting forward to fit comfortably between them. No amount of trying to close my legs slows him down.

When I’m where he wants me, Shizuo reaches for the bottle of lube, spilling a good sized amount onto his right hand before capping it and tossing it towards the pillows above me. His thumb moves in slow circles through the lube to spread it across his fingers while his other hand drags my right foot up onto his thigh.

“S-Shizu-chan you’re acting really weird.” I murmur, shuddering at the first touch of his cold, slick fingers to my entrance.

“Says the guy who literally dropped to his knees to beg for my dick. Seriously, what the fuck was that Izaya-kun?” Two fingers slide into me with no hesitation. I can tell that he’s surprise by how easy it is- it’s etched all over his face. He pulls back and slides in another this time, the three of them gliding in way easier than my three spit covered fingers. But the burn is still there, just lessened.

“I didn’t think you’d listen to me if I- ah!- didn’t.” A smirk curls at his lips when I have to stop and shout. I wasn’t expecting him to immediately jump to four fingers with his next thrust, I’ve never gone this fast to four on my own. My body cringes away from the insistent press of his fingers, but his left hand is settled so heavily on my hip that I can’t go anywhere.

“Holy shit, you weren’t lying.” He sounds like he could actually be in awe a bit. I gasp a ragged inhale as he presses impossibly deeper.

“You lie about everything.” Shizuo scoffs immediately. I curl my hands to fists where they lay by my head.

“And you’re a beacon of honestly yourself, Shizu-chan.”

“Shut the fuck up, I-za-ya-kun.” I open my mouth to say something annoying, just on principle, but the only thing that leaves my tongue is a surprised groan that I choke off halfway. He smirks and twists his fingers again, but this time I refuse to even open my mouth.

Shizuo marvels at the stretch of my entrance around his fingers for a couple more languid thrusts before pulling them out and wrapping them around his dick instead. As he moves away to sit at the head of his futon I take a few deep breaths to try to calm down a little.

“Come on, you shitty flea, I’m not waiting forever for you.” Shizuo’s growl has me sitting up and crawling after him, my head hung heavy with shame. All those times I called him a worthless stray dog, and here I am coming to his call.

Shizuo’s made himself comfy leaning against the wall with one of his pillows tucked behind him. I swing my leg over his hips to straddle him again, but this time I know immediately what to do.
I have to scooch in pretty close to achieve the angle I need. My dick presses against his stomach while I reach behind me to lead his to my entrance. If he’s disgusted by the actions, he doesn’t show it. He’s watching me with hunger in his eyes, a lust that I’ve never seen before. Then again, I usually don’t see his face while we fuck.

It’s unnerving to think he’s going to be able to see me. To watch me fuck myself on his dick. I look anywhere but his face while I sink down on him, clinging to his shoulder for some kind of stability.

Finally I’m sitting flush on his lap, with shivers running through my body constantly. His hands settle on my hips immediately, nails digging into my skin. It’s weird, doing it this way. I can already tell that I don’t feel as full as I normally do. And yet, it feels more intense than usual. I wonder if Shizuo thinks so too.

He sounds pretty pleased with himself when I start moving, so I’m gonna assume so.

It soon becomes apparent though that the biggest difference is just how fucking hard it is to ride him. Getting fucked by him is no easy task either, not with the way he likes to position me sometimes. But to be honest, most of the time I just have to lay there and take it. This is moving and feeling and feeling more the more I move. It’s a lot. It’s not enough.

“F-Fuck.” I mumble, hanging my head forward. My forehead brushes my hand on his shoulder for only a few seconds before he’s gripping me by the scruff of my hair and jerking my head back.

“The fuck you think you’re doing? I wanna see every second of you impaling yourself on my dick.” He purrs it so sinfully into my ear. I dig my nails into his shoulder out of pure reaction.

“Isn’t it better to pretend it’s not me?” It comes tumbling out of my mouth. I don’t even realize I’ve asked it out loud until his fingers pull their captive strands of hair even tighter. I hiss at the sharp pain.

“Why the fuck would I pretend it’s not you?” He sounds honestly confused beneath the offense that takes center stage.

“Because it’s me. You know, the shitty flea you can’t wait to kill.” I drawl with a good deal of patronizing to hide the honest hurt in the words. He doesn’t need to know how much it aches to think about this. He doesn’t need to know the full extent of how fucked up this arrangement really is.

“Exactly. It’s you, and your shitty smirks and the way you fucking skip around like you own the world.” Shizuo’s grip drags painfully at my hair, until my head is tipping back and baring all of my throat to him. “And look at you now.”

I curl my nails into Shizuo’s shoulder until they feel wet and he hisses through his teeth. “Nothing has changed, Shizu-chan.”

“No, you’re as shitty as ever.” He grunts in agreement. “But writhing on my dick, you’re a little easier to bear.” Shizuo’s hips jerk up, stealing my breath away for a moment when his dick rubs against something he’s never found before.

“N-No.” I gasp, squeezing my eyes shut. Shizuo growls, his teeth finding my neck, just above my shoulder. When his hips jerk up again he bites down, and it takes me a few moments to realize I’m yelling. “Fuck, Shizu-chan, stop moving-”

“I’ve always kinda wondered what it would take to make you scream.” He mutters this into my neck, licking at the indents of his teeth while his hips continue to thrust up, gaining rhythm.

“S-Stop moving you beast.” I gasp out. With every movement of his hips, the angle we’re in is
rubbing his dick against my prostate. I can’t take it. I can feel my cheeks red with any blood that’s not straining my dick against his stomach. I’m panting and writhing like a man possessed. Like an animal.

And in reply to my mounting desperation, he only chuckles against my skin. I push up onto my knees, intent on making him stop if I have to. In the next moment the world flips.

I blink up at Shizuo, at the sneer on his lips and the bloody crescents my nails left behind on his shoulders. “No you fucking don’t.” He rumbles, snapping his hips forward so hard my back slides against the futon an inch.

Shizuo glides his hands under my knees to push them up towards my chest; spreading me wide and powerless to the force of his thrusts as he picks up the rhythm he had been starting while I was on top of him. Although the angle is different, it still sends electricity running up my spine, driving sounds from my throat no matter how hard I try to keep them in.

It almost hurts, there’s so much stimulation to a point in me that hardly ever gets touched.

“S-Shizu-chan-” I whine. He groans in reply, pressing my legs down harder with the force of his weight. There’s no way I could get him to stop at this point. I’m more at his mercy than usual. Spread open for him and practically wailing with noises I’ve always been so careful to keep quiet.

Shizuo seems more than content with the cries and whines that fall compulsively from my lips. A few weeks ago he pressed my face into his kitchen counter for barely groaning. Again I’m left wondering if he’s been put under some kind of trance or something. I mean, he’s irritatingly hard to predict even outside of fucking, and he always has been. But this is taking it to a new level.

It’s my spite and curiosity that finally allow me to start containing my voice again. I want to prove that I can be unaffected by him. I also want to know how he’ll react.

I can tell immediately that he’s not pleased.

“You little shit, stop holding back.” He growls, slamming into me harder- which is quite an achievement. When I stubbornly remain as quiet as I can be, his eyes spark with dangerous challenge.

Shizuo leans in so that he can hook one of my knees over his shoulder, freeing up his hand. The shift of my leg over his shoulder tilts my pelvis and suddenly the electric shock turns into full out lighting strikes as he rams into my prostate with each thrust.

It feels like there’s a weight on my lungs, making me gasp for air that doesn’t taste satisfying no matter how hard I pant for it. I twist my head to the side, urgently needing something else to focus on besides the way sweat drips down Shizuo’s neck from the effort of how hard he’s fucking me. It doesn’t last long though. My face snaps right back towards him when he curls his fist around my dick and thumbs at the weeping slit he finds.

“F-Fuck stop-” My shaking hands try desperately to push his away, only succeeding in causing his grip to get tighter. Something that sounds shamefully like a squeal flies out of my mouth when Shizuo presses his thumb into the vein along the bottom of my cock and drags it up and down in time to his thrusts. “Shizu-chan fucking st- ah!”

“Oh come on, I know you can be louder than that. You never fucking shut up, I-za-ya-kun, don’t stop now.” His drawl prickles across my skin like an actual touch.

Everything feels like too much in this moment, aching perfectly and driving every other thought out
of my head. I can’t even concentrate on trying to pry his grip off my dick. At some point I realize it’s more like I’m holding onto his arm and wrist for dear life.

And the pleasure that’s been scratching inside of me is getting too big for me to push it down anymore. Shizuo blurs around the edges above me, taking up all of my vision and then some, like the world has reduced to only him. In a way, it has. But it’s been like that for longer than I care to admit.

He’s flushed and sweating with effort, his pale hair sticking to his skin where it touches, and fluffed up in the places it doesn’t. He looks like some monstrous god- unmerciful and perfect.

His thumb swipes over the head of my dick again, his other fingers digging into the vein he’s been thoroughly abusing, and it’s all too much. I feel like I have one foot off the ledge of a building, waiting in the still moment for anything to set me off.

When his hips snap forward at the same moment his thumb rubs over my slit, I can feel the strong breeze tipping me forward. And then I’m falling.

“Shizuo!” My throat aches just like every other part of me as I come. Heat covers my chest, searing nerves that are already fried by the electric storm in my blood stream. I’m shaking before I’ve even finished emptying onto my own skin. But I’m still present enough to feel the moment when Shizuo comes inside of me as well.

The air between us is thick and hot as we both pant for it, greedily trying to steel as much as we can. I feel wrecked. Like I hit the ground and absolutely shattered. I feel like nothing will ever compare.

Shizuo is still blurry eyed above me, staring down at the come covering my chest like he’s not seeing it at all. To be fair, he never has before. Even when I do come while he’s fucking me, he never has me face to face to see it. I feel completely exposed to him like this. I guess it’s because I am.

When he finally pulls out, it feels like he’s taking away a piece of myself too. I didn’t think I had anything left of myself to give him. But I’ve been wrong so many times when it comes to my monster.

My leg slides off of his shoulder and he eases my other knee down until my heel meets the ground. I close my legs together immediately, the action dislodging his hand from my dick since I have to twist away to get both my legs on one side of him. He stays rooted in place, hips nearly touching my bottom, for a long moment still. Longer than he’s ever lingered before.

I take it upon myself to be the one to walk away first this time. Everything about our “normal” was different this time. So why not?

I’ve just gotten my shaky legs beneath me when I’m jerked back down by my wrist. Shizuo shoves me so I’m laying flat beneath him again and hovers over me with a cold glare.

With his hand pressing on my chest I have to wonder if he can feel how fast my heart is racing. At the very least he can feel how hard I’m breathing. Anxiety so strong it’s almost fear is filling me. It eats up the emptiness that had settled in after my pleasure ebbed away.

“It’s late. Stay.” It’s gruff, like an order, but the spread of pink over his cheeks makes him just a bit less threatening. Still, pinned in place by both his monstrous strength and cold glare, I find myself nodding anyway.

Shizuo grunts a little in acknowledgment and leans to the side to topple heavily onto the futon as well. His hand curls around to my side so he can pull me in against him, his burning hot chest resting snug against my back. And yet, for all the signs that he intends to cuddle and nothing else, I remain
as tense as a rock.

This isn’t just different, this is a complete 180 degree flip of what I’ve accepted between us. It keeps me on edge no matter how calm Shizuo’s breathing gets. Even when he starts to snore softly in my ear, I can’t unclench my fists.

I wait another half an hour, just to be safe, before I untangle myself from his grip and slide his spare pillow under his arm instead. He looks so much different asleep than the unmerciful god I know him to be. He looks at ease, totally drained of energy after our fucking, and soothed by sleep.

I tiptoe out before I can get too comfortable just looking at his peaceful face. I collect my clothes, pulling them on with the occasional wince and patting to make sure I have everything I came with.

Physically I’m set, my phones and knife are where I left them. However I can’t help but to cringe as I close his door behind me and lock it with the pick I keep on me. I may have everything I came with in my pockets, but I’ve lost another piece of myself that I really couldn’t afford to give.

I’ve already given Shizuo so much of myself, whether he knows it or not. Pretty soon, he’ll have more of me than I will. The worst part is, I don’t think I’ll mind. Definitely not as much as he will.

Chapter End Notes

Get rekt Izaya! ...and my emotions. owwwwwwww.
“Nice hickey, Elvira.” Namie’s eyes dig into my neck almost as harshly as Shizuo’s teeth did. I turn away from her and finish pouring my coffee.

“Wouldn’t he be Elvira? He’s the one who bit me.” I point out, gesturing towards her with the remaining coffee. She shakes her head, gesturing at her still full cup. I put the coffeepot back onto its base that she brought over when she started working for me. I actually don’t like coffee that much, but I’m not going to pass up on the caffeine. Not today.

“Please. If anyone’s the mistress of darkness between you two, it’s you.” She drawls, and I smirk despite myself. “How did your dinner go?” She doesn’t sound hopeful, but that’s probably because if my mother had succeeded in “talking some sense into me” I would hardly look the way I do right now.

“Incredibly awkward, per the norm. Thank you for that, by the way.” I snarl at her. As usual, she’s far from impressed.

“I thought it was something she should know.” She tries to claim.

“Yeah, because my sex life is definitely something my mother needs to be involved in.” I scoff, taking a long sip of coffee to sooth my nerves a bit. The caffeine set to work immediately, making my body feel a little less like a bag of wet cement.

“When the sex is more brutal than a beating, it is.” She mutters this more to herself, but every whisper is a stage whisper with Namie. For her, there’s no reason to make a pointed remark unless it can jab at the person right then and there. I press my lips together to keep my immediate fury to myself. Only when I feel calm enough do I respond to her.

“You have no idea what the sex is like, you’ve always just made assumptions.” It’s not the best line of defense, considering the evidence she has to go on. I’ve been fucking with Shizuo long before I hired her. But the very first time she was around to see me slink back from an encounter with him, she thought I’d been jumped by one of my less than savory clients.

“Kishitani-san is hardly a closed book.” She drawls, and I see red for a moment.
“Does everyone I know just get together for tea and talk about my fucking business behind my back?” I growl.

“We usually group chat.” She states bluntly. I throw my head back against the cabinets behind me. The satisfying thunk does a good job of replacing the crash of my cup hurled towards her head. I don’t want to waste a good cup, after all.

I wonder if Shizuo will clean up the shards of that cup he shattered last night. Maybe he’ll forget about it until he steps on it sometime. I’m sure that would thrill him.

To be honest, I forgot all about it. Until this morning when I crept out of bed and found red hand prints all over my body. My waist, my back, under my fucking knee. I don’t remember seeing his hand continue to bleed during our fucking last night, but I was a little distracted.

“Here. Shiki-san will be over soon for the information you put together. You should cover that.” My head lulls forward to see the compact she’s holding out to me. I didn’t hear her get up. I need to keep myself together. Keep it sorted, like Shiki-san said.

“Thanks.” I grumble, taking the compact and putting down my coffee to return upstairs to my bathroom. Great. Stairs. Just what I need. Why do I have so many stairs?

I send Namie out to pick up a few things while Shiki and I talk. Shiki already knows about her presence here- he likes to keep an eye on all the people he hires, even independent info brokers. But I still don’t want the two of them to mix. I need to keep borders between Shiki and the rest of my life.

“You’re certain?” He glances up at me from the file in his hands.

“100%, Shiki-san. I saw him with my own eyes. Right before the gentleman in question offered to cut them out for me.” I explain with a soft smirk.

“I see. Thank you for this information.” Shiki flips the folder closed and for the first time since he got here, he looks a little closer at me. I raise an eyebrow when he just continue to stare without speaking. “It’s a little warm out to be wearing a jacket, isn’t it?” I glance down at myself and then towards the windows lining the wall to my left. It does look bright and sunny outside. And to be honest, it’s warm in here too. But some things are worth sweating for.

“I wouldn’t know. I’ve been swamped with work all morning.” I gesture airily towards my desk. His eyes flick over for only a second before returning to me. He hums, sounding less than convinced.

“I understand your mother came into town yesterday to see you. I hope everything’s alright.” He’s fishing for information, and not being very subtle about it. I smile patiently, something I know he hates. He likes being patronized even less than Shizuo does.

“Perfectly alright, Shiki-san. Your concern for my well-being is touching though.”

“I’m not concerned for your well-being.” He immediately denies.

“Well, I didn’t say where I was touched.” I shrug easily. Shiki sighs through his nose, rising to his feet. I elect to remain sitting- and it’s certainly not because of any lingering pain.

Shiki steps in front of me, holding my challenging gaze. Out of the corner of my eye I see his hand moving, but I don’t react to it until I realize what he’s reaching for. I grab his wrist a second too late to stop him from pushing the fur of my hood to the side.

Even with the foundation Namie offered me, the bruise Shizuo left was too dark to completely cover.
In the end I had to put on my jacket to hide it. Who knows how much of the pale powder was rubbed off by my fur rubbing against my skin. Who knows how much he sees now as he studies me.

Evidently, he sees enough. “Touched, indeed.” He rumbles, dropping his hand to return back to the seat he’s designated as his own. “I had heard rumors. All baseless gossip started by otaku with too much time on their hands. How pleased they would be to find out that they’re right after all.”

“I don’t know what you’re referring to, but a bruise means nothing.” I mutter fiercely.

“Perhaps not. But it’s far from the first bruise I’ve seen on you. And given the fact that you’re too quick for most to land a hit on, I had to wonder just where they were coming from. I made a few inquiries, and the rest was common sense.” He doesn’t seem bothered. If anything, he just sounds intrigued.

“Why is it any of your concern anyway?”

“You’re too valuable of an asset for me to overlook any aspect of your life, Orihara-kun. The things you know, both about my dealing and the dealing of my rivals, are too dangerous for me to just assume you’re of sound body and mind at all times.” He explains casually.

“You could ask.” I snap. He looks at me like I’m the most simple person he knows.

“What I can’t figure out is why your…lover never has bruises of his own. You’re a passionate boy, Orihara-kun. Don’t tell me you actually submit to someone. Even if it is Shizuo Heiwajima.” I feel vaguely paralyzed, unable to say or do anything but glare at him.

Not that he really wants an answer anyway. His words, as always, are perfectly tailored. And right now he just wants me to know that he knows. And no amount of denying it will help.

Shiki stands again, tapping his pointer finger on the file at his side. “This will of course stay between us. There’s no price high enough to replace your worth for the Awakusu-Kai.” He wanders over to Namie’s desk, pulling out an envelope from his pocket and tucking it under her laptop.

“What is that?” I whisper, unable to make my voice louder while still keeping it appropriately angry.

“Instructions. For your keeper.” He drawls. “I meant what I said, Orihara-kun. You can do whatever you like with your life, who am I to judge. But the moment it begins to interfere with your work, I will not be so complacent.”

Shiki holds my eyes for a long moment until he’s apparently satisfied that he’s gotten his message across. Then he turns and makes his way to the door.

“Shiki-san.” He pauses, his hand on the doorknob, to glance over his shoulder at me. “How did you know it was Shizu-chan?”

Again that look. Like I’m nothing more than a dumb toddler parading as one of the most dangerous men in Ikebukuro. It ruffles me enough that some of the irritating panic he’s inspired in me fades away. I’m able to meet his gaze with more fire, which in turn softens his face to something more pitying.

“Who else could it be, Izaya?”

~~~

“Eww, it’s so big!” I cringe away from a pointy finger digging into the bruise on my neck. Mairu
grins at the icy glare I send her way, jumping around me restlessly to try to spy the bruise better.

“Iza-nii, are you okay?” Kururi coos in her soft voice, trailing just a few steps behind her twin and me.

“Come on Ruri, don’t you think a man who gets laid as often as Iza-nii would be totally okay with one hickey.” I pinch the bridge of my nose, frustration building more the longer we walk. Thank god most of this neighborhood is never home to overhear her shrill voice. Small miracles.

“Can’t you shut up for even a minute?” I sigh, and Mairu laughs wickedly like it’s answer enough. “Why do you need me here for this anyway?”

“Kyouko-san said we should bring you.” Mairu shrugs. She’s already moved on from my hickey-thankfully- and is now chattering obsessively about Shizuo’s brother. I roll my eyes so hard it makes my headache worse.

How does Shizuo tolerate these little shits. Maybe it comes from years of dealing with me. That would make sense.

“Just in time, Iza-chan. I was starting to think you weren’t going to get here before my cab.” Kyouko is standing at the end of the driveway of our childhood home. When Mairu and Kururi round the corner behind me they light up, and so does Kyouko. Watching them hug and coo over each other is almost too sickening to bear.

Normally when Kyouko is in town she has the brats stay here at the house with her. But this time she came in the middle of the school week, and having the girls commute from here on the days she was in town would render their dorm in Ikebukuro pretty useless. Needless to say, they’ve been insufferable about it. They insisted she take a late flight out so they could at least see her today before she left.

“Do you really have to go already? You could stay longer, you know.” Mairu pouts. She plops down on the wall lining our yard, Kururi joining her so they can tag team their Bambi eyes.

“Yes, unfortunately I do. I only had a few days I could spare.” She states firmly, petting her daughters hair. She glances at me and gestures me forward.

“It’s not fair. You’re only here for three days and Iza-nii was the only one who got to see you.” Mairu whines, turning her misplaced irritation on me.

“I had appointments to attend to while I was in town.” Kyouko explains patiently. I don’t understand how she can be so patient with them. I roll my eyes again and Kyouko smiles fondly at me. She rubs her thumb against my cheek, and I most certainly do not lean into it.

“You made time for Iza-nii.” Mairu’s mutter is similar to Namie’s. It has all the pretense of a whisper, but none of the secrecy.

“Iza-nii needed to see me. We had business to discuss, just like my clients.” Mairu rolls her eyes now, making even Kururi sigh at her belligerence.

“When will you be back?” Kururi asks to try to distract her sister.

“I’ll keep my schedule clear for December so we can celebrate Christmas together this year. I promise.” Just like she promised last year. And the year before. The only thing that would be more of a shock than Kyouko actually being in town for Christmas would be if she got my father to be there too.
But the brats look so excited by the prospect that I decide to keep that to myself. I look away, watching the wind play with our neighbors' trees. Kyouko keeps watching me, before suddenly patting her pockets with a look of dramatic surprise pasted on her face.

“Girls, I think I left my phone in my room. Would you mind terribly getting it for me?” She asks so sweetly that the twins are scrambling up to run after each other into the house before she can finish speaking.

“I’ll make sure they wipe all that brown off their nose when they get home.” I mutter bitterly when they’re inside.

“They are home. So are you.” She reminds me. I pretend to ignore her. “Izaya, you have been thinking about what I said, haven’t you?”

“Yes.” And I have. I’ve been thinking about how impossible it would be for me to stop seeing Shizuo. Even if everyone around me thinks I’m using him to hurt myself.

Kyouko sighs and presses her palm to my cheek again. “I know you don’t believe me, but there are people who genuinely care about you, Izaya. Your family, your friends.”

“They’re hardly friends, Kyouko-san. And we’re hardly a family.” Her nails prick at my hairline for only a second, and she drops her hand like she’s fighting the urge to slap me.

“And yet, for all your cruelties and attempts to ward us off, we still care.” She claims. I look down, feeling even lesser than usual. And that’s saying something.

“I know.” She doesn’t believe me, I can see it in the way her eyes narrow. “I do know. I just wish you didn’t.” Now her eyes soften.

“I know, Iza-chan.” She sighs, looking like she wants to reach out to me again. But Mairu and Kururi come crashing out of the house with her phone extended like a prize and Kyouko is back to her loving mother routine.

She showers the girls with hugs and kisses and attention right up until she gets into the cab. Even then she rolls down the window to continue blowing kisses and affection back towards them. And they eat it all up.

When her cab fades out of sight, the girls stand there staring blankly in the direction she left. And when they turn back towards me so we can head back to Ikebukuro, their eyes are wet. I frown and turn on my heel, satisfied to hear that they immediately follow. I’m glad I won’t have to actually say anything to them.

At some point Mairu starts talking about Kasuka again, luring Kururi into the conversation every now and then. By the time we’re walking up to their dorm building, everything feels about the same as it did when I got here to pick them up.

“Do you have groceries?” I ask gruffly, not sure what else to say.

“We just went shopping yesterday.” Kururi nods.

“Do you have enough groceries? You’re skinnier than normal.” Mairu points out, poking at my stomach. I swat her hand away and she smiles, like she’s some devious mastermind. It spurs a small smile of my own.

“Stay out of trouble. I’m not coming to any more teacher conferences.” I grouse. They both giggle
“Iza-nii is no fun.” Kururi pouts, but it’s all for appearances.

“Yeah, and it’s not like Iza-nii is going to stay out of trouble. Why should we?” Mairu stamps her little foot, but it too is no more than showmanship.

“I get paid to be in trouble. When you start providing for yourself with your little pranks, then I’ll stop bossing you around.” I tell them dryly.

“It’s a deal!” Mairu shouts and turns to run inside like she’s afraid I’m going to take my words back. Kururi lingers to wave goodbye to me before following after her twin. I watch them get inside and continue to linger until I see the lights of their dorm click on. Only then do I walk away.

Ikebukuro is a city that hardly sleeps. Even the residential areas are buzzing with people returning from work or going out to shop or to meet friends. When I get to Sunshine City, the crowds are dense and lively- and it’s only Thursday.

I idly think about getting Russia Sushi to take home while I’m here, but I end up taking a side street to avoid it. I run into people I know far too often there. Of course, avoiding poplar destinations doesn’t automatically mean I’m in the clear.

The disembodied whinny of Celty’s familiar draws my eyes as she comes up behind me. She spots me too and before I can give her a friendly wave to send her on her way, she draws to a stop beside me.

“Transporter, how lucky running into you here.” I give her a dashing smile that I’m sure would earn me a glower if she had her head. She whips out her phone, typing quickly before holding it out to me.

‘Are you okay? Shinra said your mother came into town.’

“Did he now? How kind of him to spread my business around like it might not be personal.” I chirp with a grin. She pulls her arm back, looking ready to defend him, or herself. “Relax, I know it’s just Shinra’s way. He doesn’t keep secrets unless they’re his own- and especially not from you.” Now her arms pulls back for a different reason. Surprise I think.

‘So are you okay?’

“Perfectly peachy, my dear associate.” Her empty helmet cocks to the side, eyeing me carefully with no eyes.

‘That’s not what Shinra says.’

“Well then, it sounds like you should be asking Shinra about my well being, if you’re not going to believe me.” I turn to walk away, happy when she doesn’t follow after me. I don’t think I can handle a well meaning Dullahan right now.

More importantly, I don’t think she could handle me if I snapped. And I still need her and Shinra. It wouldn’t do to isolate them this early in the game.
I’ve Got A Dark Alley and A Bad Idea That Says You Should Shut Your Mouth

Chapter Summary

Izaya has had it up to here with being pressed to hard surfaces with people poking at openings in his body.

Chapter Notes

(trust me this will be doubly funny once you've gotten to the end of the chapter)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“S-Shizu-chan, you seem to be in a- ah!- hurry today.” Shizuo sinks his fingers in deeper as if to agree with me. I lean my head back against the brick wall supporting me, blinking up at the dark sky visible through the gaps of the decaying roof overhead.

“Why are you complaining? Weren’t you the one bitching about doing it in public? I’m just cutting to the chase.” Shizuo growls into my bared neck. He keeps licking and nipping at the fading bruise he left last time, apparently fascinated by it. Which isn’t a good sign. Who know how many more he’ll leave in the future now.

“An abandoned building is hardly as public as an open park- Ah!” I point out dryly, ending with a shout when he retaliates with a forth finger curling inside of me. I reach down to push his hand away but stop halfway. I’m lucky he’s even here, doing this.

When he spied me earlier, he looked livid- which admittedly is normal for my monster. But the amount of sweet talk I had to throw his way before I felt like he wouldn’t immediately strangle me if I let him put his hands on me was extensive. I need to keep him happy, or he might decide it’s not worth it after all. I slowly put my hand back on his shoulders, gritting my teeth against the uncomfortable stretch.

Shizuo watches all of it, and I see understanding light up his eyes. He relaxes his hold on the underside of my right knee just a little; just enough for the strain on my left calf to ease so I can drop to my heel and let my body open up easier to him. I sigh out a shaky breath, trying to force myself to accommodate him, since he’s being so oddly accommodating to me.

When he seems to think I’m taking it better, he resumes pushing up hard under my knee- pressing my thigh into my stomach and forcing me up onto my toes again. With only one foot on the ground I cling to him like a lifeline. He doesn’t seem to mind.

“So fucking tight, every time.” He rumbles into my neck, a note of almost awe in his voice.

“Shizu-chan is just too big.” I pant back. “What else do you expect from a monster like you?”

Shizuo growls and rips out his fingers. It gives me space to breathe, but only for a few moments. The
spit slick head of his dick nudges against my entrance and he pushes forward without hesitation. I groan, letting my head fall back against the brick again.

Shizuo’s hand, now freed of it’s task of fingering me open, busies itself pushing up my shirt to bare my stomach to him. At first it seemed like he was determined to get me naked again before he’d fuck me. In the end he only had the patience to shove off my jeans and jacket before he was hitching up my leg and working into me with his fingers.

The same fingers that now tickle the underside of my arm, coaxing me to slide it from my sleeve. When my hand is freed and back on his shoulder, Shizuo tugs the collar of my shirt over my head. He leaves it hanging from my right arm, evidently not caring if my elbow is covered. Not when everything else is naked to his searching eyes.

“Black always looks good on you.” Shizuo purrs ruefully, thumb pressing into the mark he hasn’t left alone since he noticed it. I grunt at the ache that spreads from the pressure, turning my head away from him. His hand is immediately cupping my jaw to turn me back. “Hey fucking look at me, flea.” He growls. His thumb creeps into my mouth and without thinking about it, I bite down on it.

Shizuo glares at me, pushing harder on my captive leg so that I have to scramble for purchase with my other foot. I release his thumb to gasp as pain shoots up my strained calf and hamstrings.

“Ah- ah, Shizu-chan, Shizu-” His hand creeps back down from my face, his thumb running softly over the front of my throat all the way down to rest between my collarbones. My chest rises and falls rapidly under his hand and he stares at it like he’s transfixed. Like he’s not breathing just as hard from the effort of fucking into me.

I don’t know if it’s the way he looks at me so openly in these calmer moments, or if I’m just breathing too fast and getting light headed because of it. But something is definitely clouding my judgment, and decides it would be a good idea to mirror him. I slide my hand from his shoulder to his chest, feeling the throbbing of his heartbeat even through the layers of his uniform.

Idly I think about unbuttoning his shirt and slipping my hand inside. I think of sliding the pads of my fingers over his skin. Of feeling his body heat directly. Of seeing the contrast of our colors with my own eyes.

When my eyes flick back up to Shizuo’s it’s like he could hear everything I’ve thought. He looks disturbed, as I would expect him to, but something else too. He looks fucking feral- eyes glazed and lips hanging open just a bit as he pants from the strain of our activities.

More than anything I want to kiss him. To bite his parted lips and feel his answering growl on my tongue. Instead I’m left biting my lip and curling my hand into his shirt. He hasn’t quite fucked all the sense out of me yet. I know better.

Shizuo watches me suck my lower lip in to bite at it, his fingers twitching against my chest. After a minute he reaches up to coax my lip free, rubbing his thumb against the bite mark that didn’t quite draw blood, but got close.

“You’re gonna bleed.” He states needlessly. Man, if only he knew how often I’ve gone home with blood in my mouth. I bet his face would be priceless.

“Shizu-chan worries too much. Especially for a beast who has no problem making me bleed himself.” I tease, leaning my head back just enough to pull away from his touch. He frowns.

“Don’t you ever fucking shut up?”
“Only when Shizu-chan puts his dick in my throat.”

I’m expecting some kind of blush. Or maybe anger. The raw hunger that lights up his face instead is entrancing. I’m staring at him so intently that it makes me jump when his hand wraps around my cock. I can’t let myself get distracted like that around him anymore. He’s getting too sneaky for his own good.

“Shizu-chan don’t you ever listen?” I mutter softly. I’m reaching for his hand when he leans in ever so slightly closer, using the shift to prop my leg up even higher. Suddenly my toes leave the ground and instinct makes me reach over my head to cling to the gaps between bricks in case he gets the bright idea to drop me. “Motherfucker-”

“I listen. I listen to your body more than you do.” He smirks dangerously, fingers sweeping up and down my dick like he’s mapping it out in his head. The soft, teasing touches make whines build in my throat. They abruptly turn to a yelp when his thumb digs into the base of my dick, right over the vein.

“F-Fuck you Shizu-chan.” He laughs—god fucking laughs.

I try to lift my other hand off his shoulder, but I’m shaking too badly to trust just my meager hold on the bricks. The anger I feel at being so helpless must show on my face, because Shizuo looks very pleased with himself.

“Fuck…you’re leaking like a goddamn tap.” He purrs, running his thumb over the head of my dick and dragging the wetness he finds there back down with his motion. I throw my head back, satisfied at least with the knowledge that he’d have to take his hand off my dick to point my face back towards him.

Shizuo isn’t deterred. His grip gets a little stronger, and when I refuse to look back at him, I feel him shift forward. It makes his thrusts a little sloppy, and they don’t reach as deep. But he doesn’t seem to care as he sinks his teeth into my neck—on the opposite side and higher up than last time. Someplace not easily overlooked, unless I’m wearing a turtleneck.

“Goddamn it!” I yell almost desperately, curling in slightly like I could protect myself from him at all. Shizuo hums against the aching bite, a dark and pleased sound.

“It’s funny, I-za-ya-kun.” He chuckles.

“What the fuck is so funny about it?” I snarl back. Shizuo noses at the bite then moves on, leaving a trail of kitten licks and tiny nips across my throat and down to the bite from last time.

“It’s funny because I felt how hard your dick throbbed in my hand just then. And even now I feel how wet you got from my teeth in your neck.” I stare wide eyed at the decaying roof above us, waiting for it to fall and crush me and end the embarrassment I feel eating me up.

Shizuo licks a broad and hot stripe across the bruise from last time. “With how hard you are, I bet I could make you come. If I did it again.” The dark tone in his voice tells me that’s exactly what he means to try. I shiver despite myself.

“Shizu-ch-AH!” I don’t even get his whole name out. Shizuo’s teeth sink in deep to my skin, testing the lines between being too much. I’m shaking hard as I spill all over both of our chests, a prolonged and involuntary cry rasping from my throat.

Shizuo keeps thrusting through my orgasm, and keeps going after too. I’m sensitive all over, especially my dick, which he seems to be ignoring as he continues to run teasingly light touches all
“Ugh- Sh-Shizu-chan-” It’s breathy and whiny but he doesn’t so much as acknowledge me. He’s nestled in the crook of my neck, panting heavily while he fucks into me. “Shizuo…” I groan, stifling a surprised cry when he comes with apparently no warning.

He slowly thrusts through his release as well, only falling still what feels like an eternity later. I can tell he’s just as exhausted as I feel, but he doesn’t move to pull out of me or drop my leg. Instead it feels like he’s trying to burrow into me, his hand even abandoning my dick to slip between me and the wall to press into my lower back.

I want to point out that he’s getting cum all over his uniform from Kasuka- well, more than I already did when I came. But I don’t say anything. I don’t know if I could, even if I opened my mouth.

Finally he starts to slowly slide my leg down, giving me time to settle onto my left foot before he puts my right onto the ground again. He’s slipped out of me long before I’m standing on my own again, and the spread of my ass as he settles me allows some of his cum to start sliding down my leg. I shudder bodily at the feeling, digging my fingers into his shoulder.

Shizuo lingers in my space for a little while longer after that, but he eventually moves away to tuck his dick back into his pants and straighten up as much as possible. He finally notices the stain on his clothes and glares up at me through his eyelashes. I shrug.

“That was technically your fault. There are plenty of places you could have bent me over in here, ya know.” I point out, shakily pulling my shirt back over my head and slipping my left arm into the sleeve. My jeans and shoes are about ten feet to my right, and I think my jacket is laying somewhere closer to the doorway. Honestly right now that feels too far to manage.

I wonder how pissed Namie would be if I called her to pick me up.

It’s as I’m staring at my jeans and the phone within, deep in consideration, that Shizuo grabs them and walks over to offer them to me. I take them, my confusion probably written all over my face.

“Are you- I mean- can you get home okay?” He asks gruffly, focusing on my neck instead of my face.

“Izaya, I-”

“Heiwajima-san.” Both of our attentions snap to the doorway, and more specifically the man standing in it. The door closes just as softly as it opened, a quiet and all together underwhelming announcement of Shiki’s presence. My heart shudders in panic and I scramble to pull my jeans on.

“Who the fuck are you?” Shizuo growls. When I glance up I’m surprised to see him standing in front of me- or maybe more specifically, between Shiki and me.

“Don’t you think you should be on your way, Heiwajima-san? Before you do something you might regret.” I can see Shizuo’s anger mounting in the set of his shoulders. I rush to finish buttoning my jeans and step out from behind Shizuo.

“Shiki-san, what are you doing here?” I demand, watching him carefully when he stops to pick up my jacket. He tucks it under his arm and continues towards us at a leisurely pace.
“We had an appointment, Orihara-kun. It seems you were...preoccupied though.” Here his eyes dart
to Shizuo, who growls again.

“Our appointment isn’t for another two hours.” I point out. I know I lose track of time with Shizuo,
but not that much time. “Why are you really here?” He stops again- still a good ten feet from me. He
sighs like I’m trying every last ounce of patience he has. Who knows, maybe I am.

“We have a problem, Orihara-kun. An urgent problem that needs your immediate attention.” My
mind tries to summon up what he could mean. The last dealing we had was about a rat in his ranks,
how could- oh. A rat in his ranks with information on Awakusu-san’s family home. A rat in his
ranks who knew he was being cornered.

I swallow thickly and nod. “Of course, Shiki-san.” He nods and turns to wait for me outside, keeping
my jacket tucked under his arm just in case. I dart over to my abandoned shoes, hopping a little for
balance while I pull on one then the other.

“You wanna tell me what the fuck is going on?” Shizuo demands from behind me. I shake my head.

“No, and you don’t want to know. It’s not your business Shizu-chan.” I dismiss, stomping my foot to
get my shoe all the way on. I jog a little towards the door, gritting my teeth against the ache
spreading up my lower back and all the way down my legs.

Shizuo grabs me by the arm before I can reach the door. He looks absolutely furious, and I steel my
own face to try to convey how this is not the time.

“You’re right, it’s not my business. It’s yours, which means it’s shady and destructive.” He snaps,
and my glare sharpens.

“What of it?” I snarl back, jerking out of his hold. He shoves me into the wall next to the door, his
palm heavy against my chest. “There’s no time for this right now! I know perfectly well your opinion
of me and my job- just a blood sucking flea feasting on the misery of others! But it’s my job, and I’m
damn good at it, so fucking let me go before I make you Shizu-chan!”

His eyes glisten with the violence that lives in his veins. For a second I’m worried he’s going to be a
real piss baby about this, and maybe even get Shiki involved too. But he growls and digs his fingers
into my sternum and then shoves me towards the door.

“You’re a fucking parasite, Izaya-kun.”

“Tell me something I don’t know, Shizu-chan.” I flip him off as I leave, a storm cloud of anger
following me. When Shiki sees me coming, he raises an eyebrow, but doesn’t say anything. Just
hands me my jacket and leads the way up the street to where his limo is parked. “You couldn’t have
waited two more minutes?” I finally snap when it builds up too much.

Shiki shrugs one shoulder, the picture of nonchalance. “At least I let you both finish, didn’t I?”

~~~

“Hey Izaya, this means we match!” I glare up at Shinra, who looks more than a little pleased with
himself as he grins at the stab wound still steadily leaking blood onto his kitchen table.

Celty is fidgeting somewhere behind him, worrying compulsively even though she doesn’t like me.
Shiki for his part is looking extraordinarily bored as he leans back in the one kitchen chair still seated
at the table.
“I’m aware Shinra.” I sigh, cringing when he dabs at the shallow wound with some kind of disinfectant soaked gauze. Celty appears near my feet again. She’s been coming and going over the last five minutes. Like she can’t stand to stay and look at the wound now decorating my stomach to the left of my navel, but she’s also too curious to not keep checking in.

She turns to Shiki after a moment and types quickly on her phone to hand to him. I just barely catch the ‘*How did this even happen?!*’ before she’s pulling her phone back to her chest.

“It was just a minor skirmish. Nothing to worry about.” Shiki assures her, but telling Celty not to worry is like telling the ocean not to be salty.

“Were you hurt, Shiki-san?” Shinra asks, eyes flicking to him momentarily before returning to cleaning the wound.

“No, no one else was. Our…target singled Orihara-kun out for being the informant who delivered his misdeeds to us. Needless to say, he felt a bit bitter about it.” Shiki relays sedately. I eye him suspiciously.

“I’m beginning to think my presence there was just to play pin cushion on behalf of your men.” I drawl, clenching my fists when Shinra starts with the stitches with no warning.

“You’re one of my men, aren’t you Orihara-kun?” He raises a brow pointedly and I grumble as I look back towards the ceiling.

“Well, it’s not like it’s very deep. I doubt he would’ve even bled out.” Shinra assures him, even though he clearly wasn’t worried. “Speaking from experience, I’m sure it hurt though.” He adds to me in a placating tone, even though I’m not upset by the casual diagnosis.

‘*Of course it hurt, he was stabbed!*’

“I’m sure it won’t be for the last time.” I wave Celty off and the way her shoulders raise is definitely panic. “Everyone in this room has been stabbed at least once.” I point out, though that does nothing to calm her down.

“I’m more worried about these. Have you no shame Izaya?” Shinra pokes his pinky against one of the still stinging bites on my neck. I bat his hand away. “What am I saying? I already knew you have no shame.” He cackles wildly to himself, only stopping when Celty shoves her phone in his face.

‘*Knock it off Shinra, this is serious you know!*’

“Aw, I know that Celty. Just trying to keep things light.” He promises.

“Kishitani-san, if you wouldn’t mind focusing.” Shiki drawls, eyeing the pinched expression I can’t keep off my face when Shinra pulls too hard at the thread of his stitches. The idiot makes a face and gently coaxes the thread back through to make my skin lie flat instead of bunched.

“Obviously you know you have to settle down a little while this is healing. That means no parkouring around town. No setting up evil schemes. No dangerous Yakuza showdowns.” Shinra lists with a smirk.

“Take away all my fun why don’t you.” I sigh.

“And no fucking with Shizuo.” He finishes. I see Celty start to freak out anew at my feet. How is it possible Shinra hadn’t blurted that tidbit out to her before now? Ah well, no time like the present.
I feel Shiki’s gaze on the side of my face, but keep my eyes pointed up at the kitchen light. Likely he’s thinking exactly what I am. It’s a toss up whether Shizuo would even want to fuck after what happened earlier. Sooner or later he might decide he’s over it, when he starts feeling particularly sexually frustrated. But it’ll probably take him a week or two. Maybe our fight was just coincidental timing at its best. It gives me the time to recover from being stabbed.

While Shinra continues to laugh at Celty’s reaction, I shift to lift my knee and relieve some pressure off my lower back. It’s almost as painful to use any of the muscles in my legs as it is to leave them and have the ache in my back. But the lesser of two evils and all.

Shiki watches this too and eventually clears his throat. He exchanges a meaningful glance with Shinra and flicks his eyes to my legs before turning his gaze to Celty.

“Miss Sturluson, I wonder if I could borrow your ear about a business proposition, since I’m here.” He stands to leave the room without waiting for an answer. Celty looks between his retreating figure and my sprawled out, bleeding figure a couple of times before following him. When the door to her room closes behind them the kitchen is left so quiet I can hear a clock ticking somewhere deeper in the apartment.

“So, anything else you’d like to tell me, as your doctor?” Shinra coaxes a few minutes later. He’s tying off the thread, fully focused on it and not looking at me. Which he knows makes it easier for me to actually talk about things if they’re bothering me.

“Just the standard aches and pains, Shinra.” I sigh. He spreads antibacterial ointment over the stitches and tapes down some gauze. He helps me sit up then and winds a bandage around my waist a couple of times. I see the moment he feels how raw the skin of my back is while he’s twisting the bandage around.

“And surface abrasions.” He murmurs to himself. Once he’s got the bandage set to go, he puts his hands on his hips and glances around at his medical supplies. He picks up an alcohol swab and walks to the other side of the table to touch my back in a few different places. “All superficial. But you might want to put some band-aids on when you get home. Have Yagiri-san do it for you.” He suggests.

“Sure Shinra.” I agree out of habit. His fingers dig in lower on my back, right above my hips, and I nearly fall off the table, I jump so hard.

Shinra laughs like it’s the funniest thing he’s seen all week. “Careful, you’ll rip your stitches!” He comes back around to poke through a few more things. “Here you go! Pharmacy grade painkillers and some muscle relaxers to help you recover from your whoring.” He smiles so innocently as he holds out the two pill bottles. I snatch them with a grumble and the suppressed urge to murder him.

“How are you still alive?” I growl, swallowing one of the painkillers before putting the bottles into my pocket.

“Eh, luck and Celty mostly.” He remarks casually as he snaps off his gloves. “So I guess having your mom visit was pretty pointless.” He remarks casually. He waits for me to put his borrowed shirt on before coming back towards me with some ointment. I lean my head side to side for him while he applies it to both the bruises on my neck.

“You all treat this like it’s something I need an intervention for. Shizuo is one of your only friends, aren’t you being a little harsh on him?” I accuse.

“My dear friend Shizuo has problems with his anger on the best of days, let alone on the days you
skulk around, pestering him into fucking you. With you whispering your poison in his ears, I’m shocked he hasn’t killed you yet with how often you do it.” He puts the rest of the tube of ointment into my hands. “Use that for your stitches too. And your scratches, if they start to hurt or anything.”

“Thanks.” I mutter. “And thanks for, I dunno, being obsessed with whatever is going on between Shizuo and I. But you can stop. You can all stop. I don’t need your pity or whatever it is. Talk about that in your group chat.” I slide off the table finally, easing onto my feet to prepare both for the ache in my muscles, and the new sharp pain spreading from my stomach.

“You think I pity you? Most of the time I hate you Izaya. It’s actually pretty funny for me to see you like this.” Shinra assures me with a big smile.

“Thanks, I’ll file that away for reference.” I roll my eyes, moving slowly towards my jacket and the bag with my bloody shirt stuffed inside.

“But you’re still my friend. And as hilarious as I find this whole thing, as your friend and as a doctor, this is bad Izaya. The fact that you just got stabbed and you’re still in more pain because of a rough fuck is bad.” Shinra follows after me, helping me put on my jacket so that I don’t have to reach behind me and strain my stomach.

“It doesn’t hurt that bad.” I whisper.

“I’ll believe you when you can walk straight again. How long does it usually take? Two days?” His voice is uncharacteristically gentle. I glance at him out of the corner of my eye to see him frowning for once. “There’s gotta be a better way, is all I’m saying.”

“There isn’t. Thank you for stitching me up. I’ll be going now.” I bow my head gratefully and shamble towards his door.

“Namie isn’t here to pick you up yet.” Shinra calls, but doesn’t follow after me. I wave him off and continue out the door, stopping to lean against the wall and bite down on my lip.

I’m not sure how much of the pain I’m in is because of Shizuo, and how much is just from my own head. At this point, it doesn’t feel like it matters. All I know is that I want to go home.

I’m so tired.

Chapter End Notes

(told you so)
You’re Crashing But You’re No Wave

Chapter Summary

That awkward moment when everyone overreacts to what is, basically, a paper cut.

Chapter Notes

(Let's be honest, stab wounds are a dime a dozen for the cast of Durarara)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m going to the store, are you sure this is everything?” Namie waves the shopping list I gave her in front of my face, effectively distracting me from the chat room I’m currently trolling.

“I’m sure.” I shoo her off, but glance up when a few seconds later she hasn’t budged.

“Do you need me to change your bandage before I go? It’ll be longer than twelve hours since your last change by the time I get back from the store.” She proposes, trying to maintain her cold and clinical air. I can see the way her forehead creases ever so slightly in concern though. I ignore it and flick my eyes back to my laptop.

“It’ll be fine, it’s been four days and there’s no sign of complications. An extra hour or two won’t hurt it.” I insist. She doesn’t look convinced, but she finally moves away from my desk.

“Text me if you remember anything else for the list.” She calls from the doorway. I nod in reply, keeping my eyes on the chat. Namie sighs and I wait for the door to close behind her before I lean back further in my swivel chair and stare at the ceiling.

I hate being stabbed. It takes longer to get back on my feet from being stabbed. I prefer a nice smooth slicing motion. I can be jumping from building to building less than a week after those. Shinra, Namie, even Shiki all demanded I take at least two weeks off from field work. I’m going stir crazy and it’s only been four days.

I sigh and kick my foot to spin around in my seat. Life is so fundamentally boring. It feels like I’m living the equivalent of watching beige paint dry. If it weren’t for my online schemes I’m sure I would have crawled up to the roof by now.

Most of all I keep thinking about Shizuo and how happy he must be to be rid of me for a while. He’s probably savoring each day of peace in Ikebukuro like a fine wine. Maybe I’ll hire some small time thugs to give him a hard time. That would certainly be amusing.

My phone rings and I swipe it from my desk as I spin past it, putting it to my ear as I continue kicking myself into motion. “Yes?”

“IZAYA HOW COULD YOU?!” I jerk my phone away with a sigh, already anticipating a headache. “How could you get stabbed and not tell us?! What kind of big dummy doesn’t call his
“I’m hardly dying, Mairu, it was by no means a fatal stabbing.” I drawl.

“We had to find out through a chat room Iza-nii!” She reiterates harshly. There’s some shuffling and then a thankfully softer voice comes over the line.

“You should have told us, Iza-nii. We could have helped look after you.” Kururi claims over the sound of Mairu continuing to rampage in the background.

“Namie-san hardly needs assistance.” I assure her. She sighs patiently.

“Not for her sake. And not for your sake.” She admits. I pause in my spinning, and Mairu even quiets down. “We were worried, nii-san. It would have been nice for us to see you and make sure you were okay with our own eyes.”

I blink a few times, refusing to let the guilt in my stomach settle in. “I apologize for worrying you.” I state, trying to sound as unapologetic as possible.

“You better apologize, you big jerk!” Mairu yells from the background. A smile curls up the side of my lips. “Just you wait until I tell Kyouko-san! Oh, she’s gonna slap you so hard when she’s back-”

“Can we come visit you tomorrow Iza-nii? It’s a Sunday, we’re off school.” Kururi talks gently over Mairu, while her sister lets loose all the pent up frustration within her.

“For a little while, you can. I’ll have Namie pick you up at the station.” I agree tiredly. It might be nice to have them here. It could break up the monotony I’m slowly sinking into.

“Thank you Izaya.” I can hear the soft smile in Kururi’s soft voice. There’s an indignant groan and then, “Thanks Iza-nii,” from a very begrudging Mairu. “We’ll see you tomorrow. Sleep well.”

“Mmm hmm.” I agree softly, hanging up once I hear the dial tone from their end. I play around on my phone for a little while before sighing and getting up to scour the kitchen.

There’s not much to be found- there never is by the time Namie goads me into writing a shopping list for her to pick up. I find a package of instant ramen at the back of the pantry that may or may not be good. With a shrug I decide to risk it and set some water to boil on the stove.

In the meantime I pour myself some coffee and put a few dishes into the washer. Even as I do it I hate how freaking mundane it feels. It’s a blessing when I get to stop to put the noodles in, and then again when the timer goes off. I mix in the seasoning packet and a handful of green onions left over from the fried rice Namie made the other night.

I pick up my phone on the way to the couch and slowly lower myself down into a comfortable sprawl to click through channels.

When my phone buzzes maybe thirty minutes later, I’m almost hoping for bad news. At least it would be something to brighten the day. Reading through Namie’s text about the normal shop she goes to being closed feels like getting more beige paint thrown over my life. I hardly even take in the last bit about her being back late because she’ll be going to a store further away.

I can feel myself turning into a vegetable with each passing second. There’s nothing stimulating here. Everything on TV is trash. All of my books are too, for that matter. I’m even getting bored of the Dollars chat rooms for fucks sake! There’s no way I’m going to last tonight, let alone another week and a half of this limbo hell.
I’m debating the pros and cons of leaking nuclear codes when my door shakes with rapid and deep
knocks that can only be from one person. Sure enough, less than a minute later, “I-ZA-YA-KUN!”
comes clearly through the door and I find myself laughing at the absurdity of it all.

Shizuo must hear my laughter, because his pounding on the door only gets louder. The only reason I
end up standing and stumbling to the door- still wracked with laughter- is out of genuine fear for the
frame’s integrity.

His knocking stop when he hears me taper my laughter off in favor of turning the locks. The second
I press down on the door handle, I have to jump back to avoid being hit by how fast it swings open.
Shizuo spills into my apartment like a god of rage and accusation. I instinctively turn my right side to
him, shielding my wound from any immediate attacks.

“Shizu-chan. What an unexpected pleasure.” I back up more while he slams the door, furious eyes
never leaving me.

“What. The. Fuck.” He growls, stalking after me with the air of a predator. I swore I’d never see the
day I let myself become his prey. Then again, when I first met him I swore I’d never let him have
any power over me, and that didn’t exactly go to plan.

“I’m afraid I don’t follow.” I drawl, eyeing the approaching couch. It’s something to put between us
at least, and I desperately need something like that.

“Stabbed? You got fucking stabbed?” He hisses, eyes blazing. Is this just the designated day for
people to randomly find out about my random life events and overreact to them?

“A few days ago, yes.” I cautiously step down into the area of the couch, glancing away just to make
sure I don’t fall off the few stairs between the levels. It’s a mistake, I realize, when I look up to find
his hand inches from gripping the front of my shirt.

It’s too late for me to avoid it, but I still try. My hand shoots up to intercept his, letting his grip wrap
around my wrist instead of the collar of my shirt. It doesn’t seem to make a difference to him. He
jerks me forward so he can grab my other wrist and backs me up until my calves hit the edge of the
couch.

Shizuo pushes me down to sit- still more gently than I know he normally would. Clearly he’s making
himself be mindful that somewhere on me is a gaping wound that probably wouldn’t appreciate
being reopened. He remains in front of me, leaning down to plant his hands on the back of the couch
to either side of my head.

“What the fuck were you thinking?” He demands.

“No thinking involved, Shizu-chan. I was just doing my job.” I am aware that it’s not the best idea
I’ve ever had to goad him at this moment. But old habits die hard, and I’m nothing if not sadistically
pleased by the pure rage that flashes across his face.

“You little piece of shit.” He growls, bringing his hand in from the back of the couch to clench into
my hair. A hiss seeps through my clenched teeth, but is interrupted by the sudden press of his mouth
to mine.

As much as I hate to admit it, it can sometimes be hard to keep up with Shizuo. In public it’s easy to
outwit and outrun him- well it’s sometimes easy to outrun him. But ever since I started getting him to
fuck me, I’ve been left at a loss too many times to count when it comes to my monster. This is one of
those times.
I can only stare wide eyed and try to process the fact that Shizuo is kissing me. It’s not sweet, and it’s not loving, but I never imagined it would be. It would be more disturbing if it was.

He nips at my lips and coaxes my mouth open, immediately sticking his tongue in when I do open to him. It's messy and filled with the fury I can feel leeching from him like a wave of heat. By the time he jerks my head back to give us both some air, I feel like I just ran halfway across the city.

Shizuo glares down at me, clearly waiting for me to insult him or something. All I can do is raise my hand to my lips and feel how swollen and warm they are. Shizuo grabs my wrist to move it aside and seal his lips to mine again.

His kiss is just as intoxicating the second time, a little less frantic and a little deeper. But when my brain stops playing catch up, it starts screaming ‘What the fuck’ at me on repeat. I can’t accept this. I can’t let him kiss me so that he can assure himself I’m real and here- or whatever Kururi said the people close to me need.

I try to pull back from the kiss, but his hand keeps me locked in place while he attempts to devour me. When pushing at his chest and shoulders proves just as effective, I resort to biting his tongue as it tries to fucking crawl down my throat.

Shizuo pulls back with a snarl, gripping my hair tighter.

“Stop, you have to stop.” I immediately order, my voice firmer than I honestly believed it would be currently. He still scoffs in reply regardless. “Shizu-chan, I mean it. I’ll kill you if you kiss me again.” His eyes dart down to my pockets, searching for the shape of a knife. Which I only now remember I’ve been leaving on my bedside table since I’ve been under house arrest. Great. That’s useful.

“Yeah, you look real threatening, flea.” He smirks, letting go of my wrist to stroke his own fingers over my lips. “Fuck, look at you.”

“Goddamn it Shizu-chan, stop! I’ve been stabbed and all you can think about is a quick fuck?!” The lust in his eyes snaps back to anger in a blink and his soft touch to my lips turns into a fierce grip at my neck.

“And who’s fucking fault is that, huh? Who fucking conditioned me to expect to get off whenever I see him? Who didn’t tell me he’d been fucking stabbed? I had to hear from Celty, Izaya-kun! And the only reason she told me was because she was worried I would jump you first chance I got!” Well, it doesn’t look like she was wrong to assume that. Shizuo must realize it too, because he eases his grip a little.

“Boo hoo, I’m so sorry I didn’t think to call the man who wants to kill me and let him know I was at a disadvantage! How could I ever be so foolish?! I can feel the desire to snap my neck coursing through him. He probably wants to kill me more than he wants to fuck me right now, but he holds back on both.

“You’re the most despicable, irritating, piece of shit fleabag on this planet.” He growls. He’s tense with rage and manic passion. But before my eyes I watch as it starts to seep out of him. He’s still plenty angry when he speaks next, but only a fraction of his previous rage. “But for some fucked up reason, I can’t imagine you not being in my life. I freaked out when Celty told me. I was…god fucking dammit…I was fucking worried. About you of all people.” His disgust is blatantly obvious.

“I’m sorry to be such an inconvenience for Shizu-chan.” I mutter, earning myself a growl.

“Shut up for one goddamn second Izaya-kun.” He shifts his hand again, this time covering my mouth
with a strong grip. “I must be the craziest fucker on this planet, because I care about you. I hate your guts, and yet I thought I would uproot a building when I imagined them spilling out of a stab wound.”

Unable to do much else but stare at him wide eyed, I blink slowly in pure expectation of him to vanish any second. This has to be some kind of hallucination. Maybe I finally cracked the rest of the way. Figures it would be boredom that did it.

Even without words, he must be able to sense what I’m thinking. Maybe he’s more adept at reading body language than I gave him credit for. His face hardens as he gazes down at me, settling into something determined. “Fine, I’ll fucking show you then.” He mutters, more to himself than to me.

He crushes my mouth to his for another brutal kiss that only lasts a few seconds this time. It still leaves me entirely too breathless.

“How much longer until you’re back to fucking up my city?” He demands, leaning his forehead against mine. I have a quick debate in my head about telling him the truth or not. In the end I can’t really think why I should lie to him.

“Week and a half.” I breathe, and he growls in disappointment. Another bruising kiss later and he finally straightens up, sliding his hands off of me with obvious reluctance. But the mess he’s made of me with only a handful of kisses keeps him in decently good spirits.

Shizuo reaches down to trace my lips with his thumb again, eyes hungry but determined. “If you know what’s good for you, stay the fuck out of Ikebukuro once you’re healed. If I see you, you’re mine.”

I blink up at him, and after a few more seconds of lingering, he growls again and storms out. The door slams behind him- I’m surprised that it even stays in one piece. I’m more surprised that I’m in one piece. It’s been a long time since a confrontation with Shizuo hasn’t left me in some measure of pain.

I slide to my right until I’m sprawled out on the couch, still just staring blankly at my apartment around me. How much of that was real? How much can I pass off as wishful thinking once I obsessively analyze every aspect of it?

At least one thing can’t be denied. The swollen heat of my lips is impossible to pass off as fantasy. Shizuo kissed me. Something I made myself accept would never happen. He did it of his own volition- his own lust. And he did it again and again. Like it wasn’t enough. Like he needed more.

I’m still rubbing thoughtfully at my mouth when the sound of a key turning in the lock announces Namie’s return hours later. She makes a noise of surprise in her throat when she realizes the door was already unlocked, letting her in with no protest. And then she’s leaning over the back of the couch, eyeing me suspiciously.

“Did you go out?” She demands angrily, ready to actually murder me if she finds out I took advantage of her absence to sneak out and cause mayhem. I give her a smile that catches on the fingers still tracing my lips.

“Of course not, Namie-san. I’m far too scared of my nursemaid to ignore her orders.” I promise. She looks doubtful, glancing over me again as if looking for evidence to prove me wrong. Suddenly her eyes widen and her scowl turns into a full out glower.

“He was here, wasn’t he?” I blink guilelessly up at her and she mutter under her breath. “Please
don’t tell me you two-

“You’re such an alarmist Namie. Even Shizu-chan wouldn’t put his dick in a recent stab victim.” I wave her off, and she deflates a little in relief. Only to tense up again.

“There are other things you could have done.” She points out, eyeing the way I keep touching my mouth.

“He kissed me.” I admit easily, and she gapes a little. “It was weird. Like he wanted to crawl inside of me.” Here she shudders and I grin at her discomfort. “But that’s all he did. He yelled, he kissed, he told me to stay the fuck out of Ikebukuro when I’m healed. Business as usual.” I shrug.

“I’m half convinced it would take an exorcism to keep you out of Ikebukuro.” She rolls her eyes and straightens up, disappearing from my sight. I hear her moving bags into the kitchen, and the occasional mutter to herself. When the rustle of groceries being put away fades, the metallic clangs of pots and pans being sorted starts. The stove clicks on as she starts making food, the noises all very domestic.

And then she’s back, leaning over the back of the couch again. “Your sisters are coming tomorrow.” She states it, probably knowing there’s a 50/50 chance I don’t know yet. I nod and she looks a little relieved. “Try to recover from your schoolyard crush enough to interact with them by then.” She suggests.

“Big talk from a woman who regularly fantasizes about the murder of the high schooler who’s dating her brother.” I drawl. Namie’s lips quirk up at the corners- an unusual reaction to this line of badgering.

“I wonder if your sisters would be interested in planning some murders with me. At least it would give them something to do instead of listen to you whine all day.” She suggests cheerfully.

“And people think I’m a bad influence on them.”

~~~

“Well he doesn’t have a fever.” I glower up at Shinra and his stupid smirking face. He straightens up from his crouch to continue talking to Namie. “It just looks like he’s being Izaya to me.”

“She’s been lying there all day. All week!” She points vehemently down at me with a scowl. I roll my eyes. And she thinks I’m dramatic. Just because I have a new appreciation for lying on the floor to contemplate the universe and my plans for it, she decides to call Shinra and whine about how there’s obviously something wrong with me.

“I’m sure you’re exaggerating.” Shinra tries to insist. Namie burns red with irritation.

“I am not! The only time he moves is when I make him move! He hasn’t even tried to go wreck havoc!” This gets Shinra to crease his brow in confusion.

“Izaya you know you’re done with house arrest, right? Like four days ago, you were done.” He points out. I shrug one shoulder aimlessly.

“See! I was expecting him to slip out of here as soon as he could, but he’s just been laying around on his phone- or staring at the ceiling for no apparent reason!” Namie fumes.

“Well, it is a very pleasant ceiling, I suppose.” Shinra hums. Namie looks like she might be debating getting some practice for her Murder Mika plans. “Izaya, get up. Your secretary thinks you’re
depressed.”

“Don’t all of you think that?” I point out dryly.

“We tend to use the words ‘self sabotaging’ and ‘ticking time bomb of destruction’ more often.” He chirps happily. “Speaking of which, I’m surprised you haven’t taken advantage of your freedom and tracked down Shizuo yet. It’s been almost three weeks, hasn’t it?”

“It’s so much effort to go outside. Maybe your forced bed rest gave me a new appreciation for homebodies.” They share a look that’s so unimpressed I almost cackle. “Don’t tell me you’re encouraging my self sabotaging ways, Shinra.”

“On the contrary, I’ve been having a very blissful few weeks of not seeing your face- and other less savory parts of you as well.” I frown at his annoying face. “But I have to agree with Yagiri-san on this one. It isn’t like you to stay holed up and sedate. It’s worrying.”

“Worry, worry, worry, worry…” I mutter.

“Izaya, get up!” Namie snaps. I sigh and slowly shuffle into a seated position. Shinra reaches down in offering and the surprise that crosses his face when I accept his hand is satisfying.

“There, I’m up, are you happy?” I sigh again, stretching mostly for effect.

“I’m prescribing you with post traumatic sedation disorder.” Shinra decides.

“Isn’t it ‘stress disorder’?” I drawl.

“The only stress around here is the stress you’re putting Yagiri-san through. You need to get out and rejuvenate yourself with whatever sick thing it is you do for fun. Go people watch from a tree in the park, or bribe some gang members to attack Shizuo. Bother your sisters, something. Just go out.” He commands.

“First you won’t let me go out, now you won’t let me stay in. Make up your minds, you psychos.” I mutter, but gravitate to my shoes and jacket anyway. They watch me prepare for my first venture beyond my front door in weeks almost like parents sending their kid off to school for the first time.

“Don’t have too much fun now.” Shinra waves with a grin.

“Get fucked Shinra.” I sigh, stepping out into the hall and closing the door behind me. I make it down the elevator and to the doors of my apartment building before I stall. What now?

I have no reason to go out, and no idea what to do for ‘fun’. Shinra’s suggestions were decent enough I suppose, but they all involved going to Ikebukuro, and I haven’t been out to stretch my legs in what feels like ages. Outrunning Shizuo would be good exercise, but I’m also disgustingly self aware right now. At least enough so that I can admit that I may not be able to outrun Shizuo currently.

There really isn’t anything fun to do in Shinjuku though. At least, nothing I’m interested in. I want to go to Ikebukuro, it calls to me like a moth to flame. But I can’t help but to feels wary.

Shizuo’s warning is still ringing in my ears. Normally I would ignore things like that before they’ve even been said. But Shizuo is different. I can’t underestimate him- I’ve done it far too many times and regretted it just as many.

Then again, if I managed to slip in and out of Ikebukuro without Shizuo knowing, he’d be furious
when he found out. I can just imagine the look on his face.

With that made up, I start towards the city, pulling out my phone to text Namie that I’m picking up Russia Sushi. She replies to ask if I want her to stay until I get back, but I’m quick to assure her it’ll be fine for her to head home. It’s already late after all, nearly eight, and I want to take a nice long stroll if I can.

Namie assures me she’ll see me in the morning and with that I turn my phone to vibrate and tuck it away to appreciate the passing city.

I decide to walk, though it more than doubles the time it would take me to ride the train into Ikebukuro. It’s such a nice night that I don’t mind. And it’s absolutely not because I’m delaying the inevitable. I’m just very appreciative of having solid legs to walk on.

Eventually I cross into the city, and it’s like I can taste the difference in the very air. I’ll never get over how much I love this city, and it’s people. There’s so much to see and analyze and there’s chaos brimming in all of my lovely humans, even if they don’t know it.

Even with the constant anxiety that a vending machine will come dropping out of the sky at any moment, I find myself relaxing into the flow of the city. I keep an eye out for anyone I know, but I don’t seek them out even when I see them.

Mikado and Masaomi linger together in the park as I pass, and I wave without changing course. I’m pleasantly surprised when they wave back. A few streets later Dotachin nods heavily in recognition from where he leans on his friends van. I respond with a wave to him too and carry on.

The first person to break the flow is Celty, who draws to stop beside me when I send a friendly wave her way.

‘Hey, it’s good to see you out and about.’

“You don’t have to lie transporter. No one really thinks it’s a good sign to see me.” I tell her with a wide, fake grin.

‘I meant it’s good to see that you’re healed.’ I can just hear the sigh in her nonexistent voice. ‘Where are you headed, do you want a ride?’

“No thank you, I’m under orders from your beloved to get out and stretch my legs. And I have been craving Russia Sushi lately.” She perks up.

‘Sounds great! I hope it’s really good!’ She’s so animated for someone without a head. I nod to her and she speeds off into the city. I wonder vaguely if she’s going to start keeping an eye out for Shizuo. And if she finds him, will she tell him to come see me or try to lead him far away from my direction?

With a shrug I continue on, absorbing Ikebukuro like a plant absorbing the sun. It feels so good to be able to breathe it all in again. Not that I’m going to admit that to Shinra or Namie. They’re both already too smug for their own good.

Russia Sushi slowly gets closer and closer until I turn a street and hear the familiar bellow of Simon nearby. I wonder if he’s noticed that I haven’t been around lately. I catch his eye as I’m crossing the street in front of the restaurant, and his already big smile widens.

“Izaya! It is long time no see, da?”
“Da, Simon. I’ve been preoccupied.” I tell him with an easy smile.

“I am glad you have come back to the city.” I want to call him out on this just like I did Celty, but there’s the most curious note of honest relief in his tone that stops me.

“Are you?” I raise an eyebrow, intrigued.

“Da. Shizuo has been very moody since you are absent. Restless and pubescent like.” Simon cringes at some recent memory, and I laugh.

“Isn’t Shizu-chan always moody?”

“This worse.” He vows solemnly. I find myself frowning.

“Even if that’s true, it can’t have anything to do with me. Everyone knows he wants me out of his city, he should’ve been having the time of his life.” Simon shrugs.

“I only know what I see. And what I see is moody Shizuo. Now! You come, eat sushi!” He switches back to billboard Simon, ushering me towards the doors behind him. I go willingly, but I find myself still frowning even when I’m seated and watching Dennis prepare my meal.

Has Shizuo really been making a nuisance of himself? Well, more so than usual? It’s not like Simon to lie or soften the truth, so it must be at least some part true.

Interesting. I wonder just how much of a nuisance he’ll be when he finds out that I’m here. I guess, if I stick around long enough, I might just find out.

Chapter End Notes

My roommate and I had a long discussion about Namie and her ability to force mothering on you while somehow making it seem like she's the one being forced into it. Basically me if i was mom friend. (but i am dad friend)
The Take Over, The Breaks Over

Chapter Summary

Pretty much just sex. Like 'reunited and it feels so good' sex. Sexxxxxx-

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey Izaya, last call, want anything?” I glance up at Dennis and shake my head, pocketing my phone.

“Is it that time already?” I had intended to head out right after finishing my otoro, to try to cause some minor mischief around town before sneaking back to Shinjuku. Not a lot, just enough for Shizuo to feel my presence. But I ended up getting distracted by a sudden spike in the Dollars chat boards.

“Afraid so. I can give you something for the road.”

“No, thank you. I should probably keep my wits about me.” He seems to understand what I mean, nodding heavily in agreement. Maybe he’s noticed Shizuo’s recent behavior too. Or maybe Simon has been chattering about it to him. “Arigato.”

“Dōitashimashite.” He nods to me as I go.

“Good evening, Izaya.” Simon pats me on the shoulder as I pass him and I give him a small wave before crossing back to the other side of the street.

It’s nearly midnight, it would probably be a good idea for me to take the train back to Shinjuku. But even as I think this, I walk past an underground entrance and keep on. I really do feel like I’m recharging the longer I’m here, and I want to enjoy it for as long as possible. The other people still milling about clearly feel the same.

The students who are out too late, and are too young to care, laugh riotously in their little groups. The adults who linger at bars and the few remaining open shops are glassy eyed with the effects of the city. The late night commuters aren’t as lively, all but dragging their feet home after a long day. But even they have a special shine under the lights of Ikebukuro.

I wonder what I look like to the people I pass. Just some weirdo who’s out to be out, probably. That’s fine with me. I love this city, and it’s people. Even if it’s people have never been particularly fond of me. I can empathize with that, at least.

I’m passing back in front of the park when I hear something that sounds suspiciously like a crack. The hair at the back of my neck stands on edge for just a moment and then I’m stepping to the side out of pure instinct. A street sign sails past me, just barely scratching my hand as it goes. I rub idly at the superficial scratch as I turn to face the approaching beast who’s responsible. “Shizu-chan.”

“I-za-ya-kun.” He growls in return, hands opening and closing on air that he probably wishes was a street sign or a car or something. I smirk at the sight of him, filled with rage and passion and all the things that make Shizuo who he is. My godlike monster. “I warned you.”
“That you did, Shizu-chan. But, you see, my doctor told me I had to get out and get some fresh air. He even told me specifically to come play around here for a while to really rejuvenate myself. Did you want me to say no to a doctor?” I pout at him, all but bouncing in my steps as I back up from his advance.

“You shitty flea…” He rumbles, clearly brimming with too much manic energy to focus on banter right now. Well, maybe a little jog would help clear his head. And I’m nothing if not willing to help him sweat it out of his system.

“Oh well, guess you’re not interested in a doctor’s note. I’ll just be going then.” He’s on my heels from the first turn, growling anger at my laughter just like the animal he is. People jump to the side to avoid us, some looking terrified, most looking pretty resigned. From the corner of my eye I see Kadota laughing when he catches sight of us. Laughing just like I am.

Because even though I’m technically still healing and probably shouldn’t be doing this, it feels good. The ache in my muscles feels good. The burn of too fast breaths feels good. The sound of my name coated in fury feels good. And three miles later when I finally lose the adrenaline high that’s been giving me steam, it even feels good to be slammed into the side of a building.

“Whoa, whoa, easy Shizu-chan. If you recall, I did get stabbed recently.” I drawl through my heavy pants for air. He growls, lips already attacking my neck and hands reaching for skin, crawling up my shirt insistently.

“Want to fuck you so much.” He hisses into my ear.

“Right here in the street? What would your neighbors say, Shizu-chan?” I pull out my best scandalized voice, feeding his irritation. But he does glance around and finally seems to notice where I led him in our chase.

With a mad cackle I slip out from Shizuo’s temporarily slack hold and dash away. I don’t get far, but the idea that I was trying to escape is all I really wanted to plant in his mind. It makes his fist in my hair so much tighter and his steps so much more urgent as he all but drags me up the stairs to his apartment and throws me inside. I glance back to watch him turn the lock behind us and then he’s on me again, pushing me down onto his couch with an urgency that still gives me shivers.

For the first time in a while, he has me face down. Not that I’m necessarily complaining, it’s nice to return to old habits sometimes. Shizuo pulls at my jacket, nearly tearing it in his haste. I have to whip my hand out of the sleeves in fear of my beloved signature look being destroyed. When he’s discarded the poor rumbled coat over the back of his couch, he wastes no time moving on.

Shizuo jerks my jeans over my ass without even bothering with the button and zipper. He takes a moment to stare appreciatively before leaning into me, rubbing his still clothed dick between my cheeks. One of his hands goes to my lower back to keep me in place while the other plants a firm grip on my hip.

“Always like this, for so long. You never showed me your face.” He huffs.

“You never wanted to see it.” I retaliate immediately.

“I always want to see your face. Wanna see your eyes get glassy because I’m fucking you so hard you can’t focus on anything but me.” His thumb brushes over my entrance, teasing me with the feeling before pulling away. I clench my fists to keep still and quiet. “I want to see the way your mouth falls open because you’re panting so hard. And when your lips get so red because you’ve been biting them.”
“Shut up Shizu-chan.” I mutter towards the couch. His hand slides up from my lower back, bunching my shirt up as he goes.

“I want to see every inch of your skin bare for me. I want to be the only one who gets to see so much of you.” He shoves my shirt over my head and leaves it tangled up in my arms in favor of twining his fingers through my hair.

“Just shut up and fuck me already.” I add a bit more vehemence to this, but it’s still not enough. All I get is a dark chuckle.

Out of nowhere he tugs on my hair, pulling me up so that my back is flush to his chest. The buttons of his uniform press into my skin almost as hard as his clothed dick presses into my ass. I move my hips ever so slightly to rub against him and the noise he makes is positively feral.

“Want to see your hair damp with sweat.” He purrs, nuzzling the hair behind my ear for a moment. “And your dick leaking for me. Only for me. Mine.” His possessive claim is almost lost as he buries his face in my neck.

I know what he’s going to do before he does it, but I still tense and cry out when his teeth sink into my skin. His other hand wraps around me to plant his palm on my chest, keeping me securely against him when I try to arch away. “Mine.”

“W-Who knew Shizu-chan could get so clingy.” I drawl, dragging my fingers over the back of his hand. It turns towards my touch, brushing my palm before touching the tangled shirt hanging around my wrist. With a snarl that I feel running from his chest into my back, he rips the shirt off my arms and chucks it somewhere out of sight, out of mind.

“Say it, Izaya. Say you’re mine.” He demands, pulling my head back more until it’s resting on his shoulder. My bare neck stretches before him like an offering, and I can tell he’s only barely holding onto his control to resist it.

“And enable your animalistic line of thinking? I don’t think I could live with myself if I did that.” I tease, wiggling again to enjoy the rumble in his chest.

“Then I’ll make you say it.” He threatens. I laugh out loud, genuine amusement mixing with the masochistic need to rile him up. Before I can even calm myself down, Shizuo’s got me thrown over his shoulder and is heading into his room again. I idly kick my feet as we go, laughing again when I nail him in the stomach. “Piece of shit…” Shizuo growls, all but throwing me down to his futon.

“Oops.” I smirk, laying back with my hands passively resting to either side of my face. Shizuo’s grin at the sight of me is part delight, part hunger, and part sadist. The sinful intention that rolls off of him in waves is heady and I want to breath it in until I’m sick from it.

I’m not sure when he kicked off his shoes, but when he plants his foot on my chest it’s covered with only a sock and I’m laughing again at the fact that my brain chose that of all things to point out to me.

“Stay.” Shizuo states in explanation, slowly unbuttoning his vest and shirt with a care he didn’t bother to show any of my clothes.

“If you insist.” I sigh, keeping my eyes on the show he’s making of himself. When he tosses his shirt and vest to the side and I’m treated to the glorious sight of his naked torso, I bite my lip without even realizing it. I become aware of it only because of the way he stops in unbuckling his pants to stare at me.
Shizuo discards his pants much quicker, kneeling over me to coax my lip from between my teeth. Before I can even give him shit for it, he’s crushing his mouth to mine in a hungry kiss. His own teeth take my abused lip between them and a moan bubbles from my chest while my nails dig into his shoulders.

One of his hands cradles the back of my head, pulling me in closer to him like he isn’t already trying to crawl inside of me. Eventually I have to turn my head away from the kiss just to be able to breathe. “Shizu-chan is so eager.” I gasp wetly.

“Yeah, well, this piece of trash flea left me hanging for nearly three weeks, so you’ll forgive me if I’m eager.” He rumbles into my cheek, nipping at my jaw just enough to sting before sitting up again.

“Excuse me, I was stabbed.” I remind him indignantly, and his eyes for the first time seem to scan me for the evidence of that wound. Shizuo slides down to settle between my legs, under the guise of finally working my jeans the rest of the way off. But his eyes never leave the square of gauze miraculously still taped in place.

“Does it hurt?” He asks gruffly, pulling my foot free of my jeans and then reaching for the other.

“No.” It’s a lie, but he doesn’t need to know that. Honestly it only hurts on occasion now. When it’s under strain- which it pretty much has been for the last hour now. But again, he does not need to know that.

Shizuo looks doubtful, reaching forward to lay his hand on my stomach to the side of the gauze. I keep my face carefully neutral as he applies pressure to different areas around my midsection.

“You’re lying.” He states, and I raise an eyebrow.

“Am I? And how would you know that?”

“You’re always lying.” He rumbles, sly smirk curling up the corners of his lips. “But especially about yourself. Especially when you’re in pain.”

“Don’t pretend you know me, Shizu-chan. It’ll ruin the mood.” I gripe, kicking him in the stomach. A satisfying ‘oof’ is forced from his lips, quickly turning to a growl when he recovers. He grabs my ankle and uses it to force my leg to fold and rest nearly on my stomach. The stretch is rough- almost too much- but I keep my smirk in place the whole time.

“I do know you.” His free hand spreads my other leg to the side, completely baring my ass to him. He strokes his thumb over my entrance again, but it’s just as teasing as the first time. I wriggle with an impatient sigh.

“Whatever blows your skirt up, Shizu-chan. Can we get to the point where your dick goes inside me now?” He looks less than impressed, which is pretty new for me. Usually, whether we’re fighting or fucking, I’m able to rile him up without fail. I feel myself frowning.

Shizuo grins, and then laughs a little, only making my scowl fiercer. “I’m sorry, you’re just cute when you pout.” He laughs again, more heavily, and I full out glare. “It almost makes me feel guilty about wanting to shove my dick in you.” He hums thoughtfully.

I open my mouth to snarl some unpleasant response at him, but it dies before it can escape. What comes out instead can only be described as a squeak, though I fervently refuse to admit it is one. Shizuo smirks, pushing his finger further into me, though it doesn’t go easy.
“Damn it Shizu-chan, I fucking know you have lube, you asshole.” I grit out.

“You didn’t complain the first time I fucked you. I don’t think I even opened you up beforehand, but you didn’t so much as whine.” I blink silently at him as he pulls away from me and stands to go the short distance to his closet. “It caught me off guard at the time, considering how you never *stop* whining when you’re not getting fucked into oblivion.”

“You’ve mentioned that once or twice.” I mutter. “Is this your way of telling me to go back to being quiet while you fuck me?”

Shizuo stops in the middle of pulling open a drawer to glare at me over his shoulder. He grabs the lube he was looking for, and stalks back towards me with such a fierce air I almost shrink away from him. When he kneels and leans over me, putting his hands on either side of my face for balance, I feel like I’m being locked into a cell.

“Don’t you fucking dare. I want to hear every single sound.” He growls. I’m surprised, and shamefully aroused, by this side of Shizuo. I end up looking away from him to try and focus on stifling a blush. His iron grip on my jaw turns me right back again. “Don’t fucking look away from me. I told you, I wanna see everything.”

He kisses me again, good and sound, leaving me dazed when he pulls away and spread my legs out as far as they were before. This time his finger slides into me all too easily. I gasp, being wrenched out of my kiss happy haze abruptly.

“I think you’re more affected by my kiss than my dick.” Shizuo chuckles darkly to himself, slipping a second finger inside when I glower at him.

“Well I’ve had your dick so many times, I guess it just doesn’t pack as great a punch anymore.” I try to drawl it out to be as insulting and casual as possible. He doesn’t so much as roll his eyes.

“A kiss means more than a quick fuck. Which is why you made such a big deal about me not kissing you. How’s that resolve going for you, by the way?” I rarely enjoy Shizuo’s moments of clarity. He sees too much and says too little, making each word incredibly powerful and pointed.

“It would be doing better if *someone* actually cared about what the fuck I was saying. Or listened once in a while.” I hiss.

“I listen to less deceitful sources. Like your body.” He takes the liberty of sliding another finger in to punctuate this. I have to take a deep breath to settle the way my body tenses around his digits. Despite that, it doesn’t hurt. It’s just…a lot. Shizuo seems to know that, because he moves slowly and carefully now.

“Who asked you to be gentle, Shizu-chan?” I grouse when my impatience begins to build up.

“You were literally bitching about being stabbed less than five minutes ago.” He states dryly, less than impressed. But he does start to move faster, and soon enough he’s adding in a forth finger.

“You know, just because I *can* take four, doesn’t mean you have to *give* me four every time now.” I huff, all but squirming on his fingers.

“But if I don’t get you used to four, how are you ever going to take five eventually?” Shizuo smiles innocently when I whip my face up to stare at him. Before I can even begin to think of where to start on his statement, he’s pulling his fingers free and lining up his dick with my entrance.

Two and a half weeks alternately felt like a lifetime and the blink of an eye. Now, with Shizuo
sliding into me for the first time in weeks, I realize just how long it’s been since he’s fucked me. We went from fucking two to sometimes three times a week, to not even being in the same city for nearly three weeks. It’s definitely something I’ve missed, but also something I may have to get used to again.

Clearly it’s the same for Shizuo. Once he’s bottomed out, his hips pressed into my ass, he has to stop to breathe. He even closes his eyes like he’s really focusing on it. “Fuck, you’re tight. How are you so fucking tight, I put four fingers in you.” He’s muttering to himself. It’s kinda cute.

“I told you. Shizu-chan is just too big.” I murmur back, smiling cheekily when he peeks one eye open at me. “It’s okay if you cum early. They have medicine for that these days.” I then add, just to watch the way irritation crawls over his face.

“I’m gonna make you eat those words.” He swears.

“But Shizu-chan, you said I wasn’t good at eating things.” I whine, adoring the tinge of red that lights his cheeks. His response is to pull out halfway and slam back into me, starting off moving just as deep as he normally does. After going a while without this, it feels deeper. “Ah- Shizu-”

He settles into a rhythm soon enough. And while it’s still pretty overwhelming, it’s no where close to what he normally does. He seems to be paying more attention to each thrust, rather than just letting his rage boner wreck me.

I think about teasing him for it. I even have another perfectly good taunt about him being an old man lined up. And then he slams into my prostate and my shoulders are arching and my brain completely disregards all torment it had been trying to piece together.

“There.” Shizuo mutters, hitting the same place again with his next thrust as if to double check. I writhe pitifully, trying so hard to act unaffected. It’s a laughable attempt, at best. “Fuck, the way you tense up…” Shizuo purrs, making a point to start thrusting right into my spot each time.

“Ah- ah- Shizu-chahh-” He relishes each aborted noise that escapes my mouth, I can see the way his eyes sparkle as he picks up his pace. And when I feel like my mind is dangerously close to melting, I’m almost too far gone to notice the subtle shift in that sparkle. I try to blink the haze from my eyes to figure out just what could make him look so damn mischievous. But nothing in my brain is working right now. I don’t think I could form a complete sentence to save my life.

And that’s the mindlessness he’s been waiting to see, I think. Right when it’s starting to feel like too much, like I’m getting too close to the edge of the building again, I feel his hand wrap firmly around the base of my dick. And just like that, the edge is ripped away from me.

“Shizu-chan!” I all but shout, irritation clawing it’s way out of the desperation I suddenly feel.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I just thought you wanted me to come first. After all, I doubt I’ll qualify for those special medications unless I’m the one who comes first.” I almost don’t follow along with what he’s saying. I’m almost gone enough not to get the fact that he’s being a total petty bitch and actually trying to make me regret my words.

“Are you fucking serious.” I deadpan, and his smirk is evil incarnate.

“Afraid so. But don’t you worry. I’m sure I’ll come soon. Only another ten, maybe twenty minutes. That’s doable, don’t you think?” He slams particularly hard into my prostate and I have to toss my head back to release some of the energy building up inside of me. After a few deep breaths I return to glaring into his very soul.
“What do you want?” I huff, squirming as he continues his assault on my senses without pause.

“I’m afraid I don’t follow.” He blinks innocently.

“Fuck, what do you want me to say so that I can come?!” I practically cry as I say it. Shizuo looks like he just got the key to the universe handed to him.

“Hmm…let’s see…” He hums thoughtfully, only prolonging my agony at this point. “I know, why don’t you say you’re mine?”

I stare blankly at him. At the back of my aroused and frustrated thoughts is a stirring of memory from less than thirty minutes ago. My pride had burned so brightly then. Or, maybe not my pride, just my impish desire to rile him up. After all, I lost my pride with Shizuo years ago.

“And enable this kind of bad behavior in the future?” I choke out, not even sure why I’m saying it. Evidently I’m a glutton for punishment. But everyone and their mother apparently knows that, according to my mother.

“Suit yourself.” Shizuo shrugs, positively battering into me. My cries and moans get progressively louder and more desperate. Time doesn’t feel real, making me wonder if it’s been minutes or hours of him fucking me and holding off my release every time it starts to creep up again.

And through all of it, he doesn’t finish either. Even though I can see the strain on his face from holding back. And I can see the sweat that runs down his neck. But his determination is just as monstrous as the rest of him. I’m a fool for thinking I could ever be as stubborn as this beast of a man.

“Goddamn it…” I groan when another wave of this horrible cycle leaves me all but weeping. “Fine! You win! I’m yours, Shizu-chan!”

“You’re mine?” He questions, holding tight to his little charade of naivety.

“Yes! I’m yours! All yours! No one else, just Shizu-chan!” The truth of the words burns on my tongue, like the blush that burns in my cheeks. It’s always been true. I’ve just never, ever been willing to say it to him.

“Mine to fuck. Mine to kiss.”

“Yes! Yes! Please Shizu-chan!”

“Mine to ruin as much as I want.” I’ve lost track of his hand that’s not currently torturing me, so it actually makes me jump to suddenly feel it brushing against my face. “Mine to fix afterwards.” He rumbles, much softer now.

“Sh-Shizu-chan…” It’s a plea falling from my lips. A plea in the shape of his name.

“Say it, Izaya-kun.” He demands.

“Y-Yours…for all of it…whatever you want from me, it’s yours…” It always has been. How does he not know that already? My idiot monster.

“Fuck, Izaya…” His grip eases, turning instead to a caress which he brings up and down my dick in time to his thrusts. And since I’m already so keyed up, it doesn’t take long before I’m pretty much whiting out from the force of the orgasm he works me through.
It’s like a hundred knives being pulled from my body. Like a release so great I never want to open my eyes to leave the floating feeling I’m immersed in. When Shizuo comes and fills me with heat, it only adds a warm comfort to the dizzying space I’m drowning in.

“Izaya…” I kind of groan to acknowledge him. A fond chuckle rumbles across my cheek, followed by a short kiss. “Little shit.” Shizuo whispers, continuing to pepper those small kisses across my face. When I finally force my eyes open, he’s smiling warmly at me.

“Don’t smile at me like that. People might think you actually like me.” I grumble, turning to my side. I’m still caged in between his arms while he looms over me. But it doesn’t feel so much like a jail cell right now. It feels more like safety.

“I do like you. Sometimes.” He admits, nuzzling at my ear now that I’ve taken away my face. “God knows why, but I do.” He adds with a chuckle.

“You must be pretty fucked up.” I point out. “I don’t even like me.”

He falls pretty still, breathing in the scent of my hair for a long while before falling in behind me to curl his arms and legs around me.

“Hey come on, that makes it harder to escape.” I whine. He clutches me tighter to him.

“That’s the point. You’re not escaping, you’re staying the night.” He decides firmly. I squirm in his grasp until he sighs and manhandles me to face towards him. “Izaya, just go to sleep. I promise I won’t jump you while you’re unconscious.”

“I wouldn’t put anything past you, Shizu-chan.” I huff. He kind of snorts, obviously too tired to banter anymore. His breathing starts to even out, but I can tell he’s not quite asleep yet, though it’s definitely not far off.

Honestly, I don’t think I’m going to be able to stay awake much longer either. Not with the way he has me wrapped up so warm and close to him. Not with the way his heartbeat thuds so comfortingly in my ear.

Not with the way he seems to actually want me there in his arms.

Before I know it, I’m dozing off. Only mildly fearful of what I’ll wake up to.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this update is later in the day than normal. i work weird hours on sundays...
They should really make alarm clocks with a 'Shinra' setting. Because lemme guarantee you, nothing sleeps through that.

“Well, aren’t you two just adorable.” I’m jolted awake more by Shizuo’s aggressive growl than by the annoying voice that causes it. The absence of Shizuo’s warmth as he sits up further stirs me; prompting me to lift myself onto my elbows and glare over my shoulder at Shinra.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Shizuo demands, draping an arm back over my waist when he realizes he doesn’t have to rush out of bed to punch anyone. Yet.

“I’m here to check on my patient of course. After my very rude awakening from an even ruder secretary, I figured the least I could do was come over and ruin your morning too.” He grins peacefully- a total contradiction to the bitterness of his words. Shinra wanders fully into the room to put his doctor bag on Shizuo’s desk, completely ignoring the death glare he gets from the blond beside me.

“Namie called you?” I ask, my speech as fuzzy as my sleep deprived brain.

“Yup! Seems she couldn’t get a hold of you, so I was her next best option. Had to spend at least ten minutes convincing her not to storm over here herself.” He prattles on, digging in his bag without looking at us. “You’re welcome for that, by the way. You especially Shizuo. She does not like you. Not one bit.”

“God you’re fucking annoying.” Shizuo groans, flopping back to the futon. He keeps his arm wrapped around me, trying to coax me back with him. I pet his forearm absently to appease him as I continue sitting up.

“Aww thanks! Now, kindly spread your legs so I can see the damage.” Shinra orders me, dropping to a kneel next to the futon while snapping on some gloves. I’m already shifting to obey him when Shizuo pops up again with a growl.

“Don’t touch him.” He rumbles, pulling me in so that I’m flush against his chest. I exchange a long suffering look with Shinra, who proceeds to smirk like he’s having the time of his life.

“Doctor, remember.” Shinra sighs, gesturing to his lab coat. Then, with a dangerous twinkle in his eye, he gestures at me. “Recent stab victim and out of control masochist, remember?”

Shizuo’s grip tights on my waist, and I dig my nails into his arm. “He’ll leave faster if you just let him examine me.” I point out. Shizuo doesn’t seem like he’s going to listen at first. But finally he relaxes and lets me scoot to the edge of the futon. When I lay back, my head settles on his thigh and I smile up at him.

The way he pets my hair is a soft comfort compared to the jarring feeling of Shinra poking around
my entrance. Even with the medical jelly stuff he uses, it’s always an unpleasant exam. I try to keep any trace of that discomfort I’m feeling off my face though. If only because Shizuo is staring at me so intently, waiting for a sign that he can punch our friend.

“Well, good news is you didn’t rip this time.” Shinra announces after a minute of feeling around.

“This time?” Shizuo’s head snaps up so fast I wonder if it hurts. He has to look back down pretty fast when he sees Shinra knuckle deep inside of me, an animalistic anger on his face.

“Sure! The first…oh I dunno, five months you two were screwing, he would be bleeding every time he came to see me. It tapered off after that, but occasionally, you know? Since you guys had to take a break I was worried you’d be a little too zealous with it.” I want to tell him to kindly shut up. If I didn’t know it would make things worse, I would.

“Fuck…” Shizuo murmurs, taking his hands out of my hair to avoid the possibility of pulling on it in his anger. “Fuck! Why didn’t you say something?” He demands of me. I don’t look at him. Merely lift a shoulder noncommittally.

“No real rawness either. Looks like you chuckleheads had enough sense to use lube for once. Alright, I’m appeased.” Shinra decides, finally pulling his fingers free and expertly turning his gloves inside out to dispose of. “How are you legs and hips doing?” He asks cheerfully.

“They’re fine.” I tell him immediately. He only raises an eyebrow. “They’ve been worse.” I amend.

“Scale it.” Shinra commands.

“Maybe a six.” I sigh. Shinra makes a noise of consideration.

“Which for your lying ass means a seven.” I frown, but accept the pill bottle he throws at me from his bag. “You know the rules.”

“Yeah, I know.” I mutter, reaching for my discarded jeans at the end of Shizuo’s futon. When I can’t quite reach them without getting up, Shizuo leans forward to hand them to me.

“What are those?” He rumbles softly, still obviously upset, but trying to control himself. I didn’t think he even knew what ‘control’ was.

“Just some pain killers.” I assure him.

“Yeah, the stuff they use for minor post ops. Like wisdom teeth and ingrown nails, etc.” Shinra takes the liberty of explaining, not sensing- or just not caring about- the glare I set on his back.

“Fuck.” Shizuo hisses, rubbing at his face.

“Oh, here’s this for the bite.” Shinra tosses me a tube of creme, which I give to Shizuo with a hopeful glance. He takes it immediately, squeezing some out to dab at the throbbing mark he left on my neck.

“And now the fun part! Let’s see if you screwed up your stab wound!” Shinra returns with a handful of the things from his bag- alcohol swipes and gauze. I even see a small stitching kit, just in case. I sigh, rolling my eyes at the eagerness on his face.

“Can you try not to sound so excited by the prospect?” I suggest.

His response is an immediate and enthusiastic, “Nope!”
As he peels back the gauze that I’m thoroughly amazed made it through the whole evening, I find myself holding my breath- praying for best case scenario. When the square of white comes away without blood, I release the breath in a slow stream of relief.

Shizuo tenses up behind me, reminding me that this is the first he’s seen of my wound. It doesn’t look bad- stab wounds usually don’t. The knife the rat had wasn’t very good, not as good as mine, and that’s probably why it hurt so much. But it wasn’t a bad wound. Shizuo still obviously doesn’t like it.

“Irritation. A little swelling. Honestly I was expecting way worse” Shinra whines the last bit, drawing an evil smile from me.

“Sorry to disappoint you, Shinra.” He mutters bitterly in reply, cleaning my wound with a stinging alcohol swipe.

“It doesn’t look like I expected it to.” Shizuo admits to me.

“That’s because you’re used to seeing wounds made by someone who knows what the fuck they’re doing. Namely, me.” He glowers down at me.

“Leave it to you to make bodily harm an art form.” Shinra sighs, spreading a layer of ointment over the wound before ripping open a new square of gauze to tape down.

“Is it okay?” Shizuo asks, despite his irritation.

“Hmm? Oh, yeah. Izaya has an unfortunately quick healing ability. Nothing like yours, of course, but I’ve learned to never be too worried about him.” Shinra claims with a little pat to my covered wound.

“You’re never worried about me.” I roll my eyes. His own narrow just a tiny fraction- which is more of a reaction than I may have ever gotten from him before.

“I wouldn’t say never. Speaking of which, you should really call Yagiri-san before she turns to your sisters to get information on you. Or maybe she’ll try Shiki-san.” Shinra supposes idly. I’m not proud of how fast I start digging through my jeans pockets for my phone. Only to remember it’s in my jacket, somewhere in the front room.

“Fuck.” I groan. Shinra reaches down to help me up, looking only mildly surprised when I actually accept his offer.

“Well this has been a blast. Call me if you kill each other.” He waves happily, all but skipping out of the room. I follow behind his trail at a more stiff and wandering pace. He’s just closing the door when I turn the corner into the living room. I watch the lock click into place with idle fascination.

“I shoulda never given him a key.” Shizuo grumbles, his hand appearing on my hip as he fits himself in against my back. I lean against him for a few selfish moments before reminding myself what I was doing.

“I’m surprised you did.” I agree, glancing around for my jacket.

“Technically I gave it to Celty, but…” What’s hers is his, and vice versa. They’re so disgusting domestic sometimes. I push away from Shizuo before I can start to feel like a hypocrite for that thought.

“He makes a pretty bad alarm clock.” I drawl, cringing when I bend down to pick up my jacket. My
Three of the calls are from Namie, the forth probably a warning call from Shinra to let us know he was coming. Which would have been nice to have. Both the texts are from Namie as well.

8:07 AM: Namie: Izaya answer your phone or so help me I’m calling Shinra.

9:52 AM: Namie: I’ll give you another half an hour to reply to me before I call your sisters next.

Looks like Shinra hit that nail on the head. I type out a quick apology, blaming the fact that my phone has been on vibrate in another room. Her reply is quick, a less than flattering assessment of my level of intelligence. And then another, demanding to know when I’ll get back.

“She’s more protective of you than I thought she was.” Shizuo murmurs from over my shoulder. I snort a humorless laugh.

“Namie-san is a woman of many mysteries.” He hums in vague assent, propping his chin on my shoulder. His hands find their way to either of my hips again while I think of a reply.

“Don’t go that early.” Shizuo demands when he sees the time I’ve given my employee.

“Noon isn’t exactly early, Shizu-chan.” I point out.

“Stay, Izaya.” He insists, nuzzling just behind my ear. I sigh and delete the draft to suggest Namie just take the day off in general. I add the incentive of receiving double pay to make up for her going all the way to my apartment, which I think goes a long way in her begrudging acceptance in the next text. I turn my ringer back on to full volume and toss my phone onto the heap of fabric it came from.

“Happy?” I demand of the blond who hasn’t stopped peppering kisses to the back of my neck since I started typing.

“Very.” He purrs, leading me back by his grip on my hips. “All mine, all day.” He certainly sounds pleased by the prospect.

“Don’t get used to this. I have a life outside of you.” I grouse.

“No. Just me, remember? All mine.” He nips at my earlobe, but I have to wonder if he’s just trying to be playful or if he’s trying to assert his claim. I turn my head away from his little nips and kisses.

“I need a shower.” I mumble.

“Shinra just changed your bandage. It can wait a few hours.” Shizuo coaxes, still leading me back at a slow pace. “C’mere.” He sits abruptly, evidently having reached the couch, and coaxes me onto his lap to lean back against his chest. “Are you in pain?” He asks, spreading my legs so that my knees hook over his thighs. I don’t love the vulnerable feeling this leaves with me, but I don’t say that.

“No, it’s fine right now.” I assure him. I don’t know if he 100% believes me, but he doesn’t insist on anything.

“Hated seeing his fingers inside you.” He growls, his hands flexing where he’s left them on my thighs. I shiver a little, resting my hands on his, like I could ever keep them there if he wanted to move them. “Wanted to snap them off.”
“I’m sure Shinra really would’ve appreciated that.”

“Who knows, the creepy fuck may have just liked it.” I laugh at the petulance in his voice.

“You talk a big game, Shizu-chan, but you would never hurt him. Like it or not, he’s your friend.” I remind him. He grumbles incoherently in reply. Grumbles turn to a deep humming that I can feel in his chest where it presses into my back. It’s soothing, and I’m almost tempted to try and fall back asleep.

“Izaya…” Shizuo whispers my name like a prayer. For as often as I compare myself to a god, it makes cold discomfort prickle along my spine to hear it. I tense in preparation to stand up, ready to toss him some excuse about using the bathroom. Like he knows it’ll be nearly impossible for him to get me back on his lap once I stand up, Shizuo’s arm wraps around my stomach to stop me.

“Shizu-chan, I have to-”

“No you don’t, stop lying.” He chides. I huff indignantly. His hold on my waist stays firm as his other hand starts to wander. His fingers trail along the top of my thigh, and then the inside of it, slowly creeping higher. They trace the seam of my leg and pelvis, dipping down on an inevitable path that makes goosebumps perk all up my arms.

“Now?” I groan, tipping my head back. His middle finger circles the rim of my entrance, teasing in a way I never imagined Shizuo could be.

“Just a little.” He breathes, pressing in until he’s sunk in to his second knuckle. I shudder against him, nerves still sensitive from the battering they got last night.

“It’s been less than twelve hours, Shizu-chan.” I whine.

“And yet you’re as fucking tight as ever.” He shoots right back, easing in further.

He takes his sweet time, adding in fingers at such a relaxed rate that it feels like forever before his third sinks all the way in with the first two. I’m sweating and gasping for air under the constant rub of his fingers inside of me. And my dick is hard and leaking against my stomach, nearly bumping the arm he still has wrapped around me.

“Are you- ah- actually going to fuck me soon?” I all but demand, nails digging deep into his arm. He hums against my skin, seeming unwilling to pull away from his quest to taste every inch of my neck and shoulders.

“No.” My eyes snap open and I try to look at him over my shoulder. He chooses that moment to adjust, pulling his arm away from my waist to wrap his hand around my dick. I arch against him, a keen high in my throat. “This is just for you.” He rumbles by way of explanation.

“Shizu- ah- Shizuo!” Every bone in my body feels like it turns to jelly when he strokes me off. My lungs burn with the depth of the breaths I’m taking. I choose to believe that’s the only reason my chest is aching.

When I feel like I can feasibly stand on my shaking legs, I tense to move away from him again. But he’s no more willing to let me go now than he was earlier. “Lemme go.” I murmur blearily.

“No. You’re not gonna go hide.” He vows, shushing me when I wriggle harder. “You don’t have to be ashamed of your pleasure.”

“Wha- I’m not!” I immediately deny.
“Ashamed of yourself in general, then. Yeah, you have your less than likable traits, but everyone does.” I so do not want to be having this conversation with him. I twist and squirm and scratch at him, but Shizuo is an immovable force in human form. Always has been.

And what am I? A blood sucking flea. Someone who survives off the misery of others. Someone who accepted that fact a long time ago, and turned it into an art form. A disgusting thing.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Shizu-chan. I love myself! What’s not to love? I’m practically a god compared to a monster like you.” It tumbles out, my ever ready shield of sharp words. “At least I don’t destroy everything I touch. At least I don’t pretend to be a human. At least I haven’t thrown my loved ones into massive debt to recover from my mistakes.”

I’m just trying to hurt him now. Because at least if he hates me, we have something in common. This gray area of him caring for me is nothing I can accept. Nothing I’ll ever be able to accept.

“You can stop. I know what a cornered animal sounds like, after all.” Shizuo doesn’t sound upset—which is infuriating in and of itself. But the patience, sorrow, and pity in his tone is too much for me.

“Fucking let go of me!” I snarl, practically trying to throw myself off his lap. He holds tight, manhandling me until he has my hands trapped to my chest under the tight hold of his arms. I still kick and writhe, irritation mixing with desperation to cover up the fact that it just hurts so fucking much-

“Izaya, I don’t hate you. I know it doesn’t mean much, but I actually really care about you. I hate knowing that you can’t say the same about yourself.” I can feel myself trembling. I hate it. I hate him. I hate myself.

“You don’t know anything Shizu-chan.” I mutter.

“I know enough. I’m not as dumb as you pretend I am. What I lack in book smarts I have in spades when it comes to people. That’s why I would have made a great bartender, if someone hadn’t fucked that up.”

“Blame me for something you would have fucked up yourself given time. I did you a favor, I cut to the chase for you.” He growls, a tiny crack in his armor that I desperately want to dig my fingers into. But then he takes a deep breath and I can practically feel the calm descending back on him.

“You’re trying to get me angry. But even if I was angry, it wouldn’t change how I feel about you beneath that. Once the rage went away, I’d still care about you. And worry about you. And want you all to myself.”

“Don’t.” I hiss.

“Sometimes I even think I love you.”

Heat builds in my eyes. I refuse to let it overflow though. “You’re a goddamn moron, Shizu-chan.”

“You’re right. Only fools would fall for you. But just because I’m not as dumb as you think I am, doesn’t mean I’m smart.” I turn my face away from his when he tries to lean his cheek against mine. “Just talk to me for once, Izaya. It’s the least you owe my.”

“Motherfucker.” I hiss, hating the guilt that somehow manages to break through the overwhelming cloud of too-many emotions surrounding me.

“Talk to me.” Shizuo coaxes. I close my eyes so tight I see dark flecks floating behind my lids.
“C’mon ‘Zaya, please talk to me.”

“About what?!” I finally snap. “About how I’ve hated myself for far longer than you’ve even known me?! Or did you want to talk about how you’re the first thing I’ve really wanted in my entire life-and hearing you insist that you hated me every day only hurt more and more as the years went on?!

Even though you were saying the same things I was already saying to myself, it actually meant something coming from you.”

Shizuo doesn’t say anything now, likely shocked by how quickly that escalated. But now that I’ve started, I know it will be hard to get myself to stop.

“Or we could talk about the fact that I’d do anything- fucking anything- to have you, and I have been! I’ve given myself to you in every way you’ve wanted me, just so that I could have you in return! Like the filthy fucking parasite you always knew I was!”

He’s quiet, so goddamn quiet behind me. A ragged sob leaves my lips and my head flops back against his shoulder.

“Even when it hurt so bad I couldn’t walk straight for a week. Or when I knew you were pretending it wasn’t me under you. I still selfishly hoarded every moment just because I needed it so fucking badly. I knew you hated me, and I still goaded you into fucking me because I couldn’t… I couldn’t…”

“Izaya.” A soft kiss touches my jaw, and I whimper.

“I’m everything you always said I was Shizuo, and I’ve known it for my whole life. I was born with the awareness that I’m literally nothing- just like my mother was. A shitty inheritance for a shitty spawn. I’m pathetic. Disgusting. A blood sucking flea. Just like you said.”

“Stop. I shouldn’t have said those things.”

“But you were right. And even though I knew you were right, I couldn’t not be with you anymore. In whatever form I could get you, I had to have you. I thought if I could help you get some of your anger out it would make what I was doing to you better somehow. Pointless justification.” Another choking cry gets jumbled up in my words. My eyes burn with disgusting tears I’m not going to let escape.

“Izaya it wasn’t just you who wanted it, I wanted you too.” Shizuo insists. I toss my head desperately.

“No. You hated me and I manipulated you. And because you’re so fucking human you assigned feelings to this poisonous thing that we do.” That’s the worst part, knowing that even if he thinks he wants me right now, it’s all just his pitiful human nature acting against him.

“Don’t fucking tell me what I feel, Izaya. You don’t know what I feel, you never have.” He growls, and I shiver. One of his arms stays crossed firmly over my chest, the other bending to grab my face by my jaw. “Fucking look at me.” He whispers.

I crack my stinging eyes open, unable to see much through the haze of salt water. I blink, and burning trails drop down my face, clearing my sight enough to see the agony on his face. It hurts to see him looking like that. More than my own ache could ever hurt me.

“We’ve both been clinging to appearances. For years. You always called me a monster. Your monster. And I thought, if the only way you’d have me was as a beast, then I’d damn well be a beast. I was doing whatever I could for you too, Izaya. Goddamn it, I thought…” He shuts his eyes,
his thumb rubbing softly on my cheek. “I’m never going to fucking hurt you again.”

More shameful tears drip down my face. Shizuo wipes them away as they come.

“From now on, the only thing you’re getting from me is pleasure. I don’t care how much you kick and scream and try to avoid it. You agreed to this. You agreed to let me fix you when I’ve fucked you up.”

“You were holding my orgasm hostage, I had to agree.” I remind him bitterly.

“And I’ll do it again if you try to take back your word. I’ll hold it back all fucking night if I have to. Because then when you do come, it’ll be blinding and you’ll go numb all over. And then I’ll get to take care of you, whether you want me to or not.” He kisses my cheek, licking at the salt that comes away on his lips. “You agreed to being mine. Just like I’m agreeing right now to being yours.”

I snuffle pathetically. “I don’t deserve you.” I state it, not to get his pity, just to say it out loud and let him know he’s being a fucking moron.

“That’s my decision. And it really has nothing to do with being deserving, it has to do with being chosen. I’m choosing you. And all of your fucked up qualities along with you. Sign me up for the whole shitty package.” Shizuo kisses me again, at the corner of my mouth. His tongue darts out to lick at where my lips meet and I gasp. “After all, you wanted me even though you’ve always thought I’m a monster.”

“Shizu-chan is a monster. But so am I.” I sound stuffy, but resigned, and that get him to smile.

“We can be monsters together.” He proposes.

“Don’t get all fucking sappy, I honestly can’t take that right now.” I growl, trying to shake out of his grip. His fingers tighten on my cheeks, making my lips puff out in a very unattractive duck face that Shizuo laughs fondly at.

“I would never dream of getting sappy with you. You might kill me for it.” He acknowledges. I try to mutter at him through the hold on my face, but it comes out as nonsense that gets him to laugh harder. Finally he silences me with a kiss as deep and intense as I’m beginning to think all of his kisses are. I’m okay with that.

“What does Shizu-chan want from me then? If not disgusting domesticity.” I ask once he’s done trying to swallow me whole.

“Well, the sex for one. Definitely going to keep wanting sex.” He states right off the bat, and I relax into him a little.

“Thank god.” I sigh.

“But when it gets rough, I want to know when it’s too much. And I want to be safe about it. I don’t ever want to do anything to you that give Shinra justification to put his fingers in you. Never again.”

“It’s kinda sweet how upset he is about that.

“Damn, guess that rules out threesomes.” I bemoan dramatically. His eyes narrow all the same.

“I’m too selfish for that shit. You’re mine, remember? We’re probably never going to go on dates or see movies together, but you’re fucking mine. Don’t think you can fuck around.”

“I never have before.” I mumble. He pauses to look down at me with surprise. “What, is that
honestly so hard to believe?!” I hiss. Again he says nothing, just stares- still doubtfully- at me. “To be…honest, you were the first guy I’ve had sex with. And I haven’t fucked anyone else since we started.” It sounds sour on my tongue, but I think that’s how we both know it’s true. Honesty will always sound a little rotten coming from me, I think.

“Good.” Shizuo decides after a moment. “That ass is mine. It’s good to know it was mine from the start.”

“You’re ridiculous.” I sigh.

“Ooo, hard hitting insults. I don’t think I’ll survive.” He nips at my earlobe, a whine leaving my throat. “I do care about you, Izaya.”

“I know.” I think about telling him that I don’t want him to care. But it wouldn’t be the whole truth like it was with Kyouko. Because I do want him to care, it’s a deep seated want that I’ve covered with layers and layers of denial and refusal. But it’s there all the same. “I care about you too.”

“I know.” He agrees. Shizuo kisses me again, slower now but still with an intent that leaves me dizzy. “One day I’ll help you care about yourself.” He vows softly against my lips.

“I don’t think that day will ever come.” I admit, the words drenched in bitterness. He hums thoughtfully, pecking his lips against mine briefly.

“I’m sure that’s also what you thought about this. So, I guess we’ll just have to see.”

I’m in no mood to argue with him. After all, he does have his moments of clarity where it feels like he knows too much. And if it’s selfish of me to want this to be one of those moments, then so be it. After all, I’m a selfish person by nature.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter! Did i make you cry? My inner sadist must know.
I’m perched on a railing in the park, casually people watching, when I see Shizuo and Tom-san from afar. He doesn’t see me yet, and I smirk as I hide myself between two trees. It’s always valuable to eavesdrop on him these days. Well, more so than it used to be. Once he and Tom get past me, I start to move casually from hiding spot to hiding spot to listen.

“So you really think he’ll buy it?” Tom-san asks, sounding mildly surprised and mildly doubtful at once.

“Probably. Spends money like fucking water.” Shizuo grunts.

“I guess that’s what people do when they have the money to spend.” Tom sighs wistfully. “But I mean, it’s not like you don’t want it.”

“That’s not the point though.” Shizuo growls, clearly getting frustrated with the conversation. “The point is that I wish he’d stop trying to buy my love, or whatever it is he’s trying to buy.”

“Well it certainly isn’t your dick. That’s pretty much airplane peanuts to him at this point.” Tom hums thoughtfully, getting Shizuo to curse under his breath and glance around for any audience. I duck behind a tree just in time to avoid detection.

“You’re hilarious.” He bites.

“I’m just sayin’, maybe he still thinks he needs to buy you. From what you told me, isn’t he like still hung up on being deserving of you and stuff?” It’s a mixture of irritating and adorable to find out that Shizuo gossips about me constantly with his superior. Right now I’m leaning more towards irritation.

“Well he’s a fucking idiot.” Shizuo mutters. Tom snickers, pushing up his glasses.

“Well he’s a fucking idiot.” Shizuo mutters. Tom snickers, pushing up his glasses.

“Well he’s a fucking idiot.” Shizuo mutters. Tom snickers, pushing up his glasses.

“But I do I just- ugh! Maybe I should talk to Celty about this.”

“But I do I just- ugh! Maybe I should talk to Celty about this.”

“But I do I just- ugh! Maybe I should talk to Celty about this.”

“Might be a good idea. Sounds like more of a chick problem than I have any insight on. You two old hens will surely figure it out though.” He grins at Shizuo’s glower, gesturing towards a path they’re approaching. “Gotta head off here man. Let me know how it all goes, okay?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Shizuo huffs, waving his boss off. I wait until Tom has vanished down the path and Shizuo is halfway through the cigarette he lights up before I slide up next to him.

“Well it looks like your day has been productive.” I drawl, enjoying the way he jumps and glares at
“You have to stop doing that.” He growls. But that doesn’t stop him from grabbing me by the front of my shirt and pressing a heavy kiss to my lips.

We’re not dating, per say. I would never call Shizuo my boyfriend, and I doubt he’d ever call me his. But he doesn’t shy away from kissing me or even trapping me in a hug I literally cannot escape, even when we’re in public. Surprisingly, even though it’s been more than a month, there hasn’t been any big discourse about it online. I’ve been checking.

“Careful, you’re going to make me think you missed me.” I murmur teasingly, earning myself another deep kiss.

“Shut up Izaya.” He rumbles when he pulls back. “Come on, let’s go get food.”

“If you insist.” I sigh dramatically, falling into step beside him. He finishes his cigarette, looking deep in thought as we walk. I’m pretty sure I know what about, thanks to his enlightening conversation with Tom-san. It’s while we’re stopped at a light a few streets from Russia Sushi that I finally bring it up. “Ne, Shizu-chan?”

“Hmm?” He grunts, eyes focusing again.

“You know that old video game you told me about the other day? The one you and Kasuka would play?” I remind him, as innocently as I can pretend to be. His eyes narrow, obviously expecting me to tell him that I bought it.

I had meant it to be a secret. When I looked it up I was surprised to find so many listings. All expensive listings- at least according to Shizuo- but a lot of them all the same. I was just browsing really. He just had to walk up behind me right as I was enlarging one of the listings. And of course he had to see the price tag.

After that it was a downhill argument about how I’m spending too much money on him. Like he’s a whore or something. I still don’t quite get it, but if it’s really bothering him so much…

“What about it?” He challenges when I’m silent for too long.

“I thought…that since you had a few days off next week, we could go to this little convention Mairu and Kururi were talking about it. I thought, maybe it would be there. And at conventions and stuff, you can really haggle stuff down to a good price if you have a good poker face. Thus, your involvement.” He already looks pretty stunned. I hope to add to that. “And then, maybe, if Kasuka is too busy to play a run through with you, I could play it with you.”

I keep my eyes ahead as the light changes, stepping forward only to be pulled back by my hood. Shizuo looks down at me with almost confusion and almost joy on his face. I can see the desire to kiss me until I can’t breathe on his face. I can see the desire to pin me down to his futon and have his beastly way with me in the sudden tightness of his pants. I grin impishly.

“When we get home, I’m fucking ruining you.” He whispers the warning in my ear before letting my hood go and striding out into the crosswalk. I run to catch up to him, smirk practically splitting my face.

“Is that a yes then?” I pester. When we reach the other side of the street I’m shoved into the wall of the nearest building. A few people scatter, clearly expecting a punch to be thrown. Instead Shizuo leans in close enough to nudge his nose against my cheek.
“Yeah, flea. Now stop being so goddamn cute before I take your ass in an alleyway.” He mutters. I laugh, and continue to laugh even as he takes my hand to pull me along towards Russia Sushi.

“Shizu-chan is so easy to rile up.” I purr when I’ve caught my breath. He only grunts in agreement. “I’m glad I haven’t lost my touch though.”

“I can’t imagine the day you won’t be able to rile me up, Izaya.”

“Ahh, don’t say that! It’s practically a jinx at this point!” I panic, and it’s his turn to laugh in his chest.

“Iza-nii! Hey Izaya!” Shizuo’s the one who draws me to a stop. I’d be more than happy to keep walking and completely ignore the two pairs of feet running towards us. Shizuo however has already turned and is offering smiles to the little gremlins. “Hey Shizu-chan! Hey Iza-nii!” Mairu exclaims happily when the two of them have caught up to us.

“Hello.” Kururi bows her head respectfully at Shizuo, who bows his in return.

“Is school already out for the day? I thought it went on a lot longer when I was a kid.” Shizuo mumbles awkwardly, clearly at a loss for what to say to my sisters. I step in before he can hurt himself.

“That’s because you spent so much time after school chasing after me, Shizu-chan. I’m sure it all bled together, trying to kill me at school and trying to kill me outside of school. Good times.” He gives me the most unimpressed look, while the girls giggle.

“Wow, so it’s true! You guys are dating now!” We both whip towards Mairu, Shizuo looking uncomfortable and I can tell that I look irritated.

“I wouldn’t exactly call it dating.” Shizuo insists.

“Well, what are you doing right now?” She demands.

“We’re picking up food so we can have something to eat after we fuck like animals.” I tell them as bluntly as I can. Kururi doesn’t even blink, while Mairu burns a brilliant red. It’s a satisfying sight, after all the crap she’s given me for fucking with Shizuo in the past, when he hasn’t been there to hear it.

I glance at him now, even more satisfied to see the way his mouth hangs open in shock at my coarse interaction with my sisters.

“That sounds like dating.” Kururi states, glancing between my carefully neutral expression and Shizuo’s mortified gape. I shrug.

“Call it whatever you want I guess. Not like we can stop you.” I sigh heavily. “Now, if you’ll excuse us, I’m extremely hungry.”

“For what?” Kururi’s eyes twinkle with mischief while her face and voice remain impeccably bland. Oh, she’s going to be a big nuisance someday, I can already tell.

“Wouldn’t you perverts like to know.” I scoff, towing Shizuo off before they can go on. As we walk away I can already hear Mairu’s squealing and rambling as Kururi leads her away. Shizuo grips my hand so tight I nearly cringe.

“Do you always talk to them like that?” He asks, sounding so aghast it makes honest amusement swell in me.
“Of course.”

“No wonder they’re…like they are.” He mumbles to himself. I jab him in the stomach with my elbow.

“Shizu-chan is so mean, picking on me after I thought up such a romantic getaway for us next week.” I meander away from him, smirking when he tugs me back to his side.

“I guess I’ll have to make it up to you. For hurting your feelings.” He drawls, knowing that will shut me out. ‘Making it up to me’ usually involves some kind of really sappy and cringe inducing behavior from him when we’re behind closed doors. Hand jobs or doting or the dreaded cuddling. It’s insufferable. Being smothered with attention and affection. Disgusting.

“So mean.” I huff, pointing my face away from him. He curls his thumb and pointer finger around my chin to redirect my face back to his.

“Only to you, I-za-ya-kun.” He promises, kissing me soundly. “Now, let’s get food. I don’t want to waste any more time.”

“You never do, Shizuo.” When I peek up at him from the corner of my eye, he’s smiling. A real smile, I can tell by how hard he’s trying to hide it. And his cheeks are pink, which he tries to hide by adjusting his sunglasses. I duck my head to hide my own smile, curling my fingers between his without a word.

This is the man I’ve chosen to love. A huge fucking dork hiding in the skin of a monster. He’s perfect. And I selfishly hope he never realizes it. Maybe when he does, he’ll also realize that I don’t deserve him.

Until that time comes, I’ll hoard everything I can get from him. Because I don’t deserve any of it, but I’m going to take it anyway. Because I’m a selfish person by nature. And as long as Shizuo himself tells me that he’s mine, he’s going to be mine. In every way.

Mine, just like I’m his. Like I’ve always been. Like I always will be.

END

Chapter End Notes

Alas my lovelies, we have come to the end! ...or have we??? Putting aside the fact that I’m already working on two other fics (no release dates estimates yet, sorry), I’ve also decided to probably add some one shots to this later as inspiration comes. So for those of you who want more closure with the other characters (i.e. Shiki, Kyouko, etc) there will probably be more at some vague point in the future. Also smut, because i literally can’t help myself. Shizaya is actual crack.

If you’ve been here from the beginning, thank you! if you’re reading this a few years from now because you’re incredibly bored or stressed from finals (i feel it), also thank you! Basically, thank you. You beautiful people have made my return to fanfiction awesome and my drive to continue writing for this pairing is in high key.

Hope that you guys liked this fic! Be seeing you!
Redroses100!

End Notes

Also I forgot to mention, but I’m on Tumblr as redroses100 if anyone wants to be my friend! I’m pretty funny in my own opinion so there’s that at least... :3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!