Mika’s new roommate Yuuichirou Amane is of the supernatural sort. That doesn’t make him any less of a hopeless dork, though.

(Yuu is an ancient, centuries-old incubus who only applied to university for the consistent stream of people to fuck at college parties. His flirting, however, is in dire need of assistance. Mika plays unwitting wingman, but somehow they end up in each other’s arms anyway.

Otherwise known as an OH MY GOD THEY WERE ROOMMATES au.)
i'm attempting to make a multichaptered work.... mostly just because this escalated and flew out of my hands.

See the end of the work for more notes.
“Mikaaaaa, I’m heading out! Don’t wait up for me, okay?”

Mika lifted his head from his laptop, a disapproving frown already weighing down the corners of his mouth. He sighed upon catching sight of his idiot roommate in the doorway, bouncing awkwardly up and down as he struggled to pull his boots on. He was dressed for a night on the town with dark skinny jeans, a dangerously low-cut black v-neck, and his beat up leather jacket that made the ladies fall all over him. Of course, Yuu was fawned over by more than just the girls—but Mika himself was part of that latter category, so he preferred not to stray there when he could help it.

“Yuu-chan, didn’t you go out last night too? It’s only Wednesday…don’t you have stuff to work on for class?”

“I’ll do it when I get back!” said Yuu brightly. He finally succeeded in wrangling on his shoes and stamped down firmly on the ground to adjust his feet. Whistling a high, merry tune, Yuu pocketed his car keys—Mika swore he caught glimpse of a condom before his hand came back up empty—and flicked open the door in a flourish. “I can finish it in like, five seconds. Don’t worry!”

“But you don’t even get back until three in the morning…” Mika protested. Yuu paused, staring out into the dorm hallway. “Yuu-chan, it’s dangerous to be out alone at night. What if you get hurt?”

They dropped into a brief silence. Mika’s fingers twitched minutely from where they were poised above the keyboard, midway through typing the next word in his research paper. Yuu stepped back from the doorway, tore off a single boot, and hopped over to his bewildered roommate on one leg with startling agility. Mika gave an alarmed shout as Yuu slipped—only to collapse squarely onto his bed, arms flailing. Yuu laughed, making grabby motions with his hands.

“Mika, c’mere!” he giggled. The blond in question recoiled, eyeing him warily. “Mika, Mika, Mikaaaaa~”

“All right, all right!” he huffed, baffled by the abruptly playful, almost cute attitude. He set his laptop aside and leaned down, eyes flying open in surprise when Yuu’s palms clapped gently onto either side of his face. He squished Mika’s cheeks, shortling at the pucker of his lips and his murderous glare.

“Yuu-chan, let go of me right now or I will shove you onto the floor.”
With a disappointed whine, Yuu released him—bopping his nose twice for good measure—and clambered fully onto the bed, careful to keep his only shoe out of contact with the blankets. Mika scowled and snatched his laptop back up, ducking behind it to hide the flustered red rising on his cheeks. What the hell was up with this guy?!

“Mika, you’re too cute.” A hand suddenly landed in his hair, tousling the blonde curls. Mika jolted and accidentally keyboard-smashed in the middle of his thesis. When he glanced up again, features already contorted into the dirtiest look he was capable of, the exasperation melted straight off his face; Yuu was staring at him with a fond twinkle in his eyes. “Nobody has ever tried to look after me like that. You’re a good friend, Mika. Don’t worry, I can handle myself.”

Mika lowered his head, mind blanking as the laptop screen’s glow burned into his retinas. He swore he was blushing all the way down to his shoulders. Mika cleared his throat loudly and violently, startling them both. “N-no, ah, problem, Yuu-chan. And—and besides, if you get hurt, you’ll have an excuse to not do your chores, and I am not cleaning your side of the room for you.”

Yuu beamed and leaped off the bed. He began to hop backwards on one foot to the door, which still hung ajar; Mika had a miniature heart attack at the sight of Yuu just barely missing the miscellaneous objects scattered on the floor on his way. “That’s the Mika I know! Well, I’ll be back by four! Don’t wait up!” Yuu plucked up his boot, winked, and disappeared out the door with a resounding bang. The swift silence crushed his windpipe and seized his lungs. Mika’s heart hammered against his ribs.

Slowly, he closed the laptop and deposited it on the nightstand—there was no way he’d be able to concentrate on the spawning of seasonal atmospheric circulation anomalies for a second longer that night. Mika’s hand drifted, unwittingly, to press into the spot on the bed where Yuu had been sprawled. It was warm. He swallowed.

“Idiot,” Mika murmured thickly, “he didn’t even put his shoe back on.”

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“Mika!” Twin knocks sounded on the bathroom door. Mika hummed in acknowledgement and continued to brush his teeth, glancing at the time on his phone. Just a little past nine in the evening. Yuu’s voice came muffled through the wood. “Mika, have you seen my car keys? I can’t find them. Mika?”

He spat in the sink and rinsed. “Did you look in your coat pockets?”
“I did! I even checked yours!!”

“What would you check my pockets for if they’re your keys?!?” Mika ran his toothbrush under the faucet, cleaned up, and swung the door open. Yuu was caught mid-grumble, staring off into space with a disgruntled pout as he scratched the back of his neck. Mika’s heart sunk; he was dressed to go out yet again, this time in a bold, vibrant band t-shirt that showed off the steep, stupidly attractive cut of his shoulders. His tanned complexion seemed paler than usual, and Mika wondered if he had caught a cold. “Yuu-chan, I don’t go through your stuff. Did you leave them in your backpack?”

It was as if an epiphany had dawned on him. Yuu’s head shot up and he snapped his fingers, rushing back down the hall. “Mika, you’re a genius! I totally dropped them in my bag after class today, thanks!”

Mika trailed after him, sighing in utter resignation to his roommate’s bizarre antics. Yuu dove towards the rumpled mess of a backpack lying carelessly atop his pillow, sifted through its contents, and thrust the keys up into the air with a triumphant little jangle. “Yes!! There you are, baby.”

His heart most certainly did not jump into his throat at the husky croon of the word baby on Yuu’s tongue. Mika scoffed and leaned up against the doorframe, allowing his head to thunk against it as he watched. Yuu seemed off, somehow—his gait a little slower, movements somehow less enthusiastic than usual, despite his typical overdramatic gimmicks. “Hey, Yuu-chan. Are you feeling okay?”

Yuu made a curious sound, peeking at Mika over his shoulder. Those were definitely bags under his eyes. “Huh? I’m fine, why?”

“You look a little tired…”

“Ha ha, very funny, Mika. You can’t keep me from going out,” he teased. Backpack still in hand—holy shit was he swaying his hips—, Yuu crossed their shared dorm to where he stood. The hard edges of his grin softened slightly as he approached, nudging up to Mika’s personal space and brushing the bangs from his eyes. Warm knuckles skimmed his cheek. Mika gulped, shoulders hitching at the unexpected gentleness. “I know you’re concerned, but trust me, okay? I’ve beaten up guys twice my size before! And I know not to drink and drive!”

“Y-you better not drink and drive!” exclaimed Mika in a rush, his ears burning up from their close proximity. In an awkward attempt to diffuse the heated, foreign, and puzzlingly inexplicable
atmosphere that settled over them, he swatted Yuu’s arm. With a gasp of mock offense, Yuu
smacked him in return. And of course, Mika’s dignity could not let that stand—so with a dangerous
smirk, he pounced.

“Wh—?! Mika!!”

They howled in laughter and rolled around together on the floor, batting at each other and wrestling
like children. Yuu’s backpack crashed down beside them, its contents spilling everywhere, papers
flying. Kicks flew. Punches were doled. Their neighbor in the dorm adjacent banged on their shared
wall, prompting Mika to snap back to his sensibilities.

“Yuu-chan, we’re being too loud—Yuu-chan!”

Yuu stuck out his tongue tauntingly and attempted to jab fingers into Mika’s sides in an obvious
tickle maneuver. “Let them hear!”

“Yuu-chan!” He meant to scold, but it came out as more of a giggle as Mika grabbed his wrists,
pinned them to the floor, and swung a leg over Yuu’s body to keep him there. “Don’t be dumb! It’s
rude to bother the neighbors. We’re going to be living next to them for the whole rest of the semester,
moron.”

He was expecting a snarky comeback, maybe another shot at his vulnerable stomach, but Yuu was
frozen, staring up with him with dark, unblinking eyes. Perturbed, Mika released one of his wrists to
wave a hand in front of his face. “Yuu-chan? You in there, Yuu-chan?”

Yuu leaned up, and Mika’s brows pinched together, because he could have sworn that the angle of
Yuu’s head and the parting of his lips appeared just as if he were about to—Yuu jerked and shrieked
and suddenly Mika’s world was upside down. “Shit oh my god oh my god Mika I’m so sorry are
you okay?!”

Oh. He’d been thrown off. Mika moaned lowly and massaged his throbbing skull where it had
smacked against the floor. Yuu had practically tossed him off in a split second, with a speed that was
near supernatural, leaving Mika no time to react. “Jesus, Yuu-chan. What was that for?!”

“Mika, I am so sorry, I didn’t mean to,” Yuu apologized profusely, kneeling down beside him and
gingerly examining his head. The genuine guilt and remorse on his face stole Mika’s breath away.
“Does it hurt? I can get you ice. I’m really sorry, I don’t know what came over me.”
He shook his head in refusal, instantly regretting it when his vision teetered back and forth. “No, Yuu-chan, it’s okay. I just need to lie down.”

Yuu nodded firmly, his blush bright. “Right! No problem! I’ll take you to bed!” Mika could hardly swallow back his screech when Yuu swept him up in his arms without a moment of hesitation, cradling him to his chest. Mika’s own chest felt like it might burst open as Yuu easily stood, walked over to Mika’s bed, and placed him cleanly in the center, muscles shifting. He mouthed a silent *oh lord* as any and all chances of denying his crush on this boy went swirling down the drain. “Need anything else? Water? Snack?”

“I need for you to not go to a party tonight,” muttered Mika blearily, pressing his aching temple into the pillow. He peered up at Yuu, whose eyes flickered back between him and the door, and back again. “Yuu-chan…you’re acting strange, c’mon…just one night in wouldn’t hurt, right?”


“What?”

“Nothing, Mika!” he corrected hastily, backing away from the bed. Mika propped himself up on his elbows, jaw hanging in disbelief and hollow disappointment as Yuu bustled around their room, grabbing his keys, jacket, and shoes. “Look—I’m really sorry I accidentally hurt you, I didn’t mean to, honest—but I have, uh…plans. P-plans! I was gonna meet up with someone tonight. I’m sorry, I need to go, bye, sleep soon!”

And with a brisk wave, Yuu was gone, locking the door behind him. Mika didn’t move, even after Yuu’s clomping footsteps had faded out from the hallway, draping him in a blanketed silence that made his skin crawl. A lump of something fierce and unrelenting clogged his throat. Mika had to laugh at himself. “Wow…when did I get so pathetic…”

He had no desire to sleep so early, especially when he knew Yuu’s retreating back would more than likely make an appearance in his nightmares. Mika shifted his legs over the side of the mattress and heaved a weighted sigh, glancing at the chaotic mess Yuu left in his wake. He hadn’t even bothered to tidy up his backpack.

“So much for not cleaning up after him,” Mika whispered as he dropped to his knees. He swept Yuu’s pencils, erasers, earphones, and other miscellaneous supplies into the smallest pocket of the bag. While stacking up his journals—all barely used, for heaven’s sake—he caught glimpse of red. Mika reached out and picked up the papers strewn on the ground, dread coiling low in his gut as he drank in all the scarlet crosses and corrections. They were Yuu’s recent exams.
“Dammit, Yuu-chan…”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Mika confronts Yuu about his tests, but he never expected it to end quite like it does.

Chapter Notes

*to clarify, mika (at this moment in time) has no clue yuu is an incubus. mika just assumes that yuu is one of those wild partying guys that everyone always warned him about >.<

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mika! I’m leaving! I’ll probably be out super late today, so I’ll grab us breakfast on the way back home. What do you want? Can I get us hash browns?”

Mika glowered at him, stomped over, and shooed Yuu’s hand off of the door knob, wedging his own body between Yuu and the exit. The poor boy seemed absolutely mystified, raising a delicate brow at Mika as if he had sprouted an extra limb. “Uh. Is that a no to the hash browns?”

“Yuu-chan, I’m putting my foot down, You’re not going out tonight.”

There was a pause as the demand sunk in. Yuu laughed it off, but the nervous twinge in his voice was evident to all who cared to seek it out. “Mika, we’ve been over this! I’ll be fine, you don’t need to worry.”

“That’s not it, Yuu-chan,” said Mika sternly. With an elegant twist of the wrist, he brandished the items he’d been concealing behind his back: Yuu’s failed exams. A grand total of four flunking grades, all below forty percent. “You promised me you would keep your grades up. They’ll kick you out of university at this rate!”

Yuu gaped. A hand shot out to pull the papers from his grasp—but luckily, Mika had anticipated the attack. He crumpled the sheets to his chest and curled over them protectively, not relinquishing his position blocking the door. With a betrayed, kicked-puppy whimper, Yuu began to sputter through his defenses.
“Mika, I’m—look, I’m bad at math, okay? And science. And history. And Japanese. But the parties have nothing to do with it!! See, see, that one test was a pop quiz and I always do terribly on those! Why do you even have my tests, anyway?! You said you don’t go through my belongings!”

“I wouldn’t need to look through your things if you didn’t leave them lying carelessly on the ground for me to step on and hurt myself,” said Mika icily. Yuu flinched, hanging his head in defeat. Mika’s frown faded slightly—at this short of a distance, the signs of Yuu’s weariness were clear as glass. He was practically fatigue personified, head drooping, shoulders sagged, limbs hardly able to support his weight. “Yuu-chan, I just don’t want you to keep hurting yourself like this. You’re obviously not well, and you’re failing your classes—why do you insist on staying out so late every day? Is something wrong? You can talk to me, you know.”

Yuu sheepishly scratched the skin of his pale, pale cheek. He chuckled, and god, even his laughter sounded tired. “Mika, can we talk about this tomorrow? I promise I’ll listen to what you have to say, I just—I really need to leave, okay? There’s nothing bad happening, I swear.”

He peered intently into Yuu’s eyes, trying to decipher what he was dodging so desperately with his words. “Then why? Yuu, there isn’t anything at a party that’s worth fucking up your health this way.”

Yuu released a strangled sound. “Mika, you don’t understand…”

“Then make me understand!” He shuffled closer, detaching his back from the door and invading the blurry edges of Yuu’s personal space. Yuu’s breath hitched, and he nearly stumbled on his own feet trying to move backwards; Mika paused. “…Yuu-chan?”

He stifled a pained moan in his hand, drawing in on himself. Yuu’s muscles twitched and jumped beneath his skin, sweat beading on the lip of his brow. His dark hair stood in stark contrast with the sudden whiteness of his face. It was as if Yuu had been overtaken by an unannounced bout of disease. “M-Mika, don’t—don’t come any closer.”

Daunted by the abrupt flip in mood, Mika dropped the tests to the ground and slowly stretched out his arm, afraid that Yuu would lose consciousness and collapse. One hand wavered over the cell phone in his back pocket, prepared to dial for an ambulance. “Yuu-chan, what’s going on? Are you sick? Do you want me to call for help?”

“No! Just—just don’t come closer!!” Yuu’s jaw creaked as he ground his teeth together, cradling his head in his hands. His veins bulged a frightening blue. “Mika, don’t—”
His eyes rolled back. Yuu’s legs gave out. Rational thought fled Mika’s mind as he lunged forward, snagging Yuu to his chest just before his head could collide with the ground. He was cold, clammy, and spasming, eyes screwéd tightly shut. Mika lowered them to the floor as carefully as his shot nerves could allow. “Yuu-chan? Yuu-chan?!”

Blaring red sirens of panic rattled and screamed in his brain. Fingers shaking madly, Mika reached into his pocket and withdrew his phone, tapping the emergency call button that blinked to life on the screen. Turning back to Yuu, Mika was bathed in a two luminous, eerie green orbs of light.

The oxygen was wrenched from Mika’s lungs as hands planted themselves on his shoulders and slammed him down. Yuu scrabbled on top of his prone body, lips pulled taut against gritted teeth, his incisors elongated and unnervingly sharp, grating up against the bottom row. His eyes glowed wildly, and glittering ebony horns arched sharply up from his skull, outcropping just above his ears. Mika gasped.

“Mika,” purred Yuu, husky and honey-slick, in sharp juxtaposition with the animalistic need touching the corners of his features. He lined up their hips and bucked down, and oh god, he was hard in his pants. Unwittingly, Mika shivered and chased those hips when they canted back up. “Mika, I want you so bad, hah, Mika…”

He sputtered, mind reeling. “Y-Yuu-chan, what?! You fainted just a second ago, w-what are you doing?!” Flummoxed beyond belief, Mika attempted to scoot out from beneath Yuu’s hot, pulsing form. Hands closed down on his hips and he was yanked back down as a guttural growl erupted from Yuu’s throat. Mika’s heart fluttered; his cheeks exploded in a blush. “Yuu-chan!”

“Say my name again,” he moaned, seemingly deaf to his partner’s confusion. Yuu leaned down and latched onto the column of Mika’s neck, laving the skin with wet strokes of the tongue and rolling his nipples through his shirt simultaneously. A shudder wracked Mika’s frame as he breathed hard, biting back his sounds. His head spun. “Say my name, Mika. Say it.”

“Y—” Mika whimpered as Yuu clamped down on his throat, sending a baffling medley of pain and pleasure singing through his veins. He keened—“Yuu—Yuu-chan—!!”

Hot fingers paused where they’d nudged under the waistband of his jeans. Mika struggled for air, panting heavily as he locked eyes with Yuu. The fluorescent glimmer was gone, leaving only sheer horror behind. Yuu hurled himself off of Mika, blundering on the way up and banging up against the desk opposite. The drawers rattled noisily. Trinkets and school supplies toppled off its surface. Mika supported himself on shaky elbows while Yuu watched, paralyzed against the table and looking for all intents and purposes like a deer in the headlights. Mika’s back bowed as he caught his breath.
“Yuu-chan…”

“D-don’t.” Yuu’s bare feet dug into the floor and drove him backwards—but there was nowhere else to go. His eyes were blown with fear; whether it was of Mika or of himself, he couldn’t say. “Don’t. Just. Stay there. Don’t come near me. I’ll—I’ll hurt you.”

Trepidation burrowed into his bones and chilled his blood. Mika folded his legs under him and pressed his hands into the floor, palms down, within Yuu’s direct line of sight. It felt like he was dealing with a spooked animal, he thought faintly. “Okay, Yuu-chan. I’m not going anywhere. Talk to me, please. What happened just now? Why would you ever hurt me?”

Yuu swallowed hard; Mika watched his throat move. “Mika, I can’t—just forget it. I didn’t mean to do that. A-accident. I’m sorry.”

Mika shot him a deadpan look and gracefully pulled down his own shirt collar with the crook of a finger. He gestured with his other hand at the purple, blatant hickey that he knew Yuu had sucked into his neck. It was still wet; the air brushed cold against his saliva-coated skin. “Yeah, Yuu-chan. This definitely looks like something you did on complete accident.”

Yuu’s face fell. He groaned and ducked his head, shaking it back and forth. Mika was mesmerized by the way his clearly demonic horns shone and caught the light, refracting it like glass. He was certain that his fangs had yet to recede either. Was Yuu even aware of his new features? “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize, I liked it,” admitted Mika. Yuu gawked as Mika dropped the shirt collar, scratching sheepishly at the nape of his neck. “I just—I just wished that I knew why you did it. I mean. You scared me earlier when you passed out. And I’ve been worried about you for a while… I’m begging you, stay in tonight and let’s talk it out? I want to help, Yuu-chan.”

Yuu dragged a hand down his face and exhaled slowly. “God, I wish it were that simple.”

He made a questioning sound in response. Mika dared to shift a bit closer, leaning in to touch Yuu’s knee. When he looked up, Mika smiled encouragingly. “That’s all right, Yuu-chan. But, uh. Can we start with the…” He gestured vaguely at his own mouth and head. Brow furrowing with bemusement, Yuu hesitantly mimicked the action, feeling around on his own skull. His fingers skimmed up against one of the horns. Yuu froze.
“Yuu-chan?”

“Fuck.”

“Yuu-chan.”

“Fuck.”

Yuu leaped to his feet and hurtled down the hall to the bathroom—probably to confirm the exact state of his horns and teeth. Mika settled back on his haunches and gazed up at the ceiling, attempting to recollect himself. Everything happened far too fast. One second he was catching Yuu as he lost consciousness, the next he was on the ground with his crush grinding up against him, and the next he was trying to soothe Yuu from his panic. It was outright bizarre. Mika closed his eyes and stood as Yuu emerged from the bathroom, raking a hand through his hair in obvious dismay.

“Well. Shit. What are my chances of convincing you that these are fake and that I’m an avid participant in theater?”

“Dropped into the negatives a long time ago, Yuu-chan,” he said matter-of-factly. Mika perched himself on the edge of his bed, patting the mattress beside him tersely. “Come here, we’re talking about this. And you are not getting out of it this time.”

Yuu groaned in complaint, but shuffled over and sat down beside him regardless. Mika observed him closely; his complexion had regained a healthier flush, and he seemed more awake than before. It was an unorthodox and radical change from the Yuu that could hardly keep his own head from lolling onto his shoulder mere minutes ago. “Okay, okay. I’m going to get in so much trouble for this—but. I-I owe you an explanation.” Yuu averted his eyes, “and I’m still sorry.”

Mika’s glare softened. He delicately raised his arm, grazing the hickey on his neck with skittering fingertips. He blushed again. “No lasting damage done, Yuu-chan. Just start from the beginning.”

Yuu released a shuddering breath and looked down at his hands. He laughed mirthlessly. “The beginning? Well, I don’t know about that, but…” The horns shrunk back into his skull. Mika contemplated him with rapt attention as Yuu opened his mouth just in time for him to see the fangs dwindling back down to a passably human shape and size. “I’m…”
He stopped short. Mika put a hand in his, and Yuu squeezed. He flashed a watery smile. “So. I’m an incubus.”

Chapter End Notes

if you're curious, the title of the fic is from the song of the same name by chase atlantic. hope you enjoyed the chapter.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Yuu gives Mika the rundown of his history and some general context about incubi, but it takes a lurching turn for angst near the end.

Chapter Notes

seance posting chapter 2: literally 24 hours after the first chapter
seance posting chapter 3: waits for two weeks

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuichirou Amane was created nearly four centuries ago—not that he remembered, oddly enough, but luckily Mika was a decent enough world history student to decipher Yuu’s disjointed recollections. His lackadaisical descriptions of layered rooftops and bustling streets, although inadvertently charming, told Mika virtually nothing about Yuu’s origins.

“I’m about ninety-nine percent sure that I was born during the Edo Period, over seven hundred years ago!”

“Yuu-chan, the Edo Period of Japan lasted for an entire two and a half centuries, this tells me almost nothing. And it began in 1603. That’s only four hundred years ago!”

“What?! No fucking way, I’m definitely older than that. You’re being ridiculous, Mika.”

“I’m being ridiculous?! This is what Google says!”

“Google is a liar.”

“Yuu-chan please.”

Four centuries ago, Yuuichirou Amane awoke for the first time on the bustling streets of Dejima, an
artificial island off the coast of Nagasaki. It was a trading post enjoyed only by the Dutch, who, through shogunate Tokugawa’s Sakoku Edict of 1635, became the only Europeans permitted to maintain commercial relations with Japan. Dejima’s birth marked the cusp of the flourishing Edo Period, during which Japan turned inward and closed its doors to the outside world.

“Well, that sounds awfully depressing.”

“It’s just history, Yuu-chan. And besides, you literally lived through it? Did it feel depressing back then to you? What about all the economic prosperity and the innovative arts and culture?!”

“Geez, Mika, I was just saying!! I’ve lived for seven centuries, you can’t expect me to remember everything!”

“Four. Four centuries.”

“Four, seven, same difference. Time passes differently when you get to be my age.”

“…You are literally unbelievable.”

According to Yuu, nobody knew exactly how incubi were made, or what triggered their existence. He’d encountered others in the past that shared his story, of waking up bare, alone, confused, and gut-wrenchingly hungry in some dark alleyway, the bank of a river, huddled under a bridge, in some foreign land. No one knew precisely why or how the incubus came about, but the some of the theories were certainly lewd, at best.

“This girl I met once, she said that an incubus is born when someone masturbates for the first time —”

“Yuu-chan, just. Stop. Stop talking.”

Incubi were gifted with the innate ability to seduce and beguile. This made a great deal of sense, given that their only sustenance was derived from the pleasure of humans—pleasure that the incubi themselves caused. It was typically a quick in-and-out scenario; an incubus would flirt with their target, quite literally charm their pants off, engage in a brief sexual foray, and come out of it satisfied while the human returned to their senses. The problem laid in the nature of the incubus’ power.
“It always felt kinda…wrong to me,” Yuu confessed, gazing off into an empty patch of wall, as if recalling a distant memory. “We call it, uh, glamour—glamouring. It’s really strange when you glamour someone…they kind of just—well. They start giggling and nodding along to whatever you say, even if the joke wasn’t even funny. And they suddenly want to touch you a whole lot more, or they want you to be the one touching them. I-I mean, that’s how it’s supposed to work. That’s the whole point. But it…it always sort of felt like…”

“Like…?” Mika prompted gently. Yuu clenched and unclenched his fists by his sides, and he continued to stare at the opposite wall. There was a dash of something melancholic in the slope of his brow.

“It felt like…it began to feel like rape.”

Mika paused, rolling the words about in his mind as he searched for the right thing to say. Yuu must have mistaken his pensive silence as disapproval, because he started rambling nervously, angling himself away from Mika.

“B-but, it was—it was what everyone was doing! Everyone still does it because, well, it’s obvious why we have that power. It’s not hard to put two and two together because the reality is that we need sex to survive. That’s the way it is. And i-it’s not an excuse for what I did, because I honestly should have known better, and I don’t want to do that anymore—”

“Yuu-chan, I’m not angry with you,” Mika interjected placatingly. He reached over to rub soothing circles between Yuu’s shoulder blades. When Yuu finally turned back around, his eyes were gleaming with puddles of unshed tears. “What you did was wrong, but you’re trying to become someone better now, right? That’s why you’re always out so late?”

Yuu scrubbed aggressively at his face, smearing away the evidence of his distress. The blotchy redness of his cheeks tugged on something deep in Mika’s heart, something he never noticed he had in the first place. He felt the intense and inexplicable urge to smother Yuu in a protective hug. “W-well, that’s just it. I’ve been trying to flirt the old-fashioned way, but…but Mika, I’m so bad at it. I thought going to college would help me find more people, but I didn’t think that it’d be this hard.”

Mika scooted backwards on the bed until his spine met the pillow. He opened his arms wide in offering. Yuu crawled into his embrace, bonelessly slumping his whole weight onto Mika without an ounce of reluctance. His eyelids drooped, body warm and solid against him. Mika hummed and carded fingers through his hair. “Yuu-chan, I’m not angry with you,” Mika interjected placatingly. He reached over to rub soothing circles between Yuu’s shoulder blades. When Yuu finally turned back around, his eyes were gleaming with puddles of unshed tears. “What you did was wrong, but you’re trying to become someone better now, right? That’s why you’re always out so late?”

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Yuu scrubbed aggressively at his face, smearing away the evidence of his distress. The blotchy redness of his cheeks tugged on something deep in Mika’s heart, something he never noticed he had in the first place. He felt the intense and inexplicable urge to smother Yuu in a protective hug. “W-well, that’s just it. I’ve been trying to flirt the old-fashioned way, but…but Mika, I’m so bad at it. I thought going to college would help me find more people, but I didn’t think that it’d be this hard.”

Mika scooted backwards on the bed until his spine met the pillow. He opened his arms wide in offering. Yuu crawled into his embrace, bonelessly slumping his whole weight onto Mika without an ounce of reluctance. His eyelids drooped, body warm and solid against him. Mika hummed and carded fingers through his hair. “Yuu-chan, you may be a moron sometimes, but you’re….” Good lord was he genuinely saying this out loud, someone shoot him, “you’re r-really attractive and a fairly decent conversationalist. I don’t see why anyone wouldn’t be willing to have a one night stand
“Thanks, Mika,” he sighed, snuggling closer into his chest. Mika’s heart fluttered; he sorely hoped that Yuu was too groggy to take note of it attempting to careen right out of his ribcage. “But I think you’re alone on this one. I haven’t slept with a single human in three weeks—that’s like, two weeks more than what’s healthy. Feeling your—feeling your p-pleasure tided me over for a bit, but I’ll probably go back to starving before morning…and since I can’t glamour anymore…”

He blinked, fingers stuttering to a stop on Yuu’s head. “You can’t glamour anymore?”

“N-not that I’d want to!” Yuu sputtered hastily, lifting his head back up and nearly slamming into Mika’s chin in the process. “I wouldn’t use it ever again, I swear!! Even if that accident had never happened!”

“What accident?”

A dark veneer shadowed Yuu’s face as he angled himself away. A sharp chill knifed through Mika’s gut. The comforting arms that Yuu had twined around his waist stiffened up, drawing away. “You’ll hate me if I tell you.”

Firm but earnest, Mika took him by the chin and turned Yuu back towards him. “We’ve been over this, Yuu-chan. I’m not mad. I just want to help you.” Yuu glanced up, hope glimmering like miniature shooting stars in the green of his eye, and Mika’s heart thundered at the mere sight. “Tell me if you’re comfortable, but know that I’ve seen the person you are at heart. I’m not about to leap to wild conclusions.”

He heaved a mighty sigh; Mika could practically see the ironclad walls that barricaded Yuu’s mind withering and crumbling to dust under his touch. Yuu nuzzled into the proffered hand, the knot of his brow pensive. “Well…for starters, I guess, it wasn’t me who was affected most by the accident. I…I ruined everything for someone else. A girl.”

Mika’s throat seized up. “What was her name?”

Yuu’s stare bore into his, an intoxicating and unrelenting viridian. “Akane Hyakuya.”

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“Stupid bastard, slapping me…how was I supposed to know he had a boyfriend when he was all over me like that, for fuck’s sake…”

Yuu groused and grumbled darkly under his breath as he made his way home, kicking along an empty beer can he found tucked along the seam of the sidewalk and the curb. Stubborn, stubborn hunger clung to his skin like a foul stench, seeping into his muscles and hunching his spine. The moon gleamed mockingly down at him, signalling yet another night of failed attempts and no stranger to warm his bed. This would mark a week since Yuu’s last meal; the incubus within him was beginning to bristle and clamor to be fed.

“Maybe going cold turkey on the glamouring was a bad idea…” Yuu deflated with a graceless sigh. Tiring of his own game, he slammed his heel down on the can and watched with eyes half-lidded as the aluminum crumpled. “Shit…”

He’d never experienced such hunger before. Yuu was generous with his helpings of sex, typically never going more than a few days without sauntering into some corner bar and putting a random victim under his spell for the night. He was hardly used to the way starvation jammed his throat, gripped his bones, and threw a listless haze over his body and mind.

“Get a grip,” he told himself sternly as he rounded the corner. “Get a fucking—”

“Dammit!”

Yuu’s head snapped up. Just a few paces down the path, there kneeled a young woman with bulging plastic grocery bags on either arm. One had burst open on the bottom; apples, oranges, and all manners of other produce rolled around the concrete and into the street. “The one time I decide to buy fresh fruit and this happens-!”

“Do you need help?” Yuu called. Jogging over to her, he scooped up a peach before it could drop into the gutter. The woman stared up at him wide-eyed, chestnut braid whipping to the side as she recognized his presence. “Here. S-sorry, I think it got bruised up a bit.”

“Oh. T-thank you so much.” Blinking away her surprise, she cleared her throat and plucked the peach from his hand, sliding it into one of the other bags. Together, Yuu and the woman collected the adrift fruits and redistributed them among her other groceries. It was quick, silent work; not even a minute later, Yuu was grunting as he hauled himself back onto his tired feet. His throat itched. The woman followed swiftly after and beamed at Yuu. “Thanks again for the help. I’m sorry to have delayed you at so late an hour.”
“It’s no problem.” Too late, Yuu realized what the scratchiness of his throat signified—but by then, his glamour had been activated, and the woman’s jaw was slackening as the tension bled out of her stance. He’d accidentally slipped magic into his voice without even noticing. “Oh fuck.”

He should have walked away. The right thing to do was to walk away, but as Yuu stood on that dark street, the time inching towards two in the morning with no next possible meal in sight, he faltered. Hunger prodded insistent at the corners of his vision. The next thing that happened was a dire, dire mistake: Yuu took her by the arm and led the woman into a nearby alleyway. By the time they stumbled into the shadow of the adjacent building, their lips were smashed together in a desperate, passionless kiss.

Some minutes passed, hours perhaps, Yuu couldn’t be sure—he came to his senses at the flashes of red and blue flickering in the night and the wail of sirens closing in. He gasped and jerked away from the woman, yanking his fingers out from beneath the collar of her shirt. God, what was he even doing?! Choking back a mangled sob, Yuu clapped his hands of his mouth and backpedalled deeper into the alleyway. With a low whimper of pain, the woman started to return ever-slowly to awareness; she groggily lifted her head and propped herself up on a trembling elbow. She peered out the mouth of the alleyway, eyes glassy and disoriented.

They saw it at the same time: the inky curl of smoke weaving its way through the sky, the bright wash of red and orange blurring together in a colossal inferno. Simmering heat blasted through the air.

“Is that…” Yuu pressed his back flush against the brick wall of the alley, not daring to move or speak as the woman shot up like a rocket, bolting out into the street. She kicked the groceries carelessly aside as she went, sending fruits and vegetables scattering back across the ground. “No… no no no no no no NO—!!”

And when Yuu limped out into the open, shaking like a leaf in a hurricane, it was to the sight of the woman he’d almost raped hurtling herself into a building on fire.

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“She ran into the burning orphanage without even a second thought. Apparently one of the kids mistakenly left the stove on after cooking dinner, and the fire caught from there. Everyone got out alive except the elderly orphanage director, whose health was already in bad shape…the children are mostly fine, but Akane—"
Yuu moaned and sunk his face into his hands, quaking. Mika laid a hand on his knee; he heart ached as Yuu sucked in a rattling breath and continued the story. “Akane has been in the hospital for a month because of internal damage from excessive smoke inhalation. Without a director, she was the orphanage’s only hope for staying open…now she might die and five kids might be out on the streets all because I couldn’t learn an inkling of fucking self-control. If I just hadn’t glamour’d her when I did, she could’ve gotten home and discovered the stove before the fire got out of control. Everything could have been absolutely fine but I went in and fucked it all up-!!”

“Yuu-chan, look at me.” Mika gently pried his hands away and replaced them with his own, rubbing away the patchy redness of Yuu’s cheeks. “Don’t torture yourself with the what-ifs. It’s obvious that you made a mistake here, and that the consequences were more awful than you ever could have known at that point in time. But the fire was out of your control. The only thing you can do now is to try and make things better.”

Yuu sobbed, his tears carving hot trails down his face and pooling into Mika’s fingers. He suddenly lunged forward and buried his face in Mika’s chest, clutching him like a lifeline. “It hurts, Mika. It hurts so much and I can’t make it stop.”

He carded fingers through Yuu’s hair, combing it and working through the knots. He hunched over Yuu’s weeping form, as if to form a shield that would protect him from the world. “I know, I know. But I’m here, and I’ll help you.”

They stayed there for a while, and Mika’s hands didn’t still until Yuu’s cries tapered and his trembling ceased. Mika uncurled and allowed for Yuu to raise his head; he stared steadily into red-rimmed, watery green eyes, until they finally glanced back up to meet him. The corners of Yuu’s mouth tugged upward into something that held the bearings of a smile. “Thanks.”

It was a heavy thanks, to be sure. “You’re welcome, Yuu-chan.”

Yuu sniffed and thumbed the last of the tears out of his eyes. “Sorry I got your shirt wet.”

Mika stared down at the darkened, damp fabric stretched over his own torso—this was his favorite shirt—but then he looked back up at Yuu, blue eyes glimmering tenderly. He smiled. “Yeah, no problem, Yuu-chan. It’s your turn to do the laundry, anyhow.”

Chapter End Notes

and then yuu-chan bought mika a new shirt to make up for the one he cried on, and that
shirt became mika's favorite because yuu-chan was the one to give it to him.

(you all thought this would be a light-hearted fic? ha. take another gander.)
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Mika attends a party and witnesses the socially inept catastrophe that is Yuuichirou Amane.

Also, Mitsunoa makes an entrance.

Chapter Notes

this is a fun chapter guys. mika is super relatable with his crush.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuu-chan, hurry up and get ready, we’re leaving!”

Yuu’s jaw fell open in a massive yawn; scratching blearily at the nape of his neck, he emerged from beneath the covers where he’d laid down for his afternoon nap. Mika snorted upon catching glimpse of the disheveled, mussed disaster zone his hair had become. He moved over to the dresser, set on retrieving a brush. “Wh…Mika, what’re you in your shoes for…”

“We’re going out,” he replied crisply, acting just as if his heartbeat hadn’t quickened at the thought of them “going out” in a different, more romantic context. Sifting through one of the drawers, Mika made a little noise of triumph as he snagged Yuu’s hairbrush. He promptly tossed it at Yuu, laughing when he yelped and floundered to catch it. “I said I was gonna help you, and I have no intention of going back on my word. On your feet, Yuu-chan! Get ready and let’s go!”

Yuu sputtered, whatever progress he’d been making with his bedhead abruptly halting at Mika’s declaration. The brush dangled from his limp fingers; he went bug-eyed. “H-huh?! You’re coming to a party with m-me? That’s not your kind of scene at all…”

Suddenly bashful, Mika laughed a little and ducked his head. “I mean…you said you have trouble flirting, so I thought I’d…go and give you advice! While you’re actually doing it! …Is that dumb?”

“N-no, it’s not dumb at all!” exclaimed Yuu hastily. He gripped the handle of the brush with a renewed vigor, raking it through his hair with an almost violent force. He practically sparkled with excitement, green eyes bright. “This is gonna be so fun! I get to show you all the ropes and introduce
you to new people and—"

“Slow down, tiger,” Mika chuckled. “You haven’t even gotten out of bed yet.”

“Okay okay, I hear you!” Yuu scrambled out from his bed and threw his closet door open. He paused. With a carefully thoughtful expression, Yuu turned and scrutinized is roommate, gaze raking up and down his form. Mika flushed from the attention. “Okay, but I’m not going anywhere with you when you’re wearing that.”

Puzzled, Mika covertly re-examined his creamy turtleneck sweater and neat black slacks. He’d even shined his loafers that morning. “I-is this not a good outfit?”

“No, you look cute in it!” Mika was dumbfounded to see a blush staining high on Yuu’s cheeks—but then his head disappeared into the closet again. “But you’ll overheat to your death in that. And people will poke fun at you. Here, try this on. I’m pretty sure it will fit.”

He threw a bundle of clothes into Mika’s open arms. Mika unfolded the fabric and held one of the articles out before himself, nose wrinkling with slight distaste. “Are you sure about this, Yuu-chan? Seems kinda…weird.”

Yuu snorted. “You’ll blend right in, don’t worry about it.”

Oh, well. If he really thought so, then Mika couldn’t complain. He shrugged and slipped into the bathroom to change.

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His obnoxious crush aside, Mika could admit that Yuu was hot. He was all sharp lines and hard angles with jet black locks mussed just the right way. His grin was killer, his posture powerful and confident. His dazzling eyes could cut right through you—and all this wasn’t even to mention his cute laugh and adorable button nose, although perhaps Mika himself was the only one to find those parts of him attractive. The overall seductive effect of Yuu’s physical traits was utterly staggering; Mika was beyond baffled that he had such trouble scoring a hookup.

At least, that was what Mika thought. *That* had been before he saw Yuu’s absolutely *horrendous* flirting in action.
Stepping out of Yuu’s car and slamming the passenger door closed, Mika rounded the vehicle to join his partner. They strolled side-by-side up to the house of whichever stoner college student was hosting tonight’s party. Heavy metal practically boomed from the windows and walls. The sights and sounds battered his senses, leaving Mika dizzy.

He was painfully aware of how they looked. Mika was dressed in Yuu’s clothes, a white tee with a denim jacket and washed out jeans so tight that they pinched his thighs when he moved—and somehow, his light attire perfectly juxtaposed Yuu’s darker, gritty aesthetic, despite the fact that both outfits had been sprung from Yuu’s closet. And god, Mika couldn’t forget that he was wearing Yuu’s clothes for even a second; his scent clung to the fabric like a comforting musk, strong and persistent in his nose. Mika could barely resist pulling his collar up for a sniff. He was delirious with the heady smell of Yuu on his skin and delirious with the fact that they looked just as if—

“Oi Yuu-saaaaan~! You brought your sexy nerd boyfriend?!?”

—just as if they were dating.

“He’s not my boyfriend, stop calling him that!” scolded Yuu, appearing exasperated for the first time since Mika had met him. Mika giggled into his palm, quickly clearing his throat when Yuu turned back around to address him. “Mika, this idiot is Shinoa. And this is her girlfriend Mitsuba.”

“Yo,” Mitsuba intoned, flicking a lazy peace sign in Mika’s general direction. By contrast, Shinoa’s wave was so fast that her hand became an enthusiastic blur in the evening sun. “So you’re the nice roommate that this moron over here can never shut up about. Welcome to the party scene. Remember to never leave your drink unattended and don’t smoke too much weed, yada yada.”

“Don’t patronize him! Mika’s no idiot. And I don’t talk about him all the time!” Yuu’s hands suddenly clapped down on his shoulders, eliciting a startled squawk from the blond in question. His heat practically seeped through the layers of fabric and down into Mika’s bones. Yuu’s grip tightened; he began to steer Mika towards the house. “But anyway, we’re gonna head inside now before it gets too crazy. See you guys later!”

“Bye you two! Don’t forget to check if there’s anyone in the closet before you fuck in it!” Shinoa promptly burst into haughty giggles at her own joke. Mitsuba forsook a proper farewell to smack her girlfriend upside the head. Mika caught the exchange out of the corner of his eye; what a shame it was, he thought, to leave such a comical duo behind, but he defaulted Yuu’s judgement when it came to these sorts of things.
“Hey Yuu-chan, do those girls know about…well, you know,” Mika began conversationally as Yuu jogged up to his side, their footsteps falling into perfect, effortless synchronization—only to fall tactlessly out of tune when Mika noticed, flushing, and tried too hard to keep in sync. It took an embarrassing amount of effort to drag his eyes back up from the ground.

“Shinoa and Mitsuba? Nah, they’re just casual friends that I made this year.” Yuu glanced away from Mika as a throng of hooting and cackling boys passed them by, their fingers rung around necks of dark green bottles. They positively reeked of alcohol, and one even jeered at Mika as he passed; Yuu’s cheery grin abruptly morphed into a sneer as he tucked Mika closer to his side. His thunderously dour expression persisted until the teens were out of sight. “It’s good to have people to count on in places like this.”

“I see,” replied Mika quietly, face burning. Yuu’s hand was a bright splash of heat, splayed across his hip—the spot he’d used to drag him in closer and away from those drunks. “I can’t believe it. You’re actually smarter than you look.”

“Hey!” Yuu pouted at his playful jab. Mika laughed, stepping out in front to hold the front door open in apology. Yuu slipped inside the house, Mika following him into the endless rush of figures moving in the dark. As rock music pumped through the stereo and rattled Mika’s bones to a heavy rhythm, he secretly missed having Yuu’s warmth against his skin. “All right! Now it’s time for us to get serious!”

“Serious?” Bemused, Mika struggled to keep up with Yuu as he wove seamlessly through the crowd of dancing, undulating college students, seemingly immune to the jostling and elbowing that Mika suffered. Noticing his partner’s distress, Yuu doubled back and grabbed his hand—the reassuring pressure grounded Mika as they burst out into the other side of the living room, where a long, cloth-covered table housed the widest array of alcohol that Mika had ever seen in his life.

His eyes bugged out. “Yuu-chan, have you been drinking at these parties?! You said you wouldn’t drink and drive!”

“I don’t drink!” Yuu shouted. He could barely be heard above the din of chatter and music and—was that someone moaning?? Mika blinked furiously, attempting to clear away the headache knocking on his skull. “There’s punch, too—here, since we got here early enough, it shouldn’t be spiked yet.”

Yuu led them over to the head of the table; somewhere along the way, he’d snagged two plastic cups, into which he now expertly poured a pink, fruity juice from the glittering bowl on the table. He held one cup out to Mika, and he took it—their fingers brushed, Mika’s head spun, he was so fucking infatuated it was almost nauseating—for a tentative sip. The chilled liquid slid down his throat, obnoxiously fruity with a hint of pineapple. Mika deemed it safe enough.

“Let’s go out back,” suggested Yuu, and Mika nodded hard enough to be mistaken for a life-size
bobblehead. Yuu laughed heartily at his expense, looped their arms together again, and plunged back into the swarm of people on the dance floor.

The backyard of the house was blissfully quieter; the only noises crowding the airspace were the hum of insects and the distant clamoring of conversation, owed to the numerous small groups dotting the yard. “Thank goodness,” Mika breathed, slumping onto the porch railing as if it were the only thing left he could trust. Yuu snickered again, before his eyes flickered and looked away. Something had caught his attention.

“Sorry about that. But hey, look—” Yuu subtly gestured to the other end of the porch. Mika adjusted his grip on his drink and peered around Yuu’s form. There sat a lone figure on the porch swing, nursing a red solo cup in their hand and rocking idly back and forth. Striking, dark purple hair swept elegantly over their eye and flowed off their shoulder like a river of ink. With a disquieting start, Mika realized that this person was Yuu’s intended target of the night. Winking, Yuu nudged his own cup into Mika’s agitation-numbed fingers—“hold this for me. I’ll pull out my best lines and show you what I can do.”

Performing a cursory check over his person, Yuu swaggered over and sidled up next to the stranger on the swing—he sat close enough that their thighs were almost touching, despite the gracious empty space left on the bench. Mika cringed. The poor person was already glaring daggers at him.

Yuu cleared his throat.

“Hey, beautiful. Saw you sitting over here, and I thought you looked a little lonely. Looking for someone to talk to?”

“No,” they replied curtly. Taking a final swig from their drink, the stranger suddenly crumpled the plastic in their fist in an aggressive, ridiculously obvious “go away” gesture. “Leave.”

Unfazed, Yuu edged closer still, slinging an arm around the person. Mika thanked the heavens that Yuu’s face was angled in such a way that it wasn’t visible from his vantage point. Whatever supposedly seductive expression Yuu was wearing, Mika was positive that he would die on the spot from secondhand embarrassment if he caught even a glimpse of it. “Aww, babe, don’t be so cold. How about we head back to my place and I warm you up a little, huh?”

“Stop. Touching. Me.”
And when Yuu opened his mouth next, Mika could practically sense the doom that was about to spill out, like a final blow to the shriveled remains of Yuu’s dignity.

“Did it hurt when you fell from heaven? I promise it’ll only hurt a little when you fall on my dick—”

The stranger slammed their heel down on Yuu’s foot, forcing from him a howl pain that they abruptly cut off by decking him across the face. Yuu buckled and collapsed to the floor, cradling his foot and cheek both, as the stranger strolled nonchalantly away. Mika squeaked and ducked his head as they neared; they paused before entering the house, glancing over their shoulder at Mika.

“Yo.” The stranger’s voice was gruff, high but with a masculine lilt. “That guy over there is a grade A creep. I’d go back inside, if I were you.”

“T-thank you for your—your concern,” Mika stammered faintly. With a nod, Yuu’s unfortunate victim turned and melted back into the crowd in the house.

Seconds ticked by. Mika finally dared to detach himself from the railing, abandoning their drinks as he inched closer to the motionless Yuu on the floor. Mika crouched down and gently tapped him. “Yuu-chan. Yuu-chan, are you okay?”

He groaned. Limbs shaking with visible effort, Yuu managed to roll over onto his back, squinting blearily up at Mika. He flashed a weak grin. His cheek was already purpling—the same shade as that stranger’s hair, oh, the irony—from the punch. “S-so…how was I…pretty good, huh?”

Mika clicked his tongue. For the first time, a wave of pure, unadulterated pity washed over him. “Oh, Yuu-chan. We’ve got a lot of work to do.”

Chapter End Notes

(the person yuu was hitting on was asuramaru, btw.)
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Mika teaches Yuu the ways of flirting, and it backfires on him in multiple ways. The poor boy can't seem to give himself a break.

(And, Ferid makes an unwelcome appearance.)

Chapter Notes

mika's too noble what did we do to deserve him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mika, are you sure this is really gonna take three whole hours?” whined Yuu as he flopped onto his bed. Clearing his throat, Mika perched himself atop the mattress beside him and unceremoniously dropped a notepad on his face. Yuu sputtered. “Mika!!”

“Sit up, Yuu-chan. And yes, this will take a few hours at least,” said Mika sternly. With a thunderously dramatic groan, Yuu swung upright, snapping the paper in his hand as it slid off his nose. Mika thinned his lips to avoid smiling, but the effort was only half-effective; he plopped a pen in Yuu’s awaiting palm. “Since your memory is trash, I expect you to take notes. I’m not going to walk you through this over and over just because your fish brain decided to take a vacation.”

“Hey!” Despite his offended cry, Yuu’s grin was wolfish, his punch to Mika’s shoulder playful. “But fine, fine, I’ll play your dumb game. All right, oh wise and great Mikaela, what criticisms do you offer for my phenomenal performance from last night?” He clicked the pen and poised it primly atop the pad.

Mika steepled his fingers, debating whether or not to spare Yuu’s feelings. He sighed in defeat; the ugly, disappointing truth would have to come out sooner or later, he supposed. “Your flirting was the single most atrocious thing I have ever beared witness to in all my nineteen years of living. You sounded like one of those arrogant, buff dickwads from the Hollywood romcoms. If you flirt like that every time, I’m somehow not surprised that nobody has wanted to sleep with you.”

Yuu dropped the pen. Mika patted him shortly on the back, leaned down, scooped it up, and tucked it back into his fingers. Then he patted him again, for good measure. “Oh my god. Wait, so…You aren’t supposed to flirt like the people do in the movies?”
“Yuu-chan, if this is going to work, I’m gonna have to ask you to forget every damn thing you ever learned about seduction from films.” Mika clasped Yuu by the arms and gently shook him back and forth, staring him dead in the eye. Yuu nodded slow, as if in a daze. “Okay. It’s not your fault that you learned it that way, but we’ll need to do some major reprogramming to unlearn all this stuff. Have no fear, I’ve seen my sister flirt with enough people to know what I’m doing. We’ll start today with body language.”

Yuu blinked rapidly. “Aren’t pick-up lines the most important thing?”

“Not always,” replied Mika sagely. He tapped his chin lightly in contemplation. “You tend to be very direct and straightforward with your words. While this can be a great quality, flirting is also a bit of a waiting game. It’s give-and-take. Do you see what I mean, Yuu-chan?”

“I think so…” Yuu stared down at his lap. Then his head flew up with that familiar, ardent determination that Mika had become so acquainted with in the past few days, and his heart jumped. “Okay! Tell me what I need to do, and I’ll do it! I won’t waste your time!”

His eyes were too intense; A blush sprouted and licked its way up Mika’s cheeks, and he was forced to turn away in mock pensiveness. “Finally—now, the first thing you need to learn is proper buildup. Don’t go in slinging your arm around people’s shoulders like you’re friends from high school. When meeting someone new, try to maintain direct eye contact with them to show you’re serious…” Oh god oh god Mika did not think this one through properly. Mentally steeling himself, he locked eyes with Yuu, allowing his eyelids to droop slightly. “…Like this.”

Yuu visibly swallowed. He seemed to catch on relatively quickly, tipping his chin down as a dangerous, sultry look flashed across his face, stretching his lips out into the briefest of smirks. Swallowing, Mika attempted not to focus too hard on the glitter of striking emerald peeking through Yuu’s thick lashes. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Mika croaked. He quickly cleared his throat, where a panic consequent of his current situation—good lord Mika, how did you genuinely think that tutoring your crush in flirting would somehow not end badly?—was swiftly rising. There was no escape route in sight; Mika pressed forward. “W-well…this is the part where you gauge the person’s interest and avoid getting punched in the face for unwanted advances. If they won’t keep eye contact with you, they’re probably not interested…”

“In that case, you seem plenty interested,” Yuu chuckled breathily. Mika nearly choked on air.
“Don’t—don’t flatter yourself.” Mika swallowed, and he swore that Yuu’s eyes snapped down to his bobbing Adam’s apple before coming back up to meet him. “Right…so now we’re at the point where you test the waters with some touching. You angle yourself towards the person, lean in when they talk—”

Yuu decided to test that theory out immediately, inching closer to his roommate and dipping ever-so-slightly into his personal space. Mika’s heart stumbled over its next few beats—“to s-show you’re interested. And then you brush against them a little, like maybe…”

Desperate to regain control of this grapple of flirtatious wills they’d somehow tumbled into, Mika boldly grazed a hand over Yuu’s thigh, feeling the muscles twitch with surprise under his jeans. It gave him the courage to flatten the whole of his palm against Yuu’s leg, delighting him when Yuu merely shifted closer to offer more reach. The confident smile Mika had plastered on must have been trembling something fierce as he moved down, kneading Yuu’s knee with a thumb. Their faces were close enough now that the slightest movement would send Mika’s nose crashing into Yuu’s. Their breath mingled hot and quivering between them; Mika was beginning to get a little dizzy. “Yeah… what after that, Mika?”

Mika nearly leapt out of his own skin when Yuu’s hand came down warm and gentle over his, playing with his fingers and skimming curiously over his knuckles. It took everything Mika had to not snatch his hand away, cradle it to his chest, and revel at the lingering sparks of Yuu’s touch. “After t-that…um…well. I assume by then, you’ll have successfully communicated your i-intention, and the only thing left after that is…”

Their eyes both drifted unwittingly to the expanse of bed sprawled out behind them, pristine and undisturbed by the two boys seated at its edge. Mika’s mind flooded with mental images—memories, really, of what Yuu’s weight felt like bearing down on him, how his teeth had felt pressed into his neck, the electric heat of his hands against the arch of his back, as if encouraging him to bend sharper, higher—

“NOTES!” Mika shrieked. Yuu yelped as Mika flailed—he got his legs under him and scooted away from the incubus on the bed. Flinging his head to the side, he prayed to whatever god was up there that Yuu couldn’t sense what he’d been thinking. Mika jerkily gestured to the pad of paper and pen laying discarded in Yuu’s lap. “Y-your—your notes. Take notes.”

“I— oh!!” Yuu sputtered and scrambled for the notepad and snatched up the pen. “You’re r-right! S—I’m sorry!”

“You’re fine,” whispered Mika hoarsely. He peeked behind him and nearly laughed upon witnessing the spectacle of Yuu almost dropping the pen several times. “You’re fine, Yuu-chan. Do you remember everything?”
“Y-yeah.” Yuu scribbled out a line on the paper, paused, and glanced up at him with red still blooming on his cheeks. His smile, albeit shy, was genuine. “You’re the best, Mika. Thanks for helping me.”

Mika hugged his knees to his torso and flashed a little smile back. Something melancholic yanked insistently at his heartstrings. “Anytime, Yuu-chan.”

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Tonight’s party, thankfully, was a lot quieter than the other ones they’d attended in the past few nights.

Mika heaved a monstrous sigh as he sunk down into the couch, ignoring its lumps and how it sagged pitifully under his weight. Yuu was over by the kitchen, chatting up his third guy of the night; he hadn’t had much luck with the girls either, if the dirty looks he received from a gaggle of nearby ladies were anything to go by. Mika’s head began to pound as he realized he might have to talk them down and apologize for Yuu’s behavior—and then be sure to clarify with Yuu that girls generally did not enjoy being complimented about the lengths of their skirts, no matter how ridiculously short.

“Well well well, look what we have here! Could it be? A lost little lamb named Mikaela Shindo?”

“Oh—hello, Ferid.” Mika tried to keep the surprise from filtering into his voice as Ferid Bathory plopped into the seat beside him, leisurely swirling a cup of what appeared to be hard liquor with elegant twirls of the wrist. A graduate student and older than him by a few years, Ferid was eccentric at best and downright disconcerting at worst; unfortunately, he seemed to have picked up an inexplicable fascination towards Mika. This wouldn’t be a problem, if not for the fact that he was TA (teacher assistant) of Mika’s physics class at university. “I…didn’t expect to see you here.”

Ferid pouted; Mika pressed himself closer to the arm of the couch, attempting not to appear as creeped out as he felt. “Oh, come now Mikaela! Just because I’m older than you doesn’t mean I can’t kick back and relax for a night or two! If anything, you’re the one who isn’t much of the party animal type.”

He grimaced slightly and focused on Yuu. His roommate was leaning against the wall with one shoulder, tipping his head back in laughter at something the other man—someone Mika didn’t recognize, with chestnut hair spun up in a high ponytail—had said. When Yuu noticed him staring, he tousled his own hair sheepishly and winked; Mika pried his eyes away.
“I’m just here with my roommate. He said I needed a break from studying,” he lied smoothly. A little misinformation never hurt anyone—and Mika wasn’t entirely sure how comfortable he felt with Ferid knowing so much.

“Oh? Your roommate, eh?” Ferid gestured vaguely to where Yuu and his soon-to-be one night stand occupied a corner of the room. “Would that be the one with the black hair? Quite a looker, he is.”

Mika hummed noncommittally, muting the dull alarm bells that went off in his head. “I guess.”

Ferid leaned in a little closer, grinning wide. His teeth were unnervingly jagged, and Mika became suddenly very aware of how they glinted in the low light. “Ho ho ho, Mikaela dear! Could it be… you have a crush on him?”

The alarms burst back to life with killer vengeance. Mika’s head snapped around to face Ferid, and his rebuttal was a smidgen too hasty to be considered authentic by any stretch of the word. “No, of course not, he’s just my roommate and friend. What?”

Ferid’s eyes twinkled—red, had they always been such a chilling red?—as he barked out a mocking laugh. It grated in Mika’s ears. “Oh, cute little Mika! That tells me all I need to know. Well now, I’m done occupying your precious alone time. Ta ta, see you in class!” With a knowing smirk, Ferid rose from the couch and sauntered off, tossing a careless wave over his shoulder. Mika shuddered and slowly released his death grip on the couch cushion. Creep.

His disturbing mannerisms aside, Ferid was gone, and Mika was grateful for it. He whirled around just in time to catch glimpse of Yuu walking towards the stairs with the man he’d been flirting with. The stranger had an arm snaked around Yuu’s waist, and his hair had come undone, spilling in honey waves over his neck.

Their eyes met. Yuu grinned and gave him an excited thumbs up, as if to say, look, see, I did it! Are you proud? Mika forced his lips to curve up in a feeble imitation of a smile and returned the gesture. They disappeared around the bend, heading to the upper floors—where, surely, the bedrooms were filled with many other couples pursuing the very same thing as Yuu. Loneliness burrowed cold into Mika’s bones and settled there, turning his blood to ice. He almost wished Ferid were back, if only to offer some company.

Someday. Someday, Mika would learn to stop sabotaging himself, and maybe then this awful pit of
loathing in his gut would disappear.

Chapter End Notes

i can’t believe i’m really out here trying to write slow burn.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

After receiving a few cryptic texts from Yuu during class, Mika undergoes an experience.

Yuu is overprotective. Mika is a teasing shit. Lacus and René are there too.

Chapter Notes

bit of a longer chapter than usual, but also a very fun one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mika startled as his phone buzzed to life in his pocket. Lips creasing into a frown, he ignored it and continued tapping away at his laptop, intent on keeping up with Professor Goshi’s lecture, now that he was finally teaching them statistics—but it vibrated again, and again, and again, until Mika was growling under his breath and slipping the damn thing out from his jeans.

Briskly unlocking his phone and propping it up against the laptop screen, Mika continued to type as he read his messages. Yuu was texting him—wait, wasn’t he supposed to be in his African Studies class right now?!

Yuu-chan♡: mika r u there
Yuu-chan♡: mika
Yuu-chan♡: mika
Yuu-chan♡: mikaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAA RESPONSDDD
Mika: Yuu-chan, concentrate on your class.

Mika sighed and put the phone to sleep. He only got in about seven and a half words about the central limit theorem before another vibration scared him half out of his wits. His phone reverberated loudly against the laptop, drawing curious looks and dark glares alike from nearby students; Mika’s cheeks burned as he snatched it up and dropped the device in his lap. Against his better judgement, he opened the notification.
Yuu-chan♡: OH SO NOW U ANSWER

Yuu-chan♡: when do u get out of stats its important

His heart jerked. Mika’s peripheral vision filled up with his own blond curls as his head ducked down, attention now fixed firmly on his phone.

Mika: Class ends in twenty. Why? Is there something wrong?

Yuu-chan♡: thanks lol ill see u then

Mika: What?

He returned to his notetaking, diligently transcribing every significant-seeming word that came out of Professor Goshi’s mouth, but his thought processing had been utterly destroyed. Every few seconds, Mika glanced at his phone, his confusion hiking higher and higher each time a new message failed to appear. Fucking Yuu-chan. The next twenty minutes dragged on impossibly long, and by the fifteen minute mark, Mika had given up on the studiousness in its entirety. He opened a new tab and, in a moment of listless impatience, typed into the search engine: *Akane Hyakuya orphanage fire*.

A few news articles popped up. Mika scrolled through them; it became readily apparent that these editorials could tell him nothing more than he had already heard from Yuu. He stifled a yawn into his fist, but was interrupted midway through by the collective screech of desks and chairs scraping against the floor. Aimless chatter crowded the air as students began to pack up and leave. Oh, class was over.

As he hastily stuffed his belongings into his bag, Mika’s mind raced anew with the possibilities. Why was Yuu picking him up from class? Had something truly gone wrong? He hadn’t sounded so distressed in his texts, at least, but Mika could only wonder—

“Hey hey hey, it’s my favorite blond! Mika, how’s life?”

An arm slung around his neck, entrapping Mika against someone’s side before he could dodge. He groaned; as much as he hoped for it to be Yuu calling out to him, Mika knew that this could be only one person. Mika sighed. “Hello, Lacus.”

“Why so lackluster?” Teasingly, Lacus prodded his cheek with a finger. Mika huffed and batted his hand away. “So I was wondering, do you have any plans right now? Wanna hang out with me and René? Maybe…in the library? Quietly? With textbooks?”
Mika rolled his eyes, but an amused smile edged on his features regardless. “I’m not going to tutor you in stats, Lacus.”

“But Mikaaaa!” He pouted, turning back to look at his partner. “See, René? He said no, just like I told you he would! Are you gonna help me now?”

René, the more tolerable of the dynamic duo—and subsequently the one Mika liked better out of them both—, shrugged. “No, thanks. It’s your own fault for not paying attention during lessons.”

“René!!” Lacus gasped in mock-offense, clutching Mika even closer to his chest. Mika grumbled and squirmed. “René, how could y—”

“Get your hands off him.” A hand closed around his arm. Suddenly, Mika was ripped away from Lacus and shoved behind an exceedingly familiar back; Lacus yelped and stumbled, barely managing to right himself by slamming his hand down on a desk for balance. René was at his side in an instant, his previous apathy having vanished into thin air as he glowered. “Mika, are you okay?!?”

“Dude, what the hell.”

“Yuu-chan!” Mika attempted to veer around Yuu’s body to face him, but a low snarl stopped him in his tracks. A cursory examination of Yuu’s face showed the phantom hints of sharpened teeth and glittering lumps on his head. *Fuck.* Inhaling deeply to steady himself, Mika firmly gripped Yuu’s shoulder. “Yuu-chan, they’re just friends. Calm down. You’re getting worked up.” A heartbeat of tense silence followed. Then:

“Wait, they’re your friends?” Yuu’s hackles instantly lowered; Mika breathed a small sigh of relief as his supernatural features receded. “Oh, shit, I’m sorry. You looked like you were trying to get away, so I panicked…”

“No hard feelings!” Lacus laughed and waved it off dismissively, dusting his clothes off as he got his feet back under him. René was a bit slower to relax, but he too eventually nodded his assent. “I’m Lacus, by the way, and the stoic one over here is René. You’re the Yuu that blondie’s always talking about, I presume? It’s great that Mika has people that look out for him like that! He’s a bit of a wallflower, as you probably know. I get concerned sometimes!”

“I’m right here, you know,” Mika groused—but he was glad that Lacus had such an innate knack for diffusing tense situations. He was finally able to return to his desk and grab his bag, adjusting the
strap neatly over his shoulder. Turning to Yuu, Mika asked, “so why are you here, anyway? Your class is practically all the way across campus. Did something happen?”

Yuu sheepishly scratched his neck. “W-well, actually…I wanted to buy you ice cream? As a thank you for all the help you’ve been giving me these past few days, you know…I-I mean, only if you want to, but Mitsuba works at the parlor on campus and I can convince her to give us free toppings, s-so!”

“Oh.” Mika’s brain imploded. Was he dreaming? He had to be dreaming. There was no way that Yuuichirou Amane was standing in front of him, asking him out on a—datedate _friendly outing_ for ice cream while blushing like an overripe tomato. No way in hell. Mika could have pinched himself—but then he realized that he was staring, and directed that energy into forcing his throat to work instead. “I-I mean! Sure! Well, er, yeah, I’ll—I’ll go with you. Yes. Cool. Right now?”

“Right now sounds great!” Lacus cheered. Mika and Yuu lurched away from each other as Lacus clapped his hands, enthusiastic and seemingly oblivious to his own disruption. “René, you’ll help me with my homework if I buy you ice cream, right?”

Please please _please_ let René notice that this was a _private_ matter—Mika’s hopes were dashed when, with a diplomatic shrug, René replied, “whatever. Sure, I’ll go.”

“It’s settled, then!” Lacus looped one arm around René’s and the other around Mika’s. Mika swore he saw Yuu’s eye twitch. “Lead the way, Yuu!”

Oh dear.

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“That Lacus guy called you Mika.”

“Hm?” Mika turned away from where Lacus and René were chatting together in line, waiting to buy their ice cream. Having tossed some money at them, a grumbling Yuu then promptly tasked himself and Mika with snagging a table in the crowded shop. Yuu was sulking, arms crossed and a cute scowl fixed on his face. Mika tried not to think about how much he wanted to lean over and kiss the pout off his lips. “I mean, yeah. Mikaela is a bit of a mouthful. You call me Mika too?”
“Well, I do, but—it’s different when it’s me!” Yuu unfolded his arms and propped them up on his hips, scowl deepening when all Mika did was giggle and pull a chair out for him; he sat down anyway. “I thought I came up with that nickname! You never told me that you let other people call you Mika!”

God, why did he have to be so adorable? Mika snorted, his mischievous tendencies flaring to life. He sat beside Yuu at the table and steepled his fingers, resting his chin on them. “Oh? Is Yuu-chan jealous?”

“I—I’m not!” Mika merely chuckled; Yuu’s scarlet blush was too cute to possibly be real. He would have liked to tease him further, but their companions were enroute to the table, and Mika knew mercy—so he sat back and let the matter go. “Mika, I’m not jealous!”

“Okay, Yuu-chan! Whatever you say!”

“Why you little—”

“We’re back!” chirped Lacus as he slid into the seat opposite to Mika. Beaming, he set down two bowls of ice cream in front of them as René sat down with the other two—each scoop was piled high with all manners of toppings, just as Yuu had promised. “Strawberry for Yuu and sea-salt for our favorite Mika!”

“Thank you, Lacus.” Eagerly, Mika sifted aside the generous coat of chocolate syrup and rainbow sprinkles to reveal the shock of blue ice cream lying beneath. He dug in his spoon and popped it in his mouth, lips curling into a giddy smile around the plastic. “Mmmm, I’m so glad they have this flavor. It’s so hard to find.”

“What is that?” Yuu glanced over inquisitively, his own spoon buried deep in a strawberry mountain of caramel and cookie bits. Mika stared at the spoon, a delightfully genius idea condensing into existence in his brain. He smiled, devilish.

“It’s called sea-salt, Yuu-chan. It’s my favorite ice cream flavor,” explained Mika as he carved out another liberal helping onto his spoon. His pulse started to quicken, nerves getting the best of him as Mika mulled over what he was about to do. “It’s sweet and salty at the same time—kinda hard to explain. Would you like to try some?”

Yuu brightened. “Yeah, sure! Let me just—mmph!”
Before he could lose his courage, Mika turned and pressed the spoonful of ice cream into Yuu’s mouth, his hands shaking from the adrenaline. Yuu went cross-eyed, staring incredulously first at the spoon sticking out from his lips, then up at Mika, who was surely blushing madly, if the heat radiating from his skin was any worthwhile indication. Yuu went so red that his ears burned.

Yuu swallowed; Mika pulled away slowly. He cleared his throat and tried to repress the shake in his smile. “S-so, do you like it?”

Yuu blinked. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out—he closed it, opened it again, and finally managed to croak out a feeble, “g-good.”

“Anyway.” Lacus coughed none-too-subtly, grabbing their attention. Oh lord, he’d forgotten the two were even there. Much to Mika’s surprise, René was already standing, both his and Lacus’ backpacks slung over either shoulder. Lacus gathered up their ice cream and snorted. “We’re gonna get going so René can walk my stupid ass through basic math now. Have fun, you guys!”

Mika couldn’t think of a time he’d felt more embarrassed and awkward than when Lacus and René speed-walked out of the ice cream parlor, leaving Mika and Yuu alone but for the curious stares they received from the other customers. Cursing himself for such a daring move, Mika stabbed his ice cream and took another large bite. Ah, it was melting. Had he and Yuu really been gazing—romantically, hah, he wished—into each other’s eyes for so long?

“T-thanks for sharing your ice cream with me, Mika,” muttered Yuu. He shyly fiddled with his spoon, and they both watched as caramel drooped in gooey globs off the tip. “It was—I see why it’s your favorite. Sweet but salty.”

Somehow, Mika didn’t think the comment was about the ice cream. He barked a short laugh, still jittery from the rush of hormones and warm feelings flooding through his system. “Yeah, Yuu-chan. No problem.”

“Well—anyway.” Yuu awkwardly slammed a hand on the edge of the table, as if to signal the end of their definitely-not-completely-platonic moment. He pulled out his phone and unlocked it, swiping for a few seconds; a tiny aha left his lips as he found what he was looking for, leaning in to show Mika. “My friend Kimizuki is throwing a really big party today. Since he’s part of this punk rock band that’s pretty well known on campus, it’ll probably be bigger than our usual gigs. Still wanna come?”
Mika blinked down at the party details as an awful feeling stirred in his gut. Gathering his wits together, he managed to offer a playfully indignant snort. “Not go? And let you, the walking disaster, be by himself? In your dreams, mister!”

“Hey! I survived out there without you before, I can handle myself!” Yuu protested, shovelling ice cream into his mouth, and—oh, they were almost done eating. Both their bowls had, by this point, created dripping wet rings on the table. Suddenly itching for something to do with his hands, Mika snatched up some napkins from a nearby dispenser and proceeded to wipe up the sticky mess Lacus and René had left behind. Yuu watched him with an indecipherable expression. “…Mika, the cleaning staff will get that.”

“They look busy today,” Mika said distractedly. He lifted their bowls, mopped up the condensation, and balled up the damp napkins in his hand. “It’s not trouble for me to do it, anyway.”

Yuu’s huff was fond. “You really are too nice, aren’t you?”

Mika paused halfway out of his chair. He turned to look at Yuu, drinking in his heartfelt smile, flushed skin, how his eyes crinkled slightly at the corners. Now, that— that comment had definitely been about something other than the damn table. Mika was at a loss for what to say; then he remembered his research from class, remembered the pictures from the newspaper articles of an orphanage caked in flames and smoke. His thoughts were too scrambled to make sense of; Mika’s reply was nothing but sheer impulse and raw feeling. “Well…wouldn’t you say that nice people deserve each other?”

Surprise overtook Yuu’s expression. He ducked his head and chuckled slightly. “You’re really something else, aren’t you, Mika?”

Liquid warmth trembled and sang in Mika’s veins. He smiled, stood, and went to throw their trash away. “You too, Yuu-chan. Now grab your stuff, let’s say hi to Mitsuba and get out of here.”

Chapter End Notes

kudos to anyone who gets the sea-salt reference.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Yuu and Mika head to Kimizuki’s house for the biggest party Mika's ever been to. After meeting the whole squad, Mika goes off alone and finds himself in a dire, dire situation.

Chapter Notes

disclaimer: there is attempted (but ONLY attempted) rape in this chapter. if this content bothers you, please don't read and look after yourself. thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment they stepped foot into the house, Mika was overcome by the potent rank of alcohol hitting his nose. Groaning lowly, he tried to take shallow breaths as Yuu maneuvered them away from the crowds. Having attended quite a few parties since discovering Yuu’s identity, the pair quickly realized that Mika was prone to overstimulation; the pulsating lights, ear-splitting music, and stench of cheap beer and vomit were a nasty combination that had brought on many a migraine in the past. For this reason, Yuu now veered away from the hotspots of any party, and they would often retreat to their dorm before one in the morning. Although ashamed of his weakness, Mika was glad that his headaches kept Yuu safer and home earlier.

They finally stumbled down into the basement, where the heavy music was only a dull roar and people seemed to be more preoccupied with pool and foosball than grinding to the beat. Every so often, a cacophonous burst of laughter would rise up from the group playing video games at the TV. Yuu turned to him, his eyes soft with concern. “Are you good down here? Not too noisy or anything?”

Mika smiled tenderly. “Yeah, I’m okay. Thank you, Yuu-chan.”

“Anytime.” Perking up a bit, Yuu took him by the wrist and started over to the couches. “Oh hey, it’s the squad!”

“The squad?” Mika’s question was soon answered when, upon peeking around Yuu, he locked eyes with an equally surprised Shinoa. Her mouth split open in a wide grin.

“Yuu-san! You brought your nerdy boyfriend again!”
“I told you to stop calling him that, you stupid hag!” complained Yuu. Shinoa tossed her head back and laughed, although the others seated at the sofa—Mitsuba and two other boys that Mika didn’t recognize—hardly seemed to be entertained by her antics. “Whatever, shut up. Mika, you know this bitch and Mitsuba already. This is Yoichi, and Kimizuki.”

“Kimizuki? Oh!” Memories bubbled to the surface of his mind. Flustered, Mika stretched out his hand. “You’re the host of the party, right? I, uh—thank you for your hospitality!”

There was a beat of quiet. Then, all five of the other teens exploded into laughter, with Yuu doubling over at the waist, clutching his stomach as he teetered on his feet. A brilliant red surged onto Mika’s cheeks.

“W-what?!"

“Oh my god, I’ve never met someone who thanked me for hosting a party before,” wheezed Kimizuki, muffling his own chuckles into his palm. With the other hand, he clasped Mika’s in a firm shake. “You’re hilarious, Mika, right? Thank you for actually having some fucking decency. You give me hope for humanity.”

“Oh…okay?” Mika tried his best to not let his bafflement show, but the others seemed to catch on anyway—Yuu was still fucking snickering, Mika was going to kill this boy—as Yoichi and Mitsuba shuffled to create space on the couch for him. Reluctant but still hoping to make a good impression, Mika sat down and took the red solo cup that Shinoa dangled before his face. He sniffed it quickly, confirming his suspicions. “Is this…alcoholic? I’m sorry, but I don’t drink.”

“Goldilocks, it’s the weekend! Cut loose a little!” Shinoa cackled. Mika smiled and nodded politely, but resolved to empty the cup into the bathroom sink when he was given the chance. “Aww, leaving so soon, Yuu-san? I can’t believe you would just dump poor blondie with a bunch of people he doesn’t know like this! Can you not follow your dick for once?”

“Sorry Shinoa, but the night is young, and I’ve got things to do.” Yuu winked at Mika and tilted his head almost imperceptibly at the opposite end of the room. Mika glanced over and noted two girls, one with short red hair and the other with pigtails not unlike Mitsuba’s. They were part of the group conglomerating near the TV. So, Yuu had already picked his targets for the night, huh… “I leave Mika in your capable hands! Don’t corrupt him, or fucking else.”

“Ye of little faith!” Shinoa clicked her tongue chidingly, but by then Yuu was gone, leaving them to
stare at his retreating back as he approached the girls. Mika’s gut churned with discomfort; he glanced away. “Ah, I swear to fuck, that idiot’s brain revolves around sex and literally nothing else. But don’t worry, Mika-san! We’ll make sure you have a fun time!”

“You do that, I’m gonna go find the guys and round them up for a set.” With a grunt of exertion, Kimizuki heaved himself upright and, to Mika’s bemusement, gestured for Yoichi to follow. “C’mon, let’s go. Have you even unpacked your drums yet?”

“Ah, nope! You got me there!” Yoichi gave an easy laugh and hopped to his feet. With that angel face and mild demeanor, Yoichi was certainly the last person Mika expected to be in a band with pink-haired, tall as hell, multiple-piercings Kimizuki—and drummer, no less. Now that he was looking, the shifting muscles under Yoichi’s sleeves were readily apparent. The brunette waved as they walked off. “Bye everyone! Have a good time, Mika!”

“T-thanks!” He called, embarrassed to have been caught so off-guard. Yoichi and Kimizuki disappeared up the stairs, and soon, only the girls remained. Mika turned to strike up a conversation, find out how they’d even befriended Yuu, maybe—but froze upon seeing Shinoa’s sneaky fingers wandering up the side of a beet red Mitsuba’s thigh. Mika flushed. “O-OH! I’m sorry for intruding, I mean—I need to use the bathroom!”

“Mika, wait!” Mitsuba’s shout rang on deaf ears as Mika leapt from his seat, abandoning his beverage, and chased Yoichi and Kimizuki back up the basement stairs. Blushing intensely, Mika noticed only after he’d thrown himself into the upper floor that the two boys were nowhere in sight—and a swarm of people jostling past cut off the way back to the basement. Faced with nowhere to go but forward, Mika grimaced and pushed on through the dancing masses. The kitchen, he hoped, would be a little calmer than this hot mess.

He wove his way through the dancefloor, migraine thudding dimly in complaint as the band started up. Kimizuki and Yoichi wouldn’t be able to offer him any help or company then, Mika supposed. Yuu was off fucking a girl or maybe even two at once, Shinoa and Mitsuba clearly didn’t want him around…Mika was alone. Maybe he’d brave the walk home—it wasn’t too late, he’d be fine.

The doorway to the kitchen had just come into view when suddenly, a pair of hands shoved him hard from behind, propelling a yelping Mika headfirst into someone’s chest. A chill shot down his spine as lukewarm liquid splashed onto his shirt, soaking through the fabric and plastering it to his skin. Mika gasped.

“Whoa there little lamb, easy easy!” God, this could not be happening. Mika carefully looked up to confirm what he already knew—the person he’d bumped into just had to be none other than Ferid Bathory, didn’t he. Just his fucking luck. Ferid’s grip on his waist was just a little too tight to be comfortable as he steadied them, his grin oily slick. “Goodness, someone needs to watch where
they’re—hic!—going!"

He positively reeked of alcohol; it was a mystery to absolutely no one that Ferid was drunk out of his damn mind. Nose wrinkling, Mika didn’t even bother to defend himself as he ducked away, desperate to be out of this crowd and out of Ferid’s arms. “Sorry. I need to go—clean up.” he stammered, before turning tail and bolting.

In his brisk escape, Mika failed to notice Ferid’s smirk, or the thumbs up he offered to someone on the dance floor from which they had emerged.

Skull throbbing from all the commotion cluttering his brain, Mika finally managed to find a quiet, secluded hallway to catch his breath. He moaned lowly and rubbed his temples; right, he needed to find a bathroom and try to salvage his shirt, now decorated with a giant, ugly splotch of sickly yellow smack dab in its center. “I fucking hate life,” he muttered as he set off down the hallway.

Mika opened doors left and right, attempting to find a bathroom, but the only rooms to turn up were a closet, a guest bedroom, and a garage. A frustrated noise clambered out of his throat as the garage lights flickered on automatically, irritating his already pounding head. “Oh, for crying out loud!”

“Boo,” came a whisper in his ear. Mika’s eyes shot open and he whirled around, but the pain made him sluggish—he wasn’t fast enough to stop his legs from being kicked out from under him, or the elbow that thrust him forward, sending him crashing down the stairs to the garage. Mika yelled out and tried to catch himself from slamming his nose into the ground, his heart stopping when the door banged heavily shut.

“Who are you?! What the hell was that for?!” Mika shouted blindly, balling his scraped up hands into furious fists. He scrambled to his feet, but came up short yet again as his assailant drove a foot into his stomach, delivering a ruthless kick. Mika choked and clapped a hand over his mouth to prevent himself from being sick. He coughed. “D-damn you-!!”

Mika whirled around, arm raised in preparation for a punch—and then he saw red. Familiar, chilling red. Mika froze. No way.

Ferid was a creep, but there was no way he’d actually…

“Surprised to see me, little lamb?” purred Ferid. Raw, bone-crushing fear sparked through Mika in that instant—hearing his catchphrase made it all real, by god, he was being attacked by Ferid, the
eccentric man he’d been wary of but still never suspected that he’d—Mika backed away on quivering legs, disbelief coloring his mind, as Ferid strolled forward. “Finally, I’ve got you right where I want you…I’ve been waiting for this day since I saw you in the front row on the first day of class!”

Mika’s headspace was too loud, filled to the brim with sheer pandemonium—how was this happening why was this happening what was Ferid even doing how what why—but then his back brushed up against a wall and Mika realized he had nowhere left to run. He scrambled for some way out, some way to prevent what the sinking feeling in his gut told him was about to occur. “F-Ferid, you’re—you’re drunk, c-cut this out and go home. L-let me leave.”

“You looked so cute with your color-coded books and highlighters, all chipper and bright and ready for the day,” Ferid mused, ignoring Mika’s demands. Mika panicked, glancing around for something he could use as a weapon as the man approached, but the floor was despairingly bare. “What happened to the glasses, little Mika? They were—hic!—awfully cute. You should wear them for me again…”

“I’m not d-doing anything for you,” Mika hissed before he lunged forward, aiming his fist for the side of Ferid’s head. He simply dodged and, with a startling agility, yanked Mika’s ankle. He didn’t even have time to scream as he went down again, skull smashing into the floor with a sickening CRACK as the world lurched violently around him. Mika moaned low and cradled his head, horrified when his fingers were met with wetness. But that horror couldn’t begin to compare to the icy, heart-stopping dread that sunk into his skin upon feeling an unwelcome, awful weight holding him down.

“No,” Mika gasped. He kicked and writhed and shrieked but a hand clapped down over his mouth and stifled his cries. “No no no no no NO—”

“Finally, I have you right where I want you,” sighed Ferid dreamily. He bowed his head down and ripped at Mika’s jacket, buttons flying everywhere. Tears watered in Mika’s eyes as teeth worried the skin of his freshly exposed neck, before clamping down and tearing at Mika’s flesh. He struggled harder. “Finally, no one’s here to hear you scream…”

Mika sobbed. His flailing grew weaker, hope for escape draining out from his limbs—and just when keeping his eyes open became too difficult to be considered worthwhile, Mika’s vision suddenly swarmed with green, green, green.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Yuu swoops to Mika's rescue, and they bond a little in the aftermath.

Chapter Notes

i thought i could hold off on posting this for longer. you're lucky i'm very weak.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuu tore into the garage in a flurry of electric green and righteous, flaming fury. He practically roared and wrenched Ferid off of Mika, slamming him to the wall with a force that made the entire structure tremble, the plaster crumbling slightly with his raw strength. Mika felt the oxygen flee from his lungs as he gaped, shaking, at the sight of Yuu pinning Ferid to the wall by his throat. His horns jutted up into wicked curves, longer than Mika had ever seen them before, and Yuu's fangs glittered with saliva when he opened his mouth to speak.

“How dare you lay a fucking hand on him you filthy bastard human—”

“Yuu-chan!” Yuu's head jerked to the side at the call of his name. Taking advantage of the distraction, Ferid wildly swung a fist and smashed Yuu on the cheek. Yuu growled and clenched down harder, ignoring how Ferid wheezed as his air was cut off, and his escape attempts weakened.“Y-Yuu-chan, no!”

“Don't try to stop me from punishing this worthless son of a bitch for even thinking of violating you.”

“Yuu-chan, pl—” Mika coughed and retched, an ache flaring to life in his stomach where he’d been kicked.

Then, Yuu took one look at him, and the anger all but melted off his face as it contorted instead with concern and poorly veiled trepidation. He released Ferid immediately, and he crumpled to the floor in an unmoving heap as Yuu rushed to his side. “Mika, Mika are you okay? Fuck, you’re bleeding—holy shit you're so banged up. Was I too late? Do I need to call you an ambulance?!”
“Y-Yuu-chan, your fangs…your h-horns…Ferid saw them…” He stared fearfully at where the man laid slumped on the ground. His neck was already purpling in the shape of Yuu’s fingers. God, was he…

Yuu must have noticed him staring, because he shifted himself to obscure Ferid’s form from view. “He’s not dead. Don’t worry about any of that right now. Shit, we need to get you out of here.” Yuu snatched up the tattered jacket on the floor—stopping short when he realized it completely lacked buttons, but he shook his head as if to clear the thought from his mind—and slung it gently over Mika’s shoulders. When his skin brushed up against Mika’s, he could practically feel the liquid rage that humed right beneath the surface like hellfire and vengeance. Mika flinched and shuddered away from the contact before he could stop himself.

Yuu paused, regarding him. He slowly backed away, giving him space. “Sorry, Mika. I didn’t mean to crowd you. Can you stand on your own, or do you want help?”

His heart fluttered a little at the consideration; determined, Mika offered a shy nod and held out his hand. “Y-yeah. Can I get some help?”

“Of course.” Yuu’s hand clasped warmly in his and pulled him to his feet. Once upright, Mika wobbled, his vision swimming—but Yuu was there to catch him, his hands hovering, never touching him anywhere without making sure Mika could see where he intended to put them. They stood there for a moment, breathing hard together, as the adrenaline skittering through their veins calmed down, and the fight left their bones.

“You came to get me,” murmured Mika suddenly. His eyes widened, gradually peering up and into Yuu’s. “You came to get me. How did you know I needed help?”

“I—oh.” Yuu appeared flustered for a second. He hurriedly glanced away, avoiding Mika’s questioning gaze. “Well, I mean, uh…I came to. Check on you. I felt bad for leaving you like that, so…”

It sounded fishy, but Mika’s brain was too addled and weary to give a shit. He rested his forehead against Yuu’s shoulder. “Did you…did you eat, at least…?”

“No,” replied Yuu lowly, and he didn’t seem the least bit worried over the fact. “Can I hug you?”

Mika’s throat closed up. “Yeah.”
Tender arms looped around him, caging Mika into a warm embrace. Yuu sighed and pulled him in
until their fronts were flush together, sweat and blood be damned. The minute shivering that wracked
Yuu’s frame made his distress obvious. “I’ll always come for you, Mika. I’m glad you’re okay.”

“Thank you, Yuu-chan.” Mika wanted to say more, but everything hurt, and he was finally coming
down from his chemical high, exhaustion weighing heavy on his shoulders. He shuffled slightly
away from the hug, pleasantly surprised when he met no resistance. Mika absently palmed at his
neck, searching for the purpling mark he knew with roiling discomfort in his gut that Ferid had left on
him—Yuu watched. Ire oozed from his every pore, and Mika wondered if it was wrong of him to
take comfort in such an ugly emotion.

Yuu spat blood onto the ground. Mika stared. “I’ll apologize to Kimizuki for this later. Come on.
Let’s fucking scram.”

--------

Yuu had wanted to say goodbye to his friends before leaving the party, maybe give Kimizuki a
heads up about the rapist passed out in his garage, but what he failed to notice was that his horns and
fangs were still blatantly visible; Mika convinced him that he’d be the one to inform Kimizuki, and
that Yuu would wait for him in the shadows of the house. Yuu was far from content with letting
Mika out of his sight after that ordeal, however—and by the time Mika returned to him, he was
agitated again, prowling around with bright fire alight in his viridian eyes.

They tumbled out of the house together, clutching each other and shaking. Yuu's grip on Mika's
elbow was strong enough to bruise as he maneuvered them over to the car, careful not to jostle either
his own injuries or the unresponsive incubus on his arm. Straggling partygoers hooted and hollered
in the distance. Mika was jittery with paranoia, ready at a moment's notice to throw the remains of his
jacket over Yuu's head and shield his blatantly supernatural features from prying eyes.

As they approached the car, Mika gently nudged his partner. "Yuu-chan. Yuu-chan, give me your
keys."

Recognizing the implication immediately, Yuu's lips curled back in a vicious snarl, baring his
dagger-sharp canines. They glistened with blood in the wan fluorescent light of the street lights
above. Mika's heart skipped a beat upon seeing it—seeing the evidence of Yuu's defending him.
"Oh, like hell I'm letting you drive. You were just attacked!"

"And you were just doing some attacking. What a goddamn coincidence." Mika deadpanned. He
held his hand out expectantly, palm up. "Yuu-chan, you're a shitty driver even when you're not hopelessly riled up like this. Just let me get us home safely, okay?"

Yuu deflated. Whether his beefed-up pride let him admit it or not, he was utterly drained from both the impromptu fight and the lack of meal. "Fucking. Fucking fine. Just this once."

"Thank you," Mika said sincerely as the keys were plunked into his awaiting hand. He guided Yuu into the passenger seat, put himself behind the wheel, and turned on the engine. The routine, boring motions of driving were exactly what Mika needed to steel himself and soothe his screaming nerves. Mika didn’t give a flying fuck that he’d just suffered a head injury—he could handle this.

The car ride was short and uneventful. Or, at least, it should have been—the earth-splintering silence made it the most awkward ten minutes of Mika's young life. The phantom pressures of Ferid's disgusting touch ghosted over his skin, raking goosebumps up and down his arms. Now that the danger had passed, he could recall distinctly every unwanted press, every uninvited fondle, the sharp crack of his head against the floor and how it rang in his ears. It wasn't enough to make him swerve or even remotely affect his driving, but Mika's fingers were quivering upon the steering wheel, and the glances Yuu tossed his way told him that he had noticed. Mika decided that he’d have to pull an all-nighter to keep Ferid out of his dreams, at least for tonight. He'd just drown himself in essays and textbooks until his brain was too tired to concoct a nightmare.

By the time they pulled into the dorm parking lot, the dashboard blinkered two in the morning. Mika killed the engine, yanked out the keys, and passed them off to Yuu, who shoved them unceremoniously into his jacket pocket. Then he sat there and stared at Mika—waiting for him to react, to do something, anything. The perturbing mood that loomed over them both was of Mika's own creation, and he knew it.

Mika sighed, splaying his fingers out over his knees and gazing intently down at them. Ferid had mentioned in class once that he liked Mika's long, nimble fingers—liked the idea of them working his cock. He’d thought it to be a simple joke at the time, despite the bad taste, but…Mika balled his hands into fists, suddenly too sickened to look at them any longer. His stomach churned.

Mika looked up. "Hey, Yuu-chan. Your horns haven't gone away."

He stared at the ebony protrusions still jutting out from Yuu's head. They reflected light, glittering whenever Yuu turned this way or that. Mika wondered if they were as smooth as they looked, or if Yuu would allow him to feel them someday. "Ah. Oh yeah, that's normal. They'll go away in a second, they're just pretty finely attuned to my levels of aggression."
"Ferid saw them, you know. Along with your fangs."

Yuu sighed noisily. His head thudded back against the headrest, fingers drumming on the door handle. "Mika, he was drunk to hell and back, he won't remember jackshit in the morning. And even if he does, no one will believe him. They'll all think he was high off his ass on top of being blackout drunk."

That should have been the end of the conversation, but Mika made no move to exit the car. His wandering gaze landed on one of the lamps outside the dorms; he watched as moths and flies smacked into it, again and again. Mika wished that he could be that blissfully relentless, so ignorantly reckless. Maybe then he wouldn’t have to deal with this awful throbbing in his chest. "But what if people start questioning his injuries?"

"Mika..."

"People saw him leave after me. Someone even shoved me into him, for fuck’s sake. They'll know I'm linked to Ferid’s wounds somehow. And they know I came with you."

"Mika, come on, let's get inside."

"Yuu-chan, just—what if they figure you out? What if you're exposed?!"

"Mika, calm down, that's not going to happen—"

"You're such an idiot! How could you—how could you be so careless, so stupid just to save a nobody like me—"

“You're not a nobody, Mika, I—”

“I can’t believe you’d put yourself at risk like this—”

"I'M CENTURIES OLD. YOU THINK THIS HASN'T HAPPENED BEFORE? DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S DIFFICULT FOR ME TO JUST PICK MYSELF UP AND MOVE SOMEPLACE ELSE?!!"

Mika's inhale felt like a bucket of knives pouring down his throat. He tremored as Yuu settled back into his seat, relaxing his hunched spine, wicked sharp horns dwindling back down again. A tense
quiet gripped their bones. Yuu dragged his tongue absently along his fangs. "...I'm sorry. I'm just…
tired. Hungry and tired."

"I don't want you to leave," Mika breathed softly. And when Yuu peeked up at him with those
otherworldly green eyes, watering with frustrated tears, Mika knew at once that he was finished. At
some point, this rough-around-the-edges piece of trouble had wormed his way into Mika's heart—
carved a little Yuu-shaped cranny there, fated for only himself to fill.

"I don't want to leave you either, Mika. Ever."

Mika smiled. And then he started to cry.

Chapter End Notes

i've had the last half of this chapter written for a month now. it feels good to finally post
it :)

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Mika is frustrated, but then he isn't.

Chapter Notes

it's happening, guys. it's happening.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first week after the incident was rough on them both. At first, Mika had been eager to get back out there and put the whole thing with Ferid cleanly behind him—but Yuu put his foot down, and he put it down hard.

“Yuu-chan, get out of the way!” Mika huffed and attempted to squeeze past his roommate, but an arm shot out and almost smacked him in the nose. “I’m just going on a walk!”

“How dumb do you think I am? You hate going outside!” exclaimed Yuu. With a grunt of effort, he managed to snag Mika’s shoulders and gently shove him back into their dorm. He kicked the door shut and pouted. “You might think you’re ready to go again, but what Ferid did was some traumatizing shit, Mika…please, give it some time? I don’t want you to get hurt again…”

Yuu flashed the puppy dog eyes, and Mika was doomed. Grumbling darkly, he shed his jacket and threw himself back into bed, where heaps of worksheets and calculations laid waiting for his hand. He sulked. “Fucking fine, Yuu-chan. Geez. If it’s so important to you.”

Mika couldn’t see it, but he could practically feel the radiating warmth of Yuu’s beaming grin. “Thanks, Mika. I’ll be back before two, okay?”

True to his word, Yuu would return to him every night of that week in one piece, safe and sound—but his cheeks began to hollow out again, eyes growing sunken little by little each day, until one morning Mika glanced over to ask him about the Japanese homework and was struck speechless.

“Yuu-chan, y-you look awful!” he sputtered in disbelief, dropping his pencil. Yuu mumbled
something incoherent under his breath and groggily scratched his head. He continued to tap away at his laptop, squinting at the screen’s glare. “Yuu-chan—god, when was the last time you…ate?”

It was always awkward for Mika to inquire after Yuu’s dietary habits, considering both their sexual nature and the gooey crush feelings that stirred in his chest; Yuu, to his credit, usually didn’t dodge the matter much. Today, however, he averted his eyes and pretended to concentrate on a textbook. “Hm, couldn’t have been long ago. Why do you ask?”

Mika stared at him. “…No reason.” Shuffling his own papers around, Mika said casually, “I want to go to the party with you tonight. Professor Shigure hired a new TA for chemistry. I’m pretty sure Ferid is gone for good, whatever happened to him. There was a rumor going around that he got expelled.”

The slope of Yuu’s shoulders eased slightly. “Oh. Okay, sure, you can come. We’re hitting up Mitsuba’s place tonight, it’ll be pretty lowkey.”

And low-profile it was, along with every single party Yuu brought him to for the next week—two weeks after the Ferid Disaster, as he’d dubbed it, Mika was beginning to feel a bit frustrated. Yuu practically attached himself to Mika, always touching him somewhere—whether it be with an arm around the neck, a hand on the waist, or a linking of their elbows—, and while he relished in the attention, Mika knew that he was merely obstructing Yuu’s true purpose for attending such parties in the first place: finding one night stands. He eventually decided to take matters into his own hands.

“Hey,” Mika said conversationally, tapping the shoulder of a girl with long, luscious dark hair. He plastered on his best sheepish smile when she turned. Time to turn up the sweetness, Mika. “My friend over there has been trying to approach you all night, but he’s too shy…I was wondering if you could do me a favor and—”

“Mika! There you are! You said you were going to the bathroom like ten minutes ago, what the hell!” Mika’s stomach plummeted as Yuu came up behind him, splaying a hand across his hip in a blatantly possessive manner. Yuu all but glared daggers at the girl, suspicion clear on his face. “Who the fuck is this? Is she bothering you?”

“I was just leaving,” the stranger scoffed, flipping her bangs as she strolled briskly away from them, melting back into the swarm of people. Yuu instantly relaxed; Mika frowned.

“Yuu-chan, what was that for?! I was trying to hook you up with her!” Mika protested. He tried subtly slipping out of Yuu’s grasp, but his grip only tightened, pulling Mika in even closer. An exasperated groan simmered in the back of his throat. “Why’d you scare her off?”
“She was looking at you funny,” muttered Yuu, his face shadowed and indecipherable to Mika’s searching eye. Yuu started back towards where the squad was gathered and, being anchored to him by a hand, Mika had no choice but to follow. “It’s okay, Mika, I’ll manage it myself. You just stay with the others, okay? I don’t want you wandering off on your own.”

“I’m not a pet for you to boss around,” Mika said icily, taking a short but obvious step away from Yuu’s side. His hand fell away. Startled, Yuu’s head whipped around to blink at him, his eyes owlishly wide.

This same scenario had played out over and over, so many times that his head spun: Mika would try in vain to help Yuu, only for his roommate to crash in and sabotage his efforts at every turn. As far as he knew, Yuu hadn’t had a one night stand since the day before Ferid’s attack, two weeks ago. Frigid darts of fear were beginning to prick at Mika’s heart. This couldn’t be healthy.

“Why aren’t you letting me help you anymore? Did the other night turn me into something weak in your eyes? A burden for you to drag around and protect?”

The darkness dropped off from Yuu’s expression. When he glanced over, Mika was surprised to see a shock of vulnerability flashing across his features. “…You’re right, Mika. I haven’t been treating you fairly…hey. I’m sorry I messed up your conversation earlier, it was really rude of me.”

Mika softened. “It’s okay, I know you didn’t mean it. Let’s talk about it after we get home?”

Yuu swept over the room with a calculating gaze. It was late; most people had begun to filter out already, and the remaining partygoers were incoherently drunk, high, or some god-awful combination of the two. He sighed. “Yeah, okay, let’s ditch. I’ll swing the car around.”

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They made it back to the dorm around four in the morning, and Mika mentally thanked god that it was Friday; it would be killer to wake up for class after a double dosage of both a party and the inevitable emotional labor of this conversation. He tucked his jacket back into the closet and stared expectantly at Yuu, who was stock-still by the door. Mika beckoned. “Give me your shoes and coat, I’ll put them away.”

“Thanks,” whispered Yuu as he obliged to the command. Mika merely hummed, making sure to
graze his fingertips across Yuu’s skin as he took the proffered items, gauging his reaction. Yuu stiffened up and broke the contact as soon as it was made. The reaction sparked a tiny frown to curve on Mika’s lips. “W-well…what did you want to talk about first?”

“Hm, I dunno, Yuu-chan. How about the fact that you’re starving yourself again?” Mika shrugged noncommittally, overly casual as he put Yuu’s shoes on the rack and hung his coat. Yuu emitted a rueful whine. “Did you really think I wouldn’t notice?”

“No,” he admitted with little reluctance, seemingly accepting his fate. Yuu’s spine hunched as he collapsed onto his bed, burying his face in a mass of pillows. Mika, after tidying up the closet, went to join him at the foot of the bed. He aligned himself opposite to Yuu and knocked their legs together, prompting him to continue. “Sorry…I made all your hard work go to waste…”

“You didn’t,” said Mika calmly, “and even if you did, that’s not the part I care about. I care about your health and you doing what you need to in order to maintain it. So it’s bothersome when you seem to almost deliberately ruin yourself. Tonight marks two weeks since your last hookup, did you know that? You’re not stupid, I know you’re not.”

“I know, Mika, trust me I know—” Yuu groaned and suddenly flung himself upright, sending pillows spiralling through the air in all directions. Mika jolted—“but—but how am I supposed to concentrate on coming onto someone else when—when there are bastards like Ferid around? They’re everywhere—hell, I was even one of them once. I couldn’t protect Akane and I couldn’t even protect you…you, the person who’s been there for me whenever I need it. You, the person most important to me…”

Mika’s heart swelled. He couldn’t reach Yuu’s hands, so he settled for gently stroking Yuu’s ankle in comfort. The tendons twitched and jumped under his fingers. “Yuu-chan…there are always going to be awful people in the world, and you’re just one person. You can’t help everyone. But what you did do is save me…you stopped Ferid before he could go too far. I wasn’t expecting anyone to come for me, but you did. And for that…” He paused, blinking away the wetness in his vision as memories smacked into his skull. “For that, I have no one but you to thank.”

“It shouldn’t have happened in the first place,” Yuu hissed. Mika thumbed soothing circles into his skin, but Yuu wrenched his leg away. “No, no, don’t do that, I don’t deserve it—that whole thing happened because I was careless. Shinoa is right, I only know how to think with my goddamn dick.”

“I’d be concerned if you didn’t, considering you literally need your ‘goddamn dick’ for survival,” said Mika, vexed by his nonchalant dismissal of his own wellbeing. He stubbornly yanked Yuu’s leg back into his lap and pinched his foot as a warning. “Moron. I’ll be safe from now on, and your friends are watching out for me too. There’s no reason to worry—”
“I’m not worried!” yelled Yuu. Their neighbor banged on the wall in objection to the noise; Mika shushed him valiantly. Yuu’s voice dropped in volume, but only continued to climb in vehemence. “I’m not worried about you. I—I know you can handle yourself, really, I do. And I know you’re careful. You’re the most careful and intelligent person I’ve ever met.”

An anxious lump clogged Mika’s throat. He frowned quizzically. “Then…if not for my safety, why are you so stressed? I—” love you— “care about you a lot, but you never used to cling to me so much.”

Yuu groaned, but this time, the anger seemed to have seeped out from his tired muscles for good. He gazed blearily up at Mika with something else in his eyes—something a little more tender, a little more complex. “Man, you…you really don’t get it, do you.”

The knot of his brow deepened. “What?”

“Mika, you—” Yuu laughed suddenly; it wasn’t even a brittle sound, but one born of unadulterated amusement. Mika was sent reeling by the abrupt switch in mood. He struggled to make sense of it as Yuu got on his knees and began crawling across the bed towards him. “For such a smartass, you’re really just a big idiot sometimes. I love you.”

A bewildered noise escaped Mika despite his best efforts to squash it down. He quivered slightly as Yuu drew closer, promptly shoving Mika’s legs apart to make room for himself between them. Mika tried to scoot back, but there wasn’t any bed left. “W-what? Yuu-chan, I—I love you too, but you’re not making any sense.”

God, he was so fucking close. Yuu’s eyes were even prettier from this miniscule distance; Mika could practically count the flecks of jade and glimmering seafoam. “Use that giant brain of yours, Mika,” purred Yuu. He dipped ever slightly closer, and Mika was literally prepared to fall backwards off the damn mattress to escape this tension, but an arm snaked around his waist before he could try. “Didn’t you ever think…that I’d refuse to fuck a stranger, because there might be a specific person that I want to fuck instead?”

Mika’s brain blanked. He gawked dumbly, uncomprehending eyes fixed on Yuu’s until the incubus looked away, looked down, looked towards—his lips. He was looking at Mika’s lips. Instantly, the previous “platonic” love declaration snapped neatly into place, completing the puzzle in Mika’s mind. “Oh.”
“You’re so fucking slow,” Yuu huffed fondly against Mika’s mouth. “Push me away if you don’t want this.”

Mika didn’t. So Yuu leaned in and kissed him.

Chapter End Notes

wow, and it only took /checks word count
19k for us to get here. amazing.

(the girl mika was trying to talk to was aiko aihara, by the way).
Yuu is starving, so Mika helps out.

nothing much to say here. this is the smut chapter, guys! check the tags for details.

When Yuu broke the kiss, Mika was silent.

“Mika?” Fingertips hesitantly brushed up against his cheek, lifting his chin. Mika allowed his head to be tilted up and stared into Yuu’s eyes. “I’m sorry, was that wrong of me to do?”

“No,” he said, voice cracking over the simple word. He was stupefied, unable to keep the awe he always felt when thinking of Yuu out of his expression. “No, it w-wasn’t wrong at all, I— I liked it, but—you… you like me? Me? Are you—are you sure?”

Yuu pursed his lips, and Mika wondered if he would protest to kissing him again. “You say that like it’s unbelievable, or something.”

“M-maybe a little,” Mika confessed. He pulled back slightly, thinking that Yuu would move his hand away—but he merely dropped his fingers lower, skimming them along the line of Mika’s throat and collarbones. He gulped. “You’re, well—you’re Yuu-chan. Funny, b-beautiful, nice Yuu-chan. You could have anyone you wanted. Are you sure you’re not just… just guilty or something? I mean, you can’t actually feel… r-romantic attraction towards a person like me.”

“Mika, do you even hear yourself?” Yuu clasped his cheeks and turned him firmly to face him around. Mika’s heart cracked a little upon seeing the sadness dipping Yuu’s brow. “You’ve done more for me than anyone else in four hundred years. I actually…I like you so much that I actually, um. I might have accidentally imprinted on you.”

Mika’s head shot up. “You—you what?”
“On accident!” Yuu exclaimed wildly. Banging sounded from the wall again, but they both ignored it. “I’m—shit. I’m kind of a young incubus b-by normal standards, so I don’t know everything, but… but when an incubus forms a…r-really deep emotional bond with someone, they imprint on the person. It serves as a mark, or a warning to other incubi, kind of like: back off, this one is mine. And it lets you…sense how the person is doing, almost? That’s how I knew you were in trouble with Ferid…and why I went to find you…” He averted his eyes ashamedly. “I’m sorry, Mika…by the time I noticed that I’d done it, it was kind of…too late to ask for your opinion…”

“It’s okay, Yuu-chan,” breathed Mika. He chuckled a little, high with incredulity and disbelief. “I—wow. I’m kind of flattered, actually. I’m fine with it, if it’s you…”

Yuu swallowed. He met Mika’s eyes. “Mika, you’re just…you’re perfect, for fuck’s sake. Don’t think so poorly of yourself like that. You’re so sweet and—a-and cute and how I feel has nothing to do with that asshole. Trust me. I-I’ve felt this way for a while.”

Mika’s heart thundered from within his ribs. He clutched the bedsheets in trembling fists, mustering the wits he needed to continue. “Then prove it!” Mika blurted, then immediately slapped a hand over his own mouth in instant regret.

Yuu blinked. Then his mouth curled into a broad grin, impish and sharp with mischief. “Okay, I will. Anything you want me to do to prove it to you, I’ll do it.”

Oh god, what had he done. Mika hardly resisted the temptation to slam his face into a nearby pillow and let it muffle his embarrassed screams. He settled for a nervous squeak and a scalding blush. “I—what?! Wait, Mika, are you—are you being serious?!”

Yuu snickered, head drooping until their noses brushed. “Yeah, Mika?” he taunted.

And that— that ignited Mika’s competitive spirit. Eyes hardening, Mika rose up to the challenge, quite literally; he knocked their foreheads together and smirked, paying no heed to how it shook at the corners. “If you really like me so much, then—then f-fuck me!”

Yuu froze. Mika watched with both amusement and utter mortification as his cheeks exploded bright red, his rosy flush spilling down Yuu’s neck and under the collar of his t-shirt. “I—what?! W-wait, Mika, are you—are you being serious?!”
“Of course I’m serious!” Mika paused, then he laughed bashfully as his own words caught up with him. “M-maybe not… completely serious. I… you’re starving, Yuu-chan. If this—if your feelings were the reason why, then, the least I can do is help you out, right? Because I want to, not because you’re forcing me!” Mika finished hastily.

Yuu regarded him with a stern gaze. “Mika… you’re sure? After the thing with Ferid, I…”

Mika swallowed thickly and went in for the kill. He planted his hands on Yuu’s shoulders, pushing gently, and Yuu allowed himself to be lowered until his back was against the bed, face warm. Mika climbed on top of him and sat over his crotch. The air practically crackled with tension.

“Not all the way, but…” He leaned down and hovered above Yuu, their lips a hair’s breadth apart once more. He was nervous, so nervous his entire body quaked, but Yuu was staring up at him with those big, earnest eyes and Mika felt good. “Make me… make me forget about his touch? …Please.”

Without waiting for a response, Mika began to slowly cant his hips down into Yuu’s. The incubus beneath him gasped, hands flying to his waist—and for a second, Mika genuinely feared that he would be shoved off, but then Yuu pressed him down and—

“Oh,” gasped Mika, reddening further. He propped his arms up against the planes of Yuu’s chest, grinding down a little harder, a little faster. “You’re hard.”

“You are too, don’t single me out,” Yuu mumbled. They started up a disjointed rhythm, only for it to be beautifully ruined when Yuu accidentally bucked up at the same time Mika pushed down; the resulting friction was heavenly. Mika arched, whimpering and clawing at his shirt collar because suddenly the room was sweltering, and he wanted it off.

“S-shit, Mika you look so damn good—” Mika was struck with a dizzying sensation; a connection, transcending the physical, with the incubus below him. Yuu’s grip on his waist tightened, and that was all the warning Mika got before his world flipped upside down, and Yuu was looming over him, his weight a heavy comfort bearing down from all sides. Mika shivered; it was even better than the last time they were in such a position, seemingly ages ago.

“Y-Yuu-chan, ah-!”

“You’re so good, so good…” Yuu panted hotly in his ear and ground down with a force Mika hadn’t known he possessed. With a start, he realized that Yuu—Yuu was feeding. Yuu was feeding,
and Mika was being of use, *Mika* was the one to give him this and not some random college student on the dance floor—the mere thought made pleasure crash down on him in searing waves, coiling heat tight in Mika’s gut. “That’s it, baby, arch your back for me…”

“Y-you feel good too, Yuu-chan,” Mika croaked out shyly. He wanted to squeeze his eyes shut and ride out the overwhelming feeling of Yuu moving against him, but at the same time, Mika’s eyes were blown wide, wide open. He didn’t want to miss a single shift in Yuu’s expression, a single moment of having such a powerful, gorgeous creature in the circle of his arms. Yuu rolled his hips just so, and Mika’s vision whitened out as he crumbled to dust in his hands. The mattress creaked. “Ngh, Yuu-chaaaaan—”

Yuu chuckled breathily, and Mika’s skin tingled at the feeling of hot breath puffing so so close. “Are you about to come, Mika? You’re— *hah*, so fucking good—you’re so cute, sometimes, you know…”

“Yuu-chan, *please—*” In blind desperation, Mika hooked his ankles around Yuu’s waist and switched their positions yet again, slamming Yuu down into the bedsheets. He went willingly, although the impact stole his breath away in a loud moan. Mika glared down at him as his hips continued to cant, spreading the wetness already staining their pants. “You—you fuck, *ah ah aH AH —*”

Mika’s hips stuttered and he convulsed as he came, spine bowed into a wicked curve as his eyes rolled back. Yuu groaned at the sight, grabbing the back of his neck and smashing their mouths together as Mika slowed on top of him, too tired to go further. Mika shuddered with the aftershocks, trying to give Yuu—who had yet to come—some friction.

“Yuu-chan, you didn’t—”

“Shh Mika, no, it’s okay,” he reassured, raking hands through Mika’s hair as they locked eyes. Yuu smiled, and coupled with the glorious flush staining his cheeks and the sweat beading along his forehead, Mika thought that Yuu, in that instant, had to be the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen. “I’m more experienced than you, of course I’m gonna last longer. And besides, your pleasure is beneficial to the both of us, remember?”

Yuu shot him a meaningful look. Mika’s mortification catapulted to extremes as it sunk in that—oh god, he’d really just done that. He really just shamelessly ground onto Yuu until he orgasmed in his pants, and Yuu, Yuu could feel it all, for fuck’s sake—Mika groaned and clapped his hands over his face.
“Oh my god…I’m so embarrassed…”

“Don’t be, at least you actually look pretty when you come,” snorted Yuu. He absentmindedly tucked a sweat-drenched golden curl behind his ear. “Really…really fucking pretty…” Mika jumped as he felt Yuu’s dick twitch beneath him. Ah, so his words were true…

“Are you—” Mika gnawed on his bottom lip pensively. When he glanced over at Yuu, he was startled to see him staring intently at his mouth—Mika released it immediately. He flushed. “Are you, um, full now, Yuu-chan? It’s okay if you’re not.”

Yuu ducked his head away shamefully at the question. “M-Mika, that’s not important…it’s our first time together, I don’t want to ruin it with my…my dumb needs…”

“They’re not dumb,” Mika said adamantly. Thoughtful, he scooted backwards, down Yuu’s body until he was kneeling between his legs, spreading them open to accommodate himself. Yuu’s blush glowed even brighter, if at all possible, when Mika carefully palmed at the bulge in his pants. “I-is this okay? I…it t-turns me on a lot to touch you, so does that help feed you too?”

Yuu failed to respond for a moment. Mika looked up to check on him and was heavily entertained to witness him gaping, struggling for words like a floundering fish. Yuu sputtered. “Oh, shit—I mean, uh, yes. Y-yes, I can…I can feel it when you’re turned on too, as long as we m-maintain physical contact…Mika, are you sure?”

“I’ve never been more sure about anything.” Mika flashed what he hoped was a calming grin before he turned his full concentration to the task at hand. He flicked open the button on Yuu’s fly and pulled his pants and boxers down together in a slow, torturous drag. Yuu was practically whining by the time his cock sprung free, thick and dripping with precum. Mika’s breath caught, and his heart started to beat a little faster; judging by the way Yuu stiffened and threaded unsteady fingers through his hair, he’d felt it.

Mika started slow, exploring and taking his sweet, sweet time. He firmly gripped Yuu at the base and twisted his wrist, fascinated by the spurt of precum that dribbled from the tip. Moaning slightly, Mika rocked down onto the bed and tried not to care too much about the intense, mesmerized stare with which Yuu was pinning him. He stroked up and down, trailing his fingernail along the veins, mapping their path across the flesh. Yuu whimpered and bucked up impatiently.

“Mika, you fu— hah, you fucking dirty tease…”
“You love it though,” he whispered playfully, blowing hotly against the mushroom head before sweeping his tongue over it experimentally. Yuu turned and stifled his sounds in a pillow—and oh, that wouldn’t do at all. Mika was sure Yuu could feel his smile curling around his shaft when his lips parted, enveloping Yuu’s cock in tight, wet heat and sliding down, inch by gradual inch. Yuu spasmed and mewed.

In spite of his most spirited attempts, Mika only managed to fit half of Yuu’s cock in his mouth before his throat began to ache in complaint. He moaned and slid up and down, up and down, working what he couldn’t fit with his hands and relishing in the graceful arch of Yuu’s back as he keened.

“Mika—fuck fuck fuck Mika Mika Mika—” With his loudest moan of the night, Yuu shoved Mika’s head down and held him there as he came violently undone, orgasming into his mouth. Mika choked slightly and swallowed the cum down best he could; it tasted bitter, awful really, but the knowledge that it was Yuu’s—god, he’d just blown Yuu until he came, Mika felt high—gave him the motivation to gulp down every drop.

When the tension left Yuu’s muscles, he slumped back into the bed, exhausted. Mika sat upright slowly, thumbing the corners of his mouth and flicking away the splattered mix of saliva and cum. When he spoke, his voice was impeccably hoarse. “W-was that okay?”

Yuu looked at him—really looked at him, as if the sight of Mika had somehow put him in a trance. When Yuu opened his arms in a familiar gesture that Mika himself had done so many times before, he fell into the embrace with no hesitation. “God, Mika, you’re so fucking perfect, what the shit,” Yuu muttered into his hair.

Mika giggled breathlessly, weariness soaking his bones. “You’re perfect too, Yuu-chan…I love you.”

Yuu positively lit up at the words. “I love you too,” he said back with all the excitedness of a little puppy. Mika laughed, patting his head.

“Okay, okay. It’s late. Let’s clean up and go to sleep.”

Yuu smiled and nosed his temple, pressing a chaste kiss into the husk of his ear. “Agreed.”

Chapter End Notes
and then mika remembered that he had yet to brush his teeth and sprung out of bed, dragging yuu to come along with him because "i refuse to kiss a guy who doesn't maintain good dental hygiene, thank you very much. i have standards."

(if you liked this chapter/the story in general, i would recommend my story "between a rock and a hard place," which is an actual dancers au, despite what the title of this fic may lead you to believe. this has been a shameless plug. thank you,)
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Mika attempts to seduce Yuu, but it dissolves into an argument and spirals wildly out of control.

Chapter Notes

listen. i’m not going to lie. i basically have the fic finished and am attempting valiantly to not post it all at once. enjoy the chapter.

(there is some nsfw in the beginning, but clothes don't even come off).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The first two weeks of being Yuu’s boyfriend were utter bliss.

Mika was thriving. Since they started dating, Yuu had no need to search so desperately for one night stands any longer, and consequently attended parties at a much lower frequency than Mika had ever known him to do. The extra sleep provided them both with the energy needed to boost their lagging grades, and in between classes and study sessions, someone’s hand would nearly always find its way between the other’s legs. Mika had been brought to shuddering, explosive release so many times by Yuu’s deft fingers and mouth that he couldn’t even keep track.

But two weeks in, Mika came to a realization:

Yuu had yet to ask him for penetrative sex.

The thought unnerved him. Before they confessed, Yuu would go out and hook up with someone almost every other night—and Mika was positive that they’d do more than just give each other handjobs and blowjobs. Was Yuu truly happy and healthy at the pace they were moving at, slowed by Mika’s own design? Penetration was probably more sustaining to him, right? Mika tried inquiring after him, but Yuu would only ever shrug and laugh when his meals were brought up.

“Don’t worry about me, Mika,” he’d coo, eyes twinkling with warm fondness, skimming his knuckles down Mika’s cheek, “I’m comfortable if you’re comfortable. Don’t push yourself for my sake.”
He wasn’t blind to the slump of Yuu’s shoulders, or the tired droop of his eyelids before he blinked it away. Awful, wretched guilt gnawed at Mika’s conscience; he wasn’t being fair to Yuu, he was holding Yuu back—and Mika couldn’t stand the thought. That was why, two weeks into their relationship, Mika decided to take some initiative.

“Yuu-chan, do you wanna take a break?” asked Mika as he lowered his laptop to the ground and closed the lid. They were lounging on the floor on Mika’s side of their dorm—Yuu’s side was far too cluttered to even consider such a thing—doing their homework in amicable silence. Yuu hummed and scribbled down some equations into his notebook. “Yuu-chan, baby.”

“That sounds like a good idea, we’ve been at this for fucking hours,” Yuu assented. He tossed his pencil somewhere off to the side and made grabby hands at Mika, grinning. “Come here, I don’t wanna move.”

“You lazy ass.” Mika snorted but complied anyway; anxiety roiled in his gut, stifling his usual sass. He kicked aside a stack of textbooks and scooted over, depositing himself solidly in Yuu’s lap. Yuu hummed, fingers sliding up around his neck, as Mika leaned down and connected their lips. It wasn’t an odd scenario, by any means—but Mika’s heart was drumming up a fierce rhythm, kicking against his rattling ribs. He was breathless and they hadn’t even started kissing in earnest.

“Oof—” Yuu released a startled sound when Mika pushed him down, chasing his mouth and shoving his tongue against Yuu’s. His blood roared in his ears as he shoved Yuu’s shirt up his front, raking hands over his abs and chest. Yuu chuckled, a little puzzled. “Someone’s really eager today.”

“I…” Mika swallowed as the apprehension threatened to take him under. Determined, he hastily popped the button on Yuu’s jeans and shoved them down. “I-I just want to touch you.”

Yuu frowned slightly, and the wandering of his hands across Mika’s sides faltered. “Are you okay, Mika? You kinda…feel weird?”

“I’m just excited,” he lied through his teeth, taking out Yuu’s half-hard cock and rolling his thumb over the tip just how he liked it. Despite the arch of Yuu’s back, he still seemed reluctant.

“But Mika, you’re—you’re not even hard…”

Mika squeezed his eyes shut and hung his head so Yuu wouldn’t see, acting as if he were focusing
on stroking the dick in his hands. Yuu had more or less stopped touching him completely—shit, this wasn’t going as planned. “W-well, whose fault is that? You’re the one who—who took his hands off me—”

“Mika. Stop.” Yuu gripped his shoulders and maneuvered Mika off of him, straightening out both their clothes as he did so. Mika’s heart was fluttering up a miniature hurricane in the hollow of his chest—god, he’d messed up, he had one job and he couldn’t even do that much right—Yuu cupped his face and peered into his eyes, expression brimming with so much concern that Mika could cry. “Baby, you’re not feeling any pleasure at all from this, don’t try and hide it. What is this about?”

“Nothing!”

“Mika.” Yuu’s worried look morphed into a steely glare, and Mika’s head throbbed. He tore his eyes away, unable to look at him any longer. “Is this…is this about that thing you asked me a while ago? About the penetration? If it is, you’re an even bigger moron than I thought.”

“You’re the only moron here,” Mika shot back, his tongue razor sharp. Frustration clamored inside of him: frustration for his failed plan, frustration for having inconvenienced Yuu so much, frustration for the stupid darkened patch of skin on his neck that still had yet to fade. “I can do it, seriously—”

“It’s not about if you can or can’t, it’s about your comfort,” Yuu replied, frowning. Mika reached for him again, dismayed when Yuu grabbed both his wrists. “Mika! Stop!”

“Yuu-chan, it’s fine—”

“It’s not fine, you’re being stupid!”

“What kind of dumbass doesn’t even look after his own wellbeing?! I—I know I’m a burden to you if I don’t want to go all the way, so why can’t we just—just do it and get it over with?!”

“Oh, so I’m the dumbass for trying to respect your boundaries?” Yuu’s eyes narrowed as he detached himself from Mika, leaving chilled skin where his hands once were. “I respect you, Mika, and you need to respect yourself too. I’m not doing a damn thing you’re not ready for, and that’s final.”

“Then go sleep with some other person!” Mika snapped, horrified to feel a stinging burn welling up
in his throat. He dabbed at the corner of his eye with a trembling finger, and surely enough, it came
away damp. He shook away the tears. “If I can’t be everything you need sexually, then—then it’s
just common sense to go find someone else who can. That’s why you’re a dumbass—”

“You want me to go out and cheat on you with some slut?!” Fists quivering at his sides, Yuu leaped
to his feet, unsympathetic of the folders and journals he scattered with his carelessness. “That’s how
much you value this relationship?! Mika, I’m loyal to you, I’d never—”

“Your health comes before everything else, stupid!” Mika jumped up after him, balling his shirt in his
hands and shaking Yuu as if that might smack some sense into his brain. “You think you can just—
that you can just go on like this? What if I’m never ready, then what? You spend the rest of your
days sick and half-starved when the solution is right there in front of you?!”

“Mikaela fucking Shindo, sometimes you’re just so—” Yuu growled and ripped himself away,
stomping around Mika and throwing open the closet door. Cold fear shot through Mika’s chest as he
tore his jacket from the hook, leaving it rattling in his wake. Yuu yanked his jacket on, shoved his
feet into his boots, and stormed to the door. “If you want me to do that, then fucking fine, I’ll go find
a whore to warm my bed for the night. Have a pleasant fucking evening!”

“I will!” Mika shouted after him. Yuu didn’t even look back as he opened the door, pounded out into
the hall, and slammed it shut behind him with a force that nearly sent it springing back out of the
frame. Mika shook violently where he stood, listening to Yuu’s footsteps as they tapered off into
blood-curdling silence. The echoes of their yells rang shrill in his ears.

Eventually, Mika’s legs gave out under him. He collapsed to his knees on the floor, staring at the
scattered remains of their study session. He was angry—angry at Yuu, furious even, for accusing
him of negligence of his well being when Yuu was the one literally starving on Mika’s watch—but
Yuu was right. He couldn’t disregard his comfort zone to appease Yuu anymore than Yuu could
disregard his hunger to appease Mika. Mika knew this, and he knew it well. But he was so damn
angry, and anger overcrowded all reason in his mind.

Yuu wanted him to have a pleasant evening? Fucking fine. Mika would have a good goddamn time
all by his lonesome, and he certainly didn’t need Yuu to tell him anything. With adrenaline still
pumping hot through his veins, Mika set to work on the rough draft of his English essay.

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As the clock ticked and betrayed every minute in which Yuu had been absent from Mika’s side, he
failed to show concern. Yuu was likely blowing off steam, after all—Mika had never seen him get
genuinely mad before, but he was surely fine. Probably off at some party, laughing it up with the squad as they passed around booze and beer. Mika wondered if Yuu drank when angry. He decided he didn’t want to find out.

Three hours in, his irritation had died down to a low simmer, and Mika was already halfway through the essay. If he kept going at this rate, he’d be finished before the night was out. He sighed and glanced over at the strewn books and supplies on the floor. The nice thing to do would be to clean it up, but…he remembered how Yuu looked when he said he’d find himself a whore to fuck, how crass fury had smoldered in his eyes and spewed fire from his lips, and—Mika went back to his essay.

Five hours of quiet sobered him. He’d tidied up his side of the room, and straightened up a bit of Yuu’s as an afterthought. His essay was done, proofread, and submitted a full two weeks ahead of time. Mika’s apology texts were no longer fresh.

Mika: Yuu-chan, I’m sorry I blew up at you. I was frustrated with myself and I took it out on you by accident. Can you come back and we can talk about it?

Mika: Please return safely.

Mika: I love you.

Mika: Yuu-chan, please don’t ignore me.

He’d called a few times too, but it went to voicemail at every attempt without fail. Yuu’s chipper voice explaining how he wasn’t near his phone at the moment, but please leave a message tugged at Mika’s heartstrings in the worst way, so he abandoned that method after a while. Left without any way to contact Yuu, Mika passed the time in perturbed quiet, suspended in a limbo of unease. Dread prodded at the pit of his stomach.

His phone chimed.

Mika lunged for it, snatching the device off his pillow and unlocking it at record speed. His eyes raked desperately over the message notification—Yuu, it was from Yuu, thank god—and his heart soared. But then he actually read the damn thing, and Mika’s whole world came crashing down into splintering shards at his feet.

Yuu-chan♡: if you want to see your boyfriend again, come to the abandoned supermarket on the corner of fifth and sixth street. Come alone. Don’t tell anyone even the police, or i will know and i will kill him.
Mika’s throat seized. He stared numbly at the phone, disbelief clouding the edges of his vision, and then he was typing with frenetic terror clawing at his veins.

Mika: yuu-chan this isn’t funny
Mika: seriously you’re scaring me
Mika: I’m so sorry I didn’t mean what I said please come back
Mika: talk to me
Mika: yuu reply
Mika: please
Mika: I’m begging you

Yuu-chan♡: you have ten minutes.

“Oh my god,” whispered Mika. The phone slipped from his icy fingers and landed facedown on the bed, obscuring the texts from his view. Yuu had probably just—just dropped his phone somewhere. Some punk probably just stole it. This was probably just a horrible, horrible joke. But his heart knew otherwise.

Ten fucking minutes. Mika stared at the time; just a little past two in the morning. The abandoned supermarket—he knew where that was, he and Yuu passed it every time they drove out to the movie theater in town. It was easily a twenty minute walk away, and the car wasn’t an option, because Yuu always kept his keys in his jacket pocket. Mika stared.

He jumped to his feet.

* I can make it if I sprint.*

Chapter End Notes

fucking yuu-chan.

(raise your hand if, like mika, you write essays to relax. no one? okay.)
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Mika bolts towards the abandoned supermarket and makes it in time, but even so, he is too late.

Chapter Notes

i am a bit nervous about the pacing/descriptions in this chapter, but i hope it is enjoyable nonetheless.

disclaimer: there is attempted sexual assault again in this chapter. as with the earlier case, it is ONLY attempted, and does not go any further than it did in chapter 7.

there are also graphic descriptions of wounds and killing. please heed the tags. thank you.

Mika was far past winded by the time he made it to the abandoned store, his muscles screaming with exhaustion as he stooped over to catch his breath. God, he always knew his lack of exercise would backfire on him someday—but here he was, just shy of two minutes early from the designated time. Mika had tried to think up a battle plan while running; he had no idea who or what he was up against. Although his first instinct had been to dial the police, Mika couldn’t find it in himself to jeopardize Yuu’s safety, no matter how slim the chances. He settled for shooting Yoichi (the only member of Yuu’s squad that had bothered to share numbers with him) a cryptic text about how Yuu had stormed out on him after a bad fight. He could only hope that it would be enough to prompt Yoichi into action if things went sour.

Mika approached the supermarket with caution, dodging the glow of street lamps and trying to scope out the building, but a sudden vibration from his phone scared him shitless. Fumbling, Mika yanked it out of his pocket and checked his messages.

Yuu-chan♡: enter through the front with your hands up. Don’t try anything funny

Had he been spotted?! Mika’s breath came short and quick, his heart slamming out of tune as he gazed at the supermarket with trepidation, trying to peer into its shadowed windows. It was quiet. Mika had hoped to come up with something of a contingency plan before he ventured into the place, but he was out of time. Bracing himself, Mika slid the phone back into his pocket and emerged from his hiding spot.
The walk up to the building was silent but for the crunch of Mika’s shoes against dirt and gravel. He made it to the entrance without a single hitch and, after glancing around the perimeter of the market, he slowly raised his hands parallel to his head and advanced forward. It was dark, dusty, with bare shelves and moldy counters. Exactly what he expected an abandoned store would be—but for the heart-stopping, congealed droplets of blood dotting a path from the double doors to between the grime-coated aisles. Footsteps clearly disturbed the dust alongside the blood. Mika stared down in horror.

He did the only thing left to do: Mika followed the bloody trail into the store, despite how each scuff of his soles against linoleum felt like another nail into his own coffin.

The blood led him into the farthest aisle, and Mika went without complaint. It looped around to the aisle beside it, then the next, and the next, until Mika had woven a winding path around every goddamn shelf in the whole store, and he was keyed up so high he feared he might burst. So much blood—and he could only assume it all belonged to Yuu.

Eventually, he came to a door marked in faded letters: employees only. Mika cautiously lowered his hands—he’d held them up by his head through the whole fucking supermarket, too afraid of the consequences to do otherwise—and brushed his fingertips along the knob. No response. Gathering his courage, Mika turned the doorknob and pushed into the room.

It seemed to have once been a giant freezer of sorts, Mika thought as he scanned his new surroundings. But his contemplation screeched to a sudden halt, along with his entire world, when he spotted a familiar head of black hair propped up against the back wall. Mika gasped and stumbled forward.

“YUU-CHAN!”

He threw himself to the floor by Yuu’s side, petrified at the pool of dark liquid collecting beneath him. Mika was shaking so fucking hard that he nearly dropped his phone when he went to retrieve it, but he managed to turn on the flashlight function anyway. Shining a light over Yuu, Mika moaned out in horror. He was pale, so so pale, except for the terrifying blues and angry reds of bruises and gashes that broke his skin. A giant splotch of deep scarlet decorated the middle of his torso. “No no—”

“…Mika…” Blue eyes shot upward. Yuu’s lips trembled, and he visibly grappled with prying his eyelids open. “Mi…ka…?”
“You’re gonna be okay,” he whispered back, dropping his phone to cradle Yuu’s face. He was so goddamn cold that it felt like holding ice in his hands and Mika wanted to cry. “You’re gonna be okay, Yuu-chan, oh my god. Don’t worry, I’ll get you to the hospital.”

“Oh, this is just so perfect!” The door banged shut. Mika whipped towards the sound, his heart leaping into his throat, and in that instant there was a sickening snap as the flashlight went out. Mika reeled, barely able to keep up—and a lamp flickered on overhead. “You really did come! How utterly stupid!”

Mika turned, and he couldn’t breathe.

“When I caught word that there was another incubus on campus, I couldn’t believe it, you see. This university has been my stomping ground for nearly a century. Others tend to stay away because I’m quite possessive of it.”

No.

“But then I spoke with two students, an adorable pair…what were their names again? Lacus and René, I believe. They’d just had a very peculiar experience with a friend’s roommate, you see!”

No. No no no no no no NO—

“The final blow was when he came charging in to protect what was his: a boy. And ironically, this was the same pretty boy I’d been trying to get alone for months! It’s funny how fate plays out, wouldn’t you say, little lamb?”

“What are you doing here?” Mika choked out, voice soft and terrified. Ferid winked back at him and advanced forward, horns glimmering, fangs peeking out as he laughed. “Y-you…they expelled you…”

“But believe everything you hear, little Mikaela,” Ferid purred. Mika panicked and stepped backwards—backwards, into a puddle of Yuu’s blood, splashing it over his shoes and the cuff of his pants. Oh god. Oh god this was really happening, he was really stuck between Ferid who was apparently an incubus and a bleeding-out Yuu strewn on the floor and Mika couldn’t even scream because he was so fucking paralyzed with awful awful fear. “It’s such a shame it had to come to this, dear Mikaela, but that brat over there already claimed you, it seems. You’re immune to my dastardly good looks and charm. How unfortunate.”
Immune? Immune, what did he mean immune—Yuu had imprinted on him. The memory thawed Mika’s bones, because—because even when he was at his weakest, Yuu was still giving him strength. Yuu had chosen Mika, out of everyone else on this damn planet, and like hell Mika was going to let him down when he needed him the most. So when Ferid lunged for him with a hand aiming for the throat, Mika dropped down to the floor and slammed a brutal punch between his legs. He scrambled away while Ferid bowled over and retched. Gotta distract him, gotta get him away from Yuu-chan—

“Why you little-!” When Ferid shot towards him again, Mika stooped low for the same trick—but a foot drove into his chest and ripped the oxygen from his lungs.

“Feisty, aren’t you,” snarled Ferid as he shoved Mika’s legs apart and pinned them with his knees. Mika gasped for air, fists flailing everywhere in hopes of landing a blow somewhere, anywhere, but his wrists were caught in a bone-crushing grip and Mika howled out in pain. “I hate feisty.”

“GET OFF!!” Mika roared, smashing the underside of Ferid’s chin with his elbow before his arms were forced flat against the ground. “Get off of me you BASTARD—”

Ferid slapped him hard. Mika’s head snapped to the side, and the impact rendered him speechless. “Fucking finally,” hissed Ferid, mashing both of Mika’s wrists into one hand and immobilizing them above his head. Mika whimpered brokenly as the knifing pain and unforgiving reality sunk into his skin. “Stay still, you little bitch.”

“Get off…” Mika kicked weakly, because if he stopped moving, he was fucking done for, but Ferid was wasting no time tearing at his jacket and shirt and Mika was so afraid. Tears sprouted in the corners of his eyes as he struggled. “G-get off…get off…”

“I’m going to have my fun toying with you before I rip you wide open and leave you to rot,” spat Ferid. Mika sobbed as hot breath ghosted over his ear, burning through him like acid. “And after that, I’ll string that mongrel you call lover up by the throat and leave him to hang in the doorway of that garage for his friend to find in the morning. How’s that sound to you, rebellious little lamb?”

“Get off…” It was a mere whisper, a hopeless plea. Mika panted harshly as Ferid fondled him, hating every second, not willing to budge and give him what he wanted to take—

“He said—”
They both froze.

—“GET. OFF.”

Ferid jumped up, but by then it was far too late to stop the fist hurtling towards his nose.

Yuu burst up after him as he went down, his skin crackling with green lightning and tossing his luminosity across the whole room. Mika scrambled upright and clutched the remains of his clothes to his chest, watching with blown eyes as Yuu all but wailed on Ferid, each blow more devastatingly powerful than the last. They snarled like animals and grappled with each other, swinging and kicking and—Mika’s fingertips brushed up against cold metal. He glanced off to the side: it was a broken pipe, jagged at the ends and misshapen with old age. Mika stared.

His fingers curled around the pipe.

Ferid bashed his knuckles into the wound in Yuu’s stomach, leaving him winded and reeling. Taking advantage of his momentary weakness, Ferid slammed him up against a wall and held his head down by a horn in one hand. The other dug its fingers into the ghastly injury. Yuu choked out pained sounds, trying to curl up and protect himself, but Ferid was relentless.

“Hah!” barked Ferid, his eyes alight with wildfire. He dug his fingers in deeper, and Yuu whined. “How’s it feel, you impertinent child? Failing to guard the one thing you cherish, being humiliated by someone older, bigger, better than you are—”

“Shut up for once.” Mika smashed the pipe down on the back of Ferid’s head with all his might and stood, unmoving, as he crumpled to the floor and stayed there. Yuu’s mouth fell open. Mika dropped the pipe—now with a fresh dent—onto his back for good measure. “Silence is golden,” he muttered with disgust.

“M-Mika, oh my god,” breathed Yuu. Mika looked up, his mouth open and about to inquire about how he was feeling, but—oh. Had Yuu’s eyes always been so…enchanting? “Mika, that was amazing. S-shit, you saved me. Thanks.”

His tongue felt like rubber. Mika stumbled forward; he nearly tripped over Ferid, and Yuu jerked as if to catch him, but Mika righted himself before he could topple. He just—he felt so warm all of a sudden, and Yuu was just standing there, looking pretty and perfect and like he was just Mika’s for
“Mika?” He hummed vaguely in response and pressed closer. Yuu’s brow knitted. “Mika, what the fuck are you d—oh shit. Oh no. No, fuck, am I—”

Yuu tore his eyes away, and Mika jolted. His senses, previously muffled, came flooding back to him all at once. He gasped and staggered back. “Wh—Yuu-chan, oh my god. Are you okay?! I’m so sorry, I don’t know what came over me—”

“Don’t come closer!” Yuu commanded, shoving a trembling hand over his face. Mika’s breath hitched.

“Yuu-chan, what…”

“Mika,” he said as steadily as possible, “I just went through a massive power surge and I think I glamoured you on accident. I’m sorry.”

Mika blinked rapidly. “You—what?”

“I had a massive power surge and regained my ability to—”

“N-no, I heard what you said, but you were just—just bleeding out on the floor like ten minutes ago, and now you’re—shit, are you okay?!” Mika was dizzy. He reached for his phone for the flashlight again, but it wasn’t in his pocket. A quick scan of the room revealed the poor device to be in two pieces on the floor, snapped cleanly down the middle. Ouch. “Yuu-chan, we need to get you to a hospital—”

“I’ll be fine once I feed,” grunted Yuu hoarsely. Carefully avoiding eye contact with Mika, he leaned down and patted around Ferid’s front—and came back up with his phone, somehow having suffered minimal damage from their fight. The line of his mouth was grim. “Mika…go outside and wait for me. I need to make sure this guy never hurts someone like he hurt you ever again.”

Mika’s skull pounded. “Are you—will you—"
“I won’t kill him,” said Yuu. He nudged Ferid’s head with his foot; no response. “But I do need to take some of his power away. It’s an old trick I learned two centuries back. Don’t worry about it. Incubus stuff. I just…don’t want you here for it.”

“…Okay. I trust you.” Yuu finally lowered his hand to shoot Mika a comforting smile; his eyes no longer shone with eerie light. Shrugging off his jacket, Yuu wordlessly offered it to Mika, who accepted it gratefully. “I’ll wait for you outside. Don’t be too long.”

“I won’t,” Yuu said. His face was stony, sharp, and nothing like the bright-eyed boy Mika had come to love so much in the past months. Without further ceremony, Mika wrapped himself in Yuu’s blood-soaked jacket and exited the supermarket.

Yuu emerged after him a mere few minutes later, clutching a plastic bag bearing the store’s logo. It was bulging. “Let’s go,” he whispered, sliding his hand into Mika’s. Mika nodded, although he couldn’t resist glancing into the bag, curious of what it held. Twinkling black peeked up at him.

Horns.

Chapter End Notes

explanation: yuu took ferid's horns because they symbolize power and prestige in incubus communities, as well as granting him many magical powers. this way, ferid is both weakened and deterred from exposing yuu's presence to other humans.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Everything is well and Ferid is decidedly gone for good, but Yuu has a hard time dealing with another problem. Mika has a bright idea.

Chapter Notes

disclaimer for some nsfw in the beginning; it is brief.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuu-chan, fucking look at me while I’m blowing you.”

Yuu flushed brightly and moaned, tucking his face into the crook of his elbow. His fingers tightened in Mika’s hair. “M-Mika…”

“Yuu-chan, look at me,” repeated Mika, deliberately sweeping his tongue over his lips, which he knew to be ruby red and glistening; just as expected, Yuu latched onto the sight like a dying man. Mika almost smiled. Yuu was entirely too weak for his mouth, he’d discovered. “Eyes on me, don’t look away.”

“Okay…” he panted hotly, tugging on his head to prompt him forward. Mika parted his lips and sank down on Yuu’s length again, taking him nearly down to the hilt. Yuu arched and keened, slowly rocking back and forth, fucking into Mika’s throat. It was heavenly. Mika’s eyes rolled to the back of his skull as he palmed himself. The wet sounds of suction and the thick, heady drag of Yuu’s cock against his tongue made him delirious with pleasure, possibly more so than Yuu’s touch itself. Mika thrived off of being of use to him like this.

Yuu uttered a broken cry, his hands shaking as he bucked harder, faster. Mika slackened his jaw, submitting himself to Yuu’s benefit as he moaned, squeezed his eyes shut, and came in white spurts down Mika’s throat. He swallowed every bit, whimpering hoarsely as he stroked himself to completion, driven by Yuu’s presence pressing in all around him.

They fell back into bed together with flushed faces and lungs without enough air. Yuu handed Mika a glass of water from the nightstand, and he gratefully took a sip. “So,” said Mika, eyes drifting back to Yuu in question. “You didn’t look at me when you came.”
Yuu paused from where he was putting his shorts back on. “Huh? Mika, I—sorry, I’m just… embarrassed, I guess…”

“I’d believe that, except for the fact that you always used to look at me before.” Mika pensively drummed his fingers on the side of the glass before setting it back down with a chipper clink. Yuu turned away and finished putting his clothes back on. “And you didn’t even look at me when I came. You haven’t for a while, actually. I thought you said I look pretty when I come…”

“And you do!” Yuu replied hastily, leaping up to reassure him. Mika’s cheeks reddened when Yuu grabbed them, frowning sternly. “You have the hottest goddamn orgasm face ever and I’m not even ashamed to say it, because you’re beautiful and you deserve to know that!!”

Mika’s blush intensified, but he stood firm. “You don’t have any problems looking at me when we’re not having sex,” he said softly, slyly. Yuu’s brow furrowed; realization dawned on him as he realized he’d been played.

“You-!” Yuu huffed and snatched his hands away, scowling when Mika belted out a clear laugh. “You! I can’t get anything past you, you ass.”

“So there is a problem.” Mika sobered up slightly, lighthearted chuckles dwindling away into somber curiosity. “What’s up, Yuu-chan? You know you can talk to me.”

Yuu pouted and picked up his phone. “It’s nothing.”

“It’s important to me!” Mika clapped his hand over the screen, effectively blocking it from view. “It bothers you, doesn’t it? Then I want to know about whatever it is!”

“I just—” Yuu made to snatch his phone away, but he startled instead when Mika’s fingers swept his bangs out of his face. Mika flashed a small, encouraging smile, looking up at him through his lashes; Yuu wilted. “…You shit. You’re so fucking stubborn…dammit, Mika. Why…after the abandoned supermarket…you’re not afraid of me?”

He frowned. It had already been a good while since the confrontation with Ferid, and Mika had no idea that it had been bothering Yuu all this time. The way he’d explained it, Yuu underwent a spontaneous burst of what he flippantly deemed “incubus puberty,” summoned by both his life-threatening circumstances and the imminent danger Ferid posed to his lover. Mika dimly recalled the
flurried torrent of green outrage that filled the room that night, and how relieved he’d felt when Yuu emerged from the fight in one piece, even if he refused to explain exactly how Ferid had gotten the drop on him to begin with.

“Why would I be scared? Because you were violent? You’ve never turned that force against me and I know that you wouldn’t—”

“No, not because of that, but—” Yuu groaned. Relinquishing his phone to Mika entirely, he hid his face in his hands. “I’m—are you scared that I’ll…glamour you? During sex?” he whispered.

Mika slowly lowered Yuu’s phone as he mulled the words over in his mind. “It never even occurred to me that you might do that,” he replied honestly. “Yuu-chan…listen, you have a lot more self-control than you give yourself credit for.”

“Maybe,” said Yuu, but the quiver of his lip made his disbelief obvious. “I don’t know. Ever since I got that power back, I’ve felt…uncontained. Like I can’t put a cap on myself or my emotions. And I never want to hurt you just because I couldn’t learn some fucking restraint.”

He spoke with such a brittle, abrasive tone of voice. Mika was, for once, at a loss; never once, in the time that he’d known Yuu, had the incubus overrun or even so much as nudged at his boundaries. His fear, although valid, was unreasonable. Mika couldn’t help but think that this ran deeper than Yuu’s insecurities, that maybe this specific phobia stemmed from—

—oh.

The answer flickered to life like a lightbulb in the dark.

“Hey, Yuu-chan. Isn’t it about time we pay a visit to the hospital?”

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“I can’t fucking believe you’re making me do this.”

“Suck it up, Yuu-chan,” chirped Mika as the elevator doors swished open for them. He kept an iron grip on Yuu’s sleeve as they walked in, prepared for him to bolt at any second. With his other arm, Mika adjusted the bouquet of fresh roses they’d pick up on the way. “I wanted to be a psychology
major before I settled on the natural sciences. Trust me, this visit will do you good.”

“Fuck psychology,” groused Yuu. He grumpily yanked himself away from Mika, stomped to the opposite corner of the elevator, and folded his arms over his chest, grocery bags crinkling from where they hung at his elbows. They were pressed full of chocolates, pudding cups, granola bars, and all manners of indulgent snack foods. “Denial and avoidance worked perfectly fine for seven hundred fucking years before you came along with your so-called psychology.”

“Four hundred,” Mika reminded him happily.

“Shut up!”

The elevator chimed and opened up to their designated floor. With a skip in his step, Mika put a hand at the small of Yuu’s back to force him forward. “Come now! Akane’s room is the third door on the left, the receptionist said.”

“I heard what the receptionist said!” Yuu scowled, but he made no move to escape Mika’s touch; he smiled. Under his dour, doom-and-gloom demeanor, Yuu was such a sap. “How come I have to carry the bags and you get the flowers?!”

“You really trust yourself with delicate plants?” Mika raised an eyebrow, incredulous. Yuu’s cheeks burned pink as they approached the correct door.

“Well—I-I could do a better job than you, at least!”

“We’re here,” Mika announced quietly. Yuu’s hiked shoulders dropped slightly as he stared at the nameplate: Akane Hyakuya. “I know I kind of gave you no choice but to come here…but it’s okay to back out if you want. We can turn around right now, no harm no foul.”

Yuu was silent. When he glanced over at Mika, a determined glint in his eye, his confident grin wobbled at the ends. “Stop giving me an easy out, Mika.”

Before he could even formulate a response, the door swung open—“won’t be long, the vending machine is right around the—oh!”
Mika and Yuu both jumped back in shock at the little girl that appeared in the doorway, gazing up at them with comically wide eyes. Her mouth dropped into an o, brown pigtails bobbing. “A-ah—Chihiro, Chihiro, there are people at the door!”

“What? Ako, come back inside.” The girl scrambled back into the hospital room and was replaced by another, this one older, with darker hair and round glasses perched atop her nose. She blinked at them in bewilderment. Peeking over her shoulder, Mika spotted four other children all staring back at him in attention. “Oh…who are you? Are you Akane’s friends?”

Yuu was practically white as a sheet. Mika feared he might actually spill his entire life story to these kids if given even the faintest hint of a chance, so he quickly slapped a hand over Yuu’s mouth and spoke for them both. “W-we don’t know her personally, a-actually! But we heard about what happened to her, and we thought it would be nice if we brought some presents! Only if you want, of course.”

The tallest boy of the bunch sidled up and scanned them critically. After a moment, he and the girl with glasses shared a nod and stepped aside to allow their entry. “Okay. Nice to meet you. My name’s Chihiro, and this is Kouta. The girl you saw earlier is Ako, and then there’s Fumie and Taichi.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m Mika, and this is my boyfriend Yuu-chan, but you can just call him Yuu,” said Mika warmly. He let his hand fall until it found Yuu’s, and squeezed him for comfort. Yuu squeezed back. They walked into the hospital room. “You kids are here alone?”

“Yep!” chimed Taichi brightly—only for him to wither under Kouta’s disapproving glare. “O-oh! I mean, no…”

Mika blinked. Oh, that was right. The director had been killed in the fire, leaving Akane as the sole keeper of the orphanage. “I’m sorry, that was rude of me to ask. Please pretend it never happened.” He sheepishly reached up to scratch his cheek, but was reminded of the roses bundled in his arms. “Oh, these are for Akane! Do you have a vase?”

“I’ll get one!” said Fumie. She scooted off the foot of Akane’s bed and hopped over to a nearby cabinet, pulling out a long, glass vase. Mika handed off the roses to Chihiro, and together the girls worked to soak the stems in some water. The remaining children kept staring at the adults that had suddenly barged into their space, wary.

Mika cleared his throat and prayed that the awkwardness would dissipate with his next offering. “Well…is anyone here allergic to chocolate?”
Gasps rang out.

“Chocolate?!”

“What, no way!”

“Chihiro, can I have some please please please?”

“Koutaaaa, I want chocolate!”

“Easy, easy!” Mika’s laughter was genuine this time as the youngest Hyakuyas surged up to him, faces full of wonder and eyes glittering with delight. Chihiro and Kouta, as the oldest, kept their distance—but Mika could tell that they, too, were brimming with excitement at the prospect of such a treat. He nudged a frozen Yuu in the side, prompting him to tear his gaze away from Akane, lying motionless on the bed. “Yuu-chan brought you guys snacks because he thought you might want something sweet to eat.”

“Thank you, big brother Yuu!”

“What? He’s not our brother, Taichi!”

“He is now! Thank you too, big brother Mika!”

“Didn’t Akane always used to say that the Hyakuya orphanage is accepting of everyone?”

“W-well—”

As the kids bickered amongst themselves and whined for candy, Mika touched Yuu’s elbow. “Yuu-chan. Are you okay?”

The look Yuu shot him was pained. “Mika,” he whispered, “they’re so young.”
It was true. Taichi, the smallest, appeared as though he couldn’t be older than eight, given his stature and mannerisms, whereas Chihiro might have been in her first or second year of high school, at best. Five orphans, with ages ranging from about eight to fifteen. And their only hope for survival was hooked up to wires and machinery in the cot beside them.

And yet, here they were, smiling and laughing.

“If you feel bad about what you did,” said Mika softly, “then help them.”

Yuu stared at him, eyes watering. He sniffled and scrubbed viciously at his face with a sleeve. “Hey!!” He exclaimed suddenly, catching the attention of all five Hyakuyas in an instant. Yuu plunged his hand into one of the bags and presented a chocolate truffle to them, eyes narrowing. “If you guys don’t stop making a fuss soon, I’ll eat all the snacks in these bags and there won’t be any left for you!”

“Big brother Yuu, how could you?!”

“Disown him, disown him!!”

“CHAAARGE!”

Yuu screeched as he was tackled to the ground by a herd of screaming children; Mika innocently whistled and sidestepped to avoid being caught in the crossfire.

“Oh my goodness, I simply cannot believe that my boyfriend is dead now,” Mika intoned, dramatically swooning as the kids snatched their fill of goodies from Yuu, leaving him wheezing on the floor. “Whatever will I do.”

“You suck,” whined Yuu, but he was grinning—beaming, for the first time in a long while. Mika snorted and bent down to playfully flick his forehead.

“Get off the floor. We’ve got kids to entertain.”
Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry for the medical and other such inaccuracies, haha.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Mika and Yuu are so domestic it kinda hurts. They also fuck.

Chapter Notes

second to last chapter guys :(

but luckily, they go all the way in this chapter (this is your nsfw warning).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuu-chan, where’d you put my comb?”

“What makes you think I put it somewhere?!”

“Because I’m the only person in this dorm that actually puts things back where I found them! And weren’t you combing my hair for me like, two nights ago?”

“That was two nights ago! How should I know where it is now?”

“Never mind! I found it!” Mika called as he spotted his comb, dangling precariously off the lip of the bathroom sink. He snatched it up and ran it a few times through his honeyed hair, tucking his phone—brand new, he’d finally bought a new one after Ferid destroyed the old phone—into his back pocket. “Do you have the strawberry pop tarts Fumie wanted?”

“Strawberry?!” Yuu’s head popped up around the corner, his features scrunched up quizzically. He was midway through tugging on his shirt, and Mika shamelessly checked out his killer abs. He was one lucky man. “What? No, she said she wanted the ones with rainbow sprinkles!”

“Yuu-chan, she definitely said strawberry. Kouta is the one who likes rainbow sprinkles, although he loathes to admit it,” Mika muttered the last bit, thinking to himself. He’d have to take Kouta aside at some point and check in with him; lately, the boy had taken to lashing out at anyone he didn’t consider family. His violent tendencies, coupled with his rejection of anything he considered too
feminine, might have been a consequence of some bullies Kouta’s teacher once warned him about over the phone. He made a mental note to dial the school sometime. “But anyway, no big deal. We’ll pick up some strawberry ones at the store on the way there.”

“Sounds good!” Yuu flashed a thumbs up and continued to one-handedly yank at his shirt. Chuckling under his breath, Mika batted his hand away and gently pulled the collar over Yuu’s head, revealing those bright green eyes he loved so much. A dopey smile creased Yuu’s lips. “Oh. Hey there, beautiful.”

“You fucking dork,” Mika said tenderly. He pecked Yuu’s lips and walked away to grab their shoes. “When we get there, you play with the kids while I have a word with Kouta. I think he might be having issues at school with bullies.”

“What?” Yuu frowned, his hackles raising. Mika rolled his eyes; oh boy, this again. “If some snot-nosed punks think they can get away with messing with our Kouta, why, I’ll—”

“They’re thirteen year olds, Yuu-chan, you can’t punch them,” Mika monotoned, snickering slightly to himself. Yuu was so fiercely protective of them; while it could be infuriating to deal with at times, he also couldn’t deny that it was so incredibly endearing to see Yuu so easily riled up. “Don’t worry about it, I’ll handle everything.”

“You always handle everything…” Mika frowned and turned, expecting some spiel about not taking the burden on all by himself, or a scolding about sharing responsibility, maybe—but the only thing gracing Yuu’s expression was awe. “You magically somehow know who needs help and what to do. How’d you get to be so good with kids, anyway?”

“I mean, I was the oldest kid at my orphanage,” Mika replied evenly, pretending he didn’t notice the massive bomb he’d just dropped on Yuu. They lapsed in silence.

“You…” Mika clutched their shoes in both hands. He had nothing else to retrieve from this closet, but even so, he didn’t turn around. “Mika, you…you were an orphan too?”

“Since I was eight,” he confirmed in a measured, static tone. Sliding the closet door shut, Mika offered Yuu his shoes from an arm’s length away. “Parents were maniacs. Threw me out of a car while we were driving down the highway. I was only in the orphanage for about two years before being adopted, though. Krul is legally my mother, but she’s always been more of a sister figure to me, so that’s what I refer to her as.”
Yuu stared at him, his eyes blown wide. He made no move to take the shoes. Mika lowered them slightly, hesitating and averting his gaze.

“Are you…mad? That I didn’t tell you earlier?”

“Mad? Mika, oh my god, no.” Yuu was quick to reassure him, as always. The question seemed to have breathed life back into his bones; he took his shoes and promptly dropped them to the floor in order to frame Mika’s face in his hands instead. “I-I’m so honored that you trust me enough to tell me that. But…lord. I don’t understand you at all. H-how were you not not furious with me right now? I basically single-handedly fucked up the fate of an entire orphanage of young children, and—and you’re an orphan. You literally…”

Mika sighed. He let his own shoes tumble to the ground and pressed his palms into Yuu’s knuckles, reveling in his warmth. “For the last time, Yuu-chan. What happened wasn’t your fault. I understand why you feel like it is, but the whole point of helping the Hyakuya orphanage in the first place was to alleviate your guilt. I’m not angry with you—and the kids wouldn’t be either. That is, if you ever wanted to tell them the truth.”

Yuu flinched slightly, his fingers twitched upon Mika’s skin. He jolted in realization.

“O-oh! I’m sorry, Yuu-chan, that wasn’t meant to pressure you or anything—”

“Yeah, I know.” Yuu exhaled long and slow. He shuffled just a smidgen closer, close enough that Mika could feel his body heat radiating out from beneath his clothes. Mika didn’t dare breathe, waiting for what he would do next. “I know I should tell them, but…they’re just kids, you know? They’re smart kids—hell, the smartest fucking kids I’ve ever met, but I’m just not sure…”

“Don’t you dare say that it’s dumb,” Mika warned. Yuu chortled.

“I wouldn’t even try it. You’d fucking rip me apart.”

Mika hummed with self-satisfaction, preening in the acknowledgement of his efforts to correct Yuu’s destructive thinking habits. “Yup, that’s right. I’d ban you from touching my ass for a week.”

“B-but Mika!” He whined, coiling arms around his lover’s waist. Mika giggled. “I love your ass, you know that!”
“It’s only for Yuu-chans that show good behavior,” he teased. Mika ran his fingers along Yuu’s jawline reverently, watching with wonderment as he tilted to the side to offer better access. “We’re gonna be late,” murmured Mika.

“Yeah,” Yuu agreed. Neither of them budged from their position, warm and comfortable in each other’s arms. “The kids will live if we’re not with them for a few minutes.”

Mika’s throat closed up. He felt so safe, so content, so—he buried his face in Yuu’s shoulder. “Yuu-chan?”

“Hm?”

“This is bad timing…”

“Nothing you say is ever badly timed.” Yuu patted his back shortly in encouragement. Mika flushed and gripped his shirt, inhaling his familiar, soothing scent. “Mika?”

“I think I’m ready to go all the way.” came the muffled whisper. Yuu paused halfway through the next pat. Mika lifted his head warily. “Yuu-chan?”

“Like—like. All the way? As in, making love, all the way?”

“That’s what I meant, y-yeah.”

“Holy shit.”

“Yeah.”

Yuu gently clasped the sides of his face and brought Mika back to face him; a spiralling ruby flush scrawled across his cheeks, spreading rapidly up to the tips of Yuu’s ears. “Mika, I am so in fucking love with you, what the fuck. Let’s make love.”
Mika jolted, shocked. “E-eh? Right now?!”

“Hell yes right fucking now.” Yuu pawed at his clothes, fingers fumbling with the zipper of Mika’s jacket. He pulled it all the way down in one go and had brushed it off his shoulders. By the time Mika recovered, his shirt was a rumpled heap at his feet.

“What?! B-but Yuu, we’re late to see the kids—”

“They can survive on their own for like, an hour.”

“We still need to get Fumie’s strawberry pop tarts from the store!”

“They can survive for an extra ten minutes! Just—” Yuu mouthed at his ear and laved at it hotly with broad sweeps of the tongue, killing the rest of the complaints bubbling up in Mika’s throat. “Mika, I love you so much I can hardly stand it, please…let me show you?”

Mika gulped nervously. He’d claimed to be ready, but confronted with the daunting task before him, he suddenly didn’t feel too sure. “Yuu-chan, what if I mess up?”

“You could never mess up in my eyes,” said Yuu. He peppered fluttering butterfly kisses over Mika’s cheeks and nose, prompting him to squirm and laugh. “But if it makes you feel better, I can lead for the first time.”

And god, there was no more doubting it, was there. Mika truly had fallen head over heels for this boy. He took a deep, calming breath and staring into Yuu’s eyes. “Yeah. Okay. Let’s do that.”

Yuu grinned and kissed him.

They made quick work of their clothes, heavy hands wandering all over, dipping into every crevice and tracing every line of bodies they’d learned so intimately in the past weeks of their relationship. Mika huffed when Yuu hoisted him up by the waist and tossed him onto the bed; he shot him a withering glare, but the effect was ruined slightly by their mutual state of undress. Yuu giggled and clambered on top of him, gliding lips over his throat.
“Mm, Mika. There’s lube in the nightstand.” Shakily, Mika gathered his focus enough to reach out towards the drawer, pulling it open and retrieving the bottle as per Yuu’s instruction. Yuu didn’t let up on his attack, lapping hot, wet trails down the column of his neck and nibbling violet hickeys into his shoulder. Mika was panting by the time he handed the lube off to Yuu, his length stiff.

“H-here…I don’t know what to do with it…”

Yuu took the bottle, surprise written all over his face. His blush brightened even further, if at all possible. “Wait, you’ve never-?”

Mika scowled and swatted at him lightly. “S-so what if I haven’t? Stop looking at me like that!”

“Oh my god.” An unintelligible noise erupted from the back of Yuu’s throat. He chuckled quietly to himself, popping the cap of the lube open. “Oh my god. I can’t decide whether to be amused or ridiculously, ridiculously turned on right now.”

“Yuu-chan!!” Mika’s protests died when skillful fingers prodded at his backside, the sensation wet and foreign. He clutched his lover’s shoulders and tried to quell his skittering nerves. “I just—I’m not you! I’ve never even dated anyone before…”

“That’s fine, Mika, and I’m really, really grateful that I’m your first time,” said Yuu sincerely. He rolled Mika’s nipple against his thumb and was obviously delighted when he arched into the touch. “I’m gonna prepare you first, and it’s gonna feel a little weird, but don’t worry, okay? I definitely know what I’m doing.”

“Oh, what a shocker,” quipped Mika as he threaded trembling fingers in Yuu’s hair. In lieu of a reply, Yuu spread Mika’s ass and circled the first finger around his hole, dipping in slightly. Mika’s breath hitched. “Y-Yuu-chan—”

“Easy, easy there Mika,” he murmured, concentrating at the task at hand. A finger wormed into his entrance, slipping and sliding against his walls—it burned slightly, but at the same time, Yuu was looking at him with those sultry eyes and—Mika shuddered. A second finger joined the first. “You okay?”

“Mmm.” He was dizzy. Mika’s breath came in hot stutters as Yuu scissored his fingers, moving this way and that, as if he were searching for—blinding pleasure ricocheted up Mika’s veins and boiled his blood. He moaned suddenly and clutched Yuu’s hair. “Yuu-chan!”
“And this,” he purred, smugly nipping at Mika’s jaw, “is why I wanted you to bottom for the first go around.” He prodded the same spot again and Mika saw stars. He mewled and squirmed, gyrating his hips, desperate for more.

“Yuu-chan *please—*”

Yuu stretched him out a little more before fitting in a third finger—and god, Mika was so full, the pressure was enough to send sparks of heat flitting across his flesh with Yuu’s every movement. The fingers moved in and out together, dragging along his inner walls and squelching obscenely when they pushed back in. Mika quaked. “Okay, okay, I think you’re ready.”

Yuu’s weight left him for a moment, and Mika whimpered, a sudden neediness shooting through him. Shushing his lover, Yuu came back with a condom in his palm—he tore it open with his teeth, and Mika’s cock twitched at the sight—before rolling it on and dribbling lube over his length in no time flat. Mika shuddered when he returned, and his vision was filled with Yuu Yuu Yuu.

“I’m putting it in, Mika,” he said lowly, trembling with anticipation, and Mika was glad to not be the only one shaking. He nodded jerkily, clasping Yuu’s hand and squeezing it.

“P-please.”

“You’re so fucking *tight,*” Yuu groaned hoarsely, sheathing himself in a slow, *thick* drag, his free hand spasming on Mika’s hip. Mika keened, hooking ankles around Yuu’s waist to press him in *deeper*— and the world spun on its axis, blurring his sight and ringing in his ears. “M-Mika, you feel good, s-so good babe…”

“Really?” he whispered, voice catching and wavering on his tongue. Yuu kissed the crown of his head.

“You’re so goddamn hot, and wet, and—” Yuu moaned high as he pulled out, leaving Mika gaping and empty before he shoved back in, and the burn felt *good.* Mika’s thighs quivered. “I-it’s like it’s sucking me in. Baby, it’s like you never want me to leave.”

“Then *don’t,*” breathed Mika. Yuu thrusted a few more times, in and out, in and out—until his aim struck true and left Mika *breathless* from the electric pleasure forcing his spine into a wicked arch. “A-ah-Yuu-chan *more,* p-please— *ah ah AH—*”
“So perfect for me,” Yuu growled, slamming into him even harder. Mika forced his eyes open and was startled to see Yuu peering down at him, refusing to look away like he had so many times before. The beginnings of horns glinted atop his skull. “Mika, you’re so perfect.”

The attention made him feel good, too fucking good—Mika ducked away in embarrassment, rocking back and forth with every wet slide of Yuu’s cock inside him. The mattress squeaked and groaned. “A-ah, Yuu—Yuu-chan—”

“Don’t look away,” he demanded between moans. Yuu pressed their sweaty foreheads together as he picked up the pace, pounding brutally into Mika, their hands still clenched tightly together. “L-look at me when you come, Mika, look at me—”

Mika drank in the sight like he was drowning. Yuu’s hips thrusted erratically, out of tune, and then he stroked Mika’s dick in his hand and Mika was done. They came at the same time, crying out in sync as Mika’s cum splattered over their fronts, mingling with the sweat as evidence of their lovemaking. All Mika knew was green, green, green.

He wrangled his breathing back down to normal as Yuu pulled out and disposed of the condom. He fell back into bed and wrapped around Mika like a koala bear, sighing into his skin. He threaded fingers tiredly through Yuu’s hair.

“Yuu-chan, I love you.”

He sniffed. “I love you too, Mika.”

“We have to shower again before we visit the kids—”

“Don’t. Ruin. The moment. With your dumbass logic.”

Mika laughed at his despair, only to be silenced by a mouth closing in over his.

They never did make it to the hospital that day.
huh. writing smut really is more emotionally fulfilling after 13 chapters of buildup.
Mika groaned out loud as he snapped his laptop shut, signalling the end of yet another day of class. Professor Geales was a fascinating, quick-witted man, but even he could only do so much to make a grammar lesson intellectually stimulating. At this point, Mika had to wonder if learning Russian was even a worthwhile endeavor to pursue in the first place, his heritage be damned. “It’s not like I want to get closer to my stupid parents…they’re dead now, anyhow…”

Stifling a yawn, he trudged after the other students streaming steadily out of the classroom, casting a wave to Professor Geales as he went. Turned around for his farewell, Mika failed to notice the black blur that rocketed out of the hallway towards him.

“Mika! Mika!” Hands slammed onto his shoulders. Mika screeched and whipped back around. “M-Mika, holy shit we need to go get your stuff and get in the car right now.”

“Y-Yuu-chan?!” He barely held onto his bag as Yuu snagged him by the wrist and took off back from where he came, jostling bystanders and creating a ruckus. Mika dug his heels in, but the dragging force was too strong. “Yuu-chan, what the hell?! What’s going on—”

“Akane woke up!” yelled Yuu. Shocked, Mika allowed himself to be yanked along until they spilled out of the building and into the parking lot. Mika gasped and hunched over to catch his breath. “Chihiro—Chihiro texted me just now, look, see here it is—”
“Yuu-chan. Yuu-chan, calm down, I believe you,” said Mika, face scrunching as Yuu, in his eagerness to show Mika his phone, nearly shoved it into his nose. “Okay, let’s go. Gimme the keys, I’ll drive.”

“What?!” Yuu was hardly even winded by the sprint; if anything, he looked mildly offended. “It’s my car—”

“You speed like hell when you’re nervous, and we don’t have time to get pulled over for a ticket right now!” Fed up with waiting, Mika dug his hand into Yuu’s pocket and retrieved the jangling keys himself. He strolled over to where the car was parked and hopped into the driver’s seat, leaving no room for complaint. “And besides, you’re gonna need the whole drive to figure out what you’re gonna say.”

Yuu withered under his rationale. Muttering darkly to himself, Yuu clambered into the passenger side. “Oh, I fucking hate it when you’re right.” Mika merely smiled as he started the engine.

The drive up to the hospital was quiet and somber. Somewhere in the whirlwind of activity necessary for keeping track of the Hyakuya kids, Mika and Yuu both had somehow forgotten to take Akane into account. Surely, as the alleged leader of the orphanage, she would want to take back her rightful responsibilities—but she’d been in a coma for months. She was bound to be weak, and she’d lost so much time…Mika’s mind fogged over with the possibilities as he pulled up into a parking spot at their destination.

“Mika.” Yuu spoke up for the first time since entering the car. Mika glanced over from where he was twisted between them, reaching for his belongings in the backseat. “She’s not going to—reject us, will she? Chihiro said she was pretty aware and coherent, and that—that the doctors were surprised by how much she remembered.”

Mika’s eyes softened. They’d already discussed Yuu’s identity and how he’d actually come to know Akane with the children; although they were wholly accepting of him, Akane was older, and a much different story. But if Ako’s playtime stories and Kouta’s beaming recollections were to be trusted, Mika knew that there would be no trouble. “She’ll love you, Yuu-chan, just like the rest of them. I’m sure.”

Yuu wavered. He held out a quivering hand, seeking comfort, and Mika linked their pinky fingers together securely. Yuu exhaled a shaky sigh. “Y-you know best.”
“Damn right I do,” agreed Mika, and they began the trek to Akane’s hospital room.

It was bustling, as expected. Doctors and nurses alike scurried back and forth across the linoleum, checking monitors and scribbling onto clipboards and murmuring low amongst themselves. Akane was speaking quietly with two doctors, who appeared to be evaluating her responsiveness to a flashlight. Her hair had been looped into a thick side braid. Finally unhooking their hands, Mika flashed Yuu a reassuring grin and walked over to the children huddled into the corner.

Fumie was the first to spot him. “Big brother Mika!”

“Big brother Mika, the dumb doctor lady won’t let us talk to Akane!”

“Mika, Mika, can we take Akane home now? When can we go back home?”

“Big brother, I’m hungry!”

“Why don’t we all stop by the cafeteria and grab some dinner while we wait for the doctors to finish up?” Mika suggested. He nodded thankfully to Akane’s nurse, a silver-haired man named Shinya, who had likely covered for them and watched over the children in Mika and Yuu’s stead. He made it possible for the kids to stay at the hospital unsupervised for as long as they did.

“I’ll tell Yuu everything you guys need to know about Akane’s condition later,” whispered Shinya.

“Thank you so much,” said Mika, his heart brimming with gratitude. Shinya winked and left to rejoin the other medical staff. Mika’s eyes followed him until he slipped into the huddle of nurses looming over the machinery beside the bed.

He clapped his hands twice. “All right, let’s go! Who wants curry?”

“I do!”

“But I want pasta!”
“We had pasta yesterday, I want curry!”

Mika ushered the five kids out of the room, tossing a harried glance over his shoulder at Yuu. The doctors had cleared away, and Yuu was kneeling by Akane’s bedside, her hand in both of his as he spoke to her in quiet, even tones. Akane was nodding slowly, her expression pinched slightly in a vague expression that Mika couldn’t quite peg down, but then—then she was smiling, reaching out to tousle Yuu’s hair. Yuu looked as if he were about to cry. Mika turned away and followed the cajoling Hyakuya orphans to the elevator.

They would be just fine.

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“Is that the last box?”

Mika tilted his head up at the question, sweat dripping from the dip of his brow. He couldn’t spot Yuu in the mess of cardboard towers and cluttered miscellaneous items that used to make up their dorm room. Mika was currently attempting to hastily shove Yuu’s clothes into a box, since the incubus had apparently neglected to realize they were moving out today.

He and Yuu had been living together for a whole school year. One would think that Mika’s neatness would have rubbed off by now, but alas, Yuu was a slob to the bitter, bitter end.

“Yeah it is, give me just a second—”

“Here.” A warm chest pressed up against Mika’s spine, and arms wove around to join his. Mika swallowed, un-sticking his tongue from the roof of his suddenly dry mouth. He was suddenly very aware that they were both shirtless. Fuck the summer heat. “Okay, on three. One, two, three!”

Together, Mika and Yuu shoved down hard, compressing the fabric just enough for Mika to force the flaps down and haphazardly tape it shut. The task was finished, but Yuu didn’t move from his position; instead, he merely settled his hands over Mika’s stomach, splaying out his fingers. Mika hummed contentedly and relaxed into Yuu’s front. “Thank you for the help, babe. I’d be a train wreck without you.”

“Yeah, you definitely would,” Mika assented easily, chuckling at Yuu’s wounded whine. “Don’t
forget, we’re meeting Lacus and René for ice cream later…”

Yuu nuzzled into his neck. “Ah, right. Whatever would I do without my personal alarm clock to remind me where my life is going?”

“Oh, so I’m just a walking, talking calendar to you, am I now?” Mika snickered. He ran his hands over Yuu’s, thumbing circles into the knobs of his knuckles. Yuu pressed his lips into his ear.

“Mmm. Yep. Open your legs for me, Mika, I’ve got a really important event to schedule down there.”

“Oh my god, that was absolutely awful,” Mika giggled, unable to stop a grin from broadening across his mouth.

“Yeah, it was bad, but the real question is, did it work?” Yuu leaned in and wiggled his eyebrows madly. Mika finally turned around in his arms and knocked their sweat and dust-caked foreheads together, not even attempting to suppress his ringing laughter. The slant of Mika’s eyes drooped into something sultrier, seductive.

“Hm, why don’t you come find out?” He teased, fingers roaming over Yuu’s nipples. His lover’s breath hitched, throat moving as he gulped. “I’ve been thinking, maybe I should punish you for procrastinating so much on your packing…”

“Yeah?” Yuu whispered, capturing his lips in a searing kiss as his hands wandered over Mika’s ass. Mika smirked into his mouth. “I’d like to see where—hm? What’s this…”

A low rustle filled the air as Yuu withdrew a neatly folded sheet of paper from Mika’s back pocket. He propped his chin up on Mika’s shoulder as he squinted at the printed words. Mika’s heartbeat picked up as he realized what Yuu had found. Excitement thrummed to life in his veins. “Oh, that? That’s just the deed to the orphanage.”

Silence. The deed slipped from Yuu’s fingers.

“Fuck!” Yuu lunged forward to grab it, forgetting momentarily that his arms were around Mika; they both shrieked as the unexpected weight sent them crashing to the floor. The deed fluttered safely out of harm’s way. “S-sorry, Mika, but—what?! The deed—you own the orphanage? When the fuck did this happen?!” Yuu demanded, hoisting himself up onto his elbows to glower down at
“Haha, whoops?” Mika stuck his tongue out mockingly. Yuu appeared caught between wanting to suck on it and wanting to slap him silly. “Akane and I sorted it out this morning. I had some money left over from my grants and scholarships, so…I mean, I know you don’t really have a family to go home to during summer vacation, so I just…went ahead and bought the rights to the orphanage. W-we basically live there anyway. And you paid for most of the repairs from the fire, so…”

Yuu stared at him. “Oh my god.”

“And you said the other week you were sad that we wouldn’t be sharing a dorm anymore, so, well…there isn’t a lot of room in the orphanage. A-and the only room available had one bed—”

“Mika. Are you actually asking me to co-direct the Hyakuya orphanage with you right now? The Hyakuya orphanage of six kids we love and adore, so we can see them every day and then fall asleep in the same bed together every night? Are you really asking me?”

When Mika peered nervously up at him. “Yes…?”

“You fucking idiot,” Yuu muttered, and then he was kissing him so fiercely that Mika could feel the oxygen being pulled out of his very lungs. “You must really be the dumbest person on the planet if you think you have to ask, oh my god. Yes. Of course I’ll go with you, nothing would make me happier.”

“Hey, it was my smarts that scrounged up enough money to buy the deed!” Mika scoffed, but he was grinning so widely that his cheeks ached. Yuu belted out a free, jovial laugh as Mika slung an arm around his neck, dragging him in closer. “I’m so glad you said yes…because I already told Krul to drive us to the orphanage instead of home, and she’d be super pissed if I changed my mind on her last minute.”

“You’re so fucking amazing. I love you,” Yuu whispered, tucking his face into the juncture of his neck and shoulder. When wetness hit his skin, Mika was alarmed, stilling in Yuu’s embrace—but then he felt the curve of his lips. Yuu was smiling.

Mika hugged him. “I love you too, Yuu-chan.”
“For Pete’s sake, we were beginning to think you two would never show up!”

Mika laughed sheepishly, scooting into the booth as Yuu slid in after him, their fingers intertwined. “Sorry, Lacus. Packing took a little longer than expected, since someone put it off till literally the last minute—”

“Stop slandering me in front of your friends!” Yuu complained, cuffing Mika lightly on the back of the head. Mika simply chortled.

René stared blankly at their childish antics. Lacus rolled his eyes. “Well, anyway. René and I ordered and paid for you already, so hurry up and eat before it melts.”

“Roger that, sir!”

“Mika, please never say that again.”

“Affirmative! …Sir.”

“For fuck’s sake.”

From there, the afternoon dissolved into easy conversation and snark. They finished their ice cream shortly after arrival, but unwilling to leave as they were, they merely ordered more. Lacus and René bought the same as their usual; Mika and Yuu opted to share a bowl of mint chocolate chip, bickering playfully over who deserved to eat all the chocolate chunks.

“Yuu-chan, I spent hours of my day today helping you put your shit in cardboard boxes, letting me have the chocolate chips is literally the least you can do!”

“Oh, so one day of physical labor entitles you to what’s rightfully mine? You don’t even like chocolate!”
“I do like chocolate—specifically, I only like the chocolate that comes from mint chocolate chip ice cream!”

“What? Pfft, Mika, that’s complete bull, you just made that up!”

“Pardon my interruption,” said René suddenly, laying his palm flat against the table. Mika and Yuu paused and looked up from their squabbling; Mika’s fingers were pinching at the skin of Yuu’s cheek. “Sorry if I’m being blunt, but are you guys dating?”

Lacus emitted a scandalized gasp before anyone could react. “René!” he scolded, swatting his shoulder. “Oh my god, they were roommates. You can’t just assume that two guys that share a dorm are in a relationship! They’re allowed to be close friends!”

Dead silence. Then, Mika wheezed. The wheeze escalated into giggling, and the giggles escalated into chuckling, and further and further until he was busting a gut laughing and appeared to be on the brink of collapse. Yuu was shaking beside him, face completely red and looking as though he was barely holding himself back from the same fate. People were beginning to glance over at them in concern.


“Oh, man,” choked Yuu, concealing his huge grin behind his hand. Mika laughed even harder. “Do I have some news for you.”

Chapter End Notes

fitting that a fic advertised as "oh my GOD they were ROOMMATES" end this way, don’t you think? ;)

thank you all for your wonderful kudos/comments. this is my most well-received fic thus far and my first multichapter fic as well. i am very flattered by the support and kindness. i hope i can continue to make more fics like this in the future.

i would say more but alas, i am very awkward. thank you <3

End Notes
thank you for reading! please let me know what you think...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!