logic break

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logic break

by deplore

Summary

Compilation of R18 VRAINS shorts.

1. (Graphic description of violence/gore) Ryoken finds his father's body, and shortly thereafter, his father's killer.
2. New: (Intracural, sleepy smut) Ryoken has a higher libido than Yusaku; Yusaku does not see this as a problem.
3. New: (Frottage, semi-public) Yusaku convinces Ryoken to touch hot dogs in the hot dog truck.
4. New: (Fingering, penetrative sex) Ryoken is possessive; Yusaku still does not see this as a problem.
5. New: (Spanking, handjob) Yusaku asks Ryoken to spank him; Ryoken slightly sees this as a problem and Yusaku convinces him otherwise.
6. New: (69ing, oral) Yusaku and Ryoken and im_on_a_boat.mp3

Notes

I plan to put all of my shorter, R18 fics here. (All of my PG/PG-13 ficlets will go here instead). Chapter titles/summaries have the content for each chapter tagged (interesting how I have one (1) gore chapter followed by a bunch of smut, I know _(`:,3 /)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Warning for graphic description of violence/gore.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Perhaps the worst part is that there’s a part of him that finds the sight beautiful: in the warm light of the sunset, his father’s body is elevated from mortal vessel to something more akin to a work of art. His skin is as white as marble, the blood carefully drained from his veins and used like paint to draw arcane symbols around his corpse – Ryoken recognizes the pattern as one of the magic circles that his father used to keep framed in his study. Ryoken has always eschewed mysticism, but his father – “There is wisdom in these circles that cannot be explained by simple superstition,” he’d often said. “The shapes, the patterns – they simulate the biological, like the way that neurons fire or how internal systems connect. There is some hidden knowledge in them, I’m sure.”

Looking at his father’s dismembered corpse at the center of one of those circles, Ryoken feels more convinced that his father may have been right than when his father was still living. His arms, legs, and head have been separated from the torso with neat, brutally efficient cuts, as if he had been butchered like livestock; Ryoken cannot readily tell if they were removed before or after the time of death. His hands are arranged as if they are reaching towards something unseen, but his feet have been bolted to the floor. The chest has been dispassionately excavated, the ribcage split open like a cage with double doors being open – his lungs are on the floor in front of him, and his head rests inside the emptied cavity, with his heart forcibly lodged into his mouth.

Ryoken drinks in the sight in a matter of seconds that feel far longer, his senses pushed into hyperdrive as his fight-or-flight reaction threatens to overcome him. He closes his eyes briefly, forcing a few deep breaths before he opens them again. The dining room of their old family mansion is usually musty with the smell of disuse, but tonight the scent of bile overwhelms him, and Ryoken isn’t sure if it’s coming from the body that used to be his father or if it’s him choking back a visceral reaction.

“Six pieces for six victims, is it?” he says aloud, trying to calm himself down as he walks himself through the situation. “Two legs, two arms. A head, and the torso… Playmaker’s modus operandi as a serial killer is very consistent, after all. The corpse is always… defiled… in accordance with the victim’s alleged crimes. It would be human experimentation, in the case of Dr. Kiyoshi Kogami… who couldn’t be prosecuted as none of the victims were able to positively identify the accused at the time.”

Ryoken feels like there is something abnormally stale in the atmosphere, as if his voice isn’t carrying properly. He takes a step closer to the corpse and pulls himself up to his full height, back as tall and as proud as a grand ship’s mast pole – but he feels like a breeze might push him away somewhere unknown, someplace forbidden. “Am I next?” he asks. “Is that why you’re still here at the scene of the crime, Yusaku? Or should I call you Playmaker…?”

For a few moments, Yusaku is still, as if he hadn’t heard a thing; he doesn’t move from where he’s sitting, seated with loose posture at one of the ends of the dining table. The corpse is only a few steps
away from him, and yet Yusaku does not even seem to pay it any notice. Then he tilts his head to the side, as if mildly perplexed.

“No, of course not,” Yusaku says. “I’m here because I said I’d meet you here, didn’t I? Thursday at 7PM, for dinner.”

“You’re not joking, are you,” Ryoken replies, after a pause.

“No,” Yusaku says, and then shrugs as if to add, we both know I’m not the joking type.

“So then, did you know?” Ryoken asks, trying to keep his tone as even as possible. “Did you realize I tried to get closer to you because I figured out that you were one of those six children... one of the victims my father tortured...?”

“Yeah,” Yusaku answers, “I knew. You’re the one... who didn’t anticipate how much I already learned on my own.”

And then Yusaku finally gets up – he steps towards Ryoken and Ryoken forces himself not to react, breathing shallowly. I inherited this sin, he reminds himself, and I have already accepted that I should be punished for it. I’ve prepared for this – may it finally end that terrible incident, may it finally give those children peace –

But all Yusaku does is wrap his arms around Ryoken, pressing his face into Ryoken’s chest, right above Ryoken’s heart. And when Ryoken looks down, all he can think is that Yusaku seems so scared, so vulnerable – it is the same expression that broke him ten years ago and Ryoken can feel it breaking him now too. It is not an expression that belongs to a calculating serial killer – all Ryoken can see is a child full of fear.

“I know you were the one who saved me,” Yusaku says. “You were that voice, the one who called for me. And you were the one who ended the experiments too, weren’t you? I saw the police report... an anonymous caller tipped the authorities off...”

“That was a former self,” Ryoken replies steadily. “If you love that child... the one whose voice you heard ten years ago, then he’s already... gone. So, please... your revenge is not unwarranted. I also deserve your hatred...”

Yusaku’s arms tighten around him. “That’s not why I did it,” he says. “This time, only this one time – it wasn’t a revenge killing. I just need to prove it to you, don’t I? That I love you no matter what... even if that incident had never happened? So I cut out our last ties to the Lost Incident, and now we owe each other nothing.”

That doesn’t make sense, Ryoken wants to say. There is no logic. History can never disappear so conveniently, you can’t just act like it never happened –

“I love you,” Yusaku says, voice strained with emotion. Ryoken has never heard Yusaku sound like this before – full of yearning and yet so imbued with dread. “I still love you. I’ll always love you, so please...”

Once again, Kogami Ryoken is shattered by nothing but Fujiki Yusaku’s desperation: he returns the embrace, pulling Yusaku in close and shielding Yusaku’s face with his body, clasping the back of Yusaku’s head with his hand and weaving his fingers through Yusaku’s hair. “I know,” he murmurs, because Yusaku will understand what he truly means. “I’ll protect you, Yusaku.”

And all the while, his father’s decapitated head watches them dispassionately, heart bared yet bloodless. Ryoken just holds Yusaku tighter, and silently, he begins to plan.
A few weeks ago I was having an unfortunate inner revelation that I'm into a lot of series that feature cannibals. Yusaku is not a cannibal in this AU, for the record, but it sure is inspired by NBC's Hannibal :^) I decided that I'm really too weak to continue writing this AU so I'm leaving it at that and will probably not add more, but in an alternate universe where I did keep writing, it's a fic about how Ryoken tries and ultimately fails to keep his serial killer of a boyfriend out of jail (LMAOOO) while trying to figure out what exactly happened to Yusaku when his father experimented on him as a child. And those two aspects connect eventually but (waves my hands) plot is hard, goodbye to this AU.
sleepy sex, mismatched libidos

Chapter Summary

Sleepy sex, thighfucking, Ryoken and Yusaku with mismatching libidos but still loving and respecting each other.

At some point, Ryoken stops getting embarrassed when he wakes up hard and simply accepts it as something that happens more often than he wishes it did. “I don’t think it can be helped,” Yusaku used to tell him when he still felt a somewhat crippling amount of shame over his inability to rein it in. “And I don’t mind it either. Maybe I should take it as a compliment.”

And Ryoken is fairly certain that Yusaku should, because he doesn’t remember having so many problems with morning wood when he slept in his own bed. Still, he can’t stop himself from sighing deeply when he wakes up to realize a few moments after the sleep has fully cleared from his mind that his half-erect dick is pressed up against Yusaku’s back. “Yusaku,” he says, voice low as to not startle, “are you awake?”

There’s a pause before Yusaku makes an undefined noise, clearly more asleep than not. Then, he slowly replies, “Alarm hasn’t gone off yet…”

“I know,” Ryoken says.

“Is it the usual thing?” Yusaku mumbles.

“Yes,” Ryoken replies.

Yusaku shifts his weight slightly, pressing his backside up against Ryoken’s front. “Yeah, go ahead,” Yusaku says.

Carefully, so as to not jostle him more than necessary, Ryoken slides down in the sheets, putting an arm around Yusaku’s waist as he slides his dick between Yusaku’s thighs. Just the warmth of Yusaku’s skin alone is almost enough to do it for him; Ryoken’s more one to prefer things drawn-out and lingering when both of them are into it, but early morning trysts like this are more about taking care of leftover business before starting the day properly – so he doesn’t try to pull back on the way that the pleasure builds in his abdomen and just lets himself be led by it, rubbing himself in slow, shallow thrusts against the curve between Yusaku’s legs.

Ryoken always thinks afterwards that it’s amazing that Yusaku never seems bothered by this, but he doesn’t even stir as Ryoken gets himself off. “I think I sleep through at least half of it, most of the time,” Yusaku told him once, with blunt frankness. “It’s not like you’re full-on fucking me, anyway, I think I’d notice that, but this is more – I don’t know. I trust you to keep it things to what needs to be done and no more, I guess.”

“Yusaku,” Ryoken murmurs, holding him closer as he feels climax near – but only briefly, hugging him tight before letting go and rolling over, half-blindly reaching for the tissue box on his nightstand and giving himself a few more strokes with his right hand before he comes, neatly into a tissue. He closes his eyes as the after-sensations of orgasm ripple through him gently, letting them wash out before he opens them again.
Even after all that, it still takes Yusaku a few minutes until he wakes up, just barely before his alarm
announces itself; he yawns and then stretches out, rolling his shoulders back and exhaling slowly
before he opens his eyes, blinking a few times before he sluggishly pulls himself into a half-sitting
position. “You’re okay?” he asks, rubbing his face with his hands to clear the last of the sleep from
his system.

“Of course,” Ryoken replies, leaning over to press a quick good-morning kiss to Yusaku’s cheek,
more of a bump of his lips against Yusaku’s face than a real kiss – it’s more reflex than anticipation,
at this point, when he turns his face right after to let Yusaku return the same.

“Alright then,” Yusaku says. “Good morning, Ryoken.”

And only then does his day truly begin.
Chapter Summary

Yusaku and Ryoken touch hot dogs in the hot dog truck.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Wait,” Ryoken says, pushing back at Yusaku’s shoulders – but Yusaku was expecting it, because Ryoken always puts up a bit of resistance that never truly goes anywhere. If it ever felt genuine, then Yusaku would have pulled away without hesitation, but he suspects that this is more of a matter of Ryoken’s pride than anything else – it isn’t that Ryoken isn’t eager for this, it’s simply that Ryoken doesn’t want to give the impression that he wants this as badly as he does.

With that in thought tucked into the back of his mind, Yusaku just lets himself be moved and patiently replies, “Sure.”

“Somebody could walk in,” Ryoken says. Yusaku watches as Ryoken’s gaze goes from one corner to the other of the small VR room; he thinks that Ryoken would probably try and make a 360 panoramic view around the room if it weren’t for the fact that his back is to one of the walls, and so he waits for Ryoken’s eyes to settle back on his before he replies.

“Nobody comes in here except me,” Yusaku says. “And we’re the only ones in the truck this afternoon, anyway.”

There’s a measured pause before Ryoken replies, “Alright.”

So Yusaku leans in again, capturing Ryoken’s mouth in an open-mouthed kiss as he reaches down with both of his hands to undo Ryoken’s pants; without the benefit of being able to see what he’s doing, he fumbles a bit, but there’s something nice in that as well – it feels warm, organic. Ryoken slides a knee in between Yusaku’s legs, pushing his thigh up against Yusaku’s crotch tentatively, and it sends a pleasant jolt all the way up his spine; Yusaku makes an appreciative noise low in his throat and Ryoken grinds up against him, more assertively this time –

“Hang on,” Yusaku mutters, slightly out of breath as he breaks this kiss. “I can’t – really do this if you distract me.”

“Maybe distracting you is the point,” Ryoken says, tone both haughty and yet dripping with sensuality.

“Oh,” Yusaku replies, a momentary smile flickering across his lips. “I didn’t realize this was a challenge.”

“Isn’t most everything we do a challenge towards each other?” Ryoken asks, but he doesn’t give Yusaku a chance to reply – he reaches up and slides his hand around the back of Yusaku’s neck, pulling him in back into a slow, teasing kiss, licking into Yusaku’s mouth like he’s savoring a treat. Still, Yusaku knows he’s obliging, because he backs off just enough that Yusaku can finish the work of undoing both of their pants, exposing their cocks.
Yusaku can hear Ryoken’s breath hitch as he curls his fingers around Ryoken’s dick, stroking it a few times before thumbing the head; there’s already a bit of precum leaking and Ryoken lets out a harsh moan as Yusaku smears it across the tip of his cock. Ryoken leans back against the wall, and Yusaku can’t tell if it’s because he’s finding it hard to support his weight or if it’s to break off the kiss. “Don’t play around,” Ryoken says, and Yusaku supposes it’s supposed to be a warning, but it falls short when Yusaku can hear his voice straining.

But it’s not as if Yusaku is in the mood to draw things out for too long either; he’s already embarrassingly hard from just a bit of clothed grinding. “I don’t ever play around with you,” Yusaku replies, before he carefully lines their cocks up with his right hand to loosely guide, so that their members rub against each other with every tiny bit of movement.

He’s rewarded with even more sounds of pleasure from Ryoken, progressively less and less restrained every time Yusaku thrusts his dick, sliding against Ryoken’s with full-bodied motion. Blindly, Yusaku fumbles with his non-dominant hand before he manages to grab Ryoken’s hand and guide it downward – “You do it too,” he says, brain too occupied by other thoughts to fully articulate what he means by it, but Ryoken follows where Yusaku is going and wraps his hand around their cocks too, fingertips overlapping with Yusaku’s.

“Fuck,” Yusaku hisses, because the feeling of Ryoken’s palm is just enough to bring him to the brink – and when Ryoken strokes both their members, that’s enough to push him over; he throws his head back, closes his eyes hard and sees stars on the insides of his eyelids as he comes. It takes a few moments for him to descend from his climax and realize that Ryoken’s come as well: both their hands are covered in a mixture of each others’ orgasms.

Slowly, Yusaku unfurls his fingers and gingerly lifts his hand. “Left pocket of my blazer,” Ryoken says, voice tantalizingly rough – his eyes are half-lidded and it’s very, very tempting to try for a round two, but Yusaku has a feeling he won’t be able to swing it and he doesn’t like the idea of biting off more than he can chew. So instead, he obediently fishes the handkerchief out of Ryoken’s pocket and cleans up as best as he can with it before they both put their pants back on properly. Gingerly, he holds the handkerchief by the corner as they leave the VR room to use the truck’s sink, when Yusaku realizes something –

“Ah,” he says aloud, before he can stop himself.

Ryoken turns and gives him an intense stare, and Yusaku is perfectly aware that Ryoken has sensed that whatever revelation Yusaku’s had is one that he wants to know. “Is something the matter?” Ryoken asks, very pointedly.

“It wasn’t the VR room I use,” Yusaku says, nonchalantly stepping across the truck and turning on the sink. “It was Takeru’s.”

Chapter End Notes

lowkey but ryoken probably came cuz yusaku said fuck
Ryoken is possessive — Yusaku doesn’t mind.

Ryoken fingers Yusaku roughly, moving his fingers unevenly as he drinks in the sight of Yusaku clutching at the bedsheets, breathing audibly clipped. There’s something intensely thrilling about the fact that he’s the only one who ever sees Yusaku like this, so openly needy, so loose with his desires — Ryoken supposes it must be because Yusaku is usually aloof and independent, never flustered, always calmly adapting to anything that comes his way — he would be lying if he said it didn’t make him feel strangely powerful, entitled to something that nobody else can stake a claim on.

“Turn over,” Ryoken says, and Yusaku exhales hard as he stretches his back out, rolling his shoulders back before obliging. Ryoken leans in over him, bracing his weight with his hand on the bed just over Yusaku’s shoulder, and Yusaku reaches up to wrap his arms around Ryoken, pulling him in closer.

“You’re being impatient,” Yusaku murmurs into Ryoken’s ear, voice intimately close – “Something’s on your mind.”

Yusaku says it like the fact that it is; Ryoken isn’t sure what it means that Yusaku reads him so easily and quickly decides not to dwell on it. “It’s nothing important,” Ryoken replies, because he doesn’t know how to formulate his feelings with words that don’t make him feel a bit childish. “I just want to be with you.”

“Alright,” Yusaku says, and Ryoken can tell he really does mean that – the simple, strings-free acceptance is almost embarrassingly fulfilling to hear. Yusaku presses a quick kiss to Ryoken’s cheek and then continues, “Take me, then.”

So Ryoken enters him all at once and fucks him without holding back right from the start – Yusaku tightens his hold on Ryoken, fingernails digging into his shoulder-blades. “Yes – right there, keep going,” Yusaku says, in between gasps and moans, and Ryoken is almost painfully turned on by how wanton he sounds. Ryoken tilts down to press kisses to Yusaku’s neck as he thrusts into him, nipping at the fragile skin there before licking and sucking at those same thoughts, leaving behind a trail of very deliberate love marks.

Yusaku is so much easier to read like this than he is anywhere else; his body speaks so much more than his mouth usually does – but Ryoken doesn’t think those are the same thing. He slows down when he can tell Yusaku is getting close to his orgasm, and Yusaku makes a harsh, dismayed noise in his throat. “Don’t just stop there,” Yusaku tells him, yearning but not quite pleading as he lifts his hips to push back at Ryoken’s dick.

“Will you say my name?” Ryoken asks, and just saying it makes him feel uncomfortably exposed, overly vulnerable –

But Yusaku doesn’t hesitate for even a second before he tilts his chin up to kiss Ryoken at the corner of his mouth and says, “Ryoken, please… I need this, I need you, Ryoken…”
A sense of self-satisfaction blooms pleasantly throughout Ryoken’s body; he returns the kiss passionately, licking into Yusaku’s mouth as he reaches down to stroke at Yusaku’s cock, fucking him deep and hard – Yusaku moans into his mouth and arches back, hole tightening around Ryoken’s dick as he comes and Ryoken just barely manages to pull out before he reaches orgasm too, coming hard onto Yusaku’s stomach and chest.

For a while after, Ryoken just looms over Yusaku, breathing deeply as he comes down from climax and watching as Yusaku slowly relaxes and finally opens his eyes again. There’s a pause, and then Yusaku delicately lifts his hand to touch at his own neck with his fingertips. “You left marks,” he comments, more an off-handed remark than anything emotionally loaded.

“I did,” Ryoken replies. “I apologize, they… might be difficult to cover up.”

Yusaku hooks his arms around the small of Ryoken’s back, palms flat against Ryoken’s skin. “When they’re from you, I don’t mind,” he says – and Ryoken thinks to himself that maybe, those words are what he wanted from Yusaku the most.
spanking, handjobs

Chapter Summary

Yusaku asks to be spanked and Ryoken discovers a new kink.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yusaku finishes taking his pants and underwear off, then climbs onto Ryoken’s lap, straddling his thighs between his legs before promptly throwing Ryoken the most confusing question he’s ever encountered in his life: “How do you feel about spanking?” Yusaku asks.

In that moment, Ryoken feels a strangely unique and vaguely terrifying sense of inner juxtaposition that he hopes to never experience again. On the one hand, he is very much turned on by having Yusaku half-naked and sitting on him; on the other hand, any sense of arousal is being blocked off from the fact that Yusaku has inexplicably brought up smacking children. He stares at Yusaku blankly for a few seconds, and finally replies, “I was not raised in a household that believed in corporeal punishment.”

“I meant in a sexual way,” Yusaku clarifies.

Ryoken’s relief is palpable – he sighs and immediately relaxes, comforted by the fact that his conscience will now allow him to guiltlessly pop a boner. “I don’t have a strong opinion either way,” Ryoken says. “Do you?”

Yusaku sighs as well, but in more of a vaguely woeful way than Ryoken’s relieved sigh. “I was trying to suggest that you should spank me,” he informs Ryoken. “So if you aren’t opposed to it, please. Go ahead.”

While intrigued by the thought, Ryoken feels a bit adrift, without any concrete idea of where to start or where this road is about to go. “You’ll tell me if you don’t like it,” Ryoken says.

“Of course,” Yusaku replies, and leans in to press a close-mouthed kiss to Ryoken’s lips, slow but searing; Ryoken closes his eyes and lets himself feel it as Yusaku eases his weight against Ryoken’s body. Yusaku reaches down to take Ryoken’s hands, guiding them along the lines of his body, smoothing down his waist, his hips, and finally resting at his ass.

When Ryoken opens his eyes again, Yusaku is looking at him with an expectant gleam in his eyes that Ryoken has always been weak for. Tentatively, he raises a hand and slaps his palm against Yusaku with force that could be described generously as limp. Yusaku clears his throat, pausing for a moment before saying with a very even tone, “You could do it harder than that.”

“I know,” Ryoken replies, frowning slightly; he can tell that Yusaku is actively trying to not demean, but his pride still smarts at the remark anyway. He tries again, with more snap in his wrist this time, and there’s a distinctly crisp sound as he spanks Yusaku – he’s rewarded as well when Yusaku makes a whining noise in his throat, reaching up to place a hand on Ryoken’s shoulder as if to brace
“Yeah, more like that,” Yusaku murmurs, rubbing himself up against Ryoken so that Ryoken can feel his half-hard cock between their bodies.

Only in that moment does Ryoken truly register how much power Yusaku is giving him, and the realization is incredibly thrilling – he can practically hear his own heartbeat speed up, beating hard and fast in his ears. Ryoken smacks his ass again and can physically feel Yusaku shiver from the base of his spine up, groaning into Ryoken’s ear. Slowly, Ryoken reaches around, to tease Yusaku’s hole with his fingers without entering him.

“You like that?” Ryoken asks, voice harsh in his throat.

Yusaku doesn’t answer at first, just makes a whining noise as Ryoken rubs at the sensitive bit of skin right behind his balls – and then cries out as Ryoken abruptly spanks him again, squirming against Ryoken’s body. “Yeah,” he finally manages to choke out, voice delectably strained and needy, “I like it, *fuck* – it feels really good.”

“Then raise your hips,” Ryoken says, and Yusaku obeys without hesitation. Ryoken puts his non-dominant hand on Yusaku’s waist to help him support his own weight as he strokes the base of Yusaku’s cock from behind with his other, cupping Yusaku’s balls in the palm of his hand. Yusaku clings to him, burying his face into the crook of Ryoken’s shoulder and Ryoken can feel Yusaku bite the cloth of his shirt as his body tenses and relaxes in abrupt waves, as if he’s trying to keep himself in control.

Yusaku’s thighs tense around Ryoken’s legs and even without being told, he can tell Yusaku is on the cusp of climax; he gives Yusaku’s dick one last stroke before smacking his ass with firmly measured strength and Yusaku *whimpers* as he comes, his entire body curling inward as orgasm claims him. Ryoken wraps both of his arms around Yusaku, gently rubbing his back as Yusaku rides out the aftershocks of climax, placing a kiss to Yusaku’s forehead. Once Yusaku’s breathing has returned to normal and his body is fully relaxed again, Ryoken pauses in what he’s doing to ask, “So, did that satisfy you?”

“I sometimes wish you would learn some discretion,” Yusaku says, craning his neck up to look at Ryoken. “Yes, it did. Very much so.”

Ryoken tilts his head down to press a quick kiss to Yusaku’s lips. “Then it satisfied me too,” he replies.

Chapter End Notes

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initial draft of this like

yusaku: hey will you spank me and call me ur little bitch
ryoken: (audibly swallowing) it is me who has been made ur little bitch just hearing those words

also while ryoken’s gay heart may have been satisfied at being able to please yusaku, it did not satisfy his dick, so yusaku probably like idk sucked him off or rode him or something after that
69ing on a boat

Chapter Summary

Ryoken lives in a boat now, I guess. Yusaku and Ryoken 69 on it. Ryoken accidentally gives Yusaku the moneyshot lmao.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They’ve already taken their clothes off and just about to kiss to set the mood when the boat hits a wave and Yusaku loses his balance, sighing audibly as Ryoken neatly catches his fall. “People were not meant to live on boats,” Yusaku says, uncharacteristically glum; Ryoken wonders if it perhaps because Yusaku feels literally out of his element. Even for somebody who is as hard to impress as Ryoken, he feels like Yusaku always seems proficient in just about any situation that he’s thrown into, so there’s a gap between his usual capability and the fact that Fujiki Yusaku does not have sea legs.

“This is just temporary,” Ryoken replies.

Yusaku sighs again and leans into Ryoken, wrapping his arms around Ryoken’s waist. “I think it’s unnecessary,” he informs Ryoken. “Can we sit down.”

The lack of inflection informs Ryoken it’s not really a request, so he pulls Yusaku down onto the bed with him – it’s not as nice as the one in his actual house, of course, but it’s at least long enough to fit the two of them without much trouble. “Lie back,” Ryoken says.

“Gladly,” Yusaku mutters, and obeys the suggestion. Ryoken crawls over him in reverse, hands braced adjacent to Yusaku’s thighs and his knees straddling Yusaku’s shoulders, and he lowers his head so that he can take Yusaku’s cock into his mouth – Yusaku makes a faint humming noise when Ryoken rolls his tongue over the crown of his dick, partially a purr of pleasure, but with a bit of thoughtfulness to it as well.

“I see,” Yusaku comments softly, as if he’s figured out the trick to a clever riddle, and Ryoken can feel Yusaku shift underneath him as he places a hand on Ryoken’s hips, craning his neck up to blow Ryoken in turn.

Ryoken has never known what to make of the fact that Yusaku is a rather ambitious cocksucker – for somebody who isn’t so talkative, his mouth is either deceptively deep or he lacks a strong gag reflex, and he always likes to take Ryoken far into his mouth, until Ryoken swears the tip of his cock just barely meets the back of his throat. The hot, wet pressure around his member makes it difficult to concentrate as Ryoken lavishes attention on Yusaku’s cock in turn, licking his way up and down the shaft before kissing the crown of his cock, spreading the precum budding from the tip with his lips before tonguing the underside of the head.

“I see,” Yusaku comments softly, as if he’s figured out the trick to a clever riddle, and Ryoken can feel Yusaku shift underneath him as he places a hand on Ryoken’s hips, craning his neck up to blow Ryoken in turn.

Ryoken knows Yusaku’s body well enough to be able to tell, more or less, when he’s about to come – his body tenses up and his back arches and he pulls his thighs together – so even without being told, Ryoken knows when to roll his mouth off of Yusaku’s dick and finish him off with a few long strokes from his hand. Yusaku hums around Ryoken’s cock as he comes, pausing without fully
taking Ryoken’s dick out of his mouth as he rides out his orgasm.

But now that Yusaku’s come and Ryoken has one less thing on his mind, he finally has the processing power to realize that there’s something he’s forgotten about where they are. He begins to say, “Yusaku, the boat moves –”

Then another wave hits and the momentum pushes the entire boat down and then up sharply and Ryoken knows in that moment with incredibly clarity that it was just his imagination before, because now he can palpably feel his cock hit the back of Yusaku’s throat and Yusaku chokes around his dick, tightening around him – Ryoken pulls his hips up abruptly but doesn’t quite manage to stop himself from coming straight down Yusaku’s throat.

There’s a few moments before Ryoken can actually register what’s happened, but then he immediately sits upright at Yusaku’s side, reaching out to help Yusaku sit up as well. “Are you alright?” he asks.

Yusaku doesn’t answer, he just opens his mouth and presses a finger down on his tongue, letting out a raspy, weak cough as Ryoken’s seed slides out. Ryoken attempts to nobly ignore how incredibly hot the sight is and be a decent human being instead. “I’m sorry,” Ryoken says, staring at the wall directly above Yusaku’s head as to not fill his head with indecent thoughts in the wrong context.

“It was an accident,” Yusaku replies, and Ryoken takes it as a sign that he can make proper eye contact again.

That, apparently, was what Yusaku was waiting for, because he smiles in a way that’s equal parts dangerous as it is exciting, reaching out to put both his hands on Ryoken’s shoulders before he says, “I’m sure I’ll get even with you before long.”

Chapter End Notes

my initial thought was to have them 69 on the deck but then i thought to myself " (disgusted spectre voice) sir i live here too" and so i decided to not have them 69 on the deck.

End Notes

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