Irukandji Syndrome
by RedAmaranth

Summary

Chuuya's classified records at the Special Abilities Department have been compromised and now everyone seems to want to get their hands on the Port Mafia Executive, hoping to obtain control of the powerful force locked away inside of him.

Notes

I've been meaning to write this fic for awhile now but never forced myself to do it until Catsby suggested we do a fic exchange! It was just the motivation I needed! So here's some Chuuya whump that she's always craving ;) Merry Christmas!

(You can read her part of the exchange, Fairy Lights, linked above!)

Some more facts about Irukandji Syndrome at the end! Enjoy~

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Fairy Lights by TheGreatCatsby

Chuuya knows he should have been more careful. The problem is, he thought he had been. It’s been a matter of days since the report that the Special Abilities Department had been ransacked came out. All of their files on Ability users were hacked or stolen completely.

Chuuya knows he’s now a prime target for anyone who has read those files. Anyone would want to get their hands on a god. Even if that god lay dormant in it’s vessel until it was called upon.
Chuuya likes to think Arahabaki is dormant within him, but he doubts it. Live with something inside of you that long and one notices things. The pride in a kill, the satisfaction in taking out dozens of enemies with a flick of his wrist. Many times Chuuya can’t tell if it’s himself or Arahabaki, but that’s just how it is. How it’s always been.

And now his secret is out.

The thugs waste no time coming for him.

Chuuya isn’t taken easily. He thwarts a few attempts but isn’t quite able to get out of a precarious situation between himself and the goons of whichever organization knew about him.

Maybe he shouldn’t be so discouraged that he’s allowed himself to be kidnapped and inevitably tortured. This was the group who had infiltrated the SAD nearly undetected. That was an impressive, if not annoying feat in and of itself.

Still, he’s here now and he’s at the mercy of the people in the room with him. He woke up in this place, bond by both his hands and feet, For the Tainted Sorrow no longer coursing underneath his skin. He’s hooked up to a machine and has at least one IV pumping sedatives and Ability inhibitors into his body.

Chuuya blinks a few times, squinting past the harsh bright light being shone in his face. He’s vertical, he realizes belatedly, bound to a wall rather than an examination table. He tries to make out any identifying features of his captors but it’s difficult with them hiding behind the light.

“Ah, so you’re awake. Much sooner than we expected, but this only means we’re ahead of schedule.” A man’s voice tells him. He hears him asking for someone else to be let into the room.

“Let’s start simple, shall we?” The same, smooth voice again. By now, Chuuya has determined there are four people in the room with him, including whoever just entered. “As you may have guessed, we aren’t interested in Port Mafia intel or their secrets, despite you being one of their top Executives.”

He appears to be waiting for Chuuya to respond. Chuuya doesn’t, so the man continues.

“We want what you’re hiding, Arahabaki.” The man says with a grin. Chuuya would love to knock a few of his teeth out of his skull with a satisfying, skull-crushing punch.

Instead, he laughs.

“Hiding? You think I chose this?” He asks incredulously.

“Then you’ll have no objections in releasing it to us.” The man says. It’s not a question.

As if he could just do that at will. Chuuya wants to laugh until he cries at how ridiculous the entire notion is. Already this man seems to think Chuuya is a willful vessel for the thing inside of him. He assumes Chuuya is harboring the power all for himself. Surely they’ve read his file and know he can’t even control it on his own. Without Dazai.....

“Like hell.” Chuuya says venomously. The response is a swift blow to his face, courtesy of the hired muscle that was brought into the room moments ago.

They can beat him all they want, Arahabaki and Corruption weren’t going anywhere. If Chuuya knew how to untangle the beast from his soul he would have done so years ago.
“It’s a simple request, Nakahara-san.” Comes the calculating voice from behind the light. Chuuya can make out his silhouette, but not much else. “Release it.”

Chuuya spits blood, glowering at his captors. “You bastards know a way?”

Silence. He’d thought as much. They have no idea. Another punch connects, this time to his gut, knocking the wind out of him. Instinctively he’s gasping for air. He hears muffled laughter as they all watch him floundering. He wants to kill them all.

A few agonizing seconds later and he’s able to take a breath. It burns, but he’s sure it’s nothing compared to whatever torment they must have in store for him. If he’s honest, they’ve started quite passively. He tries to call upon For the Tainted Sorrow again and once again he’s unable to. If only he could remove the IV pumping inhibitors into his system.

“I’ll ask nicely one last time, Nakahara-san.” The silhouetted man steps forward and grabs a fistful of Chuuya’s hair between his fingers. He yanks Chuuya’s head back harshly so Chuuya has no choice but to look into the face of his tormentor.

“Release Arahabaki. You’ve held onto it for so long, it’s time someone else had a turn.” He sneers, teeth bared, eyes dark and hooded. Even if Chuuya could, he would never do so for a man like this.

“In your fucking dreams.” Chuuya growls. His head is bashed hard against the wall behind him as the man curses and gives the go-ahead for Chuuya’s attacker to continue where he’d left off. His vision is already spotted with black as he feels a knee slam into his stomach. If they think simply physically beating Chuuya will force him to fold, they’re sadly mistaken. He’s Mafia, after all. He’s been trained for this.

By the time the man is finished, Chuuya’s choking on blood, coughing and spitting up as much as he can. He has at least two broken ribs and he can already feel bruises blooming across his entire body. The thought of breaking free and making them all pay for this is what keeps him going. He thinks he’ll snap his assailant’s neck, then move to the woman who has been studiously taking notes behind the light. He won’t kill her unless she puts up a fight, though he won’t leave her unscathed.

Next he’ll take out the silent man in the corner who hasn’t done much of anything this entire time. He’ll crush him into the concrete wall and keep him there to answer Chuuya’s questions after he’s done with the the man who talks like Arahabaki is something Chuuya chooses to keep. On him, he’ll use his knife, making his death nice and personal and bloody. He isn’t even that upset about the beating.

He’s angry that these people know anything about him at all, about what’s inside of him. He’s angry they think they can control it. Them, who know nothing more than what they’ve read in Chuuya’s files, if even that.

No, Chuuya’s been trapped with this destructive power since he was seven years old. There is no controlling Arahabaki or Corruption, only subduing it. And the only one who can do that is…..

Well, it isn’t Chuuya and that’s all that matters.

He’s pulled from his thoughts with another blow to the face. This time it stings rather than throbs. A slap rather than a punch.

“Pay attention, Nakahara-san.” The man says, snapping his fingers in front of Chuuya’s eyes. “I asked you if you know what this is.” He holds up a syringe, full of a clear liquid, a long needle
jutting from it.

What a stupid question. It could be anything. “Should I?” Chuuya replies instead.

“Pity. Not that it would benefit you much if you knew ahead of time. Logic and sense of mind won’t mean much to you soon enough.” He flicks the syringe then comes closer to Chuuya. He’s grinning again and Chuuya feels his skin crawl.

The man crudely pulls out the existing IV from Chuuya’s arm, eliciting a wince from Chuuya. Then he slowly injects the clear liquid into Chuuya’s veins. Chuuya wonders what kind of drug it is. He’s used to being poked and prodded with countless needles, pumped full of all sorts of drugs and antidotes. This will be no different, though it probably won’t be pleasant, either. These things never are.

“This is venom from an Irukandji jellyfish. Getting our hands on them was quite...difficult. They are native to Australian waters and extremely venomous. Though, a single sting is usually not fatal.” The man smirks as he removes the needle from Chuuya’s arm.

“Never heard of it.” Chuuya feels no different. The injection site is irritated and burns a little, but is otherwise hardly noticeable. Either the man is bluffing or the symptoms aren’t immediate.

“Perhaps you’ll wish you had in a few moments.” He says, throwing the empty syringe away, pulling his gloves off. “The antivenom will come at the price of Arahabaki. Remember that when you realize symptoms of the Irukandji can last for days, even weeks.”

Suddenly, there’s commotion in the back of the room. The thug has already been knocked down, out cold. The woman shrieks as she too, is taken out. Chuuya sees a figure, the silent man in the corner, rushing the man asking for Arahabaki, delivering a blow that’s enough to render him unconscious. Chuuya realizes this may be yet another enemy, come to steal him. He really hates the idea that he is nothing more than a hot commodity, thanks to Corruption.

The figure doesn’t come over to Chuuya right away. He’s doing something Chuuya can’t quite make out. Irritated, Chuuya yells out to him.

“Oi! The fuck is going on?”

The figure stops what it’s doing, coming around the bright light so Chuuya can see him clearly. His eyes widen for a split second, wondering if he’s hallucinating.

“This is quite the role reversal, Chuuya~.” Chuuya knows that voice anywhere. He can’t tell if he’s relieved or even more annoyed at this turn of events. “It’s usually me who is the damsel in distress.”

Dazai pulls off a wig he was wearing, already undoing Chuuya’s bindings. Chuuya grumbles under his breath. How much of this did that shitty waste of bandages plan?

Once he’s free, Chuuya swiftly kicks the bright floor light away. Then he steps over the bodies on the floor and looks through multiple vials sitting on a small table in the corner of the room.

“Let’s go, Chuuya.” Dazai all but sings, his voice lilting through the room. Of course he’s calm and acting like Chuuya wasn’t just injected with venom. Chuuya is sure the symptoms are delayed and will show themselves soon enough.

Unless...maybe Dazai switched the true venom with a placebo. He’d have the foresight to do that, wouldn’t he?
“I’m looking for the antivenom.” He tells him, not having any luck. He feels his heart rate increase and reminds himself not to panic. Panicking won’t help him right now.

“There isn’t one, Chuuya.” Dazai says from the doorway. His voice is low and serious. Chuuya hears the truth in it.

“Shit!” He slams his hands down on the table, frustrated. “That lying bastard!”

It’s a mistake to hope, but Chuuya is still waiting to hear Dazai reassure him that there wasn’t actually venom in the syringe. But his body is starting to feel strange and he knows it was real.

“Come on. We need to leave.” Dazai tries again, a little more upbeat again. “Chuuya’s so slow.”

“Get me back to headquarters, asshole.” Chuuya says, crossing the room to reach Dazai at the door. His head is starting to spin and his skin feels clammy. Dazai’s lack of response is telling and Chuuya can only hope he’ll actually listen to him and not do something stupid.

They make it out into the street and an extreme wave of nausea overtakes Chuuya. He doubles over and retches, the soreness and bruises from his earlier beating protesting at the action. When he stands back up Dazai is waiting next to a black car, thank god. He’ll actually get sent back to headquarters where he can be treated properly.

Chuuya slides in first, followed by Dazai. He looks at the driver and realizes it’s Dazai’s blonde partner. That can’t be right.

“Oi, Dazai wh--” Chuuya’s cut off by a small pinprick in his neck. The last thing he sees before he passes out is Dazai’s apologetic face.

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When Chuuya next regains consciousness he’s not chained to a wall and he’s not back at headquarters. He is nowhere near inside a medical facility or even the Agency’s infirmary.

He’s on Dazai’s couch in Dazai’s apartment.

“What the fuck is going on! Dazai!” Chuuya demands, sitting upright. He moves too quickly and feels ill again, though this time he’s able to suppress it. He’s covered in a thin sheen of sweat. Suddenly, he wants to rip his clothes off. They feel too tight, like they are suffocating him, trapping him.

Dazai is sitting calmly in a chair across from the couch, reading a book. It’s looks so normal and unassuming that Chuuya has the urge to punch him across the room.

“You’re up!” Dazai chirps, closing his book and turning his full attention to Chuuya. “How do you feel?”

Chuuya takes a moment to think about that. He feels...like shit. His head is pounding so much it feels like his skull might implode at any second. Now that he’s sitting up, he feels sharp, intense pains in his back and abdomen. This isn’t a pain caused by cramping or the bruising he sustained earlier. He knows it’s the work of the venom.

There is something even more pressing than his physical symptoms. He’s anxious. Severely anxious. Everything feels wrong, like it’s all been flipped on its head. Another wave of nausea comes and this time Chuuya succumbs to it. Dazai’s anticipated as much and has a trash can nearby. He shoves it underneath Chuuya just in time.
Once Chuuya finishes, Dazai hands him a damp cloth so he can wipe his mouth. It all feels wrong. It feels like something is terribly wrong. Like something unspeakable is going to happen. Normally Chuuya would chalk it up to paranoia, but this isn’t paranoia. It’s real. He’s sure about it. He’s more sure about it then he has ever been about anything his life.

“Chuuya?” Dazai asks, frowning. He never answered Dazai’s question.

“You already know. You let them put that shit in me knowing what it was and what would happen.” Chuuya spits out angrily. “You knew there wasn’t an antidote!” He’s fuming, wishing he could properly express his frustration. He calls upon his Ability but it’s not there. More inhibitors, of course. This time Dazai is the one who’s given them to him.

“It’s not fatal.” Dazai tells him calmly, eyes watching him like a hawk. “I’ve given you what I can to help with the symptoms. Antihistamines, painkillers. I have morphine on hand too, just in case.”

Chuuya doesn’t understand. Dazai was prepared for all of this? He shouldn’t be surprised but he is and he’s angry. Why was he here and not a hospital? If Dazai was so hellbent on keeping him, why not just take him to the Agency infirmary and have their doctor…..

“Where’s your doctor?” Chuuya barks. He knows what her Ability is. She could heal this in a second. She might have to fatally wound him to do so, but it would be quicker than riding out the symptoms of the venom.


“But I’m going to die!” Chuuya choking out. “I bet you’re loving this. Did you bring me here to..to die?!” He’s shaking at the implication of his own words.

He can feel it, like the walls are closing in on him, crushing him. His head is still throbbing and he wonders if Dazai really did give him painkillers. The man who poisoned him lied and now Dazai lied. Not fatal. Yeah right. Chuuya knows what his body is trying to tell him. He’s dying.

Dazai’s silent again, watching him with hardened eyes. Chuuya can practically see the wheels turning in his head as he analyzes everything Chuuya is saying and doing. He hates that, has always hated how Dazai can read him so well.

But Chuuya can read Dazai too. More than Dazai likes to admit. It’s probably what Dazai hates most about him, that Chuuya knows him better than anyone else. He knows about sides of Dazai that even his precious Agency friends don’t know. And that’s why Dazai was okay with letting Chuuya die like this.

“Just do it.” Chuuya says after a few more beats of silence. “Kill me. Just end it.”

Dazai only continues to stare at him. His eyes almost look sad.

“Do it!” Chuuya shouts, coughing up blood. His hand is shaky as he wipes his mouth again.

“No.” Dazai says firmly.

“Do it!”

“You aren’t dying.” Dazai tells him, lies to him. How stupid does he think Chuuya is? His body is screaming at him, demanding he accept what is happening to him.

Chuuya slumps over, breathing heavily, holding his head in his hands. What a terrible way to die.
He wishes he could put himself out of his misery. He reaches for his knife, but of course it isn’t there. He’s sure Dazai has taken it. His breathing is quickening and it’s painful because his chest is tight and it’s hard to get air in. The pain he feels throughout his body is dulled, he realizes. Dazai must have been telling the truth about the painkillers after all. Chuuya can’t imagine how it would feel without them.

“Dazai...before I die I guess I have some things to--to tell you.” Chuuya begins, his voice already betraying him. He’s trying to stay calm and die with some sort of dignity, but he’s terrified.

“No.” Dazai says again. It’s always no with him.

“Yes. I’ll be dead soon enough, but while I’m still here you’re going to listen to me.” Chuuya tells him sternly, looking up at him, meeting his gaze.

“You aren’t going to die.”

“Shut the fuck up, would you! Shut up and listen! I think you’re a real asshole you know? You have never, not once, taken my feelings into account. I’ve always just been another piece on your chess board.” Chuuya begins, the words falling out easily.

“You didn’t account for the fact that I would get to know you. Behind all the bullshit and all the masks, I know you, Dazai. And you hate it.” Chuuya glares at him. He doesn’t know everything. No one can ever know all of Dazai, because Dazai is just that good at keeping people out. But Chuuya managed to slip in, years ago and Dazai will never forgive him for it.

“If this is my punishment for getting close to the real you, then I’ll take it.” Chuuya continues, his voice softening a little. His whole body is shaking now. He isn’t sure if it’s a symptom of his impending death or because of what he’s finally, finally saying to Dazai.

“I’ll accept it. So please just end it, Dazai.” Chuuya pleads. He doesn’t want to prolong this. “For once can you do something for me?”

Dazai looks visibly upset by all of this. His expression is still mostly unreadable and Chuuya is in no state of mind to decipher it.

“If you want to say all of this to me again when you’re not full of Irukandji venom, I’ll agree to listen to it.” Dazai finally replies.

“Tch, of course you’d say something like that at a time like this.” Chuuya scoffs.

“I don’t lie about things like this.” Dazai says, locking eyes with Chuuya. Chuuya blinks, shocked. He knows Dazai is telling the truth. He squeezes his eyes shut, rubbing his forehead. Nothing makes sense and he still feels like he’s going to die. He feels it so deeply it’s agonizing.

“Morphine, then.” Chuuya decides, defeated, opening his eyes again. The morphine will knock him out. If he really isn’t dying, then he’ll wake up once it’s all over. If he is dying then...well at least he won’t be awake for it.

Dazai nods and stands to bring over an IV bag, stand and needle. He already has it prepared. Of course he does. Wordlessly he finds a vein in Chuuya’s arm and hooks him up to the slow drip of the morphine.

It isn’t long before Chuuya falls asleep.
Chuuya wakes up on Dazai’s couch again. Rays of morning light stream through the windows. Dazai isn’t sitting in the chair across from him anymore. He hears some movement in the kitchen and slowly sits up. He’s still groggy from the morphine, his thoughts foggy and his ribs still broken. He notices the pain in his back and stomach are gone. He doesn’t feel nauseous even as he stands up, nor does his head throb anymore.

“Look who’s up.” Dazai calls from the kitchen. Chuuya rolls his eyes. He’s still stiff and sore and a little unsteady on his feet. He isn’t sure how long he was out. He isn’t sure why he isn’t dead.

“Smells good.” He says, sitting down at the counter. Dazai is cooking eggs and has coffee going. Chuuya isn’t so sure he has an appetite, but he’s also not sure Dazai is cooking for two.

“Feeling any better?” Dazai asks, concentrating on what he’s doing on the stove.

“Better. Not great.” Chuuya replies. He wonders when he can go back to his own apartment. He’d like to be able to get some rest before undoubtedly writing a report on this whole incident. “So who were those guys and what were you doing with them?”

“All in due time, Chuuya.” Dazai sing-songs, piling the scrambled eggs onto a plate. He slides it over to Chuuya, handing him a fork as well. Something clicks in Chuuya’s head then.

“Only my records were leaked, weren’t they?” There was no break-in at the SAD. He exhales loudly, poking at his eggs. Dazai is already cracking two more into the hot pan.

“Bingo~! So smart, chibikko.” Dazai flashes his classic, cheesy fake smile. Chuuya can only hope Dazai will explain what the end goal had been as he rolls his eyes again.

“Glad you’re still able to find some use for me.” He says, forcing himself to take a bite of the eggs. Something about that makes Dazai go quiet, his movements less animated as he finishes cooking his own eggs.

“You’re not just a pawn to me.” He says in an uncharacteristic display of honesty. He pours them each a cup of coffee, sliding the sugar and cream in between them.

Chuuya wants to believe that. And sometimes he does. But Dazai’s actions time and time again prove that Chuuya is only a pawn, just like everyone else.

It’s something he’s come to accept, though he wishes he didn’t have to.

“I wish I could believe that, Dazai.” Chuuya says, stirring sugar into his coffee.

“I’m trying.” Dazai tells him. He sounds sincere, but Dazai is one of the best liars Chuuya knows.

Chuuya takes another bite of his eggs and suddenly realizes that in Dazai’s stupid, strange way, this breakfast is his peace offering. He sighs, closing his eyes for a moment.

“You could have at least made some toast too, moron.”

Dazai stares at him before he lets out a soft laugh.

“Maybe you’re right.”
Irukandji syndrome invokes a severe feeling of "impending doom". I hope I was able to convey that with Chuuya!

Victims who have been stung have described this impending doom phenomenon and have even begged doctors to kill them because they were so sure they were going to die. Symptoms (physical and mental) wear off anywhere between 4-30 hours later but can last for days in some cases!

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Works inspired by this Party Lights by TheGreatCatsby

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