Dazai’s Trench-coat

by TicklyFandoms

Summary

After his work at the agency is done, Atsushi couldn’t help but notice that Dazai wasn’t at work the whole day. However, on his way out, he notices Dazai’s trenchcoat that was left on the back of the brunet’s chair the previous day. Atsushi takes it back with him and before he notices it, he catches onto the scent that is just purely Dazai. Burying his face in it since the scent calms him, Atsushi doesn’t notice that Dazai had been trying to catch up to him and saw his embarrassing act until it’s too late.

“Atsushi-kun, wait! Do you mind giving something back to Dazai-san while you go back home?” Pausing his stride as he was almost out the door of the Detective Agency, Atsushi circled around to face Junichiro, who was staring at something that was draped across Dazai’s chair. Blinking, Atsushi fixed the messenger bag that was strapped around him before he strolled towards his superior’s desk, furrowing his brows once he noticed the tan trenchcoat Dazai almost always wore. He usually never took it off, which was confusing Atsushi at why it would be here when Dazai wasn’t. Letting out a sigh that made Tanizaki snicker, Atsushi picked up the precious coat and carefully folded it around his arm, making sure none of it touched the ground. “Thanks Atsushi-kun. Sorry about leaving this to you, but you do live right beside him.”

“It’s okay Tanizaki-san. I don’t mind taking care of Dazai-san’s things…in fact, I’m used to it,” Atsushi sighed out, giving the other boy a smile as he finally walked out of the room, making his way towards the elevator to head down to the ground floor. Once he was finally on ground level and out of the building, Atsushi hugged the trenchcoat to his chest as he began his walk to the apartment complex, shuffling around the groups of people that were most likely heading home from their work as well. Staying on the now quieting path, Atsushi felt like he could finally breathe without being
smothered by the craziness of other people almost walking into him. Glancing down at the trenchcoat in his arms, the weretiger hummed and held it closer, letting out a confused noise when the scent of what smelled like coffee beans and a light cologne wavered into his senses. “…I wonder why Dazai-san left his trenchcoat in the office when he wouldn’t even be there…I wonder why he wasn’t at work today. It’s…odd…without him there.”

Drifting off into his thoughts, Atsushi buried his face in Dazai’s coat and sighed when more of the scent that was just purely Dazai filled him, making his hurried walk slow to a snail’s pace as he was semi-careful about walking straight and not bumping into anything. Hugging the fabric closer, Atsushi peered up softly as he noticed the apartment complex was now in view…along with someone standing near the gate, waiting for someone…? Getting closer to the still figure, Atsushi could feel his body freezing up as he examined with wide eyes that the said figure was Dazai. Biting his lip when he noticed the amused expression he was wearing on his face, Atsushi slowly pulled his face out of the coat and stood stock still once he was finally in front of the silent brunet. Pulling his hands out of his pockets, Dazai continued to stare at Atsushi in amusement, while the weretiger himself wanted the ground to swallow him whole so he wouldn’t have to face what was most likely going to happen.

“Atsushi-kun…? Is that my coat?” Dazai chuckled out, pointing at said clothing the teen was still clutching in his arms. Barely registering what Dazai had said to him, all Atsushi could do was nod and robotically move his arms to give the coat back to the other. Letting out a snort, Dazai took his clothing out of Atsushi’s hands and folded it over his arm. Noticing that he wasn’t putting it back on, Atsushi swallowed the growing lump in his throat and moved his gaze down to their shoes, refusing to stare his superior in the eyes any longer. Letting out a sigh as he could feel the tension growing around them, Dazai reached out and ruffled Atsushi’s hair, making the teen twitch and slowly peek up, seeing the fond expression Dazai was wearing. Observing that he was indeed not angry for what Atsushi did to his trenchcoat, the weretiger relaxed a fraction and stood a bit straighter so he was hunched over. “Don’t worry, Atsushi-kun. I’m not mad at all, in fact I’m grateful you brought my coat back for me. However, if you wanted a moment with it, you could’ve just asked.”

Feeling his face fill up with warmth, Atsushi let out a whine and shook his head, backing out of Dazai’s reach when his hand moved off his head to teasingly squeeze his flushed cheeks. Letting out a huff of laughter, Dazai moved closer to the flustered other and teasingly squeezed his side, trying to see his adorable flushed face again. Letting out a huge squeal as a hand suddenly squeezed his side, Atsushi turned around and tried to smack away the hand, pausing instead to just grab the offending wrist while he looked up at Dazai. Paling when he noticed the telltale sign of mischief beginning to sparkle in his brown gaze, Atsushi shook his head slowly and let go of Dazai’s wrist, backing away bit by bit. This was not going to be good.

“D-Dazai-san…D-don’t come any closer! W-whatever you’re thinking, don’t do it! P-please just let me go back to my room. I’m tired from work and I just want to…” Not getting enough time to finish his sentence, Atsushi cried out in shock as Dazai suddenly leaped towards him, missing him by just a hair as the weretiger scrambled away and shot for the stairs. Hearing fast footsteps trailing just behind him, Atsushi scaled the stairs and darted towards his room. “Dazai-san! No! Please don’t! Nooo!”

Not getting a chance to even turn his doorknob as he finally got to his room, Atsushi felt an arm wrap around his waist as Dazai practically lugged him to his own room, throwing the weretiger in before shutting and locking the front door. Panting from the chase, Atsushi continued to back up as he gazed around, looking for any means of an escape route. Finding none, however, Atsushi moved his gaze back towards Dazai and sighed, standing completely still enough for the other to move towards him and grab him by the wrist, dragging him further inside the small loft. Keeping his gaze to the floor as Dazai pulled him around, Atsushi finally glanced up once he noticed that they were currently in the other’s bedroom. Letting his eyes survey the room, Atsushi couldn’t help but notice
how the room seemed bare and how the bed wasn’t even made.

“We’re not here to look at my empty room, Atsushi-kun. I noticed you do something to my trenchcoat and I also learned something that I think you’d like to happen. After all, if you wanted to get close to me, all you had to do was ask,” Dazai whispered, pulling the weretiger close enough to where the teen’s back could press against his warm chest. Freezing up once he heard the words being spoken so close to his ear, along with how every breath Dazai let out drifted across his heavily flushed skin, Atsushi jerked and tried to squirm again. Letting out a sigh of amusement at how weakly the other was trying to get out of his hold, Dazai rolled his eyes and pulled them backwards until his knees hit the bed and he could sit, pulling Atsushi into his lap. “If you don’t want this to be worse than what you’re expecting, I would stop squirming.”

“D-Dazai-san, please! Anything but this, please!” Atsushi begged, hoping that his superior would have a heart and not do what he knew he was going to do. Letting out a hum, Dazai pulled Atsushi closer, enough to where he could place his chin on his shoulder. Tightening his hold around the weretiger’s waist, Dazai secretly glanced over at the trapped teen and noticed a look of anxious anticipation yet even though his voice was trembling, there was not a single ounce of fear on Atsushi’s face. Trailing his fingers down Atsushi’s sides as he pretended to think, Dazai smirked when he felt the shiver that raced down the other’s body, along with the hitch of his breath as he fought back the giggles that were threatening to break out of his throat. “N-nohoho! Dazai-san! P-plehehehease! Nohohot thihihis..a-ahaha. Anythihiihiing buhuhut thihihis!”

Trembling in Dazai’s grasp, Atsushi tried and failed to slap at the other’s hands as they trailed up his sides and into his ribs, easily vibrating between the bones along with poking and prodding them. Arching his back, Atsushi screeched and kicked his legs, tugging at Dazai’s wrists to try and yank them off his sensitive ribcage. Throwing his head back as the laughter Dazai wanted to hear finally broke free and echoed around the once quiet room, Atsushi laid his head against the brunet’s shoulder as his hands stopped fighting the ticklish advances and just focused on trying to hide his sensitive spots the best he could. Snorting softly at how easily Atsushi had given up, Dazai pinched downwards again and reached the teen’s hips, squeezing them as he pressed his face in the other’s neck, gently nipping and blowing raspberries in the sensitive skin.

“A-ahahahahaha! Dahahahazai-sahahan! Nohohoho more! Plehehehehease! I chahahahn’t tahahahahake ihihihi!” Atsushi cackled out, letting out snorts that made Dazai snicker along with him. Letting out a hum against the weretiger’s neck, which made him scrunch his shoulders up like a turtle, Dazai wiggled his fingers up and teased around the boy’s stomach, letting his index finger tease around the rim of his bellybutton. Noticing this, Atsushi shook his head from where it was still perched against Dazai’s shoulder and begged tiredly, his giggles beginning to fade to silent laughter as tears began to bubble down his heavily flushed cheeks. “D-Dahahazai-sahahan! Nohohohoho…”

“Alright, I think he got what you needed, huh Atsushi-kun?” Dazai teased with a smirk, letting the weretiger go and watching as he just fell to the side on his bed, panting for breath as his body tremble from the leftover giggles that were still leaking out of his smiling mouth. Moving around a little to give him more space, Dazai glanced down at Atsushi’s socked feet before he grinned and wrapped his hand around the other’s ankle, letting his thumb trace gentle circles into his ankle. Not noticing this right away, Atsushi kept panting for breath between his giggles before he jolted and screamed as fingers suddenly scratched down his foot, paying extra attention to his instep and just underneath his toes. “Hmm, Atsushi-kun? Did you know that our feet have twenty-six bones alone? You learn something new every day, huh?”

Shaking his head as his cackles and pleas slipped free again, Atsushi tried to kick the tickling fingers away but when Dazai’s free hand suddenly found his knee and thigh and began to squeeze, the weretiger just threw himself back against the bed and thrashed, his laughter hitting new highs before
the tickling fingers gave one last squeeze to both his knees and thighs before they pulled away and he was finally free from the ticklish touches Dazai was giving him. Getting up from the bed, Dazai removed the clothing he was wearing since that morning and continued to get dressed in a plain brown t-shirt with just his boxer briefs. Finally getting his breath back, Atsushi pushed himself up weakly before he gasped when he noticed the attire Dazai was wearing in front of him. Not knowing how to react, the weretiger quickly turned his eyes away and stared at the door with a flush that still hasn’t disappeared since his tickle punishment had stopped.

“Atsushi-kun. We’re both males you know, it’s nothing you haven’t seen on your body before,” Dazai sighed, rolling his eyes when he noticed the twitch Atsushi gave before he finally turned around and gave him his full attention. Nodding as he was finally satisfied, Dazai dug through his drawers again before he pulled out a huge white t-shirt that he knew would probably not fit Atsushi, but it’s all he really had that wouldn’t overheat the weretiger. Throwing it in Atsushi’s direction and snorting when it smacked the teen in the face, Dazai smiled softly and moved towards his bedroom door. “I’m going to get some tea going for us. You need to tell me everything that happened at the agency since I wasn’t there today! I really don’t want to have this conversation with Kunikida-kun.”

“O-oh…okay. I’ll be out in a minute?” Atsushi mumbled, looking down at the shirt as Dazai nodded and left him alone in his room, shutting the door slightly so he could also have his privacy. Swallowing the lump in his throat, Atsushi glanced down at himself before he slowly began to undress, folding everything neatly before he slipped on the huge shirt. Watching it as it practically pooled a few inches above his knees, Atsushi sighed and placed his old clothes on a free spot that was opened on Dazai’s dresser. Letting his gaze sweep along the top of the faded wood, Atsushi paused when he noticed a picture frame with three figures in it, obviously at a bar since they were holding glasses with alcohol in them. Peering at it more closely, Atsushi recognized Dazai right away…but who was the one next to him that had those mysterious grey eyes. Clearing the thought from his head once he heard Dazai call to him, letting him know that the tea was almost done, Atsushi stepped away from the frame and sped walked towards Dazai’s bedroom door. “Coming! What kind are we having?”

Sitting down at the small table, Atsushi watched as Dazai poured them both tea before he too sat down, smiling wide as he took a sip. Taking a sip of his own, Atsushi couldn’t help the smile when he tasted the soft sweetness of honey against his taste buds. Relaxing further into his seat, Atsushi opened his mouth and briefed everything that happened at the agency during the time he was gone and as he talked, Atsushi couldn’t help but think back to that picture he seen. Smiling when something he said made Dazai cackle, Atsushi shook the thought away and knew that someday, Dazai would tell him about who those people were with him in that photo. He could wait a thousand years for Dazai to talk with him and when he does, Atsushi would listen firmly just like Dazai was for him right now.

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