Tag, You’re It

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Summary

Horobi suggests a game of tag, and Fuwa quickly comes to realize that it's not at all like the game he's used to.

Notes

Long story short, I am super hooked on the idea of Fuwa becoming a Humagear after episode 8, brought back from the dead by Horobi, just for sadistic purposes (mostly to torment Fuwa since he hates Humagears, and to keep him as a toy. Jin also calls him Puppy-chan). I want to do a huge actual AU for this, but we'll see if I can actually commit to it. For now, I'm going to try and get back into writing and just post what I DO manage to churn out!

“Why don’t we play a game?”

Fuwa glanced at Horobi as he slid his chair back and rose to his feet. Apparently he hadn’t been ignoring the occasional grumbles of “I’m bored” from Jin. Ansatsu was charging, so Jin’s boredom turned into him half-heartedly petting Fuwa’s hair—which, Fuwa supposed, wasn’t awful, until his fingers encountered a tangle. He didn’t know if Jin or Horobi ever combed their hair, but Fuwa certainly would have liked to. His unruly hair had only gotten worse since he’d been brought back to life in the ruins of Daybreak Town, in the sad little lair that the Metsubojinrai Humagears called home.

Ansatsu came back online, his charging complete, and he sat up in the reclining chair that sat
adjacent to Horobi’s workstation.

“What kind of game?” Jin asked, trying his best to sound casual, but Fuwa could detect the barely suppressed excitement in his voice. Clearly he was not the only one who was a bit stir-crazy, sitting in this room, listening to water drip from the leaky ceiling into a half-full bucket in a corner. It had been raining all morning, and apparently Horobi was busy working out the next step in their plan.

Their plans, Fuwa always emphasized. Not his. It wasn’t his choice, or desire, to be brought back as a Humagear, after that disastrous fight against Horobi’s Rider form. He was being forced to work alongside the Humagear terrorists, but he didn’t align himself with their cause, as just as soon as he could figure out a way to escape, or send for help…

“How about tag?”

Fuwa frowned. Tag? Wasn’t that a game for children? But then again, he thought, seeing Jin’s eyes light up and watching a smile cross Ansatsu’s lips, those two were practically children. Just two very big, very deadly children.

Horobi headed for the door leading from the room, and Jin got to his feet excitedly. “But shouldn’t we tell Puppy-chan the rules first?”

“I know how to play tag,” Fuwa snapped, then froze. The last thing he wanted was to get reprimanded by Horobi again, so he quickly composed himself, adding, “It’s a popular game among children. I’ve played it before.”

There was something unsettling about the way Horobi looked at him, holding his gaze for several moments, before his lips moved into an equally unsettling smile.

“Really? But…”

“Jin,” Horobi said, his gaze still locked on Fuwa, who had begun to regret opening his mouth at all. “He said he knows how to play, so that gives us more time to play, doesn’t it?”

Jin considered Horobi’s words for a moment, then nodded, grinning as he yanked Fuwa up onto his feet, barely giving him a moment to get his bearings before all but dragging him out of the room.

“It’s always just me and Ansatsu-chan playing by ourselves, so it’ll be fun to have someone new!”

It was rare that they went to other parts of the old warehouse where the base was located, but Fuwa found himself being led (or dragged, rather) down a hallway lit by a sad-looking, dim light bulb, until they reached another door. He seemed to recall going in there once, in one of his failed escape attempts in the first few days of his new life, and he was fairly certain it was just a large, open room. Most likely it had been used for Humagear assembly back before everything went to hell in Daybreak, but from what he’d seen before Horobi had wrested away his control, it had looked quite empty, and as dimly lit as the hallway.

Horobi opened the door, and Ansatsu and Jin—and Fuwa, since Jin still had a hold of his arm—hustled past him into the room. Most of the lights that Fuwa recalled seeing had since burned out, giving the room a shadowy, almost creepy darkness.

And then, suddenly, Jin released his arm, the door closed, and he was alone.

Wait…this wasn’t how tag was played at all, Fuwa thought to himself, turning to look around. No sign of any of the others. Plus they’d never decided upon who would be “it”!
Suddenly, Fuwa regretted brushing off the rules explanation. All of his senses went on high alert, and he tried to decide what would be best: finding a hiding place, or trying to break the door down to get out of the room.

Something slammed into him, and with a startled yelp, he went down, hitting the concrete almost painfully, barely managing to keep his face from striking the floor. Whatever was on him was like a sack of bricks.

“Tag.”

Even though he was no longer human, Fuwa felt as though the wind had been knocked out of him, and he was still quite effectively pinned against the floor. He truly wanted to tell Ansatsu to get the hell off him and let him up, and find out exactly where they’d learned their rules for tag.

And then he felt Ansatsu’s hands on him, before they were sharply yanking his pants down.

He still couldn’t speak, and he felt panic rising. Had Horobi messed with his vocal control?

What was going on?!

When Ansatsu pushed into him, Fuwa found his voice again, his cries echoing throughout the empty room.

“Aww, I wanted to catch him first!”

Fuwa’s eyes slowly opened to see Jin’s boots, then the rest of him as he crouched down, watching him a bit too intently.

Ansatsu continued thrusting, not at all bothered, a firm hand to the small of Fuwa’s back keeping him from squirming. “You’ll have to try harder to catch him next, then.”

What..? Was that the whole purpose of this game? Oh no, no no no, Fuwa thought, he had to get out of that room, he was not going to let himself be the fuck toy for these sadistic Humagears!

Ansatsu groaned as he came, his hips snapping against Fuwa as he buried himself deep inside, before withdrawing just a few moments later. “You get ten seconds before we start up again,” he stated, then he and Jin were gone.

Ten seconds? Fuwa struggled to get to his feet, pulling his pants up at the same time. Shit…it was darker in the room now, he couldn’t make out which way he needed to go to reach the door. Horobi had definitely dampened some of his abilities, it shouldn’t have been this difficult to see in the dark. He felt like he was human again, alone and afraid and unaware of his surroundings, not knowing if something was stalking him until it was upon him…

And something was, for the ten seconds had ticked by before he’d realized it. Something felt as if it had dropped by the sky to land on his back, and Fuwa crumpled in a heap, a terrified yelp leaving his lips before he could stop it. He was not going to go through this again, he told himself, bucking in an attempt to throw off whoever was on him.

He felt his collar yank sharply against his neck, and his fingers scrabbled to grab for that damn leash that Horobi always left attached to it, but it was pulled around behind him, yanking him up on his knees. He didn’t need to breathe, he knew that, but it dug into his neck, and it hurt, he could feel whoever it was wrap the length of the leash around their hand a few times, taking up the slack and rendering him all but immobile as his pants were unceremoniously yanked down once again, and once again, a hard cock rammed into him.
A strangled sound left Fuwa’s lips, his fingers scratching at the collar in a desperate attempt for freedom, but that only earned him a sharp yank of the leash, and he was pressed up flush against whoever it was that was fucking him. It had to be Horobi…this was the kind of sadistic behavior he’d pull.

An arm wrapped around Fuwa’s waist, pulling him further back, and he could feel his assailant’s pace increasing, until they came with a long, low groan beside his ear.

That…definitely didn’t sound like Horobi.

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

Horobi seemed to melt out of the shadows, appearing before him, and Fuwa blinked in confusion.

“Uh huh,” Jin said, his voice almost dreamy, close to Fuwa’s ear. “Ansatsu-chan caught him first, but I was really close.”

“I saw,” Horobi replied, a small smile on his lips. “You both did very well, you caught him very quickly.”

Jin withdrew from Fuwa, loosening his grip on the leash, and Fuwa sagged onto his hands and knees. He wanted to just collapse onto the ground, but he didn’t dare; surely there would be another ten seconds, and then he’d be chased down and fucked again, until whenever time the Humagears tired of this game and would let him be. He could feel Jin’s release starting to trickle down his thigh, and he gritted his teeth, somehow still feeling nauseous even though it was physically impossible now. Of course Horobi would have been watching everything, the sick bastard…!

“Are we gonna keep playing?” Jin asked, eagerness plain in his voice, and Fuwa couldn’t help but shudder.

“I think we should ease him into this a bit more slowly,” Horobi stated, glancing down at Fuwa. “Look at him…he looks like he’s about to break.”

Jin pouted, but nodded. “I guess you’re right.”

“You and Ansatusu-chan can continue on, if you’d like,” Horobi suggested. “Use the next hangar over, though.”

“Ok!” Jin agreed, bounding off. “Ansatsu-chan! Meet you in the next room over! Horobi says we can keep playing!”

Horobi crouched beside Fuwa, simply watching him for several minutes, until Fuwa turned his gaze up to him.

“Don’t you regret not letting me tell you the rules?” Horobi asked. “Although the look on your face when Ansatsu took you was delicious.”

Horobi was baiting him, he knew it. He wanted Fuwa to slip up, to snap at him, so he could discipline him at leisure while the others were occupied. God knew how long Jin and Ansatsu would keep up with their strange version of tag…and if he was alone with Horobi all that time, he was sure to suffer.

“Nothing to say?”

Horobi’s fingers tilted Fuwa’s chin up, and he smirked at the look in Fuwa’s eyes. “I can tell
you’re just trying to avoid disciplining. You’re a good boy, holding your tongue like that. I thought for sure you’d have plenty to say about being used like that. Unless, of course…you enjoyed it. Don’t forget, I saw everything…and you weren’t exactly being quiet during everything. Perhaps next time, I’ll change the rules a little. They’re used to things being one-on-one…but they could always team up.”

Fuwa barely managed to bite back an angry retort, and he saw Horobi’s eyes flash, clearly displeased that he hadn’t gotten the reaction he was going for.

After a moment, Horobi got to his feet. “Get up and fix your clothes.”

As much as Fuwa wanted to continue laying on the floor until he eroded, he didn’t dare disobey. It took him a few tries to make his shaking legs cooperate, but he finally managed to pull his pants back up, and he rose, glancing quickly at Horobi as if trying to gauge his reaction.

Horobi turned and began to walk away, and after a moment’s hesitation, Fuwa began to follow. He didn’t want to be left alone in this miserable room, not alone. If they even really were alone. He had no proof that Jin and Ansatsu were elsewhere, it was entirely possible they were merely waiting for Horobi to cast Fuwa back to the wolves.

He began to walk faster.

They left the hangar and headed back toward the main room, and Fuwa swore he could hear muted sounds of pleasure from elsewhere. Perhaps Ansatsu and Jin really were occupied. “They can have their weird fuck tag, I don’t want any of this place.”

Fuwa hadn’t realized that he’d spoken the words aloud until Horobi paused, turning slightly to regard him.

“But Fuwa-chan…this is your home now, too.”

Fuwa stopped in the middle of the hallway, feeling as if he’d just experienced physical pain. Nothing Horobi had said or done until now had cut him to the quick quite like that had.

As much as he wanted it to be otherwise, he was not human anymore. He was a Humagear. Horobi held his life in his hands, quite literally. Anything he wanted Fuwa to do, he could very easily make it happen, by taking away his free will. He could be adjusted to love, or even crave, the sadistic things that Horobi did to him. He could kill his former teammates without batting an eyelash.

Horobi’s hand slid across Fuwa’s cheek, moving to tangle itself in his hair, giving it a slight tug. “Never forget what you are, and never forget that I am your master” he said, his voice low and almost menacing. He then released his grip on Fuwa’s hair, before taking hold of his leash and giving him a firm tug. “Now, come along.”

Fuwa felt as if his entire being was shattering as he followed.

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