Eventually

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Summary

Urie realizes he knows nothing about Mutsuki. His curiosity starts to get the best of him.
Eventually

Hot tears swelling from his irises were the first of many emotions Mutsuki had witnessed Urie expressing.

Mutsuki held him to his chest like a newborn, hoping to relax his sobs.

The pain of his wounds along with his monthly visitor made staying coherent almost damn near impossible.

Tooru remained focused on Kuki though.

He began to think back to a time in which he felt this same sadness.

It had been as a child, watching the constant pain in his mother’s gaze every time Mutsuki would come home bruised and battered from his rough male classmates.

“Didn’t I say to play with the other little girls?” his mother would shield the pity in her gaze from his view, “Mommy doesn’t want to see you hurt, Tooru.”

Avoiding the disappointment in his mom’s eyes, Mutsuki let his head hang there.

Even as a young adolescent, he knew the challenges in which himself and those around him faced.

Tooru never needed to be told of it, he just watched like a fly on the wall as those he held so dear dropped around him as such.

Winters seemed to be the hardest, coming home to an empty kitchen with a single cot in the living room.

Mutsuki’s sight would go blurry, dropping to his knees, dropping the load from his back.

He would tear the tiny blue school dress from his frame, wishing for the times in which his mom would scold him for it, if that meant hearing her voice again.

Rubbing the buzzed hair on the back of Urie’s neck, he held fast to the idea that they could someday be close like this again.

Releasing his kagune, Mutsuki shielded them from the outside world.

“Why are you doing this?” Urie spoke out, “Being so caring towards me, after what I’ve said…after all I’ve done-“

Fixing his sights on the defeated man, Tooru exhaled, “No reason, just let me”.

“Be strong…” was all Urie heard come from Mutsuki before Big Madam arose.

Already in a fighter’s stance, Tooru shielded Kuki before all of Suzuya’s squad shielded them.

Mutsuki’s knees giving way to terror and exhaustion, he drops, eyes meeting the ground.
Urie’s gaze on Tooru pressed on.

To Urie, Mutsuki seemed to be a complete mystery, realizing just how little he knew the boy.

Assuming him to be a nuisance, Kuki never tried to understand him but now he wanted just that.

“I impaled him…” he thought, “and his blood smelled like…”

Still in a daze, he watched as Sasaki offered a hand to the injured Mutsuki.

“What’s wrong, Urie? Let’s go home, ya hear?” Shirazu extended his hand to the young man.

Allowing all his weight to fall on Ginshi, Urie limped on.

With his squad members in toe, he lets the memories of today go, giving way to exhaustion.

_We will talk…eventually…_
I'll Start Believing

Chapter Summary

Urie can't help but get carried away with curiosity. Mutsuki remembers another tragic moment in his life.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The dimly lit hall to the Quinx chateau had Mutsuki Tooru in a complete daze.

Struggling to remember yesterday’s events, he ran a hand through his green tendrils.

Reaching the end of the hall, he sighed with the thought of relaxation in a place he can surely call home; with the comrades he can surely call a family.

Upon entering the kitchen, he was met with the complete opposite of relaxed.

With Saiko sitting on the counter playing her handheld game system, Shirazu practically charring breakfast, and of course, Urie and Sasaki-senpai going at it as usual.

“Come on, guys! I can use a hand here!” Shirazu yelled at the pair, as his eyes darted back in forth between them & the crisped pan.

“WATERR~” Saiko shouts, grabbing the open bottle of water in front of her, throwing it over the counter to Ginshi.

Mutsuki’s eyes watched the traveling bottle, barely making it into Shirazu’s hand.

Clumsily pouring it over the flame, he exhaled.

Sasaki, though usually more cautious, kept up the yelling match with Urie.

“When have I ever given you permission to go in my room?!”, his voice got scary, almost threatening, “And what the hell were you looking for?”

Urie stood there, refusing to meet Haise’s gaze, instead his eyes had glossed over Tooru who was staring directly back.

“Lay off, I didn’t find what I was looking for anyway.” Urie shrugged, waving his gloved hand in his face.

Sasaki huffed, turning on his heel to his room.

The room fell silent, the only sounds being heard were the theme song to the game Yonebayashi was playing, and the sizzling frying pan.

“Man, Sensei has had it with ya!” Ginshi exclaimed in Kuki’s direction.

Shoving his hands in his pockets, he exited the kitchen, “You clean up!” he said before slamming
his bedroom door.

“Tsk!” Urie clicked his teeth.

Tooru’s eyes had met Kuki’s again but this time it seemed to had lasted a bit longer.

“His eyes seem tired”, he noticed, “and his hair is a bit disheveled”.

They both took the time to actually study the other, before Urie stuck his other ear bud in and proceeded to walk past Mutsuki, in the direction of his own lair.

Mutsuki stood there pondering what could of possessed the man to ever set foot in his room…it had to be important, right?

Wishing to get a straight answer from Urie for himself, Tooru swiftly follows him down the corridor.

“U-Urie, c-can we talk?”

He halted in his movements, clutching to the knob of his door, unable to break from the smaller boy’s concerned look.

Moving back a bit, Urie held out his arm, gesturing for Mutsuki to go in.

Watching as he walked pass, Kuki scratched the back of his head, following.

“Whatever it is, I can’t (won’t) help you”, Urie tried to cut down the chit-chatting with Mutsuki. He had no desire to explain his actions.

The auction was weird for Urie and he couldn’t help but feel the need to get all of his questions answered.

A part of him felt as though he had no reason to be pursuing this so hard because it was simply none of his business.

But the idea of Tooru hiding his identity kept looming with the question; “Why?”

Was he somehow in some sort of danger?

Kuki was conflicted with concern and apathy, an internal struggle he couldn’t seem to win.

His eyes watched Mutsuki’s form crouch to look at the paintings on the floor in the corner.

“Did you paint these?” his tone full of curiosity, eyes glossing over every line, swirl, stroke.

Urie stepped closer, trying to remain stern and unwavered, “Yes...(and?)”

The beauty of each piece consumed Mutsuki, flipping through them, brushing his hand across the ones he couldn’t help but appreciate, for its sheer beauty.

“About the auction raid…thank you for not saying anything to the others…” Tooru’s voice came out clear enough for just Kuki to understand, “I know you don’t have to-“
“You’re right, I don’t so, please clarify things for me” Urie said quite sternly, he didn’t mean for it to come out harsh but its been all he can think about.

It shouldn’t change the dynamic of their relationship but it has.

“Are you being hunted? Are you a liability on this squad because I don’t want to go down with-“?

“It’s not like that…” the smaller man spoke out, standing up, knees quaking underneath him, “I can’t possibly live as a woman after…”

Another word would literally have him collapsing to the floor so; he held the last bit in.

Mutsuki bit into his lower lip, fighting the nightmare he always seemed to be facing.

Kuki swiftly captured the swaying boy in his arms, eyes drilling into his with a quizzical stare.

“After what?” Urie helped him over to the couch, propping him up.

Tooru was still shivering from the memory of what his body felt like that night, lifeless but hanging onto the chain of the swing set as if holding onto his sanity.

Mutsuki tucked a green lock behind his ear, sniffling back mascara-stained tears.

He sat there till the sun peeped through the trees, swinging ever so slightly to feel the fall air against tanned skinned.

Tooru ghosted bloodstained fingertips over his exposed thighs, whimpering at the feeling of bruises covering his physique.

One last harsh swing, tattered clothes flowing with the movement.

He closed his eyes once more, knowing it was a bad idea, seeing the two boys looming over him, taking the last thing Mutsuki had left in this cruel world, his innocence.

“I can’t. I’m not ready” Mutsuki sprinted towards the door, exiting down the hall, seeping into the darkness of the corridor.

Urie lied in bed that night with the image of a weak and helpless Mutsuki, quaking in his arms.

He knew now and he wasn’t sure if it was ever worth discovering.

Tossing to lie on his back, Urie allowed the glow of the sun to awaken his sleepless mind.

I’ll never understand.

Chapter End Notes

I always always want feedback & love. xoxo
Rounding the corner, unaltered by the pace of everyday life in Tokyo, Urie let every note ring out the buds securely tucked in each ear.

He watched, eyes judging every passerby.

He couldn’t pin point just what or who was causing him such distress but he was questioning *humanity*.

It boiled Kuki’s blood that life continues slow and unaltered, never changing course.

It was as if life was constantly giving him and everyone he knew an ultimatum,

To either sink or swim.

It was always the latter, *at least for him*.

Anger flowed through Urie’s every pore as thick as marmalade with the realization that Mutsuki has been swimming with such a heavy load this entire time.

It aggravated him that he couldn’t bring himself to be a man and just check on Mutsuki.

Before he was leaned up against a bike rack, pointing out all the flaws in society:

*Urie was pacing the hall of the Chateau in front of Tooru’s door.*

*He was going over the words he coached himself to recite,*

*trying his best to believe in the words like a prayer:*

*“I heard talking about these things help…and if that’s something you would like to do, my door is open to you”*

*Empathy wasn’t his strong suit and Urie Kuki never had the intention of lying as if it was but he was damned not to try his best.*

*Placing all his strength into his bony knuckles, Kuki raised his hand to knock to no avail.*

*He paused only inches from the oak door, sucking his teeth in disappointment.*

*(Why am I doing this? And for that annoyance? )*

*Urie had battled with himself the whole way through, deciphering between wanting to comfort*
Tooru and turning on his heel to the way he was merely two weeks ago, unwavering and nonchalant.

Kuki had accepted his words might not amount to much.

He only had a hunch as to what Mutsuki might have endured.

For someone to attack such an innocent being made him sick in the worst way.

It also brought on more questions:

Like, How did this happen?

And…

How does one still truly have faith the way he does?

Yes, Tooru’s presence annoyed Urie to no end but this was simply too much.

He shouldn’t have to endure this alone is what he kept telling himself.

(How dare scum of this earth dare to even lay a hand on my Mutsuki)

For the first time, Urie’s inner thoughts truly shook him.

(MY? What am I saying?)

He brushed his fingers through deep-violet locks, blinking rapidly in disbelief and utter confusion.

Suddenly, all of Urie’s weight gave out on him, as his other hand slipped from the oak.

The door flew open, revealing a scary sight of a distant Tooru, eyes remaining on the ground.

If Mutsuki noticed Urie, he sure didn’t show it, slowly shuffling down the corridor to the shared kitchen.

Eyes following the disturbing sight, Kuki noticed the hunch of the small boy’s shoulders & the oversized clothing.

(This is so unlike him…)

Urie knew this was bad but he simply couldn’t bring himself to call out to Mutsuki.

“Uh…” was all he could get out, lowering his outstretched arm in defeat.

And that’s how he ended up in the metropolis, cursing every being that crossed his gaze.

Urie had yet to make sense of any of it, but suddenly all the happenings in his life meant very little to what was harboring inside of Mutsuki Tooru.

It made him feel almost entitled to ease him back to the life they have now.

The world they now face together.
(I'll get him back…) 

Releasing the tension of his focused eyes, Kuki turned on his heel back to the direction of the Chateau.

(I owe Mutsuki that much…) 

Chapter End Notes

Hello loves,
I'm back at it again.
A little slower than I would have liked but next chapter will be very moving.
Thank you for your patience.
Reviews/Likes are always much appreciated.
xoxo

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