

Fragmented

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Fragmented

by [izanyas](#)

Summary

Prompt fills and discarded fic ideas posted at my Tumblr.

Chapter 1

Dazai always put thought into driving a point home. For this specific point (*this was fun, let's never do it again*), he scoured the leveled forest grounds in search of everything Chuuya had dropped through the fight. He found his hat, dirty but undamaged, a few feet away from his gloves. He found the coat, edges a little torn, right by the shack's entrance.

Dazai folded them all into a neat pile next to Chuuya's head. He watched Chuuya sleep for a moment, eyeing the still-slick blood that had run out of his mouth, eyes, nose. It was in his neck too from having dripped out of his ears.

Dazai was fine with his own ability. He occasionally found himself envying others' (Tanizaki's and Kunikida's were really, *really* useful) but he was aware of how preyed-upon the power to nullify other powers was; he appreciated the need to keep him alive, whether friend or foe, and he appreciated the invulnerability that No Longer Human granted him. It more often than not paid off that no one could use their ability on him.

Then there were abilities he never wished to have. Abilities he wished no one would have. Dazai took the silk handkerchief he carried mostly for show out of his breast pocket and wiped the blood around Chuuya's mouth gently.

He tried not to think about how Chuuya would handle the aftermath. It had been five years since Corruption's last use; the last time, Dazai had been the one to crawl into bed with him and hold him until the shaking stopped.

Chuuya's hand flew up and grabbed his wrist, interrupting his musings with a start. When Dazai looked up slowly, Chuuya was glaring at him.

"Ow," he said, as if only now realizing that he'd wrecked his entire body. "Fucker."

"I'm entirely non-responsible for this, Chuuya," Dazai replied.

"Shut the fucking... fuck..."

Dazai laughed before he could help it. "Your eloquence never leaves to be desired."

"Use another three-syllable word on me and I'm punching your teeth out, Dazai."

With what fists? Dazai thought, glancing at the split-open skin of Chuuya's hands.

Chuuya released his grip, no doubt because of the pain. He looked around himself, blinking through the crusting blood tying his eyelids shut, and marked a pause once he saw the folded clothes next to himself.

The dry laugh he let out lodged itself in Dazai's throat coldly. "Really," he said.

Dazai hummed. Pressed the silk to Chuuya's face again, wiped the blood from his brow. "Really."

"You are such an asshole."

"And *you* are as short-tempered as you are short."

Chuuya didn't rise up to the taunt, which was even more indicative of how hurt he felt than the tense curve of his lips. They shook when Dazai wiped them next.

He saw Chuuya's hand come up this time—his other hand—and didn't protest when it tugged him down with his tie, regardless of the blood stains that the touch would leave on his clothes.

He met Chuuya's mouth with his more softly than he otherwise would; Chuuya didn't move, didn't try to coax him into anything more than a dry press of lips, and Dazai told himself that the way he breathed out of his nose, the tiny flick of the tongue he gave to Chuuya's upper lip—tasting blood—was enough of an apology.

"Yeah," Chuuya huffed. "I'm sorry too."

He sounded so bitter.

He pushed Dazai away lazily. Turned to rest on his side so at least his belly wouldn't be so exposed, since he couldn't stand up yet. His hands were still red. The tremors were about to start, Dazai knew.

He put the handkerchief back in his pocket and left.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Warnings: death, shooting.

Dazai doesn't see the gunman at all.

He's only here because the whole agency is. He's made his escape after talking to Atsushi, sits at the very end of the yacht with his feet down against the hull. It's easy enough to consider letting himself slip, and for a moment he imagines hitting the cold water from this height and not putting up a fight; but the fight is still fresh in his mind, *Dostoyevsky* is still fresh in his mind, unbothered despite his own arrest. So Dazai doesn't.

He's planning on leaving in a few minutes anyway.

He doesn't see the gunman, doesn't expect a gunman at all; so at first the cold against his cheek doesn't register, until something drops next to him with an innocent metallic sound and he sees it's a bullet.

Dazai's full body stills. When he turns his head, he sees two more bullets, floating level with his cheekbone. They shimmer red despite the lack of light.

"Oh," he says.

There's no reply, but Dazai hears hurried footsteps that stop abruptly, the sound of fighting, clothes straining and muffled hits and rushed breaths; then it stops, sudden and quick, and the man Chuuya drags from out of the cabin's shadow is unrecognizable through the blood marring his face.

"Chuuya—" he tries. Stops.

Chuuya is pointing a gun at the shaking man's forehead. He stands over him with his feet surrounding the man's hips, and in the darkness his face is unreadable.

"Not one of yours, then," Dazai settles on.

Chuuya doesn't look at him when he shoots.

Dazai hasn't seen anyone get shot since the Sasaki woman, and no one for four years before that, and his body has forgotten. The sound ripples through him as if he's the one the bullet has pierced; blood pools under his would-be-assassin's head and stains the leather of Chuuya's shoes.

Chuuya himself seems unaffected. Dazai masks how much the sight has jarred him as he stands up. If his knees shake, then he's the only one who knows. He makes his way toward the body slowly.

At least Chuuya moves when he reaches him. He makes a face, throws the gun overboard, dislodges his hat so he can run gloved fingers through his own hair. "I fucking hate guns," he announces.

"Was it yours?" Dazai asks, because he doesn't know what else to say.

"No. I don't need a *gun* when I'm on baby-sitting duty."

"Am I the baby here?"

Chuuya hisses. "All of you are babies."

So it was coincidence, then. Chuuya had to watch the agency, and happened to thwart an attempt on Dazai's life in the process.

One that would've succeeded if not for him.

Chuuya seems to come to the same conclusion by himself, because the intent is clear in his eyes when he looks at Dazai again. Dazai doesn't think of anything as he bends down to meet his mouth; he lets Chuuya grab his hair almost painfully, opens his mouth when Chuuya does and allows him to lead. Their shoes make squeaking noises against the floor when they step away from the body, and with a flash of cold discomfort, Dazai knows that it's from the blood they've stepped in.

But Chuuya is shaking against him. His breathing is quick against Dazai's face, his mouth cold from how pale he is. When Dazai grabs him by the waist he can feel him shudder.

"Chuuya," he says.

"Shut up," Chuuya murmurs. "Just—shut up."

They're not in the habit of kissing at all. Regardless of what they felt once upon a time, they've never acted on it. Dazai lets Chuuya kiss him, more because Chuuya needs it than out of real desire.

He's never wanted his first kiss with Chuuya to happen above the dead body of a man.

Chuuya is still shaking when he pulls away. He's looking at Dazai with an edge of despair, and his hand crawls back from Dazai's hair to touch his cheek instead. Right where the bullet brushed him.

"I almost didn't catch it," he breathes. "I almost—"

"You caught it," Dazai says. He makes himself smile, and Chuuya looks at him like he's seen a ghost—lost, scared, something achingly childish that Dazai hasn't seen on him since they were teenagers. "I'm fine."

Chuuya's hand tightens in the lapel of Dazai's coat. "Good." He steps away and looks for a second as if he's going to slip the way Dazai wished to earlier; but he catches himself, clenches his fists by his sides—"Good," he repeats in a surer voice. His face is pale but his eyes are bright with anger now.

Dazai's shoulders relax a little.

"I'll take care of the body," Chuuya says. "You just... just go wherever." *Be careful*, he doesn't add.

"I will," Dazai replies anyway.

He still has the cold taste of Chuuya's fear on his tongue when he rejoins the others. There's no washing it out of his mouth even with the sake provided for them.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

NSFW.

Dazai's body is a whole map of scars, of mountain-like ridges and river-like lines that crawl up the better part of his arms and shoulders; there are fewer of them in the neck but deeper, more meaningful ones, thin white digs of a dagger or burn from a rope that's left his skin white and hairless.

None of them are recent. Not even on the arms.

Chuuya digs his teeth into the skin of his shoulder, on the pink swell of where a bullet once got in, tongues at the surface of it with fire burning through his entire back and Dazai's hand clenched so tight in his hair it *hurts*. It's perfect.

"Sensitive," he comments; the next thrust of his hand between Dazai's leg is welcomed with a gasp, with Dazai tight and slick around his index and middle finger.

"That tends to happen with scars," Dazai replies.

It's cute how he pretends to be composed. Chuuya hums, kissing his skin, rubbing the pads of his fingers up; Dazai tenses like a bow, tugging at his scalp and clenching on his hand and hissing onto his forehead.

Chuuya's never been so turned on in his life.

It is real effort to keep his own breathing steady despite the aching hardness between his thighs. He does only because this is what he wants right now—Dazai coming apart on his fingers while he mouths over all of him, inch by inch, until not a hair on his skin hasn't known the heat of Chuuya's tongue.

"Chuuya," Dazai moans when he twists his wrist again, when a third finger digs into the opening of him, Chuuya's thumb catching at his rim. "I can't—"

"You can," Chuuya breathes damply. The scar is a burning red now from his teeth and lips. He flicks his tongue at it, and Dazai shivers through his entire skin. It's almost enough to make *him* moan. "Just my fingers, Dazai."

"You have too much faith in me."

"I have absolutely zero faith in you."

Whatever Dazai tries to reply breaks into soft, heated air. His back arches off the bed when Chuuya pulls away, chasing his mouth, but he seems to understand, because his hand is lax now in Chuuya's hair.

He looks absolutely breathtaking like this. Rendered bare and breathless by Chuuya's hands. Spread over the sheets like a wet dream come alive. Chuuya has been working him open for the

better part of thirty minutes now, and Dazai's whole torso is a flush with aroused blood, skin ashiver over his ribs. His soft hair sticks around his cheeks so gently it's almost sinful; Chuuya can't help but splay his other hand, still gloved, over his chest, to feel each heartbeat, each expansion of his lungs.

"You love this," Chuuya murmurs, unable to keep the wonder out of his own voice. "You love when I do that—love doing it to me, too, like you could just finger me to death and be satisfied."

Dazai's lips twist into a smirk. "You could also fuck me," he replies, in an attempt at lofty that shatters into a gasp—Chuuya has pushed in again, three fingers in to the last knuckle.

"Nah," he says, grinning. "I think I'm starting to get the appeal."

Dazai manages to look disbelieving, as if he can't fathom Chuuya finding him just as appealing as Dazai finds *him*. Chuuya doesn't bother answering that with words; that Dazai thinks of himself as unattractive is something he doesn't even know where to start proving wrong. He bends down instead, rubbing into Dazai's prostate until he's almost too tight to allow movement at all, mouth dragging down his collarbone and then his chest, until he can tongue at his nipple.

He keeps it in his mouth as he thrusts in, and Dazai is trying to get him worked up too, now; Chuuya has to squeeze warningly at his hip to get him to lower his thigh from where he's been rubbing it against Chuuya's crotch. Chuuya sucks the nipple between his lips, lets his teeth drag over it again and again, wrist aching with the stress of pressing into Dazai but refusing to slow his pace.

"*Fuck—*"

"That's it," Chuuya says, kissing his breast, pushing in once more, "just like that, just from my fingers. I won't take you until you've already come, Dazai."

"You do want me dead," Dazai replies, pushing down on Chuuya's head to shut him up or get his mouth working again, it's hard to say. And it doesn't matter in the end: Chuuya smiles, so hard under his clothes he's almost burning, and it's nothing at all next to the wet warmth of Dazai's body tightening on him as he comes completely, utterly undone, cock untouched but seeping all the same. Chuuya takes pity on him, uses his other hand to jerk him through it now that the deed is done. Dazai writhes, leather too hard on his softening skin, until he's all but begging Chuuya to let go.

Chuuya lets go, but he keeps his hand in him, rubs softly into him so that Dazai's every breath is a gasp of *too much*.

"Beautiful," Chuuya says.

Dazai's eyes are on his, absolutely blown open with the last dregs of heat. He offers his mouth to Chuuya's wordlessly when he leans down, fingers slipping out of him, and their kiss is languid despite the tension thrumming through Chuuya's body. Lips and tongues sliding together messily, saliva wet on both their mouths.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" Dazai asks. The shape of his smile is perceptible—his teeth dig into Chuuya's lip.

"Yeah," Chuuya replies. "I am."

That Dazai finds himself ugly, soul and body alike, is not something Chuuya knows how to disprove. He's not good enough with words to try to untangle something that messy. He's not sure

Dazai would even let him try. Dazai would twist every thought around until he's the one telling Chuuya things he needs to hear.

Chuuya lets Dazai put a hand on him, wraps his own hand around his to guide the rhythm of each stroke, and hopes at least this much is enough to tell him that Chuuya has never been immune to him. Whether body or soul.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

NSFW.

There's nothing quite like having Chuuya's undivided attention. Whether it comes out of business, anger, or something else matters very little. Dazai can't look away from him as long as Chuuya himself looks, and he thinks he'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who could even think of blinking where they in his place now.

His innate need for air is dictated by the two fingers Chuuya has resting on his chest. Whether his heart beats depends on the slow, excruciating rocking of Chuuya's hips, on the heat of him dragging over Dazai's cock, on the searing warmth that has gathered in his belly and locked itself there.

Chuuya is not staring at him now because he's closed his eyes. Thrown back his head and opened his mouth on nothing but silence. His hair was hastily tied while they were kissing earlier, and now some of it hangs limply over his forehead or curls around his ears. His palm rests inside his own thigh, close to taking himself in hand—he looks, for all intents and purposes, like he's trying to forget Dazai is here at all and focus solely on seeking his own pleasure.

Dazai doesn't know what it says about himself that he finds this mind-numbingly hot.

Chuuya's fingers dig further into his sternum when Dazai's grip on his hips tightens. His eyes open, no more than a sliver of light through lowered lids. "Don't even think about it," he growls.

"You're just using me," Dazai protests, but he's smiling, he knows he is. "You could've just said if you wanted a toy—I don't mind watching, but I'm a little hurt you'd compare me to one."

Chuuya frowns at him. "I don't want a toy," he says.

"Could've fooled me."

It's not until Chuuya stills above him that Dazai realizes Chuuya's frown wasn't for show.

"What," he says, face red, "what do you mean?"

"Chuuya?"

"Is it not good?" he asks.

"Is it not—"

Dazai can't finish the sentence. The words die before they can take shape, the thought killed in the bud in light of how preposterous it is—but Chuuya isn't laughing, isn't showing any sign of being less than dreadfully serious. In the seconds it takes Dazai to understand this, Chuuya seems to read admission, because something close to *panic* flickers over his face. The way he tenses on Dazai now has nothing to do with languor.

"Sorry," he mutters. His face is closed off, his voice thin and ashamed.

He starts to get off of Dazai, and it's all Dazai can do to catch him by the waist in time to avoid letting him roll off the bed altogether. He lifts his back off of the mattress so he can face him directly. It's worth it for the flickering surprise in Chuuya's eyes, even if Dazai's cock aches now, rid of him.

"Hang on," he says. "Just—hang on, I never said it wasn't *good*."

"You said I was *using* you," Chuuya replies through his teeth. "I don't... I don't want to use you, I don't want you to think—"

He bites his lip rather let himself finish.

This, Dazai thinks faintly, is the not-talking-about-it part of their relationship coming back to bite them. He's admittedly more to blame than Chuuya for it; as much as craves all of Chuuya when they're together, as much as the sight and thought of him brings him the kind of affection that can only be named one way, he's not quite ready to admit it to Chuuya himself. Even if things didn't run the risk of crumbling around them and placing them on opposite sides of a war.

The result, though, is Chuuya trying not to look at him, face burned with shame because he thinks he's treating Dazai *wrong*, not letting himself apologize in case Dazai will think it crosses the line he's drawn.

It's frankly ridiculous.

Chuuya's eyebrows do raise a bit in what looks closer to fondness than embarrassment when Dazai's hands ride lower and grab his ass.

Dazai's own face is warm, but it's easy enough to make himself say, "I never said I didn't like it."

"Could've fooled me," Chuuya echoes.

"What gave it away?" he says dryly. "My hard-on?"

"You could be hard and still—"

"Chuuya," Dazai interrupts, breathing onto his mouth. Chuuya shivers. "I was joking. I honestly can't believe you think I mind watching you ride me."

Chuuya doesn't let Dazai fuck him often, this Dazai knows. It took months for him to allow it the first time, and Dazai has had the sneaking suspicion since that day that it might have been the actual *first time* for Chuuya. It would explain a lot of things. Chuuya is nothing short of spectacularly confident with his own fingers and cock, and he emulates that well enough on the receiving end, but sometimes... sometimes, the mask slips.

It should be Dazai's job to reassure him when that happens. He feels a bit foolish for not realizing it sooner.

"I love when you ride me," Dazai says, ghosting his lips against Chuuya's chin so he can feel him breathe against his cheek, soft, still heated. Chuuya's cock is a hard line against his stomach now that he's sitting upright, and his own is unbearably warm between Chuuya's legs. "I love when you get so into it you forget everything else, even me—it might be my favorite thing, actually."

"M'not going to treat you like a *thing*," Chuuya replies, voice low. "That's just weird."

"I don't want you to."

He might have, if they had started doing this a few years ago, but not anymore. He's not that out of himself nowadays. Not often, not for long enough. Dazai braces a hand into the curve of Chuuya's neck, the full of his palm resting on his throat, and Chuuya's head lifts almost without thought to expose more of it. Fire runs through Dazai's chest at the sight and knocks the breath out of him.

He presses his lips against Chuuya's neck before he speaks. "All I mean," he says, rubbing Chuuya's thigh with his other hand, "is that I think it's hot to watch you enjoy it so much."

It takes a moment. Dazai sucks into Chuuya's neck lightly enough not to leave a bruise, drags his teeth over taught skin, and finally Chuuya sighs, shoulders dropping with it.

Only then does Dazai look up.

"You think it's hot," Chuuya repeats.

Dazai pecks him on the lips, smiling. "I do," he replies. "I think most of what you do is hot, really." For good measure, he goes back to grabbing Chuuya's ass.

"Asshole."

Still, Chuuya pushes Dazai back onto the bed to climb more securely above him. Neither of them has gone any softer in the last minute, so it's only a matter of seconds for Chuuya to fuck himself back down onto Dazai's cock, warm and slick and wonderful.

"Yeah," Dazai says, rocking up into him, breath catching in his throat. "Yeah, fuck, like this—"

"I should tell you to stop moving, really use you to get off," Chuuya says, but he doesn't.

He lets Dazai meet him halfway, lets him burn the picture of him in his mind: naked and flushed with heat, neck shivering with unvoiced moans, chest patterned with marks from Dazai's lips and fingers.

He's otherworldly. The weight of his attention, of his affection, is more physical than that of his body. Dazai comes a few minutes later with his heart crushed by it, with Chuuya's body dragging every pleased breath out of him until his lungs are empty; he doesn't move at all, not even to pull out, as Chuuya strokes himself to completion over his chest.

His eyes are closed long before Chuuya leans low enough to kiss him, and he feels absolutely full of light.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Warning: death.

"Back again," Nakahara said, not giving him more than a quick glance.

"Against my will, I assure you," Dazai replied. He rose from the plastic chair in the waiting room.

Nakahara made a sound close enough to a snort that it felt strange against the silhouette he drew, coming into the hallway: sharp-dressed and a little damp from the wet air outside, bathed by the white morning light, elegant and unmoved. He tugged off his gloves finger by finger with a drawn-out quality to the gesture, as if to please Dazai's eyes.

Dazai was very pleased indeed. He watched each knuckle unfold from the leather, still-tongued.

"I already told you I don't know where she went."

"I believe you," Dazai lied. "I just have a few more questions to ask you, just standard paperwork stuff."

He got a long skeptical glance for his trouble, one which ran him over from head to toe. Dazai sent himself a mental not to thank Oda for assigning him this suspect, not for the first time. Nakahara Chuuya was *delightful*.

"All right," Nakahara said reluctantly. "Come in, detective."

"Dazai's just fine."

It was either Dazai's luck or Nakahara's planning that the waiting room was empty but for him. Not that Nakahara seemed to be lacking work; his desk was strewn with papers, his office phone flickering with red light from a full inbox. Dazai gave Nakahara the courtesy of dealing with that first—Nakahara nodded quickly in gratitude, and the next ten or so minutes were spent listening to the indiscernible chatter crushed against Nakahara's ear, watching his forehead crease with concern or fatigue, eyeing the easy grip of his fingers around a pen as he wrote down quick notes.

"Sorry about that," he said once he was done. "My first appointment is at ten, so we have about forty minutes. Is that enough?"

"More than," Dazai replied lowly. He took a small audio recorder out of his pocket, flicking a smile toward Nakahara as he set it atop the desk. "So, doctor. You said you and Ozaki-san go a way back—how far back, exactly?"

"I'm not a doctor, just a therapist."

"Indulge me."

If Nakahara caught the layer of suggestion in his voice, he showed no sign of it. "We were

childhood friends, I guess you could say," he answered. "I was around thirteen when I met her—she was a high school student, I was in middle school. We got along well. Got separated at one point then met again in college, and you know the rest."

"And it's never been a problem between the two of you, being close friends and working at the same place?"

"No," Nakahara replied bluntly.

Dazai restrained his smile. "Not even with shared clients?" he asked. "I imagine it's not easy, confronting perspectives."

"We don't often have shared patients. She's a psychiatrist, I'm a therapist—people come to us for different things. And even when we do help the same people, we're adult enough to separate work and friendship."

"Helping people," Dazai repeated. "This is already how you described your job back at the station."

Nakahara shrugged. "It's what we do. I imagine most people in the medical field would say the same."

Dazai had met countless doctors, psychiatrists, therapists during his life—enough that for a long time he thought he would never even make it through life with the sort of baggage he carried. Not one of them had described their job as helping people, not while he was doing his very best to thwart all their efforts at keeping him alive.

There had been a sick sort of pleasure in watching them struggle so. Dazai always found entertainment in giving psychology experts a glance into how his mind worked.

He thought, looking over Nakahara's fine features, that he wanted something very different from this one.

"So you've been friends for years, decades even," he said, looking over his notes. *Nakahara Chuuya, thirty-three, no alibi.* "And yet you never tried to defend her to us or tell us that she couldn't have done it."

Nakahara met his eyes levelly.

"They found her fingerprints on the body, right?" was all he gave out.

"Indeed. But loved ones are hardly in the habit of entertaining hard evidence over emotional bias."

The pen Nakahara was still holding swirled between his fingers expertly, from index to pinkie and back, never once knocking on wood. He said, "I know she could do it."

"You think Ozaki Kouyou—frail woman of thirty-eight, rumored to be one of the best psychiatrists in the country—could kill a star athlete, one of her own patients, by dropping a grandfather clock on him."

"She sure felt guilty enough about it that she fucking disappeared, didn't she."

It wasn't the first time Dazai had heard Nakahara swear—his testimony at the station had been nothing less than brightly colorful—but it still sent a sharp flash of heat up his spine, still made his mind succumb to easy thoughts of hearing such filth crawl out of his mouth as he lay naked on a bed.

Nakahara sighed. "Listen, Kouyou's... she's stronger than she looks, physically," he said. "She knows how to wrestle someone into the ground. Anyone. It doesn't take that much strength to make furniture fall over either. And," he added, meeting Dazai's staring over the length of the desk, "this man had been her patient for a while. He trusted her."

"Yes," Dazai murmured.

It was nothing less than what he and Oda had deduced on their own, after all.

"I don't know where she is," Nakahara repeated. "And I don't intend on getting in the way of your investigation. So feel free to come again tomorrow, or the day after, but my answers won't change."

"I don't think that'll be necessary." Dazai rose from the much more comfortable armchair of Nakahara's office, watching him rise in turn. His mouth twitched once again at the difference in their heights, something Nakahara didn't miss at all, judging by his frown. "It's been lovely, doctor," he says, extending his hand. "Have a good day."

Nakahara's hand was short-fingered, thin, callused only by pen and paper; yet his grip was strong enough on Dazai's that Dazai didn't imagine shortening the shake by a second.

He wondered, fleetingly, what Nakahara would do if he decided to act on the thoughts he had cradled since first meeting days ago. If he were to take advantage of the moment to pull Nakahara forward and brush their lips together—how would he react?

Would he still above the desk from the contact alone? Dazai had lingered on the picture of him like this too many times to count. He had envisioned him halting mid-breath, his lips but a tickle over Dazai's. He had seen himself pulling back to let their eyes meet before leaning in once more, fuller and less awkward and a lot more intimate, had imagined licking into Nakahara's mouth and feeling him breathe onto his face warmly, until all the blood in his body was in his lips, until his belly seared with heat.

Or maybe, he thought, never looking away from Nakahara's cold eyes, Nakahara would slip up. Maybe he would recoil and push him back, showing the sort of strength it took to knock a man twice his size to the ground and crush his skull under the weight of a century-old clock. Maybe he'd split open Dazai's own head as he had the head of Miyazawa Kenji, and drag Dazai's body away to be hidden wherever he had hid Ozaki Kouyou.

"Good day, detective," Nakahara said, taking back his hand. Dazai's tingled in its wake as if taken out of a fire. "Good luck with the investigation."

"Thank you. I'm sure I'll need it."

It was fine, Dazai told himself, walking out of the building. Whatever the real reason was that Nakahara had killed Miyazawa and Ozaki had accepted to take the fall, he'd find it. Whether it came before or after he took Nakahara to bed was of more interest to him.

Dazai could play the long game.

Chapter 6

Dazai was never one to bite his words when they could hurt; not even now, as the will to hurt had drained out of him through the years to leave only the ability behind, he never hesitated to speak his mind, especially in strenuous situations.

Especially with Chuuya.

"This is stupid," he said, and if Chuuya tugged hard on the tourniquet he was making above his elbow, Dazai made no protest but for a hiss of pain. "Chuuya, you look stupid."

"It doesn't fucking matter how I look as long as we get this vermin out of the way," Chuuya replied.

He didn't take too much offense at the way Dazai looked over his body, then, not bothering to mask his disgust. Chuuya knew disgust wasn't the only thing Dazai felt toward his attire.

And yes, it was ridiculous—the restaurant uniform was a distracting shade of orange, made of mismatched pieces of fabric that Chuuya would usually rather die than put anywhere near his person, but it was also very, very form-fitting.

Even now it was hard to tell whether Nakajima's blush came from exertion or embarrassment. Akutagawa had lost too much blood to afford to blush at all, but he was pointedly not looking in Chuuya's direction either.

It would be cute, if they weren't all hurt and eager to go home.

For two weeks now Chuuya had pretended to work at this fast-food place. He was the only one of them whose face was unknown to their enemy, a woman whose name still escaped them months after she had first attacked the port mafia and left Mori almost fatally injured. She was more interested in having Dazai as foe, as much of their adversaries before her, but all Dazai had managed to get on her was that her right-hand man came to eat here once a day. The man had opened fire the moment he recognized Dazai coming in through the door.

Now all four of them sat low behind a barricade of tables and chairs, not daring to look above and beyond.

"Chuuya," Dazai said, too quietly for anyone but Chuuya to hear.

Chuuya tore away the fabric of Dazai's shirt around his elbow, cutting away bandages as he went. The wound looked clean enough, he thought, wiping around it regardless of Dazai's shaking inhales. The bullet had gone through.

He swore when Dazai pulled on his hair. "Chuuya—"

"I'm listening," Chuuya replied, slapping his hand away. Damn uniform and damn mandatory hair tie. It made the back of his head an easy target.

Dazai wasn't smiling when he looked up, though.

"You might have to use Corruption for this," he said.

"We're not there yet."

There was yelling, then, as what Chuuya guessed to be a dozen men's worth of reinforcement

barged their way into the dining room.

"So maybe we are there yet," he amended. The smile Dazai gave him was half-hearted at best. "I'm not gonna use it here, Dazai. There's too many customers still inside. Not worth it."

"You can't take—" Dazai risked a quick glance over the top of the table, and Chuuya tugged him back down forcefully, right as a bullet etched itself into the wall Rashoumon made around them. "Fourteen people," Dazai ended, breathing hard. "You can't take fourteen men on your own."

Chuuya's heart was in his throat. It was all he could do to stop himself from taking Dazai's head in both hands and checking for injury. He knew he would be shaking if he tried.

"I can take them," he replied instead. "Nakajima's fine."

"His ankle's twisted."

"Not anymore," Nakajima said. He pushed his previously injured foot into the side of Dazai's leg as if to demonstrate. "Ah, I think the Tiger's done healing me, pretty much. I can accompany Chuuya-san."

Dazai said nothing.

He yelped when Chuuya slapped a hand onto his shoulder. "I don't need your goddamn permission," he said. "This is a joint mission, and you don't have any authority over me."

"I have intellectual superiority."

"Yeah," Chuuya drawled. "Keep telling yourself that."

Dazai's hand had grabbed his wrist before he could fully move away, and Dazai pulled him forward, making him fall halfway on top of him.

"Fucking idiot, don't nullify me right before I—"

"Don't kill anyone," Dazai ordered.

Chuuya's words vanished in his mouth.

He was perched on one knee from the fall, his other leg strewn over Dazai's, and their faces were close enough that not even Dazai could mask how he felt now. Not with urgency so present in his voice, not with blood loss slowing his restless mind.

"I won't," he replied slowly. Dazai's eyes glanced down quickly to look at his mouth while he spoke. "We need them alive anyway, don't we?"

"It'll make things harder," Dazai said. His hand dropped Chuuya's wrist to grab the back of his head instead, his fingers digging under the tie, where his hair was already stretched taught over his scalp. "Give them more opportunities to kill you."

"Oh, are we doing this?" Chuuya asked.

It was hard not to smile. For once he didn't even mind that Nakajima and Akutagawa were both looking at them with wide eyes.

Chuuya lifted a hand to pat the side of Dazai's face mockingly. "I'll be fine," he said. "I can stop bullets, I have Nakajima here to use as a shield—"

"Hey!"

"—and none of these assholes look like they know how to take a punch." Chuuya grinned. "You know, if you're worried for me, you could just tell me. Like Corruption is any safer than jumping in there as is. Stupid."

"I'm not worried for—"

Chuuya crossed the few inches between them to cut Dazai's words in the making, catching them with his mouth. Dazai stilled under him. His fingers dropped from Chuuya's hair to his nape thoughtlessly, habit and need alike driving them in stead of his brain.

All of Chuuya's own worries seemed to have vanished. He found no room in him to care for the company or the danger, none at all; he drew back to watch Dazai's face, open to much simpler things than any need for strategy, and he said, "I love you."

Nakajima made a small, strangled noise. Akutagawa coughed. Dazai's face flushed with the same heat now running under Chuuya's skin—he pulled Chuuya down by the hair for a much more overt sort of kiss, one that had Chuuya licking between his parted lips, all of his nerves alight.

"Er—Chuuya-san—"

"Right," Chuuya said into Dazai's mouth.

He pulled away, only mildly dissatisfied to feel Dazai's hold on him loosen. The face he was making then more than made up for the loss.

"I'm gonna go out there," he told him. "I'm gonna kick the ass of each of the fourteen idiots storming the place, and I'm gonna do all that without killing any of them."

The way Dazai's eyes darkened, one would've thought this was foreplay. That was an interesting thought to file away for later.

"Come on, man-tiger," Chuuya said, turning away.

He grabbed Nakajima by the scruff of the neck. The boy didn't bother protesting.

"Let's go beat up some yakuza."

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

NSFW-ish.

Chuuya realizing that he's attracted to Dazai comes with something like normalcy. It drags like heat under his veins, makes his legs jittery, ties his tongue into knots. It feels somewhat like being a teenager, something he doesn't feel often despite being one—Chuuya can feel like a child and he can feel like an adult, but he doesn't know how to feel that space between the two. It makes Kouyou laugh when he tells her about it, and her laughter is not happy.

It's not unpleasant. Dazai is not unpleasant. Morbid, messed up, infuriating—he is all those things, yes, but there was always something in him that yearned for kindness. Dazai craves amusement and he avoids boredom; he wants attention as much as he fears it; and more than that, Dazai wants to be kind. It is clear as daylight in how much violence gnaws at him, in how much he strives to be cruel. It shows in every line of his body, from the clothes that swallow him like blankets and the soft of his hair—the vulnerability he occasionally lets shine where Chuuya can see it. Childlike and wide open.

It makes Chuuya want to do stupid things, like grab him by the collar and kiss him, or hug him from behind even though he hates hugs—hates giving them and hates receiving them, every time Kouyou had tried—and it makes him want to understand why Dazai can't compartmentalize things the way he does. Why he can't allow himself to be kind because he sometimes has to be cruel.

Chuuya has never believed that one negates the other.

It is five years and an eternity of silence later that he ends up kissing Dazai, and it feels anything but normal.

It doesn't matter that Chuuya has wanted it for years. It doesn't matter that Dazai falls into like a man shipwrecked, drinking out of him as if he's but water. The chill that runs up Chuuya's spine is half-pleasure and half-resignation, and if he doesn't allow Dazai to take everything out of him that first night, it's not because he doesn't want it.

Instead he makes Dazai arch under him, wet-lipped and slick with sweat—*he* takes everything, every line of his body and every thought of his mind, knowing that whatever this is will end up in pain.

Chuuya realizing that he loves Dazai comes between the spread of Dazai's legs, with him bitter on his tongue and tense under his fingers; it comes with the knowledge that he can never hold this (him) forever, that Dazai will not allow him to and will not allow him to try. Will not allow himself to try.

Chuuya drags orgasm out of Dazai with his mouth, thinking about cruelty and kindness, and how Dazai has never believed that they could coexist.

The future is bright, then. The path unfolding where their bodies are joined is near-photographic in clarity.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

NSFW.

The problem is as follows:

That Dazai has not thought of Chuuya much in the years he's been gone except for flashes of either annoyance or regret, and that he doesn't want to linger on the regret for a second, no matter how much he wishes, sometimes, that he could still break into where Chuuya lives for the purpose of feeling alive.

That Dazai can seek sex if he wants to, but he hasn't wanted to, not with shame and grief clinging to him with every heavy breath.

That Chuuya's face had faded from his memory in a way he had never noticed, and with it all the willful disregard for exactly how Chuuya looks, how aware Dazai has always been of it. That, in light of this, Chuuya coming down the stairs of the port mafia's basement looks nothing short of a holy apparition; that all of a sudden Dazai can do nothing but remember with biting sharpness just how Chuuya had looked at eighteen and how much *better* he looks at twenty-two; the years having scratched away every hint of childhood and left only behind thin eyes and a thin mouth, thin skin over visible tendons, clothes that had once looked stupid and now look anything but.

Chuuya moves with power rumbling through him, and he looks how Dazai thinks the men of ancient texts do. He looks worth felling a tyrant for.

So the following night is threaded with flashes that feel like visions of the future. It is permeated with naked skin, with the scent of burning wood. Dazai's dreams have his hand fisted into red hair and his cock wet from another's mouth—they have him a lucid participant of his own debauching, have him thrusting up into thin air and finding slickness and heat, have him panting his way through the syllables of a name he has pronounced again the same day for the first time in years.

He could wake up, but he doesn't. It is with half-awareness and half-guilt that he allows his hands to roam Chuuya's back, to feel Chuuya suck bruises onto his neck until every shiver of his body is gathered there, where Chuuya's dream-tongue touches; and his unconscious mind has given Chuuya no neat edge that he can see and only a glimpse of what could be, and he knows nothing he feels or smells or sees here is anything like the truth, but he *wants*. He wants with a brightness that shame hasn't allowed him in eons.

Dazai wakes up hard and out of breath, Chuuya's name on his lips and Chuuya's mouth on his cock, and he can do absolutely nothing but take himself in hand shakily and manufacture new dreams.

He strokes himself to the map he has drawn of Chuuya's current body. He strokes himself thinking of Chuuya's knife at his throat earlier—he strokes himself thinking of his grin, thinking of grabbing him by the hair and panting directly into his mouth, thinking of laying him down on the floor and having him right there—and he comes so sharply into his hand that for a whole minute he cannot see anything at all.

It aches everywhere. Between his legs and between his ribs, like someone has grabbed the knife he's carried etched into his heart and twisted it sideways. Dazai heaves into the side of his pillow, mindless of the spit staining his lips. He takes his wet hand off of himself.

He doesn't cry.

It is only two glasses of whiskey later that he finds the strength to tell himself that this will fade with time. He tells himself that it will go away like Odasaku's death has never gone. He tells himself that he never needs to let anyone know.

He tells himself that Chuuya would never want him back.

(He thinks of how he has lost everything he has ever cared about—thinks about losing Chuuya—thinks that he cannot, in any way, want him either.)

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

NSFW, bondage, slight Dom/sub.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dazai, in Chuuya's private opinion, was made for well-cut suits of all kinds. He could pull off a classic double-breasted black, he could pull off showing to a function with fine blues that gleamed purple in the light, he could pull off *white*.

Chuuya wasn't ready to admit how jealous he was of that. He had always wanted to own a white suit and never had the stature or coloring for it.

It worked on Dazai because Dazai was very classically handsome. He had the sort of deceptive beauty that one didn't notice at first glance and realized much later, with a mental double-take. Thin and tall and very fine-featured. Much as he tried to hide it behind his hair or his ill-fitting clothes, Dazai was objectively one of the best-looking men Chuuya had ever slept with.

Chuuya *was* ready to admit how much he enjoyed that.

So he had expected, to a point, that tying Dazai up with rope would only enhance it. He worked on the knots for well over twenty minutes, Dazai breathing in a very controlled way the whole while, nodding each time Chuuya paused to ask if he was comfortable. Now Chuuya was tying the last of the knots between his wrists, eyeing the strain in Dazai's back with excess saliva in his mouth.

"I think we're done," he declared, dropping the end of the rope.

"Finally," Dazai replied dryly. "I was getting sleepy here."

That got him a sharp tug, which made him sigh a little heatedly, which in turn made Chuuya feel light-headed.

He took a second longer to admire him from the back. Dazai's arms were tied together from arm to wrist in as straight a line as could be, with loop upon loop of smooth, black rope. His skin had not yet reddened with it. It would, by the time Chuuya was done with him.

Chuuya ogled him shamelessly while he divested himself of his own clothes, lingering over his bare backside, over the inward curve of his back. He stepped off of the bed to make his way to Dazai's front.

And then he paused.

Dazai said something, no doubt to mock the expression on his face, but Chuuya heard none of it. His eyes caught over every trapped line of Dazai's body; over the tendons in his neck and shoulders, over the forced swell forward of his chest, over his ribs and belly and cock, flushed red between his open thighs. It seemed all the immobilized tension had drawn vectors over him, and Chuuya followed the path that they made with his eyes for a long minute. He put a hand over Dazai's forehead to push back his hair; he met Dazai's eyes with no word in his mouth.

"So," Dazai said faintly. His face was pink already. "You like the rope."

Instead of answering, Chuuya kissed him deeply.

His whole mouth was tingling by the time he pulled away. He had to catch Dazai, because Dazai tried to follow him forward and almost fell over him, but Chuuya couldn't even laugh at him for it—he felt dizzy, dumbstruck, emptied out.

"You look amazing," he managed.

No compliment could do the sight justice. Dazai looked like he was made to be tied up like this, made to be bent and folded into art.

"I really don't get why you think I'm the one who should be tied up," Dazai replied, like the fucking idiot he was. "I'm sure you'd look lovely."

"Thank God I'm the one in charge in this relationship, then."

"That hurts my feelings a bit."

Chuuya grinned. "Tough luck," he replied. His hand crawled down to rest just between Dazai's collarbones; Dazai's following inhale was a little shaky.

He didn't even feel like he could go forward with his plans. For a while longer he did nothing but watch, nothing but touch. He stroked down over Dazai's chest, delighting in the absent tests of resistance that Dazai gave the rope, waiting for his skin to flush under his hands as if he were painting it. It did, after a while. Chuuya put his lips everywhere his hand had been; he sucked Dazai's nipples into his open mouth, rested his tongue everywhere he could taste salt.

Dazai was having a harder time faking being unaffected, now. His belly was taught; his cock was fully hard; he whispered Chuuya's name. Chuuya smiled, biting lightly at his areola and then straightening up to kiss him again. It was with immense satisfaction that he licked into Dazai's mouth, that he plied his lips, that he stroked the sharp lines of tension in his shoulders. His touch was feather-light. Dazai's skin prickled with goosebumps.

"Chuuya," Dazai breathed out.

"I'm going to fuck you," Chuuya said against his mouth.

Heat was pooling inside him almost to the point of pain. He didn't think he had ever wanted Dazai so much before, which was saying a lot.

He grabbed Dazai's hair. Bent his head back a little to expose his throat. Dazai watched him, and his eyes were almost completely black.

"So unless you have any smarter plans for the evening," Chuuya continued, ghosting their lips together, "I'm going to make sure you forget your own damn name."

He felt Dazai's smile on his. "No smarter plan," Dazai replied. "I'm yours till morning, love."

And in the end, it wasn't that Dazai was the best-looking man Chuuya had ever slept with. It wasn't even that he was always so willing to go along with everything Chuuya wanted—willing to be tied up or pinned down or to sit on his knees and make use of his mouth.

It was that Chuuya wanted to hear those words every night until the very end.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for posting so many in one go! I'm done for now. Be back to update this whenever I fill more prompts on [Tumblr](#). I hope you enjoyed, don't hesitate to comment.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

NSFW-ish.

Dazai had made shamelessness into an art form over the course of his life. Simple embarrassment weighed nothing at all next to guilt and depression, and Dazai cared little enough about himself that other people's opinions made him laugh more often than not. He could flirt because he didn't care; he could make a spectacle of himself because he didn't care.

He had never before had to face such scrutiny, from someone he cared so very much about. Opening the latch of the gem keeping his tie in place, under Chuuya's unblinking stare, made something that could not be called less than embarrassment flutter in his belly.

He got rid of the tie. He met Chuuya's eyes. Chuuya's mouth twitched into something close to a smile, which he hid behind a sip of wine, and he said nothing at all.

That wouldn't do.

"There's no need to look at me like that," Dazai said, popping open the first button of his waistcoat.

He was suddenly furious at himself for the many layers he wore. In the lack of anything to hide from—with Chuuya very much wanting to see him—he wished he could just get it over with.

"Like what?" Chuuya said.

"Like you're expecting me to mess up. You should've called a professional if you wanted a quality show."

"Keep quiet if all you're gonna say is shit like this," Chuuya replied, rolling his eyes. "I don't want some exotic dancer, I want *you*."

Dazai threw the waistcoat at him with more honesty than play; Chuuya caught it with his ability before it could reach him.

"Are you chickening out?" Chuuya's voice was truly mocking now, rougher for it as well. It made Dazai's skin catch with shivers. It made his throat knot up, with want, with apprehension. "I can't believe this—after all the shit you let me do to you, you're balking at a *strip-tease*?"

"Of course not," Dazai retorted. "You've seen me naked plenty of times."

Chuuya looked at him with suspicion written all over his face for a second too long. In the end he seemed to accept the answer, for he leaned back into the armchair and put his glass to his lips once more.

Dazai didn't think he would be allowed to delay any more without raising true suspicion. Now wasn't exactly a situation he felt like having Chuuya slip out of want and into concern, either, so he pushed the hair out of his face—expecting and relishing in the way Chuuya followed the movement with his eyes, ever riveted—and started undoing his shirt.

There was no music. No dancing. Dazai couldn't see where the appeal of this was outside of humiliating him, and the thought warred with his deep-ingrained knowledge that Chuuya didn't *like* humiliation. Not during sex.

No, Chuuya simply wanted to watch him undress, nothing more, nothing less. Dazai didn't know what it said about himself that his face was hot to the point of burning, his hands weak enough to shake.

"Go on," Chuuya murmured, once his shirt was open, once Dazai's hands rested on the buckle of his belt. "Take that off."

"You know, this is much less taxing than sex," Dazai said, doing his best not to let his voice waver as he let the slacks slide down the length of his legs. He stepped out of them as elegantly as he could. "If you can get off just to me undressing maybe I should let you sit in the bathroom while I shower. Kill two birds in one stone."

"If you think I'm not fucking you after that, Dazai, you've got another thing coming."

It wasn't the words so much as the voice—Chuuya's blunt honesty, his face reddening from the wine and excitement, the promise that was made not out of a desire to put Dazai in place but simply because Chuuya wanted to.

Dazai had never slept with someone quite like him. He didn't think anyone Chuuya slept with could ever come out of the experience without understanding that they had been missing something all along.

Dazai turned around to take off his underwear. What he had called embarrassment earlier he now called relief, something as nerve-racking as orgasm, something equally powerful. He felt the breath Chuuya took against his nape, though Chuuya was still seated; his shirt slid down his bare arms, and Dazai thought that was Chuuya's mouth, following the path that cloth made from nape to tailbone.

He licked his lips. His shaking hands took hold of the gauze wrapped around his neck.

"Dazai."

It took another settling breath to make himself turn around, but Dazai did, now naked but for the bandages hiding the worst of his scars.

Chuuya wasn't looking at his body, though. "You don't have to if you don't want to," he said, meeting his eyes with something almost gentle in his.

Dazai smiled, and he unwrapped himself, inch by damning inch.

Chuuya's attention was almost physical in nature. It weighed the way Dazai thought his ability must, followed every line of him, every crease of skin and mark left behind by his clothes. Dazai saw his hand flex against the glass he was holding; he saw him shake an exhale out from between his teeth, and when Chuuya relaxed into his seat, he thought something must've hooked through his bellybutton and pulled him forward to keep the distance between them even.

"You're beautiful," Chuuya said, devastatingly sincere. Dazai's breath stopped somewhere below his throat. "C'mere."

Dazai joined him with heavy steps, feeling each step forward with more heat. When he straddled Chuuya's thighs in the armchair, let himself rest upon him and felt Chuuya's free hand come to a

stop at his hip, then his ass, he could see nothing at all through the dizziness. The leather of his glove was cool against Dazai's heated skin.

He stole Chuuya's glass from him and drank the bitter wine in it greedily. "Gross," he declared, once only a few sips were left.

"You know what," Chuuya said, "I'm not even mad at you for that."

He took some of the wine back anyway, licking the taste from Dazai's mouth only a second later. He freed a hand out of its glove as they kissed, let it roam over Dazai's back and side and front, from shoulder to thigh. He squeezed it between his fingers; he pushed forward with the one still holding Dazai's backside; he let Dazai feel just how much he enjoyed it, the hard line of him between his thighs, next to where he himself was flushed red and expectant.

Chuuya kissed his neck damply, and Dazai could do nothing but smile and let him have at it.

He didn't know how one could go on to be with other people after feeling so wanted.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Spoilers for Dead Apple.

"Why are you helping me?"

The question is perhaps the most unasked, out of all the things neither Dazai nor Chuuya feel like asking each other. Dazai had thought it during the war with the Guild, even knowing that Chuuya was by his side on orders; Chuuya had thought it while freeing him from the port mafia's underground cell, even when Dazai was the one to have put him in need of help at all.

Because Dazai knows that Chuuya can afford to disobey orders. And Chuuya knows that Dazai could as well have put him in trouble and not bothered to help him out of it, without hindering his chances of escape.

It isn't until Yokohama is swept by mist and death and a fucking *dragon* that one of them asks it, and it comes as no surprise at all that Chuuya is the one to.

"What do you mean?" Dazai replies.

His voice is just as quiet now as it had been when they landed on the uneven ground. Almost gentle, if Chuuya thought Dazai capable of gentleness.

(He knows he is.)

Chuuya had lost consciousness. Probably not for more than a few minutes, judging by the sharp aches all over his body, not soothed at all by sleep. Dazai doesn't seem to have moved, one hand bracing himself against crackled asphalt and the other in Chuuya's hair.

"You know what I mean," Chuuya mumbles. His mouth is almost pressed onto the fine fabric of Dazai's now-ruined white suit. He feels Dazai's thigh clench against his lips, and he doesn't know what to make of the answering heat gathering low in his spine. "You could've let me die. I knew you'd be somewhere around, but you didn't have to stop it this time. Neither of us were following orders."

"You would've destroyed the city."

Instead of a reply, Chuuya spits all the blood sitting acrid on his tongue. Dazai's slacks stain red immediately.

"So maybe you wouldn't have," Dazai goes on, conversational. His fingers press a little tighter against the crown of Chuuya's head, and the pressure against his ringing headache almost makes him moan in relief. "Not worth the risk anyway. A minute longer in Corruption and who knows what else you would've destroyed."

I fucking hate you, Chuuya thinks, and the lie is as palpable now as it was when he was fifteen and being made to understand that he had a right to humanity.

It's no use asking again. Dazai won't give a straight answer for his own life, not now that the danger is behind them and he can go back to pretending that Chuuya means nothing to him. Maybe Chuuya hates him for that most of all, almost as much as he hates himself; but then, maybe not getting the answer out of Dazai doesn't mean he can't know it.

Dazai had no reason to help him when they were investigating the Arahabaki. He did anyway. And Chuuya knows, despite everything telling him he shouldn't, that for this at least he can always count on Dazai.

He will never lose himself to the deity sealed in his body and not find a hand at the end of the darkness, ready to drag him back out.

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