

## Say That Again

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/126182) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/126182>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Death Note</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Naomi Misora/Raye Penber</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Naomi Misora</a> , <a href="#">Raye Penber</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Femdom</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Food Sex</a> , <a href="#">Knifeplay</a> , <a href="#">Clothing Kink</a> , <a href="#">Misogyny</a> , <a href="#">Blood</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm Delay/Denial</a> , <a href="#">Canon Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Canon Het Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Prompt Fic</a> , <a href="#">Kink Meme</a> , <a href="#">Rare Pairing</a> , <a href="#">Women Being Awesome</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">What-If</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Ending</a> , <a href="#">Ambiguous/Open Ending</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">The Death Note Anon Kink</a>
Stats:	Published: 2010-10-12 Completed: 2010-10-19 Words: 3,832 Chapters: 2/2

# Say That Again

by [sashocirrione](#)

## Summary

Naomi Misora decides to show Raye Penber just who is really in charge.

# Chapter 1

**Title:** "Say That Again"

**Author:** Sashocirrone

**Spoilers:** MAJOR Spoilers for everything up to approximately episode 8 of the anime.

**Warnings:** NO UNDERAGE READERS. Rated M for a reason. Sexual activities. Dominant/submissive. Knife play. Food play.

**Summary:** Naomi Misora decides to show Raye Penber just who is really in charge.

**Pairing:** NaomixRaye

**Additional Notes:** All canon events previous to this have happened as normal. The first little bit of this is nearly identical to the start of anime episode 5, just to show the place of the divergence, and after that it's different.

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Death Note, and I do not make any money from these writings.

---

## CHAPTER 1

Getting back to the hotel room after the bus hijacking was exhausting. Raye just wanted to lie down, or have a stiff drink. Maybe both. Definitely both.

He immediately saw Naomi was reading a book, but he knew she was really just occupying her mind, sitting up waiting for him. She looked up and greeted him the moment he opened the door. He tried to smile at her. It wasn't right to make her worry.

Still, he couldn't prevent himself from sighing as he threw his jacket on the bed, and said, "What a day!"

Naomi said, "Raye, what's the matter? Something happened, didn't it? I've never heard you sigh like that."

She was sharp, too sharp. She always picked up on things. It was useless, really, to try and hide it from her.

Raye loosened his tie, leaned back in his chair and told her about it, while Naomi busied herself in the kitchenette, pouring cups of hot tea that she must have had prepared all morning, just for his return.

When he finished the story and she brought the teacups over, she said, "You know, it's a little hard to believe that was all a coincidence, don't you think?"

And that fast, it was suddenly an argument. He was worried about her, and he could tell he just needed to rest before using his brain again, but instead it was like being interrogated and he knew he was losing the argument, and he just wanted some quiet instead, instead of her bothersome prodding. It felt like being under a hot, bright spotlight.

He snapped out, "You're not an FBI agent anymore, so just leave it alone."

"But-"

He continued, "You wouldn't get involved in the Kira case and you wouldn't do anything dangerous, that's what you promised when we decided you'd come along so I could meet your parents in Japan. You do remember that, don't you?"

"Yeah, it's just a force of habit. Sorry about that."

"No, I should be sorry. Let's forget about it. Anyway, once we have a few kids running around, you'll probably be so busy you'll forget you were ever an agent. Your mind will be occupied with better things, too. More importantly-"

Naomi said, "Excuse me? What did you say?"

He could practically feel the heated anger in her voice. She was broiling mad. It was making the tiny hairs on the back of his neck stand on end, the prickling starting up there and running down his spine.

She stood up slowly, looming over him like a mother bear about to strike, every movement precise and controlled.

*I've done it now. I didn't think and-*

Naomi ordered, "Say that again!"

*This is more extreme than any other time... more intense... I've never seen her like this. It is simply...*

Thrilling at the danger coiling in his stomach, smooth and ice-cold, Raye blurted out, "Get in the kitchen and make me a sandwich. Women are only good for cooking and babies, they can't think like men can!"

She raised a single eyebrow and said, "Oh, really?"

Her voice was cold and dangerous. He was sure it could put fear into hardened criminals. His heart was beating fast, his exhaustion replaced by adrenaline.

She was going into the kitchenette. She was rummaging around in drawers where he couldn't see, producing ominous rustlings and bangs. He could feel the sweat beading on his forehead, then running down and stinging his eyes with salt.

Naomi was returning, a knife in one hand and a plastic squeeze-bottle of honey in the other.

She said, "Get on the floor. On your back!"

Raye didn't argue; he just tried to choose the best place, where a throw-rug on top of the carpet provided better cushioning. He was already hard, anticipating being smothered beneath her white-hot anger, and his thoughts were broken. All he could think was: *She's going to destroy my belt- this is my best belt- she's going to slice it to pieces- where am I going to find another good belt in Tokyo on short notice- my belt- my belt- no more belt for me.*

But the rest of his mind, the part that wasn't thinking in words, was completely focused on her, on the sinuous motions she made, like a tiger, on the way she planted a foot possessively in the middle of his chest, pressing down with her boot and making him struggle to gasp his breaths, focused on the wordless, instinctual knowledge that she would completely own him for as long as she wanted to be rutting on the floor.

Then she was pulling up that foot, stepping out of her boots and her tight jeans, her practically painted-on jeans, but she kept her sleek dark sweater, and the thong of almost the same color, lacy and perhaps just a bit damp. She was kneeling over him, sliding the knife tip under the bottom of his shirt. He shivered as the cold metal slid upward, the blunt side against his skin, yet oh so dangerous-feeling, and the sharp side neatly slicing through his shirt with that odd whispering-zinging sound of cloth being cut.

She kept with her project, slicing up each sleeve, leaving him flayed of clothing from the waist up, laying on the ragged remains of his shirt, naked and exposed to her desires. Her eyes were smoldering and wicked. He couldn't help but think that he deserved it.

And then he gasped as she made short work of his belt- the knife was so, so very sharp, and then the knife was sliding downward inside his pants, inside his underwear. He let out an involuntary whine as a shock of fear went through him, the knife going right past his erection, cold metal making him twitch and gasp and harden further at the dangerous proximity, peeling open his clothing as it went by his most vulnerable area, going down a leg. All the paths of the dull side of the knife lingered on his skin, electric, tingling.

Naomi was efficient and quick, going down the other leg with the knife and peeling him like a fruit, leaving him completely open, his skin breaking out in goose bumps everywhere. She was so powerful when she was angry. Her face was hard and closed, and he longed for her next order, thrilling for the punishment she would decide on.

She knelt over him, straddling his stomach, still clutching knife and honey in each hand, and she said, "Raye, maybe I should show you what women are good for."

## Chapter 2

### CHAPTER 2

Raye said nothing in return. He knew it was best not to speak unless asked a direct question. She was overpowering, almost too much to bear. He closed his eyes, swallowed his saliva loudly, awkwardly, and then opened them again. She still had that same cold, hard smile, looking down on him.

Her pelvis descended, the lacy crotch of her thong brushing just across the sensitive head of his erection, making his length twitch, and yes, yes, she was damp, soaked through the fabric. It was just a teasing motion, rubbing that moisture barely across the top of his stiff, bobbing penis. He knew that he could slip it in easily, even with the thong still on. The thong was narrow and the fabric would simply slide to one side. He suddenly needed penetration with an urgent, pounding lust, enough to brave her wrath; he needed to feel that delicious warmth inside her, and so he arched his hips, pressing upward, seeking the opening.

She wasn't about to capture his hard-on within her yet, and her pelvis retreated out of reach. She smacked his bare shoulder with the flat of the knife blade, stinging the skin, hard enough to leave a mark, he was sure. His heart was racing, straining inside his chest.

She said, "You need to prove your usefulness, Raye. Can you obey?"

"Yes."

"Good."

Her words were almost a purr, the tone smooth and full of mastery. He felt the dull edge of the knife again, tracing a path from his shoulder to his chest and then lazily making a big circle around one nipple, as if to say, "I could cut this off if I used the sharp side."

It left another trail of tingles and his breathing couldn't help but speed up again.

Then she took the knife to one side and it went out of sight as she climbed forward on hands and knees, her long hair falling down around her face on three sides in a long, swaying curtain, making almost a tunnel effect when trying to look her in the eyes. The hair brushed along his naked chest, tickling, making the knife trail come alive even more when those paths crossed.

Then she was crouching back on her heels again, the place between her legs hovering right over his face, so close he could smell her arousal. She hooked one finger in the thong, pulling it aside, and began squeezing the honey directly onto her clit. It was quickly dripping down in globs, sticky and oozing over his chin and then neck.

He waited until she said, "You'll be required to do many things to earn your forgiveness. Start with this."

And then he reached upward with tongue and fingers at once, tasting the sweet honey and sliding two fingers into her slippery crevice on the first try because she was just that open. He took over the thong duty, holding it aside as he worked and she swayed in blissful near-oblivion above him.

His lower regions ached from neglect, but he tried to concentrate on what he was doing, coaxing her hard little nub to full attention with precise licks, feeling it swelling under his ministrations while his fingers went deep inside, finally three and then four, opening her, sinking in again and again in the increasingly slippery, dripping environment, curling in just the right way to make her gasp and tremble.

Raye kept up the relentless onslaught, picking up the clues in several ways as her peak approached. She was suddenly rough, her fingers grabbing in his hair and scratching along the back of his neck to press his mouth hard to the juncture between her legs.

And then, with her head thrown back and her internal muscles clenching around his fingers, she came with a cry that was vulnerable and harsh all at once, something with a note of sobbing and whimpering in it. He removed his tongue from her clit to keep from over-stimulating her but hooked his fingers more deeply, helping her ride out her waves of pleasure at a greater intensity.

He wanted Naomi so badly, wanted to flip her over and fuck her senseless, pound her into the carpet until he was fully satiated, but instead he waited, eager and impatient all at once, ready for her next orders. Not having her yet was a nagging frustration, an itch that kept bringing itself to his attention, but it would make taking her all the sweeter when it happened.

When the shudders stopped, she raised up the honey bottle, started re-applying, and said, "Again."

His poor, lonely dick bobbed in anguish by itself, but he went to work on Naomi, pouring all his skill into the task of giving her pleasure, driving her more quickly to a second orgasm and then, at her orders, a third.

Raye's neck was sore from the angle he'd been holding it at and the scratches she'd inflicted, but he forgot all that as she moved back down his body in a graceful flash. His flagging erection surged to attention once again, stiff and throbbing before she'd even pressed it to her vulva.

Naomi only allowed the very tip inside her. Somehow, from what he could feel of her, she was open and tight all at once, parting effortlessly for him but clamping down on him once he was inside. Her eyes were bright in the dim room, and a thin sheen of sweat glistened across her back.

He ached for her next command, shuddering underneath her, controlled, owned. He knew better than to try to twitch his pelvis upwards a second time. She tipped herself forward and then back, rocking little thrusts that took only a small portion of his length inside and then let him slide almost entirely out. It was a sweet torment, blissful and maddening, making him groan and then at last to start begging.

She smiled at him as if she were considering it, and then, after it was almost unbearable, but he hadn't lunged upward at all, he'd been good, she started talking.

She said, "Raye, this is how it feels when there is something you were made to do, but your partner keeps you from doing it."

"Please," he said, "Please!"

"Let's talk about this. I gave up being an FBI agent for complex reasons. I'm sure you remember them. Please tell them to me."

Raye gathered his mind together, but it was difficult and his thoughts seemed to slosh back and forth with each of her little, rocking thrusts.

He said, "You had... uh... saved enough money that we only need one income. You were... were... beginning to get... ah... burned out and everyone needs a break sometimes. Your parents were worrying a lot. And you... nggggghh... knew that... knew that we plan to become parents as soon as possible, and you don't want our kids to be raised by daycare, so someone had to quit."

She waited, saying nothing, driving him crazy with the sweet partial penetration, over and over. He wanted all the way in. It was a desperate, all-consuming need.

*No, there's more. Think, think.*

His mind stretched back to the conversation they'd had, only a few months ago, but there was hardly any blood in his brain. It was all elsewhere.

Raye continued, "Because you had enough... uh... enough recognition that you could get your job back at anytime you wanted... but... mmmmmmm... I might not have the same luck... don't want to waste my career-building in the FBI."

Naomi said, "Yes, it was a favor, Raye, and it was the most logical decision for this time. Always remember, at any point in the future I might decide I've had enough of the home life, and turn you into a house-husband for a change of pace. I will do it the instant I see you say anything misogynistic in front of our kids. They will not be raised with such beliefs."

He replied, "I deserve it... I was a bastard... just let me... please!"

And then, she was moving onto him, sliding down his sensitive shaft, everything he wanted and needed simply delivered to him in that one movement. He could feel the rhythm of his heartbeat in the head of his penis, he could feel her all-enveloping heat, slippery and tight, deliciously deep within her cleft, and a mindless instinct set him to rutting upwards into her, arching his back, grabbing her hips, timing his thrusts to her continued rocking.

They were a tangle of bodies, surging towards pleasure, a shared goal they both pursued with an instinctual rhythm, losing all capacity for words in the fever of the experience and merely making animalistic sounds, grunts and moans and pants. She grabbed one of his hands and placed his thumb next to her clit, and he had just enough presence of mind to slide it back and



forth gently as he fucked himself upward into her and she snaked her hands behind his back, scratching him like a wildcat, but the burn of her nails on his skin just heightened every sensation.

He was lucky. She came first, semi-collapsing into his arms, and it was so hot, so freaking hot that it drove him into a frenzy, holding her hips up with both hands and slamming into her convulsing vagina, feeling every tremor inside her as his orgasm rose within his balls as a white-hot point of pleasure and flashed upward through the shaft, deep into her. She milked him, relentlessly, sucking it all out, taking everything he had to give. He closed his eyes and shouted something incoherent and felt the exquisite pulses flowing into her as she continued to take it.

They were a mess afterwards. Sweat and honey and semen and bits of ruined clothing all tangled together, their bodies spent and exhausted, the most blissful exhaustion he'd ever had. When they got up, he realized he'd put his elbow on the sharp part of the knife-blade at some point when his focus had been elsewhere, and he'd opened a small gash, left a bloodstain on the carpet.

Naomi just laughed and said, "It's your fault, so you'll clean it up or apologize to the staff if you can't, but first we've got to save you from Kira."

Raye frowned at that, not ready for the argument to re-start again so soon, and said, "My suspect is just a kid. Besides, he can't be Kira. Kira would have killed that hijacker and saved himself."

Naomi gave him a look that brought back some of the cold shivers, and he decided to shut up and hear her out. She probably had a point.

She replied, "Kira could be a kid. Wouldn't it take someone childish to think that killing off all the world's criminals would be a good idea? Also, I would agree with you about the hijacker, except that everything about the incident would have to be a strange coincidence if you're right. You're forgetting that hijackings are exceptionally rare in Japan. It is especially worrying that the suspect was able to obtain your name. I think, if I'm right, you've got a limited time to live unless we can get L to interfere."

Raye couldn't believe it. He still couldn't believe an innocent-faced high-schooler like Light Yagami could be the notorious Kira. But instead of objecting again, he said, "Why limited?"

"If Kira is stupid, he'll kill you right away after obtaining your name. If he did that, he'd immediately become the prime suspect. But if he pulled a trick like the hijacking, he must be smart. A smart Kira would need to wait, and perhaps create other schemes to get the names of every FBI agent working on the Kira investigation. If all of them died at the same time at a later date, then it might be impossible to narrow the list of suspects any further than it already has been."

She paused and looked straight at him, sadness and determination shining in her eyes.

She said, "You may only have a few days to live, Raye. We'll try to save you, but you need to write a detailed report of this entire incident now, and make sure it gets to the right people."

Let me look it over before you send it."

"Oh God," he said, "I would get fired for breaching security like this, discussing everything with someone who isn't an agent. We're not even supposed to write anything down unless it's vital, to minimize any chance of leaks."

"This is vital, and they won't find out you told me. We'll just pretend my ideas are yours. It will be fine. You need my help on this. Can you send your report directly to L?"

"Nobody has direct contact with L, but my boss can send information to Watari, and then he'll contact L. I can put that request in my report and keep calling my boss until he gives in."

Raye felt stupid to be typing up his report in the nude and with all sorts of sticky substances adhering to him, but he wrote up the entire thing while Naomi stood behind his shoulder, sometimes making additional suggestions, and then he sent it off.

Knowing it was out there, ready to be acted on, sent a wave of relief through him. Perhaps Naomi was right, and in any case maybe it was better to be careful. Raye called up his boss immediately after, and argued with him until he agreed to summon Watari immediately.

As soon as Raye set down the phone and sighed, Naomi said, "Now, Raye, go in the kitchen, and make me a sandwich!"

---

#### **A/N (Author's Note):**

Light had decided to write down Raye's name one week after the hijacking incident. Raye is probably going to die unless Light either gets immediately arrested or gets tipped off that it's a suicidal move (which L might or might not do), so Naomi might not have saved Raye by this action, but at least she has everything set up to get the vital clues to L. I think even Soichiro would find it difficult to avoid suspecting Light if he knew all about the busjacking.

I know a lot of people say Death Note is very sexist, and I mostly agree with them, but I think Death Note has one big point against sexism: it is pretty clear that if Naomi had asserted herself with Raye, things would have turned out enormously better. So that message is: fight back against the misogyny. Well, one positive message among many negative messages doesn't make it all better, but at least there is one.

Of course, as usual, I'm sure the canon author would never do anything quite like this, but I thought it was a fun idea and wanted to write it. Also, as much as I love Naomi, I think she was a danger to the plot. She knew too much, and if she had survived it probably would have been a constant (and possibly losing) struggle to keep Death Note as nail-bitingly exciting as it actually was, and things would have been in danger of ending too soon, perhaps in an anticlimactic way.

This is yet another fic based on a request from the [dn\\_kink](#) meme on livejournal.

The request said:

"Naomi/Raye. She's pissed off about the "You're not an FBI agent any more" comment and decides to show Raye that she might not be an FBI agent but she's damn good at being in charge. Female dominant with Naomi ordering Raye around, biting, scratching and Naomi showing Raye and damn good time and Raye liking being shown!"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!