

Course Of Action

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Course Of Action

by [Glaciere](#)

Summary

When a law passes allowing Japanese gay couples to get married overseas, Tsubasa sees no reason to not get married again. In Spain.

Notes

You should know that Tsubasa does wear a Tiffany's wedding ring by now (no, really); that getting gay married in Spain requires up to 45 days for your application to get registered; that to get married outside of Japan one must bring a certificate of availability for marriage from the consulate, and that the bill to allow same-sex couples to get this certificate has really been in the works since 2009. It is unlikely that it will pass.

This is a Christmas gift for Pinkpapyrus, to whom I promised kinks and incorporated none of them into the actual fic. Sorry about that, Kya.

Final A/N: when it comes to this couple, I have no shame over the level of fluff I can achieve.

The morning after the law passes Hideaki wakes up with fifty seven missed calls and unanswered messages in his inbox. The volume is normal for a working day, but it's his second day off in the week he'd been able to force out of the management, and Akira wouldn't interrupt it.

Hideaki shuffles into the bathroom, trying to wake himself up enough to find the courage to look at his phone. His clothes are in a messy pile by the bed, and the kitchen is silent; Tsubasa must have gone to the apartment again after yesterday's rehearsal. Hideaki picks up a cold toast and thumbs through whatever it is that made everyone abuse his poor phone.

He skims through the messages first. The headers are all some variation of "Congratulations!" with varying number of emoticons and exclamation marks. Their official fifteenth anniversary was last week, and Tsubasa's birthday isn't for a month, so Hideaki has no idea what he's being congratulated on. The message that looks most normal of them all is from Makoto, and it's just a picture of a really ugly wedding dress with no additional text. The missed calls don't tell him any more: there are several from Akira, timestamped 2 a.m., a couple from random acquaintances of his, probably work-related, one from his AD - definitely work-related and thus can wait.

When Hideaki scrolls to six in the morning, he finds a missed call from his mother, and then Tsubasa's sister, Tsubasa's mother and five calls from Tsubasa's new manager. Hideaki goes cold, hitting speed dial on sheer reflex, faster than his brain catches up with his fingers.

"Ah, I thought you'd be up by now," greets him when Tsubasa picks up the phone.

"You alright? Your mom called." Hideaki asks, anxious. Tsubasa sounds alright, but Tsubasa can be a surprisingly good actor when it comes to hiding his injuries.

"Fine," Tsubasa says, just impatient enough that Hideaki starts to calm down. "She called me, too. Do you have the rest of the week off?"

Hideaki tries to find his cell phone, forgetting for a second he's holding it. "Probably," he says, frowning. "I think I have a senior management meeting to attend, but that's about it."

Tsubasa hums.

Hideaki opens the fridge. It's pathetically empty, because Tsubasa never cooks more than two days' worth and Hideaki never cooks, period. "Are you coming home today? We don't have anything to eat."

"I'll have to swing by the apartment first. There should be some paella left, look in the fridge."

Hideaki obediently opens the fridge again.

"Nope."

Tsubasa clicks his tongue. "I'll try to get home earlier, then. Try to not subsist on beer, order take out or something."

They linger on the line, not saying anything, while Hideaki clicks the coffeemaker into submission, until Tsubasa says, "I have to go," and Hideaki says, "Get home soon," and hears the beeps of the ended call. He thinks about returning some of the missed calls, but talking to his mother will require more energy than he has at eight in the morning, and talking to Tsubasa's mother will inevitably lead to *his* mother calling half an hour later. Akira would call again if anything urgent had come up. Hideaki disables vibration on the phone, opting back to sound calls as one concession to himself, and leaves the messages unread for now.

He opens the door to the studio with his foot, trying not to spill coffee onto the storyboards lying on the carpet. His desk seems to have magically gotten more cluttered than the night before. The new movie is still in the earliest stages, and his directorial debut went well enough, but it wasn't a theatrical release with a cast that almost makes Hideaki want to act in it himself. Were Johnny still alive, he would undoubtedly make some unsubtle comments about Hideaki's responsibility to the agency or maybe offer him a shot of brandy as a sign of everything going well, but he isn't anymore, so Hideaki can worry he's letting everyone down as much as he pleases. Filming won't start until well in December, but large-scale pre-production is already driving Hideaki mad. He likes the script, but half the storyboards need to be redrawn, and part of the movie will take place on Okinawa, so he also has to decide whether it'll be better to move the whole team for a month or have a set built and shoot on location separately.

When Hideaki looks up from the floor, it's to find Tsubasa leaning against the doorway with his hands across his chest, still in his hat and jacket. Hideaki raises a hand in greeting, accompanied by his stomach rumbling. Tsubasa rolls his eyes as Hideaki's smile turns sheepish.

"No take out, I take it?" Tsubasa shrugs his jacket off. He skims the room with a look, but never crosses the threshold. Hideaki suspects pretending this part of the house doesn't exist is the only way Tsubasa can cope with it being a permanent mess.

"No beer." Hideaki says. His knees pop when he stands up. "Welcome home. You're late?"

He has no idea what time it is, and Tsubasa clearly knows it, judging by his snort. "Nice try. You'll have to wait until the rice is ready. I had some curry left in the apartment, so I brought it with me, but we're not eating stale rice."

Hideaki carefully balances the half-finished shotlist of the first act on top of the slates. He nudges Tsubasa with his shoulder to let him close the door and takes off his hat with one hand. When he kisses Tsubasa in the corner of his mouth, Hideaki can feel him smile.

"Kitchen, go." Tsubasa says fondly. "Seriously, you'll get another ulcer. Weren't you supposed to be relaxing?"

"I'm relaxing!" Hideaki protests. "I'm at home, aren't I?"

“Right,” Tsubasa says. He pushes Hideaki in the vague direction of a chair, getting the rice out. “I’ll go get changed. Wash the rice.”

Hideaki runs the water, glances at the clock above the fridge. It’s half past nine, which is - unusually early, to say the least. The gnawing worry eats at him while he mechanically sifts through the rice, until water runs clear and Tsubasa returns from the bedroom in loose yoga pants and a t-shirt.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Hideaki asks. Tsubasa bumps their hips together and takes the rice out of Hideaki’s hands, looks at him from beneath his lashes and flashes Hideaki a sudden, playful smile.

“You haven’t called anyone back, did you?”

“No?”

Tsubasa raises his eyebrows and licks Hideaki’s nose. Hideaki rears back, surprised; it’s rare for Tsubasa to play while he’s cooking.

“So,” Tsubasa drawls, still smiling. He puts the rice into a rice cooker and sets the timer, turning to face Hideaki. “A little bird told me that a pretty big law just passed. I hear it’s been in the works since 2009.”

Tsubasa clearly wants Hideaki to make a connection, but no matter how hard Hideaki searches his memory, he comes up empty. 2009 was a long time ago. He shakes his head.

Tsubasa sighs. “Okay then, I’ll explain in small words. Ready?” He waits for Hideaki’s nod. “Gay people. Allowed to be legally married in other countries. Not in Japan - in other countries. But it’s still legal. It’s legal everywhere it’s legal. You have to apply for a license at a consulate and they will, like, officially recognize it in the States or wherever,” he finishes, never stopping smiling. Hideaki can’t process anything he’s said after ‘legally’.

The rice cooker beeps at them disapprovingly. Tsubasa swats at it, not turning away. Hideaki finally unfreezes.

“No way,” he says.

Tsubasa frowns, his lips turning into a tight line for a second.

“I bought us tickets to Spain,” he informs Hideaki.

“No way!” Hideaki repeats, more heated this time. “We can’t fly to Spain the week that... that! Passes! Everyone will know!”

Tsubasa’s eyebrows reach his hairline. The beeper keeps going off every thirty seconds until Tsubasa opens and slams the rice cooker’s lid shut to stop it.

“If we don’t fly to Spain, everyone will know because I will *tell them*,” he says slowly. Hideaki is sure they are not arguing, because at this point in their lives it would be damn funny to fight about getting married. The whole situation still feels surreal.

He remembers the year the law was brought to consideration. Tsubasa had spent most of it either depressed or abroad, and Hideaki was just starting to establish himself as part of the senior management; they went three months without seeing each other in person, and another month without even talking on the phone. Hideaki had grown quite adept at speed-texting during that spring.

The only thought floating in Hideaki's mind is that Makoto's message makes a lot more sense now.

Tsubasa turns back to the stove, adding the rice into the curry. Hideaki hates arguing with Tsubasa's back. He comes closer, hugging him from behind.

"Stop it, you're distracting me," Tsubasa murmurs. Hideaki answers by puffing air into Tsubasa's ear. They stay like that for a couple more minutes, until the curry is ready, and then Hideaki is given a plate and a stern look, and has to return to the table. He sits down, curling one leg under himself.

"You really want to do it?" Hideaki asks. Turns out he's very hungry, and Tsubasa's cooking is very good; there won't be any curry left for dinner tomorrow. It probably means their tickets are for tomorrow evening, because it's Tsubasa and he Plans These Things.

"I really want to do it," Tsubasa says. He watches Hideaki eat, his chin in his hands and eyes half-lidded. "Do you *not* want to do it?"

That's a double-edged sword of a question; as much as Hideaki knows he can't escape answering it, he tries. "I'm working on a movie."

As he thought, it doesn't fly. "Nice try, Hide-kun." Tsubasa narrows his eyes and suddenly asks, "What did you say when you bought the house?"

"Uh," Hideaki pauses. Tsubasa has certainly told the story enough times in the past year, both on TV and in private, to every person they'd bumped into. "That you've whined about it for the past fifteen years and I thought it would mark your thirty-fifth birthday nicely?"

Tsubasa waves a hand. "Okay, enough with the PG version, what did you really say?"

Hideaki smiles into his curry. Tsubasa's reaction to getting a house was very cute. And involved lots of amazingly enthusiastic sex, which was a large part of Hideaki's motivation in the first place. "That we've been living separately for eighteen years and I'm getting pretty tired of being a glorified booty call," he says obligingly.

Tsubasa still officially lives in the apartment, though these days he only spends time there whenever he's too busy to afford an additional hour of commuting that could be spent sleeping. Johnny had still been alive last October, and Hideaki remembers getting a phone call and listening to a five-minute silent disapproval followed by a heavy sigh and short beeps of a discontinued call.

He rubs his face. They've been talking about it for a while, in uncertain, someday-maybe terms, and Hideaki has slowly spinned his career the way of producing and directing and

being less in the public eye, but the public eye is still very much there. He knows, rationally, that he's being paranoid - there's no way the public will find out they filed for a marriage license, especially if they get it in another country. It still isn't even legal in Japan. Tsubasa joked about it enough in the past five years, and the industry more or less subscribes to a don't-ask-don't-tell policy, at least when it comes to people they interact with regularly.

He finishes his dinner and looks at Tsubasa with a crooked smile. "You're too spoiled for your own good."

"And whose fault is it?" Tsubasa smiles at him and takes his plate to load it into the dishwasher. Hideaki leaves him to it and goes to get ready for bed. No one has called again, despite apparently being in a hurry to congratulate him at five in the morning, which likely has something to do with Tsubasa. Hideaki is just glad he's been spared his sister's teasing.

Both of their suitcases are out in the hallway, with the printed itineraries on top of Tsubasa's. Hideaki picks one up and congratulates himself on being right - their flight is tomorrow night. The flight out is two days later, however. That means Hideaki needs to call Akira, because if he's serious about not wanting the public to find out, it would be wise to not disappear for three days without telling his manager.

Akira picks up on the first ring and says, "Please tell me you haven't bought the tickets to Las Vegas or New York or wherever."

Hideaki grins into the phone. "Wouldn't dream of it."

"I sense a 'but'. I talked to Tsubasa-kun earlier and he told me he'll speak with you on the subject." Akira stops and Hideaki can hear him connecting the dots in his head. Akira's known him since Hideaki was seventeen, has been with him in one capacity or another since twenty-three. "Tsubasa-kun bought the tickets, didn't he." Akira says, defeated.

"If it's any consolation, I'm not sure my input would've had any weight," Hideaki tells him.

"Were you against it?"

"Not really. I mean, Tsubasa's mom has been looking at me funny since we moved in together. Probably wanted me to make an honest man out of Tsubasa for a while now," Hideaki hears Akira cough on the other end and his grin grows wider.

"Since 2004," Tsubasa says, coming from behind and kissing the back of Hideaki's neck. He makes a lazy grab for the phone.

"We had that thing in 2005, though. With the wedding hall."

"My mother," Tsubasa says haughtily, although the corner of his mouth is trying to curl up, "will not be fooled with fake ceremonies. Hi, Akira. I promise I'll return Takizawa in roughly the same condition. He'll even make it to the meeting, it's on Friday, right?"

Hideaki leaves Tsubasa to bargain the terms of borrowing him into Spain, and goes to shower. He's too tired to have actual sex, even with his own hand, but not too tired to think

about it; he strokes his cock a couple of times, but can only get to half-hard.

He falls asleep before he even hits the pillow.

Barcelona in September is pleasant enough. It's still summer, but not the simmery curtain of liquid heat they have in Japan. The cool wind makes Hideaki shiver a bit when they get out of the plane.

While they are waiting to go through passport control Tsubasa chats with a middle-aged couple next to them in line. Hideaki entertains himself by playing a game on his phone. When he looks around, he finds a Japanese girl in her early twenties staring at him. Hideaki winces internally, but holds her gaze for a steady second until her companion tells her something and she turns away.

The usual airport procedures are done and over with in an hour, with only a small hitch when Tsubasa's passport control requires not one, but two customs officers to be called from neighboring stations to help verify Tsubasa before them is indeed the guy whose picture they see in his passport.

Hideaki's been to Barcelona twice, both times with Tsubasa, so he doesn't have the same understanding of the place he has in McCarran. He follows Tsubasa around, reading the signs written in the universal language of airports. Hideaki has only basic understanding of English, but more than half of his active vocabulary is airport-related. When they get to a taxi rank, Hideaki starts to relax. The passengers they've arrived with are long gone, and even though Hideaki sees some Asian faces around, people brush past him without looking. He still doesn't feel completely at ease until the taxi's doors close.

He looks at Tsubasa only to find him already looking back and grins. They've only traveled together a handful of times, but it always gives Hideaki the same exhilaration, the feeling he's free to do anything he wants. Right now he wants to ruffle Tsubasa's hair, so he does that and laughs when Tsubasa ducks his head. The taxi driver asks them something in English to which Tsubasa answers in Spanish. The driver doesn't even look surprised.

Hideaki opens his bag, finds an unassuming black pouch with his ring. He slips it onto his ring finger. It feels tight and foreign, as it always does at first. Hideaki rarely has a chance to wear it.

"Oh, I forgot," Tsubasa says next to him, changing his own ring to his ring finger as well. He has an untanned strip of skin on his index finger, where he usually wears it. "It feels so weird now."

What feels weird, in Hideaki's opinion, is the way the driver's gaze slides right off their wedding rings, like it's nothing to be shocked at, and then the same thing happens at the reception, and no one asks them if they really want a single king. He lingers for a short while until Tsubasa takes his hand and tugs him away. "Come on," he says, "I need a shower."

They take a shower - separately, because Tsubasa is being a tease. "I am not putting out until marriage," and a positively lewd smirk is all Hideaki gets before the bathroom door is closed in his face. Then they're out. Tsubasa seems to know where to go, which is understandable, considering he's been here so often Hideaki's had a serious jealousy episode. Towards a country. That is so less funny than Tsubasa seems to find it.

It turns out their first stop of the day is the Japanese consulate, because they still need that certificate. The passports are enough for any other foreign couple, but the Japanese have to produce a certificate confirming that their country doesn't think it's too troublesome of them to marry someone overseas. The procedure is fairly simple: they say their names to a nice-looking lady at the counter, give her their passports to photocopy, state the reason they want the certificate - Hideaki has trouble pushing the words out, so Tsubasa saves him and says it himself, - and are told to come back in three hours.

"Want to go grab a bite while we wait?" Tsubasa asks. "I know a good family restaurant not far from here."

The place turns out to be an absolute hole in the wall, with people dancing and singing on a crudely put together raised stage. The cooking is divine, so Hideaki gets Tsubasa an extra large serving of salad and steals his beans.

"How do you want to do it?" Hideaki asks between pasta and something vaguely soup-like. "I'm kind of hazy on details. Have you found a church already?"

Tsubasa licks his spoon clean in several long, trained motions. "Churches take time. We can't get stuck here for a month. We're registering with Civil Affairs and they'll give us the license in two days."

"I thought we'd get a quick process and a church."

"Not everywhere is Las Vegas," Tsubasa says.

"We could've had a church in Las Vegas," Hideaki says sadly. They've had this argument on the plane when it occurred to him they had no real need to fly to Spain of all places, so Tsubasa just snorts at him this time.

"I don't really need a church," he says after a pause. "I don't... the ceremony isn't important. Besides, we had that thing in 2005. With the wedding hall."

Hideaki laughs a little. He had meant it as a not-so-serious in-your-face for Yaeko, who'd gotten married that year and teased Hideaki mercilessly about him being such a good wedding planner - too bad that he would never have the chance to plan his own, - but he'd gotten really into it halfway through September, and by October he had been willing to endure his sister if it meant she'd help him choose the catering service. At the time, Hideaki was more than a little scared to find out how much he wanted it to be a real ceremony. He can't remember why.

After they finish eating, Tsubasa waits in front of the tiny toilet in the L-shaped corridor away from people's eyes, and kisses Hideaki while he's still washing his hands, his head turned at

an angle that makes his neck ache. Tsubasa licks into his mouth sloppily, not paying much attention to technique and smiling into the kiss, but Hideaki's not complaining. He startles at a loud crashing noise from the direction of the stage, and bites on Tsubasa's tongue by accident. Tsubasa shoves him for that and laughs.

Hideaki's lips tingle for a minute after.

They get their certificates, little green slips of paper, one for each of them, and Tsubasa tries to navigate the map to find out where the Civil Affairs Registry is located. He gives up with a huff after a while and asks an older man on a bus stop they've stopped at. After exchanging some phrases with rapid-fire speed Tsubasa nods and turns to a woman in a dark blue pantsuit, this time evidently with more luck, because he smiles at her when they finish talking.

"What do you think," Hideaki says when they're sitting in another taxi. "Want to do Aishiteruze T&T again this tour?"

Tsubasa hums. "Yeah, okay. Is there a slot, though? Should we swap something?"

"We can add five minutes." Hideaki watches Tsubasa the way he's rarely allowed to in public. His left hand is in Tsubasa's, so he reaches out with his right to scratch Tsubasa's knee.

Tsubasa giggles.

"My material's going to be so good, Hide-kun. You have no idea."

Hideaki has a vague idea of how embarrassing and very close to the line this material will be, but right at this moment he can't find it in himself to care.

"Whatever. I'm telling everyone you promised Miyabi-chan to marry her when she grows up. Cheater."

Turns out it isn't such a big deal to get married if you're not a fan of all the usual hassle. Hideaki answers some questions at the interview, with both him and the interviewer struggling to understand each other, and then she makes them sign the never-ending sheets of paper printed out in a tiny font. Tsubasa looks nervous for most of it.

Frankly, Hideaki doesn't really feel any different.

"Well, that's done, then," Tsubasa says contemplatively after they are out of the Registry hall.

"Does it mean you will put out now?"

Tsubasa smiles at him and flickers his eyes up and down Hideaki's body in the most obvious way possible. "Depends," he says.

If Hideaki has any say in this, it really, really doesn't.

They decide to take a bus back to the hotel just for kicks, and Tsubasa keeps playing with Hideaki's hand - tugs at his fingers, scratches and makes little circles inside his palm with his

thumb - while he points into one direction or the other and tells Hideaki all about various landmarks and buildings and little stores along the streets. It shouldn't be hot, and it isn't, not in a sexual way. What mostly turns him on is seeing Tsubasa happy. Yeah, he's weird, so sue him. After a while it gets hot and Hideaki untangles his fingers from Tsubasa's. They walk a little too close to each other, their shoulders bumping with each step, and it's nice that Hideaki doesn't need to watch himself. They should definitely do this traveling thing more.

By the time they are back, Hideaki's a little uncomfortable in his jeans. It's been a busy week before his sort-of-vacation, they haven't had much time to even call each other, so most of what Hideaki's seen of Tsubasa was a couple of emails and his new manager popping in with a huge container full of Tsubasa-made food. Yesterday they've been too tired to do anything but sleep, and today they spent most of the day sightseeing and signing official documents, and Hideaki just wants to have sex already.

In a good mood Tsubasa can do the teasing thing for hours, but Hideaki's feeling straightforward tonight, so the first thing he does after they close the door is drag Tsubasa to the bathroom. They have a shower cabin, so they're going to make use of it. He tugs Tsubasa's white t-shirt over his head and leaves him to strip out of the rest of his clothes. When he flings his boxers into the laundry basket Tsubasa's already in the shower, craning his head to catch the water with his mouth.

Hideaki gets in and shuts the glass door after himself.

"So," he says. "Are we married now? It was a little... anticlimactic."

"Till death do us part," Tsubasa agrees, sounding rather flippant about it. "There'll be some more formalities to go through in Japan, but otherwise, yes. We are very married. You should call your mother."

"Till death do us part?" Hideaki asks, feels himself starting to smile.

"Sorry to spring this on you, but you're not getting a divorce," Tsubasa tells him.

Hideaki lets out a short laugh. "Damn, I knew this was a trap." He steps closer to mouth on Tsubasa's shoulder and run his hands down his arms and sides, anything he can reach. Tsubasa arches into his touch and tries to grind his ass on Hideaki's cock. Hideaki turns him a little bit sideways to kiss, which is uncomfortable for both of them, so Tsubasa turns to face Hideaki all the way and steps closer, nibbling on his lower lip. The water between them makes it seem like they aren't that close yet, that they could still be closer. Hideaki's hands are slick on the nape of Tsubasa's neck, there's water in his mouth, running between their lips, and he can't keep his eyes open for long, but he hears the noises Tsubasa's making, feels Tsubasa's cock next to his thigh.

He sits down with his back to the glass door, with one hand on the metallic soap handle, and reaches for Tsubasa with the other. Water hits them both in one side, and Tsubasa says, "Hang on," and starts fidgeting with the dials. Getting water in the face isn't that great a sensation, but on the other hand, Tsubasa's cock is really close, so Hideaki puts up with the uncomfortable and licks a wide stripe of Tsubasa's thigh. He can feel Tsubasa shiver slightly

under his tongue. Hideaki circles closer to his half-hard cock and leaves the soap handle to stroke himself a little.

The water suddenly stops beating Hideaki's face and the thinnest drops come from above.

"Don't stop on my account," Tsubasa says, and, oh yeah, they were doing things.

Since it seems Tsubasa is fine with embracing the straightforward today, Hideaki sucks in the head of his cock without much teasing. He works his tongue for a while, probing and licking, but doesn't start sucking in earnest until Tsubasa bucks his hips impatiently, which is when Hideaki drops his hand from Tsubasa's hip and lets his throat and lips go loose.

Tsubasa's hand is in his hair in a second, scratching and massaging and at the same time Tsubasa starts to slide in deeper, as deep as he would go. The massaging makes Hideaki's throat quiver and he moans, swallows around Tsubasa's cock; Tsubasa tugs at his hair to make him move his head, so Hideaki moves obediently, stroking himself in the same uneven rhythm he's sucking in. They find the balance soon, the slurping, obscene noises Hideaki makes half-hidden by the sounds of running water, and Hideaki's skin feels hotter still because of the shower, until his head starts to spin. He presses his lips together, dragging a moan out of Tsubasa, and pushes his fingers into the crack of Tsubasa's ass, runs his knuckles up and down, waits until Tsubasa spreads his legs as far apart as he can on the slippery wet floor. The steam in the cabin is making it hard for Hideaki to see Tsubasa's face. Hideaki pushes two of his fingers into Tsubasa, not bothering with being cautious, and Tsubasa makes a garbled noise and hunches over, his head almost on Hideaki's. The droplets from his hair hit Hideaki on the nose.

"Good?"

"Yeah," Tsubasa makes a motion as if to swallow, but Hideaki can see him not quite managing. "Though I vote for fucking in bed."

"I don't know," Hideaki says, smirking up at him. He can tease, too. "I'm kind of comfortable here." He drags his fingers out, slowly, and drives them in again, in one motion, as he says it, carefully wraps his teeth around Tsubasa's cock to add almost painful pressure, and takes him in more, and more, until he can feel Tsubasa's balls on his chin. Tsubasa sobs something over him, and Hideaki hums the first chorus line of Yume Monogatari before letting Tsubasa's cock out of his mouth with a pop.

The cool sheets on the bed make Tsubasa hiss and Hideaki laughs.

"Want me to turn up the heat?"

"No. I want you to fuck me into the mattress," Tsubasa rolls his hips under Hideaki, steadying him with one hand, and cups his face with the other. "I've been fantasizing about this, you know. Nights in Spain can get lonely," he stutters a little when Hideaki starts entering him, slower than he had with his fingers, but continues, "And I always have to refuse all those nice people wanting to get my number in bars when I go out to dance."

Hideaki knows that the kind of dancing Tsubasa's talking about is a one-man affair, not the grinding of a club's dance floor, but it still makes his hackles go up. He slams into Tsubasa hard, making him grunt and buck up and grin at Hideaki, the manipulative bastard.

"You'd better not start now," Hideaki says. "You're a married guy. There are consequences."

"I love you so much," Tsubasa tells him, and he's still smiling, but his eyes are serious. Hideaki leans in to kiss him, but he can't quite get the hang of it with the heavy rhythm of sweeping strokes he's setting, and mostly just pants against Tsubasa's mouth. "You can't imagine how much."

Hideaki takes offence on two counts. One, he's sure it's about pretty fucking scary much, because it's the same for him, has been the same for him since he was eighteen. Two, usually at this point Tsubasa stops talking in favor of making more needy noises, so clearly Hideaki is doing something wrong here. He changes the angle a little, leaning more on his left knee, with Tsubasa moving his hips in circles under him, which is enough for Hideaki to lose the higher brain functions. He breathes open-mouthed and tries not to close his eyes, because today he wants to watch Tsubasa fall apart.

He manages spectacularly, even holding off coming until Tsubasa brings himself off, digs his nails roughly into the skin of Tsubasa's thigh. Tsubasa's hand brushes his when he strokes his cock, losing rhythm to sheer pleasure, and finally Tsubasa tenses for a second before coming over his hand. Some of his come lands onto the back of Hideaki's hand, which is what brings him over the edge.

Hideaki rolls onto his side and licks his hand clean. Tsubasa squirms a little after he pulls out, but stays on his back.

"Okay," Hideaki says after a pause. "I'm convinced."

"Yeah? Tell me I'm awesome. I'm the best at the married thing."

Hideaki tosses him the remote so he could watch some of his inane Spanish television. "I'll make you a t-shirt for your birthday."

"Do you want me to get your laptop?" Tsubasa doesn't actually move a muscle in the supposed direction of Hideaki's laptop.

"No way. I'm not working on the script with my brain fucked out of me. Find us a movie or something."

Tsubasa skips through a couple of channels. "Hold on, I think they have Fuji."

It's not that late yet, but Hideaki's comfortable and today really was a busy day. Tomorrow they are going to check out the gothic quarter, and Hideaki's going to take a lot of photos to show their families, and maybe some not so family-friendly for his own archives. He closes his eyes, lulled to sleep by unfamiliar chatter from the TV and Tsubasa's steady pulse under his fingers.

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