

lotus flower bomb

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by [im_on_craic](#)

Summary

Mika is blessed with the gift of the flower crowns, Yuu loves the 'flower sombreros', and somehow Mitsuba is both the villain and hero of the story.

Also there's daddy kink sex at the end.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Mitsuba

Chapter Summary

Mitsuba has a hunch that Yuu enjoys Mika's flower crowns more than Mika does.

Chapter Notes

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

Mitsuba was a girl. She was a girl who enjoyed slicing things in half with her huge, cursed axe and watching stuff ooze out. She was a girl who enjoyed being in charge of shit, and bossing people around like pawns. She was also a girl who enjoyed teasing Yoichi until he became redder than an apple. She was strong and powerful and wielded weapons grown men could never handle, and fought beings ten times stronger than her, and could kick ass any day of the week. She was tough as nails and had no room for slackers, even if it meant she had to work them into shape.

Tough and capable as she might be, Mitsuba was still a girl. And being a girl meant she could take part in as many cutesy hobbies as she wanted to, away from the strict eyes of her military trainers, who believed only the mighty and forceful could succeed. Well, Mitsuba was mighty, and sometimes she was forceful, but weaving together thin flower stems was an activity that required delicate, patient hands. So she would gladly put aside her war engrained tactics in favor of braiding flower crowns for Mikaela. After all, Mikaela was the most beautiful of their bunch, regardless of whatever bloodsucking persona he wanted them to fear.

Maybe it really was his vampiric beauty that made him seem so ethereal and flawless, but it was a real sin for him to shuffle around all angrily like that. According to Yuu, Mikaela had been through a lot with the peer-pressuring vampires, which Mitsuba could totally understand, being forced to follow Aoi's footsteps since the moment she'd popped out of the womb. Still, he was (kind of) liberated now, free from all his vampire-y burdens, and accepted into their familial squad, just like she had been. The least he could do was smile now and then.

This is how it goes:

After many weeks of seeing Mikaela brood around, Mitsuba finally takes action, and asks Yuu why his friend is such a downer. Yuu, bless his cotton socks, launches into a full retelling of Mikaela's life, that Mitsuba theorizes he's planned for about four years now, and has had all that time to perfect it. He goes on and on about how Mikaela was the sunshine of everyone's lives in the orphanage as well as in the underground vampire city. Mika, according to Yuu, has always done his best for everyone to shit rainbows, and smile at anything that breathes oxygen. Of course this reveal seems a little crazy, considering the only time Mitsuba has ever seen Mikaela smile was when he'd straight up kidnapped Yuu from them. She wonders if there are other ways to get Mikaela to brighten up, ways that possibly don't involve their dopey, mutual friend, Yuu.

The idea of giving him flower crowns isn't really something extraordinary, and it's more like a last resort after she realizes she's not really talented at anything besides chopping shit up and weaving stems together. The first trial is kind of a bust when all Mikaela does is inspect the crown. It flies off his head later too, and he doesn't even realize until Yoichi tells him that night. Fail! The second trial goes smoother, and Mitsuba won't even deny she has to indulge in a little spying from behind a rock at the bottom of a hill. Mikaela's doing his usual sparkly, brooding vampire thing on top of said hill, so she decides this time she should give the kid a warning. He seems caught off guard that time, and Mitsuba infers that he'd assumed that she had given him the first crown because he was in the closest proximity when she'd made it. He flounders, looking almost *cute*, dare she say it, before telling her *it's cool, shits cool, Mitsuba can make one, but only if she has the time and doesn't feel pressured, y'know*. His exact words, not hers. So she gets the pre-made crown and comes back, and here's where it gets juicy.

Mikaela's bestest friend in the entire world, who he'd literally die for, is with him, doing the absolute most (as per usual). Mitsuba is almost hesitant to butt in between them, because Yuu looks so crazily in love, and Mikaela's cheeks are just the teensiest shade of pink. But alas, Mitsuba is nothing if not a closeted-gossip. So she ambles up the hill, just in time to see Yuu pull away from where he had been cupping Mikaela's face. She gets there, completes her mission of jamming that crown onto Mikaela's head, and leaves. At this point is when she indulges in the aforementioned ~~stalking~~ spying from behind a rock. She's glad she did so, even if she gets a shitload of teasing from Shinoa afterwards, because she's allowed the rare sight of Mikaela's face figureatively setting itself on fire. Mitsuba deduces Yuu must have said something cheesy, because there's no way Mikaela would ever decide to suddenly rival the sunset like that. She takes her leave then, content with Mikaela's bashfulness, but not satisfied because the introverted asshole *still* hadn't smiled.

The third time is another bust, partly because Kimizuki and Makoto both interrogate her on her nearly lunatic encouragement for Mikaela, in all his flowery glory, to wake Yuu up. Then it's a bust because Mikaela flees Yuu's tent looking embarrassed, and still not smiling, and then it gets even worse when the two childhood friends don't talk for half of the day. Her

campaign is unveiled to the rest of the squad (except Mikaela and Yuu), and she gets teased again for being a nosy teenager, thank you very much, Makoto Narumi, age nineteen. But they all seem to think her idea isn't bad, and even recommend her a few flower patches they'd seen. Mitsuba knew she wasn't surrounded with total idiots.

As much as she wants to continue her mission, Mitsuba finds herself busy all of sudden, as they relocate a few times. That's fine, though, because they've been out here for forever now, and they'll probably have a few more weeks before anything gets interesting again anyway. She can chill.

But of course her period of relaxation is ruined by stupid Yuu and his not-so-secret crush. He comes to Mitsuba after about one week of no flower crowns, begging her for another one. He masks his thirst for Mikaela with concern, raving on and on about how Mikaela treasured those crowns, and had secretly confided how much they had meant to him, and *please, Mitsuba, make Mika another one of those thingies*. Of course Mitsuba has to relent, because she loves her friend, she really does, but Yuu can get ridiculously annoying when he doesn't get his way. So she weaves another flower crown, and, not to brag, it's her best one yet. It's thicker than the rest, and made up of red and yellow blanket flowers. Yuu is over the moon, promising Mitsuba a thousand strawberries, y'know, as soon as he finds a bush of them. She really doesn't need the strawberries, but this is one pretty big solid, so she accepts his payment, before asking when and where Yuu's going to give Mikaela the headpiece, because she ~~absolutely has to~~ kind of wants to see Mikaela's reaction.

And then the craziest plot twist happens. Yuu, the fucker, says he's not telling her! Mitsuba is fuming, and her fingers itch for her axe, because she did not spend an entire half of a day weaving Mikaela a dumb flower crown to not see his reaction. So she settles on cursing Yuu out, calling him dumb and useless, and *how fucking rude*.

And then Yuu mumbles something incoherently, and Mitsuba, in all her pouty rage, demands he speaks up. His cheeks are on fire, and she wonders if he's going to make this a mutual screaming match. Instead, though, he says something about confessing his feelings to Mikaela, because he genuinely likes him, and the flower crowns would help because Mikaela feels super happy whenever she'd gift them to him, and then he tells Mitsuba that confessions are better in private, *gosh, Mitsuba*.

Mitsuba was shook.

Chapter End Notes

i was gonna make this one long fic but i liked the idea of chapters better

Yuu

Chapter Summary

Yuu doesn't really know what the point of the flower sombrero is, but he loves seeing Mika wear it.

Chapter Notes

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

Yuuichirou knows he can be dramatic. He knows not only because his squad is always teasing him about it, but because the most dramatic person *he* knows has also told Yuu he's dramatic. To be fair, Mikaela isn't as dramatic as he'd been when they were kids, and he can probably attribute that to his horrible experience in Sanguinem, but let the records show that Yuu developed his own flair for the dramatics from Mika himself. Of course, when he tells the squad this, no one believes him. What's more, they laugh at him, those traitors! The idea of their beautifully stoic vampire companion being that thrilling of a person is unbelievable apparently, something Mika actually laughs about when they're alone. Even he, the villain himself, knows he was Yuu's greatest influencer.

So, yeah, Yuu is dramatic, Mika is apparently not, blah blah blah. Truthfully, Yuu can't be dramatic unless Mika is in his general vicinity. In part because Mika's subtle reactions fuel him, and because most of his over-the-top comments are towards or about Mika. And Yuu's entire life purpose is to please Mika, honestly. He's glowing when Mika drops the formal speech around their friends, ecstatic when Mika begins trusting them, and over-the-damn-moon when Mika confides in Yuu that he's happy with them.

Of course, Yuu can't take all the credit for Mika's new family, even though he's kind of selfish when it comes to Mika, and low-key wants to to accept the glory. But he knows Mika wouldn't be as comfortable as he is now without Makoto's blunt truthfulness, or Yoichi's unfaltering kindness, or all the other stuff the squad has done for Mika to show him he belonged. The latest of these being those darn flower circle thingies Mitsuba had made for Mika.

Yuu. Loves. Those.

For starters, Mika becomes drunk on glee whenever Mitsuba gives him one, and radiates waves of happiness all over the place. He hardly rests at night, partly because there's no need for him to anymore, and also because he doesn't mind keeping vigil over their campsite. But when he does shuffle into Yuu's tent on nights when Makoto wants to assume total control, he blabbers on and on about the flower headbands Mitsuba gives him. He keeps one for three days, until the flowers begin to wilt and the braided structure is flimsy and weak. But he needn't worry too long, because Mitsuba, the goddess she is, graces Mika with yet another flower hat!

God, did Yuu love those flower hats. He's still not sure what the exact name for that thing is, or what its true purpose is for, but he does know that his Mika, who isn't officially his Mika, looks grand with all those flowers in his beautifully blonde hair. They suit him well, and, for some reason, Yuu gets a tingly feeling in his lower abdomen watching Mika flounce around like that. He says flounce, because Mika cannot, for the life of him, do anything other than flounce with those cute leaves on his head. He had watched Makoto and Mika get into a very tiny squabble over who would stay guard that night, Makoto arguing that Mika needed to at least close his eyes and breathe for a second. Mika had disagreed and had given Makoto one of his steely blue glares—only for Makoto to muffle a snort behind his gloved palm at the sight of Mika in all his woodland fairy glory. In conclusion, Mika could be as mean as he want and brood-stomp around as much as he wanted but his efforts were wasted because of that flowery hair holder. The flouncing lived on.

Just as Yuu is becoming used to Mika in his flower child form, another apocalypse hits—or so he tells Shinoa. Of course, he gets scolded for his dramatics, because Shinoa had genuinely feared for her life when Yuu had used that as his opening line. But it's true! This apocalypse destroys all the pretty flowers wherever they go, murders Mitsuba's interest in making those flower headbands, and ultimately brings a sad pang to Mika's heart. Yuu cannot stand by and let this atrocity ruin his life again.

He corners Mitsuba as best as he can in a grassy field. She's practicing her swordsmanship, which means swinging her axe around like a madman. Yuu debates the chances of her giving him a good whacking, before pushing on, as he cannot let Mika continue on in his secret mope. Mitsuba, that poor uninspired artist, gives in surprisingly easily. So Yuu succeeds in persuading the fairy godmother, accepts the magical spell-breaking tools, and then ploughs through to help his distressed prince!

Except, Yuu falters. And he can't believe himself for becoming a weenie at the very last second! Weak! Despicable!

They had been standing near the remains of an old, abandoned building. It was just the two of them, scoping out the area, while the rest of the squad went into town for more food. The original plan had been to all go into town, but had been quickly booted when Mika quietly reminded them that he had y'know, fangs, and what not. Yoichi, bless his cotton socks, had simply suggested Mika pretend to be mute, which earned a face palm from Makoto, pointing out the undoubtedly crimson vampire gaze of Mika's. The next plan was for Mika to stay and guard their camp, and that didn't fair well either. Yuu had jumped at the fact that they'd be leaving Mika out, and Kimizuki had huffed that if Yuu was so worried, he could stay too, *damnit!*

So Yuu stayed to dawdle around with Mika, who suggested they check the building near their site to see if it was suitable to stay in. They were alone in the empty frame of the building, quietly wandering from room to room. Yuu had caught sight of grass tufts growing between the cracks of the cement, and recalled the flower circle thing hidden in his tent. He came to the dawning realization that now was the perfect time! He and Mika were alone, so he could present Mika with the flower sombrero and confess his undying love and they'd be happy for all time! He mentally praised himself for such a genius idea.

When they were satisfied with the place, they headed back to their campsite. Mika sat down on a rock the moment they arrived, twiddling with a pocket watch in his hands. This gave Yuu the perfect opportunity to scamper into his tent, retrieve the thing, and come back out. "Mika," he called when he emerged, fingers gently holding the braided stems. Mika hummed, whirling around to face Yuu, blonde waves gracefully falling around his face.

Yuu blames Mika entirely for his sudden weenie transformation. If he hadn't gone and turned around all beautiful like that, maybe Yuu wouldn't have mentally choked. But of course Mika had to go and prove that he was the most marvelous creature to grace the planet for the millionth time. So, Yuu froze. Mika had obviously seen the flower headgear in his hands, ruby eyes blowing uncharacteristically wide as he zipped into Yuu's personal space faster than lightning, breathing, "is that for me?" He looked preposterously childlike in that moment, eyes twinkling in the daylight.

Yuu drawled a long *uhhh*, absolutely captured by Mika's wine colored gaze. Mika did not relent, leaning impossibly closer. "Did Mitsuba-chan make that? It's really pretty; those flowers look really healthy, and the stems look perfectly braided," he chattered. Yuu could see the way Mika's fingers itched to touch it, but, alas, he was a gentleman and wouldn't snatch it from Yuu's hands until Yuu gave him the all clear.

Of course, with Mika's breath fanning across his face, the heat of his close body, and the expression of utter delight, Yuu panicked. He recoiled for half a second, then surged forward, plopping the crown down onto Mika's golden hair, and leaned back again. "I asked Mitsuba to make you this because I thought you looked kinda sad that she wasn't making them for you anymore, and she said it was okay, and she made it and I picked the flowers because I thought you'd like them, because I really really like you, and I hate seeing you sad, so you can have it, because I think you look really nice in that flower hat," he rambled, cheeks slowly flushing darker with each word that left his mouth.

Mika blinked.

Yuu's heart has been thudding a hundred beats per minute, waiting to gauge whatever reaction Mika might have towards his messy confession. Of course, he had kind of been hoping Mika would profess his love back. They'd been friends for a good while, and Yuu considered himself very qualified in the art of reading Mika's expressions. He had developed a teensy theory that *maybe* Mika harbored the same feelings for Yuu, but he wasn't one hundred percent sure.

Even if Mika hadn't reciprocated his feelings, Yuu had already prepared himself for that. Most likely, Mika would want to remain just friends, but he'd say it in the nicest way possible, telling Yuu that they're best friends for life. Yuu will nod, say he totally gets where Mika is coming from, and they'd continue being bros for life. Mika, who would be appreciating Yuu's dedication to dropping his unrequited feelings, will be content. Yuu, however, would suffer with the unstoppable heart ache that comes with refuting one's love.

Whatever Yuu had been expecting was certainly not the cute little snort that leaves Mika's lips. Yuu was bewildered, like a deer caught in headlights, the more Mika continued to laugh. He had admired his friend for being tough as nails, unrelenting, and strong-willed. Of course, he had also always considered Mika to be beautiful, handsome, magnificent. Beside himself with laughter, Mika seemed *cute*.

"*Flower hat*," Mika repeated, shoulders softly shaking.

Slowly, Yuu's frightened expression had melted off his face, replaced with a somewhat bashful smile. One of Mika's gloved hands went up to muffle his chuckles, while the other surged forward to catch Yuu's palm in his own. Mika giggled and giggled until the rest of the squad had shown up, all in similar states of bewilderment at the sight of their vampy friend

tittering like a schoolgirl. They raised confused eyebrows at Yuu, who simply waved them off with the hand that wasn't currently tangled with Mika's.

Mika laughed for a good while after that, eyes glistening with tears. Somewhere along the lines, he had stepped intimately closer to Yuu, so close that his blonde tips had tickled Yuu's cheeks when he leaned forward with another laugh. At one point, Mika had glanced over to where Mitsuba was checking off their food supply, voice feathery soft as he called out, "*Mi-chan, he called them flower hats,*" before being consumed in another wave of his cute giggles. Mitsuba, who was initially startled by the affectionate nickname, snorted too, and had rolled her eyes at Yuu.

His laughter doesn't really die down until Yuu and the rest of the squad are moving their materials from the campsite over into the building they'd explored earlier. And it's not until Yuu is making the last trip from the site to the building does Mika stop him, taking a bag off his hands. After a moment, he leans over pressing the lightest of kisses to Yuu's cheeks, and mumbling, "I really really like you too, Yuu-chan."

Chapter End Notes

should the next chapter b another mitsuba recap or the smut lol

Mitsuba

Chapter Summary

Mitsuba had two objectives in life:

1. get fifties, pet kitties, suck titties.
2. for Mika to #GetDickedDown

Chapter Notes

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

Mitsuba had not spent the better part of three weeks carefully analyzing their vampire friend Mikaela. No, sir, she certainly did not. She merely watched him from a distance to get a feel for what excited him, what made him tick, and what made that stony boy smile. Truthfully, she was doing this to sate her busybody tendencies, because Kimizuki had already chased her off when she became too talkative during their swordsmanship training, and because Makoto had rudely expelled her from being in a ten foot radius when he cooked, and even Yoichi had kindly shooed her away when she began bothering him during his free time. The only one left to bother was Shinoa, and they usually ended up naked someday or the other. Ho ho ho.

So after being banned from fraternizing with the boys *by the boys*, she had settled on annoying Mikaela, and her plan had gradually stemmed from there. Mikaela was a quiet presence, who barely showcased his emotions. He let her train with him, an activity she had loathed at first. Not to sound conceited, but frankly, it was easy to beat most of the people in their squad in a duel. The only ones she really struggled with were Makoto, because he was an old man with more experience, and Yuu in demon form, because, y'know. She'd been training in the Extermination Unit since she was thirteen for a reason.

But training with Mikaela was completely different. For starters, he was a vampire with crazy fast speed, and her first few sparring sessions with him had her swinging her axe around at the empty air. Another reason it was loathsome, was because even if she did manage to land a hit, Mikaela was crazy strong too, and he deflected her attacks as if they were toothpicks. So she'd given up for a while. That is until she'd sparred with Makoto again, and found herself having the upper hand the majority of the match. Not only had her training with Mikaela heightened her senses, but it had also made her used to fighting a stronger opponent. And if beating Makoto's ass was the result, then Mitsuba was grateful as fuck.

By the end of the whole flower crown fiasco, she was certain of three things.

1. Mikaela was as crazily in love with Yuu as Yuu was with him, if the heart eyes he wore whenever Yuu was in a thirty foot radius were any indicator.
2. Mikaela preferred being called Mika by his friends, a confession he had quietly shared with her after receiving his fifth flower crown.
3. Mika really, really liked flower crowns.

She wondered if his infatuation with the blossom circlets really ran that deep, or if there were other factors that made him like the accessory. Nonetheless, she continued crafting them for him, switching up the styles as much as one could. At one point, she had sat him down in their abandoned building and had measured the crown of his head with a vine for future sizing reference. Mika had been relatively quiet the entire time, but she hadn't missed the way his legs swung back and forth like an excited child. She knew his true form, that of an over-enthusiastic kid. She had been doing most of the talking, with him humming along and giving short inputs here and there. His shyness stretched on, until Mitsuba had mentioned that loser, Yuu.

It was like a damn broke, and Mika chattered on and on about his Yuu-chan, and how he'd been doing with his demon half, and that they were closer than ever now after Yuu's, y'know (his cheeks were as red as his eyes here!), and Yuu had tried making a flower crown the other day, but had messed up so bad. For a second, Mitsuba didn't know what to say, because that had undoubtedly been the most Mika had ever said outside of a conversation regarding their next course of action. She quickly recovered, though, because watching her friend animatedly talk was like a breath of fresh air.

And, of course, Mitsuba's teenage girl self had to reemerge her nosy habit in that moment, prodding on about the more personal aspects of he and Yuu's relationship. Mika had, unsurprisingly, crawled into his metaphorical shell again then, and, much to her amusement, became a stuttering mess. He had admitted a few details, like yes, they've kissed, yes, Yuu is a little more brave in private, etc etc. Mitsuba was evil, a fact that wasn't really a secret, and the sight of their normally composed friend falling to pieces at her hands made her snigger.

"Have you guys done it yet?" She had teased from her position across from him. He was separating the bunches of grass and leaves and flowers that they'd amassed earlier (with the help of Yuu, of course), and she had been braiding another flower crown for him. Mika had instantly stilled, gloved hands pinching a flower blossom a little too tightly. Mitsuba's inner

witch had *cackled* at his startled expression, briefly loosing her balance, and almost toppling backwards. "Kidding, I'm kidding," she wheezed.

They had fallen into another silence after that, Mitsuba humming some tune she knew from back home, while Mika continued to sort the bunches into piles. After a while, he had muttered, "does Yuu-chan talk about that?" And the witch returned!

"Well," she had said, conspiratorially glancing around the empty building to see if anyone else was around. This seemed to further confuse Mika, but somehow also further intrigue him, and he had leaned unnecessarily close to hear in on Mitsuba's gossip. She had to hold back the wicked Cheshire smile she so desperately wanted to flaunt. "One time, we were having a team bonding thing, right?" Mika gives an unsure nod. "And we were talking about all kinds of teenage things, y'know," she continued, waving a hand around nonchalantly, "relationships, drinking, *sex*."

Mika's cheeks had tinted, only fueling her on. "And we went around talking about the best sex we ever had, the usual, yada yada yada," she added, turning her attention back to the flower crown. "I think Yuu said he'd never had sex before," she admitted, letting the silence stretch out just the right amount of time, before blurting out, "but wait!" Mika visibly started at her outburst, seeming almost unsure if he wanted to learn the next bit. Mitsuba had to mentally prepare herself, before leaning in and adding in a know-it-all whisper, "I think he said he liked to be called daddy."

Mika had honest-to-god choked when the words left her mouth, and his crimson red eyes had gone as wide as saucers. Much to her amusement, he'd cried, "he likes *what now?*" Before his eyes had fallen back down to the pile of flowers in front of him, still wide and unbelieving. Mitsuba had snorted *like a pig* the more and more frightened he became, until her laughter made his cheeks red, and he pouted at her embarrassedly.

Mitsuba was forever going to be disappointed that there had been no one else in their hideout except for her and Mika that day, because no one would believe her if she claimed that Mika had choked at the idea of his boyfriend being that kinky shit

get ready for this next chapter y'all

Mika

Chapter Summary

Mika catches Yuu sneaking out in the middle of the night and goes to investigate. The flower crown loses its importance somewhere along the way.

Chapter Notes

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

Before he became a vampire, Mika liked to consider sleep a very crucial part to his life. As is with most living beings, he couldn't function without resting for at least three hours. Of course now that he'd been transformed into a vampire, catching a few z's became difficult, as he found he didn't need to sleep anymore to survive, relying on blood for anything and everything. But he would still remember his and Yuu's days in Sanguinem, busily moving from task to task to remain as low-key as possible. Not only was he tired from completing his chores, he was also physically drained from the mandatory blood donations the children had to do. He had found himself sleeping a lot, sometimes with his siblings and sometimes not.

However, he guesses its the last of his humanity kicking in when he does manage to doze off now and then. In fact, he found himself dozing off whenever he was left alone. Yuu and the rest of the squad would often indulge in strength-training, battling each other until one eventually tapped out. So whenever Mika couldn't stay glued to his lover's side, he'd wander into the depths of their current refuge and promptly fall asleep. He was lucky that the only person who'd caught him in his comatose state was Yuu, because he had an inkling that the squad wouldn't be as trusting of him if they found out he'd accidentally fallen asleep a few times while keeping guard at night.

Yuu guarded his secret with his life, which Mika didn't really understand, because it wasn't like what he was doing was wrong. He was *sleeping*, for god-sake, not invading their privacy while they slept. Nonetheless, he appreciated Yuu's efforts to protect whatever it was he was protecting.

Anyway, Mika's tiny naps and his arduous battle with himself to stay awake is actually how he catches Yuu sneaking out in the middle of the night. The first time, Mika's nearly asleep, eyes struggling to stay open, and he's almost enveloped by a wave of slumber, when he hears the shuffling of a blanket. He ignores it for the most part, because the humans are always weirdly moving in their sleep anyway. He'd watched Yoichi's leg kick unconsciously into the

air for fifteen minutes once. He also caught Shinoa sitting up a few times, had had a heart attack when he'd realized she was still asleep, before realizing the little shit was sleep ~~moving?~~ walking. He'd had to change his usual slump against the building wall to a position closer to her to prevent her from trying to leave in her trance.

But back to the real issue at hand. Yuu. Sneaking out. Mika had ignored the first time, which had seemed like a one time occurrence, like his boyfriend had suddenly had the urge to piss during the night. But then it happens again, six days later. He's nearly asleep, jolting himself awake every few seconds, before he decides, *fuck it*, no one will know. Except someone shuffles in their sleep again, and Mika, through half-lidded eyelids, sees Yuu sit up. He's stupid, though, and writes it off as another midnight bathroom break, before shutting himself off.

Plot twist, it happens again the night right after Yuu's second offense! This time, Mika is not actually asleep, but is actually resting his eyes, thank you very much, when he picks up the sound of Yuu shuffling, followed by the sneaky footsteps that slowly fade. And now he knows it's not a simple potty break, because Yuu knows better than to fuck up his sleep schedule for a piss. So, Mika, being the absolute worrywart he is, stumbles out after him.

For a moment, Mika's heart had caught in his throat when he hadn't seen Yuu outside right away. He'd staggered around like a fool, eyes flickering across the grassy field like a madman. His woes had been settled when he caught sight of an inky tuft of hair peeking over a dip in the rolling hills. He'd rushed over, stopping a few feet away from where Yuu's body lay on the side of one of the hills. Of course, he just had to lay on the side facing away from the building they'd emerged from, making Mika's life all the more difficult.

Contrary to popular belief, Yuu was not dying or being possessed or crying or anything. He was just laying there, in the open field, at two in the morning. Wonderful. He sighs, moving quieter and more relaxed now, catching sight of Yuu's entire being. Yuu had been laying on his back, onyx hair spread around his head in a pool of black. His legs stretched out in front of him, one arm beside him, and the other just above his abdomen. He'd looked so peaceful in that moment, like he'd been sleeping on a cloud, that it took Mika a solid minute to realize his arm wasn't on his stomach just for comfy purposes.

The instant a soft grunt had left Yuu's lips, Mika had frozen. Yuu shifted more restlessly this time, and a quick glance south gave Mika the dawning realization that his hand was palming at his crotch. Yuu's skin had been glowing in the moonlight, the bright, white rays shining beautifully on his slightly olive-toned complexion. Mika didn't know what to do.

He knew Yuu was attractive, *hello*, he had been arguing this case to Akane since they were, like, ten. But Yuu had always seemed a little unreal to Mika, both then and now. He had been extraordinarily strong as a pre-teen, carrying two of their younger siblings at once, and being assigned to the more laborious of tasks back in the vampire city. Of course, Mika was strong too, but, to be fair, the majority of his brute strength came from a diabolical transformation when he was twelve. Sure, he was powerful enough to beat Yuu up when they were eight, but Yuu had grown from then to their days in Sanguinem. And then, he had grown again from Sanguinem until now. Not only had he filled out quiet nicely, his face had also transitioned into an older, gruffer version of himself. Obviously, Yuu would have been the star of a lot of fantasies, both then and now. But still! The sight of his Yuu rolling into his own palm languidly sent a shiver down Mika's spine. He'd blurted out, "Yuu-chan?" in an almost scandalized voice, as if he'd caught Yuu performing a grave sin. Technically, he was, but Mika shouldn't really say anything considering that god had no room for blood-leeching monsters like him.

Yuu had given an obscene roll of the hips when he'd heard Mika's voice, but stilled right after, cheeks flushing in embarrassment rather than exertion. He'd sat up at full-speed, turning his body to face Mika's shellshocked expression. "Mika," he nervously said, awkwardly shifting his legs back and forth as if he was mentally willing his hard-on to go away. His eyes had been wild as they flickered from Mika to the distant building behind him. "Uh, what are you doing here?" He'd questioned, almost appearing insulted that Mika was out here. Well, excuse him! If anyone should feel insulted, it had to be Mika, who had just caught his boyfriend jacking off without him!

The thought had seemed better-worded before, but Mika still felt scandalized at having the tables turned on him so suddenly. "I heard you leave, so I came to check up on you," he had calmly replied, jaw clenching when Yuu squirmed yet again. Yuu nodded. Mika had turned his gaze away then, partly because it was awkward and also because he didn't want Yuu to see his flaming cheeks. "What are *you* doing here?" He threw the question back, feeling a twinge of pride at turning the tables back in his favor.

Yuu stilled, and for a moment the only sound they'd heard was the blowing of the night breeze against the grass. Slowly, he had offered Mika a bashful smile, ruffling his hair with one gloved hand. "Eh, well," he'd murmured, glancing up at Mika with those mossy eyes of his. The longer he'd stared at Mika, the more noticeable his dilated pupils became, and the idea of his darling being this entranced with him made Mika's heart beat ten times faster than any intense battle ever could. Yuu'd lost his train of thought until Mika urged him on with raised eyebrows. "Y'know," he'd continued, "had to take care of stuff."

Mika had murmured a soft *oh*, feeling himself getting more and more enchanted by Yuu. Yuu had stared up at him with a desperate gaze, and Mika was reminded of the bulging tent in Yuu's trousers, eyes momentarily flickering downwards. As if also remembering his previous activities, Yuu had sucked in a tight breath, snapping his gaze away from Mika's. "Go back inside, Mika," he'd then hissed through clenched teeth.

"What?" Mika blinked, his earlier adoration fading into worry. "But, you can't be out here by yourself at night! What if something happened to you?" He argued, the limitless possibilities rushing through his head. Yuu sighed, seeming almost stressed. Mika took a step closer, reaching a hand out. "Yuu-chan—"

"Mika," Yuu sighed, and it wasn't stressed at all. It could have been the opposite of stressed, really, because the tone in which Yuu had said his name sent shivers down his spine, and successfully managed to stop whatever worried rant Mika had been ready to spew. "Mika," Yuu repeated, legs languidly shifting until they were spread just the slightest. Mika gulped, his breath faltering when Yuu tilted his head, and caught his gaze. "You look so fucking pretty," he breathed.

"W-What?" Mika stuttered, the pounding in his chest multiplying the more Yuu moved.

Yuu's hand was on his own crotch again, and Mika was completely entranced at the sight. "Mika," Yuu murmured, very obviously checking Mika out from head to toe. His eyes lingered once on his chest, and then again at his hair. Mika reached a trembling hand up, only to be met with the thick braid of the flower crown Mitsuba had woven earlier that day. Yuu's hand was pushing down against his already strained erection, and the longer Mika looked at him, it seemed, the more wound up he became. "Are you going back inside?" Yuu struggled to say, eyes squeezing shut for just a moment. Mika hesitated, before giving a cautious shake of the head. Yuu seemed to bask in that answer, eyes blowing impossibly wider, before he stuttered out, "let me just look at ya, love."

Mika had quivered at the words, gave Yuu a rushed nod, before he'd stumbled closer until he was sat beside Yuu. Later, he guessed his unsure actions were what had initially made Yuu hesitant to touch him. But in that moment, he'd felt absolutely wonderful. His lover had stretched a hand forward, cradling Mika's face in his hand with the gentlest of caresses, the other working a steady pace at his clothed cock.

And Yuu had looked beautiful beside him, lips swollen a nice, rosy color the more and more he bit at them. His jacket was popped open at the collar, an unusual sight for Yuu, who had always tried his best to dress as neatly as he could. The bronzed skin of his neck was exposed to the night breeze, and the sight of the taut stretch of skin made Mika's abdomen tighten in excitement. Mika couldn't stop himself from reaching a hand out to brush his gloved fingertips across the skin that practically begged for Mika to ruin it with bruises.

Yuu's half-lidded eyes had blinked open, leveling Mika with a coy smirk. "Feel free to touch as much as you want," he'd purred, shifting intimately closer to Mika. Mika had forcibly held back a moan, and, before he could process his actions, he was surging forward, pinning Yuu down between the grass and Mika's body. He straddled his lover half as he was desperate to kiss Yuu. Yuu kissed back gently, which was the complete opposite of Mika's fervent kisses. After a slight struggle, Yuu had wrestled his hand out from where Mika had caged it in, gliding his hand over Mika's side to rest at the underside of his thigh. He tugged Mika closer, and the shift grazed Yuu's swollen cock against the curve of Mika's ass.

Mika had moaned into their kiss, and Yuu savored every second of it, pressing kisses to Mika's bottom lip when his mouth had dropped open. "God, you're beautiful, love," Yuu praised, his hands meeting on Mika's ass, pulling his cheeks apart as best as he could over Mika's vampire uniform. Mika trembled, shifting back to feel the hard press of Yuu's dick again, bringing pleased groans to both boys.

"Yuu-chan," he'd breathed against Yuu's neck, one hand pressed into the juncture where Yuu's shoulder and neck met, the other cupping Yuu's face. Yuu had hummed into his hair, nose bumping into his flower crown and drowning in the heavenly scent. "What were you thinking about?" He'd asked, giving a slow roll of his hips back into Yuu's palms, and bathing in the quiet gasp Yuu gave in return. "What'd you think about before?"

Yuu had chuckled, low and husky into his ear, hands traveling in opposite directions. One snuck up to loop into Mika's belt loops, and the other slid down to dip his fingers into the very end of his thigh high boots. "You," he honestly replied, giving an unexpected thrust up into Mika's parted legs. Mika cried out, pressing himself almost impossibly closer, sucking and biting at Yuu's neck with no mercy. Yuu huffed out what sounded like another laugh, the hand that had previously rested on Mika's lower back sliding all the way up until his fingers carded through Mika's blonde locks, occasionally snagging his floral headpiece. "I think about you all the time, Mika," he confessed, and suddenly, their positions were flipped, and Mika found himself staring up at the twinkling light in Yuu's eyes.

"Mika," Yuu sighed, lips debauched from Mika's needy kisses. "I wanna feel every part of you." His fingers wandered over Mika's abdomen, all the way up until he unclasped the cape from around Mika's neck. He was swift to undo the buttons of his uniform jacket, manhandling him out of the stiff material, until the only top Mika was wearing was the flimsy black button up. He was quick to open that up too, until the moonlit rays shone on Mika's milky skin. "Fuck," Yuu breathed down at him, making a move to touch Mika, until he realized his fingers were still covered in white gloves. Yuu had seemed agitated at the cloth keeping him from feeling Mika, and Mika had watched him bite down on his pointer finger, before roughly tugging the glove off with his teeth, his other hand fidgeting with his collar.

"Yuu-chan," Mika had murmured, reaching his own shaky hands out to undress Yuu. The gesture had instantly calmed Yuu, who had taken his remaining glove off with more tranquility than he had had just moments before. Once both gloves were off, he assisted Mika in the duty of tugging off his thigh-highs. With each tug of his boots, Mika noted that Yuu became more and more eager to run his hands over his legs, caressing his thighs apart gently. Before he could register what was happening, Yuu fumbled with the latch on Mika's belt. Mika's breath hitched in his throat when Yuu moved again, this time positioning himself lower.

Yuu pressed a steady stream of kisses from the even plane of Mika's chest, traveling between his ribs, and all the way down to the patch of unruly hair right above his cock. Mika quivered the whole way through, one gloved hand pressed over his mouth, the other hovering uselessly in the air. Yuu tugged at his pants, encouraging Mika to lift his hips as he slide them down his thighs, until Mika was mostly naked. The only clothing that clung to his skin were his open black shirt, his gloves, and his socks. Yuu made quick work of discarding Mika's gloves, tangling one hand together with his own.

Yuu's earlier idea to simply unbutton Mika's cape and leave it beneath him proved to help them in the long run. Mika's whole backside remained shielded from the itchy grass below, something Mika would be eternally grateful for. Mika's brief appreciation for the cape was overshadowed by the sudden fingers Yuu shoved into his mouth. Mika gave a surprised grunt, eyes wide, before he settled on sucking Yuu's digits in, tongue swirling around. His mouth suddenly seemed like it was producing too much saliva, and, along with the generous coating on Yuu's fingers, saliva leaked from the corners of his mouth, running in thin, sticky trails down to his chin. Yuu was quick to lap it up, licking and kissing Mika as if he was a lollipop. Mika couldn't complain, though, because every kiss Yuu gave him left Mika relishing in the searing pleasure.

"Alright," Yuu huffed, reluctantly pulling his fingers out of Mika's hot, hot mouth. They left his lips with an audible pop, and Mika groaned when Yuu pushed his erection into him. Speaking of Yuu's wood, Mika suddenly become frustrated with the fact his boyfriend still

had his clothes on! It was unfair for him to be all naked under the moon like this, while all Yuu had done was take off his gloves. Not standing for it any longer, Mika surged forward, unbuttoning Yuu's coat, then his white button up, before pushing them off Yuu's shoulders together. Yuu shrugged the clothing off easily, and Mika was left with the sight of his muscly boyfriend in the moonlight. In a final act of confidence, he reached out for Yuu's belt, unlatching the leather from the metal buckle, and pulling Yuu's pants and underwear down. Mika squirmed at the sight, reaching a hand down to his own throbbing member to relieve himself.

Before he could give himself the pleasure he deserved, Yuu stopped him, pinning one hand down onto the grass beside them. At first, Mika had been confused as to why Yuu hadn't pinned both hands down. But the minute Yuu's fingers rubbed up against his hole, he was gone, back arching up with an incredible curve. He could feel Yuu smirk against his thighs, where he had been pressing kiss after kiss onto the soft skin. "Yuu-chan," he'd sobbed when Yuu finally indulged him, sliding two, wet fingers deep into Mika. The proceeding squelching sounds that filled the night air were obscene, and Mika felt so dirty getting fingered by his boyfriend out in the open, where they'd so easily get caught. Of course, his short-lived worry was replaced with undeniable bliss when Yuu slid another finger into his ass.

"M-More," he found himself begging, legs spreading open until he felt them strain. His earlier conversation with Mitsuba had popped into mind at that time. He cursed himself, why, why now of all times. He'd felt incredibly guilty thinking of someone else while his boyfriend was three fingers—wait, was that another one?—deep inside him. But his guilt was replaced by another flush when he so clearly remembered Mitsuba's teasing voice, spilling all of Yuu's secrets. *I think he said he liked to be called daddy.* The last word echoed in his head over and over, faster and faster, squeakier, until Mika was squeezing his eyes shut tightly, and crying out, "daddy."

Yuu had stilled at the name.

Mika's heart thumped a hundred beats per minute, eyes fluttering open to see his Yuu towering over him. A wave of anxiety washed over Mika, and he found himself starting to pull away, or was that Yuu pulling his fingers out? Either way, his heart clenched, and his eyes stung with every second that ticked by. He was about ready to apologize to Yuu, and play it off, and secretly mourn the loss of any future sexy times, even though this was barely their first.

But Yuu wouldn't let him go any further than the centimeter Mika had already moved, hands latching onto Mika's hips with a new found passion, and he pulled Mika close, until Yuu's leaking member slid up the crack of Mika's ass. He growled, "say it again, Mika, say it again," into Mika's ear, voice deep and rough. Mika panted, one hand clutching desperately at Yuu's bicep, the other clasped behind Yuu's neck.

"D-Daddy," he repeated, cheeks crimson all over again. Yuu groaned, lips departing from Mika's ear, only to attack again at full-force. This time, his nipples were the victim, and he found himself a mewling mess with each bite and tug Yuu gave him. "Daddy," he repeated, hand sliding up to burrow into Yuu's hair. "*Daddy*," he sobbed, tugging at Yuu's obsidian locks, "fuck me, please!" Yuu complied without further prompting, pulling away from Mika's chest so he could get a better view of his own cock. He grabbed it with one hand, and Mika *marveled* at the sight of Yuu's large hand wrapped around his equally as large cock. He prodded at Mika's insides, and Mika gave an unintentional squeeze. Yuu groaned, before giving a small push in.

Mika had heard many stories from the vampires back in Sanguinem about the pain of sex. He'd been graphically described the sharp pain that made most hate the act, and the gratifying feeling that followed for those who stuck around long enough. Mika felt the pain, and contrary to the horrid sensation his acquaintances had described, Mika *loved it*. The sharp shock that shot up his spine made him feel human again, reminded him that he could feel other pains and not just those that came from bloodlust. It felt so good, and he told Yuu as much, whines and moans trickling out from between his lips.

"Fuck," Yuu groaned, staring down at him. Mika vaguely registered the fact that they weren't pressed together anymore. Yuu had leaned to kneel so he could get a better angle into the depths of Mika, leaving Mika cold and touch starved. He took the chance to reach a hand up to trail over Yuu's body, trembling fingers tracing down the ridges of Yuu's abs, which where as rock-hard as the cock he was pounding into him. Yuu shivered when Mika run a finger back up and over his nipple.

A delightful pink bud blossomed under the tips of Mika's fingers, a scene which Mika enjoyed so much, that he had to see it again on Yuu's other nipple. This brought another stream of curses from Yuu. "You're so fucking beautiful," he sighed between thrusts, one hand holding the underside of Mika's knee up into the air, while the other squeezed painfully tight around Mika's thigh to do the same. "Like a princess in that fucking crown," he added, breath labored. Mika moaned, high-pitched and long, in response. "Mika," Yuu grunted.

"Daddy," Mika replied, his hands now long since retracted from Yuu's body. One tugged desperately at his own nipple, while the other stroked up and down his neglected cock, chasing release. "Faster," he moaned, biting his lip tightly between his sharp teeth, "al-almost there."

Yuu picked up his pace, his resolute need to please the beautiful boy beneath him fueling him on, and he continued slamming into Mika. Eventually, his hand released the leg of Mika's he'd been holding up, deciding on just hitching both of Mika's creamy thighs over his shoulder. The new position presented a new angle, one that rubbed against the perfect spot inside Mika. He nearly sobbed in pleasure, and urged on. "Faster, daddy, faster," he mewled, hands embracing Yuu's neck with the new position. Yuu pounded on, nailing him into the hill beneath them, until Mika *screamed*, writhing beneath Yuu's body.

White streamers of come splattered on both of their bodies, coating them stickily. Mika's unraveling fed into Yuu, until he was ramming into Mika's abused hole with no mercy, the slapping sound of their skin milking the last of Mika's come from his now softening dick. He slid a hand down onto Yuu's back, running his nails harshly down his skin, until Yuu's grunts were getting even more animalistic and out of control. Just as he reached his peak, Mika softly crooned into the hot air, "*come, daddy, come for me.*"

Yuu was gone, hips jerking out of tune, his thick cock twitching inside Mika, and pulling an airy moan from Mika's lips. Yuu could only stare at Mika and all his obscene sounds as he shot his load into Mika, until Mika felt filled to the brim. When the flow of come seemed to finally come to a halt, Yuu slid out of him, Mika's sensitive hole unconsciously squeezing around Yuu. They groaned until Yuu finally unsheathed himself from the depths of Mika, and his come trickled down Mika's thighs. "God," Yuu huffed, letting a lone finger trace over the red and puckered hole. Mika gasped.

"Yuu-chan, st-stop," he cried, and Yuu did, retracting his hand and looking away from the sight.

They readjusted for a moment, until they'd both fit mostly on top of Mika's cape, snuggled closely together. Yuu'd taken the time to cover Mika's bare body with their jackets, shielding him from the cold in the only way he really can. Mika's flattered at his princely attempts, and doesn't feel the need to remind Yuu that he doesn't get cold anymore as a vampire. Instead, he basks in the affection, cuddling closer into Yuu's warmth until Yuu is complaining about how cold he is, and can they go back inside now before he gets literal blue balls. Mika can't say no.

Chapter End Notes

this fic is like 8.7k and this last chapter is 4.4k so basically half of this fic was smut
wow amazing

End Notes

follow my tumblr @ salty-yu.tumblr :)

also the title is a song u should listen to if u like getting ur feelings played w

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