

The Misunderstanding

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The Misunderstanding

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Summary

Yuuri doesn't know that according to demon law if you haven't gotten married by the third year of your engagement the engagement is annulled, so he doesn't understand Wolfram's sudden distance, and he's getting jealous. Then someone else slaps Wolfram..

Notes

Oldies



Yuuri Shibuya, Maou-Heika of Shin Makoku, was concerned.

Sure, his life had become chaotic and worrisome since he'd realized that he could travel to the magical land via water and that he was actually the Demon King of said magical land and its people. On top of that he'd had to learn to not only accept his inner Maou, but control and fuse them as one so that he didn't black out and lose control of his own body when his demon made an appearance to inflict justice on the troublemakers and criminals in this new land.

He'd had to learn so many things, so many customs that'd gotten him into trouble his first couple of days. Said customs like slapping someone on their left cheek actually being a proposal (something he'd learnt too late concerning Wolfram) or that picking up utensils thrown down by others was accepting a challenge to a duel (yet something *else* he'd learnt too late with Wolfram).

So he'd unknowingly proposed to lord Wolfram von Bielefeld, unknowingly accepted his duel to challenge that proposal, and by winning when his inner Maou had come out, he'd unknowingly cemented their engagement.

Since then he'd had a lot of things on his plate, he'd had to find the Demon Sword Morgif, deal with Wolfram's many jealous rants of "YOU CHEATER!" despite the fact that Yuuri was *not* cheating on him (and Yuuri was still trying to get used to the fact that male/male relationships here were quite accepted) and then he'd had the *bonus* of Wolfram deciding he was sleeping in the same bed with Yuuri every night-----wearing a *frilly pink nightgown*.

Three years had passed since Yuuri had become the Demon King of Shin Makoku, and while things were now relatively peaceful in his kingdom there was something bothering Yuuri immensely.

It'd been weeks since Wolfram had slept in their bed, his things had disappeared from the room as well.

Sure, Yuuri usually complained about him being there just out of routine than anything else, but he'd never thought that the stubborn blonde would start listening to him *now* of all times! Wolfram was *known* for being stubborn and disobedient when it came to their engagement, always wanting to be constantly by Yuuri's side to make sure that he didn't '*cheat*'. Wolfram had even gone to Earth with Yuuri on his trips and while he'd first hated humans and thought them inferior, the blonde demon had quickly become Yuuri's mother's *favorite*!

Yuuri made a face.

Yuuri had made the mistake of going once to earth afterwards by himself (Wolfram had been busy training his soldiers and hadn't been able to come along) and Yuuri's mom had nearly cried her eyeballs out at the fact that "Wolf-chan" wasn't there. Yuuri had felt a little slighted, but then again, *he* didn't sit down for hours and go over fashion magazines with his mom or talk about how cute this or that was, or go *shopping* with his mom (who'd always wanted a daughter) so he guessed he could understand why the woman had gotten so attached to Wolf.

Since Yuuri found that he couldn't sleep *anyway* without the blonde with him he'd never traveled without him again, telling Wolf it was because he couldn't take the "YOU CHEATER!" he knew was waiting for him when he returned if he did.

And yet, now that Yuuri thought about it, Wolf hadn't been clingy at all lately, and those yells he'd actually grown quite used to hadn't been yelled in weeks either.

Wolfram wasn't accusing him of cheating on him anymore.

Yuuri frowned.

Didn't Wolfram care about him anymore?

Getting up from the desk filled with papers Gwendel, Wolfram's eldest brother, had for Yuuri to sign, the king went to the window and looked down below. Wolfram was training his soldiers, teaching them all they would need to know to protect themselves and this kingdom, enough to make them one of the best unit of the whole castle.

Wolfram's soldiers adored him.

It was---it was kinda *annoying* now that Yuuri thought about it.

Why did Wolfram let them behave that way?

"Daddy!" Greta's voice caused Wolfram to turn and smile, and the young demon went to his knees, arms out as the human child ran into his arms.

Wolfram's eyes were closed and his smile beautiful as he hugged the human child and lifted her up as he stood, resting her weight on his hip.

The frown Yuuri had been wearing all day melted into a tender smile as he looked upon his fiancé and his daughter.

In truth Greta wasn't anything to Yuuri through blood, but he'd adopted the human orphan as his own, and Wolfram had done the same, saying that as Yuuri's fiancé he too was Greta's parent. If anything, Greta probably had learnt to love Wolfram more, since Wolfram had more time to spend with her, and deep down inside, *deep deep* down inside, Wolfram was the softest, sweetest, most protective, loyal and loving person Yuuri knew.

"Save me." Greta's tiny hands were playing with the buttons of Wolf's uniform. "I can't study anymore! My head's about to *explode*!"

Wolfram, Yuuri, and the soldiers all smiled at the adorable girl.

"Well, my soldiers *do* need to rest," Wolfram chuckled.

"You're training them well, Lord von Bielefeld," a silky voice announced, coming towards them.

Yuuri's smile disappeared.

It was Falk, lord of a neighboring country, who'd been staying at the palace for the last week. He'd come to negotiate peace with Yuuri, and while peace was all the Maou wanted, he also wanted it over and done with because he *also* wanted to punch Falk.

Not because Falk was mean or rude or anything, no, he was polite and respectful, but every time the young man looked at Wolfram Yuuri just wanted to forget all about the peace treaty and throw him out of Covenant Castle.

"Lord Falk." Wolfram's smile slipped slightly.

Greta pouted before looking up and noticing Yuuri, her smile growing. "Father!" She waved energetically, calling attention to the fact that the king was spying on them.

Yuuri waved back.

Wolfram looked up at him and before Yuuri could smile at him the blonde looked away, his face emotionless.

Yuuri frowned, worried.

Wolfram had been doing that lately.

Why?

God, it'd gotten to the point where Yuuri would *welcome* the scream of "YOU CHEATER! I'M GOING TO FLAMBE YOU!"

"Why don't you and Princess Greta show me around the gardens?" Lord Falk asked, drawing the attention of the two.

"It would be our pleasure," Wolfram spoke, voice even, and while Greta pouted the three went off towards the gardens.

Yuuri didn't realize he was clenching his fists until he felt something wet in his palms and realized his fingernails had pierced his skin and he was bleeding.

He pushed away his violent urgings, the demon he was telling him to go down there and claim Wolfram and let Lord Falk know *who* the blonde belonged to, but Yuuri's humanity won out and he went back to his desk, hands already healed by his demonic magic, and continue signing the documents.

It wasn't until dinner that night that the violent urges returned.

Wolfram wasn't sitting at Yuuri's right, as he always had. Instead Greta was sitting there, and Conrad, Wolfram's older half-brother and Yuuri's godfather, sat to Yuuri's left as he always did, looking uncharacteristically serious.

Everyone looked serious and silent and Yuuri couldn't really care that Wolfram's eldest brother, Gwendel, was being even *scarier* than usual and glaring angrily at him. The only thing Yuuri noticed was that Wolfram was sitting across from Lord Falk, who was seemingly quite happy with the new arrangement and telling the blonde about his country.

Wolfram nodded politely, not seeming very interested in the conversation until Lord Falk told him about the apple orchards and that was when Wolfram smiled. The blonde loved apples to an insane degree, and when Lord Falk picked up on the change in Wolfram's face he continued on that vein, telling him about the many different varieties of apples and how their tastes were different and about the many different products his kingdom made from them.

"It sounds delicious," Wolfram whispered, entranced in the conversation now, commenting on a sweet Falk was telling him about. "Now I wish to try it." He pouted.

Yuuri bit the inside of his mouth to keep from telling Wolfram not to pout like that while talking to *Falk*.

Falk smiled. "Why do you not visit my country? I would show you its many pleasures. You might grow to love it as much as you do your own country."

Greta looked at Yuuri.

Conrad looked at Yuuri.

Gwendel *glared* at Yuuri.

The only one not looking at Yuuri was the one Yuuri couldn't keep his gaze off of.

Wolfram was silent, eyes down on his plate. He sighed and took in a deep breath before looking up at Lord Falk and giving him a small smile. "Maybe I'll visit soon."

Falk's smile grew.

Conrad sighed and shook his head, disappointed.

Gwendel was bending his spoon, shooting Yuuri death glares.

Greta's eyes were worried and she lowered her gaze to her hands, lips trembling.

Yuuri's eyes were darker than usual, but he forced his gaze away and continued to eat, his movements vicious.

Like *hell* Wolfram was going to be visiting Falk's country. Yuuri would let his fiancé know that once the diplomat was gone.

Something was telling him to do so right now but Yuuri ignored it.

It wasn't like waiting was going to change anything.

Of course, at breakfast the next morning, when Falk slapped Wolfram on his left cheek, Yuuri was shocked stiff. But he seemed to be the only one surprised at this development. Greta had burst into tears and ran away to "Auntie Anissina", Conrad had sighed and shaken his head, and Gwendel had shared his death glare between Yuuri and Falk.

"You will enjoy my country," Falk was telling Wolfram, who was rubbing his cheek. "I will send word ahead of us of our engagement to my people. They will rejoice---."

"Now wait a *minute*!" Yuuri's voice was dark with fury as he pushed up from the table and glared at Falk, knowing around him was glowing black from his repressed Maou magic. "You can't propose to Wolfram and you can't have him! He's *my* fiancé!"

Wolfram's eyes widened and for the first time in far too long did he turn to look at Yuuri, shock on his every feature.

Falk pursed his lips. "He is *not* your fiancé, Maou-Heika."

"*Yes he is*," Yuuri hissed. "I slapped his left cheek! He's *my* fiancé!"

"You slapped his cheek *three years* ago," Falk pointed out. "According to demon law, if an engagement doesn't result in marriage within the three years it is annulled."

Yuuri's eyes widened in shock at that. "*What?*"

"You mean----," Wolfram whispered. "You mean you didn't *know*, Yuri?"

Yuuri realized in horror what had been happening, why Wolfram and everyone had been acting the way they had. They'd thought that Yuuri knew of the three-year thingy and had purposely waited for it so that the engagement could be done away with.

That was why Wolfram had moved out, why he didn't claim Yuuri as his anymore, why he didn't sit at Yuuri's right as he would as his fiancé...

"No—I didn't," Yuuri whispered, black eyes meeting Wolfram's green, begging the other to understand, to *believe* him. "It---it was a big misunderstanding! I didn't *know*!"

"Makes no difference now," Falk declared with little care. "I have proposed, we shall be married."

Wolfram tore his shocked gaze from Yuuri to glare at Falk.

"No, you *won't*." Yuuri stood up and walked around the table and went to where the two were standing, and while he wanted nothing better than to punch Falk he reigned himself in and *slapped Wolfram*.

On his left cheek.

Conrad's face broke out in a huge grin.

Gwendel eyed Yuuri curiously.

Wolfram's eyes were wide, his hand on Yuuri's handmark on his cheek. "Yuuri?" He whispered, shocked. "What are you----? Do you know what you've just *done*?"

"I just proposed to you." Yuuri nodded, shaking his head in determination, before pulling a strand of black hair out of his face. "*Again*."

"*Why*?" Wolfram asked, looking so lost, like he didn't dare hope anymore.

Yuuri's face broke out into a tender smile, despite the blush working its way up his neck. "Because you're *my* fiancé." He paused before adding. "You *cheater*."

There was a moment's pause and then Wolfram was grinning brightly. "*Wimp*."

It'd been so long since he'd heard Wolf's name for him that Yuuri had to admit the relief was *crushing*.

"Wait, wait, you *can't* propose to him!" Falk suddenly announced. "I proposed first!"

"No, *I* proposed first and *third*, you proposed *second*." Yuuri declared.

Falk considered that for a moment before frowning and shaking his head. "I proposed first."

Gwendel's gaze was solely on Yuuri, obviously calculating and wondering what the Maou's next move would be.

Conrad was just grinning because Yuuri was finally *doing* something.

"You will not take back your proposal?" Yuuri asked evenly.

Falk shook his head.

“Then I guess I have no other choice then,” Yuuri announced, and with that he swept his hand over the table and threw the plate and utensils on the ground.

Everyone’s eyes widened at the unexpected move.

Yuuri was challenging Falk to a duel.

Peace loving Yuuri was *challenging* someone to a fight.

“*Yuuri...*” Wolf whispered, shocked.

But Yuuri didn’t take his narrowed gaze from Falk.

It all rested on what the other man did now.

The diplomat was silent, thoughtful, before he bowed his head and stepped away from the utensils, bowing down from the challenge and releasing his claim over Wolfram while he did so. “Heika, I will have my things packed and be returning to my country by noon. Thank you for your hospitality, and I’m sorry if I caused any disturbance. Peace with your country will be an honor for us.”

And with that Falk turned and strolled out of the room.

Yuuri turned to Conrad. “Please tell Greta the news so that she does not have Anissina create some invention of torture for Lord Falk.”

“Yes Heika.” Conrad nodded, grinning as he got up and left the room.

Yuuri turned to Gwendel. “Please start the preparations for the wedding. We’ve waited long enough.”

Gwendel stood, gave a bow at the waist, and turned to leave.

Once they were alone, Yuuri turned to Wolfram and knew he was suddenly blushing, but he didn’t care. “I’m sorry, I---I didn’t know about the three year deadline.”

Wolfram was silent for a moment, just watching him. “You---you would have married me before the deadline if you’d known?”

Yuuri nodded, too embarrassed to continue talking.

“*Why?*” Wolfram asked. “From the beginning you’ve kept telling everyone we really weren’t engaged and that two men couldn’t be engaged and you’re always complaining about me sleeping in the same bed with you and---.”

Yuuri winced at the truths being spoken and he knew if he didn’t get Wolfram to stop talking he’d feel like a lowlife, so he did the only thing he could think of, the only thing he’d been thinking of lately.

He kissed Wolfram.

It wasn't all masterful since to be truth this was his first kiss, but it shut up Wolfram, and the shocked demon went still for a second before kissing back, and Yuuri decided that this was the best way to conduct business with Wolf in the future.

They were fighting, kiss him.

They were arguing, kiss him.

They were talking, kiss him.

They were *breathing*, kiss him.

Wolfram finally pulled away when he needed to breath, and Yuuri realized that his arms had gone around the blonde sometime during the mind-blowing kiss and had pulled his demon against him, and Wolf's hands were in his hair.

"I---Wolf I---I---." Yuuri closed his eyes, nervous, resting his forehead against that of his fiancé. "I *love* you."

Wolfram looked both amused and touched before closing his eyes as well. "I love you too, Yuuri. You *wimp*."

"You *cheater*," Yuuri responded.

Both suddenly laughed, holding each other close, Wolfram hiding his face in Yuuri's shoulder and Yuuri rested his cheek against the side of Wolfram's face.

"I'm sorry for waiting so long, and not being courageous enough to tell you before all of this happened," Yuuri whispered into Wolf's hair. "I'm sorry for hurting you."

"It's okay," Wolfram whispered back against his shoulder. "I always knew you were a wimp anyway, but at least you were always *my* wimp."

"*Am* your wimp."

Wolf chuckled. "Yes, you are."

Yuuri held him closer, wondering why he'd taken so long to do this in the first place.

"YAY!" A giggly voice squealed and they turned to see Greta as the child rushed at them, hugging their legs. "I *knew* Father loved Daddy! I knew it! I'm going to be flower girl, right? Right?"

"Of *course*." Wolf smiled, pulling away from Yuuri to pick up Greta. "And we can all go to Earth to tell Mom and Dad about the good news."

Yuuri smiled at how Wolf called Yuuri's parents that way.

He knew he mom was going to be ecstatic when she found out that he was *finally* going to marry 'Wolf-chan'.

Wolfram held Greta close and smiled up adoringly at Yuuri over her head.

Yuuri smiled back before pulling them both into his arms, thanking Falk and the misunderstanding, because without them who knew how long it'd have taken him to finally get the courage to make himself this happy?

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