

Wife Angle

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Wife Angle

by [bible](#)

Summary

“C’mon. There must’ve been some aspect you enjoyed.”

Majima had stared at him with his one, cheerful eye, and then let out a funny, wheezy laugh. “Dress-up,” he said simply.

Kiryu had drunkenly misunderstood this statement as a *command*. “Dress-up? In what?”

Notes

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

Chapter 1

“It’s called a boob window!” Majima half-shrieks with a sort of manic intensity, hooking his gloved finger in the ornately designed dress.

Kiryu’s face is stained as red as the cloth adorning him, and he buries it in his hands. *Why* had he agreed to do this? Maybe it had something to do with the empty bottle of scotch in the corner of Majima’s apartment, and the four or five glasses they’d each drained of it. They were in Majima’s (surprisingly nice) apartment, abandoning the couch to sprawl on the tatami mat and drink after a day of coliseum fights and Komaki training. Majima has a bandage on his chin, and Kiryu was using a now-sweating ice pack on the back of his neck that Majima had taken upon himself to half-crack.

After a sufficient amount of drinks, Majima had gotten on the subject of his old career hosting a cabaret club, and Kiryu, laying on his side with his eyes half-hazy, had let a note of jealousy seep into his tone when he asked if Majima had ever hooked up with any of the hostesses.

Majima, offended, had claimed he was *never* unprofessional, and of *course* he wouldn’t touch an employee. He couldn’t afford to be unprofessional.

“Yeah? How do you explain the way you... *work* now?” *Professional* wasn’t the way Kiryu would describe Majima’s conduct in the Tojo Clan.

“*Well*,” Majima had slurred, and crawled up to him on his knees, poking Kiryu in the forehead, “Now I’m off my leash. ‘sides, workin’ the club wasn’t really a choice. Y’know. Real forced, tragic shit. Ya gotta do what ya gotta do.”

Kiryu found it funny that monitoring an honest business was somehow more traumatic than leading life as a gangster, but he could sympathize. Honest work, restrained and unchaotic, being attuned to a schedule and paperwork and all that... Well, there was a reason Kiryu only graduated junior high school.

“C’mon. There must’ve been some aspect you enjoyed.”

Majima had stared at him with his one, cheerful eye, and then let out a funny, wheezy laugh. “Dress-up,” he said simply.

Kiryu had drunkenly misunderstood this statement as a *command*. “Dress-up? In what?”

“Oh? Ya want me to dress ya?” Majima grinned and clapped his hands together, kneeling in front of him. “I actually—oh, hey. Ya remember Goromi?”

Kiryu had chuckled.

“How could I forget?”

“I still got a couple dresses from my hostin’ days. Includin’ that one.”

Kiryu sat up on an elbow and crunched the ice cube sitting in the shallow pool of scotch between his teeth. Majima’s eyelid lowered as he stared at the shimmering ice-spit collecting on Kiryu’s dark bottom lip. He dragged his line of vision back up to Kiryu’s furrowed brows. “You want me to wear a hostess dress?”

Although that wasn’t what Majima had initially implied, he wasn’t about to let a drunk Kiryu’s misunderstanding go to waste. Especially when it was something as harmless and adorable as this.

And now, here they are. After peeling off Kiryu’s gray suit and forcing him into a *very* ill-fitting Chinese-styled dress, made for one of the bigger hostesses, Kiryu sits, slumped on the floor, back propped against the wall. Pouting and pulling at the hem of the qipao in a fruitless attempt to obscure his thighs.

“I know what it’s called,” Kiryu whines, crossing his arms over his pectoral muscles that are being pushed into a facsimile of cleavage due to the tightness of the dress.

“Don’t be so shy, now!” Majima encourages, letting a giggle slip out of his lips. He scoots up to him, taking the remainder of the whiskey between his lips and smacking them with a noisy, obnoxious ‘ahh’ sound. “You’ve seen *me* in a dress, anyway.”

And that’s it, isn’t it? Kiryu isn’t *that* drunk, not really. And Kiryu, despite his stoic front, surely has an affinity for the absurd, the humorous. But more than that, Majima is so uninhibited, so free from societal rules and expectations and obligations. Sure, he has something... *wrong*... with him. He behaves completely unnaturally, for the most part. The guy runs around in the height of December in nothing but a snakeskin jacket and leather pants, frightening the locals. He attacks his best friend in the streets, he destroys buildings with trucks, kidnaps children in batting rings, all for Kiryu’s attention. But Kiryu doesn’t want what he does to be determined by the mass mindset either. Even if it’s something as stupid as wearing a dress, he doesn’t feel an excessive amount of shame at this show of femininity. Why should he?

Kiryu’s only blushing because Majima’s half-sitting on him, knees between Kiryu’s, ass resting on Kiryu’s calf. He keeps pressing his fingers against Kiryu’s pecs. And it’s not like Kiryu is unaware of why Majima has chosen *this* particular dress. Majima has always had a thing for Kiryu’s chest—he’s made that very clear before.

“Ya look so pretty, Kiryu-chan!” Majima coos, squeezing Kiryu’s cheeks with his hands, puckering his lips. Kiryu rolls his eyes and leans out of his touch, a humored smile ticking at his mouth.

“I look like I work at Earth Angel.”

“Well,” Majima smooths his hand over the taut, shimmery cloth of red and gold clinging to Kiryu’s body. The stroke makes his skin feel nice, admired, tingly, “I think ya look real fuckin’ *edible*.”

Kiryu reaches forward and tugs on one of Majima's chains, which Majima clicks his tongue at.

"Careful with the ice, now. 's expensive."

"I'd buy you a new one."

"Aw, Kiryu-chan, yer becomin' real boyfriend material!"

Kiryu's flush deepens and he puts his arms around Majima's waist and tries the hostess angle: "I—I just want to make the customer happy."

For a moment, a strange look flickers over Majima's face, as though he's collecting some distant memory. Kiryu decides to abandon that idea. But that odd expression is gone as soon as it was there, and he smiles, displaying his wide, feral grin. The window is open, and Kamurocho's lights play over his teeth in a neon, saliva-laden display that makes Kiryu's own mouth fill wetly. There's something so *handsome* about it. He arches up and bites at Majima's bottom lip. It's not usual for him to be the one to take the initiative but being drunk and in a dress is making him feel pretty brave. He sucks the lip into his mouth and worries it, his eyes open and on Majima's. Kiryu's tongue is cold from the ice and he pulls off reluctantly, almost shyly lowering his eyelids.

"Kiryu-chan, you're bein' real sweet tonight," Majima coos, running his hands up over Kiryu's bare shoulders, feeling out his alcohol-warm, needy body.

Kiryu opens his mouth, breath hitching, and he says, experimentally: "I--...." Blinks a few times, and then looks at Majima's curious, smug, weasel-ish face. "I want to be your wife tonight."

Majima's eye widens. "Eh?! Ya fuckin' serious?"

Kiryu looks away again. "If you don't want to—"

"Of course I do!" Majima says, "I'm just surprised. Never thought you'd be the housekeepin' type."

"Just for tonight," Kiryu almost whimpers, burying his face in Majima's neck and nuzzling it. He smells like alcohol and blood and Kiryu stands up, carefully maneuvering Majima off of him. He pulls at the too-short qipao again, and looks at the city below, glinting in a litany of hedonism and entertainment. He closes the blinds, embarrassed.

"Then I'm makin' the most of it, *baby girl*," Majima practically purrs, eye-fucking him as he scrolls his line of vision up and down Kiryu's body. He looks *good*: his body is beyond fit, and it fills out the dress attractively, almost curvy. Kiryu's ass isn't the most impressive (not compared to Majima's, at least, if he does say so himself), but the vermilion cloth still cups it in a way that accentuates its curve, making his back look swayed and whorish. As for his chest, well—Majima's having a hard time concealing his growing erection in those pants that leave nothing to the imagination anyway. His pecs look *good*, the

window of the dress pressing into it, his chest practically bulging out of the garment, “What’s my wife gonna do for me today?”

Kiryu picks up the glasses that have been thrown to the side and walks to the kitchen with them. Rinses them and places them in a dish rack. Throws the bottle in the trash. Majima rolls his eye and lets out a groan. “Kiryu-*chaaan*, I didn’t mean *actual* housekeepin’.”

“I don’t want to break any glass when we’re on the floor.”

Majima’s exasperation quickly resides.

“Oh?” He stands up and walks behind Kiryu, wrapping his arms around his waist, pressing against Kiryu’s ass, “And what’ll we be doin’ down there?”

Kiryu turns his head and blinks. His eyes are blackish and shiny, his lips dark and wet, his cheeks rosy with high, aroused spots. Majima strokes over his abs, and down his hips, and then smirks when Kiryu inhales slightly as Majima brushes over his erection.

“You need to...”

Majima waits, but Kiryu is always a little shy when it comes to these things. As if they didn’t know each other’s bodies enough by now; as if they hadn’t said disgusting shit to one another on the phone, over text, in cab rides together, in the private karaoke rooms, making out as if they weren’t definitely on camera somehow. Kiryu wonders, vaguely, if the Florist has footage of it.

Majima takes the shell of Kiryu’s blood-hot ear between his teeth and worries it.

“C’mon, tell me.” His breath is hot against his neck.

“You need to fuck your wife.”

“Pretty boy,” Majima coos with a grin, “Yer wish is my command.”

*

It isn’t often Kiryu bottoms. When he does, it’s usually face down, hips up, face buried in a pillow or a cab backseat, his hands white-knuckling into fists at his sides. So Majima is pretty pleased to watch Kiryu, dress rucked up over his hips, hard dick leaking a steady stream of drooling, hot precum, on his back, holding his powerful thighs with his hands. He looks so cute, bottom lip pouting and eyebrows furrowed, his chest heaving with anticipation as Majima kneels between his parted knees. Majima had long lost his snakeskin jacket, somewhere between kissing Kiryu breathless on the mat and getting Kiryu’s briefs off of him.

He keeps his gloves on to open Kiryu up, and Kiryu likes the sensation of that sour, sharp leather inside his hole. If the twitching legs and open mouth is anything to go by. He keeps his legs pulled back, and Majima bites his own tongue as he works two fingers inside that beautifully-stretched hole. It’s tight, so fucking tight, and pink and soft and pliable under

his ministrations. Shiny with lube, which drips and sticks to the leather of his gloves, Kiryu almost *looks* like a girl with how wet he is. It complements the wife image well, and Majima mumbles something low about how sweet his pussy is. How ready it'll be for his cock. Majima works a third finger in and licks his dry lips at the keening noise that Kiryu emits.

Kiryu lifts his legs to rest on Majima's shoulders, staring at him with those needy, nervous eyes.

"Majima-san..." Kiryu coos, and his low voice ticking up with a girly-nervous quiver makes Majima growl and slump over him, grabbing his cheeks in his free hand.

"Yer really pullin' at my heart strings, here, Kiryu-chan," he says in a low murmur, before he attaches himself to his mouth and kisses him messily, tongues pressing together with a loud, wet slurping noise that'd be unattractive anywhere else. But here, it's just so disgustingly slutty of Kiryu to be sucking on his tongue so noisily, that it gets Majima's dick a whole new shade of hard. Drool leaks between them, slicking up their chins, and Kiryu produces a soft, needy wife-noise.

He needs to get these pants off, now. Or something's gonna break.

Making sure Kiryu's hole is sufficiently stretched, he gently removes his hand. But he occupies the emptiness for Kiryu by circling it with the pad of his thumb. Kisses his lips over and over as he does, before dropping his hand completely.

He pulls back, reluctantly, from Kiryu's mouth to push his pants down. Never wears underwear, no sir. Not with leather. His dick is almost tender with how hard it is, and for a minute, Majima is concerned he won't last long enough being inside Kiryu. That he'll get inside and blow his load without making Kiryu cum at all. That wouldn't be fair. So, he squeezes his eye shut and holds the base of his cock tightly, willing himself to cool off a bit. *Think of Shimano. Think of grandmas. Think of the obatarian.*

As soon as he thinks he's ready, he opens his eye and loses all of the resistance he built up. He makes a sharp, shocked inhale as he stares at Kiryu, who's watching Majima with a look of pure need, brows furrowed, with his own finger working inside his hole. It makes a squelching noise, and Kiryu's mouth opens in a gasp. His fingers are so wet. *His pussy*, Majima thinks, almost deliriously.

"Hey, *hey*, knock it off," he grins, "Impatient bastard, I'm gonna get it in ya."

"Please..." Kiryu reluctantly removes his finger.

Majima grabs the lube and spills an inordinate amount of it over his dick straight from the bottle. The fluid does some to cool him down, at least for a moment, as he slicks his dick up. Everything is pulsing and wet and sloppy and Majima's a real fan of this shit now. He stares at Kiryu's hole, which is clenching and unclenching anticipatorily.

Presses the head of his flushed cock to it and pushes in. His eye rolls back and his mouth opens at the nearly-searing heat of Kiryu's insides, so tight and untouched, nearly-virginal. A stab of possessiveness goes through Majima's chest, as he remembers that *he's* the

only one that's touched Kiryu like this; and he's the only one that, hopefully, ever will. It makes him push down to the hilt immediately, and Kiryu arches with an open mouth, moaning lowly.

"Shit—sorry," Majima apologizes, worried he went in too fast. "Couldn't help it."

"N-nn... No worries, Majima-san," Kiryu says softly, voice sweetheart-smooth, legs honeymoon-obsessively clenched around Majima's waist. His powerful heels are digging into Majima's spine pleasantly. He feels proud of the vice-grip Kiryu's got on him. *So strong, my wife!*

"I... I like it rough..."

"Do ya now, baby?" Majima murmurs, using his rare pet-name that makes Kiryu blush deeper. Kiryu pushes back, insistently, and Majima starts working his hips. His thrusts are forceful, vigorous. It makes Kiryu's body hitch in a consistent rhythm with every push. Kiryu throws his head back and gasps, feet pressing harder against Majima's back, encouraging.

"Yeah, my wife likes bein' used, doesn't he?"

"Y-yes..." Kiryu hiccups, and his pretty dick bounces against the dress. A spot of precum has thoroughly stained it, turning it a deep maroon color.

"So tight for me, huh? Such a pretty bride, that little hole jus' waitin' for this big dick to take care of it. Bet ya been needin' it all day, huh? Been achin' for it, achin'... nn..." he grabs Kiryu's hips, and jerks him back onto his dick with his strength, half-using him like some sort of sex toy, "Achin' for this... sweet pussy to be filled."

"Yes, Majima-san..." Kiryu says, face red, and he ducks it into his bicep to hide his blush.

Majima pounds him for a while, slowing his pace to hold out longer. Kiryu's internal heat is nearly incandescent and the way he clenches around him, the way he whimpers and drools, is making it hard for Majima not to come too early. Soon he's fucking him rapidly, though, and Majima then puts his hands beneath Kiryu's ass, pulling his hips off the floor. Kiryu's eyes fly open at the new angle and he arches his back, letting out a cry of pleasure as Majima's cock batters Kiryu's prostate viciously. His whole body is on *fire*, pulsing headily and so fucking *full*.

When Kiryu comes all over himself, he hadn't even put a hand on his cock. The cum splatters over the qipao, painting the gentle floral print. Majima realizes that he'll have a hard time forcing himself to wash this dress.

Kiryu lets out a groan, before his heavy body goes boneless and limp, chest heaving from the exertion. But Majima's good wife simply pulls his legs back, spreading them further, allowing Majima to fuck him harder. But Majima's eyes travel from where his cock is filling up Kiryu's hole to his pecs. His chest is tan and sweaty, slick and beautiful.

When Majima pulls out, Kiryu's brows hitch deeper than they usually do, and he prods at his own hole, seeking out Majima's cum. He looks disappointed that there isn't any but seems to understand when Majima climbs over his waist.

Kiryu's hands go up to his chest. "You've been wanting this for a long time, huh?"

"I sure have, Kiryu-chan!" Majima jeers, and his cock drops between his pecs, feeling out that fever-warm body heat with a grin. Fuck, it's as good as he imagined, so slick and plush. The dress helps, the loop of the cloth at the top helping Majima keep his cock between Kiryu's tits. Kiryu pushes his tits together with his hands, genuinely seeming like a bride with such a feminine gesture. No, he can't encase Majima's dick entirely between them, but they're substantial enough to add some pressure. The sweat and lube still slicking Majima's shaft is a pleasant addition, and Majima's eye seals shut tight despite how much he wants to look at Kiryu's soft, adoring expression.

"Holy shit," he gasps, rutting against his sternum. Besides his own dick throbbing, he can feel Kiryu's heartbeat beneath his cock, and that reverential, valentine-shit is so fucking poetic that Majima could cry, "You're so fuckin' good, such a good wife, takin' care of my dick like you should. Bet you've been wantin' it so bad... You're mine, *mine*—"

Majima cuts himself off with a groan as he cums, splattering Kiryu's face with his seed. He leans back a little and jerks himself off the rest of the way, aiming at Kiryu's tits, which are still being pressed together with his hands, eager and waiting. It mostly lands on the dress, but Majima doesn't care, especially when he notices Kiryu's nipples poking through the cloth of it. What a whore.

"Jesus," Majima huffs, sliding off of Kiryu's body to flop beside him, catching his breath, both of them sweaty. Kiryu is a mess, splattered with both of their cum, face red and dress rumpled over his body. His hair gel has been sweated out substantially, and the black strands are smoothed against his forehead. Majima pushes them back with his gloved hand. "Ya look good with yer hair down."

"Thank you, Majima-san," Kiryu says, and turns on his side to look at him. He yawns, big and emphatic, and Majima grins at the sleepy, handsome display. Kiryu reaches forward and takes Majima's wrist, bringing his hand close to his face. He bites the tip of his glove—the one that was in his ass—and pulls it off of his hand with a bit of effort. Then he takes his other hand and does the same.

He presses his cheek against Majima's bare palms, holding his wrists on either side of his face. Majima gets the idea and stokes his cheekbones, leaning forward to kiss his upper lip. "Stupid," Majima mumbles against Kiryu's mouth, "Yer gettin' me all romantic. Honeymoon bullshit."

Chapter 2

look at and admire and praise this beautiful fan art from the absolute legend, the ABSOLUTE OYABUN, [jenericku](#):

i am forever in your debt and i would cut a finger off for you (*'V'*)





End Notes

did you remember to pray to nagoshi-san today?

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