

## Sex Club

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Relationships:	<a href="#">Mori Ougai/Nakajima Atsushi (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">Akutagawa Ryuunosuke/Nakajima Atsushi (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">(IMPLIED)</a> , <a href="#">Dazai Osamu/Nakajima Atsushi (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">(also implied)</a> , <a href="#">Nakajima Atsushi/OC</a> , <a href="#">(VERY briefly and one-sided)</a> , <a href="#">(also the oc parts are dub-con/non-con)</a> , <a href="#">(but it doesn't get far at all)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Nakajima Atsushi (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">Mori Ougai (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">Original Characters</a> , <a href="#">Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">Akutagawa Ryuunosuke (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">Yosano Akiko (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">Edogawa Ranpo (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a> , <a href="#">most are only mentioned but like, dazai and aku have flashback appearances, actually dazai will probably appear for real in the last chapter lol, or aku, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald (Bungou Stray Dogs), he's mentioned briefly lol, can confirm dazai is in last chapter</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">oh god there's so many kinks to tag</a> , <a href="#">Ear Kink</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Foreplay</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Behavior</a> , <a href="#">Attempted Rape/Non-Con</a> , <a href="#">It doesn't actually happen</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Assault</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Harassment</a> , <a href="#">poor atsushi honestly, he just wants to have a good time</a> , <a href="#">Sex Clubs</a> , <a href="#">written by someone who's NEVER been to one lmao</a> , <a href="#">Alcohol</a> , <a href="#">veryyy slightly</a> , <a href="#">Pet Names</a> , <a href="#">Manipulation</a> , <a href="#">asexual ranpo</a> , <a href="#">he is ace like me and u can't stop me</a> , <a href="#">uncreative oc names</a> , <a href="#">i'll add anything else if i need to</a> , <a href="#">Oh wait</a> , <a href="#">Minor Violence</a> , <a href="#">as in a little arm slashing nothing graphic</a> , <a href="#">Self-Esteem Issues</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Child Abuse</a> , <a href="#">Scars</a> , <a href="#">bc i JUST remembered atsushi has a burn scar oops</a> , <a href="#">Slut Shaming</a> , <a href="#">Humiliation</a> , <a href="#">definitely NOT consensual humiliation</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">Petplay (kinda??? there's a collar at the end that's it)</a> , <a href="#">Come Eating</a> , <a href="#">'cause i'm a fuckign slut for that</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Light Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">i mean is this light or heavy?? idk</a> , <a href="#">Implied Violence</a> , <a href="#">Implied Torture</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm Delay/Denial</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Nakajima Atsushi (Bungou Stray Dogs)</a>
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# Sex Club

by [darkwarf](#)

## Summary

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“People don't need an Ability to do that, Atsushi-kun.”

Which he took to mean that no, Mori isn't using an Ability on him. It's just Atsushi who, now that he's been given a taste, is hungry for more. And tonight, instead of denying himself as always, he's going to feed the beast lusting inside of him.

## Notes

i just finished season 4 recently, had my wig fucking SNATCHED at the akutagawa/atsushi scene and what's the first thing i do?? is it 'writing aku/atsushi like i've wanted to for all this time'??? no it's more self-indulgent mori/atsushi bc i don't feel like writing aku yet  
uisdfiudfhsidusdfuh

ANYWAYS this takes place after my first mori/atsushi fic (Make Me Strong), so atsushi is 24 and mori is 30 here. and this was originally going to be a oneshot, but i'm past 12,000 words and not nearly done so i figured i'd break this into two chapters xD chapter one is purely build-up and some character exploration, chapter two will be smut!

also a BIG thank you for the responses to Make Me Strong! so glad i'm not alone on this ship ;D

# He Attracts Trouble

## Chapter Notes

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

As he stands in front of the door, Atsushi swallows nervously, clenching and unclenching his fists. He shouldn't be this apprehensive, but...he's definitely never done *this* before. He knows Dazai has, since he either brags about it afterwards or complains that it wasn't as good as he thought it would be, and he's pretty sure most of the other Agency members have too. Well, save for Ranpo, who says that the greatest mystery to him and the only one he *can't* solve is how people can look at each other and suddenly want to have sex.

It's times like this that Atsushi wishes he felt the same way.

Ever since Mori tried to help him with his...*inexperience*, he's been desperate for more. And though he's tried ignoring it, his need is only getting worse, even starting to interfere with his work. He'll space out and start remembering the mob boss touching him, kissing him, *claiming* him as his own. He'll fantasize about those hands on his skin again, gloved or not, that hot tongue sucking at his throat, the feel of being completely filled and dominated and desired--and then, with much embarrassment, he'll have to excuse himself to rush into one of the restrooms, having only a few minutes to take care of his problem before others get suspicious.

Worst of all is at night, when his memories and fantasies manifest into dreams, sending him into a state of pure arousal and need, only for him to wake up alone, panting and sweating, with nothing except his hand to sate him. And since he's been staying with Dazai lately, he often can't even do *that* out of fear of being heard. As far as his mentor knows, he's just been having really frequent nightmares.

He briefly thought, just for a moment, that this could be some kind of Ability of Mori's, but that just...doesn't seem like a very useful Ability for a mob boss, unless he just seduced *all* of his victims that way. And when he finally got the courage to ask Dazai, as a purely hypothetical question, his mentor smirked and patted his cheek.

*"People don't need an **Ability** to do that, Atsushi-kun."*

Which he took to mean that no, Mori *isn't* using an Ability on him. It's just Atsushi who, now that he's been given a taste, is hungry for more. And tonight, instead of denying himself as always, he's going to feed the beast lusting inside of him.

With a deep breath, he steels his nerves and opens the door, stepping inside without a word. Having never been to a sex club before, he isn't sure what to expect, but he's surprised by how...*tasteful* it is. The lights are dim, but not completely dark, so people can see where they're going and who they're with. This particular room seems to be split up into three areas; a bar on the left, with just a few customers sitting at the bar stools, an area with couches and armchairs on the right, where people are quietly laughing and drinking together, and a balcony area up above with padded booths and comfy love seats for people to lie on.

His sensitive ears pick up a few moans and filthy sounds coming from there in particular, but he tries to ignore them and *tries* not to blush.

Judging by how hot his face feels, he doesn't succeed.

Unlike his usual work uniform, he's tried to dress a bit, er, *down* for this place. His sleeveless top has a high collar and doesn't go down all the way, revealing a bit of his smooth abdomen and a tiny bit of hip bone. Instead of his baggy paperboy pants, he's got on a loose chain belt and a pair of tight black pants that squeeze his ass in all the right places--or, so he hopes. There's no way he'd let anyone else know about this and he's never really dressed to look attractive, so he just tried to find things that would help him blend in with the crowd. He did, however, keep his usual fingerless gloves, feeling more comfortable with something familiar on.

Tentatively, he makes his way further in and heads over to the bar, preferring to go where there are the least amount of people. He's keenly aware of the eyes on him as he sits down, probably from the few customers here who realize he doesn't belong in a place like this. The bartender even raises an eyebrow, but doesn't bother asking for identification before asking, "Drink for one?" Atsushi just nods, a bit embarrassed at being single, but at least he doesn't seem like the only single one here.

And definitely not the only one trying to score.

After he orders his drink, going for something light that he doesn't even plan on finishing, one of the other men moves closer to him in a way that's hardly subtle. He plops down on the stool next to Atsushi with a lecherous smile, his intentions obvious in the glint of his eyes and the way his body leans towards him. "Make that drinks for two," he tells the bartender smugly, having already decided he's going to drink with the other man. Atsushi resists the urge to grimace; he's used to that kind of disregard for what he wants, but that doesn't mean he enjoys it.

He's determined to ignore the man, at first, but the bartender brings both their drinks out at the same time and the man starts asking him questions. "So, what's *your* name, beautiful?" *Beautiful*. He tosses it out so easily that it hardly feels meaningful at all.

"Atsushi," he answers softly, sticking to last names only. "And you?"

"Daiki," is the response, obviously a first name. Daiki's hazel eyes rake over him in obvious approval and he wants to enjoy it, but it just makes him feel like a piece of meat when he's barely *said* anything. Maybe coming here *wasn't* a good idea...

"First time coming here?"

He blinks at the question, focusing on Daiki again. "Oh. Uh, yeah...that obvious, huh?"

Daiki chuckles and, without permission, lays a hand on Atsushi's thigh. Instead of the spike of heat he's expecting, Atsushi just feels his muscles tense in discomfort, not wanting the man's hands anywhere on him. "Well, I've never seen *your* perky ass here before, so I



figured.” He can’t hide a scowl at that. “Y’know, if you want someone to show you the ropes--”

“That’s okay,” he cuts in, trying to gently nudge Daiki’s hand off his thigh while smiling politely to make it less harsh. “I appreciate the welcome, but, uh, I’ll be fine on my own.”

“*Oh* ? I’m not so sure about that.” Daiki’s lips stretch into a grin and he leans forward even more, moving his unwanted hand up even higher. “Pretty things like you tend to get taken advantage of real fast. It’d be better if you had someone more--”

“*Daiki!* ”

Atsushi hears the man’s name shouted by what sounds like a woman, one who’s evidently upset with him. And as soon as she says it, Daiki takes his hand away as if being burned, his eyes widening in fear. Curious to see why, Atsushi looks past Daiki and sees a man and woman approaching from afar, both wearing fancy suits and ties. The woman stops behind Daiki, who turns to look up at her, with her arms crossed and a glare firmly fixed on him. “This is the *third* time you’ve imposed yourself on someone else. Did this young man *ask* you to put your hands on him?”

Daiki gulps nervously. “N-no, Ms. Frulip.”

“And did you ask *him* if it was alright?”

“...No, Ms. Frulip.”

Ms. Frulip huffs and gives him a scathing look. “Then kindly *take a hint* and go drink with someone else.” Daiki grumbles something under his breath, but listens to what she says, turning around and stalking off to another part of the bar. Ms. Frulip sighs and uncrosses her arms, giving Atsushi an apologetic smile. “I do apologize for him, dear. He’s not a bad man, he just forgets his manners sometimes.” She holds her hand out expectantly. “I’m Alice Frulip, the owner of this establishment.”

Atsushi blinks up at her, grateful for the rescue, but confused on what to do. Should he shake her hand or kiss it? “Thank you, Ms. Frulip,” he tells her, deciding to just shake her hand. “And it’s okay, I...should’ve expected people like him here. Uh, I mean,” he quickly blurts, “no offense to your e-establishment! I’m sure there are plenty of nice people too, like you and your husband, so--”

Alice’s laughter interrupts him, though it’s not unkind or mocking. “Oh, sweetheart, none taken! You’re right, we have a mix of both here. Although,” she adds, cocking a curious eyebrow, “I’m not sure where you get the husband part. I only have one wife and she’s at home with our son right now.”

Atsushi blinks in confusion and behind Alice, the other man smirks. “Ah, sorry, guess I assumed...then, who’s the man behind you?”

This time, *Alice* looks confused, turning to look behind her for a moment and turning back with her thin eyebrows raised. “Dear, there’s no man behind me.” Wait...what? The man’s

smirk widens and Atsushi gapes, wondering if this is some kind of trick they pull on newbies. But Alice seems sincere, until she laughs and jokes, “If you wanted the company of a *man* instead, you could’ve just said so.”

“N-no, he’s--I’m not lying!” He stands up quickly, startling Alice as he does, but she just moves to the side as he reaches out to touch the other man--and misses, as he steps back and holds a finger up to his lips, a mischievous look in his emerald eyes. Atsushi narrows his eyes in annoyance, feeling like he’s being made a fool of, and Alice turns around once more to see what he’s talking about. She gives Atsushi a sympathetic look.

“I’m sure you’re not, dear,” she reassures him. “It’s probably someone using an Ability. Which is fine, *unless*,” she adds sharply, “they use it to take advantage of others. That’s where I draw the line.” The man’s smirk doesn’t fade, but he does nod in consent. She looks over at Atsushi. “Did he give any reaction to that?”

“Uh...he nodded.”

Alice claps her hands together. “Good! Well, I’m going to go check on the other guests, my dear.” With a gentle smile, she claps a hand on his shoulder and says, “If *anyone* here gives you trouble, gifted or not, you just come to me right away, okay?”

Atsushi nods, genuinely grateful for her help. “Thank you, Ms. Frulip.” He offers a tiny smile in return and with a cheery wave, Alice walks off, going to one of the darker corners of the club with people lounging on lavish sofas. Once she’s gone, the other man chuckles, getting Atsushi’s attention, and comes a bit closer.

“Sorry about that,” he says, not looking sorry at all, “I just didn’t want her to think I was spying on you or anything.”

Atsushi frowns. “So, you made it so *she* couldn’t see you and *I* could?”

The man nods. “It’s called ‘Now You See Me, Now You Don’t’. I can control who sees me and who doesn’t. Which is quite useful in a place like this,” he adds, smirking. “You don’t seem like you want to be seen by anyone.”

Jeez, is he really *that* obvious? Atsushi looks away, reluctantly admitting, “Yeah, I...I’m not used to being seen like *this*.” His friends at the Agency would *flip* if they saw him wearing something this flashy, not to mention being at a *sex* club. And though he came here for sex, obviously, he wishes he could just get to *that* part right away without all of the introductions, the flirting, and the creeps crossing boundaries.

The other man sighs in agreement. “Tell me about it. It’s like once you step in here, you’re just free game for anyone who’s horny.” He plops down on the seat next to Atsushi who, despite his initial reservations, ends up sitting next to him. It sounds like this guy is sympathizing with him and he can’t help being curious as to why.

“So, you’re not here for the same reason?”

The man snickers. “Well, I’m here to *hopefully* get some action, but not just with the first stranger I see. Part of the fun is getting to know someone, after all. And if it doesn’t lead to anything, well,” he shrugs, “then at least you either made a new friend or had a nice conversation. You can’t get that just by jumping into things.”

Atsushi’s lips twist uncertainly. “Honestly, I’d rather skip the talking,” he admits, though he isn’t sure why he’s admitting it. Maybe just because this is the first guy who seems honest. “It’s hard talking to people when you know they’re just humoring you to...get some action,” he says, using the man’s phrasing.

The man quirks an eyebrow at that, a knowing smirk on his face. “That’s if you assume *everyone’s* doing it. But trust me, Atsushi-kun, attractiveness isn’t the only reason to want a conversation.”

Atsushi gives him a skeptical look. “Unless it’s someone trying to kidnap me, that’s the only one I can think of,” he says flatly. The man’s eyebrows lift even higher, obviously wondering why he’d get kidnapped, but then he chuckles in amusement.

“Let me prove you wrong then,” he challenges, eyes shining with determination. “Give me ten minutes of your time and I’ll prove to you that the talking part isn’t all bad. If you still disagree after that, I’ll leave you alone.”

It sounds like some ploy to seduce him, but...well, maybe this guy *does* just want to know him better. Considering how out of place he looks, he could just be curious. And admittedly, he wouldn’t mind talking with this man some more. His eyes are a lovely shade of emerald, glistening like one in the dim light, and his silky dark hair, tied in a small ponytail on the nape of his neck, reminds him of--

--no, he *has* to stop thinking of him! This is becoming more than a problem now and *that’s* why he’s here. To get what he needs without going back to the mob boss. Without surrendering himself to the enemy.

Making his decision, Atsushi nods and finally takes a sip of his drink. “Okay, ten minutes.” That should be plenty of time to know if he wants to take things any further.

Hayate, as he learns from their ten minute conversation, is indeed a pleasant conversation partner. He starts off by asking what Atsushi does for a living--well, after the awkward question of if he still lives with his parents, only to find out he was kicked out of an orphanage. Atsushi doesn’t go into detail, but Hayate realizes it’s a sensitive subject and moves on. He’s curious to learn more about the Detective Agency, which is when he remembers seeing Atsushi in the papers and commends him for saving the whole city. Atsushi smiles modestly at that, recalling how it wasn’t just him. Dazai’s the one who nullified the doll’s powers and Akutagawa--yes, *the* black demon dog of the Port Mafia--helped him take down Francis, allowing them to save the city. Hayate stays enthralled the whole time, listening intently and asking questions when he has the chance to.

It feels...nice. He really only talks to his friends and clients of the Agency, but those conversations are typically business related. To just speak with Hayate casually and know

he's being listened to, not feeling like he's boring the other man, is a great feeling and has him opening up more.

About twenty minutes in, Hayate shares about himself too. Turns out he works as bodyguard, using his Ability to take down his enemies and help some of his more picky clients feel like they aren't being guarded, giving them the illusion of being alone. "I had one guy who took me everywhere with him, all while being invisible." His laugh is tinged with disdain. "It's a shitty job sometimes, literally being seen by no one. Sometimes I wonder if it'd be better that way."

Atsushi frowns, sensing the self-loathing in his tone. Instinctively, he leans forward and puts a comforting hand on Hayate's shoulder, not really thinking about it. "It wouldn't for the people who *want* to see you." Hayate smiles at that, clearly not expecting the sympathy, and Atsushi offers him a smile back. "Your Ability does a lot of good, even if people abuse it sometimes."

Hayate hums in agreement. "Yeah, that's true." Then, he grins and adds, "It certainly does a lot of good in the bedroom too." Atsushi moves his hand away, but blinks and leans forward curiously, ignoring the blush on his face.

"It...does?"

"Oh, definitely." His grin widens. "It means I don't have to look good for someone to hook up with me, since they can't see me."

"I think you look good," Atsushi blurts out. It's not a lie--well, he mostly says it to help the man feel better, since he starts to get that deprecatory look again, but it's not like he finds him awfully unattractive.

Hayate chuckles at that, light dancing in his eyes. "Well, thank you. I think you do too." Atsushi blushes harder at that, reflexively looking away, but the compliment has him smiling nonetheless. There's a long stretch of silence between them, only broken by Hayate setting his glass down with a clink, until the other man speaks again. "Actually, it's really helpful for people who are inexperienced too. Sometimes it helps them relax when they can't see who's actually touching them." His eyes settle on Atsushi, a knowing smirk on his face, and Atsushi fidgets under his gaze.

"...Really?"

"Mhm," Hayate says, leaning a bit closer, as if to tell him a secret. "And when you can't see who you're with, you can always imagine someone *else* too."

Imagine someone else...suddenly, the idea sounds very tempting, but he doesn't like what it means for poor Hayate. Atsushi looks at him seriously, his expression sympathetic. "That doesn't seem fair to you," he protests. "You should be with someone who wants *you*, not anyone else."

Hayate's laugh is bitter. "Hey, I take what I can get." It's such a familiar mentality to him that it has Atsushi shaking his head, determined to help Hayate see that's no way to live his life.

“You shouldn’t! You’ll never get more from others if you keep expecting less of them.” Hayate raises an eyebrow at that, so he stops to explain. “When your expectations are so low, people will take advantage of that. But,” he adds firmly, “if you expect more from them, you’ll be left with the people who *truly* care about you, not the ones who are just selfish.”

He isn’t expecting to magically cure Hayate with a few words, but he can tell that what he’s saying is having an impact. Hayate’s smile loses its edge, becoming softer and more genuine. He chuckles a bit to himself, but it sounds more exasperated than hopeless, which Atsushi will certainly take. “Sounds like you know about this.”

Atsushi hesitates, but he knows that if he’s open about himself, it’ll help Hayate with his problems too. “I struggle with the same kind of thinking. Feeling like I’m not worth anyone’s time, so I settle for anyone who gives me theirs, even if it’s for the wrong reasons.” He looks down at his glass, still mostly full. “I...I’m having that problem with someone right now, actually. He’s nice to me, but—”

“--but not because he actually *cares* about you.”

Atsushi’s lips twist. “Yeah. I don’t really see him caring about *anyone*, especially not someone he’s only met twice.” That gets an amused smile from Hayate.

“Well, you’d be surprised, Atsushi-kun.” He downs the rest of his drink, setting it down with a content sigh, and looks over at him with a soft expression. “I’ve cared about people just from meeting them *once*.”

Atsushi blinks in surprise. “Oh. Well,” he smiles, not minding how Hayate’s slowly inches closer, letting their thighs touch lightly, “I’m sure they were very special then.”

Hayate’s smile widens. “Yeah, they are.”

He isn’t expecting the kiss, not until Hayate closes his eyes and leans forward, cupping his cheek with one hand. But though he’s caught off guard, Atsushi doesn’t protest it. Hayate’s lips are warm and soft against his, just a slight pressure that’s asking for permission instead of demanding it. And when he remembers another pair of lips on his, greedily taking and *devouring*, Atsushi opens up for the other man, wanting *that* feeling again. Hayate is slow though, slow and tentative, so Atsushi takes the initiative, pressing forward and tangling his fingers in the other man’s silky hair. Hayate moans at that, getting the courage to dive deeper, and Atsushi curls his fingers tighter. Like this, with his eyes closed, he can almost imagine someone else’s tongue in his mouth, someone else’s hand on his cheek and sliding to the back of his head--

With a sharp gasp, Atsushi pulls away, cheeks burning with shame and eyes full of guilt. Hayate opens his eyes and frowns in concern, about to ask a question, but Atsushi hangs his head down and blurts out, “I’m sorry, Hayate-kun, I--I can’t do this. It wouldn’t be fair to you at all.” Looking down at his lap, he doesn’t see the man’s disappointment and angry realization. But after a moment, his chin is being tilted up, meeting emerald eyes and a patient smile.

“You’re thinking about *him*, aren’t you?” Instead of answering, Atsushi just looks away, but Hayate knows what that means and chuckles. “It’s okay, Atsushi-kun. I don’t expect you to feel the same way after one conversation. But,” he adds, eyes sparkling, “you’ve been really nice to me, so I don’t mind if you think of someone else.”

Atsushi frowns. “I can’t--I don’t want to do that to you, Hayate-kun.”

“What if *I* want you to?” He leans his face in, voice dropping to a low whisper that sends a dull spark of heat up Atsushi’s spine. “I want to do something nice for you, Atsushi-kun. Besides,” he smirks, “it’s not like it won’t be nice for me either, getting to touch you.” The hand on his chin slides lower, skimming down the side of his neck and making him shiver. “Getting to see your reactions. And *more*, if you’d allow it.”

He swallows thickly. He’s ashamed with himself for even considering the idea, especially when his goal was to *avoid* thinking of Mori. But Hayate’s offer is so tempting; he could get all of the pleasure, all of the physical sensations and intimacy, and imagine Mori giving them to him, not having to face the reality of his situation. He wants to indulge in that fantasy, to sate this hunger inside of him, and now he’s found a way to do it. And if Hayate’s going to benefit from it too...

He nods slowly, still hesitant, but willing to go along with this for now. “If you’re okay with it,” he says weakly, cheeks burning. Hayate only smiles in response and then, without warning, disappears. Atsushi blinks in surprise, still able to feel the man’s heat and the fingers on his neck. “Hayate-kun?”

“*Still here.*” It’s a soft murmur, right by his ear, and Atsushi can’t help shuddering in pleasure, reminded of how Mori discovered how sensitive his ears are. “*Don’t worry, everyone else can see me, so you don’t look weird reacting on your own.*”

Atsushi’s lips twitch up in amusement. “Thank you for that.” He hears Hayate chuckle and feels lips press against his again, easily giving into the action.

In his mind, he can picture Mori with his devious smirk and dark violet eyes, rewarding him with kisses and swallowing up his moans. It’s not the same feeling though, so he tries taking the lead again, hoping it’ll encourage Hayate to be more bold, and it does. He feels himself being pushed back, the other man’s tongue delving deeper, drawing out a soft moan of approval from Atsushi. There’s a hand on his back now, sliding down to where the curve of his spine is exposed, and the hand on his neck skirts up to toy with his ear, getting a small gasp out of him. “*Well, looks like **these** are sensitive.*” Hayate repeats the motion and Atsushi whimpers, remembering Mori teasing him in a similar way.

*Sensitive, hmm?*

That deep voice stands out in his thoughts and if he tries hard enough, he can imagine Hayate’s words being said in them. “*Tell me what you’d want him to do, Atsushi-kun,*” the other man insists. “*Tell me what you want **me** to do.*”

Atsushi takes a shaky breath, still distracted by the finger rubbing behind his ear. He isn’t sure what he wants exactly. He wants more of Mori’s hands on him, knowing exactly where

to touch and how to do it. He wants Mori's tongue sliding against his skin, sucking deep marks into it that he'll see the next day and touch lightly, remembering everything that led to him getting them. He wants to feel Mori deep inside him, completely still, until he finally starts moving and fucking him without restraint.

But surprisingly, now that Hayate's touching him, he misses *other* things even more, things that he isn't sure the other man can give him. He wants Mori's teasing, pushing him to his limits without breaking past them, his way of taking control and giving orders for the most *embarrassing* things without it feeling like mockery or punishment. He wants Mori's comforting touches, his soothing words, his gentle scoldings when Atsushi disappoints him that make his rewards all the more satisfying. He dearly wishes for Mori's *praise*, something not given lightly, something that feels even more fulfilling knowing who it's coming from. He remembers the look of pride in those violet eyes and feels his arousal stir, combining with the surge of warmth in his chest.

"I...I want to be good for you," he finds himself saying, the words slipping out on their own. "Your good kitten." The pet name sounds odd coming from him, but Hayate hums in approval when he hears it, a note of excitement entering his voice.

"*That so? Well, if that's what you want, kitten,*" he murmurs, a grin in his voice, "*just kneel on the floor for me.*" Atsushi knows what that means and hesitates, not just because of all the people around them, some of them even *watching* now, but because he's never done that before. Hayate's chuckle is dark. "*What's wrong? Too shy? They'll think nothing of it. If anything, they'll get off on it.*"

"I...I'm sorry, I'm just not ready for that." He'd be too worried about messing up and he'd rather do it with someone he feels more comfortable with, someone who'd be able to ease his worries and gently encourage him. Someone who *isn't* just doing this because he was nice to them.

For a moment, Hayate does nothing. The hand on his lower back stays there, but the hand near his ear leaves, taking the pleasant sensations with it. He looks at the other man in concern, wondering if he'll leave because of the rejection, but then Hayate laughs sharply, the sound making Atsushi wince. "*What, you haven't done it with **him** yet? Well, think of this as practice.*" A hand suddenly grips his jaw with enough force to make him gasp, eyes going wide in alarm. "*I'm sure he'd love to know how much of a **slut** you really are.*"

He internally recoils at the word, feeling a flash of guilt, shame, and most of all, disgust with himself. He doesn't...that's not what he wants to be. Is he? Does coming here instead of going to Mori make him a slut? It's not like he's actually in a relationship with the mob boss and yet, he suddenly feels dirty. Impure. Not someone that Mori would want. "No," he protests, trying to pry the hand off his jaw, "I-I'm not!"

"*Oh, but you **are**, kitten.*" The way he spits out makes it sound like an insult and it's clear that the other man isn't just playing around. Atsushi's heart sinks. "*You're just like everyone else. You take and take and take, but you never give back.*" His fingers dig in deeper and Atsushi winces in pain. "*You said you wanted to be good for me, but you won't even do **this**? How selfish.*"

The seething words hit their mark. Atsushi shrinks back, overwhelmed with guilt and realizes that Hayate's right. He just came here for himself and now, even after everything Hayate told him, even when he feels sorry for him, he's putting himself first. That's all he wants from Hayate and from Mori too, is just to chase his own selfish pleasure. Pleasure that he doesn't deserve. He needs to make up for it and so, with a nervous swallow, he stammers out, "I-I'm sorry, I'll--I'll do it." Even if he doesn't want to, he owes it to the other man.

"*Good boy,*" Hayate says, but the praise just makes Atsushi feel worse. Trying to ignore his nerves, he slides off his bar stool and kneels on the ground, feeling Hayate's legs spread out on either side of him. He hears the sound of a zipper being pulled down and licks his lips, trying to brace himself for what's next. A hand curls in his hair and tugs sharply, bringing his face forward. "*Now, just open your whore mouth and--* **auuuGH!** "

The sudden pained shout startles him, reeling back in shock as he hears something--no, *someone* fall to the ground, the stool being tipped back in the process and crashing with a loud clatter. People around him look over in surprise and curiosity, gasping in horror at something he can't see. Confused and alarmed, Atsushi opens his mouth to ask what happened, until he feels a presence behind him and whips around to see a man with dark hair and violet eyes, holding a bloody scalpel and staring down at Hayate's invisible form with a dark expression.

"M-Mori-san?!" He can barely get his name out. He hears Hayate moan in pain and then, he can suddenly see the man with his cock out, lying on the floor and clutching his arm with a pained groan. Blood's seeping down it slowly.

"What--what the fuck?!" Hayate glares up at Mori angrily, just as Alice comes rushing over, pushing through the newly formed crowd of spectators.

"And just *what* is going on here?" She notices Atsushi, still kneeling on the floor, and her eyes widen in horror. "Oh, Atsushi-kun! Did these men hurt you?" She gives a particularly wary look to Mori, eyeing the scalpel in his hand.

"That crazy guy *slashed* me in the arm!" Hayate grits out. Mori's eyes flick over to Alice, hardly paying Hayate any attention. Atsushi finally manages to stand up, trying to process what just happened, and Mori takes a step in front of him, putting himself between him and Hayate. He offers Alice an apologetic smile.

"My apologies, Ms. Frulip, but this man here was playing too rough with my kitten." He can practically *feel* the malice dripping from Mori's voice, all of it directed at Hayate. "I didn't plan on stepping in if he was enjoying it, but you see, I draw the line at using *guilt* to make him obey."

Alice's eyes get even wider, disgust crossing her features as she glares down at Hayate now. "Is that so? Well, in that case," she walks over to Hayate and, with one hard yank, lifts him up by his shirt collar, getting a pained choke out of the man. "You can tend to your wounds somewhere *else*, sir. Get out before I call security." Hayate glares back at her, then gives Atsushi a particularly nasty look before zipping up his pants and storming off, going straight for the exit. Alice sighs wearily and turns towards Mori. "My deepest apologies, Mori-sama. I should've been paying more attention to this young man. Especially," she adds, giving



Atsushi a sympathetic look, “after dealing with Daiki earlier. He just seems to attract trouble.”

Mori chuckles lightly. “I’m well aware. But no apologies needed, Ms. Frulip. I doubt he’ll be coming here again *without* me.” He turns to look at Atsushi, a knowing smirk on his face. “Isn’t that right, Atsushi-kun?”

Atsushi struggles to answer that. After opening and closing his mouth a few times, still shocked by what just happened and that Mori is *here*, at a *sex* club, he eventually sighs in defeat and nods. Mori steps back to wrap an arm around his shoulder, a comfortable weight instead of an intrusive one. “And thank you for taking care of Daiki, Ms. Frulip,” Mori tells her. “I would’ve intervened sooner, but,” he glances at Atsushi, “I didn’t want to blow my cover so soon.” Atsushi scowls at him. So, he was *purposefully* keeping himself hidden all this time, which means he saw everything.

Alice laughs, not questioning it. “I understand. Well, my apologies to you especially, Atsushi-kun,” she says, getting his attention. “I certainly hope this won’t keep you two from returning, but I understand if your first experience deters you.”

“It’s...okay, Ms. Frulip,” he says, fidgeting awkwardly. Yeah, it’s been an awful first time here, but the thought of coming here with Mori is...well, he won’t think about that yet, but it’s not a bad thought. “I might come back if...Mori-san wants to.” He must be a regular here, considering how well Ms. Frulip knows him. And he’s willing to bet that part of the reason she’s so concerned is because he’s a big patron of her business.

Alice claps her hands together in delight. “Wonderful! That’s all I could ask for.” She looks between the two of them. “Actually, if you two don’t plan on leaving yet, I’d love to reserve you a private suite for the night, free of charge. It’s the least I can do.”

Atsushi’s eyes widen. “That’s not--”

“That would be *lovely*, Ms. Frulip.” Mori looks down at Atsushi with a grin. “I think we could both use some time away from other guests, right, Atsushi-kun?” He’d really love to just get out of here completely, but...well, he doesn’t know where he and Mori could go without being seen, which is really all he wants right now. So, he nods his agreement and Alice makes a happy noise.

“Perfect! Right this way then, gentlemen.”

Throughout the walk there, up the stairs and to the highest floor of the building, Mori never leaves his side and keeps a hand on his lower back, which really shouldn’t be such a turn on, but...he can’t help feeling safe now, even though he’s with his enemy, walking into a large room that immediately *screams* wealth. The first thing he notices is a huge glass window providing a perfect view of the city skyline, letting moonlight fill the dimly lit room and illuminate the king-sized bed by the window. There are dressers and cabinets on the side, though he’s not sure what’s in them, and the floor is covered in soft carpeting, feeling good for when he slips his shoes off and places them by the door. Past the front room is a side bathroom, which apparently has a *jacuzzi*, as he finds out when exploring, and next to that is

a room with a locked door. He looks at it curiously, glancing over at where Mori's slipping his shoes off too. "Is there a key for this one too?"

"Hmm? Oh," Mori says, looking amused, "yes, there is. But I highly doubt we'll be making use of that one." Seeing Atsushi's confusion, he chuckles and sets the key ring down on one of the tables. "They call that a Red Room, for masochists to be tortured and sadists to get off on it." Atsushi gapes at that, to Mori's amusement. "Personally, my tastes aren't *that* extreme." Well, *that's* a relief, because now he's decided he's better off not seeing what's in there.

Now that he can't distract himself with the room's interior, he realizes just how surreal this is, being in a fancy private suite with the mob boss. Who, like him, has dressed down more than usual. Instead of a trench coat and pinstriped suit, the man just has on a white button-up dress shirt, with the collar hanging open slightly, and a silver-emblem belt wrapped around a fitting pair of black trousers. It's a good look for him; slightly gothic and a bit old-fashioned, but more sexy than intimidating and casual enough to make him look approachable. The more he looks at it, the dryer Atsushi's mouth gets. He licks his lips without thinking, realizing too late that Mori's watching him too, a satisfied look in his eyes.

"Just so you know," he says, walking over to Atsushi slowly, "they have mouthwash in the bathroom cabinet. I'd prefer not to taste *him* when I kiss you." He emphasizes this by cupping Atsushi's cheek and the way he says it so directly, no hint of embarrassment in his tone, makes Atsushi blush. He wonders what would happen if he refused the subtle order, but he doesn't want to anger the other man and really, he *does* want to wash the taste of Hayate out of his mouth. Along with the unpleasant feelings it brings up now. So, he nods to show he agrees and Mori smiles in approval, brushing his cheek with his, surprisingly, ungloved hand. "Do you want anything to drink?"

"...Just water," he decides, not in the mood for more alcohol. He doesn't drink much to begin with and though he was hoping it'd help soothe his nerves, the thought of *any* inebriation feels like a bad idea now.

Fortunately, Mori doesn't tease him for it. "Water it is, then."

As he's in the bathroom, making sure to swish the mouthwash around in his mouth thoroughly, his sensitive ears pick up the sound of a sink being turned on, probably from the small kitchen area in the main room. He doesn't know why this kind of suite would need one, but well, maybe people like to eat and have sex too. Considering how they booked this room for the night, it makes sense. He just isn't sure if he wants to spend the *whole* night here and what Mori's plans are exactly. Is he angry with him for going without him? He *did* tell the man that their, er, *session* was a one time thing, but maybe Mori assumed he didn't mean it. Or maybe he's here for another reason. After all, he basically confirmed that this was part of getting the weretiger to submit, so maybe he's just doing this to earn Atsushi's trust, protecting him from others and then spoiling him with expensive rooms like this one.

*You'll stay for me, won't you?*

Atsushi frowns, spitting out the mouthwash in the sink. He never did answer that question and, true to his word, he didn't end up staying. ...Well, okay, he might have made out with

Mori a *tiny* bit when he woke up, but that's because he was still blissfully fucked out and too sated to care about protesting. It's only when Mori mentioned him staying with Dazai that he finally snapped out of it and made sure to get a new change of clothes before being escorted out by Akutagawa. Who, to his utter humiliation, seemed to know *exactly* what happened with Atsushi and his Boss.

*Akutagawa raises an eyebrow when he winces. "Can you walk, jinko?"*

*"Ah, yeah, I'm just...my legs are still regenerating," he says lamely, floundering for an excuse that isn't 'my ass still hurts from being pounded by your Boss'. Since he's awkwardly looking at anything that **isn't** his enemy, he misses the amused smirk on the other man's face.*

*"Are you sure it's your **legs** that are hurting?" **That** gets Atsushi to look at him, face red and eyes wide, absolutely mortified by the insinuation.*

*"Y-yes, I'm sure!" A bit snarkily, he adds, "**You** try getting your legs pulled off and walking after that." Akutagawa looks humored by his denial, but his smirk fades away, replaced with something more...conflicted.*

*"You should've been faster," he snarks back, but there's an odd edge to his voice that isn't malice or sarcasm. It sounds more like...guilt. As if his comment was directed at **himself** too. Atsushi can't help feeling a twinge of shame, remembering how his enemy pushed himself to his very limits to try and help Atsushi.*

*With a sigh, he says, "Well, thanks for not letting me die." And with a hint of humor, he crooks his lip up and adds, "I know it's just because **you** want to kill me, but still."*

*Akutagawa gives him a flat look, pointedly not accepting the thanks. But for some reason, he looks away and grumbles, "That might not be possible now." Atsushi wants to question him on it, but then they reach the exit of the Port Mafia's base and a black tendril practically shoves him out the door.*

He still isn't entirely sure what his enemy meant by that, but he decides not to think about now. Especially not when his *other* enemy is here and waiting for him.

*You need to work on figuring out your enemy's intentions.*

As he remembers Mori's words, he narrows his eyes at his reflection in the mirror. Yeah, he really does. He should take this as an opportunity to figure out what Mori's intentions are, not let himself give into his own selfish desires. He was overwhelmed the first time with something he's never experienced before, but now that he has, he can control himself.

He can be *stronger*.

i'm using the Dead Apple movie to justify aku's dirty sense of humor SOLELY based on his "let's see who comes out on top" line that i wanna write something for  
also: bonus points to whoever noticed what's kind of off about alice towards the end of chapter one (hint: something atsushi didn't tell her directly ;)

# The First

## Chapter Summary

His violet eyes peer over at Atsushi entering the room, shining with mischief and desire in the moonlight. Atsushi feels his resolve waver at the sight of them. When Mori pats his lap twice, a clear command for Atsushi to sit there, he can't resist--no, he doesn't want to resist obeying. All of his wishes from before, everything he longed to earn and receive from the mob boss--it all comes rushing back to him with surprising intensity.

I want to be good for you.

## Chapter Notes

is it possible for me to write SHORT smut with no kind of powerplay for these two?  
no, absolutely not  
(also, fun drinking game: take a sip every time mori says 'kitten' and every time atsushi has Conflicted Emotions)

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

Putting the mouthwash away, Atsushi turns off the light and closes the door behind him. He makes his way into the front room with silent footsteps, like a cat prowling towards its prey. Except his 'prey' is already expecting him, sitting on one of the big sofas with two glasses of clear liquid, presumably water, standing on the mahogany table by his feet. His violet eyes peer over at Atsushi entering the room, shining with mischief and desire in the moonlight. Atsushi feels his resolve waver at the sight of them. When Mori pats his lap twice, a clear command for Atsushi to sit there, he can't resist--no, he doesn't *want* to resist obeying. All of his wishes from before, everything he longed to earn and receive from the mob boss--it all comes rushing back to him with surprising intensity.

*I want to be good for you.*

As he settles his weight down on Mori's lap, right on his thighs, he feels an odd clash of power and submission. It's new being in this position, where he can actually look down at the taller man and have the advantage; he's free to move his arms, unlike before, and there's no weight hovering over him, holding him down. And yet, the sheer proximity and intimacy makes him vulnerable, leaving himself open for the man's roaming hands, keeping his legs spread just to straddle him. It's a good feeling, he decides, his cock starting to harden just from that alone. Mori's eyes flick down briefly, just enough for him to notice, before returning to Atsushi's with a slight grin. Both of his hands rest on Atsushi's hips, unmoving,

and not knowing where to put his own, he risks placing them on the other man's shoulders. Mori looks pleased with his choice.

"So, kitten," he starts. This time, the pet name sends a rush of welcome heat through him. "Who is it that you're having a *problem* with?"

Atsushi's lips press together. "I think you *know* who, Mori-san." He knows the mob boss just wants him to say it, but really, he isn't sure if he wants to come clean about his conflicted emotions to him. Or anyone.

Mori chuckles. "Well, it *sounded* like you meant me, except for one thing." He pulls Atsushi closer to him, so that he's sitting on the man's crotch instead of his thighs. He flushes and gasps, feeling Mori's own hardness press up against his ass, thrilled to know that he's not the only one affected by this position. Mori's just better at staying composed. "You said you couldn't see me caring about anyone." His eyes flash darkly, lust mixing with genuine intrigue. "I'm not heartless, Atsushi-kun."

Atsushi narrows his eyes at him. "You're the head of the Port Mafia," he says, more so to remind himself. As he speaks, he remembers Dazai's warnings and what he said specifically. "You kill people and ruin lives for a living. If there *is* anyone you care for, it's just because it suits your agenda."

Mori smiles, seeing right through him. "Did Dazai-kun tell you all that?" Atsushi scowls, refusing to answer that, but that's all Mori needs to snicker and say, "Well, I'm flattered that he felt the need to scare you away from me. Out of all people, he's the *first* to know that's not true." His smile widens. "And *you* know that too, Atsushi-kun. Even if it's easier to think otherwise."

Atsushi looks away, knowing he's right. He's seen firsthand, more times than he'd prefer, how his opponents aren't just mindless killing machines or total monsters. They're still human. They have feelings of their own, friends they care about, families they fight to protect. They have ambitions and dreams, fears and desires, places to call home, which is why the Port Mafia is so protective of this city. And he knows, based on what Dazai's said, that their Boss is equally protective of them, doing whatever's necessary to keep his mob strong and thriving.

"Even if Dazai-san lied," he says quietly, fingers gripping Mori's shirt, "he did it for a good reason. No matter how you twist it, you're an enemy of the Agency." It feels pointless to say it, when he's literally sitting in the enemy's lap, but he's hoping that saying it out loud will reaffirm his own self-control. He should end this now and pull away. He should tell Mori never to go near him again. He should--

"Not always," Mori says lightly. Atsushi blinks in surprise, imploring gold eyes searching for answers. The mob boss smiles cryptically. "We've joined forces multiple times to protect this city and the people in it. In those times, we're allies."

"Allies with different morals," he protests, gripping harder. But even as he says that, he can't make himself leave. He wants to keep Mori talking, to stall for time and delay what feels like the inevitable. "We can never truly be allies with murderers."

“No,” Mori agrees, smirking, “you can’t. But my intention isn’t to be allies with the Agency. In fact,” he adds, gliding his hands over the strip of exposed skin under his top, getting a shiver in return, “as of now, I have no plans for the Agency. Just one of their members.”

“You can’t have Dazai-san.”

He doesn’t know where it comes from, but it comes out as a slight growl, his gold eyes flashing in warning. He thinks he understands now; Mori’s targeting *him* to get to his mentor, earning Atsushi’s trust to abuse it and turn him into a damsel in distress yet again, always needing other people to save him. His fingers twitch at the thought, but he sees the obvious surprise on Mori’s face and stops. Then, that surprise is broken by a genuine laugh, his shoulders shaking slightly. “Oh, Atsushi-kun, do you think I’m only using you to get to your mentor?” His disbelief makes Atsushi falter, starting to doubt his own deduction, and he jerks when Mori suddenly leans down to where the zipper on his shirt collar is, pulling it down with *just* his teeth.

“If that were true,” he says, pulling back to finish tugging his zipper down, “Dazai-kun wouldn’t let you out of his *sight*.” His top splits open, reminding him of when Mori tore his borrowed shirt in half, and exposing his chest to the man’s hungry gaze. “He wouldn’t just be warning you to stay away, Atsushi-kun. He’d be *forcing* you to.”

He’s torn between listening and paying attention to what Mori’s hands are doing, his mind struggling to interpret what Mori’s saying. So...Dazai’s *letting* him be with Mori? Because he doesn’t plan on using Atsushi as leverage? It does make sense, in a way, considering how Dazai knows his Boss personally and can figure out his intentions. But then, wouldn’t that mean he’d know if Mori was a danger to him? His brow furrows in confusion. “Then...why would he let me be here with you? Your plan is to get me to submit and turn me in for the bounty.”

Mori clicks his tongue. “I never said that, did I?”

Atsushi stares at him in disbelief. “That’s what you’ve been trying to do! And you--you said you couldn’t make me submit by *force*, so this is your new method of--*ah* !” One of Mori’s hands gives his nipple a light squeeze, cutting him off mid-sentence. He narrows his eyes, annoyed at being interrupted, but Mori just grins in amusement.

“That’s true, but that doesn’t mean I’m in it for the bounty. You’re far more valuable than *any* sum of money, Atsushi-kun.” He flushes at the compliment, though that means his assumption about Mori’s intentions was wrong. What else could he possibly want? He could just be doing this for entertainment, but Mori doesn’t seem like the kind of man who would waste time on trivial pursuits. If he wants Atsushi to submit, there must be a logical reason for it. Something that Mori would want him for—

*Call me Boss.*

Atsushi’s eyes widen in realization, a chill running down his spine. “You want me to join the Port Mafia,” he whispers, grasping onto Mori’s shoulders tightly. Mori’s grin widens, rewarding his answer with another squeeze that has him biting down a moan. Ignoring the pleasant sensation, he goes on to say, “And that’s why Dazai-san hasn’t--hasn’t *stopped* you.”

Resolve shines through the haze in his gold eyes, bright with faith in his mentor and even confidence in himself. “Because he knows I won’t join you, no matter what you do.”

“Dazai-kun *thinks* he knows that,” Mori says, amused. But something in his expression flickers, revealing just the tiniest amount of doubt, as if he’s not entirely sure of his own words. Yet there’s determination in his eyes, *excitement*, even, as if Atsushi just challenged him to a game that he plans on winning. Knowing, however, that the mob boss isn’t fully confident that he’ll win is enough to spur Asushi on, to have the audacity to shake his head and speak without thinking.

“You know it too. You know I’ll never join your mob, so why are you doing this?”

After he asks that, he realizes that might be too cocky to say to the leader of the Port Mafia. But when it’s just the two of them like this, wearing different clothes and being so close together, it’s hard to see Mori in that role. And it’s getting harder to play his *own* role too, that of a Detective Agency employee who *never* consorts with the enemy. Despite his confident words, his resolve to leave and end things now is crumbling. Or rather, his resolve to *pretend* like he will is finally starting to break.

Mori actually seems impressed by his boldness, making Atsushi warm with pride. That warmth spreads further when, moving down from his chest, Mori’s hand brushes over his navel and down to the growing tent in his trousers, palming him firmly enough to get a sharp gasp. “You would certainly be an excellent addition to the Port Mafia,” Mori explains, idly rubbing him through the fabric. Atsushi bites his lip instinctively, but when he hears that familiar click of Mori’s tongue, a sure sign of disapproval, he pulls his teeth away and Mori smirks, obviously pleased that he remembered. “But you’re right about our morals. You hide in the light, weretiger, while we embrace the dark.”

The imagery confuses him, for a moment, until he realizes what Mori means. Whereas the Port Mafia accepts the cruel lives they lead, using the darkness within them to do their job, Atsushi hides from that darkness and refuses to embrace it, choosing to live a virtuous life instead. Or, well, as virtuous as possible.

“However,” Mori continues, now undoing his chain belt and fiddling with the button on his trousers. Atsushi almost reaches down to help him, until he remembers that he shouldn’t be making this easy. And soon enough, the button comes off, allowing Mori to push down his waistband enough to see his half-hard cock straining through his briefs. He looks away in embarrassment, but his eyes snap back to Mori when the man’s hand slips *into* his briefs and starts stroking him to full hardness, getting him to moan lowly. “Just because you won’t join the Port Mafia doesn’t mean you won’t join *me*.” Atsushi frowns in confusion, though it’s broken by the moan that escapes him when Mori thumbs his slit, one of his most sensitive areas. He shudders when the man repeats the action, a wet spot starting to form on his underwear. “You can still be *my* kitten without working for me, Atsushi-kun.”

Atsushi struggles to speak between shallow breaths. “You--you don’t want me with--with a--anyone else?”

Mori chuckles lowly. “That *is* the tradeoff here, yes. You can either try your chances at sleeping with someone else,” he twists his hand a certain way, making Atsushi arch his back



with a gasp, “like those pieces of *filth* who just want to take advantage of you.” A note of fierce protectiveness enters his tone and Atsushi can’t help responding to it, his arousal spiking with the feel of being *wanted*. “I won’t stop you if you do.”

“Or,” Mori continues, grinning when Atsushi whimpers and starts rocking his hips forward without realizing it, “you can stay with me and *only* come to me for this.” He punctuates that last word with a hard squeeze and Atsushi gasps, already feeling the now familiar heat of his orgasm approaching. “Which goes both ways, of course. I won’t expect you to stick with me without doing the same.”

Atsushi whines low in his throat, too distracted to think straight. “C-Can I decide when you’re...*not* t-touching me?” Mori laughs at that, a deep sound that sends a rush of warmth through him, and stops moving his hand without actually moving it away.

“That’s hard to do, kitten,” Mori purrs, “when you react like *this*.” Still, he does give Atsushi a moment to collect his thoughts, keeping his hand on the other man’s cock without stroking or squeezing it. He apparently can’t stay *completely* still, however, since he leans up to start mouthing at Atsushi’s throat like a hungry animal. “Take your time. The choice is yours.”

Atsushi *almost* wishes it wasn’t. Because he already knows what choice he’ll make.

He takes a deep breath, preparing himself for what he’s about to say. “I...I’ll do it,” he whispers, feeling Mori’s lips curve up against his throat. “But on one condition.” *That* gets Mori to pull away, curiosity and amusement dancing in his eyes.

“Is it the same one you gave Akutagawa-kun? Because that might be a difficult,” he jokes. Oddly enough, he doesn’t outright say it’s a deal-breaker, which leads Atsushi to think he *really* wants this too. The realization makes his blood hot with need.

“Not exactly,” he tells him, eyes darting away for a moment before landing on him again. “The condition is that, if you ever kill anyone from the Agency, I’m *never* coming back to you.” He swallows thickly, feeling the weight of his own words, but there’s no way he’s going back on them. No matter how much he craves this intimacy--or whatever *this* is--with the mob boss, he wouldn’t be able to live with himself if he stayed with someone who murdered one of his friends. And because their jobs often bring them into direct combat, he knows that he and the other Agency members are bound to get hurt, which is why they’re lucky to have Yosano-san’s ability.

But if any of them actually *died* by Mori’s hands, either directly or indirectly, he’d never be able to forgive the mob boss for that.

Mori seems to understand that too. “I thought as much,” he murmurs, bringing a hand up to cup Atsushi’s cheek. “That’s quite the position to put me in, Atsushi-kun. It assumes that my relationship with you is more important than my duty to the Port Mafia.” He can’t help blushing at Mori’s choice of words. *With* you. Not relationship *to* you. It sounds like they’re actually together now and yet, they’re not *really*. Not in the sense of lovers or even partners.

“I’m not assuming that,” he says, because it’s true. “I’m just telling you what will happen, *Boss*.” He breathes out the last part, the word still feeling unnatural coming from him, but he

uses it anyways to make a point. To show that he's willing to give Mori what he wants, but only if he's willing to make an effort too. And that must come across because Mori's face breaks into a satisfied smile, that spark of pride from before lighting up his eyes again.

It's exactly what Atsushi's been missing this whole time.

"Alright," Mori says, thumb brushing over his cheek. "I'll keep that in mind." No promises, just as Atsushi thought, but at least he's made himself clear. It makes him feel a little bit better about arching into Mori's hand with a groan as he resumes his ministrations, pulling his underwear down further to stroke the full length of his cock. It's maddeningly slow, not nearly enough to make him cum, but just enough for him to pant and buck his hips forward, not having enough restraint to stay still. "Well, with *that* settled, I have a question for you, kitten."

Atsushi swallows loudly and asks, after a brief pause, "Y-Yes?" Another gasp is wringed out of him when Mori squeezes gently and leans up to nip at Atsushi's ear, paying special attention to the sensitive area with his tongue. He tries turning his head away on impulse, but Mori's hand slides down to his jaw and keeps him captive, unable to escape the pleasant sensation. And when Mori finally responds, it's with a low murmur that has him trembling at the sound.

*"Do you **still** want to be good for me?"*

He does. He *absolutely* does. But the question brings him back to Hayate and how, after he said that, the man expected him to do something he wasn't ready for, and still isn't. Yet the thought of Mori reacting the same way, calling him *selfish* and voicing his disappointment, is enough to make him nod shakily, ignoring the cold trickle of fear in his gut. He puts his hands down and goes to move off the other man's lap, only for Mori to pull him back with a firm hand on his lower back. Atsushi blinks in confusion; maybe he was supposed to wait for an order? But Mori's eyes harden for a moment, as if remembering something painful, and soften when he looks up at Atsushi. "You're not ready for *that* yet, kitten," he chides. Even though his tone is gentle--understanding, even--Atsushi can't help frowning in response, feeling like he's done something wrong.

"But I--I want to make you feel good, Boss," he pleads. *I don't want to be selfish.* He can't avoid all of the voices from his childhood coming back to him, the Headmaster scolding him for being a burden, for being greedy, for only thinking about himself and no one else, for causing everyone so much trouble--

He isn't expecting Mori to kiss him, getting a surprised squeak in return, but he doesn't have time to wonder why. His lips are parted and his mouth is quickly filled with the other man's tongue, brushing against his own and pushing down, deeper, until all he can taste is Mori, all he can feel is Mori, all he can *think* is Mori. He moans into the man's mouth, letting out a pleased gasp when fingers curl into his hair, and if he didn't know any better, he'd think Mori was trying to chase off the voices in his head, to replace his memories with better ones. There's something apologetic about it too, in the way he smooths a hand over Atsushi's cheek and combs it through his hair, just how Atsushi likes it.

*You should've been faster*, is what he remembers Akutagawa saying, but the way he said it sounded more like he was blaming himself too. And with Mori kissing him like this, stroking his hair and drawing out more pleased sounds with no apparent end in sight, he can't help feeling like this is an apology. He can almost imagine Mori's voice as if it were in his own head, speaking to him through the touch of tongues and lips. *I should've stopped him sooner*.

He knows he doesn't deserve it and yet Mori gives it to him anyways, spoiling the younger man with a kind of generosity he's still not used to.

Eventually, Mori does pull away, giving both of them a chance to catch their breath. And once he does, the other man looks up at him with lidded eyes, brimming with emotions that Atsushi can't even begin to name. Lust is the only one he recognizes instantly and he can hear it in Mori's voice when he asks, "Do you want to know how you can *really* make me feel good, Atsushi-kun?" Atsushi nods slowly, still somewhat dazed, but Mori smirks and squeezes his member, getting Atsushi's attention this time. "Use your words, kitten."

"Y-Yes, Boss," he pants, "I want to know."

Mori grins in approval. Without meaning to, Atsushi shifts forward and accidentally grinds against his crotch, mouth falling open when he feels how hard the other man is. He repeats the action again, loving how it makes Mori's breath hitch, until two hands grab his hips to keep them from moving. He almost whines in protest, but then Mori's talking to him again and he's getting hotter with each word.

"You can sit on my cock and let me feel you," Mori says, reaching one hand back to squeeze Atsushi's ass. "Let me enjoy how *tight* you are around me." Atsushi shivers at the thick desire in his voice, at the hand groping his ass. "And then," Mori's hands push up at his thighs, so Atsushi lifts them, "ride me until your legs give out." Deep violet eyes trap wide gold. "Can you do that, Atsushi-kun?"

His body *aches* to obey, his cock twitching with the thought of pleasing the other man in such a way, and the words come tumbling out of his lips in a hurry. "Yes, Boss." Mori chuckles at his eagerness, rewarding him with another slow stroke.

"And if you can't," Mori continues, making sure Atsushi is listening, "what will you say?"

Atsushi frowns in confusion. It almost sounds like a trick question--should he say nothing and just suck it up? That feels like the best thing to do for Mori's pleasure. But when Mori notices his internal deliberation, he clicks his tongue gently, not quite a reprimand, but still a sign of disapproval. "The answer is 'stop', Atsushi-kun." Oh. He looks away, still unsure if he's allowed to say that, but Mori's hand gently grabs his chin and tugs his face down, forcing their eyes to meet. "Not used to saying that, hmm?"

He doesn't know how much Mori knows about his past, but he can't find it in him to lie about it. Even if the other man doesn't want to hear about his painful childhood, he at least needs to know the truth and...decide if he still wants Atsushi after knowing it. With a nervous swallow, he says, "I'm used to saying it. I'm just...not used to people listening." That hard expression from before returns and for a moment, Atsushi's worried it's directed at him. But then, to his surprise, Mori's lips curl up into a playful smirk and his expression turns mischievous.

“Well, let’s practice then.” And that’s all the warning he gets before Mori’s hands move to his sides and start *tickling* him, being mindful of the burn scar on his left side.

How did he even know--?!

He tries really hard not to react, but he can’t control his tiny giggles and he can’t stop them from turning into erratic fits of laughter, his body squirming and his arms thrashing around, desperately trying to push the source of the tickling away. Mori only holds onto him tighter, of course, pressing one hand against his lower back and using the other to brush up his right side, fingers wiggling and setting off his nerves in all the right places. Eventually, he wheezes out, between spasms of laughter, “S-stop!”

And just like that, Mori stops, grinning as Atsushi’s laughter starts to die down and he catches his breath, recovering from the sudden assault on his ticklish sides. “See?” Mori asks, just as he finally stops giggling, though his lips are still twitching up in an involuntary half-smile. “Look how easy that was.”

“M-Mori-san,” he manages to say, clutching the man’s shoulders again, “*please* never do that again.” Mori’s devious grin only widens, but the lust in his eyes seems to weigh out over any desire for more mischief.

“Well, I had to make sure you could actually *stop* me.” It’s such a weird thing for a powerful mafia leader to say. Atsushi knows that he’s not actually stopping Mori, the man’s just choosing to listen, and yet he acts like that one little word gives him the power to end anything he doesn’t like, at least in this context.

He *really* likes it.

“Now,” Mori says, eyes glinting in the moonlight, “let’s get *these* off you.” He tugs on Atsushi’s underwear and Atsushi picks up on what he means, reluctantly letting go of the other man to slide off his lap and get the rest of his clothes off. He’s surprised when Mori stands up too, putting him at the taller height again, and catching Atsushi off guard with another heated kiss as he reaches down and pulls his pants down to his thighs, pulling away long enough for Atsushi to finish the job and step out of them, leaving them on the floor somewhere. He stoops down to unlace his boots in a hurry and with his head down, he hears a zipper being tugged down and looks up to see Mori opening his fly to let his cock spring out, already fully hard. His mouth waters at the sight and for a moment, he’s distracted from his task, until Mori smirks down at him and gives his own cock a teasing stroke. “I’m waiting, kitten.”

He didn’t think he could unlace shoes so *fast* until now.

Once Mori kicks his own shoes off, both of their socks go next and Atsushi stands back up, slipping out of his unzipped shirt and tossing that on the floor too, along with his fingerless gloves. It’s a little embarrassing being the only one naked, but he can’t complain when Mori looks at him with such hungry eyes, urgently tugging him back to the sofa and back on Mori’s lap. The man’s pants feel rough against his skin, but Atsushi decides he doesn’t care as Mori sticks a finger in his own mouth and starts sucking on it, adding two more quickly. The erotic sight and the wet sounds have Atsushi squirming impatiently, eager for what

comes next, and Mori chuckles around his three fingers, taking them out only to offer them to Atsushi. "Get them nice and wet, kitten. Unless you want me to get some lube." Atsushi shakes his head, not wanting the other man to leave, and takes his fingers in easily, letting out a little moan as they press down on his tongue.

As he sucks thoroughly, he looks at Mori, eyes shining with pure want and *need*. It isn't long before Mori pulls his fingers out with a soft *pop* and reaches down with his other hand, skimming past his hips and grabbing one of his cheeks to spread him wider, his hole stretching with the motion. Atsushi whimpers at the feeling, but it becomes a low keen when the man's finger breaches him. It's still a weird sensation, but it's definitely not as uncomfortable as before, when the mob boss actually took his virginity. Just thinking about it has him blushing more, still in disbelief that his first time was with the leader of the Port Mafia. At first, it made him feel disgusted with himself, but now...

Now, he can't help feeling an odd sense of *pride* in it. Being chosen by such a powerful figure feels like an honor, regardless of morals, and having so much attention lavished upon him, so much consideration for his well being, so much praise and rewards for his actions--it's something he could easily get addicted to, if he isn't careful. "M-Mori-san," he breathes, mostly just to say the other man's name. But when Mori hums in response, expecting him to say something else, another question comes to mind. "How did you know--*ah* !" Another finger joins the first and he can't help clenching around it, but relaxes when Mori's other hand gently rubs his hip. "How did you k-know where I'd be?" Maybe the other man had someone watching him?

Mori smirks. "Simple logic, Atsushi-kun." He starts scissoring his fingers, stretching Atsushi out properly, and Atsushi groans at the feeling. "I figured you'd be a bit... *frustrated* after our last encounter and curious enough to try it again. But," he says, adding a third finger, "I knew you'd be too embarrassed to ask your friends and it seems like you have no intention of acting out on your desires for Dazai-kun." Well, yeah, not when Dazai doesn't want *him* like that. "And," he continues, amusement in his voice, "you're smart enough not to proposition Akutagawa-kun when he's *still* pretending to hate you."

*That* gets Atsushi to sputter in shock. "I--I wouldn't a-ask him for--" He's cut off with a gasp as Mori crooks his fingers and pushes them in deeper, getting awfully close to that one bundle of sensitive nerves.

"But that doesn't mean you don't *want* to," Mori counters, grinning. "Right?"

Atsushi hesitates, still staring in wide-eyed disbelief. If he's being honest with himself, he knows Mori's right. His feelings for Dazai are complicated; he thinks it must just be a typical student's crush on their mentor, not anything serious. He loves Dazai, both platonically and romantically, but he'd do nothing to jeopardize their friendship and his mentor's made it clear he's not into men...even if Mori's made him start to doubt that.

Things are *very* complicated with Akutagawa. Even though the other man hates him, he can't bring himself to hate his enemy. They have a surprising amount in common and this rare kind of unspoken understanding, like two puzzle pieces fitting together. He likes fighting alongside his enemy and, sure, he'd like to do *more* than just fight with him...but that would get him impaled in a very painful and potentially lethal sense.

He decides not to answer Mori, not wanting to confirm he's right. But Mori clicks his tongue in disapproval and that's all he needs for Atsushi to mutter, "R-right."

Apparently that's not good enough. Mori tsks and *jabs* his fingers up, hitting that spot that has Atsushi arching his back with a loud gasp. "Louder, kitten."

"R-right!" He jolts and gasps again as Mori rewards him with a harder thrust, using his fingers to hit the same spot each time. It isn't long before Atsushi's clinging onto him and shivering, his mouth falling open with soft pants and low moans as he rocks back on Mori's fingers. He's *achingly* hard now, heat curling in his abdomen and trickling down to his thighs, making his toes curl. "A-ah... *Boss!*"

"So, that only left one option," Mori continues, not slowing his actions. Atsushi whimpers and struggles to focus on his words. "You'd try to get it from a stranger. But just going to some bar and hoping someone would hook up with you would be too risky. You needed to make *sure* they'd want the same thing." He grins as Atsushi's breathing speeds up, his hips moving on their own to get more. "And *everyone* wants the same thing at a sex club. This one just happened to be closest."

Atsushi nods to show he's heard, but whines in disappointment when Mori pulls his fingers out, snickering at Atsushi's reaction. "I'm not surprised you didn't notice me sitting at the bar. You must've been too out of your element to realize." Atsushi blinks in realization. To be *that* unaware of his surroundings just because of the environment he was in--that's a weakness right there, one that his enemies could easily exploit.

"I need to change that," he mutters to himself, yelping in surprise when Mori pinches his ass. He looks down at the other man questioningly, wondering if he did something wrong, but pouts when Mori grins and snickers in pure amusement.

"We can certainly go back, if you'd like. There are certain customers here that I think you'd rather enjoy. But," he adds, before Atsushi can figure out what that means, "I'd rather have you all to myself tonight." He leans up for another kiss, though it's more like nipping and licking, Atsushi moaning at the feel of his teeth scraping against his bottom lip, Mori's tongue washing over the gentle bite marks. In a spark of fleeting courage, he surges forward and takes Mori's bottom lip between *his* teeth, being careful of his sharp canines, and sucks on it lightly, getting a pleased sound from the man. His lips twitch up for just a moment, proud of himself for the maneuver, but then Mori's hand is at his rear again and those fingers are squeezing into his hole, without warning and without slowing down. He breaks their kiss with a loud gasp, almost missing the way Mori's eyes flash not just with want, but *authority*, as if he needs to put Atsushi back in his place.

"Well, kitten," he purrs, rubbing his fingers against *that* spot inside him, "let's see if you can do that again while being fingered."

Some agonizing amount of time later, with Mori bringing him closer and closer to the edge just with his fingers, Atsushi realizes that he can, in fact, *not* do that again when all he can do is claw at Mori's shoulders--trying not to tear the fabric of his shirt--and let out a litany of sounds as he's overwhelmed with pleasure. Each sharp thrust has him gasping and moaning pitifully, his hips acting on their own as they rock back in time with Mori's movements. It

should be embarrassing, knowing it takes this little to get him to this state, but he can't find it in himself to care. Not when it feels this *good*. Not when Mori's watching him with such intent desire, as if mentally recording every expression, every sound. He looks down at where the man's arousal is still standing up, hard and waiting to be inside *him*. That's why, when he feels his orgasm coming on, Atsushi whimpers and says, "B-Boss, I--I don't want to c-cum yet."

"Oh, is that so?" Mori's grin is downright *lewd*. "Because when you do things like *that*, kitten, I think otherwise." He whimpers again as Mori uses his free hand to stroke his hair, but fortunately, he listens to Atsushi and pulls his fingers out, leaving him bereft of their solid heat. "But you want to cum with me inside you, right?" Atsushi nods eagerly and Mori chuckles. "Well, stand up then, kitten."

Atsushi does so and waits for Mori to get what they need, finding a bottle of lube in one of the dressers nearby. Setting it on the table next to the sofa, Mori repositions himself, lying back on the other side of the sofa, so that his head and torso are slightly reclining while his legs remain straight, his member still firmly erect and jutting out of his open trousers. He looks up at Atsushi with a smirk, beckoning him forward with a slight crook of his fingers. Atsushi obeys immediately, straddling the man's lower body with his thighs and blushing when Mori moves his own legs a bit further apart, forcing Atsushi to spread *his* legs even wider. Yet again, he's struck by how surreal this is, sitting on top of the clothed man, completely bare, somehow feeling both powerful and vulnerable. He can only imagine what Mori's seeing when he looks at him; his silver hair shining in the moonlight, gold eyes wide and gleaming with hunger, with desire, with *need*. He feels air tickle the back of his exposed neck, ghosting across his chest and down his slightly visible ribs, ones that used to be *fully* visible before he joined the Agency. He feels Mori's hands trace the outline of his narrow hip bones, just barely touching his stiff length, and sliding down to his warm thighs, slick with sweat and already trembling. With a smile, Mori looks up at him and whispers, "Beautiful." This time, the word sounds nothing like cheap flattery, making Atsushi blush even more and avert his eyes, until he notices Mori reach over to grab the lube and uncap the bottle.

Without thinking, he blurts, "I-I want to do it." Seeing Mori arch an eyebrow, he hastily adds, "Please, Boss...can I do it for you?"

Mori smirks in obvious approval. "Hold out your hand, kitten."

It's cold and unpleasantly sticky in his hand, but Atsushi knows it's necessary and focuses more on the process of actually *applying* it. He starts at the head of the man's erection, curious to see if the slit there is just as sensitive, and earns a pleased hiss when he starts rubbing with his fingers. He moves down further, taking great care to coat the rest of the man's length, until he reaches the base and squeezes lightly, getting a soft huff out of Mori. He doesn't know what drives him to do it, but he suddenly has this urge to get more sounds out of the mob boss, so he experiments with his movements. Stroking the underside of the man's cock, twisting his fingers around the head, making a fist with his hand to create more pressure as he pumps slowly. All of his attention is on Mori's reactions, how he hisses and moans under his breath, how his eyes flutter, as if trying to stay open--how his hips will occasionally jerk up, as if he couldn't stop them in time. He's honestly surprised Mori's letting him indulge for this long. That is, until his fingers dip lower, just barely brushing

against the man's balls before Mori takes hold of his wrist and pulls it away. There's practically no lube on it now, all of it spent on the other man's cock, and Atsushi is snapped out of his intent concentration, opening his mouth to apologize.

But that apology withers away when he sees the *wicked* grin on Mori's face.

"Such a *mischievous* kitten," Mori coos, and Atsushi really isn't sure if that's a good or bad thing. "You whine when I tease you, yet here you are, doing the same thing to your Boss. *Without* permission." He lets go of Atsushi's wrist, but only to grab part of his hair and tug him down gently, making sure their eyes meet. "Maybe I need to get a *leash* for my kitten, hmm? Would you like that?"

Atsushi flushes, not wanting to admit how much that idea appeals to him. But when Mori tugs on his hair again, having asked a question, he answers, "I-I'd...like to try it." He licks his lips hesitantly. "For you, Boss." He's both relieved and pleased when Mori hums in approval.

"Good. I'm sure they have some here, but," he moves his hands back to Atsushi's thighs, "we'll save that for another time." His violet eyes narrow into hazy slits, his smile expectant. "Right now, I just want my kitten to ride me."

He *really* needs to stop saying 'my kitten', or else Atsushi might just cum on the spot.

Swallowing tightly, he lifts himself up and feels Mori spreading his cheeks again, guiding him down onto the other man's long cock. Just like the first time, it's slow and unhurried, giving him time to adjust as he gradually sinks down with a long groan, until he's finally seated all the way. He's immediately struck by how *different* this feels. It's the same fullness as before, having Mori's cock take up all the space inside him, but there's way less discomfort and he feels much more... *powerful*. In this position, he's the one who makes the decisions, who sets the pace and does all the work. He has the option to chase his own pleasure, to use Mori for his own gain and just find the right spot to hit again—

--except he doesn't want to.

He wants to make this good for Mori, not himself, even though that *does* get him off too. But this time, he plans on putting the other man's pleasure first. He won't just give into his own pleasure and let it overcome him, taking away his sense of control, his rationality, his better judgment.

This time, he *will* be stronger.

So, when he finally starts moving, Atsushi makes no effort to angle his hips or focus on *where* Mori's thrusting. He just slides up and down on the man's cock, flushing at the slick noises of the appendage moving in and out of him, and watches Mori's expressions, listens for his sounds. It's a subtle change, as expected, but he still relishes hearing the other man moan and groan his approval, letting his hands limply rest on Atsushi's hips instead of trying to steer them. "Ah, *kitten*," he rumbles, voice low and thick with arousal, "that's *really* good." Atsushi can't seem to speak past his panting, his breathing speeding up with physical exertion, but Mori obviously doesn't expect a response. "Speed up, kitten."



Atsushi does so. He winces a bit at the slight burn, but there's something pleasantly erotic about it too, something that spurs him on and urges him to go faster, until he's practically bouncing on the other man's dick, feeling his ass slap against the man's balls each time he goes down all the way, enjoying the drag of the appendage pulsing inside him as he moves back up, never letting Mori slip out of him. He starts instinctively clenching, noting how Mori *really* seems to like that, especially when he's fully sheathed. And he can't help the little whines and moans that start slipping out of his throat too, his eyes partly closed in both concentration and bliss.

He *loves* seeing Mori like this, knowing that he's the one putting him in this state, pleasuring him like a good kitten should. And he loves it even more when Mori starts gripping his hip with one hand, the other reaching up to stroke his neck as he offers even more delicious praise. "Just like that kitten--*ah*, yes, keep going." Even now, he has the energy to grin and say, "You're so good for me kitten, *mmm*, so tight and *eager*. You should see your face right--right now." His hand slides up higher, cupping Atsushi's cheek, brushing over his parted lips and feeling hot air escape him rapidly, breath coming out in short bursts. "So intensely focused, it's adorable. Do you plan to make me cum like this?"

It's hard to get the words out, but Atsushi knows he wants an answer. "I-If you'll let me, B-Boss." Mori chuckles shortly at that, clearly too breathless for much else, but he doesn't seem displeased with Atsushi's answer.

He isn't sure how close Mori is or if he'll try to switch their positions, but he's determined to keep going. He doesn't even mind using his Ability's stamina for this, his muscles nowhere close to tiring. It's become somewhat of a mission for him to achieve. As ridiculous as it sounds, he wants Mori to cum first this time, as if that'll somehow level the playing field between them. And he's already getting off way too much on the man's reactions, going faster and faster just to get more of them, to make those hips thrust up on their own, to feel Mori's fingers digging bruises into his hip, to hear Mori pant and moan, to see him slowly lose his composure, violet eyes fogging over with pleasure, on the verge of closing until--

--until Mori shifts a certain way and Atsushi *shrieks*.

He stops entirely, not expecting the sudden burst of pleasure, but Mori just grins. "Keep going, kitten," he orders, still gripping Atsushi's hip, dragging his nails down the side of his neck. "You didn't think it'd be *that* easy, did you?" There's a bit of a taunt in his words, but enough fond amusement in his voice to keep Atsushi from feeling ashamed. He does, however, feel Mori tug on his hair again and knows he wants an answer. An *honest* answer.

"...Maybe," he admits, pouting as Mori snickers. He tries to go slower this time, lifting up and gently sliding down on the man's length, but Mori speeds things along with a sharp thrust that has him crying out, fingers digging into the couch cushions. Suddenly, his 'mission' is becoming less and less important, especially when Mori starts moving along with him, waiting for him to slide all the way down just to snap his hips up, always hitting that spot without fail. He doesn't stop though, just as ordered, because as tempting as it is to stop and let Mori fuck him, he's still in this to please Mori, still wants to pleasure the other man and make him orgasm. That's why he keeps going, getting faster and faster, his mouth hanging open and letting out all sorts of sounds as he feels his own orgasm getting closer and closer.

He can barely keep his eyes open enough to see Mori's expression, his cheeks slightly flushed and his eyes lidded in pleasure, enjoying how Atsushi's movements become more sloppy, more desperate.

Mori moans and tugs him down, a bit harder this time, so Atsushi obeys the silent command and brings his face closer to the other man, back arching like a cat. Their kiss is far from coordinated, a messy mash of lips and tongues, but Atsushi doesn't care. He's getting *really* close and he hopes Mori is too, hopes he can watch the mob boss reach that moment of ecstasy and revel in it, in knowing that *he* made it happen. For some reason, even if he has no logic behind it, there's the fleeting thought that it might free him from Mori's influence, that it'll give him the same kind of power Mori has over him. If it makes him feel like Mori's equal, if it helps him see that Mori is only human, just like him, that he isn't this unbreakable, invincible being--it's not exactly the same as defeating him in *combat*, but Atsushi sees it as a victory nonetheless, especially when Mori's already shown him how *this* act of intimacy, of trust, of carnal desire and *need*, can be just as effective a weapon as physical strength and skill in battle.

But even if he knows that now, it doesn't mean he can *win* at it yet.

In the middle of kissing him, Mori suddenly stops moving and stops *him* from moving too, gripping Atsushi's hips with both hands, hard enough to keep him still. Atsushi's eyes open in surprise and he can't help pouting again, breaking their kiss to breathlessly whine, "W-why did you s-stop?"

Mori smirks. "Because I know what you want, kitten," he says, stroking Atsushi's cheek and pushing up on his rear, until Atsushi realizes what he wants and lifts his hips up all the way, letting Mori's cock slip out of him. "And I don't think you've *earned* that yet," he chides. Atsushi bites back a disappointed whimper. It's not enough to feel bad about himself; he knows Mori must've caught on and this is his way of reeling him back in, asserting his authority just like before.

And as frustrating as it is, Atsushi *does* enjoy it. He gets a thrill out of Mori figuring out his intentions, just like the mix of irritation and satisfaction when Dazai seems to read his thoughts, always one step ahead of him and everyone else. And there's something oddly satisfying, something *gratifying* about the way Mori takes control so easily, not just of the situation, but control over *him* too. Control that, as he's starting to realize, can be taken away if he tells Mori to stop.

But that's the *last* thing he wants Mori to do right now.

That's why, instead of protesting or complaining, he whimpers and gives Mori a pleading look, the equivalent of a cat with its eyes wide and ears flattened. "How can I earn it, Boss?" Mori chuckles and grins in approval, using his arms to drag himself back and sit up more, making Atsushi sit back on his thighs. He blinks curiously, wondering what the man's trying to do, until Mori takes one of his hands and brings it down to his dick, letting out a pleased hum when Atsushi curls his fingers around it, already slick and wet with sweat.

"Do what you did before, kitten," he orders, moving his other hand up to Atsushi's thigh, "and let me cum inside you." Atsushi's face heats up even more at that, the mental image

making his cock twitch impatiently. He isn't entirely sure what Mori means by that, if he's going to be getting the man off with his hands, but Atsushi tries to follow along. He repeats his experimental methods from before, though he's more cautious than before, knowing that Mori will stop him if he sees the younger man getting *too* bold and carried away. Mori hums his approval, his breathing speeding up just slightly, and lets go of Atsushi's hand to cup his cheek instead, thumb moving in time with Atsushi's strokes. "Mmm, *that's* it, kitten," he murmurs, a content smile on his face, violet eyes clouding over with pleasure.

Atsushi can't stop his own lips from twitching up, not just at the praise, but Mori's obvious enjoyment. As much as he loves their more intense moments, when everything becomes a frantic race to the finish, this is a nice reprieve in between. He feels no hurry to speed things up, seeing how Mori has more control over himself with the slower pace, as well as more leverage in this position. Sitting up now, their chests and faces are closer together, and without Atsushi riding him, Mori's free to touch the younger man as much as he wants without distraction. He rubs the inside of Atsushi's thigh, knowing how much he enjoys it, and Atsushi can't help moaning softly as he does.

It doesn't seem like Mori plans on finishing at all; he's just letting out a few groans and watching Atsushi closely, something he can't place lurking in the man's gaze. It's dark and possessive, the same kind of sadistic satisfaction of a ringmaster finally taming the beast. Yet there's something oddly soft about it, a hint of fondness and even *affection*, more like an owner's love for their pet. And that's how Atsushi knows something must be wrong with him, because the thought of being Mori's pet isn't detestable at all.

It's *arousing*.

Eventually, Mori does lean up to kiss his lips and whisper, "Turn around, kitten." It takes a bit of maneuvering, and he reluctantly takes his hand off from the man's cock, but soon Atsushi's on his knees and facing the other way, leaning his elbows on the sofa's armrest for support. He blushes at the new position and how...*exposed* he is now, his back curved and his ass bared for the other man to do as he pleases. He jerks in surprise when Mori touches the base of his spine, laying his hand flat and dragging it up, as if he's *petting* him. He shivers as Mori's hand reaches the nape of his neck and Mori chuckles. "Like that, hmm?" Atsushi only nods in response, arching up into Mori's hand when he does it again, even slower, feeling the telltale vibrations rumbling in his throat as he starts to purr from the petting.

He doesn't know what Mori's doing behind him, until he hears the man start panting and the familiar sounds of skin on skin, realizing that Mori's jerking *himself* off. He tries turning his head around to see, but Mori clicks his tongue and gently grabs his neck, like a naughty kitten being held by the scruff of their fur. "No looking," he chides, making Atsushi whine low in his throat. This must be some kind of punishment for stepping out of line. Even if Mori never defined what that line is, Atsushi's sure that the mob boss doesn't plan to; it's more fun for him this way to let Atsushi push the limits and be punished when he breaks them.

Although, when he hears Mori gasp and feels his cock against his hole, it hardly feels like a punishment. And when he feels something hot and wet squirt inside him, making him gasp in wide-eyed surprise, he realizes that *this* is what Mori meant by cumming inside him. Though

the man's cock isn't pushed in all the way, it's enough to fill him up, biting his lip at the weird sensation and the droplets of cum dribbling down his thighs. There's too much to take *all* of it like this, though Mori hardly seems disappointed. He hears the mob boss let out an airy sigh, obviously pleased, and can practically *feel* the filthy grin in the man's voice when he says, "Now *that's* a pretty sight." He swipes a thumb over Atsushi's hole, getting him to jolt. "My kitten covered in *my* seed."

"Is...that all you wanted?" He can't ignore his own need for much longer, not if Mori's going to talk like *that*. And though he wanted to focus on the mob boss instead of himself, he's sure that Mori actually needs some time to recover, unlike him. And unlike Mori, Atsushi knows *he* needs permission to cum. Despite not having any stimulation, he's still achingly hard, kept that way by the man's rewarding praise and skilled touches. If Mori decides not to let him cum at all, well...he'd rather know now than get his hopes up.

"Oh, *hardly*," Mori says, right near his ear. Atsushi swallows. "Tell me, did my kitten clean himself up before coming here?"

Clean himself up? Well, yeah, he made sure to shower and...clean down *there* thoroughly, knowing what he'd be doing later tonight. Even if he didn't expect doing it with Mori. He nods in response. "Y-yeah, I did." He arches with a light gasp as Mori strokes his back again, this time skimming the surface with his fingernails. And when Mori speaks again, it's in a low, deeply satisfied tone that has Atsushi biting back a moan just from the sound of it.

"*Good.*"

That's the only warning Atsushi gets before his hips are yanked up, getting him to yelp in surprise, and his lower half is dragged onto the other man's lap, his legs spread out and knees pressed against Mori's thighs. It puts his spine at an even *deeper* bend, one that most people couldn't manage without pain, but most of all, it gives Mori the proximity he needs to lean down and--oh, *fuck*. Something firm and wet brushes over his entrance, licking up the man's seed, and he realizes, with a burst of heat coiling inside him, it's Mori's *tongue*. "M-Mori-san," he tries, yelping again when the man smacks him lightly on the rear. Wrong name then. "B-Boss! What are you--*ahhh*--"

He can hardly finish his question--or *any* train of thought--when he feels Mori's tongue go deeper, pushing past the tight ring of muscle and wriggling further in. He mewls at the sensation, cheeks burning when he imagines what it must look like, when he hears wet smacks and loud sucks coming from behind him. One hand stretches his hole even wider and Mori's stubble scrapes against him as he angles his head, somehow managing to go deeper. He can feel his thighs trembling, his arms starting to shake from holding himself up, and he briefly wonders if he can cum just like this, just from knowing the mob boss is willing to use his mouth on *that* part of him, cleaning him of the man's own seed...shit, maybe he actually can. "B-boss, I can't--I need to--"

Instead of answering verbally, Mori wraps his hand around Atsushi's length and starts pumping, getting a strangled cry out of the younger man. He takes that as permission to cum, except when he gets close to orgasming, his hole clenching around the tongue invading it, the hand around his cock squeezes *hard* near the base and Atsushi whines in frustration, realizing that Mori still wants him to hold back. He's sure the mob boss would be chuckling right now

if his mouth wasn't occupied...actually, he's pretty sure he can feel the man *smirking* against his skin.

Eventually, after a few more times of having to stave his orgasm off, Mori finally pulls away with a lewd noise and turns Atsushi's head to shove his tongue in his mouth this time. Too focused on his pent-up lust, his overwhelming need for release, Atsushi doesn't even think to protest knowing where that tongue's been. He can only whimper into their kiss, hoping Mori will have mercy on him, and gasps when he feels the man's erection press against his rear, apparently having gotten hard again. Mori breaks the kiss, sharp teeth flashing as he grins and fully breaches him in one thrust, making Atsushi cry out. "*Now* you've earned it, kitten." The next thrust is perfectly aimed and has Atsushi arching against him, mouth dropping open in a silent scream. "Is this--what you *really* wanted?"

"Y-yes!" His voice comes out as a needy whine, but he doesn't care. There's that overwhelming pleasure lighting up his nerves again, creating a delicious heat in his abdomen that quickly spreads across his body, down his thighs and up his spine. He's already so close, too close, he just *needs* permission. "A-ah, please, *please*, Boss! Can I--*ahhh--nngh*!"

The answer is apparently still no, since Mori clicks his tongue and grabs him again *just* as he's about to climax. He's barely able to hear Mori past his own loud cries and mewls, but between harsh pants the mob boss says, "That doesn't mean--I've *forgiven* you, kitten." Mori's hand pushes down on his back, nearly pressing his face in the cushions, except his head is pulled back to keep from muffling him. "Tell me what you--did wrong."

He can barely think coherently long enough to answer, but somehow, Atsushi manages, practically tearing the cushions as he screams, "I-I acted on my own!" Mori doesn't slow down for him and he has to force his words out between pants and moans, saliva starting to drip from his open mouth. "I didn't--*ah*--didn't get permission t-to--*h-hah*--make you c-cum!" He's hoping that's right. More desperately, and with a whine as his head is forced back even more, he stammers out, "I-I'm sorry, Boss! It won't--it won't happen a-again!"

Mori slows down. "Don't lie just to appease me, Atsushi-kun."

Shit! He whimpers at being scolded and tells the other man, more honestly, "I'll *try* n-not to do it again." He feels Mori speed up again and pound into him *harder*, practically abusing his prostate and shoving him down further into the cushions, still keeping his neck craned up with a hand clutching his hair. He's barely aware of tears pricking in the corner of his eyes, both of pain and relief when Mori speaks again.

"*Good* kitten." A few more punishing thrusts, ones that have Atsushi too breathless to even scream, and then Mori orders, "Cum for me now."

He's never been happier to comply.

Even without his cock being touched, Atsushi cums with a choked cry and clenches around Mori's length, unaware of the other man orgasming at the same time and filling him up *completely* this time. It is, without a doubt, one of the best and most *satisfying* orgasms he's had, slamming into him mercilessly and obliterating his senses. Everything goes white for a moment, his thoughts going silent as his body is thrown into pure ecstasy. And when that

moment ends, he blinks his eyes open slowly, his vision filled with...velvet? Those must be the couch cushions. He groans as he moves his arms to lift himself up, only to find that Mori's already pulled out and is sitting on the edge of the sofa, watching him with a smirk. Atsushi turns to look at him, squinting in confusion, especially when Mori stands up and says, "Wait right there, kitten. Don't move." He walks over to another part of the room and Atsushi sighs, flopping back down on the cushions.

It's surprising how, in combat, he can fight the toughest enemies for more than an *hour*, pushing himself to his very limits. Yet here, he's somehow tired after...well, he doesn't know how long it's been, but Mori hardly seems worn out.

He listens curiously as the mob boss seems to open a few drawers and shut them once he's found what he's looking for. Then, when he walks back over to Atsushi, he sees what the man's picked out. A towel, of course, and something...shiny? It's circular too and when he looks closer, finding enough concentration to focus on the object, he realizes what it is with wide eyes.

*A collar.*

"Hold still," Mori tells him lightly, kneeling down on the floor with the towel. He sets the collar off to the side as he works on cleaning Atsushi up, snickering when he responds to the prodding and dabbing with a weak groan. "We *have* been at this for about an hour or two, so a break is necessary." He shows his agreement with a silent nod, not having the energy for a verbal response. Eventually, once Mori's done, he nudges Atsushi to sit up and lean back from the new stain on the sofa, one that has him wincing in embarrassment.

"I...I should clean that," he mumbles, but Mori just smirks and holds his hand out, a silent command to take it. So, Atsushi does, letting the mob boss help him stand and, after picking up the collar, walk him over to the king-sized bed in the corner of the room.

"No need, that's what the staff is paid for." Brushing the subject off, Mori has him sit down on the bed, collar next to him, as he walks off to what looks like a closet and pulls out...one of his own dress shirts? He brings it back to Atsushi and holds it out with an expectant smile. "This is *my* private suite, so I have some extra clothes stored for when I spend the night. It'll be much bigger on you, but that's hardly a problem." Atsushi takes the shirt hesitantly, feeling self-conscious under Mori's watchful eyes as he slips it on and buttons it up. Sure enough, it sags below his collar bone and dips down to his thighs, but it's surprisingly comfortable and has a nice lavender musk to it.

Realizing this is Mori's private suite though, Atsushi frowns in confusion. "But...why would you have a...*Red* Room then, if that's not your thing?"

Mori looks surprised for a moment, as if he wasn't expecting Atsushi to remember that and see the flaw in logic there. But then he snickers and says, "Ah. Well, they don't *have* to be used for sexual reasons." Atsushi's frown only deepens, not sure what that means, but Mori doesn't seem intent on explaining it. Instead, he picks up the collar--which, upon closer inspection, is a black leather one with silver studs on the outside. And then, collar in hand, he does something Atsushi would never expect to see from the Port Mafia leader.

He *kneels* on the ground, right between Atsushi's legs, and holds the collar up.

"I can see *this* one fitting you perfectly," Mori says, his tone oddly fond. The way he says it makes it sound like they've known each other for way longer--or maybe Mori's just known *him* for longer than he thought. "Not too flashy, but not plain either. Tough and pure, with a feisty spirit and even some bite." He grins at that, eyes flicking down to Atsushi's mouth and Atsushi blushes, knowing he must mean that little trick he pulled when kissing the other man. A trick without permission, but nothing insolent enough to warrant *actual* anger. "Will you try it on for me?"

He *could* say no. Mori's made sure to give him that option, even if he's not used to taking it, and letting his enemy collar him feels...somehow, it feels both wrong and right. It doesn't feel like it's entirely a *sexual* thing either, but something more between them...he just can't figure out what yet. And he can't figure out, even for himself, exactly what his reasons are for nodding his head and hanging it down for Mori to put the collar on him. The leather is surprisingly soft against his skin, just as Mori's fingers are, and when he clicks the metal buckle into place at the front of his neck, he slips two fingers in to make sure it's loose enough, an unusually kind gesture that Atsushi can't help feeling good about.

"Do you like it?"

Atsushi swallows, feeling the collar press against his Adam's apple, and brings his hand up to touch it. "I...probably shouldn't," he confesses, which is all the answer he wants to give. But Mori smiles and insists on more, tilting his chin down to make their eyes meet and demand an honest answer.

"That's not what I asked."

Atsushi hesitates. "...Yeah, I like it," he admits, unable to lie about it. Or rather, unwilling to lie to *Mori* about it.

He feels a flush of satisfaction when the man smiles in approval. "Will you keep it on all the time? Or just when we're together?" He toys with the collar as he speaks, slipping his finger through the small metal hoop dangling from the end. It sounds like Mori's giving him an option here and yet somehow, that's not what it feels like. He doesn't want to disappoint the man by choosing the latter, but he doesn't want his friends to know about their...*arrangement* either. He has to decide which one matters more to him and obviously, it should be making sure his friends don't find out.

Emphasis on *should*.

"I'll wear it," he says instead, "for as long as I'm yours."

It's exactly how he feels, without trying to define what 'I'm yours' means for them. And Mori's clearly pleased with that answer, warmth flickering in his eyes for a moment, before they darken again and his lips curl up in pride, something that Atsushi craves and savors. Mori tugs down on the ring of his collar, not enough to hurt, but just enough to show Atsushi what he wants. And when he leans down for the mob boss, letting him claim his lips in a slow, deep kiss, Atsushi can't find it in him to have any regrets.

When he tries to imagine how his friends will react, he's distracted by Mori standing up and pushing him back on the bed, slipping a knee in between his legs that has Atsushi gasping against his lips. And when he tries to think about everything that could go wrong, all the ways that Mori could take advantage of him, those thoughts are washed away with Mori's tongue tangling with his own, slow and lazy instead of fast and demanding. And when he attempts to be logical about this, to remind himself of who Mori is and why this is a terrible idea, a violation of his morals, a *betrayal* to the people he cares about all because of his own selfish greed--

Mori's lips latch onto his neck and all logic disappears with them.

---

*"Ah, good evening, Ms. Frulip," he says, charming smile in place. "I see you look as lovely as ever."*

*"Why, hello, Dazai-kun," Alice greets back, giving him a teasing smile. "And you still think **flattery** will get me to commit suicide with you." Dazai pretends to gasp, smacking his cheek in shock.*

*"Nonsense! That would assume I have an ulterior motive!"*

*"You **always** have an ulterior motive, Dazai-kun." She smirks and glances at the door behind her. "It's just as you thought. Mori-sama has him in his private suite right now."*

*Dazai hums in acknowledgement, not willing to let his composure slip. "And how many lowlifes tried to make a move on him before they got sliced?"*

*Alice giggles. "Only two. I must say, your subordinate is useful for rooting out the bad apples." Her humor at the situation irritates him and Dazai smiles tightly.*

*"Takes one to know one, Ms. Frulip." It's hard not to let his disgust show. "I'm sure watching my subordinate get harrassed was **more** than enough entertainment for you."*

*Alice looks surprised for a moment. But then, giggling into her hand again, her lips curl up into a lecherous grin. "Oh, it **absolutely** was, my dear. Such an adorably pathetic little kitty...I can see why Mori-sama's taken a liking to him." With a small laugh, she adds, "And for a while I was worried he was into little girls. What a relief to know he's simply a sadist and not a pedophile!"*

*"Yes, I'm sure that eases your conscience." More like helps her reputation, even if running a shady mafia-funded sex club is already bad enough of a rep. "I'm assuming they're spending the night then?"*

*"Oh, definitely. Mori-sama asked that I keep a few dress shirts in there for his kitty."*

*It takes a lot of effort not to twitch at the pet name. "I see. Well," he says flippantly, waving his hand as he turns around, "when they leave, can you give Mori-san a message for me?"*

*"Sure thing, dear. What is it?"*



*Without turning around, he shoves his fists in his pockets and says, "Tell him to have Atsushi-kun home by five. He has work at six."*

And sure enough, two hours *after* five, he sees a black car pull up to his home and stop, waiting for the Port Mafia leader to step out with Atsushi. The first thing he notices, of course, is the new black collar wrapped around his subordinate's neck, matching with his unusually *skimpy* clothing that was no doubt worn for the sex club. And the second thing he notices is how Atsushi hesitates and turns to Mori, their lips close enough for him to read from his window.

*I could've walked back myself, Mori-san. If people see us--*

*--then they can think what they will, Atsushi-kun. There's nothing wrong with a doctor spending time with his patient.* Atsushi blushes at that, clearly flustered, and it's almost cute enough for him to forget just who's making Atsushi react that way.

*And what about the Agency? Or the Port Mafia? They know you're not just a doctor!*

*Exactly.* Mori grins and curls a hand under Atsushi's chin, pinning gold eyes under the weight and authority of his violet ones. *That's why **they'll** know not to interfere.* Atsushi actually *glares* at him for that, showing a bit of defiant side that Dazai knows and loves. But then, when Mori smirks and moves his hand down to the younger man's collar, Atsushi caves in, looking away to mumble something Dazai can't make out. But he can guess what it is.

*I guess so.*

With that said, Mori tugs on his collar gently and Atsushi stands on his toes to kiss him. It's slow and sensual, completely unhurried, and *definitely* something they've done multiple times before. And when Atsushi pulls away first, face flushed and slightly panting, Mori just dives back in for more, unable to get enough of his irresistible subordinate. Dazai wills himself to turn away, to throw the door open and yell at his former boss to fuck back off to his hideout, but he ends up staying to watch instead, gripping the curtains as he tries to ignore the rising anger inside him.

Eventually, Mori *finally* lets Atsushi go, grinning at how red and riled up the younger man is. He whispers something in Atsushi's ear and his subordinate goes even redder, but nods with a huff and smooths his hair back, obviously trying to compose himself. Once the black car pulls away and Mori's gone, he walks up to Dazai's front door and gets through two knocks before it's flung open, getting Atsushi to jump and yelp in surprise. "D-Dazai-san! I-I'm sorry, I know I'm late for work and--and I must've made you late too, waiting for me, but--but I can explain!"

Dazai arches his eyebrows, unable to help being amused by his subordinate, but makes sure to glance down at his collar with an unimpressed look. "Explain then."

Atsushi obviously notices, blushing darker, and flounders for an excuse. "Well, I--I was out late because--uh--there was the Guild and..." He trails off, only to sigh heavily and look down at the floor in guilt. "And I don't know why I'm trying to lie to *you*, who already knows why."

Dazai smirks. “Well, it’s funny to see you try.” He’s glad that Atsushi doesn’t flinch back, having been friends with him long enough to know when Dazai’s *really* upset. And even if he is, it’s not Atsushi he’s upset with, so he steps aside and gestures for the other man to come in. He does so eagerly, taking his shoes off as Dazai closes the door behind him. Atsushi sighs again, fidgeting with his collar ring.

“I know you warned me to stay away from him. But...he told me that, if he actually meant any harm, you’d *keep* me away from him.”

“So, that’s why you disregarded my warnings.”

The guilt in those gold eyes gets heavier for a moment as Atsushi looks away uncertainly. And though a twisted part of him wants to prolong that guilt, wants to press his subordinate and *break* him until he’s sobbing and begging for forgiveness--the part of him that loves Atsushi can’t bear to make him suffer any longer. And that’s why he sighs and pats the shorter man’s head, getting Atsushi to look up at him and see the smile on his face. “Atsushi-kun, you’re an adult and a free man. I won’t make your decisions for you and if you want to be with someone, I won’t judge for you it. I won’t interfere either, unless that someone wants to bring you harm or use you to harm others.”

Though the guilt doesn’t disappear completely, relief floods those beautiful golden eyes and his chest swells when Atsushi smiles gratefully. “Thank you, Dazai-san.” Instead of patting his head, Dazai pets the top of it, loving the feel of silky strands under his palm and *especially* the quiet sound of his friend purring. But he pulls his hand away after a moment, knowing that he needs to try this, even if he knows what’ll happen.

“There’s just one thing I need to ask, Atsushi-kun.”

Atsushi blinks curiously. “What is it?”

It’s entirely unnecessary for his question, but he wants to indulge himself a bit and maybe, *maybe* he just wants to spite his former boss too. He leans down suddenly, getting Atsushi to step back, and cups his cheek as he presses their lips together in a soft, chaste kiss. He waits for Atsushi’s reaction, waits to see if he should go further, if he should pour all of his love and feelings into this kiss.

But Atsushi’s eyes widen in shock and he freezes up, not daring to kiss back, but not wanting to push him away. Dazai pulls back himself, making the decision for him, and asks what he already knows the answer to. “What if someone *else* had feelings for you? Would you leave him?”

There’s a long, drawn out silence between them. Atsushi looks surprised, conflicted, and confused, until--there it is, that spark of realization in his eyes. And then, what he’s dreading to hear, that little burst of self-deprecating laughter that makes Atsushi’s shoulders shake awkwardly. “D-Dazai-san! You don’t need to act like you--like you’re *interested* in me just to get me away from Mori-san.”

He *could* insist that’s not true. He could take this seriously and try to get Atsushi to see the truth, to accept that his mentor *does* have feelings for him and that he knows Atsushi feels the

same way. But instead, he pouts and steps back, going along with the act. “Alright, you got me. But seriously, what if it was someone else?”

Atsushi raises a skeptical eyebrow. “Who else would like me?” He asks it with no hesitation, absolute certainty that no one *could* like him, and for a moment, Dazai just wants to kiss him again. But that won’t make him understand.

So, he tries a different method. “Akutagawa.” As expected, Atsushi does a double take, gaping at him with the most incredulous look ever. He can’t help teasing a bit more, smirking as he says, “Oh, c’mon, you *both* have the hots for each other.”

“W-we do not!” Atsushi sputters. “We *hate* each other!” Dazai gives him a look that conveys how little he believes that, getting him to look away and add, “...Okay, *he* hates me. I just think he’s frustrating.”

“Mhm. In more ways than one.” He grins when Atsushi blushes and huffs at that, about to turn around and go back to his guest room to change. But before he can, Dazai steps in front of him. “You’re avoiding the question, Atsushi-kun. I said *if* someone else liked you and don’t tell me that’s not possible.”

Atsushi gives him an exasperated look. “I don’t know! I guess I would, but...I don’t know.” Uncertainty and doubt cloud his voice. “I know it’s only been two days and it’s not...it’s not like we’re actually *together*, but...” His voice gets smaller. “It’s hard to imagine myself without Mori-san.”

“Why?” He can’t stop the bit of desperation that leaks into his voice. “What’s so special about him?”

He’s sure that Atsushi will say he doesn’t know again. But, to his surprise, the younger man looks up at him reluctantly, not away from him, and quietly says, “Because he was my first.”

Before Dazai can respond--or even *think* of a response--he walks past him and rushes over to the guest room, closing the sliding door with a soft click. He’s glad that his friend leaves so quickly, because it’s better that he doesn’t see the dark expression on Dazai’s face, the furious smile that stretches his features when he remembers what his former boss used to say, when he can *hear* Mori’s annoyingly self-assured voice saying those words to him, both mocking him for his mistake and teaching him a lesson.

*Always make the first move, Dazai-kun.*

## Chapter End Notes

last fic we ended with dazai from mori's pov, now it's dazai's pov! :D



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