

The Story In Which Sumeragi Subaru Grows A Spine

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The Story In Which Sumeragi Subaru Grows A Spine

by [Aishuu](#)

Summary

In which Sumeragi Subaru not only moves on with his life, but reacts to Seishirou's return like a rational person.

For the first time in nine years, Sakurazuka Seishirou stood face-to-face with his prey, the man he'd marked with pentagrams. Sumeragi Subaru had been a really cute teenager, and he'd grown into a beautiful man.

"Hello, Subaru-kun," he said genially. "It's been a while, hasn't it?" Seishirou couldn't wait to make his prey squirm and writhe in torment. Inflicting mental damage was an art form. He'd been planning several exquisite forms of mindfuckery for years, and was eager to get to work.

Subaru blinked slowly, tilting his head. "Seishirou... san?"

Subaru fell silent, and Seishirou reveled in surprising his unsuspecting prey. He took a drag on his cigarette, waiting for the flailing demand to explain why Seishirou had killed Hokuto, or angry vow to hunt Seishirou to death. With the Eve of the End of the World upon them, their destiny was undeniable.

Subaru seemed to get his bearings after a moment. "Aren't I a little old for you now?"

Of all the responses Seishirou had been expecting, that hadn't even been on the list.

The feeling of magical presence caused Subaru to groan. He'd been deeply asleep with his lover's arms wrapped around him, but the casting of the dark onmyoujutsu had resonated like a gong to his spiritual senses.

"This is not funny," he muttered, tempted to ignore the spell and go back to sleep.

His lover was a very light sleeper, though, and Subaru's stirring had awakened him. "Subaru? What's wrong?"

"Seishirou-san is trying to break into the campus. He just cast a couple of spells to get by the human security," Subaru explained resentfully. Glancing at the clock, he swore. It was two fucking AM in the morning.

His lover snickered. "Should I be jealous?"

"Only if you have a secret desire to be eviscerated. This is getting *really* old," Subaru complained, pushing himself out of bed to find clothing. "It was over almost a decade ago... he has some serious issues."

"We all can't be as rational as you, Subaru-chan," his lover replied, admiring Subaru's naked backside. "How about I send Suoh to deal with it, and you and I can discuss what makes a strong relationship."

Subaru stared down into Inomoyama Nokoru's very blue eyes and bare chest, weighing the temptation against his sense of duty. "I really should handle this myself," he replied.

Nokoru knew Subaru would crumple if applied with the right pressure. He sat up, letting the sheet fall precariously low on his hips. "You know Suoh would love to have the chance to help out. He likes to feel useful."

That did it. Subaru tossed Nokoru the portable phone so Suoh could be alerted, and then turned to climb back into bed (and onto his lover).

Fuuma turned toward the second Seal at Sunshine 60, and blinked as he saw the older man's Wish. The Sumeragi onmyouji glared at him, hands poised to summon his magic.

Well, fuck, Fuuma thought. There was only one option for him to take.

"Come on, Natakun," he called to his companion. "Time to go."

There was no he could defeat a man who so strongly Wished to win.

Subaru had always known Seishirou wasn't right in the head (well, he'd realized that after the whole "Sakurazukamori" revelation), but he'd never really contemplated what that meant.

They had met on the street (funny how that kept happening), and Seishirou had offered his lovely "Subaru-kun" a cigarette. The Sumeragi, who loathed smoking now more than ever, had instead offered Seishirou the phone number of a quit line.

"You're still so cute, Subaru-kun," Seishirou had said approvingly, even as he tossed the quit line's business card away.

"Whatever. Seishirou-san, I'll do the whole 'destined battle' thing latter, but since we're not at a kekkei, it doesn't really make sense to fight, does it?"

"You don't want to avenge your sister?"

"I'm supposed to be one of the good guys," Subaru replied. "And besides, I really don't want to spend the rest of my life in jail over you. Hokuto would understand – she would have wanted me to move on with my life, so that's what I did."

Seishirou wasn't sure what to say, and that made him irate. He was used to being in control, and the idea that his prey had gotten over him threw him off-balance. Without thinking about it, he took several steps forward to catch Subaru by the neck. "You're my prey. You're never escaping from me."

A second later, Subaru's shikigami attacked, going for Seishirou's good eye. Seishirou was forced to let the Sumeragi go, since he didn't relish the life of a blind man.

Subaru snorted, holding out several ofuda in front of his body protectively.

"Please. We may be opposing stars, but that doesn't mean my life has to revolve around yours. Haven't you ever looked up the definition of 'enemy'?"

Kamui sat staring at the wall when the sudden crash jerked him out of his melancholy.

Sumeragi Subaru leaned against the door frame (from which hung the remnants of the door), his arms crossed over his chest and a frown on his fair face. "Are you done with your pity party yet?"

Kamui flinched. "You don't understand," he said in a soft tone of woe.

"I understand better than you think. You loved him, he turned into someone you don't love, and you want him back."

It was a horribly concise, blunt way of summing up Kamui's troubles. "I want to get Fuuma back!"

Subaru sighed, shaking his head. "I won't say that's impossible, but I would like to point out that the Fuuma you loved doesn't exist anymore. If you want to get him back, then you'll need to fight for him. Sulking like a little boy isn't going to help him. You can play the victim all you want, but that won't accomplish anything in the end. In other words, it's time to get off your ass and get into action if you want to make your Wish come true. No one else can do it for you."

Kamui brushed his sleeves over his eyes to wipe away the remnants of his tears. He wanted to scream and holler at Subaru, but he had the feeling the Sumeragi wasn't going to stand for any more moping.

Subaru was getting really annoyed. While usually he possessed the patience of a saint, Seishirou was really pushing his limits. Finally, he decided that steps were needed to make his absolute disinterest in a romantic relationship clear.

The next time he saw Seishirou stalking him, he turned around and whipped out several white papers.

"You want another ofuda match?" Seishirou returned, reaching into his own pocket to pull out

his own summonings.

"No!" Subaru brandished the unmagical papers threateningly. "I have a restraining order, and I know how to use it!"

They met on Rainbow Bridge, standing at opposite ends of the massive structure. They stared at each other for a long minute, before Subaru sighed and shook his head.

"Seishirou-san, I'm not going to let you destroy this kekkei," Subaru said. "I'll kill you if I have to."

Seishirou took a drag on his previously lit cigarette. "You really think you could kill me?"

"Considering you have stalked me since I was eight, broke my heart under false pretenses and... let me see, murdered my twin sister who I loved more than life itself.... what do *you* think?" Subaru answered in a deadpan voice.

"It's nice to see how much I mean to you," Seishirou replied, offering a smile as he started to draw a pentagram in the air, tracing the ignited end of his cigarette through the darkness.

Subaru just sighed again, before holding out his hands to create his kekkei. As the green-colored energy spread, he started to chant. "*Amirita gyarabi... Amirita shiddi... Amirita teisei... Amirita beki andei... Kisha yogyarei sowaka...*"

Subaru managed to yell the last word just as Seishirou closed the fire-star and sent the spell slashing toward him. Subaru's spell, which was both an attack and a defense, caught the red power and sent it back into Seishirou's face. The Sakurazukamori took an impossible leap into the air to avoid getting slaughtered.

Subaru jumped as well, and they ended up on opposite pylons from each other, each crackling with magical energy.

Seishirou was uncharacteristically without a taunt. His Subaru had just sent a killing-spell at him. He'd firmly believed that Subaru was lying to him, and playing hard to get, but magical will was a thing that couldn't be faked.

He was flummoxed. Subaru *really* wanted him dead.

Seishirou's eyes narrowed as he realized he'd have to get serious. He tossed his cigarette aside and cast a spell to summon his shikigami. The next ten minutes was a spectacular clash of the magical Titans, a display of onmyoujutsu that had never been seen before. The spells flew around them, damaging the structure horrendously, but neither managed to land a blow on the other.

Finally Seishirou had enough, and decided to go in for the kill. Subaru-kun might not love

Seishirou the way he *used* to, but Seishirou had one card left to play to ensure Subaru would always be his.

It only took a second, but suddenly Subaru was holding onto Seishirou, his hand impaled through Seishirou's chest. The older man smiled softly despite the pain, knowing he'd *won*. "You'll always belong to me, Subaru-kun," he whispered.

Then his body melted into sakura petals, leaving Subaru kneeling alone on the bridge, blood splattered all over his clothing.

"Like *hell* I will," Subaru snarled to himself.

Fifteen minutes later, Subaru sat ensconced in the very luxurious Imonoyama limousine between Nokoru and Kamui. He had one hand firmly wrapped in Nokoru's, while the other was holding a glass of champagne.

"Cheers," he said, and frowned as neither of the others joined him in the toast. "Something wrong?"

"You just killed the Sakurazukamori," Nokoru answered softly, his attention fixated on Subaru's face. "My understanding is that the position is passed by killing the predecessor."

Subaru blinked, then burst out laughing. "You really thought I'd become the next Sakurazukamori? How messed up would that be? I'm the Sumeragi, the Sakurazukamori's polar opposite, and I don't think I could do the job. Besides, magic is all about willpower, and I don't want anything to do with the position. People always have a choice."

Nokoru smiled happily before leaning forward to plant a rather heated kiss on Subaru's lips.

Kamui watched the two make out, not certain how he felt. "You're really alright with it?" he asked after the two finally broke it off five minutes later.

"Why wouldn't I be? The guy was a jackass. Sure, I wish I didn't have his death on my hands, but I guess we could call it suicide-by-onmyoujutsu," Subaru said breezily.

"But you loved him!"

Subaru shook his head. "I didn't love *him*. I loved the image he presented me with, but I could never love anyone who sought to hurt me. Only a masochist would want to be in that kind of relationship."

Kamui gnawed on his lip. "Fuuma doesn't mean to hurt me."

"Maybe, maybe not," Subaru said. "Our circumstances are a bit different. But there's no way he's going to respect you if you keep letting him walk all over you."

"But..."

Subaru glanced at Nokoru before playfully snagging a gold-coated pen out of the blond's breast pocket without asking permission. Wordlessly, he handed his champagne flute over for Nokoru to hold as he reached over to grasp Kamui's hand. Kamui just watched, slack-jawed, as Subaru scribbled something on the back of his hand in deep black ink. He blinked as he saw a phone number inscribed against his pale skin.

"Call that number, it's for a really good therapist," Subaru said. "She helped me a lot."

Nokoru lifted his fan in front of his face in a poor attempt to hide his laughter. Kamui turned to look at him in confusion. "What?"

"It's really funny to see Subaru recommending therapy. It took his grandmother over a year to get him to go."

"Will you ever let that go?" Subaru asked huffily.

"Probably not. Can you imagine how you'd be if she hadn't won that argument?" Nokoru asked playfully, slinging his arm around Subaru's waist. *"My world is dark! Seishirou-san doesn't love me! I'm responsible for my sister dying!"*

Subaru tried to decide between elbowing his lover or kissing him to make him shut up. He chose the former, although he mentally promised to kiss any of Nokoru's bruises better when they were alone. "Bite your tongue," he said. "The very idea is ridiculous."

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