

Mirage

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Mirage

by [harajukucrepes](#)

Summary

Bemu's a mistake, and Natsume's a fool who keeps making it.

Notes

AO3 repost; original [here](#). (Just wanted to add to the amount of fics XD).

General warnings: Spoiler-ish up to episode 5, weirdness, not enough porn

Genre: Slight angst, slight romance, slight fantasy, slight everything else

Bemu is a defender of justice, someone who lives by a self-made propaganda, and Natsume is a poster child of rigid law enforcement.

Natsume notices the certain shticks in Bemu's behavioural patterns; like the way Bemu's ears twitches as he hears things being broken, the way his eyes narrow in anxiety as he spots anomalies, and the way he lowers his voice to a whisper as he decides his next course of action. Bemu is a selfless, valiant fighter, and a quiet source of strength. Bemu sacrifices his humanity to gather his powers to protect a person who needs him like a deer who pounces at its predator, a bird who pecks at the eagles, and a soldier who fights for his people. Bemu leaves Natsume in awe of his sense of righteousness.

Bemu is a hero and he had once been Natsume's saviour.

Bemu is a beam of light that radiates sparkles even when he has been meaning to subdue himself and Natsume is the air, basking in the warmth.

Bemu catches Natsume's eyes whenever he's near. He has the kind of presence that makes Natsume feel like everything in the world is beautiful, as beautiful as him, probably also as hopeful and as promising. Bemu speaks softly to everyone, smiles gently to everyone, and looks encouragingly at everyone.

But whenever Natsume locks their eyes together, Bemu makes Natsume feel like he has touched him. He looks away, he looks down, and he looks at something that's not Natsume. It should make him less dazzling, but Bemu's glowing amidst all the scarlet hues and Natsume has never felt more mesmerised.

Bemu's an idol and Natsume's a stalker with a crush.

Bemu is a star that twinkles in the dark and Natsume's a cloud that envelops the night sky.

He runs his fingers through Bemu's long, silver hair and tells him that he's a shining beacon that flickers in the dark, stretching hope throughout the world. He tells him that Bemu's needed, Bemu's wanted, and Bemu's one of the most important things that are holding the world in the right place. He tells him that he needs Bemu by his side, wants Bemu around him and Bemu's one of the most important things in his life, out of those that are holding him together.

He touches Bemu's body and tells him that he represents what the world has to mean and that the scars on him are meant to accentuate his kindness, not taint his beauty. Natsume feels enlightened with every contact; all senses are awakened by the way Bemu's eyes tremble as he touches his faces, the way Bemu's hair behind his neck stands as he whispers to him and the way Bemu's body freezes as he takes in the scent of his hair.

Bemu's a moon and Natsume's a wolf whose howls pierce the night and shatter the sky.

Bemu is a fairy tale, a legendary existence, and Natsume is an old, dusty storybook.

He kisses Bemu on the lips and feels his soft lips parting. It's the most delicate kiss he has ever had; against Bemu's smooth, milky skin, against Bemu's hesitant eyes, and against Bemu's thumping chest. It makes him want to pin Bemu with his hands and kiss him all over his body and tell him that it's going to be alright, that he wants to touch him, and that he wants to make Bemu feel like he's being cherished.

When they part, there's moistness in Bemu's eyes and Natsume feels a rip in his chest. He smiles at him, mumbling random things about having acted out of line and ending with a plain apology. He covers him with his jacket, telling him to barricade himself against the cold even though he knows that Bemu's immune to the harshness of weather. He stands up and tells him that he is going back to his house and they will meet tomorrow.

Bemu whispers his name and Natsume feels a tug at his sleeves. Bemu pulls him back and touches him, each caress telling him that Natsume's kisses hurt him in the chest and tore him apart from the inside. Their lips touch and Bemu's a fallen angel waiting for Natsume to piece him together.

Bemu's a mythical creature and Natsume's a mere mortal seeking for the fabled elixir.

Bemu's a mistake, and Natsume's a fool who keeps making it.

Natsume groans as he takes Bemu from behind and Bemu gasps from the impact of the thrust. He grabs Natsume's hand to prevent himself from falling completely to the top of the table, twisting his head slightly to his right to meet Natsume's lips. Bemu pants as they kiss, Natsume's arm encircles him and catches him by his shoulder. Natsume pulls Bemu's hips closer to his and pushes in again, with Bemu's low, breathy moans ringing in his ears. He rocks his hips against Bemu, slowly at first, then faster and deeper as he indulges in Bemu's delicious moans of pleasure. His voice is a decibel of intoxication and Natsume is an addict, wanting more and more.

Bemu collapses to the table with a thud and growls his name. Natsume bends down to kiss his back and asks him not to call his name, at least not yet. He pushes in, pulls out and pushes in back again, covering Bemu's mouth to lock the trigger to his loaded gun. Bemu breathes erratically in his palm, fists knocking on the table with the rhythm of the thrusts. He's a concoction of drugs, combining the cocaine that stimulates, nicotine that numbs and poison that damages.

He reaches for the bulge between Bemu's legs and feels it throbbing. He bends lower and grunts his instruction. He asks Bemu not to come; because Bemu can't let his desires destroy the fragile balance of his emotions and Natsume can't afford to be denied of his climax. Bemu pants louder, too overwhelmed to speak. Natsume tells him to hold it for a little while longer, for just a few more pushes, a few more thrusts. Just a little more, he says again and again.

He comes with a tremor and sees his lust taking the shape of a sad-eyed monster.

Bemu is a forbidden fruit with the flavours of all lust, greed, envy, sloth, wrath, gluttony and pride, and Natsume is a sinner.

Bemu's a mirage, an illusion in the middle of a desert, and Natsume's a traveller without a camel.

Bemu comes to him, again and again while Natsume repels him, over and over again. Bemu's puzzled, so is Natsume himself. He asks Natsume if he is bothered by anything, worried over anything or disturbed by anything and Natsume denies everything, over and over again. Bemu's crestfallen and Natsume can do nothing but tell him that it's not his fault, whatever his problem is.

When he sees Bemu, Natsume gets his soul sucked, all equilibriums wrecked and all circulation unwound. It makes him stutter, fumble and stammer. It makes him want to run away and hide. It makes him want to flap his arms like they're wings and fly away. Bemu doesn't tell him, but Bemu's hurt in a way that chocolates can't ever fix.

Natsume wishes that he could explain it to himself and explain it to Bemu, but all he can think about is the drumming inside his chest everytime he sees Bemu.

Bemu's hypnosis and Natsume's a man under a spell.

Bemu's a song, a steady tune of melancholy and Natsume wants to be the dancer who loses himself in the slow tempo.

Natsume's on top of Bemu and Bemu is a celestial deity, silver hair sprawled around his dainty head. Bemu says his name softly, the depth of his voice alluring and inviting. He sweeps Bemu's bangs from his forehead, starts planting kisses all over his face, careful to avoid the sensitive horns, and feels the gentle beating of his heart as he places his palm on his chest. He asks Bemu if Natsume's driving him crazy, if Natsume's a compulsion, if Natsume's an obsession. Bemu doesn't deny any of them, tripping over his words like they are trapped in his throat.

He smiles at Bemu and takes a deep breath, then rolls beside Bemu and holds him tightly in his arm. He's as light as a feather but Natsume feels something heavy pressing on his chest.

Bemu is an art, a work of nature, and Natsume's a struggling artist who can't draw him.

Bemu's a prince locked in a castle and Natsume doesn't want to be the fire-breathing dragon that imprisons him.

He stands on top of the roof, wind brushing against his hair, and Natsume sees the misery trapped inside him. The years that went by, the people that came by, and the changes that passed by; Natsume can't do anything but wish that he can hold the sky in his palms and fix everything that's wrong in this world. Bemu can fall apart anytime soon, but he's not going to be broken.

He calls out to Bemu and Bemu turns around, sending a smile his way, and Natsume realises something with a start.

Bemu's not a damsel in distress, but Natsume wants to be his hero.

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