

Raining

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Raining

by [DakiWaaban](#)

Summary

When you're a fancy priest with a shitty past and demons on your ass, there's only so many people you dare take comfort in. If you'll even take comfort at all.

Notes

This is a very old piece of mine that has undergone very minor revisions. Do not take this piece as my current level of writing. Regardless, I hope you like it. Reposted for the person who originally requested it, with an added, mini-sequel.

Sanzo wasn't sure why he hadn't ditched them yet. The group was nothing but pure annoyance. Gojyo constantly pissed him off with his cocky attitude, Goku always whined about food, and Hakkai...well actually...there wasn't anything really wrong with Hakkai.

"I'm hungry," Goku said, his voice breaking Sanzo's thoughts.

"Shut up you stupid monkey!" Sanzo whapped the boy in the head with his fan.

"You got what you deserved, monkey," Gojyo said, flicking his hair over one shoulder.

"Shut your trap, cockroach!"

"Now, now you two. If you continue, Sanzo might pop a blood vessel," Hakkai said, tone as light as ever as he drove them through the hot and muggy forest.

"How much longer?" Sanzo asked quietly.

"About another hour. I hope the rain will hold out until then."

"Damn rain."

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"Are you sure you don't want anything to eat?" Hakkai asked.

He was bunking with Sanzo that night but ever since the rain had begun, Sanzo had been silent, narrowing the already slim chance of them ever talking to zero. Hakkai shut the door and moved to stand behind Sanzo, gazing out the rain splattered window over his shoulder.

"I'm sure."

Hakkai didn't move, sensing uncertainty in Sanzo's words, though he knew it wasn't food he was unsure about. It was something else.

"What's wrong?" Hakkai asked quietly. He wasn't expecting an answer. He knew Sanzo hated admitting that he was indeed human and did indeed have emotions.

"I can't decide if I want you to leave or stay," Sanzo said.

It was said so softly, Hakkai almost missed it. "I'll stay. If you don't mind."

Sanzo nodded.

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After that, things changed. There was something between the two of them and Sanzo couldn't identify what it was. To be honest, it scared him. He took comfort knowing that he wouldn't have to confront it until the next rain, though he was angry that he was so afraid.

Hakkai noticed the turmoil Sanzo was going through. It was obvious when he realized Sanzo hadn't taken his fan out to hit Goku or Gojyo in several days. He was too deep in thought. It made him wonder if maybe he was thinking about the other night when he had stayed with Sanzo as it had rained, silent as the rain splattered against the windows.

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"Damn rain," Sanzo muttered as he stared out the window.

Almost directly after they had reached the inn, a downpour had started, drenching everything in sight. Predictably, he retreated to his room to brood in silence. He and Hakkai had separate rooms. Sanzo wasn't exactly interested in having a conversation and when he had seen the dark storm clouds over head, he had made sure to book them that way.

"Sanzo, can I come in?" Hakkai's muffled voice asked.

"Fine."

Can't fight it, Sanzo thought as the door opened.

Hakkai moved to stand directly behind Sanzo, feeling the undeniable urge to reach out and hold Sanzo. He resisted, not wanting to scare away the already on edge man.

"Something is bothering you," Hakkai said. "It has to do with me, doesn't it?"

Sanzo didn't respond at first, instead silently cursing Hakkai's slightly terrifying accuracy when it came to guessing other's thoughts. "Yes."

"So talk to me about it," Hakkai said. "I know you don't like admitting you actually have feelings but...it would help."

"I want you around more," Sanzo said, the words escaping before he could stop them. "I was thinking, the other day, why I didn't just ditch you guys. Gojyo is annoying and Goku never stops whining, but I couldn't find any reason to be angry with you."

Hakkai was surprised at the sudden words pouring out of Sanzo's mouth. It was far from a normal occurrence.

"Sanzo. There are plenty of flaws about me. I slaughtered millions of youkai and let my lover kill herself before my very eyes. I'm unable to fall in love. I-"

Sanzo turned around, violet eyes locking with green. "Hakkai...I don't trust anyone to touch me. You know that. But...can you hold me?"

Hakkai's eyes widened in shock at the sudden change of topic. Then he held his arms out, letting Sanzo step into them before he enveloped the priest in a warm embrace. Sanzo leaned into him, sighing. Why had he resisted this for so long? Why had he resisted this simple human contact for his entire life? He knew there was a reason, somewhere deep in his mind, but he couldn't bring himself to care about it.

The only sound in the room was the sound of rain lashing against the building and the occasional rumble of thunder. After several minutes, Sanzo's arms moved from his sides to wrap around Hakkai's lower back.

"I trust you," Sanzo said quietly.

"I'm glad. You need this every once in a while," Hakkai said, smiling gently even though Sanzo couldn't see it.

Sanzo moved closer, closing the gap between their bodies and resting his head gratefully on Hakkai's shoulder, breathing against his neck. Hakkai moved his hands up and down Sanzo's back soothingly, offering him as much comfort as he could.

There was something there. Something that was blossoming between them and Hakkai knew very well what it was. But he knew better than to bring it up. He knew Sanzo could feel it too. So for now, he would hold Sanzo. He would hold him and comfort him as the rain continued its steady rhythm around them.

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"Sanzo?" Hakkai murmured, the sound of whimpering reaching his ears.

He sat up quickly, eyes focusing on the bed at the other side of the room where Sanzo was tossing around. The sheets were entangled in his limbs due to his frantic movements. Hakkai rose swiftly and crossed the space between them, gently shaking the golden haired man. Gaining no response, he shook harder.

Sanzo awoke with a startled gasp, tears that had been trapped behind his lids slipping down his face. He made no move to acknowledge Hakkai or the tears, eyes staring ahead but seeing nothing, nothing at all. Worried, Hakkai spoke.

"Sanzo, are you okay?" The answer was obviously no, but Hakkai just need to say something, anything, to get a response out of the man.

"Why do I have to see his death over and over again? Why does it repeat itself?" Sanzo breathed. "I get it, I was weak and couldn't save him. Is this some sort of sick punishment?"

"Sanzo, you're talking about your master, right?" Hakkai asked softly, sitting down beside him.

"Yes."

Hakkai wiped the tears away, movements tender, soft. "Don't worry. It isn't punishment. You did what you could." His voice was shaky; it had shaken him to his core, seeing Sanzo cry. He had never seen it before.

"I should've been strong enough. But I wasn't. I vowed never to care about someone as much as him again. They'll only be taken away from me."

"Sanzo, I'm not going to-"

"Die," Sanzo interrupted, gaze still straight ahead. "Don't be stupid. Everyone does. You will too."

"So you don't want to let...whatever it is between us, grow. You're afraid." It wasn't a question, but a statement. Something akin to anger flared in Hakkai's eyes. "I am too, Sanzo but I'm willing to put myself in this situation. I loved Kanan with everything I was. I thought there could never be anyone else but Sanzo...I need you to trust me not to hurt you. I won't, I promise. Nothing bad will happen."

"Leave it Hakkai." The emotionless voice had returned, violet eyes dead to the world.

"Fine. If that's how it's going to be, I'll leave you. It isn't my fault you're afraid. That is something I can't change."

Hakkai stood and quickly moved to his own bed. If that's how Sanzo was going to be, he'd just crush the feelings that had begun to blossom. There was no point in letting something grow if it was only going to be destroyed in the end.

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Goku noticed something wrong almost immediately the next morning. He couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was, but something was off. For one, when he and Gojyo got into yet another fight, like it was that big of a surprise, but there was no fan bashing into their heads. Even more surprisingly, Hakkai did nothing to try and pacify their arguments.

Gojyo eventually let the topic drop, handing his remaining food over. He figured if neither Sanzo nor Hakkai would stop them, he'd just have to give up. The damned monkey was too stubborn anyways.

Hakkai was uncharacteristically quiet later, not the kind where he sat and drove, a smile on his face, but the kind when his lips were a straight line and his green eyes were dark. Picking up on the mood, the other two grew quiet as well. Finally, Goku couldn't take it anymore.

"Um, Sanzo. What's wrong?"

Dropt it, monkey," Sanzo said. "By the way, you're rooming with me tonight."

"Good. I can't stand him," Gojyo said.

"Not that I'm complaining, but why?" Goku asked.

"I don't have to explain myself to you," Sanzo said

"Sorry," Goku mumbled, staring down at his hands.

"Did you really have to be so harsh on the monkey?" Gojyo asked. It always made him feel weird when Goku got depressed. It just wasn't right.

"Gojyo, mind your own damn business. I'm tired of trying to control you two so just shut the hell up," Sanzo said, arms folded.

Hakkai, to Gojyo's astonishment, did nothing in an attempt to calm Sanzo down and rein in his anger. This was really going to be an odd day.

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Unfortunately, what Gojyo thought would last a day turned into weeks. The silence that stretched over those days was maddening. Whatever had caused the fight between Sanzo and Hakkai affected all of them, seeing as how Hakkai was basically the stone support that kept them all functioning properly. Without Hakkai, they were all lost.

The fights between Goku and Gojyo died out completely and Hakkai and Sanzo never spoke. On several occasions, Gojyo had asked Hakkai what had happened only to be answered with a cold stare and a small shake of his head. It was driving him insane. What had happened to his best friend? Goku, too, was facing a similar problem. Late at night, when he knew Sanzo wasn't sleeping and instead stared at the ceiling, he would try and get his attention. Most of the time, Sanzo wouldn't reply. So Goku would talk about what he thought was wrong and why he hoped whatever had happened would be settle. He said he didn't, more of couldn't, be happy when Hakkai and Sanzo were like this.

Sanzo wished desperately Goku wouldn't depend on him so much. He knew that such a thing only meant that the monkey actually cared for him. As much as he didn't like to admit it, he cared for the monkey too. But he knew it was a bad thing, caring. It meant he would get hurt in the end.

And through all of this turmoil, Hakkai remained silent. He rarely spoke, and when he did, only short or one-word sentences were said. He was brooding, that much was obvious, but no

one but Sanzo knew what about. Sanzo didn't like the idea that his words were the cause of it all, yet he couldn't bring himself to try and mend the problem; maybe he was too proud, or maybe he was just protecting himself. He felt that even he didn't know.

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"Okay, you know what Hakkai, sit down," Gojyo growled, grabbing the man's shoulders and forcing him to sit down on the mattress.

"Gojyo," Hakkai said warningly.

"No. Shut up and listen," Gojyo ordered, eyes fiery. "I've taken your shit for about as long as I can. Would you come down from your high and mighty throne and just tell me what the fuck happened? I'm your best friend! It's not like I'm going to judge you if you did something stupid!"

"It isn't your problem, Gojyo."

"Yes it is! How can you not see that this is affecting both Goku and I? We are being torn apart watching how you two continue about everything. It's maddening!" Gojyo shouted.

"I wasn't...aware," Hakkai said, glancing away.

"Just tell me what happened...please Hakkai," Gojyo said.

Hakkai took a deep breath...let it out... "Sanzo and I...we're talking. I started to love him, very much. He accepted it. But then he...told me that he couldn't be with me because I would die. He's afraid because everyone he gets close to dies. He's afraid. But he doesn't understand that I am too."

Gojyo didn't speak at first, processing the information slowly. First, Hakkai was gay. Apparently Sanzo was too. Alright. Second, Sanzo thinks those who get close to him die. That was pretty much true, at least so far it had proven to be. Last, Sanzo was afraid Hakkai would die so he broke off whatever developing relationship had begun.

"Well..." Gojyo started. "Did you explain to him why you are afraid too?"

"Yes. Kanan and..." Hakkai didn't finish, unwilling to do so.

"I would love to help you, Hakkai. But I'm not good on how to make guys, especially Sanzo, love you. To me, it honestly seems like a lost cause. If Sanzo doesn't want it, it would be better to just get over it and move on," Gojyo said.

"But he does want it. He's yearning for it, desperately," Hakkai said.

"So prove it to him. Just shove the fact in his face and tell him to get used to it," Gojyo said with a shrug. "If he doesn't want you to be nice and sweet about it, don't. Just let him know."

"I'm not like that," Hakkai said. "I can't be rude like that."

"If you really think you love him, you can," Gojyo said. "Now I'm gonna go grap the stupid monkey and shove you in there, clear?"

"Gojyo-

"No arguing," Gojyo interrupted, grabbing the other man's wrist and tugging him to his feet and out into the hall.

He rapped once on Sanzo and Goku's door before opening it. Without even looking inside, he tossed Hakkai in and called, "Let's go monkey, now. Don't argue!"

Goku, figuring it was important, obeyed Gojyo's command, casting one baffled look at Sanzo and Hakkai before Gojyo slammed the door behind them.

"Sanzo I-" Hakkai started.

"I don't care, shut up," Sanzo said, shifting where he sat on the bed and staring out the window. The only light was the lamp beside Sanzo's bed.

"Sanzo..." Hakkai pressed, stepping closer. "I...I'm sorry."

"What are you apologizing for?" Sanzo asked, knowing very well what Hakkai was talking about but he'd be damned before he admitted it.

"I let you down. I should've talked instead of getting mad. But when I brought up Kanan and you just disregarded it like it wasn't important I...lost my cool," Hakkai said quietly, stopping beside Sanzo's bed. Finally, he sat down beside him, gaining no reaction from the other. "Can you forgive me?"

"Fine, forgiven."

The words were cold, unfeeling.

"Sanzo...please...just give me a chance."

"Not in this lifetime or the next," Sanzo replied.

"You need this, Genjo Sanzo. Just admit it. You need this human contact and you're either too prideful to admit it or you're afraid."

"Don't...use...that...name," Sanzo hissed, each word separated and short. "You have no right to."

"I...I'm sorry Sanzo. That was out of line," Hakkai said. "But...do you realize how hard it is for me to try and be with you? You're not the only one having a hard time with it."

"Get up and don't touch me," Sanzo said, still not looking at him. Hakkai quickly dropped the hand he had been about to put on Sanzo's shoulder, wondering how, despite the situation, Sanzo was able to predict his movements perfectly.

"I'm not going to just leave," Hakkai sighed. "I don't really care what you say about it. You're just going to have to put up with me for now."

Sanzo was surprised at the sternness of Hakkai's voice. Despite how he had been planning to just blow off Hakkai's attempts to talk it out, his resolve was crumbling. Still, he didn't speak.

"So? Are you going to listen or just ignore me?" Hakkai asked, his voice back to the familiar calm.

"Fine. I'm listening," Sanzo said.

"Okay." Hakkai found that now that he had the opportunity to say exactly how he felt, he had no idea what he was going to say. It wasn't really like he had had a plan to begin with; Gojyo hadn't given him enough time to even try and come up with one.

Sanzo turned to look at him, surprised to see fear in the green eyes. Since when did Hakkai get scared? *Since he fell in love with me*, he thought. *That's when*. "Hakkai..."

"I'm afraid," Hakkai finally said. "I'm afraid to let someone else in, just like you, and I'm afraid to return such feelings."

"You're right." Sanzo glanced away. It was hard to admit such a weakness and he cursed himself for giving in and doing so.

"If we're both afraid, wouldn't it be better to be afraid together?" Hakkai asked quietly.

Sanzo snorted. "Read that off a fortune cookie?"

Hakkai looked down, a light blush dusting his cheeks. "Sorry."

"No matter how cliché it is, it's true," Sanzo continued, turning to look back at him.

Hakkai's lips twitched into a small smile. "So what does this mean?"

"It means I'll give you a god damned chance, okay?" Sanzo folded his arms across his chest.

"I suppose that's all I can ask then, isn't it?" Hakkai asked.

"For now."

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"Gojyo, why did you do that?" Goku asked as Gojyo lit up another cigarette.

"Do what, monkey?"

Refusing to rise to the bait, Goku continued. "Shove Hakkai into Sanzo's room."

"Hakkai needs to talk something out with Sanzo," Gojyo said, releasing the smoke in a puff of air. "After this, things should go back to normal, or at least close to it."

"What was wrong anyways?" Goku asked, curious.

"You wouldn't understand," Gojyo told him. "Too young."

"I am not, stupid kappa!" It had been awhile since they had actually fought and Goku had to say, it felt nice that things were returning to normal.

"Just leave it be for now, monkey boy," Gojyo said. "You'll learn eventually."

"You're impossible," Goku said.

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The next day, the tension had vanished almost as though it were never there. Hakkai was back to trying to pacify the frequent and reoccurring fights between the kappa and the monkey while Sanzo stuck to the productive response of bashing them in the head with his fan.

But there was something different, though undetectable by the others. There was a sense of closeness between Hakkai and Sanzo, keeping them both content and happy, at least Hakkai was. Sanzo was once again too prideful to admit that he had a heart a second time, even if it was just to himself. Maybe it was himself he was afraid of to begin with.

"I'm hungry," Goku said

"Do we care? Don't answer that," Gojyo said

"Shut up unless you want this fan in your face," Sanzo threatened.

"Now, now Sanzo. Let's play nice," Hakkai said.

Gojyo sputtered at the implications in the words before he doubled over laughing. Sanzo's eye twitched and he whirled around, whapping the fan into Gojyo's head, hard.

"You sick perverted kappa!"

"When will be at the next town?" Goku asked.

Oh he's just a bundle of questions today, isn't he? Sanzo thought. "Stop whining. Hakkai?"

"Give or take an hour," Hakkai said.

Someone shoot me now.

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"Is it me or were Gojyo and Goku even more annoying today?" Sanzo asked, falling back on the hotel bed as Hakkai set their packs down on his.

Hakkai laughed, moving to sit next to Sanzo's head and gently brushing the blond locks away from his eyes. "I'll make you some tea."

"No. Just bring me some cigarettes," Sanzo said, letting his eyes slip close as Hakkai stood up.

Hakkai grabbed the carton of cigarettes and the lighter, dropping them in Sanzo's lap as the blond monk sat up. Sanzo lit one, slipping it between his lips before taking a slow, deep, long drag.

"You're tense," Hakkai said, sitting down behind Sanzo. "I'm guessing because you're so stressed lately with Goku and Gojyo being well...themselves."

"So what are you going to do about that?" Sanzo asked, smirking around the cigarette.

"Well, I don't know. What do you want me to do?" Hakkai asked, holding back his chuckle. Teasing Sanzo was just too much fun.

"God dammit Hakkai. Use your magic and fix it, don't just mock me," Sanzo said, the anger half hearted at best.

"That's good! Let out all that anger, you'll feel better," Hakkai said with a short laugh.

"Oh shut up," Sanzo said. His head slipped forward when Hakkai silenced him by jamming a chi charged thumb into a knot of coiled muscle in his neck.

Sanzo regretted, then, that he had not been meditating for the past few months. Sure, he was always tense, but usually it wasn't so bad that it hurt to relax. Hakkai easily worked the knots out, soothing some of the pain of doing so with chi. Sanzo lost track of time, his mind slipping into a blissful blank, one he usually only got through meditation as his mind focused only on the soothing hands that roamed over his back.

This peaceful ease vanished, however, when Hakkai's hands drifted around to the front and soft lips pressed to the back of his neck. A sharp command for Hakkai to stop rose in his throat but died when Hakkai beat him to it.

"I won't do anything you don't want me to. Let me know if something's wrong and I'll stop," Hakkai murmured soothingly, gentle fingers dancing along the hem of his tight black shirt.

Sanzo was about to retort with a 'Then get the hell off me' but stopped. He didn't want to admit it, but he was curious to see how far Hakkai would go, so he took a deep, shuddering breath; relaxed himself. "Alright."

He felt Hakkai's smirk on the back of his neck and then the hands were pulling up his shirt. Obliging, he lifted his arms and let Hakkai pull the smooth material over his head and drop it to the floor. A brief chill went through him but then Hakkai's warm hands were back, dispelling the cold. Sanzo found it incredibly erotic that he couldn't see Hakkai, even as the other man's hands carefully mapped out every inch of his chest, as if trying to remember every dip, tracing over each individual rib.

A startled gasp escaped him when Hakkai's fingers gently pinched his nipples, hardening them. He instinctively flinched away from Hakkai, trying to get away from the automatic reaction within his mind that ordered he resist all forms of human contact. One of Hakkai's hands slipped down to his stomach, pushing him back gently.

"Shh. It's okay. Just relax," Hakkai murmured, lipping at his earlobe.

Sanzo couldn't stop the whimper of helplessness slip past his lips. He cursed his traitorous voice. Was his entire body betraying him? He had thought maybe he would've been in control of his voice, at least, but apparently not. *Why am I not in control? Why can't I control myself around Hakkai?*

The delicate hands were moving again, downwards, but Sanzo quickly grabbed them, breath coming in gasps.

"Wait. I want to see your face," Sanzo breathed.

Hakkai retraced his hands and moved off of the bed, walking around the side before sitting right in front of Sanzo. At some point, he had removed his monocle but the dark brown bangs still hid the eye from view.

"Will you lay down on your back for me?" Hakkai asked quietly, his voice similar to if he had been talking to a wild and untamed animal.

"S-sure." Had he just stuttered? He tried not to dwell on it as he moved onto his back, breath hitching as Hakkai straddled his waist.

Hakkai undid the sash and then unbuttoned his green shirt, slipping it over his head and letting it drop to the ground. He then pulled off Sanzo's black armbands, letting them drop to the ground as well. Sanzo's eyes moved to the scar across Hakkai's stomach and he lifted his hand up, trailing a single finger along the length of the pale skin. The muscles around it twitched and Hakkai's eyes slipped close.

"Sanzo..."

Sanzo let his hand drop back to his side and Hakkai's eyes reopened before he moved forward, lips touching Sanzo's gently. Sanzo trembled as Hakkai pressed their chests together, slowly moving his lips against the monks, coaxing the kiss into something much more passionate.

He was torn between responding and pushing Hakkai away, an intense wave of fear washing through him and making him shake beneath Hakkai. In a futile attempt to calm himself down, he tried to sink into the mattress to get away. Hakkai drew away from the kiss, moving to Sanzo's neck and nuzzling him softly, not moving anymore.

"It's okay, Sanzo. Just relax," he whispered soothingly.

Sanzo took a deep breath and then let it out slowly. His composure, which was usually so strong and solid, was cracking, and horribly so. He had never expected to end up in this position, the position where someone he trusted so much would be trying to break down the barriers he had so carefully constructed. Hakkai spoke again.

"Are you okay? Do you want me to keep going?"

Sanzo didn't answer at first, not knowing what he wanted. Finally, he said, "Yes. Keep going. Please."

Hakkai kissed his neck gently before he began slipping down his chest, pausing briefly to suck on the already hard nipples. He continued on, mapping out everywhere his fingers had touched with his mouth until he had reached the tight black jeans. Soft green eyes looked up at Sanzo with a question in his gaze, and Sanzo met it unflinchingly.

"I'm okay," he said quietly. "I want you..."

"Want me to what?" Hakkai asked, his voice just as quiet.

"To keep going. I want to feel you," Sanzo whispered, not believing the words were actually coming out of his mouth.

Hakkai's fingers made quick work of the jeans then, tugging them off his hips and pulling them all the way off, discarding them on the floor to join the rest of their clothing. Sanzo looked away, squeezing his eyes tight as he was finally left bare for Hakkai to stare at. He could feel Hakkai's eyes wander over him, almost hungrily, before the hands once again returned, moving over his thighs and slowly creeping higher. Sanzo allowed his eyes to open and he glanced at Hakkai.

Their eyes met and Sanzo felt his breath leave his throat as a jolt of *something* lanced through him. Then, suddenly, Hakkai's lips were pressed to his and their tongues were dancing together in a fierce dance, each of them trying to dominate the other. Hakkai's hands wandered to Sanzo's slowly growing arousal, grasping it lightly.

A dark moan, a sound so foreign to him, escaped Sanzo's throat and he threw his head back, breaking the connection of their lips. Hakkai moved to his neck then, attacking it with vigor and trying to bring Sanzo to a height of the pleasure he was still new to feeling.

It didn't take long for Sanzo to become completely aroused, writhing beneath Hakkai's skillful touch. He was no longer confused about what he wanted, instead giving in to the pleasure Hakkai was so intent on giving him. To be honest, the pleasure was foreign to him, having never thought of sleeping with anyone, convinced he would stick to his promise of never caring about anyone as much or more than his master. He wasn't like Gojyo, sleeping with every pretty girl he saw. Apparently, he wasn't even into girls.

"Ah, Hakkai," he panted, burying his face in Hakkai's neck, arms twirling around him.

"Just let go."

One more pump and Sanzo saw white, a breathless cry escaping his lips as he came. Hakkai kissed him fully on the lips before pulling away completely. Sanzo watched as Hakkai raised the hand he had touched Sanzo with to his mouth, licking the white fluid off his skin.

"What now?" Sanzo asked, once again averting his gaze.

"Now, is up to you," Hakkai said. "What do you want to do?"

Sanzo looked back at him, their eyes meeting. There was no trace of fear within the violet eyes so Hakkai took that as the cue to go ahead, all the way. He stood up, slowly unbuttoning his pants and pulling them down as Sanzo's eyes trailed over him, stopping at the throbbing arousal nestled in a crown of dark curls. It was then that Sanzo felt the fear return.

Hakkai noticed the change. "Don't worry Sanzo. I won't do anything to you." Sanzo caught the meaning in the words immediately and he stood up, crossing the small distance between them and sealing their lips together. Any of the passion that had died before was suddenly rekindled. This time, Sanzo took the lead, letting his hands begin a tentative wander over Hakkai's body. He stroked Hakkai's spine first, all the while continuing the heated kiss and rubbing their arousals together, reveling at the sparks of pleasure that shot through him.

Somehow, they had ended up moving back towards the bed, this time Sanzo ending up straddling Hakkai's waist, still keeping their bodies and lips pressed together. He wanted Hakkai, more than he could fully comprehend. Hakkai guided him through each motion after that, soaking his first three fingers with saliva before putting them at his entrance. As Sanzo slipped his first finger inside, Hakkai groaned, tossing his head to the side as if that would hide it. Sanzo find himself soothingly rubbing Hakkai's thigh on instinct, not knowing what else he could do to pacify the pain Hakkai was feeling.

After several minutes with the first, he added the second finger, being careful not to hurt the brown haired man. He cared too much for him to even think about hurting him. He had never thought he would end up in such a situation where he couldn't stand the thought of someone else being in pain. His thoughts had mainly been centered around himself, figuring that if he was alive, then he would be fine. Now, he knew that was no longer true. Now he had someone else to care for, someone else to let the emotions he had buried so deeply feel. Now, he had someone else who he couldn't stand losing.

After only a few moments with the third finger, Hakkai impatiently tugged at Sanzo's wrist and lightly pulled the man back up to his lips, kissing him softly.

"That's enough, Sanzo. I'm well prepared."

Sanzo nuzzled Hakkai's neck in a way that was not like him at all. He wasn't sure what *was* him anymore. Slowly, he moved his hips forward, burying himself within the heat that was Hakkai, reveling at the way the muscles clenched around him, drawing him in deeper.

"Oh Sanzo," Hakkai breathed, looping his arms around the blond monk's neck and pulling their lips together in a kiss.

Sanzo pulled out and then pushed back in, letting his tongue tangle with Hakkai's as the pleasure within him built, growing stronger with each movement. It became something else entirely when Hakkai began moving his hips up to meet his movements, forcing him deeper until he suddenly struck that spot deep within him that had the brown haired healer throwing his head back and moaning.

"Right there, please!"

Sanzo gave a grunt of acknowledgement, sealing his lips on Hakkai's collarbone and sucking as he moved, a little faster each time before he completely lost it and let himself go. Hakkai let him, writhing beneath him and groaning in pleasure, the two men's pleasure filled sounds filling the room.

"Hakkai," he whispered, biting the earlobe and tugging on it as he felt the ball of knotted pleasure come close to exploding. "Love you."

He thrust one more time before he was coming, shouting Hakkai's name and arching his back as Hakkai did the same, driven off the edge by Sanzo's words. As Sanzo collapsed against him, he ran his fingers through the golden locks lovingly.

"I love you too, Sanzo."

Sanzo didn't open his eyes. He knew Hakkai meant it. He knew he wasn't alone. Not anymore.

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