

Dancing in a Minefield

Von Cleo

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*This train it goes this way, tonight we can't go back
It's all that I can wait for*

“Shibuyaaan.”

The blond's voice sounded really desperate, but Subaru was too drunk and too eager to leave the bar to actually answer Shota's whining, dragging his boyfriend with him.

“Slow down, Shibuyan, it's no fun anymore.”

The grip of the fingers on his wrist maybe was a bit too strong, holding on too tightly.

But they were tickling the mellow skin, leaving a tingly feeling that flowed all the way to his stomach, exploding into a cluster of butterflies, oscillating uncontrollably.

The butterflies made Yassu obey to his drunken boyfriend's wish, letting him get dragged through a four a.m. Osaka, where night crept slowly into day, with empty streets and the only lights provided by street lamps, neon signs and headlights of cars.

There were no stars to be seen, hidden behind a thick layer of haze.

Said boyfriend came to an abrupt halt, right in the middle of a square that was illuminated by the dim lights of the dysfunctional jitter of broken sign letters, his giggles filling the otherwise deadly silent air.

Yassu knew that smile he saw on his boyfriend's lips when Subaru turned around. And it meant no good.

Two moments later, he felt the older guy's fingers enlacing their hands, familiar breath on his neck, their foreheads touching, Subaru smiling, gleaming, not looking as drunk as he actually was.

“You're not going to kiss me, are you? Someone will see us”

Fingers tapping a rhythm on his own and a sound that could have been a light laughter it if had been louder told him that the other guy was not easy to convince tonight, not when he was drunk, not when the streets around them were as good as

empty, not when they had spent five days without getting more intimate than reassuring each other via caring touches on stage.

"Let them see. I want the whole world to see what a hot boyfriend I've got."

The blond sighed, drawing back his head a little to break the contact between their foreheads, brown eyes darting through blond bangs.

"Fine. But I don't want the whole world to see what a horrible, unfunny idiot my boyfriend is when he's drunk. Let's go home."

Turning around, the corner of his eyes caught the faint last flicker of a big "A" before it finally died down.

There was a tug on their entwined hands, making him stop after what could have been two steps.

Subaru was not moving from where he was standing.

"Will we have sex?" There was an oh so sweet smile on Subaru's lips, making his question seem anything but kinky.

Another sigh escaped Yassu's lips. Just as he thought, Subaru's drunken self had come back after a short outbreak of sanity.

"Will you promise to be a good boy and go home with me without making any fuss or attempts to kiss me?"

"I will." Subaru's smile seemed too innocent to be real.

"Well, I think I'm willing to negotiate."

*While I was standing here, you took your high heels off
And let the sun sink in. And kick it back*

Of course, there were questioning glances from the other members. There had been suspicious before, even without Desire.

But naturally, they would tell everyone how great they worked together.

How Yassu would think of Subaru as his girlfriend, because he was the one who had to convert the melody into something that would fit his lyrics.

How Subaru was the one writing the lyrics because he could relate to the feelings from a prior relationship, how he was a pure pervert at heart.

Under the table and behind the backs of the others, their hands were linked, their fingers intertwined, a painted thumb caressing fading colours of an old scar.

*Leave all your mores behind,
'cause we will party from the inside*

It was not as if it surprised Yassu that he was pulled into the nearest broom closet right after practice was over.

Subaru had those phases.

Those phases where he was too aroused, where he could not wait for them to go home, to move things into bedroom.

But sometimes he was bothered by those phases, just like today, when he really wanted to go home and take a shower.

Those fingers, working their way under his shirt, playing with his piercing, did not really help to change that.

There were lips on his own, shutting him up, so he could only speak when Subaru moved on to his neck, leaving a trail of fleeting kisses.

“Subaruuu~”

“You’re hot” There was a short gap in between kisses, when Subaru was talking, but the hot breath did never completely leave his skin, letting a tickling sensation behind that made Yassu blush.

“I’m all sweaty and I stink.”

But trying to fight Subaru’s hands searching for his belt, unbuckling it, turned out to be rather complicated when his hands were holding on to Subaru’s shirt and hair.

“You’re hot. You’re hot when you dance and make me go crazy. You’re hot when you’re bathed in sweat; you’re hot when I have you pressed up against a wall like now.”

All those words, breathed against his nose, his lips, his neck, his collarbone, his chest, his navel finally gave way to succumb to Subaru’s pleading and Yassu’s resistance vanished just like his pants, fast and leaving him bare, naked, exposed, only for Subaru to see, only for Subaru to do what he wanted to.

A moan escaped his lips when he felt Subaru’s hand stroking his growing erection.

The sensation, well-known but each time experienced as if for the first time, would not fade, especially when it was not only Subaru’s hand but suddenly his whole mouth pleasuring him and Yassu had a hard time trying to hold back any sounds.

“You’re too loud, someone will hear you.” Subaru breathed against his lips, one hand fumbling blindly in his pockets for the package of lube he was sure he had put there

this morning.

It was not as if he had developed a certain kink or something, but the thought of someone walking in on them, seeing him huddled between a wall and Subaru who had begun to prepare him, affected his libido so he had to rely on Subaru to shut him up with his kisses.

And his boyfriend did a good job in shutting him up.

The sex had been hot.

Hot, harsh, fast, nothing emotional, as fast over as it had begun.
Just the kind Subaru preferred on work days.

In broom closets.

Don't check that watch, you're here to stay

Sometimes Yassu would wonder how long they would be able to be together like this, able to be happy, able to have each other, able to love.

Subaru knew these phases.

It was then that he would take the guitar out of Yassu's hands, leaving some last cords filling the air before they would hush, burst like bubbles, and he would start to cover his lover's neck with kisses, soft, butterflies touching bare skin.

"Don't think about it now, it will only make you anxious."

Yassu would pull his head up, sealing Subaru's lips with his own, catching the butterflies that were now filling his stomach.

"Hold me", he hummed, resting his head on his lover's chest.

And we will dance and dance and dance the night away

When they were out for concert tours, nobody would notice when Subaru sneaked out of his room late at night, when the first rays of dawn were already reaching the branches of the trees, painting green leaves in a soft red.

He would crawl under the covers of his boyfriend's bed, a pair of arms automatically wrapping around him, a hushed "I missed you" fading into a pair of lips leaving a tingly feeling on Subaru's chest.

"What took you so long?" "I'm sorry, I had to cope with Yoko's love life."

There would be the sound of shifting blankets and Yassu would suddenly be on top of him, his hands disappearing under the waistband of his pants.

"Maybe you should start to concentrate more on you own love life." Subaru could feel guitar-embossed fingers, tickling the skin under his boxers, making him gasp for breath.

"I think I would like that."

And we were dropping bombs with our sneakers on

There was music filling the room, people bumping against each other while dancing, light flashing in each existing colour.

He could feel Subaru pressed against him, swaying to the music, his hands delved into Shota's clothes, his head buried in his Shota's neck, sweet words purring against his carotid.

Later on, when anyone would ask, they could blame it on the alcohol and the many people circumcising them, making it impossible to keep a distance.

But they would smile that lie away, leave the club and enter Subaru's apartment, not really caring if they hit or knocked something over, celebrating their own party in a more... intimate way.

And we were dancing in a minefield with a bottle of Whiskey.

It was hard to resist those damn cute smiles, those amazing guitar skills or that hot body when Shota got rid of his shirt, when the light was illuminating him, making the sweat on his skin glisten.

But he somehow had to resist the urge to tackle his boyfriend and kiss him senseless while all those people were watching, while he had to do the thing that earned his money, while each movement could be the movement they would have gone too far, when each moment could lead to them being exposed.

And we were winning the war with a lighter and a peace pipe

“Hey, how come Subaru acts all girly and sends you tons of ☺s and ‘I miss you’s and I only get one word replies from him?” Yoko asked when he caught a glimpse of Yassu’s cell phone where a short message from Subaru had just arrived.

Yassu only hummed what sounded like Brilliant Blue and shut his locker, ready to leave the dressing room after dance practise.

“Well, last time I checked you were not blond or wearing a skirt”, Ryo commented, while Yoko felt Shingo’s hand patting his shoulder. “Bad luck, dude.”

There were boys kissing boys at the moment when the cops came

Even though Subaru was sure Shota’s closet would burst with the amount of clothes he owned, there was no way he would let a possibility slip by to accompany his boyfriend on one of his shopping sprees.

Said boyfriend was currently standing a couple of steps in front of him, a cone filled with strikingly green ice cream in his one hand, around 4 plastic bags with big shiny shop names printed on them in his other, the ugliest hat on his head.

“Shibuyan, you’re slow.” He smiled, half-closed eyes hidden behind blond bangs.

A quick glance to the left and to the right and three steps later, Subaru stood next to the younger guy, so close their shoes were touching, Subaru’s fingers curled in the loops of Shota’s belt.

“You know how much I love you, don’t you?” The blond only smiled and lowered his head a bit, so that their foreheads were touching.

“And you know how much I wish I could take you out on dates more often, don’t you?” This time the answer came in form of an ice cream cone being shoved to his lips.

Tasting the strong pistachio flavour, Subaru heard the words from his boyfriend, making him sense this fuzzy feeling he loved so much, giving him goose bumps and making him smile irrepressibly.

“This is the most perfect way to spend a day with you, Subaru”

What followed was a millisecond Subaru let his guard down, placing a quick peck on his lover’s lips.

It were moments like this that made him wish they could be more affectionate in public, showing how much they loved each other.

But there was too much on the line.

And Yassu’s subtle but significant reaction was enough to remind him why he was willing to keep it hidden, why it was worth not sharing their secret.

Either way, he felt fingers on his wrist, linking their hands.

"How about heading home and making up for the affectionless shopping spree today?" Subaru could not oversee that suggestive smile on the blond's lips.

"Uhum. There was some pistachio ice cream left in the fridge, wasn't it? I think I found some good way to use it."

It was just a couple of moments later that Yassu's hand found its way to his head, hitting him in a rather painful way.

We won't run away.

"Yassu, we're going home, I demand se.."

Shota was really fast, covering Subaru's mouth with his hand to prevent any other word from slipping out.

"Sandwiches. Right, I promised to make some. We should head to your apartment, really."

"Sandwiches, hu?" There was a suspicious look from Okura. "Yes, sandwiches. You should taste some, they are great", Yassu tried to smile the most innocent smile he was able to smile, but was interrupted by Subaru, screaming "THERE'S NO WAY HE'LL BE TASTING YOUR SANDWICH!" and shoving his boyfriend out of the dressing room, with no chance for him to even wave goodbye.

'Tsk'-ing, Ryo broke the silence caused by the uproar of Subaru and Yassu's leaving. "Hey, Tadayoshi, How about we head somewhere to make our own... sandwiches?" Okura just grinned a knowing grin.

Kick us out and we'll be back again, tonight if not today

Maybe the other members knew all along.

Sometimes even Subaru and Yassu doubted that they would oversee their suspicious glances, searching consent in eye contact before they would deny the member's offer to go drinking, leaving for the hotel instead, reasoning they wanted to get to sleep early.

And really, they did no mind if the others knew it.
But it was another step to spill it, to share it, to give it a name, to make it irreversible.

So it was just the two of them, hushing under the blankets of the same hotel bed, searching each other's warmth, touching, their breath coming short, hushed voices, sweat, moans, damp hair touching bare skin, whispered 'I love you's, rustling of clothes being tossed to the other side of the room, promises that were sure to be left unfulfilled, hotness, just them.

It was their refuge, their sanctuary, their world.

It was their world, when the daylight or the man-made nightlights were shut out by blinds;

It was their world, when Subaru was dandling on top, rocking in and out, slowly and caring, cautious as if Shota could break any moment;

It was their world, when Yassu was moaning, shifting his hips a bit so that Subaru would hit that spot, would make it a little more perfect, his nails digging into Subaru's shoulders, blue nails leaving fine red scratches on his boyfriend's back.

We'll deal with it tomorrow.

Both of them knew that their relationship was like walking on the edge of a knife, all the time being threatened by the prospect of falling.

But they would walk on this edge.

And if they fell, they would fall deep.

Holding hands while they would listen to their bones crushing on the ground.