

Relinquishing Control

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11652561) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11652561>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lux-Pain
Relationship:	Mido Akira/Saijo Atsuki
Characters:	Atsuki Saijo , Akira Mido
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Belligerent Sexual Tension , Vanilla , First Time , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Nightmares , Minor Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-07-30 Words: 4,336 Chapters: 1/1

Relinquishing Control

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Summary

FORT engraved in Atsuki's mind that he should never let his emotions get the best of him in any given situation. It was so easy for Atsuki to obey their orders until a certain martial artist came into the picture and messed everything up for him.

Notes

Casually sneaks in a Lux Pain fic after all of these years because Persona 5 and being reminded why I love this pairing. No more cockblocking these two. Enjoy!

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

At a young age, Atsuki was told by the people at FORT that he needed to control his emotions. The moment his control slipped away, terrible things would befall him. That was the problem with the powers Atsuki obtained. It was a powerful gift only he could use specifically at the cost of becoming emotionally detached. Feeling anything had a risk of accidents occurring. Atsuki had let his emotions get the better of him at the beginning but he trained himself to keep calm. Now, everyone saw him as the perfect soldier for FORT. Nothing could break the stoic mask he had on.

Being stationed in Kisaragi changed that. A certain green haired martial artist had opened him up and destroyed his barriers bit by bit until there was nothing left. Atsuki had noticed the cracks but ignored it originally thinking nothing of it. By the time he attempted to repair the damage, it was already too late.

Akira Mido was a formidable foe, a man who let his emotions control him and got himself into so much trouble. Atsuki could not fathom how a man was still alive with the amount of mistakes he made with his temper. His temper turned the FORT member off at the beginning even if it was easy to get information out of him. Now, Atsuki found that side of him endearing. It wouldn't be Akira if he didn't use his brain. He had a brain of course but chose not to use it.

Alas, Atsuki had to curse to himself how he found it a part of Akira's charm to do something before thinking about it. If people were as logical as him, things would be too boring. Atsuki liked to be in control of the situation but when he's alone with Akira, he did like a little bit of an unpredictable event happening. Akira had surprised him time and time again from making compliments that no one else would say to making him sweets once Akira had taken a fondness to making them. The food was the most beneficial part of their friendship. Akira made sweets and Atsuki would "taste" them.

Atsuki hated the fact Akira was constantly infected by Silent. The first time made sense. He had been infected for a long time. Second time was unexpected. He must have caught it from Saiyuri because Akira was fine up until that point. Either way, the Silent was eliminated and Akira went back to his normal self.

Now that Akira was safe, Atsuki could prepare for the upcoming battle with PHALANX. If Atsuki didn't deal with them now, they would get away and then FORT would be back to step one with finding them. He needed to rest up before waiting for orders. Atsuki needed the rest. Fighting Silent infection after Silent infection took a whole out of him. Reading the dead Shinen of his dead history teacher didn't help matters either. He needed to be in top condition when it was time to confront the leader of PHALANX. Atsuki didn't think one day was enough though.

Atsuki knew he was exhausted but not to the extent he was. He had gotten home and showered but then passed out the moment he left the shower. He was too tired to put on clothes or even dry himself off. Sleep had overtaken him. And with sleep came the nightmares. Atsuki thought he was done with them once he arrived in Kisaragi. The longer he stayed, the more relaxed he felt. Because he was on edge, the nightmares reflected his current anxiety. He only saw red. He was stuck in the realm where the Silent parasite was. He was

powerless handling them in a swarm. No matter how powerful of a telepath he was, he was still one person and the negative emotions from Silent would eventually overpower him. In the real world, he would toss and turn at the pain Silent inflicted on him. He hated feeling powerless. In the dream world, it was the most prevalent. He could not control his actions in his dreams like when he was awake and had to endure the pain in silence.

"Saijo, wake up! Saijo!"

Atsuki's eyes snapped open as he sat up. He didn't realize how bad he was sweating. The fact he fell asleep before he got the chance to change into his pajamas demonstrated how tired he felt. If it weren't for someone waking him up, he would have went to bed with only a towel around his waist.

"Saijo, are you okay? You were making noises in your sleep. Were you having a nightmare?"

That voice...

Atsuki blinked realizing the voice didn't belong to anyone from FORT. His eyes widened in horror at the realization he came to. He made sure the towel was still around him and quickly covered himself.

"A-Akira?! What are you doing in my apartment?!"

Atsuki should be glad it was Akira and not some crazy person infected with Silent. The martial artist was concerned for his friend so it would make sense for him to naturally check up on him but...

"...You left your apartment unlocked." Akira answered. "Ryo asked me to give you another book you said you wanted to read. And of course the apartment was unlocked." Akira tried to hide the fact he was close to letting his eyebrows furrow. "...Saijo, you understand how dangerous that is right?!"

Atsuki didn't need a lecture. "I know...I was tired..."

"If someone came in here and attacked you, what would you do?" Akira questioned. He sounded worried. Hell, a blue Shinen mixed with a red Shinen radiated out of him.

"...Sorry..." Atsuki mumbled. There wasn't much to say.

"...And you fell asleep with a towel...honestly." Akira continued. "I can't leave you when you're acting like this."

"I was really...tired..." Atsuki muttered.

"With how you run around Kisaragi all day, I'm surprised that you haven't collapsed yet." Akira said as a matter of fact statement. "And don't tell me you aren't tiring yourself out. I see you everywhere and then you stop by Sweet Ring and gulp down the entire restaurant."

"I don't eat that much..." Atsuki hissed but his cheeks turned red and his heart missed a beat. "And I'll be fine. I just need sleep."

"You sure? You were having a nightmare."

"...It's fine." Atsuki mumbled. "You don't need to trouble yourself. I'm fine now. I'll lock the door when you leave."

"I just locked the door." Akira grumbled. "You're safe now. And I don't feel like walking all the way back home after I came here for Ryo. It's almost midnight..."

Atsuki's eyes widened. "Why were you walking around so late?"

"Couldn't sleep. Didn't want to see my old man. Ryo nagged me and I was worried about how he was handling Takano-sensei's death...the list goes on. So you don't mind me crashing here?"

It's not like Atsuki had a choice. Akira would probably just pass out on the couch or something. Atsuki's bed was big enough for two people. The people at FORT knew how much Atsuki enjoyed big beds like this. However, he never wanted another person sleeping in bed with him.

Stop thinking about that sort of thing. Atsuki thought darkly to himself. *Just tell Akira to suck it up and go home. He'd survived death before he can do it again.*

"Fine. Do what you want."

Akira smirked. "Thanks, Saijo. You're a pal."

Atsuki felt a pink Shinen radiating out of Akira. It was the telepath who was mad nervous about the situation he was in. He trusted Akira but he felt something was off. There was no Silent infection within the martial artist that he had to worry about but Akira clearly had some intention of coming in. Atsuki had an idea on what he wanted but Atsuki was worried that he didn't want to know the reason. It was the only reason he chose not to read his mind.

"Saijo..." Akira began. "You really need to protect yourself better."

"I'm fine." Atsuki told him. "I'm usually looking out for you."

It was true. If Akira did something stupid, Atsuki would be right there to help him out whether it was calming him down when arguing with his father or handling a serial killer.

Akira pouted his lips. "I can handle myself, Saijo. You need to have faith in me."

"I do have faith in you." Atsuki told him honestly. "Just not enough."

"What do I need to do for you to have more faith?"

Akira was too close for comfort. Atsuki needed to tell Akira to leave but it was too late for Akira to go out. No one should be walking at night now with the recent violent outbursts.

"You don't need to do anything." Atsuki told him. "You let your emotions get the best of you. Just don't do anything reckless."

That wasn't what Akira wanted to hear. While a blue Shinen shot up, the pink Shinen was still radiated throughout his body. Atsuki didn't intend to look down at Akira's pants. Akira saw that immediately. Yellow Shinen shot up now.

"Saijooo..."

Akira sounded hungry. Atsuki opened his mouth to apologize but Akira's emotion got the best of him in the end. The telepath's eyes widened feeling something soft press against his lips. It took a minute to register that Akira was kissing him. A shocked sound came out of his mouth.

"Saijo..." Akira called out to Atsuki as he broke away the kiss. "You...I can't hold it anymore! You're just so..."

Akira didn't finish his sentence. He just jumped the silver haired teen and kissed him hard. Atsuki did nothing this time either. He was still surprised at Akira literally ignoring him and letting his emotions get the best of him. Akira should have been easy to read and react accordingly but he didn't understand why his mind drew a blank.

"A-Akira!" Atsuki started when they broke the kiss but Akira only stopped just to breathe before kissing him a third time.

Atsuki had no idea how to stop this. His heart raced and he found his body reacting accordingly. The only thing stopping Akira from touching him was the towel, but the moment the towel got ripped away, he would be completely exposed.

"You smell good." Akira commented. "What soap did you use?"

"A-A-Akira!" Atsuki stuttered as he tried to regain his composure. "W-W-What are you doing?!"

"Saijo, you're the smart one. You should know what I'm doing." Akira said sheepishly.

"T-That's not the point! Gyahh~"

Akira decided to nibble on Atsuki's ear. He got the sound he wanted. He was pleased how red Atsuki was turning, especially from his doing. If Atsuki didn't like Akira's actions, he would have pushed him away. Instead, he was doing the exact opposite. Akira wondered if Atsuki noticed how Atsuki was curling his legs up behind Akira's back. He was doing that before even considering the idea of wrapping his arms around the taller male's neck. Only reason Atsuki didn't do that was because he kept his solid grip on his towel. He refused to be seen completely naked.

"That's a good reaction." Akira commented. "Put your trust in me."

"T-This is sudden..." Atsuki murmured. "I..."

Atsuki looked like a lost child. He knew people had lusted over him in the past but he never allowed anyone to get close to him like this. Anyone who tried would find themselves getting their memories wiped by FORT if Atsuki demanded it. He couldn't resist this time around.

His control of the situation dwindled by the minute. As much as he joked about Akira never using his head, the fact he wasn't doing it here and causing Atsuki to feel such helplessness scared him.

Don't lose control. Don't lose control. Don't lose-

"A-Akira..."

Atsuki felt ashamed that Akira was able to make him become undone like this. Akira was normally a violent person but his gentle touches drove him insane. Atsuki's voice gave Akira the incentive to continue. Akira removed the towel that was covering the silver haired teen while still pleasing him with wet kisses. Akira couldn't stop grinning at the sight of seeing the normally stoic teen with a flushed face.

"See what I mean?" Akira asked in a playful tone. "If you don't lock up, you're going to be kissed to death like this."

"A-Akira! Please!" Atsuki exclaimed. He had just washed his body. He didn't want to wake up with hickies. Aya would surely notice. "D-Don't..."

Akira responded by nibbling on his nape. Atsuki groaned before he let out a surprised squeak. Akira decided biting him was going to get him a better reaction. It hurt but it also felt good. The martial artist had intentions of marking him and embarrassing him for not locking the door.

"Don't what? You know I'm just punishing you for not being responsible, Saijo."

"This is extre-gahh!"

Akira's hands massaged Atsuki's chest until his hand rested on the telepath's nipples. He worked magic with his hands, grabbing the two pairs of nipples and yanking at them. Atsuki gasped and moaned from the slightly rough treatment.

"Gnn...stop!"

"Are you sure you want me to stop?" Akira asked him. "I will stop if you're serious."

Atsuki opened his mouth but no protests came out. He never felt this good. It terrified him that he wanted more. There was no one in the apartment but him and Akira. Would it honestly hurt to let Akira take control and do whatever he wanted? There were still no Silent infection so Atsuki's life wasn't in any danger. The only thing that would be hurt is his pride.

Akira took the silence as an incentive to continue. Instead of pulling on his nipples, Akira proceeded to bite on them now (or at least the left one). Atsuki tried to keep his voice down. He almost bit down on his tongue in the process. Akira observed Atsuki's expression while he alternated between biting and sucking to see how Atsuki responded.

Come on Saijo. Drop your guard. Akira thought to himself. Atsuki always had to look like he was in control of his emotions. Perhaps he always was and couldn't handle the array of emotions at the moment.

"Ahh-kira..."

God, the way Atsuki cried his name erotically caused something in Akira to stir. If Akira wasn't hard before, he was hard now.

Atsuki groaned in disappointment, feeling Akira's mouth leave his nipples. He needed more. He stared at Akira in confusion as the martial artist held his fingers in front of his mouth. He didn't ask what needed to be done. He opened his mouth and allowed Akira to thrust his fingers into them. The telepath closed his eyes and coated Akira's fingers with his saliva. Atsuki's mind wandered imagining these fingers as Akira's cock. He hadn't seen Akira naked before but he imagined that Akira was bigger than him. His cock would be slamming deep into his mouth until it hit his throat. Atsuki would be struggling to breathe but he needed to savor the taste. Akira would tease him about being able to eat anything, and a cock was no exception. Hell, Akira might tell him that he was good at sucking cock...

I must stop indulging myself like this. I can't enjoy this. I can't. I can't. I can't!

Atsuki told himself one thing but his body desired another. Akira eventually pulled his fingers out of Atsuki's mouth once he was certain that was enough saliva. Akira didn't know where Atsuki kept the lube (or if he had any at all but judging by the type of person Atsuki was, sex was the last thing on Atsuki's mind), so this would have to do.

With the coated fingers, Akira inserted a finger inside of Atsuki. He couldn't stop himself from grinning. If Atsuki was as chaste as he acted, then he knew he hadn't done this before. Atsuki shivered at the feeling of the finger dig deep inside of him.

"Are you okay?" Akira asked.

"It's...strange..." Atsuki answered weakly.

Akira waited for Atsuki to adjust before he inserted another finger inside. His fingers may have been long but they weren't long enough. He could barely touch Atsuki's sweet spot. Just grazing it made the teen jump. He started to pump the fingers back and forth and attempted to scissor him like was seen in hentai mangas. Akira was a typical teenager who looked at that sort of thing and the only reason he was doing okay so far was because of it. If Atsuki found out, the silver haired teen would be disappointed with him, and that was the last thing he wanted.

"How are you feeling now?" Akira asked again.

"F-Fine..." Atsuki mumbled. "I..."

Akira wanted to put a third finger in but felt like he was at his limit. He wanted, needed to be inside of him but he wanted Atsuki's approval first. The last thing he wanted was to do something the silver haired teen didn't want.

Atsuki struggled with his desires. The logical side of him told him to get his act together and stop the charade he was having with the green haired teen. The emotional side had attacked his logical side, insisting he go all the way. Why were things so difficult?

"Saijo...I want to put it in..." Akira started. "If you don't want to...just tell me..."

There is still time. You can stop Akira before you're at the point of no return. Just tell him no. Just tell him this was all a mistake. Just tell him-

"Please..." Atsuki pleaded. "Hurry...before I change my mind..."

Akira chuckled at that last part. Atsuki still tried to keep some sort of control but he had given it to Akira because he trusted him.

"If you say so."

Akira pulled his fingers out of Atsuki before positioning his cock where his fingers used to be. The telepath took a deep breath, trying to prepare himself. He still wanted some control but he couldn't get it back.

"Saijo, calm down." Akira ordered. "It's going to hurt if you can't relax."

Atsuki knew that but there was nothing he could do. He never considered being intimate with someone much less a man. He was clueless on what to do next.

The silver haired teen flinched feeling the tip of Akira's cock poke at his entrance. Akira gave him one final warning before pushing himself inside. Atsuki covered his mouth almost immediately to avoid any weird sounds from coming out. He shut his eyes tightly.

"Gnn..."

"I'm in." Akira told him. "I'll wait for you to adjust."

Atsuki nodded his head slowly, but he still refused to look at Akira directly in the eye. The martial artist restrained himself from moving. He hadn't done this before. He only read about what it would feel like. It was better than what he had imagined.

"Saijo..."

"M-Move..." Atsuki finally choked. "I'm fine..."

Akira started moving without a second thought. The green haired teen still had a hard time restraining himself when it came to the stoic teen. He had desired this for a while. Everyone wanted to be with Atsuki. Even if the silver haired teen was oblivious to the affections of people who he wasn't acquainted with, Akira still wanted to let the world know that the pretty boy that made him a better person belonged to him.

"Saijo..." Akira started holding in his grunts. "Move your hand...and open your eyes."

Atsuki did neither. Akira had no choice. He was stronger than Atsuki so it wouldn't take long to grab his hand and move it away from his mouth. The telepath kept his mouth shut despite that. Akira wondered how much longer was he going to pretend like he couldn't feel.

A few thrusts inside and Akira finally managed to hit the sweet spot. Akira got the reaction he wanted. Atsuki's eyes shot open and his mouth opened wide at the sudden sensation that sent his body into an array. His normally quiet voice suddenly raised in volume before he attempted to deny the pleasure.

Like I would let you do that. Akira thought to himself before he continued thrusting slow and hard in that spot. "Saijo, you're doing a bad job showing you don't want this."

Atsuki opened his mouth to protest but all he could do was moan in delight. The telepath didn't know who that voice belonged to and refused to believe it was his own voice.

Akira leaned down to Atsuki's ear and whispered. "Just let yourself go."

"B-But..."

There's nothing to be ashamed of. Akira wanted to say to Atsuki but thought that instead. He smirked seeing how pink faced Atsuki became. This image was breathtaking. His eyes were unfocused. He could not use his hands to hide his face. He was at Akira's mercy. And Akira loved it.

"Saijo..." Akira moaned as he started to pick up the pace. The teasing was done at this point. He wanted this so badly.

The speed caught Atsuki off guard. Akira could have sworn he heard Atsuki cry out in protest to slow down, but those pleas changed to wanton moans that made him forget why he was denying such pleasure in the first place. Akira let go of Atsuki's hands only to rest them on Atsuki's cock. It was hard and bouncing with each thrust. Akira started stroking the telepath's dick while still thrusting into him.

"Gahh! Akira!"

Akira shivered in delight. Atsuki was so close to losing it completely. He squirmed underneath Akira's body. He was having a difficult time breathing. If his face turned anymore pink, Akira would have thought he was sick. Akira unconsciously licked his lips the moment Atsuki flung his arms around Akira neck in a desperate attempt to have something to hold onto. It also made it easier for Akira to thrust into him.

"Atsuki..." Akira intentionally called out Atsuki's first name. With how sensitive he was to people referring to him as his first name, the idea of saying it while in bed was something he couldn't pass up.

That was it. Atsuki felt the last of his control shatter before him. No longer did he try to hold back his moans. No longer did he worry about his powers suddenly activating during sex. His body needed this and he wanted it now.

Akira did not fail to notice the markings that were appearing over Atsuki's arm. He chose not to say anything. The martial artist was close to climaxing and he wasn't going to let something abnormal stop him. Then again, when he looked into Atsuki's eyes, he saw that Atsuki's eyes have turned gold. Instead of being intimidated by the eerie sight, Akira felt his

heart racing instead. Gold eyes combined with a flushed face of a beautiful man was too much to pass up.

"Atsuki-mm?!"

It was Atsuki who initiated the kiss this time. Akira happily accepted the greedy kiss. The silver haired teen moaned as he sucked on Akira's lower lip. Akira responded by stroking Atsuki's cock faster. They broke away from the kiss and Akira was rewarded by a wonderful moan.

"Akira! Akira! Akira!"

Hearing his name moaned over and over again was the end for Akira. He started to thrust slower as he prepared to cum.

"Sorry Atsuki..guh...I'm going to cum!"

Atsuki wasn't listening. His own orgasm was going to happen at any minute now. Akira thrust into Atsuki a few more times before finally cumming inside of the telepath. The hot semen inside of his body resulted in Atsuki releasing his own sticky cum that splattered over his and Akira's stomach.

Akira filled Atsuki up to the brim before he collapsed on top of the smaller male. He didn't bother pulling out. He lost the strength to do so. Atsuki was in a complete daze in comparison. He could have gone another round if he chose but was still feeling the effect of the orgasm. The hotness inside of him, Akira's body on top of him...his own hot breath trying to breathe again...it was too much.

They stayed on Atsuki's bed for a while. Akira would eventually pull out of Atsuki and lie right next to the silver haired teen. Atsuki kept his hands to himself. His calm exterior would return but his face remained flushed. Atsuki had realized that Lux Pain activated and forced himself to deactivate it. He cursed to himself at how he let his powers activate in the heat of the moment. If anyone from FORT found out, they would make sure he wouldn't hear the end of it.

"Saijo..." Akira spoke up, snapping Atsuki out of his thoughts. "You'll tell me about your powers right?"

Atsuki's scowl returned to his face. His silence said more than anything. Akira frowned.

"Saijo, Rui and Kiryu have powers. It isn't that big of a deal..."

"I can't..." Atsuki mumbled.

"Why not?" Akira didn't want to raise his voice but he still felt insulted that Atsuki would keep obvious secrets from him. "I won't change my opinion of you. You're still an amazing person..."

Atsuki closed his eyes. His heart was racing again and his cheeks were going to turn pink again. Akira had that influence over him. "...I...can't...not right now."

"Oh?"

"Maybe some day into the future...just not now."

Akira had to give in for now. He was too tired to argue. Atsuki wanted to get out of bed and clean himself up but Akira ended up wrapping his (sticky) hands around him.

"Stay."

"...Akira...we need to clean up..."

"Stay."

Atsuki sighed in defeat. There really was no fighting the martial artist when he made a decision for them both. Still...it felt nice having someone embrace him so tenderly like this. Maybe he would leave the door unlocked more often...

End Notes

Me: Done with 4681 words. Notes!

1. If I were to make an accurate timeline of where this takes place. Probably episode 18/19 assuming that everything didn't happen day by day and there was time to relax.
2. I always had this headcanon that while Akira is easy to read and understand, his actions are still unpredictable. Atsuki just can't understand why Akira doesn't think before he acts. There is usually no reason because he's so simple-minded. And that's why Akira is considered "dangerous".
3. Atsuki is established to be plagued by nightmares. Someone who sees Atsuki sleep will notice that immediately.

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