

Prison Break

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Prison Break

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Summary

Malik and Bakura get themselves into jail... but not how anyone may think they would...
Actually no... it's EXACTLY how you think they would...

Notes

Kitty: This work is written by me and Shadowchan93. It was a lot of fun creating it together.
And she also did the amazing artwork for it.

Shadow: LMAO we're such idiots, you can't leave us alone for 5 min without things escalating

Both: And also a huge thanks at TiaLewise for the beta!



(Original picture [here](#))

Scene 1: Present

The autumn wind whipped dark strands of hair around her face as she jumped out of the car. Her coat fluttered behind her as she ran through the dark street towards the imposing building. Hesitant Isis walked through the large gates and past the fences flanking the pathway towards the main entrance, ignoring the comments of the men behind the barriers. Worry evident in her face, she clutched an envelope so tightly in her hands that her knuckles turned white.

She had gotten a call not long ago. Her brother had gotten himself arrested somehow because of his good-for-nothing lover. What for, she didn't know, but it had sounded urgent. Being a good sister, she had dropped everything right then and there and raced off to the next bank to retrieve some cash to pay the bail.

Now, she entered the building where the police had told her to come: Domino State Prison, anything but a nice place to be. The sound of her heels on the tiles echoed through the entrance hall as she made her way to the information counter. The official behind it didn't notice her directly, too busy with studying something on a screen she couldn't see. Isis carefully knocked on the thick security glass panel separating them.

"Excuse me, Sir! I need to get to my brother right away!" she spoke once she had his attention.

The man looked her up and down with a bored expression. "Do you have an appointment, Miss? And who's your brother?"

Isis nodded eagerly. "I was called to come over, so I assume that's my appointment. And his name is Malik Ishtar. He was arrested one or two hours ago. Will you let me see him, please?"

The official's stoic face crumbled as he broke into a roaring laugh. He pressed the button of his speaker. "Hey, Derek, come over. There's a lady for our two idiots of the night!"

Not much later, several locks of the big security door that led to the rest of the building clicked and Derek offered to escort her to the visitor's room. He wore an amused smile, which made Isis frown only more in confusion.

Isis passed the security checks all the while asking if her brother was doing alright, but she only got a smug grin in response. She decided she didn't like Derek.

Finally at last, she was brought into the visitor's rooms and he told her to wait there. Nervously, she fiddled with the envelope in her hands until the other door in the room opened and the officer in charge came inside together with Malik and Bakura.

"Thank the Gods, you're alright!" Isis exclaimed. She threw the envelope onto the table and hurried over to hug her little brother, while giving his lover a rather dark look. The officer stopped her though, telling her that no body contact was allowed. The dark haired woman scoffed as she took a seat again. Her brother and his boyfriend sat across from her with the officer standing guard next to them.

"What happened?" Isis wanted to know.

Malik's face turned red as he looked down at his cuffed hands, embarrassed. Bakura burst out laughing.

Scene 2: 2 h ago

The policeman standing in front of the two handcuffed figures wore a slightly confused expression, while the other one standing at the door, who seemed a lot younger, sported a wide, amused grin.

The big impressive man sighed deeply before he took a seat in front of the two culprits. He eyed them both intensely before he started to speak.

“What kind of freaks are you? I've been working at this facility for over twenty years now and never ever did something like this happen!”

Malik and Bakura exchanged looks, and though Malik felt kind of embarrassed, both of them had to fight the urge to start laughing out loud.

Bakura drew his eyes back at the policeman in front of them and answered in an attempt to sound all honest. “But officer, with all due respect... Officer Ishtar just did his duty in giving me the punishment I really deserved.” It was visibly hard for Bakura to keep his voice and face serious. Malik poked him with his elbow into his side, giving him a scolding look.

The policeman's eyes widened and the vein at the side of his head started to pulse as anger rose up in him. “Are you fucking kidding me?!”

The other policeman obviously sensed his boss would probably explode at some point soon, so he took a step forward, leaning a hand soothingly on the shoulders of the furious big man and started speaking with a note in his free hand. “You stand accused of trespassing of a restricted area in a governmental institution, theft and damage of multiple pieces of public property. And also of offending public decency. And that's only the top of the list.” He paused, looked down at the two men and continued with a small sigh. “Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to consult an attorney before speaking to us and to have an attorney present during questioning now or in the future. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you before any questioning if you wish. Anything you might want to say now?”

Malik just shrugged and attempted to cross his arms, however the handcuffs hindered him in his movement and he glared at them. “I want to call my lawyer, plus, I'm pretty sure you can't keep us here, so I want to call someone to bail us out.”

Malik's smug behavior just made the older policeman more furious. He stood up and slammed his hands down the table as he almost spit out his words "Alright, you smartass, you'll get your call. But before that, you strip out of that uniform, goddamn! And I don't want to ever see you in something like that again!"

Scene 3: 3 h ago

Malik adjusted the tie around his neck and pulled his uniform hat further down so that its shadows would hide his face. It would be better if none of the other guards recognized him right away as what he was about to do was a bit off-limits...

Bakura lay on his bed in the cold prison cell. It wasn't a nice place and the mattress was hard and itchy, but the room had everything he needed, so he assumed he shouldn't complain. He rolled onto his back as he flipped through the magazine he was allowed to have. Steps were heard on the corridor and they were approaching fast.

The door opened and Malik stepped inside, carefully closing it behind him again.

"Couldn't wait to see me, ey, Mr. Officer?" Bakura smirked, sat up and threw the magazine away.

Malik looked down at him with his hands in his pockets, unimpressed. "If I were you, I would be more careful. You don't want the boss to hear of the incident at the canteen today, do you? That would easily give you two or three more years."

Bakura quirked an eyebrow and leaned back on his hands. "So you came to lecture me?"

"You've been a bad boy, Bakura." Malik tilted his head to the side as he watched the white haired male. He slowly shook his head. "And bad boys need to be punished." Now a smirk also found its way on Malik's face. "But I'm sure, we can arrange that."

"Oh, you bet we can." Bakura licked his lips. His pupils dilated as the blonde slowly started to strip his uniform jacket off in front of him and tossed it into the corner. When Malik's hand moved to his hat, Bakura lifted up a finger. "Oh, I don't mind you leaving that hat on."

Malik withdrew his hand from the hat with his smile growing wicked. He made his way to the small bed Bakura lay on with slow, elegant moves, and started to crawl over the other man, making the cot squeak underneath their weight. His predatory look made Bakura's heart immediately beat even fiercer in his chest. The blond Egyptian hovered over him, eyeing him down, licking his lips. He took the zipper of Bakura's prison-overall with two fingers and

started stripping him with an almost unnervingly slow motion. Once the thing was open, Malik started to get the offending clothing off. Bakura started to wriggle impatiently to free himself of it, making Malik stop to give him a scolding look. Wagging a finger in front of Bakura's eyes, he spoke in a low voice. "Uh-uh. Don't be so impatient, thief. I want to relish this as much as I can."

Bakura gave him an annoyed look, but stopped his advances nonetheless since he knew by now that Malik just needed to live out his little power trips from time to time. This was what this was about anyway. And Bakura loved it.

The moment Malik had him freed of the overall he smirked down the naked body in front of him, appreciating Bakura's habit of not wearing underwear ever. Malik started to attack the other's throat with rough kisses that quickly turned into his teeth scratching the delicate skin; working down all the way to his collarbone, the white-haired man tilting his head back to give Malik as much room as he needed. He felt Bakura's hands roaming in his blond hair and suddenly was reminded of the handcuffs hanging at his belt. With one hand he grabbed the other's wrists and pulled them up over the man's head while continuing his change between sucking and biting down the exposed skin.

With the other hand Malik fidgeted on his belt until he had the handcuffs free from it, and raised his head up. He looked deep into Bakura's eyes to gauge his comfort, but Bakura simply nodded at him, eyes fogged over with lust.

The handcuffs made a small clicking-sound as they were wrapped not too tight around Bakura's wrist and the rods of the bed frame. As he had the man beneath him cuffed to the bed, Malik made a pleased sound, before he started to make his way down again. Trailing his tongue now down Bakura's torso he found one of his nipples. He swirled his tongue around it a moment before biting it, starting slowly and making the bites rougher as he felt Bakura tensing and squirming beneath him in pleasure. After a while he turned to give his attention to the other nipple too.

With a smirk Malik made his way further down Bakura's body, changing between kissing, sucking and biting the beautiful body laid down in front of him, a sun-kissed brown, decorated with the scars of an ancient life.

Bakura arched up in anticipation as Malik hovered over the parts of his body where he wanted that wonderful mouth to be so badly. But to his displeasure, the blond made his way further down, taking one leg in his hands and started to give his inner thighs the same treatment as his upper body before, making Bakura let out an impatient growl as he could feel Malik's grin on his skin. The voice of the blond male was like a grumble, filled with amusement and also a lot of lust. "Don't you get impatient again."

Though, Malik himself felt his pants getting tight as well. He wanted to drag this whole thing out as much as he could. Nevertheless he moved his mouth up until he found Bakura's balls,

wrapping his lips around them and sucking. Bakura let out a loud moan as he felt the warmth surrounding his now aching testicles. He cried out sharply as Malik finally drew his wet tongue up his shaft and wrapped his lips around his tip, sucking lightly.

The blond's movements were slow and Bakura just wished him to hurry up so he'd find release in that wonderful, teasing mouth of the other. But of course this wasn't anywhere near Malik's plans. Malik continued his teasing sucking a few moments more, taking in more of the other's length bit by bit, before he finally withdrew completely, looking up to his partner who let out a distressed whimper by the sudden lack of stimulation.

Malik took a small bottle out of his pocket and coated his fingers in lube, before he started penetrating the other's entrance with slow circles, his other hand stroking Bakura's member with an agonizing slowness.

The white-haired male shot him a glare. He would have taken things in his own hands if he wasn't shackled to the damn bed frame.

"Malik!" His voice was almost shaking as he said the other's name in a scolding way.

Malik looked up at him with one eyebrow raised as he asked, "What was that?"

Bakura rolled his eyes, knowing already what the blond annoyance between his legs wanted. "Officer Ishtar..." he took in a sharp breath as one of Malik's fingers slipped in the moment he called him that. It took him a moment to regain his composure so he could speak again. "Off...Officer, I'm quite sure this is called torturing and I'm convinced that is illegal."

Malik gave him that wicked grin again before he spoke up, slipping a second digit inside in an almost casual manner. "Didn't I tell you before that bad boys need to be punished? You are a really..." he hooked his finger just the right angle to make Bakura let out a deep, loud moan, "...really bad boy, Bakura."

Malik slipped in another finger, hooking them to stroke the spot which made Bakura cry out for more every time. He continued stroking Bakura's cock further, always making sure not to speed up the pace, because he didn't want his partner to come. Not yet anyways.

He loved seeing Bakura squirm desperately beneath him, seeing his mind going totally blank with pure want, seeing him become undone. It took Malik a lot of willpower to not just take him right away, but as he heard the other's pleas falling from his lips, he was too gone to keep up his punishment any longer.

"Ma... Ma... Malik please... Just... Fuck me already!"

Malik didn't even bother about the wrong addressing any more. He shoved down his pants as

far as he could, stroking his own member, saturating it with lube, and entered Bakura hard, gasping sharply.

Malik didn't take long to adjust in the other's tightness surrounding him, as he was sure Bakura was more than ready by now and he needed his release too. So his movements were fast, pounding into the other with his eyes locked on the white-haired man screaming beneath him. Neither of them shared a thought anymore that they might be too loud, Bakura screaming Malik's name again and again like a chant. Just as they found release, the bed made a strange cracking sound and they landed with the mattress on the floor as the fragile construct broke away underneath their rapid movements.

They both glanced at each other a moment in a mixture of shock and confusion and burst out into laughter, too carefree in their afterglow. Suddenly the door behind them slammed open forcefully with a young jail guard standing in the doorway, eyes wide in disbelief at the picture presented right before him.

"What the hell is going on here?"

The two idiots exchanged looks. "Oh, shit."

Scene 4: 5 h ago

Bakura groaned as he rolled on his back and covered his eyes with his arm. "Maliik", he whined loudly. "I'm bored out of my mind."

It was just another usual evening at home, but for some reason Bakura couldn't find anything to entertain himself. He had already played all of their video games at least 3 times and there was only bullshit on TV. His partner seemed to be happy just sitting there, huddled up in a blanket and reading a book, so Malik was no fun either.

"Then find something to do," Malik replied as he flipped a page of his book.

"How about you do me instead?" Bakura suggested with a grin as he draped himself across Malik's lap like a cat screaming for attention.

Malik adjusted himself, trying to still continue reading while the other was placed into his lap. "Not now, I'm not in the mood."

Bakura pouted and turned his head back to the TV screen where one of those stupid reality shows aired, showing a policeman arresting a young thief who obviously had been trying to raid a gas-station or something like that. The white-haired male's features turned into a smug grin followed by a deep purr. "Hmm... you would look good in something like that."

Now that made Malik look up from his book in an attempt to understand what the other meant. "Good in what?"

"Such a uniform." Bakura's finger started to crawl up Malik's stomach to his chest with a smirk. "That would be really sexy. You, wearing an officer's - uniform... Lecturing me and showing me where my place is..."

The blond Egyptian had to admit it was tempting, but he wasn't really in the mood for any of their usual games. He wanted something... with a bit more thrill to it. "Of course I would." He looked down at his book again while speaking. "But we don't have any of that. And besides, as much as I love our little roleplays from time to time, I'd like to come up with something new, if we want to spice up things a bit."

Bakura grunted and got up from Malik's lap to sink back against the backrest of the couch. They didn't have anything new and ordering something would take too long. "Hey Malik... how about we... we're going to break into jail and have hot cell sex in there? We could even steal one of those sexy officer uniforms for you."

Now Malik put his book back down at his side to look at his partner with a raised eyebrow in slight disbelief.

"... Bakura, firstly, that's the most ridiculous idea I've ever heard. Who the hell breaks into jail?!..." He stopped in the middle of his speech, because despite the idea sounding really ridiculous, he felt himself getting strangely excited about it.

It took him a few moments more to think about if this would be possible in any way and also about how thrilling that would be.

A big grin started to spread over his face as he continued, "... You know what?! Okay! I'm in. Let's make a plan on how to get in there."

Scene 5: Present

Isis stared at them, expressionless. She closed her eyes as she rubbed her temples, already feeling the upcoming headache. "So, let me get this straight-" she started.

Officer Derek snickered.

Isis shot him a glare, cleared her throat and repeated again what she wanted to say. “So, let me get this straight, the two of you-“

Officer Derek snickered again, this time louder.

Isis let out a frustrated sound. “What is your problem?”

“Pffft! They’re not straight at all!” Derek laughed. Bakura shot him with fingerguns of approval.

Isis forced herself to take slow breaths to calm down without snapping anyone’s head off. “So, the two of you got arrested because you broke into prison, and you stole one of the uniforms, because you wanted to bang in one of the cells to fulfil your crazy roleplay sex fantasies. And you got yourselves caught in the middle of it. ”

Malik at least had the decency to be embarrassed about it and cast his eyes downwards as his cheeks flared bright red. Bakura still wore his trademark grin. One would think he was even proud of it.

Isis groaned as she pushed herself up from her chair, making it topple over backwards.

“Wait, what are you doing?” Malik looked up to meet her gaze.

Isis threw her hands into the air. “Well, I’d say enjoy your stay then.” She grabbed the envelope with the bail money, turned on her heel and left the room without a further word. Both, Malik and Bakura gaped after her.

“WAIT WHAT?!” Bakura exclaimed and his voice pitched high at the end of the question. “Did she... did she really just leave?! Malik, she can’t just leave us here, can she?”

Malik still stared at the door, totally dumbfounded. He hadn’t expected that. Slowly he turned towards the official who guarded them. “... Can I call my brother?”

Bakura scoffed as he rested his cheek on his hand. “Isn’t he on vacation?”

“Oh yeah... Damn...”

Scene 6: present, somewhere else in Domino

Screams echoed through the house and to anyone else the movie would've seemed scary. But not for Ryou. He had just gotten himself comfortable on his couch with his favorite blanket and a huge mug of tea, ready for a nice TV evening. More screams suddenly came from the shrill ring of his cell phone and it made him jump in his seat. Confused, he looked towards said device. "Huh? I'm not expecting any calls so late..."

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