

## Twisting it in

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# Twisting it in

by [DatLAG](#)

## Summary

After a dispute, Yu has a dream where he didn't exists, and he watches his loved one inflicting himself the worst fate.

## Notes

WARNING : PAIN (and lots of typos)  
Prepare for Xtra suffering because boi I am prepared.

Also by twisting it in, the expression "putting salt in the wound" where I came from is :  
"Twisting the knife in the wound"  
So yeah it announces the color

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

Yu came back to their apartment, tired and exhausted from the presentation he did.

He put down his bag and took off his shoes and coat, he decided to make himself some coffee. On his way, he found Yosuke sprawled on the table in defeat, he could already guess why.

"Didn't go well ?" He said while sitting in front of his partner.

- "There is no "go". There was nothing from the start...

- What do you mean ?" Yosuke looked up to Yu, his eyes were red and dry.

- "She didn't ask me to see her for *me* ! It was just to ask me stuff to get to *you* !" The silver man cringed. His popularity never really left him, that caused a number of unwanted events in his trail. "And here I thought that...

- It's not all bad... you'll find someone-" The brunette hit the table with his fist.

- "That's what you **always** say ! It's always like that, never me, always you ! Everytime someone sees me it's always for you ! No one gives a shit about me, I'm just the good puppy trailing after you that people try to take advantage of !

- Th-that's not tru-

- Oh yeah !?" He got up brutally, his eyes started to get wet. "Then why does everyone always goes to me for you !? Why am I the second choice when you reject people !? I'm *always* second, **always** !" He swallowed a sob. "What am I !? Your stooge !? Your *shadow* !?" Yu got up.

- "You're not ! You'r-

- "I'm not"..? "I'm *not*" !? Then how do you call someone being used as a goddamn step-ladder to get closer to you !? A stepping-stone !? A trampoline !?

- You *aren't* those things !

- Maybe not for you, I sure *as hell* are for those fuckers ! I know it's not your fault ! **I know** ! But- but- I just want to be important for once ! Be more than just your dog ! Not some cheap-ass wingman or information dump ! I- just- I want to *fucking matter* ! I- I'm going to my room, I need to be alone." He started walking away. Yu instinctly traced his steps. "DON'T FOLLOW ME !" He cried, ran into his room and slammed the door shut.

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Yu didn't eat that evening, that dispute left him with a giant pit of guilt and sorrow in his guts.

If he could, he would have yelled at Yosuke about how wrong he was. That he isn't just some dog, that he is his precious partner and that he loves him more than anything. But saying those would obviously imply something that he has tried to hide for years now. There is no way he can say those now, there is too much at risk : Their friendship, their bond. He would never risk that, and for how brave the ex-leader of the Investigation Team has become, his crippling fear of rejection and loneliness has never left him. Just thinking of Yosuke rejecting him tears his heart apart. And it's even worse now.

He can't blame him for thinking that. He even explicitly said that he knows it's not Yu's fault, and with who else is he going to talk to about those problems ? He needs to get those out at some point but...

It's still Yu's fault this happened, he thinks to himself alone in his bed. Listening to the sound of the rain tapping against the window, feeling his entire body aching. They fought before, but this time it felt... different. That feeling of extreme guilt wrecking his guts made a rush of pain ache his heart and brain, spiraling his thought into dark territory.

Yosuke is tired of living in his shadow. Of being used as a step-ladder for his sake.

Yosuke wouldn't have to live that if he wasn't there.

If he wasn't there people would come to him for himself, he would be independant in his social life, he would be able to befriend people without them having ulterior motives.

The more he thought about it...

If he hadn't met Yu... he wouldn't have been dragged into the TV World, he wouldn't have to feel jealous for so long, he wouldn't have almost died so many times, he wouldn't have seen the horrors of the shadows and his own Shadow...

Maybe it would have been better if, Yu never entered his life at all.

That's on this thought that his tired eyes closed on his tears.

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He blinked and found himself in... a street. One he knew very well, a street of Inaba. Is he dreaming ? Probably. It is somewhat weird to be there after so long, he keeps coming back on holidays, but that is this fact that makes him notice the big difference.

It's the Inaba from before. he can see it by the look of the street. The shopping district made amengements to fight against Junes after a while, and there is none of that here. Also, he has walked thorough those streets so much he could recognize them between a thousand others.

He instinctly started walking down the street, taking in the nostalgic sent. It is weird to be back in this time while still looking like a grown man.

He notices A turn on TV in the window of a shop. It's a news report.

*"Serial murder Case : Naoto Shirogane disappeared"*

Yu blinks. What is this, he wonders ? And the questions keeps rolling in when the news showed prortaits of "previous victims" :

*"Mayumi Yamano, Saki Konishi, Yukiko Amagi, Kanji Tatsumi, Rise Kujikawa"*

He blinks. This is a bad dream. It was like they did nothing in the TV World. His friends.. dead ? He felt his legs shaking, he reassured himself this was a dream, but just the thought of his friends in any danger makes him weak in the knees. Was this some kind of "what if" scenario ? If so, this is a really terrible nightmare.

Out of the corner of his eye, he notices a certain someone looking into the screen in the reflection of the window. He turns around to see his partner;

He had his old highschool look, his heaphones on, but messy hair, bags under his eyes, skin of a sickly yellow and no light in his eyes.

For a second, Yu even questionned if this was indeed Yosuke. Where is the well done hair ? His clear skin ? And more importantly, the shine of life and excitement in his pupils ?

The brunette kept staring at the screen with an empty look, more presicely at the victim's portraits. He sighed and started walking down the street, Yu following suit.

There was a note scotched on his back reading ; *"you owe me more dumbass"*, Yu cringed. He recognized that handwriting from a number of study session at the library. Would Yukiko's death push her to this extent in this twisted universe..?

They kept walking in the almost empty streets of the shopping district. There was no spring in Yosuke's step, and he would look down everytime someone would pass by. The silver man could only watched in disbelief as the 17 year old version of his best friend breaks every single one fo his personal rules.

They eventually left the streets and started walking on the bridge above the Samegawa. The silver man gazed on the water. This river holds so many good memories, with his family, his friends, his partner. Said partner has stopped walking and was now almost pressed against the railing, looking in the distance. Yu looked at him from the other side, remembering soft, and rough memories of the two of them along the river.

Out of the blue, the brunette took his headphones off while whispering :

"Won't need that anymore."

And he softly put them on the ground next to him, followed by his bag. He reached for his back and pulled the note off, he shrugged with indifference, and reached into his bag for a pen, scribbled on the paper for a few minute, and slowly took his shoes off, one foot then the other. He placed them next to his headphones and stuck the note below them before looking once again in the distance.

A slow and cold realization hit Yu.

He started walking slowly to his partner on the other side of the bridge, in a weak and distraught step murmuring :

"What are you doing..?" Yosuke then placed one foot onto the railing. "You- stop that..!" He slowly lifted his second one, and softly placed it next to the other. "Yosuke- ge-get off !" He then stared into the distance longingly, as if looking for something. "*S-step off !*" He then closed his eyes, failing to see what he needed. "Listen ! **PARTNER !!**"

He let his body slowly slip away.

**"YOSUKE !!!"**

And he was out of sight.

Yu let himself crash onto the railing and stare endlessly into the water. No ripples, no sound, no trace of his loved one.

He let his legs snap under him and fell down. The air was squeezed out of his lungs, and his mind has drawn to a blank. he didn't move, he bearely breathed, having no strength to stand up, no strength to think, no strength to cry, no strength to scream. Just let the overwhelming despair engulf him whole.

There was sound behind him, that he didn't bother to identify, and all of a sudden, he was at the riverbed. The special spot him and a certain someone shared so many memories.

He let himself slip into darkness, as his empty gaze stared at the water. Until a familiar form slowly came into view, drifting on the surface. That vision broke him out of the black, and he ran into the water.

**"PARTNER !!!"** He reached into the cold torrent and pulled the mass on land with him. "It's ok it's ok partner I got you..!" Once out of the river, he tightly held him, and felt everything he didn't want to.

Cold. Motionless. Breathless. And no heartbeat.

He chuckled out of disbelief. "C-come on..! Y-you wouldn't scare me like that..!" He hugged him, feeling his cold clothes against him. "Y-you're gonna get up right..? Y-you're gonna get up and laugh it off ! Like you always do !" He kept on chuckling weakly, he started shaking the form in his arms. "T-talk to me..!" He felt something wet drifting from his eyes. "Partner ! *Say something ! Please !!*" He held him up and let go of him, as if he was expecting him to stand on his own,

only for the body to drop onto him with all its weight. Letting harsh, cruel, dead cold reality dawn on him.

Yu's breath shook, the salty liquid from his eyes ran rampant, and he let out a yowl, crushing his lungs, until there was no air left. And once that scream was over, he screeched again, and when this one was over, he kept on repeating the process. Letting each one last for the longest, destroying his vocal cords as he embraced despair.

He filled his vision with tears, filled his arms with cold, and filled the air with cries of agony.

Once his lungs were too broken, that he was not able to scream anymore, he kept on letting out choked and weak whimpers, and when he couldn't even do that anymore, all his breaths turned into long lasting high-pitched sounds of excruciating pain. Like a dying animal, he made every sound possible as to let out the bottomless sorrow and sadness he was crushed by, until he expired all of his respiratory system, and he became utterly soundless.

He tightly hugged the cold body in his arms, refusing to let go. A voice was heard behind him, the same one as his.

"Painful. Isn't it ?" He didn't turn around to see behind him. He already knew. "This is what could have happened. This is what could still happen. Do you want us to vanish ? Do you want us to cause him this pain ?" No, he thought. "Don't you want to tell him how much he matters to us ? How much we love him ? One day, tragedy could struck, he could be taken away from us. Do you want that to happen, and live with the guilt that he'll never know ? That we never told him ? I don't. I want to tell him so badly... I want him to know that we don't care how others sees him. I want him to know we love him, and that we will forever. We want him to be ours and to be happy, and now, we will make sure that happens. Right ?"

Voiceless, Yu nodded. And felt warm light showering him.

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He woke up in somewhere in the night, he felt his cheeks being wet, and softly touched them, reassured it was dream. He heard knocking at the door, and a voice he needed to hear so badly.

"Partner... are you awake..?" Hearing that familiar word filled him with instant joy.

- "Yes, yes I am.

- Hum... can we talk ?

- Of course !" The door slowly creaked open, revealing Yosuke shyly peaking. "You can come in." He entered and asked :

- "Can I sit..?" Yu instantly made room for him on his bed and signed him to sit close. The brunette did just that, and the silver man could barely contain his happiness. "I... I want to apologize... I was a dick to you and you weren't even at fault, I wasn't being fair and... I'm sorry Yu..." He looked down in shame. But Yu, caring more the fact that he is here with him, and remembering the voice of his dream, reached out for his face, cupping it softly, pulling so he was looking at him in the eye with a smile.

- "You're already forgiven." He gently stroked his face with his thumb, appreciating the warmth of his skin.

- "O-oh... Thanks... but huh, what's up with-" He pointed to the hands on his face. "-that..?" He expressed while blushing. Yu smiled softly in response, and hugged him close, sliding one of his arms onto his partner's back.

- "I'm just... so happy you're here...

- But partner I- I wasn't going to go anywhere !

- I know but... I want you closer." He hugged him tighter, embracing the warmth and heat of Yosuke's body, he could even hear his loud heartbeat hammering against his own. He remembered the voice one again : *We want him to be ours and to be happy, and now, we will make sure that happens. Right ?*; He smiled to himself, and placed a kiss on his friend's open neck.

- "Wha- !?" He squeezed out some embarrassed noises, as Yu continued to trace kisses from his neck to his face, slowly pulling back from the hug, until their foreheads were touching, and they started into each other's eyes.



Yosuke's hair were well arranged for this late in the night, his skin was clear and soft, his eyes were vivid, like a brown fire, or an ocean of caramel. He was warm and soft, responsive, excited, emotional and gentle. He was right there.

The Fool gently pulled The Magician in, this time to be the one guiding him, and he leaned in. Their lips slightly brushed, they both stopped moving for a second, Yosuke started pulling back, but Yu persuaded him, as if to say "*Don't be shy*", and the both of them shared a tender kiss. The brunette slowly eased in and slid his hands on the silver man. The latter was overjoyed, having him so close, feeling him so closely, his warm breathing, his soft heat, his tender lips... He found himself wanting more, smiling into the kiss, pulling back slightly and delving in again more forcefully, pushing Yosuke on his back. They found each other's hand, they entwined, as the other ran on Yu's back and another on the side of Yosuke's face.

The room filled with the sounds of their mouth running together, their hands traveling on their clothes and bodies, and their moans of joy and contentment. The silver man pulled back and looked at his partner under him. He smiled softly, as some tears of joy slipped out of his eyes.

- "I love you so much..." He sobbed in delight.

- "W-well... me too I guess !" Yosuke laughed awkwardly in response. "Y-you're crying... Are you okay ?" The brunette gently touched his face, Yu took that hand and leaned his face against it, before softly letting himself fall on Yosuke's chest.

- "Better than ever, Partner..."

They fell asleep like this. This time, Yu had a wonderful dream.

## End Notes

Hope you had your fair share of crying !

Also yeah Chie bullied Yosk in the vision. With Yukiko gone, she would have been destroyed and gave herself in her violent nature.

Also yoosk deserves love and happiness Yu that's your job

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