

Thief in the Night

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Thief in the Night

by [cheshire_grin](#)

Summary

After a late night heist, Saguru has plans for when he finally gets some privacy.

Some nights don't go according to plan, but are a good time anyway.

Notes

Thanks to Waywren, Joisbishmyoga, and Mims for beta!

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

“Thank you for the ride home, Detective Konno.” Saguru smothers a yawn as he unbuckles the squad car’s seat belt. Kid may have chosen a reasonable time for his heist tonight, but by the time the Dragon’s Seal was confirmed to be successfully recovered and the owner placated that no damage had occurred, the night had slipped away.

“Anytime, Hakuba-kun,” the older man replies with a kind, if exhausted, smile. “I’ll save you a desk to finish your heist report on Monday.”

“Much appreciated; I’ll try to stop by early.” He makes a mental note to also pick up coffee on his way to repay the favor—Konno drinks it black, but anything is better tasting than police station brew.

Saguru bids Konno good night and slips through the front gate and up the walk to the front door with carefully measured tread. While the adrenaline of the chase has long since faded, Kid remains too damn pretty, the bastard. The confining spandex that preserves Saguru’s professionalism at a heist has been doing its job for *hours*. Lengthening his stride to hurry will only make the pleasant throb buzz more urgently under his skin, and he has more self-control than that, but the first step into the dark foyer of the house is a relief of its own from being so close to his goal.

He relocks the door and toes off his shoes at the same time, grateful that the late hour means there is no one to greet before it would be polite to retreat to the privacy of his room. Stealthily climbing the stairs is a well-practiced exercise from years of heists gone so late, and he uses the time to remove his tie and start on the buttons of his shirt. A hot shower to wash off the grime from the day, and then he can either linger under the water to remember the best parts of the heist, or make himself wait the extra time to use additional props in bed...

The involuntary shiver down his spine at the thought of waiting settles that decision as he enters his bedroom at last.

Behind his closed door, he pulls open his belt and finally breaks his careful silence, allowing himself a sigh that’s at least halfway to a groan as dropping his trousers and boxers slides them against the bulge in the third layer underneath. Bespoke tailoring helps him look like he belongs among the officers decades his senior, but it limits the material that won’t disrupt the line of his suit to simple, thin, and very, very tight.

He starts the shower in his en-suite bathroom and makes himself take care of the dirty clothes, hanging the suit and binning the rest for Baaya to launder later. Only then does he return to the bathroom, its plush rug a comfortable cushion under his newly bare feet, and drags down the zipper along his right hip to peel the shorts away with a moan of relief.

The shorts go into the shower with him for cleaning, left to drip dry as he focuses on quickly scrubbing every inch of skin. His cock remains as unruly as ever, taking advantage of the freedom to rise in anticipation and in response to his soap-slick hands. By the time he switches to his hair, he’s both half-hard and half-tempted to stay in the warm spray for the duration instead.

But no, he should stick to his decisions; the extra effort now will improve his odds of waking up tomorrow without sheets that require cleaning. Wipes on skin is far less effort, and more discreet, than yet another extra load of laundry. (The curse of being twenty with a libido more stereotypical of a fifteen-year-old.)

A last rinse of his conditioner and he's ready to dry off. He leaves the shorts—they'll be fit to put away or wear again by morning—and steps out to grab the thick cotton towel hanging next to his yukata. Even sliding the towel along his skin builds the frisson of want, especially when he brushes the clear barbell horseshoes and stud that preserve his nipple and navel piercings when he works as a professional. He'll trade back in his usual stainless steel later; they're plenty sensitive enough as it is.

He bites his lip against a shiver at the necessary pressure to dry his cock, left until last, before he dons his yukata and shivers again as water trickles down the hairs of his nape to under the collar. Since he runs cold even in the summer heat, if he lies down with wet hair he'll regret it later: even odds between a weekend cold and an unsalvageable bad hair day. So, despite the ache of his partial arousal at the delay, he towels dry and then brushes his hair back to order on autopilot, mind already busy debating what toys he should choose from the box locked safely inside his case-file cabinet.

His body responds to the mental anticipation with the same growing interest. When he finally lets himself exit the bathroom, every stride toward his goal of the key and then the filing cabinet across the room brushes the yukata's material against the tip of his erection distractingly. He's barely reached the file cabinet, key at the lock and his other hand reaching for the robe's waist cord, when sudden movement to his right stops him dead.

The key hits the ground, unheeded.

The slider to his tiny balcony has opened, inner curtains and glass door together—that shouldn't be possible when he has a security bar against intruders because he keeps case files here—but none of it matters.

The intruder perched on his balcony is white clad with a silk cape fluttering dramatically in the breeze, and the same confident grin from three hours and forty-five minutes ago that's made Saguru's body ache in want ever since.

Kid's grin morphs into a knowing smirk, and the purr in Kid's voice races straight down Saguru's spine to settle in his groin. "Good evening, meitantei-san. You looked so disappointed at my leaving tonight, I thought I might visit you instead where we wouldn't be... interrupted." The hat brim tilts, monocle glinting in the lamplight as Kid rakes his gaze up and down Saguru's body, lingering on the obvious tent in the drape of Saguru's thin yukata. "Unless I'm unwelcome?"

Saguru shifts his weight, refusing to be embarrassed by the way the fabric twitches with his interest but unable to *not* react to Kid's full attention. His voice is carefully steady as he answers, "Not unwelcome, though a surprise. Come inside and we can... discuss what you had in mind."

(He knows it's Kaito under that costume, and that Kaito knows he knows and also that Saguru has no intention of arresting him these days, but that knowledge only heightens the thrill of *Kaitou Kid stealing into his room*, white loafers left on the balcony and cape swishing as the impossibly-opened door and curtains close again behind him almost too fast for Saguru to follow.)

For all that Kid is six centimeters shorter, it doesn't *feel* that way as he gracefully steps into Saguru's personal space. Perhaps it's the hat, or the fact that Kid is perfectly tailored in his dress suit while Saguru's single-layer robe reveals far more skin than his norm.

Or that Kid is standing so close, Saguru would barely need to sway forward to bring their bodies into contact. (So close, he can smell the tang of Kid's faint rosewater cologne mixed with the exertions of tonight's chase before Kid had escaped, as always.)

Kid's smile sparkles like his monocle, warm and full of promise. "I had a number of possibilities in mind, meitantei-san, but as I appear to be inserting myself into your plans to relax for the evening, a gentleman would be uncouth to not offer his... assistance."

Saguru's breath catches as his mind immediately latches onto that choice of phrase, and Kid inserting himself into more than Saguru's *plans*. Kid's smile widens, clearly aware of Saguru's associations, but he stands waiting patiently for Saguru's consent.

"I..." Saguru clears his throat, tongue wetting equally dry lips. "I would be delighted to accept your offer, Kid-san, as far as it extends."

"Such a charmer, meitantei. Mytantei," Kid adds in English. He immediately continues in Japanese before Saguru can properly react to the possessive, "Why don't we find out together?"

Silk-clad fingers slide along Saguru's nape and pull his head down as Kid leans up, the top hat falling away as Kid captures Saguru's lips in a searing kiss that makes Saguru clutch at Kid's shoulders for balance as he kisses back. Kid doesn't object to Saguru's grip on his clothes, but the hand tangled in Saguru's hair is iron-firm to hold him at the precise angle Kid's chosen to plunder his mouth, insistent and demanding in a way that seems intent on melting his brain.

His cock responds to Kid's passion with enthusiasm and his body arches automatically in search of more friction than hanging cloth. A whimper escapes his throat as Kid's free hand lands heavily on his hip, so close but not close *enough*, and Kid swallows the noise greedily before his hand pushes Saguru back to his original stance with an air of perfect authority.

"Patience, meitantei-san," Kid breathes against Saguru's still-parted lips. The kisses ease to less heat and more exploration, but Kid has already made clear what he expects from Saguru.

Saguru surrenders to letting Kid take what he wants, sinking into the feeling of being enjoyed, of Kid wanting him enough to savor and hold him where he should be. The hand in his hair pets two fingers along the back of his head, soothing without yielding a millimeter, and all the tension in his shoulders melts away under feeling Kid's control.

Kid is generous enough to give him what he needs eventually; after waiting so long already on his own recognizance, surely for Kid he can bear the burn of his desire a while longer.

He settles his weight, obedient to Kid's wordless direction, and a moment later Kid pulls away to study Saguru's face. Whatever he sees in Saguru's expression, mind hazy from the flood of relief of Kid taking charge, Kid's visible eye widens in delight.

"Oh, you are pretty like this. Do you remember you have safewords, mytantei?"

He aborts a nod, prevented by the hand in his hair, and vocalizes a breathless affirmative instead. He remembers both—one if he can't bear waiting for Kid to give him release, and one to stop being Kid's entirely—but he doesn't need either right now.

"Well done," Kid murmurs. The praise holds Saguru still and pliant as Kid kisses him yet again, testing different ways he can nip and suckle Saguru's lips to elicit his voice.

Saguru can't help but react, Kid's unrelenting energy turning sensitive nerve endings even more sensitive than usual. The longer Kid lingers, the more their position pulls at the fatigue in Saguru's muscles from what has already been a very long day, but he's stubborn enough to ignore it for the sake of enjoying Kid's indulgence.

And then, once Kid seems pleased with his discoveries of Saguru's responses, the hand on Saguru's hip moves, deftly releasing the yukata's belt to let Kid access the rest of Saguru's bare skin. Saguru's cock strains for attention with its exposure, but Kid has other plans. He suckles lazily on Saguru's lower lip to make him gasp again, and slides his hand inside the yukata.

Kid strokes unhurriedly along Saguru's collarbone and shoulders, up to trace the line of his jaw and the delicate cartilage of one ear. He lingers, idly exploring skin and muscle now exposed by the loosened robe collar, with a smile curving the kisses to Saguru's mouth every time Kid finds something he likes. Then fingers trails down Saguru's chest, and Kid discovers a nipple piercing with a brush of the glove seam that makes Saguru ripple in a full-body shudder, tightening his grip on Kid to stay steady.

(The piercings were curiosity over if his already high sensitivity truly could be increased. They do, but Kid touching the secret he's only shared with one other person reaches a level Saguru hasn't known it *could*.)

Kid makes an intrigued noise at Saguru's strong reaction, kisses turning even more languid and messy as his attention shifts. His quick fingers pinch and tug and soothe the piercing stud and surrounding skin over and over again, touch an electrifying spark along Saguru's nerves that builds inescapably rather than fades.

Each repetition heightens Saguru's already full arousal, closer to his limit—but not yet—

He can wait, Kid wants him like this, breathless and moaning and whole body flushed with desire, cock leaking a steady beading of pre-cum with every pull at the solid post under his sensitized skin—

He can wait—

And then the hand in Saguru's hair slips to his other nipple, Kid's mouth still demanding his attention and his maintained pose, but Kid's fingers wanting even more—

He can—

—he *can't*—

He sways as his voice breaks, quietly keening Kid's name, trembling from the effort to maintain his last tatters of self-control.

Kid breaks off the latest kiss and his hands gently cradle Saguru's face instead. "My dear, patient tantei, letting me tease him so far. You deserve your reward for such exquisite behavior."

Kid's hands move again, settling on Saguru's bare hips to half-guide, half-carry him the three diagonal steps until his legs hit his bed and fold up to sit. Saguru's grip on Kid's shoulders is all he can do to keep from taking himself in hand—a few quick strokes would be enough, he's still so close even without the extra stimulation—but he won't use the words, he won't, surely Kid's reward is worth the trickle of endless seconds of waiting here—

"Remember to breathe, mytantei," Kid orders kindly, and nudges Saguru's knees further apart to drop elegantly between them. He presses red lips to Saguru's tip with a swirl of tongue, making Saguru whine needily from the back of his throat and arch his hips in search of more. Kid's hands tighten their grip, tilting Saguru's body to a particular angle that pleases him better, and he leans the weight of his forearms to trap Saguru's thighs against the mattress. "And hold still."

Saguru's vision blurs from the effort to obey as Kid breathes deep, and then wet heat sinks around Saguru's cock. He's pressing into Kid's *mouth*, Kid's tongue slick and wild and everywhere, dancing and demanding everything Saguru has to give—

His whole body quakes with the rush as he comes helplessly against Kid's tongue. The whine in the back of his throat rises again immediately, because Kid is swallowing, holding Saguru's length tight in the hollows of his cheeks and sliding press of tongue and—Saguru curls around Kid's head and quakes a second time with a choked moan, barely aware of Kid's soft sound of delighted surprise as he provides more for Kid to take.

Kid doesn't tease, this time, once Saguru quickly starts to whimper from the oversensitivity. He trembles in Kid's hands as Kid lets Saguru slip free of his mouth, the adrenaline of being so thoroughly Kid's and pushed so close to his limit burning through his muscles like wildfire. His hands are as weak as the rest of him: he loses his grip on Kid's shoulders as the thief stands, slumping forward to be caught in Kid's arms and cradled close.

"I have you," Kid promises, hands petting Saguru's hair without any expectations from him now, and Saguru lets Kid hold him up as he goes limp.

Kid murmurs in his ear, sweet and proud, but Saguru can't focus on the words. They flow over him as soothing nonsense, a peaceful rhythm to pace his breathing with as he shivers against Kid's chest. He's not cold, not with the heat that Kid summoned under his skin still thrumming with every heartbeat, and Kid is a furnace everywhere they touch, but he can't seem to stop. He gives up trying and turns his face towards Kid's collar, closing his eyes in exhaustion, then reopens them in dull surprise at the moisture on his eyelashes. Blinking the moisture away clears the blur from his vision, too.

The wetness gradually slides across the bridge of his nose and cheekbone, soaking into Kid's lapel a drop at a time. Kid must notice because his tone changes from proud to reassuring, brushing fingers gently along Saguru's damp skin and hairline, but Saguru is still too tired to parse meaning out of the sound. He curls tighter into Kid's embrace and closes his eyes again, savoring the rare feeling of being held as he waits for the tremors to stop.

Kid runs out of words before Saguru's body finds equilibrium, but he doesn't try to shift Saguru or to move away. He strokes his hands across Saguru's nape and the curve of his spine through the yukata, firm and steady pressure that slowly grounds Saguru back in the present until he feels... quiet. Not stretched thin, or hazy with stress or exhaustion; not even the vaguely untethered sensation he's now aware enough to recognize was giving Kid complete control of their encounter. He's simply relaxed and peaceful in a way he never seems to manage on his own, even in afterglow.

Saguru breathes carefully, testing himself, and he's steady.

...He savors his position for another full minute before he lifts his head to offer Kid a mellow, sated smile.

Kid smiles back, dark hair in messy spikes without the hat cover and lips still full from kissing and the visible blue eye nearly violet in the dim lamplight. He cups Saguru's face with fingers that Saguru belatedly realizes are bare—have been bare ever since Kid noticed Saguru's body responding to the overwhelm of sensation with tears.

“And how are you feeling, mytantei?”

If he weren't still so deeply in afterglow, he would shiver at the pet name, but he settles for nuzzling Kid's palm in gratitude. “You're welcome to visit whenever you'd like, if I could feel this good even one more time.”

A barely noticeable tension bleeds out of Kid's frame as he chuckles. “So good as that? I wondered if perhaps I pushed too far, near the end.”

Saguru shakes his head, pressing a chaste kiss to Kid's skin. “I didn't require a word. ...If you enjoyed me like this enough for an encore, we could establish nonverbal warnings for in the future, as a backup?”

Perhaps they should have negotiated that originally, but they'd discussed so many other details it hadn't seemed necessary.

“‘Enjoyed’ is an insufficient word, my dear meitantei-san,” Kid purrs, and even like this a thrill curls under Saguru's skin. “We'll discuss it later, as it will be my pleasure to visit you again for our... mutual satisfaction.”

Energy buoyed by the promise of another day, and reminded by Kid's use of 'mutual', he finds the strength to lift his hand from his lap to Kid's trouser clasp. “Should I...?”

Kid removes his hand with a forehead kiss that quiets any sting of rejection. “Later. I want to savor this new smile of yours.”

A blush spreads from his ears to the rest of his face, and he matches it with another soft smile rising from sheer contentment. “You'll stay longer?”

He lost track when nothing mattered but Kid's touch, but it must be close to midnight already. If Kid wants this, wants him, enough to *linger*...

Kid's bare hand strokes along Saguru's skin to brush the hollow of his throat as Kid kisses his flushed cheek. “I haven't finished enjoying you yet, mytantei.”

Saguru's breath leaves in a rush and he clutches the hand in his. Kid hadn't bothered to let go after moving it away. “However you want me,” he offers, and means it. If Kid asked him to pull down the stars right now, he would at least *try*.

Kid chuckles again, likely more cognizant of Saguru's limits at this point than Saguru is. The hand at his collarbones moves to hold his head steady as Kid kisses him again, soft and languorous, just open enough for Saguru to taste hints of himself. Even this gentle, the slide of Kid's lips sparks phantom memory of his earlier conquest and Saguru can't hold back a moan. Kid pulls away to meet his eyes, but smiles approvingly at what he sees.

“You've performed so well already, mytantei. Now, I want you to watch me.”

Kid settles Saguru's hand back in his lap, then steps backwards to the rug between the bed and the balcony access, perfectly framed by the blackout curtains as his bare hands make quick work of his tie. Saguru can't bear to blink as Kid continues undressing, genteely stacking each folded piece on the reading chair where it sits by the wall between the curtains and nightstand table. The slide of his boxers to his ankles makes Saguru swallow hard, and then Kid is a gorgeous display of wiry muscle and partial arousal, wholly naked except for the monocle and its dangling charm.

When he remembers to look up, Kid meets his hungry gaze and smirks, then deliberately turns and saunters to the nightstand. He steals Saguru's wipes from the drawer to create a private show of cleaning off the heist's sweat and grime in a display of mesmerizing flexibility that leaves Saguru's mouth dry.

Finally, when Kid might as well be sparkling, he struts between Saguru's legs. A pointed finger under Saguru's chin lifts his head to Kid's amused expression, and Kid keeps their gazes locked while his other hand cleans Saguru's limp cock, touch so excruciatingly delicate Saguru wishes he had any interest left. If anything, Kid seems inordinately satisfied by

Saguru's unresponsiveness, but then, he's also the direct cause and Kid is not only a pretty bastard but a petty one. (It should not make him more attractive—and yet.)

After he decides they're both clean, Kid carefully herds Saguru onto the bed until they're stretched out together atop the coverlet and open yukata: Saguru on his back and Kid curled against his side, half-draped over his torso with chin pressed just below Saguru's collarbone. The weight and Kid's natural body heat are both pleasantly grounding.

"You can cuddle, detective-mine," Kid hums after a few moments, and Saguru realizes he's been unconsciously waiting for permission to touch Kid's bare skin. He brings up his arms to tuck comfortably along Kid's back and arm, and relaxes again. Despite Kid's teasing, once they've settled together the quiet feeling from before resurfaces like the moon from behind a cloud, and Saguru melts into his pillows with a contented sigh.

Kid cuddles in equally content silence for a few minutes, then arches against where Saguru's fingers have started to pet automatically between his shoulder blades. "Mmm, I do love your hands. What would your hands have gotten up to without me, meitantei-san?"

It takes a moment to parse Kid's question, and then he wets his lips out of nervous habit. Even dating Kaito now, he's never described a fantasy in detail before. "I... I would have dreamed of you. Of the heist gone differently, or if you came by my room later, and... saw me taking care of myself from the balcony."

Faint pressure shifts suggestively against his leg. "Come back to heists later," Kid commands in a voice that sounds like liquid sensuality. "Tell me what I might be watching."

The flutter in Saguru's chest at Kid's voice lingers as he searches for the right words. "I have a collection of... toys. If you arrived early enough, you would see me lock my door for privacy, and retrieve the box, and disrobe to lay down rather like this to pick what to use..."

"And what does an unsuspecting tantei choose for his delectation?" Kid prompts in the same tone as before.

Saguru swallows. It's one thing to imagine, and another thing to describe. "I would have... tonight I'd have set myself with a ring, to push myself further, and a set of beads to start. To make sure I was well-prepared for something bigger, or for the dream of company..."

As he talks the press against his thigh grows more noticeable, and he pauses for breath as Kid rolls his hips distractingly.

"Don't stop on my account," Kid instructs in a lighter voice, not stopping his slow grind. "Go on."

Saguru nods, suppressing the sudden urge to call Kid 'sir', and obeys.

"The beads stretch me slow enough, when I take my time, I'd be hard but not aching from it yet when they were all inside... I might leave them, and use my hands or a vibrator on myself, or I have—" he can't stop the sudden heat in his face and looks at the ceiling rather than Kid, Kid who is currently so real there's a wet trail of arousal on Saguru's skin— "I have

a long one that's white, that if I took out the beads... I'd think of you watching me as it pressed inside, or of you stealing inside to take it out of my hands..."

"Or," Kid fills the hesitation smoothly as he shifts higher to breathe in Saguru's ear, cock changing angle to lazily thrust along the hollow of Saguru's hip, "would you dream of it as a stand-in for something else you'd prefer?"

"Yes," Saguru admits breathlessly. "Either. Both."

"Mmm, such honesty deserves a reward—when you can properly appreciate it. Of course, it wouldn't do to rush..." Kid continues in Saguru's ear with mock-thoughtfulness, pacing his speech with his movements. "Favorite meitantei are a precious treasure, and shouldn't risk injury. A diligent and caring kaitou... would have to take extra effort, to properly prepare him. It might even require multiple visits, to be certain my dear, *exhausted* tantei, has the stamina for such a reward..."

Gods, Kid is going to kill him, but at least he'll die in bliss.

He dares turn his head to meet Kid's gaze, and drinks in the heavy-lidded pleasure there in addition to the masterful, expectant smirk. Before he can think better of it, he answers, "As many as you might deem necessary, sir."

Kid's eye widens, pupil dark with lust, and his use of Saguru abruptly intensifies until he arches in gorgeous display, lips parted and monocle charm swinging as his release spills across Saguru's abs.

Kid curves his torso to avoid the mess as he leans back down to kiss Saguru one more time, soft and sweet and brief. "You have excellent ideas, mytantei. Call me that when I visit again."

Saguru smiles, running his hand along Kid's back. "Visit soon, so I don't forget you're real."

A glint in Kid's eye is Saguru's only warning before teeth sink against his shoulder and he gasps, forcing his fingers to not grip Kid's hair as Kid's lips and tongue mark a hickey into Saguru's skin he's certain to feel for *days*.

Kid finally pulls back with a hum of smug satisfaction. "I'll visit before it fades to make a new one, so you can't forget you're mine."

Saguru shudders as his body tries to react to that promise, and can't. "I'll look forward to it... sir."

Kid grins, brilliant and beautiful. "As you should. But for now, I'll let you rest." He curls up to enjoy Saguru's torso like a pillow, and Saguru cuddles Kid reverently as his posture, even lying down, slowly melts into a far more familiar loose-limbed sprawl of afterglow.

A faint weight drops against his chest—the monocle—and then Saguru hears the trill in Kaito's throat that imitates an actual cat's purr, that he so recently learned Kaito makes when

he's truly, deeply happy. He hums back in return and gives in to the urge to pet Kaito's hair, giving Kaito the time to rest before they talk and clean up.

Eventually, Kaito props his chin on Saguru and grins in a way that *should* look like Kid, but somehow doesn't have the same angles despite it being the same face. "Hi."

"Welcome back."

"Should I say the same to you?" Kaito carefully stretches up to nuzzle Saguru's jaw without spreading the mess turning sticky between them. "You were gorgeous, by the way, even if you caught me off guard by dropping so fast and far. And I didn't know I had a kink for you using 'sir' until you got me with it."

Saguru smiles ruefully, but it's easier to talk frankly in this mellow headspace Kid—Kaito—gave him tonight than even their previous discussions. "I caught myself off guard, a bit. When you said this scene would be a surprise for authenticity, I expected—I don't know, perhaps the heist after this one instead. But then you were there, and I still don't understand how you got past my security bar for the slider door, but I wanted everything you would give me."

Kaito snickers. "Of course you're fixated on that. Once I was in civvies, I came straight here and charmed Baaya-san. I'm a loving boyfriend who wanted to surprise you after a long day and she worries about you inheriting your dad's workaholicism; she literally told me where I could find emergency condoms and promised to make a full breakfast in the morning if I get you to sleep past sunrise."

Saguru blushes scarlet. "She *what*?"

"Yup!" Kaito replies with cheerful nonsensicality. "Since you told her I could come visit you anytime, she didn't think you'd mind her letting me into your room. I took care of the bar before you got home, changed back after everyone else in the house went to bed, and ducked onto the balcony when I heard you get home. How else do you think I got my entrance timing so perfect?"

A helpless laugh bubbles out of Saguru and he doesn't try to stop it. "You are *absurd*."

"And did I meet your expectations?" Kaito asks teasingly, so careless Saguru would miss the uncertainty if he didn't know Kaito so well.

He pulls Kaito in to kiss his forehead, like Kid did earlier, and is rewarded with another of Kaito's purrs. "Smashed utterly in the best ways. I don't react to myself the way I did to your hands, and I don't recall the last time I've been this relaxed, during or after."

He pauses, considering, because he knows himself at least in some aspects. "I can't promise I might not drop on you outside of Kid, trying to find this again. It's... heady."

"Oh no," Kaito says in complete deadpan, countered by his fond smile, "my boyfriend trusting me so completely he gives me control to take care of him. However will I cope?"

“Twit. At least we’re well matched this way,” Saguru starts, and is interrupted by a yawn.

“We’re good for each other. But talking details later; I meant it when I called you exhausted.”

“...You’re not wrong,” Saguru admits, as he finally recognizes the pull of lethargy in his limbs beneath the tranquility of his thoughts.

Kaito finds the wipes, batting Saguru’s hands away when he tries to help. Almost faster than Saguru can track he’s in nothing but clean boxers and under the thin summer blanket for his bed, while Kaito hides away the Kid suit and takes care of the bedroom light.

“D’I want to know how you do that?” Saguru inquires sleepily, squinting in the darkness.

“Magic,” Kaito answers as he cuddles into Saguru’s arms. It isn’t an answer at all but Saguru is in too good of a mood and too tired to care. “Go to sleep, Saguru, and in the morning I’ll use your poor neglected toys to keep you in bed until Baaya’s breakfast is ready.”

Saguru falls into the dark with a smile on his lips, and sleeps more deeply than he can remember in years.

End Notes

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