

Kazuyu writing collection thingy

Quick heads up: deals with a lot of mental health topics, sh and suggestive themes (nothing out right explicit). No this is not ooc if you think it is you're the wrong one 🥺✌️

@ichitoras on twt ok.



Me when i see her

one day i am
gonna grow
wings

Place holder for aesthetic purposes..

♫ = normal kazuyu

♪ = yuri

♪ No Labels

Kazutora was never known to be a person in control of his emotions, he always seemed to push people away and get in trouble. Off the top of his head, he could name all the people he trusts with one hand, and going to juvie made that worse.

All Kazutora had was the urge to kill sano manjiro, he lived for it. Only then would he feel complete again! He thought. Sure, Yu and Baji visited him regularly, but they don't see what's behind the closed doors. They'll always be a wall between them. However, there was no denying that his relationship with Yu differed from his with Baji or any other person. Sure, she looked nice, they shared a lot of things in common.. yes she's easy going and seems to understand but.. it's just a simple crush that'll go away, right? Whether it was mutual or not, Kazutora was certain he's bound to scare her away at some point.

She visited him in juvie almost every chance she got! She gave him updates about the world outside.. although he did get iffy when toman was mentioned, so Yu eventually stopped talking about them and they both indulged in their own world.. When he got out, manjiro resurfaced in his mind again. He understood that going on with his plan would inevitably lead him back to juvie, or jail, even. Yu managed to keep him grounded to an extent, at least to the point where the dark impulse wasn't the only thing on his mind. It *did* feel different to him.. this was nothing like them before or during juvie.. his heart beats so fast! It scares him. It makes him feel so sick he wants to throw up. He hates that he can't hate her. He hates that when she looks at him, it feels like his heart might tear open. He hates that just the thought of losing her makes his lungs seize.

She engulfed his thoughts so much it started to change him.. first it was the constant hanging out, then it was the gravure posters being taken down, then the random make out sessions....then it was random 4 am episodes where he would text her with bloodied arms and a hazy mind.

Does she also think about him like this? Is he the only deranged one? Suddenly, it's 4 am and he's laying on his bed, staring at the ceiling, stomach twisted because Yu's laugh is stuck in his head. He replays the way her fingers brushed his arm earlier.. tiny, innocent things. and it's too much. He actually feels sick. He presses his palm over his mouth because he's nauseous with how badly he **needs** her.

Soon, his hands are trembling, his skin stings where the razor kissed too close, his breaths still ragged. He doesn't even think! He finds himself grabbing his flip phone and shakingly opening Yu's contact.

The convo was nothing eventful, just a run down of their day (that they spent together), plans for tomorrow (that they **will** spend together) and the foreseeable future (that they hopefully will spend together).

Before either of them knew it, they were in their usual spot! Rail-less rooftop. It was especially cold and dark that day, in a sense that you could see your breath leaving you and coming back again. The moon and the street lights lit up the roads, a long side some open house lights, of course.

Kazutora sits beside her, his jacket slung carelessly off one shoulder. He's staring out over the drop like it doesn't even faze him, but his eyes keep flicking to her.. to the way her lips are slightly parted, her cheeks pink from the cold.

"Cold?" he mutters finally, rough, almost accusing.

"I'm fine," Yu lies, glancing sideways at him. A smirk plays on her mouth. "Why, you gonna keep me warm, Tora?"

His jaw clenches, he doesn't answer and just suddenly leans in, grabbing her face with one trembling hand. And then their mouths crash together.

The kiss is messy, desperate, his teeth catch her bottom lip. She gasps against him, hands gripping his shirt, and he pulls her closer until she's practically in his lap. The world below them roars, neon and headlights, but up here it's just heat and breath and the scrape of teeth.

Her back presses against the rough concrete of the rooftop, and for a split second she thinks of how close they are to the edge.. no railings, just empty air. It makes her heart hammer harder. His fingers knot into her hair, and she tilts her head, letting him devour her. It goes on and on. Minutes blur into what feels like hours. When they finally break apart, both panting, their lips are swollen, raw.

Kazutora stares at her like he's drunk, chest heaving, pupils blown wide. His hand lingers on her cheek, thumb brushing the corner of her mouth where her lip gloss smudged. He looks like he wants to say something. Something dangerous, something permanent, something he can't take back.

Yu tilted her head, waiting for him to say something. He doesn't. So she hums and rests her head on his shoulder.

And just like that, it's brushed off. No confessions. No labels. Just another night on the rooftop, another reckless kiss neither of them will admit means everything.

Foggy Glasses

Her back presses further against the cold wall as Kazutora leans down.

“Shit.” Kazutora leaned closer, “Been a while, I missed you.” He nuzzled his head against Yu’s shoulder.

“Yeah? I missed you too.” she smiles a bit.

“Don’t just disappear like that again, it makes me sad.” He murmured and his fingers reached to toy with her belt loops.

Yu tensed up a bit, feeling self-conscious. “I won’t.”

“Your new glasses look pretty.” He grinned, “Doesn’t look out of place.”

She smiled awkwardly, fully aware of the position. Sensing this, Kazutora backed away and his fingers left with him. He tilted his head to the side and his earring made that signature jiggle.

“Hmm.” He throws his head back before looking back at Yu. She could see it in his eyes, the desperation, the loneliness of missing someone who was gone for so long..

“If you want to.” Yu muttered back, silently placing her hand over her face in an effort to shrink. Kazutora gently kissed it before moving it away.

“There.” He smiled.

Yu’s eyes avoid his, looking for anything to look at that isn’t him. He frowns as he leans in closer, pushing a strand away from her face.

“Tora.” She whispers, breath getting caught in her throat.

“Yes?” He replies gently but receives no reply.

It’s fast and clumsy, the kind of clumsy that only comes from missing someone so much it aches. One hand grips her waist tightly, the other finding the back of her neck and he just connects their lips together.

Kazutora’s mouth is warm against Yu’s, moving with urgency, with a kind of ache that only distance can breed. He kisses her like he’s making up for time, like each second apart had weighed him down and this is the only thing that could shake that heaviness off.

Yu’s back hits the nearest wall gently, and he follows, chest flush against hers, breathing uneven between each kiss like he can’t quite believe she’s actually here. Right in front of him, and it feels very real too.

Her hands shakingly slide into his hair, tugging a little, he quivers a bit. He tilts his head, deepening the kiss, and then abruptly stops.

His thumb brushes the edge of her black glasses. By the point, she was barely aware of how fogged up they've gotten, or how crooked they are from the way he moved her, until he gently pulls them off.

Kazutora blinks down at her, eyes softer now. "Couldn't see you properly," he mutters, voice low and rough from emotion, not teasing. "Wanna see your face."

Yu barely manages to nod before he leans back in, this time slower, gentler. His lips press against hers again with just as much intensity, but this time it's laced with something quieter. The kind that sits deep in the chest and settles like warmth.

And when he finally pulls away, he's out of breath, lips raw, eyes still holding that same awe.

"I don't wanna be away from you ever again," he murmurs, thumb brushing against her cheek. "It's torture. I don't want to feel like this again"

Yu pants and just mindlessly nods, like what just happened completely flew over her head.

♫Toman

"And that's how I got this one." Yu let out a humorless chuckle, pointing at her bandaged right eye.

Kazutora stared at her blankly before looking away, slowing down his already slow swing. Yu playfully pushed his swing a bit before pushing hers. Kazutora reacted by stopping both of them.

"You.. you got it because of me right? I should've brought you home earlier last night." His voice was shaky, Yu thought.

"No, no. It's not your fault, dad's just an asshole." Yu smiled a bit before looking away, however Kazutora could not get his eyes away from the eyepatch.

- A while later -

"You sure I should be here? Tora?" Yu looked around the Musashi shrine.

"I meet here with Toman." he answered and Yu didn't question further.

Yu slowly clutched her right arm while looking zoning out, her hair was moving with the wind. She can see Kazutora staring from the corner of her eye. She does nothing.

"Ha? Yu?" Mikey takes the lollypop out of his mouth and approaches, Mitsuya, Draken, Keisuke and Pah-chin follow behind him. Yu immediately tensed up and her clutch on her arm tightened. Mikey went up closer until it was an uncomfortable distance, "That. The eyepatch. What's up with it?" Mikey pointed at his right eye.

Yu blinked twice before gulping. Pah-chin was in the background trying to figure out if Mikey pointed at the right eye.

Yu's eyes strayed to meet Kazutora's, but he had the look on his face that said "Come on, tell them if you want."

"I um. A gang cornered me after school." Yu spat out before looking away.

"Heh? A gang?" Draken tilted his head at a weird angle.

Yu nodded.

"Come on guys, we've got someone to talk to." Pah-chin placed his arm around Mitsuya, and he looked away awkwardly.

"It's okay." Yu sighed.

"You're our friend. My friend. Kazutora cares about you." Mikey looked away at Kazutora.

"I'm not even a part of this gang, please forget about this."

"You're not?"

"Mikey you fucking dumbass." Keisuke lightly punched his shoulder.

Yu stayed quiet. She felt terrible, how could she lie to them? They care. Maybe they do, they seem to. How could you fake this level of kindness? She wasn't looked up to as a subordinate, but as a friend.

a friend.

his friend.

Kazutora cares about her.

"So, you gonna say or?" Keisuke referenced the gang.

Yu stayed silent before talking, "I lied."

Everyone was confused but Kazutora.

"I- It was my dad, I was hanging out with Kazutora yesterday and came home late. He was a bit mad. That's all." Yu avoided looking at anyone.

"Hitting your own daughter? That's lame." Mitusya sighed.

It's embarrassing, Yu thought. Kazutora went up to approach her but Mikey did it before him.

"Want us to teach him a lesson?"

"No Mikey, Kazutora's dad still hadn't recovered from that kick you gave him." Draken sighed.

Yu shakes her head, "It's okay."

"Is it though? Are you not upset?" Keisuke asked.

"He's my dad, not like I have much of a choice." Yu twiddled her thumbs.

"I see." Mikey retreated.

"Guys, quickly! Pose!" Pah was holding a camera before placing it over a rock.

Mikey placed his shoulders around Yu.

"Oi Mikey!" Draken put him in a headlock.

"Careful, Kazutora'll get jelly." Mitsuya teased.

"Mitsuya what the fuck!!" Kazutora looked away before standing on the other side of Yu. Mitsuya stood next to Draken who also held him in a head lock. Pah sat on the floor making a star sign.

"That was brave, you know." Kazutora whispered, looking down at Yu.

She looked at him and before she could say anything,

click

That's one hell of a memory to keep.

QUICK NOTE!! This is a bit different than the styles above bc i wrote this back in february, and my writing style changed.. sob