

in theory

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Summary

His hands shook, but he couldn't tell why. He balked at the idea of being afraid—he was a fighter, and he'd done it all before. These were only pistols— even if they were special, he had protection against them. There was no reason for him to tremble like this.

And yet, he couldn't seem to get it to stop. ([x](#))

Notes

i haven't written seriously in a year hgfjgh i'm sorry if this is kinda all over the place

crossposts: [dreamwidth](#), [pillowfort](#)

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

Yukio hadn't felt such immense boredom since before he became an exorcist. Truthfully, after joining the Illuminati, he hadn't been given much to do. In contrast to his constant labor in the Order, the Illuminati barely gave him anything. He suspects it's due to his current predicament with Satan and his eye, but even then, he was able to complete missions with it before he defected.

He was itching for a job, a mission, *something* to do. It's felt like forever since he last used his guns, despite sparring with Renzou every now and then, and it only having been a month since the last mission . And so, when they were given a mission to clear a remote area, and capture any demons of potential interest to the Illuminati , Yukio jumped at the opportunity. Anything to use his guns again— maybe even the new Armumahel guns, as dangerous as they might be.

“Hey, Yukio, how about you do that side?” Renzou gestured to the left of the large, desolate area

they stood on. As they'd arrived late, the sky painted a misty violet over the area— not too light that it was closer to daytime, but not too dark that it was night. "I'll take the one to the right. Shouldn't be *too* hard for you, right?" Yukio squinted in his direction. While there wasn't a large concentration of demons in the region, the left side had significantly more demons than the right, likely due to the right having more light covering it.

"If we split up, there's a larger chance of the mission being a failure. It's better if we work together and clear certain sections of the area at once, to ensure success and work efficiently." He sighed. Renzou chuckled.

"Are you serious? I just want to get this done and get back to the base. I'd be crazy to make us split up."

"Sounds like you."

"You're no fun."

"You make me aware of it every time we interact."

Renzou rolled his eyes, a smile on his face to reassure Yukio he's not serious. "Let's just get this over with. You need more sleep than you're getting, and it's already late."

Yukio chose to take out his guns rather than reply to that. Renzou expressing worry for him is always something he can never think of an answer to. A moment after him, Renzou moves the arm holding his K'rik into a fighting stance.

The mission didn't take long to complete, finished in less than three hours. By the time they were done, the colors blanketing the area turned from a twilight purple to a deep shade of navy blue, the terrain rougher than it was before from the fighting. In total, Renzou and Yukio only captured two demons, the others having little potential of being lab rats in the Illuminati's eyes. The demons they captured, although being mid-level demons, were kin of Egyn— certainly of interest to the Illuminati's scientists, having demons mostly kin to Astaroth and Azazel.

"Really, you should get some sleep when we're back at the base. You've looked like one of those zombies for the past week." Renzou quipped. They were waiting for a ride back to the Dominus Liminis, a normally short wait, but was taking longer than usual. Renzou had been attempting to fill the air with insignificant observations of the region, but was unsuccessful in the face of Yukio's tired stare in the distance.

"What do you know?" Yukio mumbled. He'd been with the Illuminati (and Renzou, by extension) for almost a year now, and still wasn't used to his partner's (friend's?) attempts at small talk. But his latest observation took Yukio out of his trance.

"I don't know. You've been using those Illuminati guns recently, and now you're acting different. Are you sure these won't have any weird effects on you?" Renzou answered. He tried saying it lightly, but only came off as more concerned than intended.

"I never said they wouldn't have *any* effect on me. I'm bound to be dazed or forgetful after wielding them. They contain the power of Armumahel— there's no way they would have no effect. But I'll be fine. There's nothing to worry about."

Renzou sighed in reply. He could tell Yukio was lying; he's always been good at telling lies from truth. But there's no arguing with him. As much as he wants to help, it's not easy making cement budge.

“I’m gonna call Homare. The helicopter’s either lost, or they just forgot to send it out to get us. And I doubt they want to lose two of their important agents right now, y’know?” Renzou winked, standing and walking away from Yukio, far enough to not be in earshot but close enough to be in his sight.

Yukio looked at the ground. The pistols seemed to be taking their toll on him for his usage of them earlier. He used his regular handguns with standard bullets adapted for the area in most of the fight, but decided to try the Arumumahel pistols towards the end. They really weren’t needed— if he wanted to, he could’ve used his handguns the whole time. But it had been months since he last touched the pistols, and he figured he needed to get a better grasp on them.

Despite it being only half an hour since they completed the mission, Yukio was still feeling the effects of the pistols. They typically faded minutes after, leaving only a headache and residual brain fog. But this time, it felt just as strong as when the symptoms first began after the fight. He felt as if the world was almost fuzzy— the area ahead foggy, and as if cotton was in his ears. And his headache only worsened as time passed.

Renzou waved at him in the distance, pointing at his phone and the sky above, indicating the arrival of the helicopter to be minutes away. Just as swiftly as he nodded at him, Yukio broke eye contact, and gazed at his hands.

His hands shook, but he couldn’t tell why. He balked at the idea of being afraid—he was a fighter, and he’d done it all before. These were only pistols— even if they were special, he had protection against them. There was no reason for him to tremble like this.

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End Notes

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