



Short Fuse & Long Scarf: A Pop Star's Perilous Protection

not important



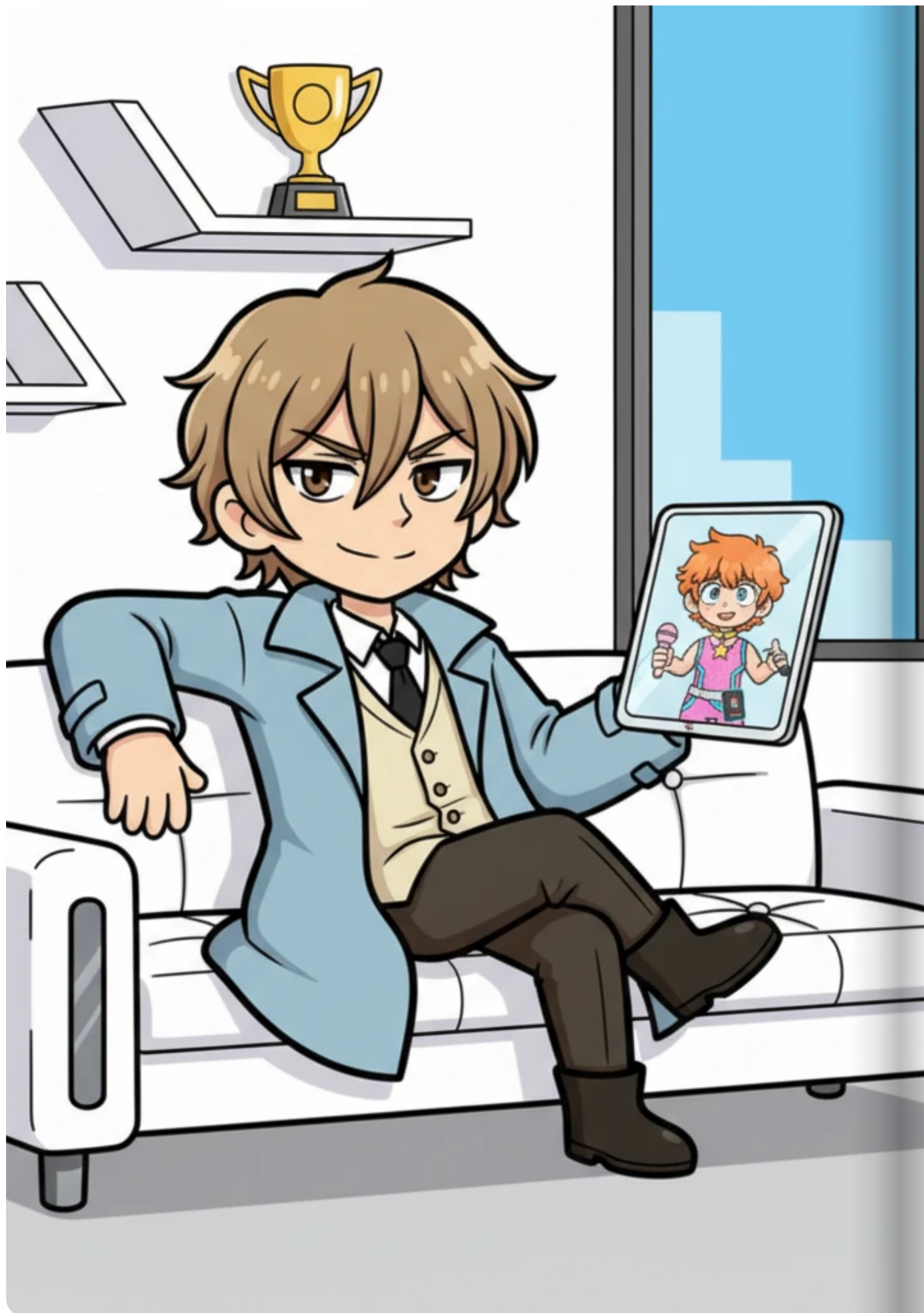
Spotlights flared as Chuuya Nakahara, the world-renowned omega pop star, commanded the stage, his fiery red hair a blur of energy. Mid-song, a cryptic message flashed on his phone, chilling him to the bone: a dark web bounty for his assassination. His usual vibrant smile faltered for a mere second before he resumed his performance, a storm brewing beneath his calm exterior.



Backstage, Chuuya paced like a caged tiger, the warning heavy in the air. His older brother, a picture of worried intensity, insisted on immediate, ironclad security. Chuuya, strong and capable, scoffed at the idea, but his brother's resolve was unyielding, leaving no room for argument.



With traditional law enforcement out of the question due to his past, Chuuya reluctantly agreed to 'underground' protection. A discrete contact was made, setting the wheels in motion for a solution as unconventional as his problem. He just hoped it wouldn't be more trouble than it was worth.



Meanwhile, in a sleek, minimalist office, Dazai Osamu, the prodigal heir of the multinational Crossfit company and son of the notorious mafia boss Mori Ougai, lounged elegantly. Despite his childish demeanor, his eyes held a dangerous glint as he reviewed the profile of his newest, high-profile client: Chuuya Nakahara.



Their first meeting was a disaster of epic proportions. Chuuya, bristling with impatience, walked into the meeting room only to be greeted by Dazai's infuriating smirk. "Well, well, if it isn't the short child," Dazai drawled, immediately hitting a nerve.



Chuuya's face contorted in a furious scowl, his aura practically sparking with rage. "I'd rather be dead than spend another second with this bandaged, lanky guy!" he roared, pointing an accusatory finger at Dazai, who merely chuckled, finding the outburst immensely amusing.



The initial briefing quickly devolved into a heated shouting match, their opposing personalities clashing like thunder and lightning. Dazai's playful taunts were met with Chuuya's indignant retorts, leaving their bewildered assistants exchanging worried glances as the room crackled with undeniable tension.



During a 'protection demonstration,' Dazai playfully cornered Chuuya against a wall, his long limbs creating a playful cage. His voice dropped to a suggestive whisper, "Now, how exactly would you prefer your bodyguard to protect you, Chuuya?" Chuuya, flustered, shoved him away with a growl, a blush dusting his cheeks.



Despite his initial fury and constant irritation, Chuuya found himself grudgingly tolerating Dazai's presence. The mafia prince's unconventional methods, while annoying, were strangely effective, and his infuriating charm began to chip away at Chuuya's defenses, much to his own chagrin.



Weeks later, the pop star and his mafia prince protector were an inseparable, albeit chaotic, duo. Their bickering continued, but it was now laced with an undeniable affection and a shared, smirking understanding. The world might be after Chuuya, but with Dazai by his side, life was certainly never boring.