

i wanna be your sticky flower

sanaka x mako

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1: first meeting

Title: I wanna be your sticky flower (first the title was kuroi ame, but a friend of me had a fic with same title -_-' damn...)

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Greene: jrock - deadman and fatima

Pairing: mako x sana

Disclaimer: don't own them,... only posters and pictures... and my fantasies about them ^_____^

Music: fatima running up and down my cd player... well fatima always make me have fantasies X3 to sakura to ame *.*

Warning: my problem is, I'm no native speaker. If you find some grammar mistakes or anything else, please mail me. I want to get better, ne? thanks

Ya yaoi warning ...

DV

First part.

He was driving through the streets, without recognizing the place he was. Mako stopped at a red traffic light. The rain was pouring down the heavy clouds which were looking like grey velvet. The rain falling in thick drops sounding like drumbeat on the roof of his car. There was no other sound. The drumbeat creating a strange melody in his brain, forgetting about the traffic light.

Again, he was here, searching for something which would let him forget about his problems.

Later Mako stepped out of the shadows where he had been hidden. He was standing in an empty music hall. There had been a concert a few minutes ago. He looked around, seeing all the remains of little fangirls and fanboys lying around. He had only seen the last song. He had been standing in a corner of the crowded music hall.

The show the last band had given had been really fascinating... the glances the vocalist of Fatima, Sanaka, had given the audience were capturing and the views

which were exposed had even caught more eyes:

An naked thigh here, a revealed chest with the Nametai (1) Tattoo there.

But then the show ended. The band left, the audience too, and Mako remained alone with his hunting thoughts. The rubbish was lingering everywhere around him. He stepped forward to the stage, kicking an empty can with his foot.

When he arrived at the stage, he threw some glances around him, when he was sure no one was looking, he jumped at the stage. Soon later he found himself backstage, in a small corridor, with many doors at each side.

Mako walked slowly. Suddenly a door was opened a few feet before him, and four people left the room, going towards the exit. It took Mako some time until he realised that they were the musicians of the band he just had watched performing. But their vocalist wasn't with them.

The blonde walked casually to this door, opened it and entered the room. Just like he suspected, it was their clothing room. Mako looked around and his eyes fell on the white wedding dress-like piece of clothing. It lay discarded over a chair.

/the vocalist's garment./ Mako stepped closer to it, took it in his hand and smelled at the white fabric. He smelled the mixture of a sweet, poison-like perfume, cigarette smoke and sweat.

"uhn... there's some pervert who likes to smell at other persons clothes? I like you...."

Mako turned around and found the man of his affections standing right before him, hair dripping wet with water, only clad with a towel around his waist.

Sanaka was smiling mischievously, his eyes full of joy about the situation.

Mako stood still, looking expressionless at the raven haired beauty. His eyes were caught by Sanakas gaze, only looking at the dark-brown orbs. Then finally Deadmans vocalist nodded, turned around and sat in the chair where Sanakas outfit was hanging again. In front of him was a rather huge mirror, reflecting the face of still grinning Sanaka and himself. No words were spoken for a while, only glances were exchanged.

Then Sanakas smile got wider.

"What do you want from me?"

He only got a single action from Mako, this being a rising of his eyebrow. /Don't play innocent. You know it./ Sanaka, understanding his gaze very well, giggled and turned around.

"What do you want me to wear?"

This simple question forced Mako to turn around and speak the first time. "What do you have?"

The black haired man asked the other vocalist to come nearer. So he did. Mako was standing in front of Sanakas whole wardrobe.

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"I think you are an interesting person." Again a simple, banal sentence made the blonde think if the other one really meant it or was just so excellent at lying.

/USO. Just make me think about Kein and the rest... drive me deeper into my thoughts./(2)

"Why do you think so?"

"Hmm.. Maybe because of the way you act."

"Tell me, what do mean?"

Sanaka paused a little before he continued speaking. "I mean, I really don't know you. I know you are Mako from Deadman. But the way you are impresses me a lot. For example you say hardly anything but I see you are thinking all the time. I don't know about what, it is about the past, the future or the colour of water? Anyway... there is something living in your eyes, which makes me forgetting about whatever you planned to do tonight for the both of us. Something sad inside you is capturing me. I want to know what it is."

Mako hadn't expected some deep thoughts like these coming from a person like Sanaka. Again the man before him surprised him.

"And that's why you took me here?"

They were sitting in a really small teahouse. Geishas were tripling along the corridor outside the small room. Its floor was covered with a layer of Tatami.

Sanaka nodded.

Mako closed his eyes. This man sitting in front of him, was one of the few people who were able to bring the truth out of his closed mind. Normally he was only able to think about it, when he was writing his lyrics or when I was on stage, putting his whole mind into singing. He realised more and more that the black haired beauty was special.

"Not today" He felt he wasn't ready yet. After he looked in Sanakas face his eyes fell on his hands. Mako brought them to his eyelevel, looking at them closely.

"You can hardly see a scar. But still, they are the key to my truth. You think why I'm thinking about it now, and why I wasn't thinking about it years ago, and yes, I'm sure you know I never thought about it before. And you are right. I kept it all closed up inside me, hidden in a special corner of my mind. Well, the reason why it comes up right now is you. I never met a person who was able to bring this truth, these memories up to the surface. Maybe when we meet each other again, I'll tell you. But first I think about it. "

Mako stood up and was ready to leave.

"so soon you'll leave me?" Sanakas voice echoed behind him. Mako turned around, facing the other vocalist. Then he bent forward and kissed the other man lightly on his lips.

"Yes I have to. When the fate brings us together again, I'll speak about everything. I promise. But none of us is allowed to search each other, ok?"

Sanaka nodded and so Mako left him behind in the small room of the teahouse.

End first part.

(1) Nametai: butterfly... sanakas tattoo on the chest *.+

(2) uso: a song of kein, the band where Mako was vocalist before deadman... uso means lie