

Title: "A Personal Rehearsal" ©0205.22

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Disclaimer: Uh....

Fandom: J-ROCK, influenced by Kaikan Phrase etc.

Pairing: Yoshi x Suki (original characters)

Rating: NC-17 for sex,

Warnings: None really, just some J-Rock Yaoi Boys.

No violence, death, angst, etc.

Archive: On the Yaoi-Con Fanzine CD, www.chaoticworks.com, and others by permission.

There was excitement in the air, that was easy to see and feel. Lemon Tart was riding a high wave of emotion as they practiced for their first show in the United States. The J-Rock band had a fairly large following in Japan and now that they had just been picked up by an Indie Label, Mayfly Records, they were sure more success was to follow.

They were in a rented studio in the SOMA district of San Francisco rehearsing for a series of dates in the greater Bay Area. Yoshi, Hiroshi, Suki, and Taro, made up the band, all young men between the ages of 17 and 19.

As the last notes of "Chai Tea High" played out, the members of the band looked at each other triumphantly. It was a silly song about being up all night after drinking too much of the beverage. Yoshi the singer turned and looked at Hiroshi the guitarist, and smiled wide.

"That was tight. Really tight. Shall we open with that Suki?" he asked the lavender haired drummer. Suki put down his sticks and drank long from his bottle of Evian before answering.

"It's a good fast number, always a plus when opening a show, especially to a new audience." he smiled shyly at the raven haired singer, then looked down trying to hide a soft blush that crossed his face. Suki was only his stage name as he wasn't fully Japanese. Suki was biracial, half Japanese, and half American. His eyes were bright blue, the color of cornflowers, and he had dyed his longish hair a soft lavender color.

Yoshi then looked over at Taro the bass player, and gave him a lift of his chin and eyebrows, "What do you think?" he smiled.

Taro turned off his bass before taking it off and setting it aside. He looked at Yoshi and smiled as he patted his stomach, "I think it's time to eat, that is what I think!" he said causing the rest of the band to break into laughter. Taro was notorious for his bottomless appetite, among other debaucheries.

"I will second that suggestion," Hiroshi added as he slipped off his guitar and set it into the stand near him. "I say we go out, get some food and see more of this town!" he suggested, grabbing a bottle of water from the top of his amps and taking a long drink.

Yoshi sighed, striking a defeated pose as he hung on his mic stand, "Guys, we need to practice..." he said in a slightly nagging tone, he was always the voice of reason in the band. The reluctant leader.

"Practice later! Eat now!" Taro said, and with a quick slip into his jacket he headed toward the door of the rented studio. Hiroshi was heading that way as well, already dialing someone on his cell phone. "You wanna join us Suki?" he called out.

Suki was still sitting at his kit, and flickered his gaze between the exiting members, and the "Well, are you?" look Yoshi was giving him, "Uh.... naw.... I wanna stay and go over the set order some more, I'll call you later when we get done." He said with an apologetic smile and a scratch to the back of his head, a nervous affectation.

The other two laughed and waved him off as they left the studio, the heavily padded door shutting behind them with a soft "Whump".

Yoshi sighed again, and bent over to pick up his bottle of water, and when he straightened up, he found gentle hands had slipped around his waist from behind. He blinked, a bit surprised but pleased all the same, and the grin that followed showed that. "We aren't going to get much practice done if you keep doing that..." he said as he looked over his shoulder into those large blue eyes of Suki's.

Suki laughed softly, his chin resting on Yoshi's shoulder as he stood on tiptoe, "Hmmm... ask me if I care right now." he grinned as he circled his hands over the flat and partially exposed belly of his singer.

Yoshi gave Suki a smirk, then leaned forward and licked the end of his nose. Suki grimaced, "Oh, that is...." he started to protest, but he never got the rest of the complaint out as Yoshi had covered his mouth with his, and was already turning in the drummer's embrace, and slipping his tongue into Suki's mouth to stroke and explore.

Suki let out a small squeak of surprise as he was pounced on by Yoshi, and after his eyes went quite wide at first, slowly he closed them and melted into the kiss as Yoshi turns to face him, belly to belly.

Yoshi's mouth apparently, isn't merely for singing. Feeling his band mate --and more than that-- melt into his quickly deepening kiss, the teenager held the other close against him, letting out one light sigh as he rubbed his body against Suki's. He dimly wondered how long his companion had been holding off his advances.

Suki had by now moved his hands to stroke the back of his singer, and then down to give the small rounds of his ass a quick squeeze before pulling him forward to grind his hips against his. After that message was sent, he then slid his hands upward, and pulled up on the black crop top Yoshi was wearing.

Cooperating so Suki can peel off the thin piece of clothes he was wearing, Yoshi raised his arms, only to wrap them around his slightly more muscular companion again with a vengeance. The message understood, he then assaulted the familiar curve of Suki's mouth. His hands were working to send their own message, slipping them down the back of the Suki's pants. The show must go on...

Suki made little moans as he was fondled, and touched by his closest friend, and lover. Once Yoshi's shirt was gone and discarded his hands roamed over the smooth back, and front of his singer, then again dip south ward. It was time to undo those "second skin" jeans... Yoshi took a pause from stroking the soft skin before him to allow Suki to slowly peel the rest of his clothes off. However, as excited as he was by the other's pleased noises and close contact, he made quick motions to Suki, then chuckled as Suki stepped back. With a coy look on his face, Yoshi shucked off his jeans and underwear while hungrily watching Suki slowly strip out of his tank top, and toss it onto the drum set. Suki then put his index finger into his mouth, pulled out the wet digit, and ran it down the center of his chest, down to the tops of his ripped jeans. With a grin, he began to unbutton them. He may look like the innocent one of the band, but looks were quite deceiving in this case.

"Fine then, let him be the chanteuse and take care of his jeans." Yoshi thought. He would have been only too happy to add one more strategically placed rip in them, but he refrained from doing so. He would make him pay for teasing him. "Suuuuki" he let out slowly, vocal tone halfway between growl and purr as he shook his head and watched Suki strip before him and add his own clothes to the others, strewn about here and there on the stage. His underwear was hanging from the perch of his microphone and Suki's tank top was draped on one of the cymbals.

Suki slowly undid the buttons of his jeans, and began to peel them down. He was sans underwear of course, and his perky stiffened penis popped out almost instantly, just begging for attention. "Is THIS what you are looking for?" he asked softly, fluttering his eyelashes at the singer.

"Don't worry, I knew it wasn't going to go anywhere... not without me..." Yoshi said moving forward, dropping down onto his knees, and thrusting his mouth over the stiffening cock of his drummer. Suki tangled his fingers in Yoshi's hair, and moaned as he slowly bucked his hips, "Yes.... oh yes..." he moaned as Yoshi suckled him to complete hardness, then whimpered with disappointment when the wetness was removed. He blinked, and pouted at Yoshi as he returned to his feet, but it was to no avail.

With a quick move, Yoshi was quickly standing behind his drummer, murmuring in his ear before his tongue darted out for a slow lick of the other teen's ear, tracing the contours. "Tell me," he continued half-purring, fingers settling on the back of the strong neck, massaging it a little. "What are YOU looking for.." he said as his fingertips descended along Suki's spine, lower, and lower until they reached the bottom "...my dear Suki...?"

Suki arched his back in response to the touch, and sighed as he closed his eyes, "Oh.... you know... the usual thrill... The ones the fan girls WISH they could talk you out of...." he purred as he pressed his ass back against Yoshi's groin.

A particularly feral, fangy grin flashed on the singer's mouth "Ah, but they can only wish..." He said, then reached back and felt around for the innocently placed bottle of baby oil tucked next to the bass drum. With a quick one-handed maneuver he filled his palm with it, then dropped the bottle back before cupping his hand around the head of his own eager cock. "Yeah... that is what we needed..." he moaned into Suki's ear, then probed at the rear opening of his drummer while his right hand traveled to Suki's front to grip the eager shaft. "So, the usual?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes..." Suki sighed.

"Coming right up..." Yoshi whispered into Suki's ear, his voice full of dark promise.

Suki shivered, and reached out to grip the mic stand in front of him, as he was gripped and penetrated from behind by his lover. "Oh... yes... my favorite song... Screams of Desire..." he gasped as he felt Yoshi's cock enter him.

"Hmm, let me hear you sing it for me now," Yoshi moaned, placing a gentle bite on Suki's shoulder, and pushed in deeper as his fingers, wrapped around Suki's shaft, then traveled and danced along its length. "Maybe later we can try a duet?" he smirked.

Suki let out a long moan as he was entered deliciously slowly, and his cock was gripped and stroked from behind. He clutched the chrome mic stand as if holding on for dear life and moved his hips slowly back and forth, "Oh yes... together..." he agreed softly.

Yoshi grinned, as he fully intended for it to be an exploding finale. He echoed the moan, as his own length slowly became more and more encased in tight velvety warmth with each rocking of his had Suki's hips. Suki could feel Yoshi's fingers wrap firmly around his cock and then follow the rhythm of his own movements, the two were cooperating well in achieving their goal. Suki let his head drop forward as he panted quicker now, biting his lower lip, and moaned with each deep thrust Yoshi made, and each stroke of the hand on his cock. "Oh Yoshi..." he moaned aloud, perhaps a little louder than he should, but heck, the walls were soundproofed, right?

It was the nicest sort of duet anyone could hear, but only two pairs of ears were listening. Yoshi began to speed up, his breathing coming in and out in light gasps, as the path had been set, and he was free to quickly thrust in and out of Suki's body. Suki moved in perfect time with his singer, he WAS the drummer after all. Their bodies moved in a glistening wave of flesh faster and faster. Suki lifted his head up, panting harder now, "Oh Yo...shi.... I'm gonna.... gonna..." he moaned.

"Going to come? Release? Fall over the edge? This is exactly what Yoshi wanted to hear. The feeling, of taking this adorable young man like this, was out of this world. Few things felt better. "Suki... Come.. Come on.." Yoshi breathily encouraged, his own release building.

Suki let out a long keening moan, "Yo-shi! Yes... yes... yes..." he panted as his hips bucked with a rhythm all their own and he shuddered his released all over his singer's hand and the mic stand in pearly spurts. Yoshi's own climax was granted at the same moment as his drummer, the promised

explosive finale was given, Yoshi shouted out his drummer's name as he emptied himself into the tight body before him.

"Suki!!" he cried out again and again as the last of his seed pumped from his buried shaft into his soulmates body.

Suki managed to hold onto the mic stand as if it were the lifeline for the both of them. As he returned to reality, he looked over at his singer, Yoshi's head was now resting between his damp shoulders, "So, hungry yet?" he asked with a smile.

Yoshi blinked slowly, showing a mischievous smile like only he could, "Hmm... Aren't we supposed to grant an Encore after such a performance?" he asked in a light whisper as he ran the tip of his tongue over Suki's shoulder, tasting the sweet saltiness of his skin.

Suki slowly unclenched his hands from the mic stand, and turned slowly to face his singer, drawing him from his backside with a slow wet sensation. Suki placed his index finger in his mouth again, then drew it down the center of Yoshi's chest this time. "You're on..." he grinned.
