

Nostalgia

Von Noiyama

It was a starless night in autumn.

Exhausted from the concert Inoran fell onto his bed and closed his eyes for a moment, reviewing the gig.

The powerful sound and blazing lights, screaming audience, ecstasy...

It was all just like it had been back then.

Yes, it had been a beautiful time, back then.

Sighing he slowly sat up.

He opened the small drawer of his bedside table and took out a photograph.

It was a photograph of them all, in their best times, when they still were like one big, happy family.

Unconsciously he ran his fingertips over the peaceful expressions captured on this small piece of paper. A sad smile crossed his features.

He missed these times so much, but still, would he really want them to get back together again?

And if they did, would they still make the same old mistakes?

He was so lost in his memories that he didn't even hear the knock on his door, until...

"Anou, Ino, I...", Ryuichi was standing in the door frame, halting as he realized he was apparently disturbing the guitarist.

Just as he was about to leave again, Inoran hesitantly lifted his head, revealing the sad expression he wore and something in his eyes told Ryuichi not to leave.

Puzzled the vocalist's glance dropped to the picture in Inoran's hands. A faint smile passed his lips as he closed the door and walked over to the bed, taking a seat beside his band mate.

Lowering his eyes, he quietly began, "I was feeling a bit... melancholic...".

Inoran just shot him an empty gaze, a single tear rolling down his pale cheek. The vocalist turned his head to him, raising his hand to gently stroke the tear away.

"Actually I was planing on taking you out for some distraction, but obviously that's not a good idea now", he softly said, sympathetically laying an arm around Inoran's shoulders.

Shaking his head, Inoran brought a hand to his face in a helpless attempt to hide his tears as quiet sobs broke out of him.

"Oh Ino", Ryuichi sighed, cradling his friend in his arms, holding him to his chest.

"I'm there, just let it all out", he chanted comfortingly, stroking the trembling back.

Gladly accepting the comfort he was offered, Inoran clung to Ryuichi's shirt, weeping unscrupulously. The singer silently held his upset companion in his arms, lovingly stroking and rocking him like a baby, waiting for him to voice his grief.

"Ryu...", Inoran sobbed, "I miss them so much..."

"Me too, my dear, me too", Ryuichi whispered to his ear, nuzzling the soft, hazel hair, his own eyes reflecting the same sadness and pain that Inoran was sharing so freely now.

Biting his lip, Ryuichi closed his eyes, as he lost his struggle against the long buried memories braking forth again. A few hot tears rolled down his cheek as he was reminded of all the wounding disputes.

Hugging the slender guitarist even tighter to himself, Ryuichi fought not to lose control like the other did.

For long moments, they just held onto each other, absorbing each others presence.

Slowly Inoran was calming down.

He hadn't even noticed Ryuichi's tears until he slowly lifted his head.

A flicker of recognition passed his eyes upon noticing his fellows wet cheeks.

"R-Ryu...", Inoran stammered, taken aback.

The vocalist only gave a pained smile.

"Don't mind me...", he weakly tried to protest, his usually so brilliant voice now hoarse with tears, though he was quickly interrupted by a slender finger on his lips, along with a slight shake of head.

Gently the brunette caressed his cheeks, erasing the stains on the other's pretty face, his eyes warm and soothing.

"No need to hold back", Inoran whispered, his face close to Ryuichi's.

Slowly nodding, the vocalist's eyes fell shut, his slightly parted lips meeting the other's in a feather-light, innocent kiss. Two pairs of deep brown urbs were locking together for a moment, both reflecting approval and silent understanding.

As their lips reunited in a feverish kiss, they held onto each other.

Inoran's hands stroked Ryuichi's sides, traveling up, lingering on his chest for a moment, before ever so slowly unbuttoning the shirt until it slid it off.

Tiny hands explored the soft, flawless skin that's been revealed, gently pressing the owner down onto the bed. Even though the lips dancing over his chest were so tender and affectionate, Ryuichi still grew troubled, squirming under his friend's touch.

Mistaking the vocalist's response for eagerness, the guitarist let his fingers travel further down, brushing against the fabric of the trousers, as his fellow whimpered in protest.

"No...Sugi... don't..."

Irritated Inoran paused for a moment to understand what was on his mate's mind. A small smile of pity lay on Inoran's lips as he kissed Ryuichi's cheeks, stroking his hair, whispering soothing words.

"Ssh, it's alright Ryu. These times are over. It's just me, Ino; I won't hurt you like he did", he reassured the struggling blackhead.

Calming down again, Ryuichi slowly opened his eyes, immediately casting them down, obviously ashamed of letting himself get carried away like that. With the sweet smile that was so typical for him, Inoran signaled the vocalist that this little incident was no matter to him, before he leaned down to claim these tempting, rose-colored lips in a slow, deep kiss, just caressing his pretty vocalist with soft, loving hands until he was once again squirming under his hands, beautiful voice deepened by passion as he gasped for more.

A wish Inoran was just pleased to fulfill.

Hurriedly the remaining items of clothing were thrown away, as two bare, slender-limbed bodies pressed together, united in the passionate dance of lovemaking, their

ragged breath and delicate moans forming the soundtrack to the sweetest of sins. One strangled cry of pure ecstasy followed another, and two exhausted figures slumped back into the pillows. Both men were laying on their back, side by side, trying to catch their breath, content smiles plastered on their damp, flushed faces.

"Almost like the good, old times", Inoran sniggered, his eyes fixed to the ceiling.

"Yeah", Ryuichi agreed, smiling broadly.

Slowly the vocalist turned around, pulling his lover into his arms, studying his beautifully smooth and youthful features.

"Maybe we should call them over for a couple of drinks some time... completely without obligation of course... just having fun, you know...?", the handsome singer suggested carefully.

Finally Inoran turned over, an alluring beam gracing his face.

"Mmh, sounds good", he purred, nestling up against his newly discovered lover, glad that he'd eventually found back to happiness and the comforting warmth of a true friend.

The bad times seemed to finally have come to an end.