

## A Well Wrapped Valentines

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# A Well Wrapped Valentines

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## Summary

“I just travelled 160 miles to see you for a couple of hours,” Kenzo snorted and pulled back just enough to lock eyes. “That’s all the romance you get.” *It’s more than I’ve ever given anyone.*

*"Don't do anything for Valentine's Day."*

It'd seemed like an easy enough promise to make when Kenzo asked him two days earlier, he'd made no plans for the Sunday evening and with the drummer out of town he didn't know what to do anyway. Seated on the couch, alone as far as game consoles went, it seemed a lot less appealing. Technically it wasn't even Valentine's Day yet, but Aki knew that if he went out now he wouldn't be home before midnight and from midnight the promise was on.

Sighing heavily he tossed the PSP aside, not even registering how it nearly slipped down on the hardwood floor where it most likely would've broken. It wasn't as fun to play without his sidekick anyway, but it was much too early to go to bed. He didn't even feel like playing bass, not with how many hours he'd spent in the studio lately. Aki longed for the stage, the tour that followed an album release, it was so much more rewarding than spending hours upon hours upon hours playing the same songs again and again and again to get them perfect. That wasn't saying Aki didn't love his job, only that he was currently bored and missing the one person he wanted to spend Valentine's Day with.

A knock on the door interrupted his contemplations of fixing himself a drink, figuring he could drink himself to sleep without going out. Aki groaned and got up, intent on yelling at whomever dropped by at this hour on a Sunday and sounding like Kenzo, because the drummer was the only one he knew who pounded down doors like that.

"What?" he all but growled when the door was barely open, snapping before he'd even seen who was on the other side of the door.

Kenzo raised an eyebrow and kicked his bag across the threshold. "Does that mean you don't want company then?"

Aki just stared for several long moments, long enough for Kenzo to push past him and into the apartment where he made quick business of kicking off his shoes and socks. Wiggling naked toes, making them crack slightly, the small drummer turned towards the door, looked up through blonde bangs. He looked tired, like he always did when they'd been apart, and oddly nervous if you knew what to look for.

"What are you doing here?" Aki finally managed to get out. "You're supposed to be in Nagoya."

"I was," Kenzo shrugged. "Now I'm here."

It took a while, but eventually everything clicked in place in Aki's head and he stepped forward, wrapped his arms around the shorter man and pulled him close. "You planned this," he whispered softly.

"Well, it's Valentine's Day, right?" Kenzo buried close, inhaled the calming mix of Marlboro Gold and *Aki* from the bassist's t-shirt, and felt like a complete sap. "Now can we fuck and sleep so I can go back to being badass?"

Something between a chuckle and a giggle escaped Aki. "Way to kill the romance baby."

"I just travelled 160 miles to see you for a couple of hours," Kenzo snorted and pulled back just enough to lock eyes. "That's all the romance you get." *It's more than I've ever given anyone.*

"You didn't even get me chocolates?" Aki feigned shock, the butterflies fluttering in his stomach making him grin nonetheless.

"I got you me," the younger mumbled and tugged on the white t-shirt in his hands, pressed chapped lips to pierced in a lazy kiss. Aki tasted like residual smoke, chocolate and crackers, a combination Kenzo knew all too well. Pulling back once more he grinned like the fucking Cheshire cat he looked so pleased. "You missed me."

Seeing Aki blush was a rare event, but he *had* missed Kenzo, enough so to sit by his kitchen table chewing chocolate covered animal crackers, Kenzo's favorite snack, and smoke. And there was no use denying it because Kenzo knew in that infuriating way he always knew things like that. He didn't know what to say, but luckily he didn't have to as Kenzo pulled him into another kiss and mumbled against his lips, "I missed you too..."

After that they put their mouths to better use. Aki found himself pushed against the wall as they kissed long and slow, the desperation he would've expected nowhere to be seen as Kenzo made a trail of open mouthed kisses along his jawline. He was the perfect height for it and Aki happily tilted his head back against the wall to give dry and bitten lips full access, felt the smile against his skin moments before teeth nibbled at tendons in a way just short of painful, hands slipping beneath cloth and onto heating skin.

Kenzo revelled in the small gasps and soft moans he could draw from the older without even removing clothes. When he first boarded the train in Nagoya he'd planned to simply attack Aki, but then he fell asleep and now he was sleepy relaxed and cuddly. Where he'd wanted crazy sex he now, oddly, wanted the intimacy they rarely shared, not because it wasn't there but because normally they both preferred it rougher.

"Baby," Aki groaned softly. "My knees are about to go out on me here..."

They did buckle slightly when Kenzo grinned and bit down more harshly right where neck met shoulder. But Aki was caught by surprisingly strong arms and it wasn't like he objected. Kenzo kissed him again and pulled him further into the apartment, pushed him down on the couch where Aki'd spent most of his day. With a small body straddling him the soft cushions were suddenly a lot more appealing than fifteen minutes ago.

"Off," Kenzo ordered and tugged on Aki's t-shirt, demanding and dominating without even raising his voice. Aki blamed it on still being stunned over having his lover there with him, but whatever it was he obediently raised his arms and sheer fabric fluttered to the floor. "Better."

A few minutes later Aki was perfectly short of breath and convinced he'd never opened the door to begin with, that it was all just a wet dream created from loneliness. There was not one spot of skin above the belt that didn't tingle; kissed, sucked and licked as it had been by

chapped lips and a tongue beyond devious. Kenzo had developed a slight obsession with his upper body lately, but he wasn't about to complain if it earned him lovebites and hickeys and ten minutes spent on each nipple. He was almost sobbing from pleasure by the time Kenzo released the pierced one.

And now the drummer was kneeling between his spread legs, unbuttoning pants and Aki was almost afraid to look at him, knowing just *how good* Kenzo looked in that position. He looked so small and vulnerable there, until he looked up through bangs and lashes and it was obvious he was right where he wanted to be. Aki knew the feeling, he had always felt in total control on his knees, loved the power that came with it once you learnt all the tricks in the book.

"What?" Kenzo asked, eyes flaring with lust as he wrapped a drum calloused palm around Aki's length. "Impatient?"

Aki almost replied "*In love*" but thought different of it, caught himself or was cut off, he didn't know which, it was impossible to think as Kenzo leant down and took him in all the way in one go. Aki twisted his fingers around short blonde hair and groaned at the wet suction, eyes straining to stay open and just watch.

"Fuck, you're almost too good at this," he whispered and licked his own lips, suddenly dry and all but crackling, fingers twisting and pulling blonde hair in ways that had to be painful as Kenzo *chuckled* around the cock in his throat. "Do that again and I'll come right now."

The idea clearly didn't sit well with the drummer though, proved by the way he dug fingernails into the sensitive skin on Aki's hip. Aki had no idea how Kenzo managed to keep his nails the length he did, but supposedly drumming was easier on them than guitar and bass. Whatever it was they were long enough to leave little crescent marks in his skin and he moaned, perhaps in agreement of the unspoken warning, maybe out of pleasure, and held back the fire sparking low in his abdomen.

When Kenzo released him, wet pop and teasing lick, it was only because his own arousal was getting flat out painful. He'd been asked how he could get down and suck a man's *cock* by the friends who did know he was gay as a rainbow unicorn. Like Yuuya who so kindly pointed out "We pee through those!" or fucking Tatsurou who more bluntly asked "You let him stick it up your ass and still you suck him?" as if there was any difference between that and him getting blowjobs from his female whores. Truth was Kenzo liked it, could even get off on it if allowed to touch himself just a little.

Not tonight though, he didn't travel 160 miles to come by his own hand. Getting to his feet, knees a bit wobbly, he discarded his jeans, undid the belts and they fell to the floor by their own accord. Underwear went the same way before he climbed back into Aki's lap, met by strong arms and eager lips. It didn't take a genius to figure out which way he wanted things to go from there and the older chuckled between kisses.

"And here I thought the one getting sucked was the one getting fucked," Aki mumbled and wondered, for half a second or so, if a lot of people kept lube in the drawers of their coffee table.

“Hell no,” Kenzo grinned and held on for dear life as he was tipped backwards, far enough for Aki to get what they’d need. “I just spent the better part of an hour fucking worshipping your narcissistic ass, I’m getting something out of it alright.”

“Baby, you haven’t been near my ass,” Aki retorted without any real bite to the words. It wasn’t like he minded. Back in the day he’d been more purely submissive than he was now, the ability to switch and dominate was something that had grown on him. With Kenzo he was equally happy to take on either role.

Pushing two slick fingers in he swallowed the sounds slipping past bitten lips, not because he didn’t want to hear them but because they sounded even sweeter muffled and accentuated by kisses. And he loved the way Kenzo shivered in his arms, half dressed and completely unashamed. His free hand drew random patterns beneath the layers of shirts the drummer still wore and though Aki wanted to draw it out he wasn’t sure he could.

“Aki...” The name was practically a growl falling from Kenzo’s lips. “Just fuck me already.”

He mewled, Aki loved to make Kenzo mewl because he knew the drummer detested making the sound, when fingers hit his prostate dead on, *hard*. “Remove a layer or two and I will, you’re practically boiling.”

“Ain’t that the point?” the younger hissed and tried to push back for more, but he did as told and removed his hoodie, fingers shaking so bad he could hardly pull down the zipper. Aki placed a hand between shoulder blades, skin slick and sticky with sweat already, and pulled him down into another kiss as he retracted his fingers.

“I’m happy you’re here Zo,” he whispered and tried to smear the residual lube on his fingers over his cock, felt it twitch in his fingers as he guided it right.

“Shut up,” Kenzo mumbled and pushed down with a string of breathy moans. “Less talk, more fucking.”

He didn’t wait for the older to react but rolled his hips on own accord, enjoying the roughness of jeans against his naked thighs and the heat inside him. He hadn’t slept properly for days and was pretty much exhausted, but he wanted this, needed it. Kenzo had known and accepted he was gay for many years and though no one seemed to suspect it, he’d done his fair share of fucking around. It was how he’d gotten so good with his mouth and learnt how to roll his hips *just right*. But no one had made him feel wanted, needed, *loved*, the way Aki did. It was fucking scary, and yet he’d grown addicted to it.

They kept it soft, unhurried, slow roll of hips and thrusts going deep solely because of the angle. Somehow Aki managed to untangle Kenzo from his shirts, adored honey skin as best he could from where he was. Regrettably he couldn’t leave much in the form of marks, but he could nibble and scratch in way that would fade come morning, kiss and lick till he could practically feel the tingles run down the sweaty spine, suck just soft enough to not make blood pool and cause pretty bruises.

It was maddening, too slow and drawn out, amazing and not enough. Kenzo dug sharp nails into muscular shoulders, an act of protest even through the pleasure. “I didn’t come all the

way here to be treated like a doll,” he hissed impatiently, sounding angry to the untrained ear.

“Liar,” Aki whispered back amused. “Or are you hoping you’ll be sore enough to feel me when you sit and play your drums tomorrow?”

‘No’ would be a lie but ‘yes’ was more than he was willing to admit. Luckily the bassist seemed to get the point, for Kenzo found himself tipped back easily. It should’ve been scary, it would be so easy for Aki to just let him tumble to the floor in an ungraceful heap, but he didn’t. The coffee table was low and though a lot of people had complained about the fact when using it for its actual purpose, to place drinks on, Aki suddenly realised it was ideal for fucking. Kenzo’s small frame fit so perfectly on top of it, head falling down from the opposite end in a way he didn’t seem to mind in the slightest, and standing on his knees Aki was in perfect height to...

“Fuck!” the drummer hissed as hips snapped forward and nearly had him tumbling from the table. This was what he wanted yes, to *feel*, get *fucked*, but in a way that actually meant something. He wrapped his legs around Aki’s body, felt hip bones dig into his thighs in ways he would still feel tomorrow if it went on for long. “More.”

“You sure Zo?” Aki asked, a tinge to his voice Kenzo definitely appreciated. The concern was sweet, a proof of care that wasn’t necessary and earned him a hard slap to the lower back. Aki grinned, eyes sparkling. “Alright.”

He desperately wished he could’ve marked skin, bit down and drawn sounds from Kenzo the drummer didn’t enjoy making because he didn’t want to admit he enjoyed giving in like this. But he did, it was evident in the way his spine arched off the table, edges cutting into ass and shoulders as Aki thrust *hard*. Biting his lips hard enough for them to bleed as he clung to defined shoulders and tried to silence his own moans while Aki nibbled the tendons he could reach in neck and shoulder.

Eventually Kenzo tangled fingers in short black hair, Aki was such a copycat chopping off his hair like that, and tugged, demanded a kiss even from his bottom position. It was messy, more tongue and teeth than, on Kenzo’s part, bleeding lips. The better part of his shoulders were hanging off the end of the table too, and he was straining his neck badly just to be able to kiss, taste.

“Mark me,” he groaned, the first truly audible sound of pleasure he’d made since placed on the table. “Fuck shows and if Teppi has a stroke, just...”

Aki shut him up with another kiss before moving lower, clung to whatever remnants of self-control he had left to not spill himself yet. He *wanted* to mark Kenzo and now he was given permission, but some tiny flicker of reason told him to put it out of view. What felt like hours into sex and he was still thinking professionally, perhaps it was time to consider retirement.

Pain and pleasure mixed together perfectly, not that Kenzo’d ever admit to wanting such a combination, *ever*, as Aki sunk teeth into the sensitive skin just below his nipple and he cried out for real, arched off the table harder than ever he barely even registered the older following the movement to keep each thrust perfectly angled. He didn’t even need to be touched, Kenzo came hard and shamefully vocally with Aki still sucking his skin black and

blue, clamped down around his lover until Aki toppled over with him, biting down even harder, so hard he drew blood as he cried out against sweaty skin.

The table cut into Kenzo's back horribly and Aki was heavy on top of him, but he was too tired to even consider trying to voice his discomforts. They stayed where they were until sweat began to cool for real and then it was Aki who moved, afraid his joints would just lock in the strained position he'd kept them in. Pulling out he pulled Kenzo up, into his lap once more as he leant back against the couch behind him.

"You okay?" he mumbled into sweat soaked blonde coils, mindlessly rubbing sore spots in the younger's back.

"Shut up," Kenzo grinned and cuddled closer, bit back a hiss at the sharp pain in his body. "I wanted to fuck and sleep, now we've fucked so just get me to bed and let me sleep."

With Aki he actually *could* sleep, fall into actual dreamless sleep and not aimless toss and turn and catch an hour or two at best. He needed someone there, fuck if he knew why but it was a fact. Sometimes a band member was enough, but no one compared to Aki and so he wanted to just *sleep* now.

"Shower, then sleep," Aki decided and pushed the smaller to his feet before getting up himself. His jeans were ruined, hopefully they could be cleaned but if not it was totally worth it. Kicking them off he left them in the mess they'd already made of his living room. "Come on baby."

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They did shower, then tumbled into bed and slept like the dead for a few hours. It proved rather pointless to get clean though, since somehow they ended up fucking again in the middle of the night, roles reversed and marks multiplied. Another shower, longer and dirtier for sure, had Aki thinking he'd hear from his neighbours come morning. *'It's impolite to run the shower at 2AM'*

Eventually they landed in the kitchen, neither having eaten much since morning, both famished by then. Kenzo, dressed in nothing but one of Aki's long shirts, looking impossibly tiny curled in on himself at the kitchen stool. Tea and fruit and chocolate covered animal crackers, obviously a very healthy meal, were nibbled slowly and Aki couldn't stop either grinning or staring at his lover.

"What?!" Kenzo exclaimed, smoke curling from his smiling lips as he tried not to giggle at the pure love in Aki's eyes. It felt good to be looked at like that. "Would you stop staring at me like I'm some fucking angel?"

"Angel? You?!" Aki snorted and hid his grin in the tea cup, head snapping up to try and glare when Kenzo threw a cracker at his forehead. It failed and turned to more giggles. "I still can't believe you ran away from tour to come see me on Valentine's Day, that's so...."

"If you say 'sweet' I swear to god I'll kill you," Kenzo laughed, he felt sappy enough already without having it rubbed in his face. Inhaling the last of his cigarette he crushed it in the



ashtray and gulped down more tea, feeling happy and sated and refreshed despite the slight pain in his ass and lower back.

“Put your hand out,” Aki demanded randomly and got a weird look. “I want to save this moment but there’s no way in hell I’m letting anyone else see you dressed like that.”

He wasn’t a very possessive guy by nature, in fact Aki was very generous with himself and his friendships, but Kenzo in nothing but a shirt, privates barely hidden and milky thighs displayed for everyone to see. No way, that was one image he wanted to hoard for himself. Holding his own hand out over the corner of the table he motioned for Kenzo to do the same and chuckling the younger complied. Aki grabbed his phone from the tabletop and snapped a picture, giggling as he realised Kenzo’s bare toes could be seen. Oh well, he could share *that much* he supposed. A few clicks later and he’d updated his blog and made the image public.

“Did you just put that on the web?” Kenzo asked and snorted when the older nodded. “Now who’s being sappy?”

“Love you too,” Aki said and finished his tea. The image was bound to make heads spin and people think, but he honestly didn’t care. Neither of them felt a need to go public and so they wouldn’t, not really. “Come on baby, you need a few more hours of sleep.”

Kenzo didn’t protest that, but he refused to leave the table until he’d finished the new cigarette he’d just lit. Stubborn bastard. Then they headed to bed and crashed for a few hours more. When Aki woke up next time, Kenzo had already left, almost as if he’d never been there. But Aki had marks to prove it was not a dream, a coffee table that would need some serious cleaning, not to mention a photo in his phone he was rather tempted to make his display image.

“Best Valentine’s Day ever,” he mumbled with a grin and snuggled back into the pillows still smelling of Kenzo to snooze a little before getting up and on with the day.

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