

## Flight of Fancy

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# Flight of Fancy

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## Summary

“What are you doing?” someone mumbled next to him. Kenzo recognised the voice but couldn't place it, at least not in his bedroom, in his *bed*. It was definitely not Aki, that much he knew for certain. “Turn it off already, my head is killing me and it's your fault.”

## Notes

Another one Titled by Chriss, thanks darling <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Kenzo woke to the shrill tune of his cell phone, cursing whoever had set the ring signal until he remembered he had in fact chosen it himself. The pillow beneath his head smelled weird, but he ignored it as he fished around for his phone blindly. He always kept it on the bedside table, next to the alarm clock, so where the fuck was it. His hand bumped into something and whatever it was fell to the floor with a loud crash that didn't go well with his sudden headache.

“What are you doing?” someone mumbled next to him. Kenzo recognised the voice but couldn't place it, at least not in his bedroom, in his *bed*. It was definitely not Aki, that much he knew for certain. “Turn it off already, my head is killing me and it's your fault.”

Ignoring the phone for now Kenzo forced his eyes open, only to realise he was not in his own bedroom. So where the fuck was he? With an effort he turned around, closed his eyes against the aggressive sunlight assaulting him, and hissed badly. He barely even remembered going out last night, let alone getting piss drunk, so why was he hung over like holy fuck? When he finally managed to overcome the bright daylight the first thing he saw was a mop of bright red hair.

“The hell...?”

“Kenzo for fuck's sake!” Hitsugi turned his head with a groan and glared, almost as deadly as the drummer was prone to do. “Answer your goddamn phone.”

A heartbeat later the shrill signal went silent, not because Kenzo listened to the order but because it went to voicemail. Hitsugi sighed in relief and melted down into the cushions and comforters again, only to all but whine a moment later when the phone went off again. This time Kenzo managed to find it, located on the nightstand as always but probably once next to the lamp now lying smashed on the floor.

“What?!” he growled, taking his anger out on whoever was unfortunate enough to call him early on...what day was it? And was it early or not?

*“Keep your voice down, would you?”* Aki hissed on the other end of the phone line. *“Feels like you're pounding your drums inside my head already...”*

“Tell me about it,” Kenzo mumbled, voice immediately dropping to a near whisper, not something he would do for just anyone. “Where the fuck are you anyway?”

*“In Seoul,”* came the most unexpected answer.

Kenzo paused in his act of trying to rub the headache from his forehead. “Come again?”

*“I'm in Seoul,”* Aki repeated.

“What the fuck are you doing in Seoul?” he questioned, drawing Hitsugi's attention as the guitarist had thought he heard Aki's voice.

*"I'd tell you if I could remember," Aki mumbled over the line, swallowing audibly, probably trying not to throw up. "I just wanted to tell you. I'm at the airport now, taking the next flight home."*

Kenzo nodded in understanding until he realised Aki couldn't see him, then mumbled something hopefully coherent about meeting him at his flat later before hanging up. Hitsugi had managed to sit up by the time the drummer looked his way and the blank look on his face was as good as any question.

"Aki's in Seoul, taking the next flight home," Kenzo said, as if it'd answer anything.

"Seoul? What's he doing in Seoul? Didn't we go to the same club last night?" the redhead asked and rubbed his eyes tiredly.

"We did," was the answer and Kenzo leaned back against the headboard. "I don't think *he* knows what he's doing there."

Hitsugi shook his head disbelievingly, so much for sleep. "I need coffee."

A sleepy mumble was heard from his right and he took that as a 'me too'. Dragging himself out of bed he moved to the kitchen, happy to realise he was not as dizzy as he would've assumed. Starting coffee he sidestepped to the bathroom to relieve his bladder and brush his teeth. By the time he returned the kitchen smelled of coffee and smoke and Kenzo was seated at the table.

"You make good coffee," the younger mumbled and blew out a cloud of smoke. "Now please tell me why the fuck I woke up naked in your bed. I do go for piercings, but this is just weird."

Ignoring the fact someone was smoking in his kitchen, Hitsugi knew telling Kenzo not to pretty much equalled asking the sun not to shine, he turned to get some coffee of his own. "Cause I'm not Aki or cause I'm straight?"

A black eye cracked open slightly and Kenzo swallowed a burning gulp of coffee. "First for me, second for you? I don't even remember getting here. Did we fuck?"

The way Kenzo spoke, blurting things out left and right with no regards to politeness or general Japanese behaviour, had made Hitsugi rather uncomfortable at one point. Luckily he'd long since gotten over it. It was hard hanging out with Aki and Kenzo if you couldn't get passed that detail. The fact he was hungover and too tired to care probably helped this time too.

"I'm straight Kenzo," he sighed and took a seat at the other side of the table, pushed a glass with a little bit of water towards the smoker. "It means I don't fuck men, as strange as that might sound to you."

Snickering the younger finally opened both eyes to look at his current host. "You wouldn't be the first man I'd turn to the fun side of life," he said with a grin, forgetting his headache for a moment. "But I take that as a no to the fucking, why did I wake up naked then?"

“You were drunk as a fucking skunk and clingy as holy hell,” Hitsugi replied with a slight grin of his own. “At the time being I didn't question where Aki was, I just wanted to get home and sleep and you refused to let go. So I brought you home and told you to sleep, which you did but only after removing all your clothes. Or something along those lines, it's a bit blurry around the edges you know.”

Kenzo did believe him, he couldn't remember much past getting to the club really. There was something about vodka red bull, he really should learn not to drink those, and the fuzzy layer on his teeth indicated many of the sickly sweet cocktails he was a bit too fond of. Obviously Aki had disappeared at some point, off to fucking Seoul! And he had clearly gone home with Hitsugi, but not fucked. Talk about a fucked up night!

“Fill in the blanks for me when they come back to you, alright?” he begged and dropped the finished cigarette in the water glass. Lighting up a new one he stood up and only swayed a little bit, the nausea he could ignore pretty effortlessly too. “I'm going home.”

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When Aki dragged his feet across his own threshold a couple of hours later it was to find a pair of too small shoes hazardously tossed in the vestibule. He obviously had a visitor and where one might've asked for privacy after a day such as his own, Aki was rather happy to know Kenzo was somewhere inside his flat. Kicking off his own shoes he went looking in the most likely place first, the bedroom.

True enough, a bundle of limbs, comforters and unruly hair could be found in the bed. There was a hint of Aki's shower gel lingering in the room, suggesting Kenzo had treated himself to a shower. He almost didn't want to sit down on the clean sheets, not before taking a shower of his own, but he did anyway. If nothing else then because Kenzo smelled good when he smelled like him.

“How was the flight?” was mumbled from inside the pile.

“Probably good, I don't remember it,” Aki said lowly, a near whisper and he played with a coil of Kenzo's hair. He still wasn't sure if he approved of the new shorter style or not, for one thing it slipped from his fingers the moment the drummer turned his head.

“What else have you forgotten in the past twenty-four hours?” he asked and smiled slightly. If he was supposed to be jealous he failed.

“Very funny,” Aki smacked him over the head. “F.Y.I. I wasn't sore when I woke up, so I doubt I was raped, and I haven't showered since yesterday.”

“Go on, I already stole your expensive ass shower gel.” He snuggled back down into the covers, showing no signs of getting up.

“Asshole,” Aki grinned and pushed Kenzo's head further down into the pillow, smothering him for just a second. “At least make me some coffee and something to eat if you're not joining me.”

Not waiting for Kenzo to register his demand and start complaining he fled to the bathroom and started the shower to drown out any sound. If the drummer wanted to whine he'd have to come inside and then he'd be met by naked skin. Aki wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed when it didn't happen, in all honesty he *was* too tired to get down and dirty, but he liked feeling wanted.

Which he did when the apartment smelled of coffee and fried eggs once he stepped out of the shower. Kenzo was the king of lazy, for him to give up sleep to make a midnight snack spoke volumes if you knew how to listen. The fact he was only dressed in one of Aki's oversized t-shirts didn't make it any less appealing to enter the kitchen.

"Come eat," Kenzo mumbled around a piece of toast randomly stuck in his mouth. "Then schleep."

Aki giggled at the slur. "Alright, alright." Walking past Kenzo he grabbed him around the waist with one arm and buried his nose in short hair. He probably liked it yes. "Thank you," he whispered and hugged the small body close.

From where he was standing Aki couldn't see the smile breaking out on Kenzo's lips, one of those real uninhibited smiles of all joy and things they rarely spoke of. Luckily he knew it was there, and also knew he'd see many more of those on later days.

"Just go eat," Kenzo muttered and pushed him away, towards the table set for two. "And tell me what the fuck you were doing in Korea while you're at it."

"You want me to eat or talk?" Aki asked, but he took a seat and pulled a plate of eggs towards him, suddenly starving. Then again, unless he'd had some drunken snack in the early hours of morning he hadn't eaten since yesterday afternoon, well over twenty-four hours ago.

"Both," Kenzo shrugged, displaying just how one did such a thing by talking around a mouthful of egg and toast. If he'd been any less hungry Aki would've either lost his appetite or corrected him, possibly both. As it was he shrugged and did as told.

"I remember going out with you and Hitsu, and also thinking that everyone was out last night." Kenzo nodded, so far they were in agreement. "We started drinking, I think we danced at some point, and next thing I know I'm waking up on Kim Jaejoong's couch."

Fork halfway to mouth Kenzo paused and looked up at him. "Jaejoong? As in Tohoshinki's Jaejoong?" Aki nodded his head slowly and gulped down coffee like it was water. "I didn't even know you knew him."

"Neither did I," the older replied and pulled a hand over his face. "Or rather, I didn't before last night. He says he found me dancing in a club that was closing, I started talking to him in Japanese and he ended up bringing me home since I was too drunk to be put on a night flight. Apparently I never told him how I got to Seoul, and he swears he didn't bring me there."

"So you just randomly flew to South Korea in the middle of the night, and no one knows how?" Kenzo said disbelievingly.

“Yeah,” the other nodded. “I still have my wallet and my passport, which I for the record must've gone home to get before leaving for the airport, and no indications of random sex with strangers.”

Kenzo shook his head and dropped his fork to the plate with a clatter, using his freed fingers to rub his temples. “Fuck, how drunk were we? I don't even remember losing track of you.”

There was a slight tone of worry in his voice, barely there but Aki didn't miss it. Swallowing the last of his eggs and toast he stood up and walked around the table once more, wrapped his arms around Kenzo's neck and almost bent double to rest his chin on his shoulder.

“Hey, everything went well okay?” he cooed softly. “Not the first time I've done stupid shit when drunk. I even have my clothes this time.”

The younger laughed shortly at that. He hadn't been around during the rather infamous event, but he'd heard the story about a million times from both Aki and Yuuya. Aki was right though, things were okay and they were none the wiser but slightly poorer. Or at least Aki was, but Kenzo wasn't about to speak till he'd checked his account balance. If he ever dared to, he wasn't too keen on seeing just how much he'd spent the night before.

“Fuck, I'm getting a headache again,” he mumbled and felt Aki let him go, pull him up. Nothing made sense, not how they'd gotten so drunk and definitely not how Aki'd had time to transport himself to South Korea before dawn! “Bed. Now.”

It was early by their standards, but considering the adventure they'd been on neither complained. Tugging off clothes they tumbled into bed, snuggled up close and shared body warmth.

“Do you think we'll ever remember what happened?” Aki mumbled into blondish hair.

Kenzo huffed against his neck, desiring sleep and despising talk. “I fucking hope not,” he mumbled, and then he was deaf to the world.

## End Notes

The inspiration for this madness is actually a true story, one I learnt of after a conversation with a good friend. Her big brother has a friend who went out partying in Malmö, Sweden, one night and woke up in Berlin, Germany the next day. He had somehow taken the night train to Berlin while drunk and to this day he doesn't know who paid his ticket. For some reason I thought 'that sounds like an Aki thing to do', and so this story came to be.

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