

Shoot Out

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Shoot Out

by [invisiblehabits](#)

Summary

It's amazing what a few photos can do...

Notes

Pon + dreads, yes from that ROCK&READ shoot, the one that had an entire fandom go "who the fuck are you and what happened to Pon?!" And yes, this was originally a gift for Musicalmimicry, so it gets to be so here too. She also betad it back in the days, for the record.

As always, Titled by Chriss! <3

There was nothing in Mao's behaviour giving away just what the magazine he gently placed in front of Aki contained. Their lunch break was almost over and Aki was desperate to get a cigarette, the new smoking alarms annoying him halfway to hell as he actually needed to *step outside* to suck back some nicotine, something about smoke sensitive equipment in the studios or whatever. It was why he merely gave it a quick look and didn't even bother flipping through it just yet.

"Wow, is this the one with Pon's new shoot?" he said and carefully tucked it into his bag hanging over the back of his chair. "It's not even out yet!"

"Well," the vocalist said with an indifferent wave. "You can't be the only one with connections, now can you?"

Aki smiled his thanks and waved the pack of Marlboro Gold in the air, earning Mao's permission if not approval as he slipped out the door. Five minutes, it was all he needed and then he'd get back to his bass and the heavy tunes his fingers so easily pulled from it.

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It wasn't till hours later, safely at home and freshly showered, that he remembered his unexpected gift. Kenzo asked what he was doing as he retrieved the paperback volume from his bag and placed it on the table.

"It's the new ROCK&READ," he said as Kenzo, as unexpectedly as he'd showed up, prepared both of them a much needed caffeine fix. "The one with Pon's new shoot."

"The one he did with Aoi?" the drummer asked surprised and sat, placing a mug before Aki. "I didn't know it was out yet."

"It's not," Aki confirmed and nodded slightly as he flipped through the pictures of Aoi, good but not over the top so if he was allowed to have an opinion. "I got it from Mao."

A slight snort was the only reaction to the statement, and really, it was the only one needed. Aki and Kenzo both had very impressive networks, connections most people only dreamt of having, but Mao outdid both of them by far. The singer had been in the business for quite a while, made it a personal mission to get close to his childhood idol Kiyoharu as soon as he got famous enough, and had made friends and business associations through whatever ways a man could. Shinji had once said that if you wanted to meet someone fun you ought to ask Aki, if you wanted to meet someone important Mao was your man. Aki wasn't about to object to the statement.

Reaching for the mug of coffee he took a sip and decided to skip the interviews for now, more interested to see what Hiroto had had done this time around. Flipping the next page he nearly spat the coffee back out again, luckily not on the magazine as he caught them with his hand, but a few drops definitely trickled down his chin and he absentmindedly wiped his stained hand on his sweat pants.

“What's wrong?” Kenzo asked and walked around the table. “Holy fuck! Is that Pon?!”

“More like ‘fuck me please’,” the older supplied and turned the page, a groan of pure *want* escaping the drummer behind him at the sight of bare skin and *nipples!*

“Seriously, when did he start rivalling you for the spot of hottest guy in vk?” Kenzo asked and leaned closer. “Fuck I'm horny now...”

“That makes two of us,” Aki mumbled as they reached less impressive shots full of neon colours. “Horny for him!”

He flipped the pages back to a shot of Hiroto leaned backwards, shirt slipping open just enough to show off a nipple. With the way his head was tipped back, dreadlocks flowing everywhere, and hands disappearing just out of frame at a very convenient height, it was more than enough for both of them to picture what *could've* gone on down there. Swift tapping behind him had him wondering what Kenzo was doing that was worthy of stealing attention away from the fresh off the press pictures.

“Are you texting him?” he asked.

“Yup.”

The word had barely passed bitten lips, or the message been sent, when Aki pounced. He easily pushed the smaller body against the wall and took out all of his sudden sexual frustration on those lips and the devious tongue. Kenzo groaned and fisted long black hair as he kissed back just as fiercely. The phone bussed in small fingers and they both looked down at the screen.

'Yeah I'm home, why?'

A feral grin spread on Kenzo's lips and black eyes glittered with hope and lust as he looked up to meet Aki's. “Wanna go visit the Squirrel?”

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“Aki? Kenzo?” Hiroto looked and sounded beyond confused as he opened the door to his apartment and was met by two sets of hungry eyes. “Hey, what's...going on?”

They hadn't even bothered to dress up, knowing they were gorgeous enough to seduce an old friend and occasionally bed mate without the aid of makeup and studded clothes. Kenzo grinned and held up the magazine, back cover facing Hiroto as if to *really* point out what had them so worked up.

“We saw the shoot,” he said superfluously.

“And we like it,” Aki filled in, Kenzo's confidence infecting him and making him bolder than he normally was.

“Yeah? Thanks,” the youngest of them said and stepped aside, let them in. “I think it turned out quite well myself.”

It wasn't very hard to figure out why the two of them were there, even if they rarely made flipped around booty calls anymore it was something they'd been almost famous for back in the day. Find someone you want to fuck, go visit him and have your fun. It was simple, efficient, fun and pleasurable, in other words right up their alley. Especially when they were together and feeding off each other's energy.

"I especially like..." Kenzo flipped through the pages before holding up a picture, "this one!"

Aki draped himself over Kenzo's back, fingers teasing lightly at the neckline of one of several shirts. They both noticed how big eyes followed the trail, a soft tongue peaked out to wet plump lips. Hiroto had once been the most innocent person they'd met, but he'd grown up, gained confidence, and somewhere along the line he'd picked up sexiness as well.

"Will you let us get on our knees for you Pon?" the tallest of them asked.

"Let us suck you like whomever you were fantasising about in this picture should've done?" Kenzo filled in.

"You can pull my hair as much as you want," Aki purred. "I like it."

Another swipe of tongue over soft flesh and Hiroto breathed, "Yeah, I remember that."

Aki moved first, more confident when it came to sex even though he was the shyer of the two steady lovers, crossed the space between himself and Hiroto, moved close in ways he'd picked up from Kenzo and, without even touching, sank to his knees. Calloused fingers combed through his long hair, twirled, pulled just a little bit and he nodded in encouragement as he popped the first button on the comfy jeans Hiroto wore.

Another set of hands joined his and dipped fingertips beneath cloth, scratched long nails lightly along the curve of hips and over hip bones. The youngest of them groaned at the slow teasing, pulled harder on Aki's hair and stared pointedly at Kenzo who was still standing.

"I thought you wanted to suck me off," he said as Aki undid two more buttons on his fly. "What are you waiting for? Get to it already."

Kenzo cursed under his breath and leaned forward to catch fat lips between his, but a hand on his forehead stopped him, pushed him down with surprising determination and complete lack of insecurity. Both of them groaned at the sudden show of power, appreciating it even when they didn't doubt they could overpower the guitarist should they want to. Hiroto's jeans were ripped open and pushed down only halfway, left hanging on his thighs as Kenzo pulled down boxers and Aki leaned forward to taste.

To say he had a devious tongue was an understatement and Hiroto repaid the intricate licks and twirls with pulls and tugs, making both of them gasp and groan. Kenzo sat back to enjoy the show for a few minutes, knew all too well how amazing Aki was with his mouth. As the older leaned forward and easily took half of Hiroto in, Kenzo did the same and pulled dry ragged lips across quivering skin. Up the thigh, across the hip, down the loin until he could add his own tongue to the skin Aki wasn't touching. He could've, they all knew that, and after

a few moments of slow teasing Hiroto pushed forward while holding Aki's head still, forcing himself down his throat fully.

The bassist gagged for good measure, a mock protest as much as another way to bring pleasure. Then he simply opened his throat and let Hiroto fuck his mouth however he wanted to, steadied himself by gripping trembling thighs a tiny bit harder than was necessary.

Hiroto groaned under the onslaught and took advantage of what Aki was offering, fucked his mouth and throat in ways he was more costumed to being subjected to himself, though he'd never been as good at, or willing to take, it as the bassist was. For a moment he nearly forgot about Kenzo, the drummer pushed aside as he, in his mind, forced himself on the oldest of them. Kenzo would not be left out though, and he'd been aware of his sexuality longer than any of them. Shifting he went lower, sucked one of Hiroto's balls between his lips and rolled it around his mouth, very much enjoying the way the younger's knees shook and he gasped at the added sensation. He was, however, rather happy to not have his hair caught between strong string wielding fingers as he heard Aki moan in pained pleasure.

"Fuck, I...fuck!"

Smiling even around his mouthful Kenzo moved a finger further back, let it tease Hiroto's entrance even as his fingers intertwined with Aki's on the youngest's leg. Hiroto came hard with a gurgled groan, shocked into pleasure all over. Aki took it and swallowed with practiced ease, pulled back and dragged Kenzo to him to share in a dirty kiss full off saliva and come. They barely managed to catch Hiroto as he tumbled to the floor, knees giving out at last and they landed in a tangled, mostly clothed heap.

"Fuck you two," Hiroto groaned as he tried to make sense of everything. "What the hell just happened?"

"Serves you right for making fucking sexy photo shoots behind our back," Kenzo grinned.

"How did you even get that?!" the other questioned. "I only received my copy today, it's not supposed to be out yet!"

"Mao," Aki stated matter of factly as he drew mindless pattern on Kenzo's lower back. Turning to look at the drummer he whispered against lips, "I'm still horny."

"And I barely got to taste the Squirrel," he answered. "I say we stay the night and make him realise the severity of showing nipples in a public magazine."

Hiroto groaned. "Did it ever strike you that I might need sleep?"

"Nope," was the joint reply.

"I'm going to suck you back into hardness," Kenzo promised and began licking the younger clean of whatever Aki had missed.

"And then we'll fuck you," Aki filled in. "Take turns until you beg us to stop."

“Unless you want to tie Aki up and take your revenge,” Kenzo suggested, at which Hiroto looked up, a mix of shock and interest in his eyes. “He begs beautifully.”

“Hey!” Aki protested. “How did this become about me?”

Sharp nails, definitely not those of a guitarist, dug into the soft tissue of his lower back. “As if you'd object, baby.”

Black met warm brown in some kind of wordless conversation Hiroto could never dream of following. He wasn't sure what was going on, only that he was being invited to something he'd always assumed to be private, something Aki and Kenzo shared without mixing in other people. At least they hadn't for the past couple of years and before that Hiroto had been too young and innocent to even be considered. Aki licked swollen lips and turned his attention to the youngest.

“What do you say, can we stay the night?” he asked.

“Do I even have a choice?” Hiroto asked honestly, it wasn't like they'd asked permission before, merely entered his apartment and gotten on their knees with barely ‘hello’.

“Yes,” Aki said seriously. “In this you do.”

“But it's only for tonight,” Kenzo filled in. “I feel like sharing because it's you and you certainly showed a new level lately.”

Hiroto thought about it. They basically offered him a remake of things they'd done before, a night of pleasure and fucking, only a modern version of it where everything held more action, more speed, faster, harder, better. He looked at the two of them, the looks in their eyes and the way they looked at *him*.

“Alright,” he consented. “Tell me what we need and...” He almost blushed, a remembrance he was still the most innocent of the three. “Well I might have it.”

Kenzo purred and crawled up to kiss him. “Someone did get naughty,” he mumbled against lips. “I like it.”

“Aki...mhm...Aki!” Hiroto gasped between kisses, having almost forgot just how good at them Kenzo actually was. When words failed him he pointed, and the drummer finally registered the fact Aki had left the room, along with a trail of clothes behind him.

“Now he's just being bad,” he said through a grin. “He wants to get punished.”

The nerves he expected to see in Hiroto's eyes were not there, instead he saw heated desire and curiosity, always so much curiosity. “Should we?”

“Definitely.”

Kenzo pulled the younger to his feet, whispered out a list of things he'd like and went to find Aki as Hiroto went to see what he could dig up from secret stashes. The rest he would

improvise, it was usually something he was good at. Left on the floor was the magazine, long forgotten even when it had started the whole thing.

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