

# i wanna be your sticky flower

Von abgemeldet

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## Kapitel 1: first meeting

Title: I wanna be your sticky flower (first the title was kuroi ame, but a friend of me had a fic with same title -\_-) damn...)

Author: das Magnetische DV

Genre: jrock - deadman and fatima

Pairing: mako x sana

Disclaimer: don't own them,... only posters and pictures... and my fantasies about them ^ \_\_\_\_\_ ^

Music: fatima running up and down my cd player... well fatima always make me have fantasies X3 to sakura to ame \*.\*

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Ya yaoi warning ...

DV

First part.

He was driving through the streets, without recognizing the place he was. Mako stopped at a red traffic light. The rain was pouring down the heavy clouds which were looking like grey velvet. The rain falling in thick drops sounding like drumbeat on the roof of his car. There was no other sound. The drumbeat creating a strange melody in his brain, forgetting about the traffic light.

Again, he was here, searching for something which would let him forget about his problems.

Later Mako stepped out of the shadows where he had been hidden. He was standing in an empty music hall. There had been a concert a few minutes ago. He looked around, seeing all the remains of little fangirls and fanboys lying around. He had only seen the last song. He had been standing in a corner of the crowded music hall.

The show the last band had given had been really fascinating... the glances the vocalist of Fatima, Sanaka, had given the audience were capturing and the views which were exposed had even caught more eyes:

An naked thigh here, a revealed chest with the Nametai (1) Tattoo there.

But then the show ended. The band left, the audience too, and Mako remained alone with his hunting thoughts. The rubbish was lingering everywhere around him. He stepped forward to the stage, kicking an empty can with his foot.

When he arrived at the stage, he threw some glances around him, when he was sure no one was looking, he jumped at the stage. Soon later he found himself backstage, in a small corridor, with many doors at each side.

Mako walked slowly. Suddenly a door was opened a few feet before him, and four

people left the room, going towards the exit. It took Mako some time until he realised that they were the musicians of the band he just had watched performing. But their vocalist wasn't with them.

The blonde walked casually to this door, opened it and entered the room. Just like he suspected, it was their clothing room. Mako looked around and his eyes fell on the white wedding dress-like piece of clothing. It lay discarded over a chair.

/the vocalist's garment./ Mako stepped closer to it, took it in his hand and smelled at the white fabric. He smelled the mixture of a sweet, poison-like perfume, cigarette smoke and sweat.

"uhn... there's some pervert who likes to smell at other persons clothes? I like you...."  
Mako turned around and found the man of his affections standing right before him, hair dripping wet with water, only clad with a towel around his waist.  
Sanaka was smiling mischievously, his eyes full of joy about the situation.

Mako stood still, looking expressionless at the raven haired beauty. His eyes were caught by Sanakas gaze, only looking at the dark-brown orbs. Then finally Deadmans vocalist nodded, turned around and sat in the chair where Sanakas outfit was hanging again. In front of him was a rather huge mirror, reflecting the face of still grinning Sanaka and himself. No words were spoken for a while, only glances were exchanged.

Then Sanakas smile got wider.

"What do you want from me?"

He only got a single action from Mako, this being a rising of his eyebrow. /Don't play innocent. You know it./ Sanaka, understanding his gaze very well, giggled and turned around.

"What do you want me to wear?"

This simple question forced Mako to turn around and speak the first time. "What do you have?"

The black haired man asked the other vocalist to come nearer. So he did. Mako was standing in front of Sanakas whole wardrobe.

\*\*

"I think you are an interesting person." Again a simple, banal sentence made the blonde think if the other one really meant it or was just so excellent at lying.

/USO. Just make me think about Kein and the rest... drive me deeper into my thoughts./ (2)

"Why do you think so?"

"Hmm.. Maybe because of the way you act."

"Tell me, what do mean?"

Sanaka paused a little before he continued speaking. "I mean, I really don't know you. I know you are Mako from Deadman. But the way you are impresses me a lot. For example you say hardly anything but I see you are thinking all the time. I don't know about what, it is about the past, the future or the colour of water? Anyway... there is something living in your eyes, which makes me forgetting about whatever you planned to do tonight for the both of us. Something sad inside you is capturing me. I

want to know what it is."

Mako hadn't expected some deep thoughts like these coming from a person like Sanaka. Again the man before him surprised him.

"And that's why you took me here?"

They were sitting in a really small teahouse. Geishas were tripling along the corridor outside the small room. Its floor was covered with a layer of Tatami.

Sanaka nodded.

Mako closed his eyes. This man sitting in front of him, was one of the few people who were able to bring the truth out of his closed mind. Normally he was only able to think about it, when he was writing his lyrics or when I was on stage, putting his whole mind into singing. He realised more and more that the black haired beauty was special.

"Not today" He felt he wasn't ready yet. After he looked in Sanakas face his eyes fell on his hands. Mako brought them to his eyelevel, looking at them closely.

"You can hardly see a scar. But still, they are the key to my truth. You think why I'm thinking about it now, and why I wasn't thinking about it years ago, and yes, I'm sure you know I never thought about it before. And you are right. I kept it all closed up inside me, hidden in a special corner of my mind. Well, the reason why it comes up right now is you. I never met a person who was able to bring this truth, these memories up to the surface. Maybe when we meet each other again, I'll tell you. But first I think about it. "

Mako stood up and was ready to leave.

"so soon you'll leave me?" Sanakas voice echoed behind him. Mako turned around, facing the other vocalist. Then he bent forward and kissed the other man lightly on his lips.

"Yes I have to. When the fate brings us together again, I'll speak about everything. I promise. But none of us is allowed to search each other, ok?"

Sanaka nodded and so Mako left him behind in the small room of the teahouse.

End first part.

(1) Nametai: butterfly... sanakas tattoo on the chest \*.+

(2) uso: a song of kein, the band where Mako was vocalist before deadman... uso means lie

## Kapitel 2: second meeting

Title: I wana be your sticky flower (first the title was kuroi ame, but a friend of me had a fic with same title -\_- ' damn...)

Author: das Magnetische DV

Grene: jrock - deadman and fatima

Pairing: mako x sana

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Ya yaoi ... and pure fiction..

Second part.

Mako was sitting beneath his huge attic window. The darkness of the night was only broken by a few candles which were standing on a chair. The chair was completely covered with the wax of other, burned down candles. Mako was sitting on the floor, his gaze looking towards the cloud hidden moon. Again a lightning broke through the heavy clouds, the big drops of rain were crushing onto the attic window.

Mako was lost in his thoughts. His finger drew a line on the cold glass, describing the way the last lightning flashed down to the earth. His mind wandered off. And a few words remained in his brain.

"you wanted an illusion to erase reality even if it was in error  
your voice that calls to me over and over vanished within a strange voice of madness

in the brightly lit window, many tears are reflected " (1)

\*\*

Sanaka walked through the isles of the china shop. The porcelain and glass around him was glittering. This glitter made him much more careful. His eyes wandered over the things before him. Then something caught his eyes. The pair of eyes watched him again.

Sanaka grinned.

You like watching me, ne? You smelling at other persons clothes and you like watching other people. There was a friendly glitter in Sanakas eyes.

"I'm not sure if the glittering in you eyes comes from our surrounding or from the joy you feel, seeing me again." Mako teased. And Sanaka got a really rare smile.

"hoho, our ice queen is surprising me!" Sanaka smiled back and then flashed the victory sign compared with a huge grin.

"Anyway, what are you doing here?"

"I think my fate brought me here. And you?" Mako asked

Sanaka answered: "I'm searching for new things in my collection"

Mako pulled up his eyebrow as if to ask a question. Sanaka understood Makos body language very well.

"For my glass eye collection. Hey, this is very special, ne!"

"Did I say something?"

Sanaka just shrugged.

"Did you find anything?"

Sanaka nodded and showed the other vocalist a so called "demon eye".

"Do you want to hold your promise?"

Mako nodded, his eyes darkening a little bit. He still was afraid of it.

\*\*

The two of them were sitting beneath the big attic window of Makos apartment. Mako was holding a mug of green tea in his hands, looking in the light green liquid. Sanakas mug was placed on the floor in front of his feet, his eyes but his eyes were fixed on Mako.

The blonde one sighed.

"It was about three years ago. Back then I still was in our former band, called Kein."

Sanaka nodded, he knew the band.

Mako continued. "Like today my hair was bleached in a darker blonde, and was a little bit longer. My hair is one of my obsessions. My hair and my hands were. I know, why should hands be something so unique for a vocalist? I also don't know it but that's the way it was."

Mako paused. His thoughts went other paths than he wanted them to go. Pictures appeared, other persons hands holding a blood covered knife.

Mako forced the pictures out of his mind and continued.

"Back then we were five men in the band: Hibiki on drums, Yukino on bass, Aie on guitar, Reo on the other guitar and myself singing and writing the lyrics."

"The music was the one thing that bound us together. I always thought we would stay friends all time and our band would do the big breakthrough.

At this time I had a koibito. I'm not sure if I loved him, but one day we had a rather big fight. I felt very angry and so I went to Reo. He was my best friend at this time but..."

Again Mako stopped and sunk deeper in his thoughts. He finally was brought back to earth when Sanaka tapped on his shoulder.

"Gomen ne..."

Mako nipped a little bit on his tea.

"But then I realised that Reo, the person who was my best friend, had deeper feelings for me. He loved me since he joined Kein.

And the next thing I've done was the greatest mistake of my whole live. Because I was so angry at my koibito I slept with Reo."

Again Mako drunk a little bit from his tea, enjoying how the warmth spread in his stomach. A little smile spread itself on his face.

"Afterwards I told him it was only a one night stand, because I wanted to go back to my koibito. And then all the mess started..."

\*\*

I went outside the building Reo was living in. The sobbing still remained in my brain.

/What have I done?/

But then I made my way towards out home. I hoped Akira was no longer mad at me. This thought let me forget about the awful thing with Reo.

I finally arrived at home.

"Tadaima!" I said into the dark. I wondered if Akira wasn't at home.

"Akira? Love, where are you?"

Suddenly the light flashed on. On the couch I saw Akira sitting. His face was stained with tears, I went to him and wanted to take him in my arms.

Then his gaze hit me. It was drunken with anger and agony. At this moment I knew it was over. Our relationship ended there in this room with this gaze.

The next day I entered the room where we had practise. But except Reo none was here.

"Ohayo Reo, where is the rest of our band?"

Reo remained silent, his face was bend towards the floor.

"Reo? How ae y-"

"Shut your stupid mouth." The guitarist faced me. Again I saw this gaze, the same as Akiras. It was full of wrath and pain.

Then Reo stood up, leaving his place where he had been sitting. He made his way in my direction. When he was standing in front of me he pressed me to the wall. I was captured with the hate in his eyes and wasn't able to move.

"You hate me"

After this words he suddenly pulled a knife out of his coat. I stared at him in shock.

The knife was positioned in my direction, and slowly he moved closer.

Out of reaction I grabbed the knife, the blade cut the flesh of my hands. But I wasn't able to feel the pain. All I felt was the pain I caused. I felt the daggers in my heart. But knife in Reo's hands cut deeper and deeper into the palms of my precious hands.

I was in shock. All I remembered was that I came to me again at a hospital. I didn't fell unconscious, but because of the shock my sub-consciousness closed itself down.

After this incident everything went fast on. Kein disbanded, Deadman was formed, but I stayed the same. My mind is closed up.

\*\*

Sanaka looked at the sleeping form beside him. Mako was slumbering deep, but now and then his eyes moved, showing that he was dreaming.

/I hope it's a good dream. My brave Mako./

Sanaka kissed Makos cheek. He was sitting on the edge of the bed where he had put Mako after he had fallen asleep.

The raven haired man smiled at the memory. Mako had ended his story, had drunk his tea and then suddenly the mug slipped out of his hands, and his head was softly thumping on the attic window.

Now Sanaka caressed Makos face with his hand.

/He must be really exhausted.../

With time Sanakas eyelids got heavier and heavier. Finally he placed himself beside Mako and the two sleeping beauties shared one bed.

End second part.

(1) um part of "in media".

## Kapitel 3:

Title: I wanna be your sticky flower (3)

Author: das Magnetische DV

Genre: jrock - deadman and fatima

Pairing: mako x sanakaaaaa

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Ya yaoi and lemon warning in this part ~~... and pure fiction..

Third part.

He was upset. VERY upset.

"Who the hell does he thinks he is? Aggrhhh!!!" Aie cursed

"Calm down" were the only words he received from Toki. Aie, pacing up and down in their practise room, walked deep paths in the ground, the walls and everything what would come under his feet.

A half hour later Mako still wasn't there.

And then Aie finally exploded.

He left without warning, leaving the drummer and the bassist of Deadman back alone. Toki was sitting behind his drums, beating them in a silent way. Takamasa, sitting on a couch and pretending to read a magazine, was peering over the edge of it every time when he thought Toki wasn't looking.

\*\*

Aie was worried to death. But he would never allow anyone to notice it. After the incident he was worried about Mako. He was his best friend.

Finally he had arrived at the apartment of the blonde. He hated this apartment, it had no elevator, and Makos room was the one under the roof. Aie rushed up the stairs...

\*\*

Mako opened his eyes slowly. Something was trickling in his nose, he knew it was hair and he knew it wasn't his hair. He opened his eyes slowly and his eyes gazed down a bunch of black hair, he smelled the scent of another man. It was this poison-like smelling perfume.

Mako looked at Sanakas face. Then he lifted the blanket, noticing they both still wore their clothes from the evening before. The blonde played with many different

thoughts.

/Should I stay in bed, until he's awake? How late is it anyway?/

Suddenly a sharp pain flashed through his head. He groaned, his hands moving from the place where they rested upon Sanaka to his trembles, massaging them lightly.

Then he let himself fall down again into the small bed he shared with Sanaka at the moment. The raven haired man placed his head on Makos chest, murmuring in his sleep. Mako hugged him, loving the warmth the body beside him spread. /to me the time is far away when I awaked with a body next to mine./ while he followed his thoughts, he caressed Sanakas hair, his face and everything else what came under his hands. Slowly he was lulled back in a state near sleep, but too far away from sleeping, so he recognized the things happening around him.

A stirring Sanaka brought him back to full consciousness. The sleeping one tangled his legs with the awake one, who felt his body temperature rising. Mako enjoyed the feeling of the body pressed against him, sending light jolts down his spine.

Finally his arousal made its presence known when he felt Sanakas hot breath against his neck. Mako closed his eyes and suppressed a moan. The heat of his body was rising, especially in the region of his groin.

His eyes widened when he felt a hand being positioned over his erection, then he felt Sanakas smile growing wider and wider on the skin of his neck.

"Huh, so fast...?" Sanakas husky voice echoed in the room, a tingle of sly humour remained hanging in the room.

Before Makos was able to say anything, Sanakas wet mouth was covering his face with kisses and licks. The blond haired mans arms found their way to the others back, caressing it slowly, with tantalizing strokes. Sanaka purred in Makos ear before taking the earlobe between his teeth, pulling gently on it.

When Sanaka started to unbutton Makos shirt, a thought flashed through the latter's brain. And he shoved Sanaka off him.

"Stop this, please."

Sanaka looked him confused, when he wanted to say something Makos cold gaze met his. He was surprised to find such sort of emotion in the other mans eyes. Mako drew with each passing moment further away from him, closing up completely again.

When he realised what was happening, Sanaka sat on Makos belly, taking his face in his hands and looked deep into his eyes. He searched for the reason of this action and soon found it.

"You are afraid I'll leave after I've done this? I'm really disappointed. I thought you know what I think, what I feel about you!"

Mako lowered his face, as much as possible, his cheeks colouring with light red. He didn't have the power to stand Sanakas gaze.

"Look at me! Everybody thinks I'm a heartless slut like I'm acting all the time, but you know, also a slut like me might have feelings too. And I really think you are something special to me!"

Mako looked up again in Sanakas eyes, searching for any sign of being a lie what he just had said.

Inside him a storm was fighting between his heart and his brain. Memories flashed through his head, but his heart said he shared Sanakas feelings. He didn't knew what to do, but then a little light opened in his heart. Mako reached in his mind for this little, little light and in our today's real world he reached for Sanakas beautiful face. He held on it like a drowning person would take hold on a small piece of wood floating on the water.

"I'm sorry I didn't recognize earlier."

And with this sentence their lips met. It was a light, searching kiss both of them enjoyed.

"I wanna be your sticky flower" the blonde whispered into the mans ear atop of him. Sanaka grinned and whispered back: "is this about the flowers and the bees? I like the idea..."

Sanaka closed his eyes, kissing a path from the earlobe over Makos chin to his lips. He traced the outlines of the lips which were looking so delicious to him. When he felt Makos hands on his neck, urging him to kiss him harder, he didn't protest. His tongue gave the lip beneath him a final lick then he explored the depths of the blondes mouth. Mako moaned, pressing himself against Sanakas body.

Sanaka pressed Mako back against the bed without leaving his mouth alone while Mako longed for more touches, more friction, more Sanaka.

Suddenly the black haired man bit on the blondes tongue, swallowing Makos breath of pain without letting his tongue go.

Mako was still panting against Sanaka, his tongue still caught between the other mans teeth, and suddenly he felt a hand creeping slowly down his neck. This hand, owned by Sanaka, made its way to the buttons of his shirt and unbuttoned them with skill. Once all the buttons were undone, Sanakas fingers danced over Makos bare chest. The room was slowly filled with Makos moans which escaped his mouth.

When Sanaka lightened the grip on Mako, the latter swiftly changed their position resulting in that Sanaka laying beneath him. It took Mako no time to discard all clothes of Sanaka so he was able to admire the naked beauty of the body beneath him. While he was totally sunken in the sight before him, Sanakas skilled hands, made their way towards Makos pants, unbuttoning them. Mako let the raven haired man undress him and finally they both were as they were born. Mako sat on Sanakas hips again, their erections touching each others lightly.

A big smile spread on Sanakas face. Suddenly he gripped Makos ass and rubbed their arousals hard together. The blonde one moaned loudly, pressing himself even harder against the other.

"Ahh! please..." Makos voice echoed through the moan-filled room. The black haired one switched their positions again. Sanaka continued his licking at the other mans neck without listening to Makos pleas. When his lips travelled towards Makos right nipple, his moaning increased. Sanaka swirled his tongue around it. He lifted his face from Makos chest and suddenly bit on the other nipple. Mako let go a little scream of

joy while his hands buried themselves in Sanakas hair.

The dark-haired man freed his hair then he brought his face to Makos hips, licking slightly at the bone there.

Sanaka received a line of moans when he kissed a trail towards the other mans groin, slowly kissing towards Makos high erected penis. Once he reached the tip of it, kissing it slightly, he felt Makos hands in his Hair, urging his head down. But Sanaka being a tease like he had always been rose again, letting the erection sway in the cold air.

With a smirk he looked at Mako, both pairs of eyes were shadowed with lust. There was one special question written in Sanakas eyes, and of course Mako was able to read it.

"I want you inside of me. Now..."

Sanaka obeyed, lifting Makos hips to a pleasant angle bent over and kissed him. After the kiss Mako reached down to his night stand, opening with much effort the drawer and fished a tube of lotion out of it. He gave it to Sanaka who purred.

A rather big amount of the cold liquid was pressed out of the tube, before Sanaka closed it again and it was thrown to the ground.

Sanaka warmed the cool liquid in his hands, preparing it for its destination.

Mako closed his eyes when he felt Sanakas warm hand caressing his tight hole. He moaned, goose bumps arising on his heated flesh.

The finger inside of him probed and probed until he found the special sweet spot. Mako pressed himself harder against the bed, suppressing his moans.

"Let them go, let you fall into my arms" Sanaka whispered into Makos ear, and when he felt that Mako relaxed a bit, he rammed his shaft into the blonde.

And no more moans were held back, neither of them held back on their self-control. Makos legs entwined themselves around Sanakas waist like this was the only action that could have kept him from losing his consciousness.

Sanakas hands cramped around Makos shoulders, while the waves of lust ripped through his body.

Mako reached his edge too soon, ejaculating between the both bodies causing enormous friction. His body tightened up, earning a special loud moan from Sanaka, who opened his eyes and looked at the half satisfied creature below him. Before Mako could recover from his ejaculate, Sanaka grabbed his penis again and started to jerk him off while he was having lots of fun with Makos rear end.

After a minute of full attention to Makos sensible regions, his erection was completely back again. Makos was trembling everywhere, the sensations of being jerked off and fucked was nearly too much, almost making him cum again. But for Sanakas sake, he bit back.

Mako felt how Sanakas thrusts became more urgent, indicating that the raven haired guy was reaching his peak too.

Both moaned in unison, lust ripping them together towards their combined orgasm.

After they both climaxed, their entwined bodies fell on the bed completely. Mako wound his arm around Sanakas chest, stroking it lightly.  
No words were spoken but their minds were ensnared with each others.

\*\*

Aie stopped outside the apartment, trying to catch his breath again. His upper part of the body was leaned forward, his breath was irregular.

A second before Aie was going to knock on the door, he heard some rather strange sounds coming from within, sounding like moans. His cheeks coloured red, his anger and concern disappearing and he turned around. He shook his head.

Why did Mako miss one of their practices for blasphemous things like fucking with another guy? But Aie was happy that his best friend had found a love, for he was sure that it was a special person for whom he would pass one of their practices.

And so he went his way, calling the others and told them to go home, practice was over for today.

\*\*

In special practice room there was a bassist drooling over a special drummer when the mobile phone rang.

Takamasa was ripped from his luscious thoughts about Toki, but as soon as he heard that practice was cancelled, he invited Toki to his place and another happy end was celebrated

OWARI

Dv: \*phew\*

This last part was written in 2 parts, the first written the when the 2nd part ended (which was about a half year ago?) and the last part today ^^

Big thanks to insomnia who gave me the one comment which made me continuing... thats why i dedicate this last chapter to her ^^~

So last chapter.. i hope you all enjoyed it, for mako x Sanaka is my most beloved pairing ^^

DV