

Romeo And Juliet: Gravitation Style

By Joni

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It's just one of Tohma's publicity stunts at first, but what happens when Suguru challenges his cousin to a match, to see who can do the play best? Chaos and lemons ensue, of course! RyuShu, TohYuk, TatSug, KHir SakNor [COMPLETE!]

note: some characters in

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Joni/37876/Romeo-And-Juliet-Gravitation-Style>

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Sorry for the long wait, but I was on Holiday to Czech for two weeks. I've got 45 pages handwritten, and I'll try to get them online as soon as possible. Anyway, enjoy the fic, and please review.

Bad luck was rehearsing. Not the play, but their new song. There was work to be done, after all. The fact that it *had* to be done, guaranteed nothing about whether it actually *got* done, however.

"Ne, Hiro, what do you think of *your* costume? I think we've talked about *mine* enough now."

"I agree. We've all agreed a *whore* dresses more decent, and have feared the other costumes. So now, *please* take it *off*, and get done with the other costumes, and then we may be able to make some music."

"Ok, ok! Sheesh, what're you so stressed *out* about!"

"We've got a *deadline* tomorrow!"

“Oh? Did I forget to mention it to you? That deadline was moved ahead a month, because of the play.”

“...Yes. Please remember to *tell* me next time you move a deadline, K-san.”

Fujisaki was completely calm. Now, Fujisaki *usually* gets mad when people forgot about him. It was a little scary, how calm he was now.

“Ne, Hiro, don’t you think Fujisaki-kun is acting a little strange?”

“Shh, I think we’d better not get too close to him right now...”

“K-san...”

“Yes, mr. Sakano?”

“How *could* you do that without discussing it with me or even *mentioning* it!?”

“I know how you feel, Sakano-san. We underappreciated characters must support each other in these difficult times.”

“Yeah. Wanna join my self support group?”

“Self support group?”

“Yes, there’s a group in NG records for managers who have to handle difficult people on a daily basis. Noriko-chan leads it. I’m sure they won’t mind a band mate of Shuichi’s.”

(I figured there has to be something like that. It’s known that musicians, ands mainly singers, are eccentric people. Imagine having to get Ryuichi to do work! You’d need some mental support!)

“Yes, please. Now, then, I’m leaving, since I don’t want to stand around all day knowing we’re not going to get anything *useful* done.”

“Huh? Then why do you come to work at all? We never get much done!”

(I always wondered about that.)

“You wouldn’t understand, Shindo-san.”

“Oh. Okay. But if we’ve agreed we’re not going to rehearse our song, we might as well rehearse the play! I saw Yuki walking through the hall just now, so you won’t have to fill in as Juliet, Fujisaki-kun!”

“If I *don’t* fill in for Juliet, *then* what am I going to do all day, while You sprout cheesy lines at that Yuki person!?”

Silence fell (boink! I’m sorry, I’ve just always wanted to do that after a friend of mine wrote ‘And his eye fell on the strange rock with a splut.’) While everyone thinks their thoughts (or not) and prepares for many more silences during this fic.

“Well, your part *is* a fountain. You’ll be standing around in a silly pose with nothing but a cream thong on, holding an amfora. You should probably practise staying still.”

“Why do I have to be a *fountain*, anyway?”

“Because there weren’t any other parts left when Seguchi-san remembered you were part of Bad Luck as well, and therefore have to be on stage as well.”

Silence roame- well you get the drill.

“Maybe you shouldn’t have said that, Shuichi.”

“I agree with Nakano-san.”

“Gee, K, didn’t Fujisaki-kun *know* Seguchi and everyone else forgot about him?”

It might be usefull at this point to tell you that Fujisaki has entered a kind of coma; he’s just sitting there, glaring at thin air.

“From his reaction, I would think so.”

Silence peeked around the corner.

“Well at least he makes a good, still, fountain now.”

“Not one I’d want to have in *my* garden though.”

“You don’t *have* a garden, Hiro.”

“... I think I just saw Yuki leaving the building.”

“Whaaat?! YUUUukiiii!”

Shuichi dashed out of the room, speed enhanced by the thought of his darling Yuki

“Ne, Nakano-san, you think if we put a jar on Fujisaki’s head and attach a hose, Seguchi-san will be okay with it?”

“Yuuuuukiiiiii!”

“What? I can’t hear you!”

“Yuuuuuukiiiiii!”

“K-san! We need to call an ambulance! Fujisaki-kun’s not reacting to *anything!!!*”

Sakano had taken a solid form again, in stead of the usually puddle of stressed manager.

“Yuuuukiiiiii!”

“What? I can’t hear you!”

The 'Yuki!' cries slowly died out as Shuichi greatened the distance between himself and the rest of the band. Then, there were a few moments of Silence (which were greatly enjoyed, though by the end of the fic you'll all be dreading Silence) Then, a constant stream of blabbering could b heard, nearing them again.

Apparently, Shuichi had managed to drag Yuki back. How he did this, I shall not tell you, for the rating of this fic would have to go up if I did that.

Anyway.

"Now, then, mr. Yuki, do you want to rehearse with you costume on, or in your casual clothes?"

"Or, option three, without any clothes on."

Shuichi was still a little horny, you know.

"Shut up, brat. And for you, K-san, I don't want to rehearse at all. Goodbye."

“But Yuki!”

“K put his gun to Yuki’s head. Yuki scowled, and glared, and grunted, but then K pulled the safety pin out with a click.

Yuki paled visibly.

“Don’t worry, Yuki, it hasn’t got real bullets any-

K put a hand grenade on Shuichi’s head.

“Want you hair to be curly for a week again, Shindo-san?”

“ah...No...”

“Then I suggest you shut up.”

It was that very moment that Seguchi Tohma decided (or was fated/ doomed?) to enter the room.

“Ah, I see you are all practising very hard for my play. I’ll remind you again, however, that no guns or hand grenades are used in the script, K-san.”

Silence jumped to hog the spotlight, but was pulled back by one of those candy-can things you see in cartoons.

“...Yes, Seguchi-san.”

Now, you might want to know *why* Silence was able to jump on stage like that. All I can say is that there is a connection between the clothes Tohma was wearing and the fact that anime-characters have a hormone-overdose (*they need to, to endure all those lemons!*)

“Seguchi-san... Is that your costume for the play?”

“Yes, it is, Shindo-san. Do you like it? It fits Mika-san’s costume and yours too, Eiri-san. We’re a *family* after all.”

Now it was Shuichi’s turn to scowl and glare, though it came out more like pout and get teary eyed.

“May I remind you there is no incest in Romeo and Juliet, Seguchi?”

Tohma chuckled. “Well, there isn’t any in shake spears version.”

“Just so you know, I am *not* stage kissing you.”

“But Eiri-san!”

Shuichi was now doggy style, gnawing on Tohma’s leg, who shook said leg irritated.

“Excuse me, Seguchi-san, but how is the play going to be, when Juliet has an affair with her *father*?”

Tohma faked a hurt look. “Has no one even *read* the whole script?”

“I accidentally blew up my copy when trying out a new hand grenade.”

“He blew up *mine* as well.”

“Yuki and I couldn’t even get the *first* scene done...”

“You forgot to give me a copy, Shacho!”

“I bet Fujisaki knew, but didn’t care enough to tell. Talking about Fujisaki, do you think he’s trying to say something?”

Fujisaki had been moving his mouth, and it looked like it took quite a lot of effort to do so.

“I dunno, Hiro. He’s been weird all day, maybe we should just leave him alone...”

“Anyway, I came to tell you, there is going to be a complete rehearsal at two o’clock-

“SEGUCHI!”

Apparently, Fujisaki had gotten all of his mouth to work again.

“I challenge you!”

“*Again*, Fujisaki-kun? I thought you knew by now you couldn’t beat me!”

“Whatever it is, I’m on your side, Fujibasa.”

“Wa- Thank you, Yuki-san. And it’s Fujisaki.”

“Whatever.”

“But Yuki, I thought you didn’t *like* losing!”

Yuki fell quiet (not Silent)

“Don’t worry, I’ll *win* this time.”

“You say that every time, but you never actually *do* it. So what, pray tell, are you going to try and beat me at *this* time?”

“I’m going to do *Romeo and Juliet* as well. Our performances will be on the same evening, and the person who attracts the largest audience wins. It is forbidden to blackmail people to come to your show, or force them in any other way. For that matter, blackmailing in general is forbidden. It’s also not allowed to hand out free tickets.”

If it were for most people, Silence would show up after a crazy challenge like this. But Tohma isn’t *like* most people, and Silence didn’t get a chance.

“You certainly thought this through well, Fujisaki-kun! Very well, then, I’ll accept your challenge, and obey by the rules you set.

There. You like? By the way, the pairing for this fic is now officially RyuShu, TohYuk, TatFuj (some pairing that is, ne?) KHir.