

Seductive Guitar

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Hanfic (Hanson fanfiction). The story is dated just before the Underneath Acoustic tour and this is only one of the things I think occurs when the Hanson brothers get together and practice.

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1 - Seductive Guitar

I wrapped my fingers around the neck of my guitar and glided them up and down the frets. The metallic hum of my skin rubbing against the steel strings hypnotized me, leaving me in some sort of trance. I wasn't actually playing the instrument, I just loved the feel of it. It's slender frame against my chest, it's smooth neck caressing my hand, the curves on its golden body seducing me, beckoning me to just pick it up and hold it - we were made for each other.

"Isaac, do you and the guitar want a room for that?" Zac teased.

"Yeah, Ike, we'll leave you too alone if that's what you really want. We don't mind," Taylor chimed in.

Their mocking broke the guitar's spell and flung me back into reality. My ecstasy began to fade away and a new parasite made it's home inside my body.

I picked up my empty Dr. Pepper can that was on the little side-table next to me and whipped it at them. I didn't care which of them I hit, as long as it hit one of them. The can ended up zipping past Zac's head, missing him by only an inch or two. I made a mental note to remind myself to aim better next time.

"Jesus, Ike, what's up your @\$\$!" he yelled.

"Are we going to rehearse or what!" I barked back at my younger brother.

"Let's just get this done and over with," Taylor said, always trying to be the Gandhi of our little group, and always failing miserably. "I'm sure we've all got things to do once we practice for the show tomorrow night. So, let's just get this out of the way , then we could all get on with our lives."

I stared at Taylor long and hard. It wasn't out of anger, but more out of shock; that was the most intelligent thing to come out of the boy's mouth all day, nay, all year! I had to mark this day on the calendar, that's for sure!

"What?" he asked, sounding a bit ticked off at my gawking.

"Nothing."

We all took our rightful places. Zac sat on his throne behind his drum set, drumsticks in hands, ready to rock. Taylor was getting antsy behind his keyboards, prepared to assault the instrument. And I held my beloved guitar tenderly in my hands, awaiting it's spell and just imagining the sweet music the two of us could make together.

...:The End:..