

# Mint

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*Drabble. The simple explanation to Hiro's apparent teeth brushing obsession. KxHiro.*

# 1. Mint

Warning: Shounen-ai. Unsafe use of dental products mixed with crazy Americans

Pairing: K x Hiro

Disclaimer: I don't own them, just torture them.

Mint

Shuichi could only watch in disbelief. Their break for lunch was almost over, and here he and his best friend were, wasting valuable time in the men's toilets; Hiroshi stood at the sink, the pink haired singer waiting impatiently beside him.

"Hiro!" Shuichi whined, "I don't get why you always have to brush your teeth."

The guitarist ignored his idiot of a companion; continuing his thorough routine of dental hygiene. His hand continued moving his red toothbrush across nearly perfectly clean teeth. Even if he had tried to speak, his words would have left his mouth mumbled and with a little foamed toothpaste.

"Honestly Hiro, how can you be so anal about one silly thing?!"

He spit, quickly rinsing his mouth with the chilled water from the sink. In a blink of an eye, the toothbrush was safely stowed away to await later use.

"Well, Shu. I've got to talk to K before practice, I'm heading back."

"Don't you always talk to our psycho manager after lunch?"

"Yes," Hiro smiled, he knew his friend wasn't the brightest, but he was still amazed Shuichi hadn't put two and two together and guessed his motives yet. With his trusty toothbrush at his side, he headed to the office of Claude K Winchester.

The guitarist didn't knock, instead just calmly entered the cluttered room to see no one sitting at the desk immediately in front of him.

"K..."

In reply, Hiro was spun around; the momentum sending his curtain of red locks flying in every direction. Before he could lose his balance and crash to the hard floor, two strong arms caught him around his waist. His chest made contact with another partially covered by cascading golden strands of long hair.

The redhead knew what was happening; he didn't resist when one of the other man's hands came to rest on his chin. Hiro allowed as his head to be tilted upwards, and expectantly he met his manager's lips with his own. A passionate, tongue tying kiss: warm breath mingling with his cool own.

"Mmm... Minty," K went for another taste.

It was a good routine.