

Routine

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*Drabble. Everyone has a different routine to follow, though for some, their schedule overlaps.
TohmaxSuguru.*

1. Routine

Warning: Shounen-ai. WAFF.

Pairing: Tohma x Suguru.

Disclaimer: I don't own them, I just borrow them in my fantasies.

Routine

Suguru Fujisaki, a promising young workaholic. From six ante meridiem, all through the slowly passing hours, minutes, and seconds until, usually, ten post meridiem, his day was spent slaving at NG, the company owned by his cousin. Sixteen hours; two thirds of each day, he was at work. The average week: one hundred twelve hours dedicated to improving a band he belonged to as only the background.

Sometimes, as he sat alone in the studio after hours, tweaking his songs so they would be perfect, Suguru wondered why he tried so hard.

Then, he always remembered.

Seguchi-san had told him to do to the best of his abilities. Tohma had been the boy's idol for his childhood, and had become not only that, but his boss and his rival as well. That was why he had to do his best, why he couldn't give in; to pressure, to anger, to exhaustion...

With a dull thud, the teen's head fell on top of his work; turning the scores and songbooks into a mound of pillows. He had forgotten; it was well past eleven.

At times, Suguru ended up sleeping at NG Records.

"Is someone still here?" soft words floated from the empty corridor into the studio. Tohma asked out of habit, not because he needed an answer. He knew why the room was still illuminated, who he would find when he opened the soundproof door. "He really has become like me."

A smile crept into the blonde's usually guarded expression, "Well, we can't have you sleeping some place as uncomfortable as this."

Tired mumbles were the only reply.

Despite his far from boyish looks, Tohma easily lifted his cousin; prepared to carry the sleeping boy back to his office. Suguru embraced the blonde's neck in an unconscious effort to ensure he wouldn't fall. Even in this near comatose state, he was careful.

Every time the teen slept at work, he always woke on the same couch in his cousin's office. His head resting in a familiar lap, and his fingers entangled with five other similar digits.