

# Confectionary

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*February is national Cherry Pie month and Ban and Gingi bake a pie, finding a recipe for something just as sweet in the process.*

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**Author Notes** – This would be a gift story for my sister, who claims that there are too few Ban/Gingi stories out there. I figured it was about time I wrote a nice little one shot for her. I hope you enjoy it!

**Disclaimer** – I don't own Get Backers, nor do I own a recipe for cherry pie.

**Pairing** – Ban/Gingi

**Warnings** – kissing, fluff, ect.

**Story Summary – February is national Cherry Pie month and Ban and Gingi bake a pie, finding a recipe for something just as sweet in the process.**

## Confectionary

“Ban-chaaaaaaaaaan~!!!” Echoed through a spacious hotel room, one like a large apartment. It had a bathroom, bedroom, living room and dining room. The bathroom even had a big tub. Too bad this was only temporary. An out-of-breath and overly panicked blonde chibi was popping in and out of the rooms, hollering his partner's name. “Baaan-chaaa-OOF!” His call was halted by a hand cuffing him on the head. He looked up, a curious expression on his face.

“Idiot, are you done yelling? I'm here.” Spoke the tall brunette, the spikes of his hair falling in front of his eyes, only to be pushed away by a hand scooting up violet glasses. A blindly happy smile curled onto the chibi blonde's face.

“Ban-chan~!!!” He shouted again, jumping at the brunette who looked slightly frightened as he was pounced on. The taller's face flushed a bit as he hit the floor, his companion no longer tiny, returning to his full size and wiggling in happiness.

“Ginji... get off me.” The blonde sat up, not really granting his friend's request. His eyes sparkled. Ban looked a little annoyed. His face was still a little pink as he propped himself up with one arm.

“Did you find all the things? Can we make it?” Ginji queried enthusiastically, grinning in delight.

“Hai,” Ban answered, turning on his side, looking a bit uncomfortable before pushing his partner off and standing up. Ginji bounced up off the floor, hi being pushed the last thing on his mind. “I bought everything on the list. We can make it.” The brunette assured his friend.

“Yaaaaaaaaaaaaatta!!!!” Came the excited voice and the once-again-chibi boy twirled about for a moment, then stopped. “When can we start?” Ban was already in the kitchen.

Two large cans of something thudded on the counter. “Now, if you’d like. You just have to make sure you don’t destroy anything while cooking.” The brunette scoffed. Ginji crept up to the counter and looked at the cans, crouching at eye-level.

“That’s got to be a lot.” The blonde murmured in awe.

“They’re 32 ounces.”

“Its gonna be the biggest pie ever...” The brunette’s mouth tugged up in a small smile as he answered the exaggerated prediction.

“I doubt that... but it’ll be big.” Ginji grinned up at his friend, looking like nothing in the world could stop him from making the aforementioned pie. Ban turned to take some more of the ingredients out of his bag. He pulled out a small assortment of things; sugar, salt, flour, a few sticks of butter and a carton of milk. “You’ve got the recipe, right?” The blonde nodded emphatically, a silly cat-like grin on his face. He quickly handed his partner a note card where the directions for Cherry Pie were written. The taller looked at the card for a moment, then set it down amidst the ingredients and turned back to the happy boy beside him.

“We need something to keep our clothes from getting too messy... an apron or something...” He mused, “Maybe there’s some in the closet...” Both boys wandered over to the closet door. Ban opened it and they observed the contents. There were indeed two aprons... but they were most certainly nothing alike. One was a plain, green, full-body apron that hooked at the neck and tied in the back, the other was just a half-apron, pink with white lace on the sides and a pocket in the middle of it, a shape of something red that looked suspiciously like a heart on it. Quickly, Ginji grabbed for the green one, jumping away toward the hallway that lead to the bathroom. Ban, it seemed, with just as much speed, dove for it as the blonde began to run, grabbing his legs and successfully causing him to fall. From there, the taller jumped on the other boy, reaching desperately for the apron in his hands, but the blonde held it above his head and then rolled away.

Ban reached again for the apparel, pinning Ginji by his vest for a moment, and although the shorter managed to slip out of his vest, the brunette had grabbed the green garment and was running toward the bedroom with it. Swiftly, the smaller Get Backer tripped his companion, snatching the apron away and dashing into the lavatory before Ban could get up. Cursing, the brunette banged on the door for a good minute or so, listening to the victor cackling triumphantly over his win from within. A few colorful words later, the smoker walked back over to the closet, gazing down with distaste at the girly thing on the closet floor. Tentatively, almost with a fear about him, Ban reached down and picked up the pink item of clothing, his hand twitching with the effort. He shuddered as he moved to tie the thing around his waist. A sudden feeling of femininity washed over him and he stuck out his tongue in loathing.

A few seconds passed and the bathroom door creaked open as Ginji looked about, checking to see if it was safe to be near Ban, but as his eyes landed on the brunette, he had to put his hand over his mouth to stifle a chuckle, then a snicker, and the door swung halfway open as the blonde fell on the floor laughing. The taller gritted his teeth, looking very annoyed, but in attempt to be tolerant of the amusement, he turned his head, in spite of the urge he had to hit his companion upside the head. ((a/n: that’s right Ban! Resist the urge!!! Wanting to quit is the first step!)) Chibifying himself once again, Ginji slid over to the other boy’s side.

“Oj, Baaan-chan~!!! You look so cute!” He teased, but no longer could Ban resist the urge and he grabbed the boy’s head, spinning him into the floor feet-first like a screw, half-covering the fact of his, once again, flushed face. “Chuuuudou~!!!” Cried the blonde and Ban smirked. Temptation satisfied for the moment.

“Come on, baka, let’s go start the crust,” The brunette suggested, his usual cool demeanor back were

it belonged. Popping up from the floor, Ginji joined the overly aggressive male, who was still wearing the pink apron, in the kitchen to begin the creation of a soon-to-be delectable dessert. They both stopped at the sink to wash their hands before wandering over to the counter. "Okay, let's see..." Ban muttered, picking up the recipe card and looking over it. "First, we should heat some water..." The blonde, to his side, moved to find the kettle on the stove, "One half cup." The taller specified, Ginji following his instructions using the measuring cup on the counter. "And two cups butter..." the brunette muttered, proceeding to fill a cup measure with the sticks of butter. He flattened them and measured it off at the top. "Put it in a bowl, huh?" Ban grabbed one from his bag. He had come well prepared. He flopped the butter into the bowl and repeated his actions for the second cup. "There, two cups," He declared, starting to stir the mixture with a fork as the recipe suggested.

He looked over his shoulder.

"Oi, Ginji, is the water hot yet?" The blonde let out a yelp and then took the kettle off the stove.

"H-hai..." He whimpered, nursing his now red finger. He stuck it in his mouth to cool the burn and made a noise of discomfort.

"What did you do?" Questioned the smaller's companion. Ginji whined in response. "Let me see it." Directed Ban and the brown-eyed boy reluctantly removed the scarlet digit from his mouth, holding it out for the older to inspect. "It'll be fine." Came the diagnosis, "Just put some ice on it... here-" The brunette reached into the freezer, grabbing a few loose ice cubes, and wrapped them in a rag, pressing it to the other boy's injured finger. "Hold it there for a few minutes and you should be alright." The taller moved across to where he had left the recipe card and picked it up to read more directions. Ginji felt a weighty uselessness for but a moment, and then Ban spoke again. "Now, we should measure the milk and then put it in with the butter, and add the water." Ban bent down, using the liquid measure his blonde comrade had for the milk in the carton next to his bowl. He measured the proper amount and then moved to pour the kettle of water onto the butter and then the milk. Seeing his friend's uncomfortable expression, he smiled. "Just stay there for a bit and take care of that finger. I'll mix this together and then you should be ready to help add some things, okay?" Ginji smiled back, looking relieved.

"Un!" He nodded happily. Ban then proceeded to stir the mixture in the bowl with an intriguingly practiced speed. The blonde found himself wondering if the other boy used to cook in his spare time. So for a while, the smaller entertained himself with the thought of Ban making curry or baking cookies or some other sugary delight, and so engrossed in such thoughts was he that it startled him when the other boy suddenly turned back to him.

"Does this look like whipped cream to you?" The brunette queried, and for a moment, a blank expression crossed Ginji's face, then he looked into the bowl at the now very fluffy looking mixture that looked a lot less like 3 ingredients and more like something else. Actually, it looked a lot like whipped cream. The blonde inclined his head to say that it did. "Good." Answered Ban, "The recipe says that it should be stirred until it resembles whipped cream. So, you ready to get back into making this, Ginji-kun?" Once again, the blonde nodded, foregoing the makeshift ice pack on the opposite counter and crossing over to the bowl. He'd nearly forgotten about his finger. "Now, we need four and a half cups of flour... could you get that?" Ban inquired, handing the other boy a cup measure with a half-cup measure in it. "Aa." Ginji agreed, pulling the newly opened bag of flour over and dipping the one-cup measure in. He pulled it out with way too much in it, attempting to wipe the excess off, but only succeeding in getting the extra flour everywhere. The brunette, seeing this, chuckled. "And *that* is why we wear aprons." He smirked just a bit and the blonde started to pout, but then Midou spoke again, "Now, I want you to put the flour in while I stir, but not all at once, just bit by bit; gradually," And in saying so, Ban took his companion's hand with his free one and directed it over the bowl, gently tipping the measure so that the flour sprinkled evenly into the concoction. Ginji flushed for a moment, the feeling

of the brunette's hand on his not as familiar as it should have been to him, after all, they weren't afraid of contact, but it felt so strange and it made him feel so strange... it made him feel warmer than usual and then the touch was gone. "Just like that." The taller continued.

"Just like that?" The blonde echoed, a bit dazed. Shaking himself from his stupor, Ginji turned to dip the cup in the bag of white powder once more, this time, he wasn't nearly as messy, but still managed to cover his hands with the ingredient. His face was still rose pink from Ban's touch, but he was able to add the second cup just as his friend had shown him. He watched for a moment as the wooden spoon, which had replaced the fork after the initial adding of the milk, whisked away the powdery white and the flour was absorbed by the creamy combination, which was getting thicker with each pass of the spoon. The second cup was soon gone and Ginji dipped the measure in for the third time. He repeated the process of before, still rapt with the motion of the utensil and the integrating of this new ingredient. It was while he was gathering the fourth cup that the blonde took a step back from the bag of flour and squinted his eyes, sneezing loudly, flour flying everywhere.

Ban looked at him for a second before snickering and then just outright laughing, putting a hand on the golden head and brushing away the white substance. Glowering for only a moment, the smaller reached for the rag his ice had been wrapped in and wiped away the flour from his face, patting at his apron and watching the white powder rise from it. He turned back to the bag of flour as if nothing had happened but Ban laughed again.

"What's so funny?" The blonde queried, sounding like he was still pouting and the brunette grinned, licking his thumb and then holding his knuckles to the side of Ginji's face, running the thumb over the bridge of his nose. The smaller froze, a confused look on his face and he could feel his cheeks turning red again. The taller boy smirked.

"You missed a spot." With that he relinquished his hand and turned back to stirring the dough. Immobile for what seemed like eternity, Ginji finally turned back to gathering the fourth cup of flour, and then moved to add it where the other three had already been deposited. He didn't look up, still slightly embarrassed over the touch of his partner's hand to his cheek. The blonde then reached for the half-cup measure, and dipped it in for the last of the dough's needed flour. Ban began to hum something that the smaller boy didn't recognize as the last bit was added and Ginji had regained enough of his composure not to be flustered.

"What else do we need?" He questioned interestedly, not to mention with a slight pickup in his tone due to the humming of his companion.

"Hmm..." The brunette looked with sapphire eyes to the instructions. "One teaspoon of salt." Snatching up the teaspoon next to his bag of supplies, he grabbed the saltshaker, and, holding both over the sink, measured the correct amount, tossing it into the mix before giving a few more go-arounds with the spoon. Now it was looking more like dough and less like whipped cream. The flour had thickened it and it looked almost sticky in its thickness. "Could you read off the next instructions, Ginji?"

"Aa," Came the answer for the second time and the blonde snatched up the index card and read aloud.

"Mix until the dough forms a ball that cleans the bowl..." Ban looked over at his friend.

"Want to try mixing some? My hand's getting tired," The smaller nodded and the brunette stepped back to allow Ginji access to the mixture. Picking up the wooden spoon, he began to stir. It was a lot harder than it looked. He pushed the spoon through the dough and gritted his teeth in annoyance with how thick it had become. It certainly wasn't like whipped cream anymore. With determination, he attempted to imitate the way that Ban had been mixing the concoction, but wasn't nearly as nimble about it, his clumsy hand faltering occasionally. "Ban-chan?" Ginji puffed, "Do you think it'd done yet?" The dough was pretty much all attaching itself to the spoon in one great bit glob though there were still a few stubborn bits that insisted on sticking to the sides of the bowl.

"Just a bit longer." The blonde sighed slightly. This was *not* his favorite part of baking. After a few

minutes had passed and the smaller boy was seriously considering just abandoning the bowl, Ban halted him. "That's good." Ginji grinned in relief. "I was beginning to wonder if it would ever be ready." The brunette smiled lightly, shaking his head.

"Now comes the fun part." Digging his fingers into the bowl and grabbing about half of the dough. Holding it with one hand, he grabbed the measuring cup that had been abandoned in the flour and filled it, sprinkling the contents on the counter in a thick layer. He dropped the pie dough onto the floured counter space and rummaged around in yet another bag before producing a rolling pin. "Here, you'll like this." Ban handed his companion the wooden roller. The brunette then straightened and pushed down on the dough with the palms of his hands, then flipped it and did the same, adding more flour onto the counter. "All you do is..." The taller borrowed the rolling pin back and proceeded to roll it across the dough pressing firmly, "... just roll it back and fourth, try to shape it into a circle, see?" He demonstrated, moving the pin smoothly from one end of the dough to the other, flattening it. He gave the rolling pin back to the smaller boy and Ginji moved forward to try his hand at it. The blonde boy pressed it forward, then relented, then repeated it, and it seemed to be flattening. Though he couldn't seem to get it to be even and even when he did, he found to his dismay that the piecrust wasn't going to be a circle willingly. Instead, it seemed more inclined to look more like a square than anything else. Frowning his brow, Ginji glanced over his shoulder.

"Ban-chan..." he called gently, the heaviness of a mistake in his voice. "Eh?" Came the reply and Ban was there, looking over the boy at his square, uneven crust. "I can't get it right.... I think I'm... am I doing something wrong?" He asked and as he did, he felt the brunette's arms cover his own and the brunette's slender fingers on the handles of the rolling pin in between his. Ginji swallowed and felt his face begin to heat up. "B-ban-cha--"

"This is what you should be doing." The taller's voice cut him off and he could feel the words vibrating against his shoulder, and the older boy's breath on his ear. The hands on his were pressing against the roller and pushing in the right directions, the skin of their arms touching so closely that the blonde nearly forgot to breathe. Ginji blinked as he watched the uneven square take the shape of a smooth circular crust. His mind was doing very little comprehending at that point and he wasn't sure that he could even begin to realize whatever it was that Ban had done right, let alone do it for himself again. The brunette then peeled the dough from the counter, adding more flour to it and then turning it over, and repeating the process of rolling it out. The taller then let go of the pin and the blonde slipping out from between his companion and the counter, announcing that he had to go to the bathroom and would only be a little bit. By the time Ginji reached the restroom, his face was flaring. He closed the door, turning the light on and leaning against the wall. He felt almost exhaustingly confused. His cheeks were still flushed and he pushed himself off the wall and to the sink to splash some cold water on it. He had to get a hold of himself. He wasn't sure why it was that he had taken such a day as this to finally realize what it was that he had been feeling for his best friend all along, but he knew that he didn't want to risk anything. "I can't chance... what we already have..." The blonde murmured to his image in the mirror, touching the glass for a second, then grabbing a towel to dry his face off with. With a deep breath, he walked out of the lavatory, gathering composure as he went.

Ban was nearly done forming the second crust when he reached the kitchen. "Not too much longer now." The brunette grinned. "The oven should be hot soon... we should get this pie put together," Ginji returned his partner's grin and the taller put the first crust in the pie pan, motioning for the blonde to come closer. He did, if not a bit hesitantly. If the other boy noticed this, he said nothing. "What you should do now is pinch the crust at the edges so that it forms a kind of wave pattern, like this, see?" Ban showed his companion what he meant, pushing the dough between his fingers together and the moving a finger's width apart and doing the same thing. "Easy enough." The taller joked, moving to finish rolling the second crust.

Ginji did as Ban had illustrated, pinching the dough together every half inch or so, soon becoming lost in thought. He was wondering. Wondering how it was he was going to keep something as important as how he felt from his friend and he felt kind of sick at the thought. Before he realized it, he had finished the crust and his comrade directed him to the two open cans of pie filling and he poured each into the waiting pan with the wooden spoon they had used for mixing the crust.

The blonde hadn't even realized that Ban was behind him when the brunette moved to place the top crust on top of the filled pie. He moved in almost a jump out of the way and the taller boy cast him an amused look, then pinched the two crusts together, and, taking a knife, cut six evenly placed slits in the top. Finishing off the look, he handed a shaker of cinnamon to Ginji, who gladly added a generous sprinkling.

Ban insisted on placing the pie in the oven him to prevent the blonde from burning himself again, not to mention, the explosions that had taken place last time the smaller had tried using an oven to bake something. The smaller boy set the timer for one hour and left it by the stove.

"You want what's left?" The dark-haired male questioned as he held up one of the cans of cherry filling, now just bits of sugary goo. Ginji nodded, smiling. And so they leaned against opposite counters in the kitchen and the blonde began to enjoy the remains of their cooking. Surely they would need to clean up, but that would be done later... anytime other than now. Peering in the can, Ginji took a finger and wiped it along the inside rim, gathering a bit of filling and then he brought it to his mouth, happily tasting the confectionary. Ban leaned against the opposite counter, watching as the blonde did this and then repeated the action. It was at this point that, in watching the finger dip in a third time and approach the other boy's mouth, that the brunette crossed to him, standing mere inches from the blonde.

"Damn selfish." He muttered, gently grasping Ginji's wrist and drawing the cherry-coated finger into his mouth and licking it clean and then releasing it. The smaller simply stood there, his face blazing and his expression astonished. Looking at him, the dark-haired male smiled and leaned in to touch the blonde's lips with his own smiling ones. Hazel eyes widened in sheer astonishment at what was happening, and then the brunette pulled back, that same cocky smile on his face. "What? Did you think I'd let you have all the leftovers...?" In saying, he leaned in for another taste of his blonde confectionary.