## the ugly duckling

## Von Keyjahn

## oneshot

The ugly duckling

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Archive: plz ask me Genre: romance, au

Rating: don't know how, please help me to rate it

Band/Pairing: Pierrot/ (AxJ)

Comments: I changed the ages of the members, it fits better with the story.

I know that Takeo is older than Aiji! And of cause I know that students in Japan wear school uniform, but here they don't.

The whole story based on the fairy tale 'The Ugly Duckling', I don't own it as well as Pierrot. ^^

And the end is just for YOU, Puck-chan! Who could resist your brown elf-eyes...

Arigatou for your beta-reading!

Now have fun with my lil' story...

The Ugly Duck

Prolog

A new School!

For everyone is the first day at a new school the hardest, but sometimes the following days aren't better than the first!

<sup>&</sup>quot;Hey look at this kid! He's so skinny!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;These glasses!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Maybe he is a stork, with this long thin legs!"

"No four-eyes!"

"He's just ugly!"

Everyday it was the same!

No one liked Shinji, the young boy being taller than every other freshman. They liked to tease him, he was their favorite victim. Because he never went to the teacher. Ijime (\*), there is no school practicing Ijime!

The only way for Shinji to escape was being invisible. He always ducked his head, his hair was in his face and his face and hair were hidden under the hood of his pullover. No one should see him.

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## ~ Three years later ~

He missed them! Everyone of them! Only Taizo stayed here and didn't leave the city to study. He went to the local college. But he was busy with all the new stuff, the new people and of cause he wasn't able to often meet Ai.

Yeah 'Ai', this was the name his friends from Kalen gave him.

His friends which all had finished Highschool and began theirs studies leaving him all alone expect Taizo.

Without his clique it was the same as in his first year. Everyone was teasing him and called him names.

He had met Taizo in a working-group and they became friends. Taizo had introduced him with the other guys and soon they were inseparable. He was very happy with them for 3 years, but now he was alone and there was no one left, he could imagine being his friend, no one.

Sometimes he wished to be like the new students.

After only one day everyone wanted to be their friends. They were in different age groups, however they were best friends.

The oldest and the youngest were brothers, Murata Kirito and Murata Kohta. The other two were somewhere in the middle, Ishikawa Takeo, one year younger than himself, and Yamaura Jun, who was in the same age like Ai.

Normally he didn't like the school gossip, but everyone was talking about the four boys and that's why he knew a little bit from them.

Their parents worked for the same company and were friends, too. When Murata-san was transferred to Tokyo, Yamaura-san and Ishikawa-san, Jun's and Takeo's father, asked for transfer too.

He also heard that they were a band and it seemed being one of the main reason for

their popularity.

He and his friends had been a band too, named Kalen. They never had played in lifehouses or other events. They just had been a little garage band and no one had knew them.

Now he was only a guitarist with no band and no friends.

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Jun walked though the streets of his new hometown. He was happy that he didn't lose his friends. They were growing up together and when Kirito told them that his father was going to be transferred to Tokyo, Takeo's and his father had done their best to move to Tokyo as well.

Sometimes it's good when your parents were growing up together, too.

He smiled, everything was great. He had even seen a wonderful being in school. Maybe they became friends and maybe it was able to be more. His smiled became wider. The boy was a very shy and inconspicuous person, but Jun liked him.

Yes a boy, he was gay, but no one in school knew it, expect his friends. Of cause they knew it, Kirito and Jun had been a couple for some weeks, but they had realized, that they were better friends than lovers and now they were just good friends.

The only problem was, he knew nothing about the boy. He wasn't close with anybody. From some pupils he heard that he had friends in higher classes, but they were in college now. Jun didn't even know his real name. Everyone in school gave him names; no one called him by his real name. And the sensei called him always with his family name, Mizui!

'Who are you Mizui no name?' he thought by himself. He wanted to know everything about him. For example his hair color, was it in the original black or did he bleached it, dyed it....

He knew nothing.

Expect one thing...

Every time he saw him, he had butterflies in his stomach, he wanted to touch him, to hold him tight and to never ever have to let him go.

Jun shacked his head.

First he had to talk to him and started a friendship.

Now he had to buy a B-sting for his e-guitar, which teared at their last practice.

The music store was in front of his eyes. He had thought so much about this guy that he had totally lost his time. Jun strolled along the store, when he stopped seeing someone's back. This well knowing back, he saw every time he closed his eyes. For a second he believed his heart had stopped beating.

The back belonged to a very tall and really thin boy playing guitar. For the first time he was able to see his hair not hidden by the hood of his pullover.

It was blond and when Jun came nearer he saw that the front area was braided, the back stack up. His glasses were on his head. Some strands fell in his face, but he didn't seem to notice.

The boy's eyes were closed and he appeared being totally lost in his music.

Jun was happy being able to study the boy's frame. He had chiseled features, a narrow face and, oh Kami-sama, he was just kakkoi.

Jun teared his eyes away from the boy, only to be captured by the melody he created and atomically he took a guitar from the shelves. Standing behind him, he started playing with closed eyes as well.

The room was filled with their music; their kind of playing went really well with each other. Every note fell right, created something new, greater and better than anything Jun was able to fabricate alone.

Until the boy stopped his playing.

Jun opened his eyes to look into two big brown eyes which seemed a little bit shocked. Unable to move he said the first words that passed his mind.

"You play wonderful!"

Jun put his usual smile on, cursing himself.

'Is there nothing better in my mind than: "You play wonderful"? And now I stare like a crushed schoolgirl. Dammit!'

Jun realized that his opposite blushed and looked down. He had to do something soon or he would loose him before he was able to start anything.

"Um, what's your real name. I mean, the sensei called you only with your family name and I don't know your personal name. I'm Jun."

'Yes, this was good! The usually stuff and I will finally know his name', Jun thought by himself.

"Ai ... Shinji, I mean ..., "the boy inhaled deep before he spoke again.

"My name is Shinji, my friends were used to call me Ai!"

Shinji had a sad impression on his face and Jun felt how he became sad too. There had to be a way to cheer him up. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Um, Ai ... Shinji, can I call you Ai-ji instead?"

"What?"

He seemed to be very surprised by this question, but soon he decided:

"Hai, you can call me Aiji!"

Aiji smiled and Jun had to smile too. He would die for this smile. It was the most beautiful thing, he saw in his whole life. His heart was beating so fast, that he feared Aiji was able to hear it.

"Um, I mean my words. You play really good. You know, we are searching for a second guitarist for our band Pierrot. Maybe you know the other members. I'm the first guitarist, but we need a second one and you, um, you are the best I heard in the whole searching time! If you have interest, came to this address at 6 p.m.."

Jun felt a little bit pride for himself being able to say so much to this heaven sent being. He gave Aiji Kirito's business card together with a warm smile.

"I'm sorry, but I had to go now. My mom is waiting. I hope to see you. Bai bai."

And in the next second he was away.

"Bai bai."

Aiji was stunned. One of the most popular boys from school invited him, the school looser, to his friends' house for band practice!

He even gave him a new name!

Aiji!

He thought about it. In some way he liked the new name. Aiji, that sounded good.

This Jun seemed to be very honest, Aiji felt, that he really meant, what he said.

'Maybe I should go to the practice. I would be able to play in a band again and maybe I'll find new friends. I just had to think positive! He won't make fun of me like others did, will he? I'll find new friends...'

He walked home to decide what to do. The face of a smiling guitarist swirling around in his mind.

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'Ok, guitar in guitar case, my clothes are ok, my look,' he looked in the mirror,' as well.'

He sighted.

"I can't change my appearance, can I? So I had to try my best, ne?"

His mirror image didn't give him an answer so he turned around; leaving for this chance a really sweet person has given him.

He didn't know why, but this image of a certain guitarist let him smile and so he went with a big smile into the kitchen to drink something before he went to the practice.

He had a glass of Cola in his hand when his older brother stormed into the room.

"Catch it lil' brother! "

A hard ball flow directly in direction of his head.

It were only seconds, but for Aiji everything went in slow motion. How his glasses felt down on the ground to splitter into thousand pieces the same as his glass of Cola. But only the glass, because the Cola was all over his pullover.

He stared at his brother, first shocked, but than his anger raised up.

"How could you do that? Didn't you see I had a glass in my hand? What should I wear now? All my other pullovers are in laundry and what is with my glasses? You will pay them! I, I have a meeting in, in few minutes..."

The last words were merely a whisper, he sobbed and felt tears raising up. His brother was shocked, he had never seen Shinji acting like that. He was really sorry, he didn't want to upset his little brother.

'What, what can I wear now?' he just thought when he turned to leave the kitchen.

"Um, gomen, gomen nasai Shin-chan, I don't want that, really! Tabun, tabun you could wear something from me and, and you have contact lenses. I know you don't like wearing them, but for today it will be Ok, ne?"

Aiji looked up, his brother was really serious and so he nodded following his brother into his room.

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"What was the name of the boy you invited again, Jun-kun?"

"Aiji! You will see, he's great! And our guitar play went really well!"

"Hm, what you say. For now we start practice until this guy..."

A knock on the door interfered Kirito's speech and everyone turned to it.

"... arrives. Please feel free to enter the room! We don't bite!"

"As you say!" came a quiet whisper from the bassist formally known as Kirito's brother.

But Kirito seemed to have really good ears, because in the next moment Kohta tried hard to hide behind Takeo to escape his brother.

"What did you say?"

"Um, excuse me?"

A unsteady voice catch Kirito's attention, only to catch his breath in the next second. The other boys had their eyes on the newcomer with equal reaction, except Jun who just smiled wide.

"Don't mention them. It's normal sibling stuff, you know? Great that you make it, Aiji-kun!"

Aiji smiled too, he didn't know why, but it was the only thing he was able to do, whenever Jun smiled.

Kirito and the rest of the band came back to normal. After all, this was just a normal boy being tall, slender, with blond hair and with a damned cute charisma.

"Um, yeah, nice to meet you. I'm Kirito, this is Takeo, Kohta, my 'lovely' brother and Jun you already know!"

"Un, since today!"

Jun blushed a bit remembering their first meeting. He was afraid the other boy had realized his studying him.

"Ok, now we know each other's names, maybe we can hear your playing Jun was so exited about!"

Jun blushed harder.

'Calm down, calm down, if you are red like a tomato, everyone will know it or worse ... He will know it!'

"Yeah ok, maybe I play an old song from my former band."

Kirito nodded and Aiji opened his guitar case, took his guitar and put the plug into one of the amplifier.

He closed his eyes like in the music store, only concentrating on the music and began to play.

He lost himself and continued his playing, this time not stopping, when a second guitar joined his playing, followed by drums and a bass.

Aiji finished the song and opened his eyes searching for Kirito's.

"'guess Jun was right, you're really good! You have the job, if you want, of cause!"

"It, it would be great to be in your band!"

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"Jun, be honest, that was not selfless, you like the boy, don't you?"

Jun didn't say a word, but blushed hard, again.

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"Wow, nice!"

"Kakkoi!"

"I want this guy!"

Whistles came from almost everyone and everywhere you could hear the same question:

"Who is that guy?"

Jun had to smile again, he walked at Aiji 's side. He was so happy since he found out that Aiji lived in the same street like him. They had walked home together and in the morning they came together to school.

He looked in some ways like yesterday, same hairstyle, again without glasses, but with other clothes. Jun had to look at him every single minute. He was just kawaii and the pupils had the same opinion. Again he heard this question: "Who is that guy?"

He turned to the girl and looked at her answering:

"His name is Aiji."

"What?"

"Formally known as Mizui Shinji."

She was stunned like everyone around.

"No way!"

"Wow, that's great. Your family has a swimming pool. A swimming pool just for us!"

Kirito and the other boys were really surprised when Aiji made the suggestion not to celebrate his band joining in a bar but in his family's house. The chance of a lonely swimming pool was to tempting for everyone.

Kirito, Kohta and Takeo were already swimming and enjoying the water. Jun wanted to wait till Aiji came back with some drinks.

"And here came your glasses of Cola."

Jun stared at him, unable to understand the words from Aiji's mouth. He saw that his lips were moving, but he wasn't able to understand him. He was just able to admire this boy. He was really thin, but it suited him very well, with this long legs and arms.

Jun realized a sudden, unwelcome reaction of his body and he knew he had only one chance to escape this awkward situation: the water!

Soon his head was under water, he had to cool down!

But it wasn't easy, especially in the moment, Aiji slipped into the pool and began to swim. He seemed to be in his element. Jun was sure never seeing someone locking so beautiful and with so much grace at swimming like Aiji.

Kohta started a swimming competition, but the bassist had no chance against the guitarist, who practiced nearly every day. He lost every battle and the others had to laugh hard.

"My brother looses again against YOUR Aiji-kun. He should give up!", Kirito said secretly.

Jun nodded, he hadn't realized that Kirito was at his side. He had only eyes for HIS sweet Aiji-kun.

'Stop, what I'm thinking? Mine? And didn't say Kirito equal things?'

He turned to Kirito who grinned at him sheepishly.

"What do you mean with MY Aiji? He isn't mine! I'm not interested..."

Kirito seemed to try hard not to giggle. But then he broke out, tears in his eyes. When

he calmed he patted Jun's shoulder.

"Always when he's around your eyes gloom, bright like stars and your body reactions ...! Someone is hot! Maybe you two need to be alone. I saw a sauna..."

"Kirito!"

He swam away, laughing. What was Kirito thinking about him? Was it that obvious, that he fell for the blond boy? But to be in a sauna, hot and sweating, a nice thought!

"What are you thinking about?"

"The sauna!"

Jun's heartbeat stopped and again Aiji was the reason. He told him! Aiji was beside him and asked a question and he told him. Jun was happy, that he didn't tell something else. But now he had to deal with it.

"We have one. Do you want to use it? I planned to use it after you gone, but if you want, we can go now. I mean, together it will be more fun!"

Jun was only able to nod. Together, alone, in a room 7x7 feet. Kami-sama, he didn't need a sauna to became hot.

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Sweat ran along the fine curves of this perfect body. From his forehead over his so special nose to his chest, from his cheeks along his neck to his collarbone to meet the others on his chest.

Oh how he wanted to be one of them!

Feeling this heated skin under his touch. How he longed for it...

A drop of sweat rested at his lips. How he wished to be in its position...

How he thanked Kami-sama for the gobbled towel around his hips...

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Aiji collapsed on his stomach on one of the loungers around the pool after cooling down in the pool always followed by a pair of dark eyes. He stretched a bit groaning in discomfort.

"Do you need a massage?" Jun asked mumbling already being in the pool resting his arms on the edge.

"Would be great!"

Jun didn't know what overcame him, but it was to late. His body didn't follow his

orders anymore being alone with Aiji.

He climbed out of the water drying his wet skin.

Searching for a possibility to sit, he pulled one of loungers beside Aiji's.

He looked down to Aiji.

Aiji's eyes were closed, he seemed half asleep.

His skin was still red caused from visiting the cool water of the pool after the heat of the sauna and he was still wet.

The drops ran along this smooth, creamy white skin.

Jun's breath became quicker.

He should touch him, alone, half naked?

Jun was near to leave, when a deep voice hold him back.

"Jun, are you there anymore?"

"Uhm, yeah I'm here. I wanted to give you a massage, remember?

Aiji turned his head to face the other guitarist and gave him a smile.

"It would really help me!"

"Yeah, now lay down again or I can't start!"

Aiji followed Jun's command, laid down again and soon he felt fingers on his back, slowly trying to chase the pain away.

But soon Jun stopped.

"I can't continue like this! I had to sit somehow different!"

He stood up to think over it till he took his' courage into both hands.

Placing one leg at every side of Aiji sitting down on his legs, he continued the massage.

'Kami-sama I can feel him under me, he's so cute, so, so...'

He couldn't continued to think, he just wanted to stay like this feeling that lovely body under him. Touching, feeling, kissing.

He wanted it so badly, he longed for it, he couldn't resist.

'Just do it!' A inner voice told him.

Jun leaned down, lips inches away from this lovely neck, he trembled.

'No! I can't!'

He sat up straight, trying to calm himself down, when he realized that Aiji turned over, lying on his back, facing him.

They looked into each others eyes and both felt it, felt how their breath went quicker, felt each others desire.

Aiji slowly moved up, ran his hand over Jun's chest to his neck pulling him down on him.

Again Jun's lips were just inches away, but this time he closed the distance, finally meeting the other ones skin, feeling this wonderful lips on his own. Feeling how a tongue darted out to slip into his mouth.

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**Epilogue** 

The next day

"Oh they looked so cute together!"

"Really meant for each other!"

Everyone stared at the new found couple, which wasn't able to separate from the other ones presence.

"And Aiji, he looks so happy, so good, so kawaii!"

"He really turned from a ugly duckling into a beautiful swan..."

"Yeah, he's like the ugly duck," the auburn haired girl said.

"Like what?" the redhead beside her asked.

"Like the ugly duckling. It's a fairy tale about a duck that turned into the most beautiful swan."

~owari~

\* Ijime: teasing in a very bad way, sometimes it's really psycho terror

Good? Bad? Please tell me!!!