

## You Want To What?

**Author:** Beren ([Beren@dtwins.co.uk](mailto:Beren@dtwins.co.uk)) (beren\_writes at LJ)

**Website:** <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

**Fandom:** Jrock

**Pairing:** Gackt/Hyde

**Rating:** PG

**Disclaimer:** Hyde and Gackt are real, this isn't and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of either of them (more's the pity :)).

**Warnings:** none

**Summary:** Humour - Gackt has made an announcement and it fills Hyde with a familiar feeling of dread.

**Author's Notes:**

**Word count:** 2,225

"You want to what?"

Hyde stared at his lover and tried to decide if he had heard what he really thought he'd heard.

"I want to be a rock star," Gackt repeated with a bright smile.

Yep, he had heard what he had thought he'd heard and the second time didn't make it any less outrageous. It had been a nice quiet couple of decades and those words really did not bode well for it continuing to be as relaxing.

"You're a vampire," he said bluntly, hoping to cut this idea off before it started, but he knew he was probably wasting his time, "you do not want to be a rock star."

"Yes I do," Gackt said and sat down on the bed next to him, "I've been thinking about it."

Hyde almost buried his head under the pillow and refused to come out, but that was unlikely to stop his lover and would probably be counter productive so he stayed put.

"Why?"

Being outright negative would just drive Gackt into a snit fit that would make his lover even more set on his course of action, so he prayed that a loophole would present itself. When Gackt got an idea into his head it was almost impossible to shift it.

"Because I haven't done it before and I'm bored," Gackt replied in a perfectly reasonable tone that sent shots of alarm through Hyde.

'I'm bored' were possibly the two words that had landed them in more trouble over the centuries than any others. When Hyde had found an almost dead young man in a ditch nearly four hundred and fifty years ago and felt the spark that meant he could bring the poor unfortunate back from death, he had never imagined what he was letting himself in for. To say that his existence had been more exciting since he had made Gackt was somewhat of an understatement and almost every near miss, reckless escape and move from where they had been living at whichever point in time had been caused by those two little words.

"I thought you'd got over your fascination with fame after the running a country thing," Hyde tried a different tack. "Remember the whole not aging and people asking questions problem?"

Gackt patted him on the shoulder in a condescending manner that made him roll his eyes and wish he hadn't bothered to wake up that evening.

"This has nothing to do with fame," Hyde just gave his lover a look for that comment, "oh, ok, maybe a bit, but it's more the music I'm interested in."

"You've done the travelling musician thing," Hyde pointed out.

Gackt pouted at him and he felt his resolve begin to crumble; it was so unfair that his lover had him wrapped so neatly around his little finger.

"That was three hundred years ago," Gackt said, still pouting, "and making music then was nothing like it is now. I want electric guitars and drums and lights and screaming fans."

There was a glint in Gackt's eerie blue eyes that Hyde knew far too well; he was doomed. Gackt did have musical talent, in fact Gackt had talent in just about anything he tried; it was one of the things that kept his lover so fascinating to Hyde. Life was rarely monotonous with Gackt around, even if his plans were less grand than the current one.

"And exactly how were you thinking of becoming a rock star?" Hyde knew he was going to regret the question, but he couldn't help it.

He was rewarded with a beautiful smile from Gackt that almost made the pit of dread in his stomach disappear, but not quite.

"I have it all planned," Gackt said and stood up to pick something up off the table from across the room.

Hyde found himself handed a rolled up piece of paper and he shifted from where he had been lying on his front reading a book so that he could unroll the scroll. What he found rather made him stop and stare at his lover; there was an incredibly detailed diagram with lots of dates that filled the entire paper. When Gackt set his mind to something he did so with a passion that often amazed Hyde and it seemed that unless there was a major disaster there was a musical career in his lover's future.

"Explain," he said, knowing that it was pointless to resist.

Gackt was a bit like a Tsunami; those around him tended to end up swept along whether they liked it or not.

"Well it starts next week," Gackt said cheerfully and did not seem to notice that Hyde almost banged his head against the wall at the news. "Some of the young ones have a band called Jerusalem's Rod or was that Kiddies Bombs; they're changing their name or something, and you're going to join them as a guitarist on Monday."

Hyde was used to these explanations and was about to hum and nod as if he actually had a say in the matter when it caught up with him what Gackt had actually said.

"Me?" he asked in a rather strangled tone. "You're the one who wants to be a rock star."

"But it would be no fun without you," Gackt said as if that explained everything, "and you play beautifully. I won't let you waste away in obscurity any more. There's a bassist called Tetsu who's supposedly looking for people for a new band and we're going to make sure he recruits you. The young ones are only playing around, but this Tetsu is serious."

"But I don't like lots of people," Hyde pointed out in what he thought was a reasonable way.

He might be nearly a thousand years old, but he preferred the quiet life and he had a shy streak that was really ridiculous in someone his age.

"You'll love it," Gackt promised him faithfully in a way that almost made him believe it. "When the audience starts clapping there's no feeling like it."

It occurred to Hyde that Gackt seemed to know what he was talking about and it didn't seem to be a long held memory; his lover was too excited for that.

"You've done it," he said and quickly catalogued when Gackt could have been off playing with the younger vampires, "last Friday," he concluded as he realised that was the only time that Gackt had been away long enough.

"It was wonderful," Gackt said and the way his face lit up Hyde knew that his lover was serious.

"Just guitar, right?" Hyde wanted to make sure he had the facts straight.

He had played various instruments throughout his life and Gackt assured him he wasn't terrible, but he really didn't think he was ready to be in a band.

"Of course," Gackt replied in a manner that sent alarm bells ringing in Hyde's head, he was about to try and wrangle the truth from his lover when the chance was taken away, "and in a couple of years I'm going to make a grand entrance."

"Why do I have to do it first?" Hyde asked and a small part of his brain realised he had been sidetracked, but the only way to understand the peculiar workings of Gackt's brain was to ask so he didn't have much choice.

"Because it would look suspicious if we both popped up at the same time and became friends; we do that in another few years, by the way," Gackt said as if it was obvious and pointed to a note that said 'Gackt and Hyde meet for the first time'. "We're both going to be huge so no one can suspect we come from the same place; mortals will never make the connection if we wait a couple of years. Of course we'll still be shagging like bunnies in secret."

Vampires tended to plan in years rather than months and weeks because time meant very little to them so that wasn't really what was bothering Hyde.

"But why me first?" he reiterated his question and made sure to emphasise it so that Gackt got the message.

"Because you're the oldest," his lover responded and Hyde waited for more.

After a couple of seconds he realised that that was in fact the whole explanation.

"That's not a reason," he said, a little exasperated with Gackt. "Why do I have to do this at all? I could just tag along with you and stay in the background."

The pout appeared again and Hyde rubbed his eyes in an attempt not to see it.

"You'll love it, I know you will," Gackt said in a pleading tone; "have I ever pushed you into something you didn't enjoy?"

Hyde opened his mouth to reply that of course Gackt had as he catalogued their many adventures in his head and then he shut it again. There had been some dicey moments, some downright dangerous times and more than one close shave, but he couldn't actually say he had not enjoyed every one. If he'd been mortal he would have gone grey overnight at some of the things Gackt had dragged them into over the years, but it had been exciting.

"No," he finally admitted defeat and Gackt lent forward and kissed him on the nose.

"If you hate it I'll let you quit," his lover said in a very sweet voice, "if you promise to give it a year."

Looking into Gackt's eyes Hyde knew his lover meant it so he finally nodded.

"Okay," he agreed; he knew he would lose anyway so he gave in gracefully, "but just a year."

"You'll be addicted," Gackt promised with a certainty that worried Hyde, but it was too late to back out now.

It then occurred to Hyde that there were still many questions that needed answering.

"But what about being a vampire?" he asked as so many scenarios made it into his head. "Sooner or later someone will notice something odd."

"That's why I'm going to announce the truth to the world."

Hyde was sure his hearing was going; he could not possibly have heard what he thought he did.

"Say that again," he said, praying that he was having a moment of delusion.

"I'm going to tell the world the truth," Gackt said as if it was nothing.

There was not really any way to describe what Hyde was feeling and he was not sure he could express what those words did to him if he tried.

"Last time you told someone you were a vampire I was nearly burned alive," he said, and he was sure his voice had to be an octave higher than usual.

"When with you stop holding that against me?" Gackt said in what could only be described as a petulant tone.

Hyde just about managed to resist the urge to beat his lover over the head with the nearest blunt object, or possibly his bare hands if nothing was in reach.

"When you stop saying things like 'I'm going to tell the world the truth'," he said as if talking to a child. "We're vampires, people are afraid of us."

"They also don't believe in us," Gackt pointed out seemingly over his fit of pique and back to the explaining. "Last time I was wrong, I'm sorry, I admit that, but we're nearly in the twenty first century; it'll just be an image. If I claim to be a vampire no one will actually think I am one and if anyone spots anything they'll think it's me playing a role."

Hyde refused to be mollified.

"What about me?" he asked in a very pointed tone.

"You're not as odd as me," Gackt said almost offhandedly, "you'll be fine."

Well that much was true, but that really wasn't the point.

"I have no past," Hyde said, crossing his arms and digging in his heels for once, "this isn't some stupid credit check; people will try and pick apart our lives to find out everything."

"Already arranged," Gackt said with a small smile of victory, "one of the old families will pretend to be yours and another one mine; I even have a sob story or two ready to leak to the press."

His head was beginning to ache as Hyde tried to comprehend just what Gackt was suggesting.

"You're insane," he said eventually, "you do realise that?"

"Of course," his lover said cheerfully, "but you love me anyway."

All Hyde could do was shake his head in resignation as Gackt stood up again.

"You read that, lover," Gackt said as he wandered towards the other room, "and if there's anything you hate we can talk about it. It'll be fun, promise."

Hyde watched as his lover left the room and than finally looked back down at Gackt's detailed plan.

"Make movie with Hyde," he read as his eye fell on one entry and he shook his head again.

Looking at the beginning he read a little of his timeline, which was nowhere near as detailed as the one Gackt had written from himself thank heavens, but it was detailed enough. When he saw one entry he found himself climbing off the bed just about ready to strangle his lover.

"Gackt," he shouted after his vanished companion, "what the hell's this about me getting married. I'm gay, I've been gay for nine hundred and ninety eight years and there is no way I'm changing now, not even if you ask me nicely."

**The End**