Black Beans vs. Coffee Avenue

By : tht1bakaauthor

WARNING!!THIS IS A BOY'S LOVE NOVEL. IF YOU DON'T LIKE YAOI (GAY RELATIONSHIPS) THEN PLEASE DON'T READ. THANK YOU. (I took this so here is the link from the person I'm using this from) ha ha, thank you random stranger. http://www.booksie.com/gay_and_lesbian/novel/yuki_chloe/student-x-teacher/chapter/1#lhDQpgXgeCoHLYLu.99 Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the authorâ s imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Isao Goya is the singer, in a Japanese inspired visual kei band, called "Coffee Avenue". They were gaining success. However were elated when Seiji Choshi the singer in the biggest rock band in Japan, called asking to do a duo with the band. They knew that this was the break they needed, but what happens when Seiji begins hitting on Isao? What about Seiji's secret lover? Will he loose face?

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Black Beans vs. Coffee Avenue : Chapter 1

I was elated to work with Seiji. He was one of the current big names in the music industry. Everyone listened to "Black beans". He is coming all the way from Shinjuku, Tokyo (Japan) to visit me. I started a band because I was inspired by Seiji. I first heard about his band when, I visited my family in Osaka. I then found some of my friends who could play instruments and formed, "Coffee Avenue".

My band has grown in popularity. I was amazed and for the first time truly happy. I couldn't believe all the media we were receiving. So many major recording labels wanted us. I was at first a tad overwhelmed, but wouldn't you? It is like a dream come true, especially when I gained face in Japan. I was blown away as you may tell. I thought that it was going to get just as good as it could, then Seiji calls me. He wanted to work with me and have our two bands do a duo.

Out of all the bands there are he chose ours. I was scared that I was dreaming, and I would wake. It took me so long to realize it wasn't infact a dream, but reality. I was glad; we're going to gain so much publicity. I was more than willing to board a plane that night. I am still in a state of pure shock, yet complete bliss. I worked harder with my band to create music. I wanted everything to be perfect, even if that was a silly idea. I still tried and I had so much fun and still am.

I remembered the day when my friends, and I first decided that'd we pursue our dream. "Isao! Isao! Hey wake up!" Junichi punched my shoulder. My head snapped up and I glared into his laughing face. He joked, "Sleeping beauty has finally awakened." I heard from the drivers seat, Masaru. We were on our way to Las Vegas. The air felt nice against my face. Kou poked Rokuro's cheek who was sitting in the passengers seat. He burst into a fit of laughter, Rokuro asked, "Kou are you drunk, again?"

Kou smiled and then pinched Junichi. "Hey pinch Rokuro! He is the one who insulted you!" Junichi wailed, "Calm down. The lights are so amazing." I said Junichi smiled and leaned onto my shoulder. He pulled the blanket around him. "It's a bit cool," Junichi, explained I smiled.

Junichi is very sweet and adorable. He closed his eyes, "Hey, Isao?" He waited for me to reply, before continuing, "What were you dreaming of?" I tilted my head, "You want to know my dreams?" He gently pushed my shoulder, "Of course you sounded so happy. Plus you even said my name, twice!" I laughed and replied, "Sorry I don't remember." But in truth I did, but I was too ashamed, to tell him what it was about. "Hey I like that song," Kou whined "Why can't we be friends?" Kou smiled at me and I said, "Yes."

"I like that song, too," Junichi murmured thoughtfully. He nuzzled closer to me. Junichi whispered, "So Isao?" I pinched his cheek. "We're almost there!" I smiled in relief, "About time it is so crowded in here, Masaru!" I heard him cough, "Sorry" I added, "You and your drums!" Masaru replied, "But we can't play without me!" I nodded saying, "That is true."

We're heading to a new addition to Las Vegas. It was an impressive hotel called, "Centric Lovers." It is the meeting place we all decided on. Seiji and his band will be there waiting, and both of us will be doing separate performances. I could feel the anticipation build. We'd all knew going to the agreed meeting place, and working with Black Beans would change our lives dramatically.

My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I pulled it out. "Oh Seiji sent me a message!" I opened the text and read; "When you arrive meet us in the bar." Everything went smoothly and we finally met up. We didn't have to do an introduction. We already knew each other not personally, but we still did. I sat with Seiji simply overwhelmed by just being in his presence. "I believe I've seen you before," Seiji said softly.

"Me?" I asked pointing to myself. I was taken back by his sudden change in tone. Nobody seemed to notice except, Ichirou. Auden also seemed to be paying a little to much attention. I pretended not to notice. "Where?" I asked Seiji pressed his index finger to his bottom lip. "I don't really remember, but I feel like I've seen you before."

I smiled a little flattered by him. "You must have confused someone else for me," I laughed "No. I swear I've seen you before." I was a little nervous at how intense Seiji became. "Well, perhaps we met in a past life." Seiji grinned and suggested, "Or perhaps we're soul mates." My cheeks turned bright tomato red. He gently ran his hand along my cheek.

"So cute," He hummed I pried my eyes off him to the rest. They were all staring silently at us. I was being hit on my Seiji and we had just met! I turned brighter and squawked, "So who is thirsty?" I wanted to get everyone on a more normal track, again. I felt light and fluttery. I admit I love Seiji Choshi but not like this. He is my idol, and somebody I look up too. Seiji scooted closer to me, "So Isao do you have anybody you're seeing?"

I was beginning to feel anxious. I excused myself, and headed to my room. Later the rest joined me. Rokuro and Masaru were grinning. "Oh Seiji was hitting on you!" I glared at them, "Was not!" Kou came over to me, "You do have very feminine features." I sighed, "He rubbed my thigh" Masaru toppled over laughing. "I bet you liked it," he joked I sighed, "And so what if I did?"

"I will not be sleeping next to you, tonight," Masaru said. I laughed Junichi sat next to me. He was pouting, "How could you let him touch you?" I stared, at Junichi curiously was he jealous? "You just let him touch you? How could you? Why didn't you stop him from hitting on you? You seemed to have been disturbed, yet you sat there! WHY DIDN'T YOU DO ANYTHING?" Junichi chided, swinging his arms around in rage.

I hugged him and said, "Don't worry he's joking." I leaned back and added as an after thought, "Teasing me." Junichi looked unconvinced, "He didn't seem to be joking. He looked so serious and he rubbed against you." I laughed and focused our attention on the view. I stated, "We got a fantastic room with a beautiful view."

Rokuro jumped up and down on one of the beds. "Sure did," Rokuro exclaimed falling on to his back. "I heard Seiji got a separate room from the others." I felt my heart begin to race. "W-why?" I stuttered Masaru replied, "One, he's rich and two he needs a separate room for you and him." I threw a pillow at Masaru's head. He caught it and giggled like a girl. I rolled onto my back and stared out the window. "I can't imagine being alone. I love you guys too much!"

Masaru laughed harder, "Hey! Not like that! I like you guys, like family. You're all my brothers." Junichi rested his head on my stomach. I heard a knock at the door, "Yes?" Kou jumped up and hurried to the door. I felt my stomach drop as I heard Seiji's voice. "Sorry to bother you," Seiji said apologetically, "But I'd like to talk to Isao." I sat up Junichi moved away, and I slid off the bed. I walked over to Seiji he smiled and stepped back.

I was very nervous, but I came anyways. I closed the door Seiji smiled happily. "I wanted to apologize for my earlier actions," he said. I followed him down the hall, "Seiji may I ask you a personal question?" Seiji looked slightly apprehensive and asked warily, "So. What is your preference in love?" Seiji didn't answer at first, "Well I likeâ ¦Both men and womenâ ¦" I was stunned I stared at him with my mouth open.

I didn't think that he would be bi-sexual. He grabbed my hand, and pulled my along behind him. I stumbled over my feet. He stopped at a door, and pulled out a key. He opened the door, and led me inside. I was hesitant, but I managed to enter after a few seconds. The lights lit up and I heard the door shut. I swore I heard the locks. I turned around and Seiji had a weird expression. He smiled wider, and took a step closer.

My heart started to race, and the blood pulsed through my body. I took a small step back. He walked straight at me and grabbed my arms. He steered me towards the wall. My back slammed against the cool floor. Seiji pinned me under him, "Now you can't escape." He had an evil smile on his face. I was able to struggle out from under him. He watched me as I tried to open the door. So I had heard the locks as he trapped me in.

He came over and pinned me against the wall. I was beyond blown away by Seiji pure aggressive sexual manner. He dimmed the lights, "Seiji what are you doing?"

Chapter 2

I stared at Seiji as if I were offended. He didn't seem to listen to me. "Isao to be honest I wanted to meet you because you're so beautiful your looks, personality and attitude." I shook my head and tried to escape. "Seiji stop!" He didn't seem affected by my attempts to evade him. I tried pushing past him, but gave up eventually. He pressed his forehead against mine, "Isao."

I wished Junichi would've followed me. Junichi had the qualities of a stalker. He is great at tracking people. He moves like a ghost. I sighed, why didn't Rokuro or Masaru stop me? How could Masaru be right for once? Auden seemed effected about Seiji's clear flirtatious manner. She had a zealous gleam in her eyes. I'd have to use my brain to slip out of this. I'm sure I would think of something.

I was calculating, what to do next when, Seiji kissed me! He kissed me! "W-what why'd you do that?" He was so persistent and, unrelenting. It was almost, well "almost" was a lie. It was very and I stress *very* unnerving. I could feel my legs beginning to give out.

I slumped over towards Seiji. He caught me and supported my weight. "You seem more effected then you're letting on," he stated. I pleaded once again, "Seiji please stop," he lifted me into his arms. I just went limp, I planned to let him trust me, and then run.

I looked over at the bathroom door. I could lock myself in there for a while. I was laid flat on my back, and Seiji crawled above me. He stroked my cheek once more. "You're so adorable," he cooed leaning in, and kissing my cheek. I asked, "May I go to the bathroom?" Seiji face went flat. Then he sat back, and started laughing. He nodded, and fell onto his back. He seemed so happy, he seemed so much happier, than I have ever seen him. I was relieved to shut the door I quickly locked it. I pulled out my phone and sent a text to Junichi.

He replied back, I sighed happily; he was coming to rescue me. I unwillingly approached the door. My hand dwelled on the doorknob for a while. I jumped back when Seiji opened the door. He must have unlocked or maybe the lock didn't latch. He cupped my face in his hands. He pinched my nose, before letting his hands rest at his sides. "Alright, Isao. For now I'll let you go. But, I won't next time." I was glad to hear that he'd let me go. I didn't know what to do, or say. I nodded, and said grateful, "Thank you Seiji." He grabbed my arm as I walked past, and hugged me. It was a tight, and intense hug. He whispered against my ear, "But remember there won't be a next time. Also I'm going to confiscate your cell phone if we are ever alone again."

I hurried out of the door. It swung open and nearly knocked Junichi over. He had such a worried expression. He came over to me and grabbed my face. He turned it over in his hands, and began checking around my neck. I inquired, "What?" his face relaxed, "Making sure your hickey, free." I all but ran back to our room. I sat on my bed and thought about the next few months. I would have to put up with Seiji attempts to seduce me. Either that or loose the opportunity to become huge in Japan.

Seiji could help me, and my band. I knew that everybody was exited to work with Seiji. I stared off into the vigorous sprawling city below. I prayed that I would be able to avoid being attacked by Seiji, again. I hope he was drunk because if not I'm in trouble. The morning brought with it a sense of new determination. We were going to preform in the auditorium of the hotel. I was ready we all had practiced hard. We'd have to leave early to have our hair and make-up, done.

The day seemed to rush by, and before we knew it. We were back on stage playing for an audience. We played some of our more popular songs such as, "Monster", "Mr. Freeze", and "Missed". It felt great to be performing again. The crowd was enraptured, and enthusiastic. It was amazing sweat dripped down from my

face. I wiped it away and took a bow. We would be staying in Vegas for a week, and would perform every night. We'd be heading to Japan to begin to do farther promoting of my band. We haven't released information yet. We plan to soon, but not until we actually get to Japan.

I stepped back stage. It was a wonderful performance. I was glad to escape to the bar. I did have a wee bit of a drinking problem. I liked, drinking until I was drunk. I felt like, if you didn't then it was pointless. I suppose you can say I have a warped view of the world. I sipped on my drink, and stared off into space. I had not noticed that Ichirou was sitting next to me. I stared at him before saying, "Hey. You're Ichirou!" He smiled and inclined his head.

Ichirou I would have to say is very silent, mysterious, and wise. He is smart and he's easy-going. Or so that is what I've seen of him. He lowered, his gaze back to whatever he was drinking. Ichirou was silent, before he apologized, "I'm sorry." I stared at him confused, not just because he was apologizing for god knows what, but he caught me off guard. He was speaking in Japanese, I don't know why, but I expected him to speak in English. Ichirou looked into my eyes. He explained, "I'm sorry about Seiji. He seems to have set his sights on you."

I sighed, "Is there any reason why he likes me?" Ichirou said, "Have you really looked in the mirror at yourself? You look like Jirou Haga. You have the same facial stature, you even act like him, and you look like his twin." I looked down and started use my straw, to play with my ice. Jirou Haga was the ex-lead guitarist, before Auden. He'd gotten extremely ill, and later died.

I remember reading about it on the band's blog. I was saddened because he was such an amazing person. I glanced at the entrance to the bar. "Did Jirou and Seiji have a romantic relationship?" Ichirou patted my arm before standing up. He looked at me, and replied, "I have to go. Don't worry if you need help just call me. Okay?"

I smiled and nodded. Later, that night I dragged along with Masaru, and Rokuro. They wanted to gamble and get blackout drunk. They got every drink you can think of. Cheap and expensive... I was a little uptight at first, but then I relaxed, and drank also. It felt good to let go. I was barely able to walk in a straight line. I kept falling down, but each time I did I'd burst into laughter. Masaru and Rokuro tried dragging me out, but I refused. So they ditched me eventually. Several people approached me... I thought it was funny when men came up to me. They'd always hit on me, but get pissed when I'd mention the fact that I have a penis.

I managed to get myself to a chair, and sat. I sighed, and closed my eyes in content. I heard somebody take the seat to my right. I thought, that it was perhaps, somebody wanting my number. I glared over at them, "Seiji?" He waved and said, "I heard that you were drunk and would need a way back to the hotel." I was going to choke Masaru when I saw him, next.

"I'm not that d-drunk," I slurred his eyes lit up. I narrowed my eyes, "I can't let you get lost. I'll be taking you back, now." I shook my head in protest, but he had already started pulling me to my feet. I went limp trying to make it difficult, for him. He then lifted me into his arms, like a child. I slapped his face a few times. He didn't seem too bothered. He somehow managed to restrain me. I felt weak, and defenseless being handled, like this. He ignored all the stares we got. I ducked my head, shielding my face in his chest. He released my hands so he could stroke my face. I looked up to watch his face, intrigued.

His face was soft and caring. His eyes gentle, I blushed, and adverted my gaze. It was taking awhile to get back home. I was feeling drowsy. My eyes would flutter shut. I couldn't keep my eyes open. I felt Seiji pull my head closer to him. He ran his fingers through my hair. It wasn't bad at the moment. I was beginning to feel depressed.

My conversation, with Ichirou had affected me. It was short, but it was full of meaning. But, I learned quickly that Ichirou was just like that. He didn't, have to tell you something directly for you to understand the message. I woke to something warm being laid on my forehead. I coped to open my eyes. I peered into Seiji's nearly black eyes. He smiled, "I didn't expect you to wake so soon. Are you feeling ill?"

I shook my head, but pain shot through my body. I flinched Seiji gave me a sympathetic look. "Please stay still," he chided kindly, but firmly. I looked around at my surroundings, "Am I in your room?" He didn't reply he fetched me a glass of water. He helped me into a sitting position. "Yes you're in my room," he cooed, "But, you're safeâ ¦" He pressed the pills into my mouth and forced be to swallow. He set the glass down. He slid closer to me, "You should be carful. Don't you realize how lovable you are? You have the face of an angel. You need to proceed with caution."

I leaned back ready to fall asleep, again. He rubbed my forehead and began to sing to me. There was a question burning inside of myself. I felt it building to my tongue, but I kept silent. I closed my eyes, "Isao?" I opened my eyes Seiji was hovering over me. "You do remember what I said, correct?" My cheeks were flamed instantly. I lied, "No." Seiji smirked and kissed my lips.

"I'm sure you do. Why else would you blush like that?" He asked I gently brought my fingers to my lips. "Seiji why are you interested in m-me?" He stroked my hand and kissed my knuckles. "You remind, me of someone who was special to me," his eyes began to water. He didn't talk for a few minutes. He returned his gaze to mine. "Isao, do you know who I'm talking about?" I didn't want to mention that I did. He grabbed my arm, and yelled, "Tell me whether you do or not!"

I cowered away closing my eyes. Seiji sat down on me pinning me to the bed. "Say it! Please, tell me if you know! I need to know that you understand!" I could feel myself starting to cry. I felt Seiji's heartbreak, sorrow, and pain. I shoved my face into the bed. Seiji turned my face towards him. He kept my head firmly in place. He used his thumb to wipe at the tears.

"Isao," he crooned at first then pleads, "Please?" I could feel the tension. I wasn't sure telling him was going to help. He pressed his forehead to mine, and locked his gaze with mine. "Please Seiji," he begged; I could feel my resolve disappearing. "I doâ ¦ I figured at first, but then I had a talk with Ichirou." Seiji exhaled, his breath was overly sweet. "Then if you do tell me," he demanded. I was slightly scared, but I opened my mouth, and said.

Chapter 3

"Jirou," Seiji sighed and kissed me, again. "You are like him in many ways. I know I've barely been around you, but you remind me of him. I sense him in you. You have his spirit, and I am attracted to that." I felt exposed to his attacks. He closed his eyes and then suddenly rolled onto his back. I glanced at him before sitting up. He laughed softly, and gave me a carefree slap.

"Seiji were you, and Jirou?" I stopped unable to continue. He sat up, and nodded, "We were very close. He had feelings for me for such a long time. I hadn't known that. But, then again I most likely ignored it. I suppose I was in denial. I didn't know what I wanted exactly. I tried focusing on women. I would date well, not really date." He paused, and began to laugh to himself. He glanced at the clock on the wall. "I knew that he wanted to be with me. I had always had a crush on him. Jirou was carefree and easy to be with."

I listened, as Seiji, reminisced. He was so vacant, like he wasn't here, but with Jirou, again. "It was really rainy the day Jirou confessed. I took as a bad omen, and refused. I must've hurt him." Seiji took a deep breath, "He started shaking and he started to sob. He turned, and ran off. Ichirou had known all along. He had known for years. Jirou never once told me, but he left obvious hints. I was just too stupid to pick up on them, at first."

"I felt bad so I ran after him. I was worried, because, he had been sick. I didn't want him running around in the cold without a coat. He had always been so melodramatic. But, if he hadn't been that wouldn't have made him, him." Seiji's eyes began to water. "I couldn't find him, and I didn't know where to go. I was completely terrified he'd get hurt. He isn't healthy, and I knew he shouldn't be running around. I gave up, and went home after hours of searching. I was sure Ichirou was pissed with me. Ichirou really loves Jirou. He considers him to be his son. I thought that was a little weird."

"But, now I understand, yet I viewed him in a different light. I did return homeâ ¦ That night I felt like a failure. I turned my back on Jirou. He had let me live with him when my parents died. I had betrayed him. I so badly wanted to take my own life. I was tempted to, and would have. If Jirou hadn't remembered where my spare key was. He had ran straight to my house. He was going to beg me to be with him. I admit that begging is sad. But, if you truly loved somebody begging wasn't isn't that humiliating."

I watched, as Seiji twirled, a ring around his index finger. "Did Jirou give you that ring?" I asked Seiji nodded, "He gave it to me before he died." I stared off dejectedly. "Jirou had always had a grip on my heart. One that is still there... He left such an impression. He lit up my life in ways I couldn't have imagined. I messed up when I didn't confess, sooner. I waited until there wasn't any more time. And, now Jirou is gone. I only have his memory to remember him by."

He looked into my eyes with renewed hope. "I thought that I'd be lonely for life. I accepted that. I had the chance, and I blew it. That was until I accidently stumbled onto your blog. I did have some trouble reading it. I at first thought it was a fan of Jirou. But, I noticed that you did have some differences. Your eyes are darker than his, your hair is also lighter and you're also fatter than him." I smiled, I did have round cheeks.

Seiji pinched my cheek, and continued, "I was amazed at the resemblance. You looked like him. I was so excited; I saw that you were in a band, a rising star. You, had ways to contact the band via fan mail. I sent that message, because I wanted to have a reason to be with you. To have a chance at love, againâ ¦ I know I sound like I'm only using you. But, I swear I'm not. I want to get to know you. I knew that if I said I wanted to get into your pants that you'd refuse meeting me."

I couldn't break eye contact. Seiji leaned closer to me. He gently pressed his right hand to my chest. "I'll do anything for you as long as you'll love me," he pledged. I started breathing harder. Seiji caressed his hand

along my face. His fingers running through my hair, "I like this color. Reddish-brown and so smooth," he said. I liked, the feel of his fingers against my scalp.

Seiji sighed, "I'm going to need you to decide, soon. I am really beginning to fall for you." I watched him cautiously, "However, when you decide to be with me. I'm going to be making up for lost time." I was beet red. He kissed my cheeks, "You need to sleep, now." I stared out the window. Seiji had fallen asleep already. I felt tears slide down my cheeks. Seiji had been alone for so long. He must have been devastated, when Jirou Haga died. I felt obligated now to stay near him. But, part of me wanted to be with him. I could see his face in the dim lighting. He looked, troubled even, in his sleep. I gingerly scooted near him, and lightly rubbed his head. I ran my finger through his hair. The feel of the cool strands, loosely going between my fingers. Seiji's hand gripped mine, tightly. He held on to me firmly. I thought that perhaps he was sleeping, but he then whispered, "Isao you are like Jirou more than you can believe."

Seiji mouth felt nice against my throat. I couldn't help the small smile; Seiji came closer, pressing harder against me. I gripped his hair in tight fists. He gently took my skin in his mouth, sucking like a newborn child, on their mother's nipple. I was breathing in, and out of my mouth, heavily. Seiji rubbed himself against me. I wasn't sure; I wanted to do anything with him. I was scared, what would everyone think? I couldn't let him ruin his reputation, because of me. I felt like a nervous wreck.

Seiji's breath sent chills down my spine. His mouth was pressed to my ear, as he whispered, "Don't worry I won't hurt you." I knew that I had to stop him. I wasn't sure how, but I'd manage, somehow. He was getting more violent, and rough. He ran his hands along my chest. His skin was so soft, and his hands delicate. I could now fully, understand why girls, loved him. He was skilled, and knew exactly what he was doing.

I could feel his hands slowly heading, down. I grabbed them, and raised them. Seiji made a slightly annoyed sound. He freed his hands from my grip. He used one hand to grasp my neck, and the other was buried in the back of my head. He had clearly kissed me before, but defiantly not like this. I felt enraptured by Seiji intense fervor. I also, couldn't lie; I was aroused by Seiji's erotic demeanor.

I wanted now to be tangled up with him. But, I wasn't going to let him ruin his reputation. "Seiji," I mumbled barely audible. He ignored me, and stayed focused. "Seiji!" I whined, he stopped, and I thought that he was angry. However he kissed my cheek, and said beaming, "I was marking you." I didn't get what he meant, but then I picked up. "Seiji! No! Now everyone is going to think we had sex!" I wailed Seiji laughed, and said, "Let them."

I wanted to slap him across the face. "Hopefully you'll be safe from others flirting on you. They'll see that you are plainly with someone." I wasn't going to lie, I was embarrassed, and I didn't know how I was going to be able to hide any hickeys. I frowned; I can imagine what Masaru was going to say. I asked, "Wait, didn't Masaru tell you where I was?" Seiji lightly placed his arms around my waist.

He shook his head and replied sheepish, "I followed you." I knew I wasn't going to be capable to go back. I knew that Seiji, and I would never have a normal friendship. He'd always be interested in having an intimate relationship. I didn't know what I was going to do. Seiji was falling in love with me. I wasn't sure how to stop him.

I woke to the sounds of glass clicking. I sat up trying to block the sun. I was a little aggravated, "Why is it so bright?" Seiji laughed from somewhere nearby. I checked around the room for Seiji. I didn't see him sitting at the bar style table. He waved me over. I felt unequivocally sore in, everyway. I growled, "Why'd you leave the curtains open?"

Seiji stood up, "I ordered pancakes. That was Jirou's favorite to eat. I learned to make them for him," Seiji said. He grabbed me by the upper arm, and forced me up. He aided me in walking over to the table. He had aspirin, and water waiting for me. I smiled; I was taken off-guard by this kind gesture. But, since it was Seiji I knew, I shouldn't be. He had everything ready, "I didn't make this, but I can cook." I turned towards him and asked, "You can cook? Wait, I remember seeing you on a cooking show, once. What was it called? Hmm oh I think I remember! No waitâ ¦ That wasn't itâ ¦ Well either way I knew you could cook, well."

Seiji watched me amused. He laid his hand on top of mine. "I would love to cook for you," Seiji said. I grinned widely, "I always wanted to taste your food!" Seiji leaned inwards, and kissed my cheek. "I'm glad to hear, I'll cook you anything you want. I was wondering if you would do a duo with me? I would love to sing with you on our last night in Vegas." I nodded in agreement. When it came time to leave for Japan. I was excited to leave for Japan.

We went through the whole legal process so we could stay in Japan, and still perform in our band, and make money. I was going to be staying in Shinjuku. We'd meet with Seiji and his band every Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, every other week. I was having a blast with everybody. Tokyo was so much fun. It was all over amazing we even visited a Hostess Club. I thought that was interesting. We had interviews coming up, which scared me, because we have so *many*! One right after another, non-stop. We had such a busy schedule, photo shoots and then we'd be stalked by our fangirls.

Girls screaming, "Kawaii (cute)!" It was mind-blowing, yet very tiring, and at times overwhelming. On top of that we were going to be doing live performances, alone. Then both my band, and Seiji's would do things together. We were working details on that out still. I wasn't sure anything could get any better. I somehow managed to sneak out. Nobody noticed, and I wanted some alone time. I had to use a disguise to stay unnoticed. It seemed to work I got to a local cafÃ©, in one piece. I removed everything after I was settled in.

My face was plastered against the walls, and on the television. I was *everywhere*, and I was also sick of seeing my face. I had to look beautiful twenty-four seven. I couldn't look bad one minute. I missed being lazy, and sleeping in. I stifled a yawn, and took a sip of my iced coffee. I heard a loud squeal followed by another. I heard a high pitch squawk, "That is Isao from Coffee Avenue!" I felt a light hesitant tap on my shoulder. A girl with big round eyes, cute cheeks, and a wide smile stood staring down at me. Another, girl shadowed her she smiled shyly at me. "You're Isao the singer of Coffee Avenue, right?"

I smiled and replied, "Yes I am indeed the singer. Why are you a fan?" She nodded, and hopped in the seat next to mine. She smiled sweetly, "I was wondering if I could have your autograph?" The other girl took the seat across from mine. I signed the girl's scarf. I turned towards the other girl, and asked, "What about you? Is there anything I can do for you now?" She smiled, and I felt her hand against my knee. My eyes flew open the girl next to me, Akio. She wrapped an arm around my neck. I stood up quickly, "Hey now!"

Ami the other girl stood, also. They both were laughing, and, started to chase me. I ran like my life depended on it. I heard them laughing as they chased me. I didn't know what they wanted, but I knew I didn't want to find out. Where is Seiji when I actually need him?

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