

Christoph/Richard story (no title yet)

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*yes i made a richard/ schneider fic. sue me. *shrugs* i got bored. its not smutty i promise so dont think your gonna get grossed out. more to come. this is just a bit of the story*

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1 - That Smile He Liked So Much

"goddamit!" Christoph growled in a berlin accent, dropping his drumsticks in a temper. Its just this one song...this one song he cannot get the beat right. He leaned back, the chair tipping a bit letting him rest his back against the ice cold wall. He had the guitars in his head...till singing the lyrics....even flakes keyboard. He wanted to make the song sound good for this new album...he didnt want to let the fans down. With a sigh he brushed some of his hair out of the way, trying to recollect his thoughts through his anger. Benzin...he had no problem playing...Rosenrot..same old same old just keep the beat and it'll come out right. but damn he just couldnt get the feeling right for this one. He even knew the lyrics because Till couldnt stop playing around with his voice on them in the recording studio. "cmon doom pull yourself together and play the stupid song..." he said to himself looking at the carpet floor for his sticks. Lifting the cymbal and moving the snares in the studio carefully yet in a haste. "ah komm on dammit..." he sighed. One of the straps to his black wifebeater fell over his shoulder. He tried to adjust it but he bumped the top of his head on some part of the drumset. He growled and had enough, getting up quickly. Knocking most of it down with a clatter. His short dark brown hair now a bit frazzled as he wiped the warm sweat off of his forehead. Someone had to have heard that racket. frack...he thought. i want to be alone. someones gonna come in. ask if he was okay...and then go away....interupting him...nuisance. He rested on his heels and rested against the wall with a large exhale. Wasnt long til he heard footsteps. They were slow and relaxed. Getting louder and louder. Any second now.

knock knock those two tiny taps....dammit...

"schneider?" a warm yet strong voice answered. no reply from him, he knew who it was. The door opened a crack and a shadow formed inside the room. pfft he knew that spiky heah anywhere.

"what richard?" he smirked, just thinking on what he would say to him. Then in he came. Wearing a white tanktop and boxers. Schneider almost wanted to laugh at his friends outfit.

"you still up?" he perked one eyebrow up scratching the side of his head. "i thought i heard something..." he said with his eyes almost closed.He only nodded in response and crossed his arms.

"yyyeah i uh..." he looked at the wreck that was a drumset. Richard looked over and his eyes opened a slit more.

"your okay? its pretty late.." he said still with a sleep deprived voice. Schneider looked at the clock..damn...it was 2 am...just seeing the clock made his eyelids heavy. Words should not even be spoken at this hour. Doom was silent for a minute or two. "hey you awake in there?!" he heard richard laughing. it was something about his laugh that made him more alert. Memories of concerts started to play in his head. if he started to slow or tire he suddenly would see richard either moving around in front of the ladies or slightly smirking. That lil bastard of a smirk like you cant get me. Then his muscles found new energy and he played up to speed again. Even though he was really the only one that noticed his drumming. This new energy he couldnt think up words for in his head. "HEY!" richard clapped in front of his face with a sort of serious look on his strong face. Finally he looked up with a puzzled look on his face. His short spiked hair looking frizzed. pfft like his was any better. He sighed and slumped his head.

He could hear Richards feet shuffle on the ground. Schneider kept staring at the floor. not knowing what to do exactly. All was nice and quiet until he heard Richard walking again. He could hear the drums clink as he tried to pick them up.

"ah nein you dont..." he quickly got on his knees and helped him out. Placing the cymbal back on gently leaving Richard by himself. "or uh...if you want.." he smiled nervously. He felt bad for waking him up this late, all because he couldnt play one fracking song. Richard with curiosity noticed his lost drumsticks and picked them up. He looked them over and gave them a strange look. Christoph knew that look well, he always had it when he was tuning his guitar or helping paul. "oh there they are.." he stretched one arm out but Richard blocked it with one flat hand. With a smirk he turned one stick over, revealing that one of them was broken and splintered. theres that damn smirk again, he thought. "...danke.." he smiled back with a slight laugh. He got back up and looked for the spare pair of sticks. Richard still stood there in his pajamas, watching him. Why? he did not know, but oh well. Looking around and pacing about the room..he couldnt find them. He growled in annoyance and rested his hands on his hands again.

"ahem..." he turned to richard who was holding the spare in his hands. "they were right next to your chair..." he said quietly, his eyes starting to wake up. Christoph felt stupid, all this stress was getting to him. "you sure your ok?" Schneider scratched the back of his head, feeling his new haircut with the back of his neck more exposed.

"just....stress..." he finally admitted to his friend.

"why?" he chuckled in response, resting his hands on his hips in a cocky pose. Dammit that pose always made him laugh. so he cracked a smile on the end of his mouth.

"just...this new album...." he didnt feel like talking about it...

"hmm thats not it...." richard shook his head. Christoph was silent, how in the hell could he help him? he could only sigh. "come onnnn what is it?"

"fine..." he rolled his eyes. " im having problems with this new song.

"which?" he started to look for his guitar.

" the one that we still didnt name...the one with the chanting and the strange beat..that one..." he held his new sticks trying to relax. why was he so nervous?

Richard strapped his guitar to him and flipped it to his back. He pulled out another chair and looked at schneider.

"sit." he pointed at it. with a shrug christoph walked over and sat. meanwhile richard grabbed schneiders drum chair and sat in front of him. "give me your hand..."

"why?" he questioned with a confused look, still holding out one arm to his friend.

"just.." richard grabbed his wrist. "lemme see..." he smiled. schneider trusted that smile so he let him. A large muscled palm held his boney drummers hands. Richard started to gently prod some parts of his hands with two fingers. Causing his fingers to twitch a couple times as he hit certain spots.

"wha? what are you?" Schneider questioned, slouching over and resting his forearm on one knee.

"pfft now your talking, your hand..." he held schneiders fingers in one hand. his whole hand in the other. gently he grabbed his index finger and started to bend his friends fingers. Schneider tensed up in

response. "hold still or this is gonna hurt like hell..." he smiled. He loosened up almost instantly.

Richard gently started to crack Christophs fingers. not by the knuckles but by the separate bending points of his fingers. Popping everytime, Christoph quickly breathed in because some of the cracking made him flinch. Thinking his fingers would snap in two. By the time he was done with his pinky he was anxious to let him have the other hand. But he didnt want to show it that much. Richards face was just the usual strong boney way it always looked. His eyes were relaxed and a bit glazed over. But then again it was 2 am...He was surprised he was this gentle..he was always so serious and harsh when he played his guitar. the evidence was in his own hands. the bumps and grooves on his fingers from holding the pick. The world just went quiet around them, just the gentle cracking and occasional deep breaths by schneider. Once he was done he massaged Christophs palms with his thumbs.

"your hair..." Richard said after a long few minutes.

"uh?" christoph snapped into reality. Richard let out a chuckle.

"i miss your old hair.." he smiled. "that new look keeps making me laugh..." for christoph that wasnt an insult so he wasnt really phased by it.

"really now?" Christoph laughed with a sly smile. Richard let go of his hand, christoph almost let it fall and smack against the floor but he caught himself.

"all done...better?"

Schneider flexed his fingers a few times...he wasnt as stiff as he was before. He rolled his shoulders and smiled.

"ja...thanks..." he grinned at his friend.

"allright...you ready?" he cocked an eyebrow..

"...for what?"

"practice. im gonna help you until you can play even if i keel over from lack of sleep.." he joked and turned his guitar around, resting it on his chest.

"really?" he walked along richard.

"ja...why not?" Richard smiled, plugging in his guitar. It came alive in a current hum.

"..allright..." he returned the grin and sat down. While they were practicing they shared glances at eachother. mostly nods of approval and things that were used instead of words. Practicing with richard was fun to Christoph. it was like his own personal concert. When he didnt do well he got a pointer from him...but if he did well he'd get to see that smirk he liked so much. And that was all that mattered to him...

2 - Dream A Dream

The room was dimly lit from an unknown source. The memory of Richard tending to his hand was playing in his head as he slept. Only the memory seemed warmer than when it actually happened. Richards gentle yet curious voice played again. Of all the things to talk about he choose his hair. Saying he missed the medium curls he once had. Now it was short and cropped, covering a good portion of his face. The scene took a turn and Richard spoke again.

"Your face..." he spoke softly.

"....what about it?" he could only reply. Suddenly he felt his hair move as Richard brushed it away with his free hand.

Wait....this didnt happen...he thought in his sleep.

Shaking his head trying to wake up. He could only watch...

"It covers your face..." Richard touched his cheek with warm fingers. "your too handsome to hide away like that." he smiled

Handsome? Did he just say that? He thought, feeling confused as all hell. Yet his dream self remained calm in a gentle stare. He watched on.

Schneider was silent as if in bliss to Richards touch. The guitarist moved his hand under the drummers slender chin. Leaned in and brought his face closer to his. His breath warm and inviting to Christophs cold face. The drummers response was moving his hand and lacing his fingers around his friends. Letting the corner of his mouth raise in a slight smile. Feeling Richards heartbeat through his palm, his own had started to quicken by a few beats. Their faces dangerously close. Then Richard leaned forward more and tilted his head.

In his sleep he started to mumble, back in reality as his body shook.

"Richard...what are you doing?" he spoke both in reality and his dream. Only to be interupted by Richards finger as he rested it on his lips. He wasnt scared, this wasnt a nightmare to him. Just surprised he was thinking this up! He curled in his sleep, enjoying the warmth spreading throughout his body. As foreign as it was.

Richard looked at him straight in the eyes. The lighting revealing soft mature lines around his eyelids.

"Just....trust mir..." Richard whispered, ending the sentence in his German tongue. Schneider slowly nodded in response, looking into his eyes. Richard leaned in again, his shoulders pushing forward as he moved. Both closed their eyes as their lips met. Each soft and warm to the touch. Schneider leaned back a few inches, his instincts telling him to pull away. Richard was relaxed, teasing with his tongue until Christoph finally opened his mouth. The muscle moved quick but sure. His own going slow, not sure of what to do. His grip on Richards hands tightening in anticipation. Richard remained calm, not forcing himself in. Schneider had to stop for air, he opened his eyes finally. Heat rushing everywhere inside him, warming even his bones. Relaxing as the guitarist kept his position with a small smirk. After a few quick gasps Christoph leaned in, hoping he'd get to feel him again. Richard only chuckled and they met again. Schneider welcomed him this time, his hand that was holding Richards slipped away and landed on his shoulder. It was comforting having him under his friend. His massive shoulders over him yet he was being so gentle with him. In a quick turn Richard started to kiss his neck. He could hear himself whimper...

3 - Angel And Devil

Christoph woke with a start, shooting up from his sweat soaked pillow. Breathing heavily...he felt sick.....he felt like.....

He walked quickly to his personal bathroom and started up his sink. With a lurch he held his stomach, unsure of what just happened. His face felt hot yet his body felt sickingly cold. Landing on his knees he could still reach the sink. With shaking fingers he splashed the cold water on his face. The droplets making his eyes heavy. His body shook as he felt like retching. Only to just spit into the porcelain, watching it swirl down the drain didnt help at all. He convulsed again, still nothing came out but saliva.

Allright Doom...what just happened?....he tried to think, trying to get the misty images out of his head. The water dripping off the tip of his nose. His now wet hair sticking to his face. He wanted to move it but he couldnt find any strength to do so.

....i was dreaming.....simply dreaming.....and i was.....Richard.....he....I...

"oh gott..." he groaned, splashing more water on his face. When his stomach settled down his mind started working again.

..he touched my face....i felt it....it felt so foreign...yet ...soothing...but wrong it felt so odd at once! and that kiss....we used tongue...Richard and his tongue....why did they...

He tightly grabbed the sides of his faec and gritted his teeth. Not wanting to wake the others. Especially Richard for it would feel too awkward to see him like this. Kneeling down and gagging over a dream where he kissed a man.

"why?" he growled, shutting the water off. Catching himself in the mirror, he looked like he had a sickness of some sort. His eyes traveled down the glass. observing his body, the water dripping onto his chest giving him chills. He started to notice his ageing and how it was starting to show. At least he thought it was. Placeing his fingers along his jaw. He remembered their first music video, he was thinner then. His jaw bones more noticeable to boot. Now his face flushed out around his cheeks. Not by alot but he bothered him nonetheless. Standing up slowly he rested his hands on the sink, slouching over causing his arms to stick out. At least drummings done him some justice, he thought. When everything stopped spinning he straightned his spine, observing his stomach once more. Yup, he wasnt as young as he was when the band started. But then again when your sitting down most of the time one can only expect.

You know how its believed that people have a good side and a bad side? Those silly little cartoon angel and devils on your shoulder? well...they started up in his head.

The evil one popped up in his head, a mini him with horns and a tail. the angel soon followed with his halo and wings. Schneider merely rested his tired head on his hands and tried to gather his thoughts.

"dont worry about it christoph dear, it was only a dream..." the angel tried to comfort him.

"yeah a wet dream of him and richard about to frack!" the demon laughed with a swish of his tail. Schneiders head poked up.

"but...we only kissed..." he spoke into the mirror to himself.

"yes christoph but it was something you couldnt control.." the angels wings twitched.

"christoph and richie sittin in a tree. F-U-C-K-I-N-G!" the demon hissed.

"shut it you" was schneiders response. His face finally starting to cool down. The demon continued to hum his new tune with a sick smirk.

"it was a dream...nothing more..." angel whispered softly as if trying to make sure the demon couldnt hear him. He was starting to calm down, breathing slower. "just go back to sleep, put the dream behind you..." all was good until demon started to cackle.

"talk about putting stuff behind ya!" he snarled at schneider. Christoph snorted and wanted to swat away at the annoying pest but it was then he realized it was all in his weary head. So he could only listen, whoo lucky him. "i mean have you seen his pants!?! gee how did it get so wet down there i wonder? I bet your sheets have new mystery stains! am i making it up?! go look for yourself!" demon vanished.

Come to think of it, he did feel wetness between his legs. He was hoping it was just the water or sweat. In a haste he checked with his hands.

"oh frack.." he slammed his forehead on the sink. Not only did he have a dream where he kissed his friend, who was a man. He whacked off to it as well. He could here the little devil in him singing f-u-c-k-i-n-g over and over. Schneider groaned and stood back up. Walking towards the hamper, he pulled out a "dry" pair of boxers and quickly changed. Enjoying the sudden warmth of it all. Shoving his old pair into the box. "good riddance." he scoffed.

He moved a strand piece of hair that got in his eye away and finally walked out of his bathroom. His eyes half shut from really wanting to go back to sleep. Pulled over the blanket and fell back on the mattress with a thud. He tried to get into a comfortable position quickly, he wanted sleep more then anything right now. All was good...until he felt his leg touch something damp on the sheets.

"dammiitt..." schneider groaned. rolling off of his bed quickly grabbing his blanket and pillow. Landing on the hard carpet floor, curling into the fetal position and shutting his eyes tight.

that night he fell asleep on the floor, this time no dreams came to his mind.
