

Party Night ~or~ Quatre's Twenty-First Fiasco!

AC 201

Quatre awoke on the cold tiles of the bathroom floor. His head throbbing in pain, as the haze from sleep cleared. 'How did I end up on the Bathroom floor?' He thought to himself as he tried to focus and wake up. Then fragments of his memory began to return, and with the memory, came the rush of blood to his cheeks. He groaned and laid his aching temples back on the cold floor. Last night had been his Twenty-first birthday, and all his friends had surprised him with the Party from hell. Well, the parts of the party he remembered was Hell.

Quatre pulled himself up off the floor to brush his teeth and rid himself of the foul remnants of too much alcohol left in his mouth. 'I will never, ever touch a drop ever again! Allah, Forgive me.' Quatre thought looking up to the eastern heaven's horizon. He walked out of the bathroom only to stumble over Duo who was asleep across the door jam of the bathroom. Duo sat up with a start! "OOOh, did anyone get the license plate of the truck that hit me?" Duo groaned as he fell prone back onto the floor. Quatre rubbed his aching temples. "I think I was involved in that hit and run too." Quatre said as he righted himself once more. "Hey Duo?" Quatre asked the tall pilot sprawled in the hallway. "What?" Duo moaned. His arm slung over his eyes to block out the light that aggravated his Hangover. "Since when do you have red hair?" Quatre asked and Duo bolted to his feet. "What!" Duo screeched in terror as he leapt into the bathroom to look in the mirror. "That's it! You'll pay Yuy! I swear, you'll pay for this pally!" Duo said storming off to locate the bane of his existence. "Now that's what I call a sticky situation." Quatre muttered to himself as he continued down the hall.

Another pair of long legs alerted him to his next fallen comrade. Bare legs for that matter. The closer Quatre got, the funnier the situation grew. Not only were Trowa's legs bare, but he was wearing a purple skirt instead of his trousers. Quatre vaguely recalled the reason why Trowa was in this state. Something about if Catherine could do it, so could he. Some incident involving cutlery and the hurling of said utensil at a living object. The memory blurred and Quatre recalled Trowa in drag throwing knives at, the CAT! Panic struck Quatre until said kitty came sauntering down the hall. At least in Trowa's drunken stupor, he'd managed at least to maintain his aim. 'Yes, but now you dress like your sister.' Quatre mentally chuckled and prodded his best friend. "Go away Quatre." Trowa mumbled sleepily and rolled over. "Trowa, unless you never want to live this down. I suggest you find your britches. It won't do for Duo to see you dressed in Cathy's skirt." Quatre said quietly. Trowa came abruptly into the realms of sobriety. "How's the Cat?" Trowa asked worried. "She's fine. You missed." Quatre said and Trowa heaved a sigh of relief as he went in search of his missing trousers.

All five young men huddled around cups of strong black coffee, trying to nurse aching skulls when the sounds of construction could be heard outside Quatre's mansion. All five got up to investigate and all five stood with jaws agape with what was going on. Five Sears and Roebuck vans were parked outside and scaffolding was being erected around the estate. "Ah, excuse me?" Quatre said stopping one of the laborers. "But, just what exactly is going on out here?" Quatre asked and the man handed him a slip of paper. "A Mr. Winner was contacted and ordered this last night over the phone. He liked the offer so much he paid double and said it was imperative the job be done today. Paid for in full already." The man said and Quatre swallowed the lump in his throat. "What's the matter Quatre?" Heero asked and Quatre handed him the paper. "I ordered this to be done to my house last night." He said his hand shaking. "No, Not aluminum siding!" Heero said in shock, before crumbling to the ground in hysterics. The beautiful alabaster stone that made up Quatre's mansion was soon to be covered in the weather all metal plating.

The moral of the story ladies and gentlemen, never take soliciting phone calls while inebriated!

I hope you got a chuckle.
The Fables spinner.