

7-11

Hot was not the word for how Trowa felt. Sweltering was the word du jour as far as he was concerned. And to top it all off, the air conditioner in the motel room was busted, the pool was bone dry, and the water tap in the shower was either hot or off. Leave it to his mission specs to wind up alone with Quatre at last after four months apart and have it too bloody hot to do anything about it, he really wanted to hash out the subtle clues he's been picking up from the blonde ever since they'd met. Oh let's face it, Trowa was horny as hell and was praying to every deity that would listen he got at least to first base sometime before the night was over, well that had been the plan. Mr. Fahrenheit didn't seem to agree apparently. And Quatre was late, very late. Trowa paced the room his temper and nerves frayed.

It was too damn hot to even stay annoyed, he soon found out flopping onto the queen sized bed with the tattered bedspread that smelled like bleach and Lysol. "Where the Hell is he?" Trowa asked the motionless ceiling fan.

That too was broken.

Trowa sat up with a sigh and peered out the window across the street. There lay at least a partial solution to his pending heat stroke. The bright orange, white and green sign blazed like a beacon of hope. At least there would be air conditioning inside and well; he could use a big bite too. He missed the circus hotdogs.

So wallet in hand Trowa threw open the door and hastened across the street to the heavenly place known to all as 7-11.

There was indeed blissful ice-cold air conditioning within, and Trowa began to wander the small area peering at shelves and various items they held.

First he spied the chips, and without even thinking, grabbed the first bag of sour cream and onion chips he found. Then the Doritos also looked tempting. Those too ended up in his arms. That Fritos bean dip sounded good, that too wound up being toted around to the next aisle.

Two Charleston Chews, Four Jumbo Slim Jims, one pack of dentine, one package of hostess snowballs later, Trowa juggled his items over to the stack of baskets by the door, dumped them in and proceeded to shop some more. It was so much more fun shopping without Catherine. She'd never let him eat like this if she knew. He couldn't help it, he was a junk food junky worse than Duo, Trowa just didn't advertise the fact. But alone in a room with a box of Twinkies, one was not going to be leaving the room. And Trowa would walk out every time the victor in that little scenario. He'd never loose to mere Twinkies after all.

Two packs of Twinkies ended up in the basket.

Next was the deli case of pre-made sandwiches. "Better get dinner too." Trowa thought to himself as one Poor Boy submarine sandwich fell into the pile. Followed by a Turkey Sub with Swiss for Quatre, just in case.

Next aisle and the smell of hot melted processes cheese hit his nose.

The Nachos were the next to succumb to Trowa's whims and were gently placed in the basket. Next to that, what he came in for. One big bite with chili and cheese was added to that, then the piece-de-resistance, the ultimate, cannot be forgotten unless you go to 7-11 purgatory, the be-all-end-all for the 7-11 connoisseur, one giant sixty-four ounce slurpee. Blue raspberry flavored at that.

Paying for his spoils Trowa once again braved the heat and carried his booty back to the hotel room to pig out until Quatre arrived.

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Quatre pulled into the Motel parking lot with a long tired sigh. His mission had been horrible, delay after delay after delay. Right when he really didn't want them. He was meeting Trowa tonight and every second lost was an extreme irritant. He was going to fess up and come clean tonight if it killed him.

He was hoping killing wouldn't be in the picture, but a nice long drawn out torture. Of the horizontal mambo kind.

That didn't stop his hands from shaking though as he lifted his key to the lock of room number 17.

He was there poised to enter the den of the lion when the most blood-curdling scream cut through the humid summer heat like a banshee. And it came from behind the door.

In a flash, Quatre had the key in the lock, the lock turned and the door slammed open.
"TROWA! TROWA! WHAT IS IT?" Quatre cried out stopping short.

There on the bed, amidst discarded and empty candy wrappers, hotdog boxes and an empty Nacho Tray was Trowa. Wearing nothing but boxer shorts, one hand gripping an obscenely large cup the other his head as if he'd been shot.

"Trowa?"

"Don't worry Quatre. Brain freeze. Want a drink?" Trowa asked holding out the cup to Quatre, still with a mask of pain on his face and one eye doing the best Popeye impression Quatre had seen. Just before he took another quick sip contorting in pain once more.

"Why on earth would I want a drink of that? It's painful or at least it looks it." Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

"Brain freeze is worth it." He said sipping once more a smiling.

"Um Trowa?"

"Yes?" Trowa asked between slurps.

"Your teeth and tongue are blue."

"Quatre, have you never had a slurpee?" Trowa asked and Quatre shook his head.

"Quatre let me show you the oasis called 7-11. Just let me get my pants on." Trowa said throwing on his jeans, grabbing Quatre's hand and briskly walking back across the street. "I'd run out of slim jims anyway." He added and Quatre quirked a brow.

"Slim jims?"

"Oh dear Quatre, what have you been eating? Slim Jims are a food group in and of themselves. Come one, a 7-11 virgin is about to be sacrificed." Trowa said hyped up on sugar, adrenalin, and slim jims.

Quatre just hoped this odd behavior wasn't normal. No wonder Catherine had sent him a letter telling him to keep Trowa away from convenience stores.

He was a man possessed.

But damn sexy in tight jeans, as he leaned over into the Ice Cream Freezer.

Catherine was out of her mind; he was going to let Trowa do whatever he damn well please if he continued to bend like that. Those thoughts sent Quatre into the freezer too.

But for different reasons.

End

Muwahahahahahaha

Just a little levity for everyone!