

Suddenly his mare whinnied and a deep cracking and rumbling sound began. Then panic set in "AVALANCHE!" Quatre cried out, kicking his heels into his mounts flanks as he spurred her forward and out of the pass that was crumbling down around them.

The rumbling grew closer, and then he saw it encroaching within his peripheral vision. The wall of snow was gaining on them. There would be no escape. The white rumbling death tore down trees in it's fury as it sped down the mountainsides. An insignificant eighteen year old boy and his horse would be no match to its power and would be swallowed and crushed in it's icy grip.

"I can't die like this! Faster Sandrock!" Quatre wailed pushing her, pleading with her to run as fast as she could, but it was too late, and the speeding snow came crashing down around them and Quatre's entire world vanished in blinding, bitter cold, white sheets of ice and snow.

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Trowa had just finished collecting his traps and setting the newest hides to stretch and dry when he hurt the rumbling from within his small hunting cabin. He had half expected the pass to collapse in an avalanche, the snows this season had been terrible and even a fool could see the dangerous walls of snow would tumble at the slightest provocation.

The entire cabin shook with the force of the avalanche, but was safe from the path of any would be disaster. Echo pass had been blocked from several avalanches in the past, so Trowa's father had built this cabin well out of harms way. But still curious, Trowa went out to watch nature's fury fall from his safe location near the base of the pass.

There his heart froze, as he watched the snow begin to settle, and a horse's leg could be seen.

"Dear God! Don't tell me some fool was daring that pass!" Trowa cried rushing over to the buried beast. The leg was still moving and Trowa began to dig with bare hands to free the creature.

"God watches over beasts and Children indeed." Trowa said as he freed the animal from her confinement. Befuddled and frightened, but uninjured. She must have just ridden out the worst of it but remained intact.

There were no signs of a rider though; no saddle remained on her back, yet the bit was still in her mouth.

The rider must have been swept clear off her back. Which meant come spring thaw, Trowa would find a corpse somewhere nearby and that thought was sickening.

He was just about to turn and take the mare back to his stables and barn when he saw a thatch of blue in a nearby mound that settled about thirty feet away from where the Horse had been found.

Trowa immediately began digging. It was a scarf, still attached to a young unconscious man. "Make that God watches over idiots too." Trowa mumbled as he unburied the young man

still lying face down. He had to hurry or else the fool would suffocate and it seemed a pity to survive an avalanche only to die buried under snow.

When at last Trowa has cleared enough snow to move the body, his breath caught in his throat as he rolled the young man to his back.

Never in his life had he ever seen something so unnaturally beautiful. Even with the scrapes and the reddened and chapped cheeks and lips, the face was perfect. And he was still breathing, as the white puffs from his nose and mouth danced in the air like smoke.

Trowa picked him up and laid him across his horses back as he led both horse and rider back to the cabin to warm and count their blessings.

Both had to have a guardian angel watching over them to have survived the worst Avalanche Trowa had ever seen in all his twenty years living on the mountain. And this young man could only possibly be the Winner heir named Quatre. No one had ever seen him, and the only house beyond the pass belonged to Lord Winner.

"So you're Quatre. The rumors are true then." Trowa said as he laid the young man in his bed, stripping him to full undress from his soaked and ice cold garments, and then wrapping furs and down filled quilts around him to warm his frozen small frame.

"They say your mother was the most beautiful woman in the village. Looking at you, I can believe it." Trowa said smiling before turning to make some broth to warm his unexpected Guest's insides as well. Once he set the broth to boil he went about tending to the animal warming herself in his own steeds stall. Sultan didn't seem to mind the white mare's company and had readily moved to accommodate her in his pen.

"I should have gelded you." Trowa said shaking his head and chuckling at the sight of his horse hovering over the mare almost possessively. "Alright Romeo, you act like you've never been studded before." Trowa said shoving his large chestnut stallion out of the way so he could toss some blankets over the mare lying in the hay. Trowa just received a shove back from his horse's nose and a snort.

"Quit complaining, she's not yours so don't get any amorous attentions started you hear me Sultan?" Trowa admonished playfully slapping his snout. Sultan only flicked his ears and tail. "You're pathetic." Trowa said moving out of the way. Sultan settled down next to the mare.

Trowa shook his head, if anyone told him horses didn't have emotions like humans Trowa would call them all liars. He was positive Sultan was playing a lovesick fool for his new stall mate.

He just prayed the mare wasn't in season; Sultan was pretty notorious for finding himself the sire of several local colts. Even when Trowa DID have him locked up in his pen down on the farm he shared with his sister Catherine. Sultan always managed to get out and leave his calling card. It was far easier to reign in his wayward beast up here in the hunting cabin than down in the village proper. At least Sultan didn't get into any trouble up here, and Trowa did like the peaceful quiet the cabin afforded occasionally. Where he could escape and brood about his lack of a love life without his sister harping on him to marry and settle down.

He had no intention of "settling down", not with a woman at any rate. Not that he disliked women, he had plenty of female friends, it was just none of them sparked his fancy. The man asleep in his bed however was another matter entirely. That was what Trowa found beautiful and desirable. Soft features that were almost, but not quite feminine, slender, yet strong, almost frail in appearance, but the soft corded muscles hidden beneath soft flesh belying the appearance. Trowa could feel the muscles under the skin as he discarded sodden garments before covering the naked young man in warm furs and blankets. Everything about him was a walking contradiction to what was normal in the sexes, he had the best features of both, a feminine softness of feature with a hidden male strength that were in perfect harmony in the visage sleeping in his bed.

That was what Trowa found he wanted, and it was a shock as much as it was a glorious realization of the truth he'd known but tried to deny. He'd always been more attracted to men, but had never dared admit it, not even to himself. Now the painful truth was staring him in the face, and he had to either confess or go on living in denial.

So he confessed the truth to himself and to the sleeping form before him. "You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and if you give me half a chance, I'd move heaven and earth to have you." Trowa said softly before returning to the hearth to stir the broth simmering over the fire.

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Quatre stirred when he felt hands lifting him up. "Steady now, just trying to help you to sit up to eat." Came the deep soft caress of a voice and Quatre blinked eyes wide open only to fall into deep forests of green.

"I'm not dead?" Was the question, even though Quatre could swear he was looking into the face of a heaven born creature, which only chuckled and smiled at him.

"No, not dead, but almost. You were quite lucky." The stranger said propping Quatre's back against a stack of pillows.

"SANDROCK! Is she?" Quatre asked in near panic only to be pushed back into pillows.

"If Sandrock is your mare, she too is none the worse for the wear. Although I won't guarantee her virtue, My Sultan seems to be rather fond of her." Trowa said with a smirk on his face and Quatre took a moment before blushing and laughing softly.

"I see. I don't think she'll mind much I suppose." Quatre said shyly as Trowa sat on the edge of the bed bowl in hand.

"No, I doubt it, Sultan is rather popular amongst the ladies. Randy bugger." Trowa said laughing. Then turning his smiling face toward Quatre. "My name's Trowa, and I have a suspicion who you are. Care to enlighten me?" Trowa asked and was lost when two brilliant blue eyes looked up and met his gaze.

"Quatre, my name is Quatre."

"I thought so. Well Quatre, mind telling me why on earth you dared that pass in this weather? It's far too dangerous in winter." Trowa asked and instantly regretted it, as those

wonderful blue eyes took on a sorrow so immense, it felt as if Trowa's very heart was being crushed in a giant's grip.

"I couldn't bear it any longer. I left, and I'm never going back." Quatre said shivering and not from cold.

"Well you couldn't go back even if you wanted to Quatre. That pass is blocked until spring at least." Trowa said wrapping a fur around Quatre's bared shoulders before handing him the bowl as well. "Drink that, it's just some beef broth, but it will warm you."

"Thank you, you're very kind." Quatre said once more timidly meeting his benefactor's gaze.

"It's not everyday, a run away heir lands on my doorstep. Not to mention graces my bed." Trowa said and nearly choked at his gall. That was pretty blatant innuendo and Trowa never said things like that, ever.

Quatre's blush was intense, but the shy smile was genuine, he was flattered. Trowa was grateful he hadn't stuck his foot in it that time. "Just eat Quatre. We'll talk more later." Trowa said getting up to do nothing, just get away from the boy for a moment so he could collect his wits and tongue before they could betray him again.

He couldn't help it, it was Quatre's eyes, they were bewitching, and that melodic voice that was as soft as a breeze didn't help matters, only compounded the numbing effects the face and body already had on Trowa who was held captive under their spell.

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Quatre could barely eat, his stomach was in knots, Trowa was just too indescribably handsome, like one of Michelangelo's Greek gods come to life, that Quatre could scarcely think let alone try and eat.

He just sat there with the bowl in his hands, resting in his lap as he watched Trowa busy himself at the fireplace. Removing the pot and stoking the logs, Quatre sat transfixed watching the movements silhouetted by the fire. Long hard lines, moving effortlessly and gracefully, Trowa was perfection personified. None of his father's servants looked or moved like Trowa.

None of them ever showed him the kindness Trowa had in the few moments he'd known him. It was all captured in his eyes. If eyes truly were the windows to the soul, Quatre had gotten a very good glimpse into the true nature of his host. A good man, no matter how hard he tried, could truly disguise his true intentions. Very little animation marked Trowa's facial features, he almost looked broody and sullen, but his eyes were alive, and giving, and Quatre never wanted to stop looking into them.

"Quatre, you're not eating." Trowa said looking over his shoulder, knowing he was being stared at and while he enjoyed the sensation of Quatre staring at him, Quatre needed to eat.

"I'm sorry. I'm still a little fuzzy headed and I was day dreaming." Quatre covered quickly. Yes, he was a little fuzzy still, and yes he was daydreaming, but Trowa certainly did not need to know that he was daydreaming some rather interesting notions. Mostly to do with

Trowa dressed as one of those paintings of Grecian Athletes, in other words barely clothed if at all, some of Quatre's favorite history books were those written about the first Olympians, men of prowess, showing off physical skill, buck naked and admiring each other's talent and even bodies.

It had been written that it wasn't uncommon or unnatural for these men who fought and competed against each other by day, congratulated each other in different ways at night. Quatre shuddered, he'd read too many books, what may have been common place during ancient Roman times, was NOT common place today. Men just didn't go around loving other men in THAT way. No wonder his father called him a freak and burned his books.

With a sad sigh, Quatre picked up his bowl to wash away the lump that was forming in his throat when a sharp stabbing pain arrested his shoulder and he cried out, his fingers going instantly numb and the bowl dropping from his hands into his lap.

Trowa was there instantly ripping the covers off the bed before the hot liquid could soak through and burn the occupant. Quatre had not even registered his nakedness under the blankets, only the throbbing pain in his shoulder, and Trowa's body wrapping around him from behind and seizing his shoulder in warm hands and gently feeling around the offending shoulder.

"I never noticed this bruise before. I think you've pulled your shoulder Quatre. I don't feel any broken bones, and it's not dislocated. You may have sprained it though." Trowa said concerned and Quatre could only whimper clutching his arm tightly to his side from the unexpected pain.

"How far can you lift your arm without pain?" Trowa asked gently raising Quatre's arm slowly. About halfway up Quatre winced and Trowa lowered his arm once more, wrapping strong arms around Quatre in a comforting gesture. "I'm sorry Quatre, I didn't know you were hurt, you're not burned are you?" Trowa asked inspecting Quatre's legs for any signs of scalding.

"No, you moved the blankets in time. I'm sorry I ruined them." Quatre said shivering a little as chill bumps arose on his now exposed flesh.

"You ruined nothing, it was only broth, it will clean up easily. I'm more concerned about you. Sit tight I have more blankets, I'll be right back." Trowa said extricating himself from behind Quatre and easing him back into the pillows. Quatre winced again, trying to cover his groin bashfully. Trowa smiled.

"Quatre, who do you think undressed you? You have nothing I don't. Don't hurt yourself, you have absolutely NOTHING to be ashamed of, you're beautiful." Trowa said disappearing into a closet only to return with several furs which he began piling on top of Quatre.

Once Quatre was covered again, Trowa moved to get another bowl of broth, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Since that shoulder of yours is too tender, you'll need my help for now." Trowa said bringing the bowl to Quatre's lips.

"Trowa you really don't have to do this, you don't even know me." Quatre began to protest and Trowa shook his head.

"Don't Quatre. You need my help, I WANT to help you. Please no fuss, just drink this, be a good boy." Trowa said and Quatre scowled.

Trowa only chuckled "Ah, see where there's fire, there's spirit, so if you don't want me teasing and condescending you, just eat and accept my help." Trowa said and Quatre sighed with resignation and drank.

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After Trowa forced a second bowl down his charge's throat he settled into a chair beside the bed.

"Now, we can talk if you're so inclined." Trowa said propping his feet on a small stool and pulling a pipe from his pocket and a small pouch of tobacco.

It smelled almost sweet, like peppermint as Trowa lit his pipe and the smoke began to rise from the bowl of the pipe. Quatre's father smoked a pipe, but his tobacco smelled of spice, harsh and foul. This was different, almost pleasant smelling. He also noticed Trowa didn't actually inhale the smoke, he just basically puffed on the pipe in his lips, tasting the tobacco rather than smoking it like his father did.

"What's wrong Quatre?" Trowa asked noticing the thoughts flitting across Quatre's face.

"Just thinking, it's silly I was comparing tobacco. My father smokes a pipe." Quatre said smiling wanly.

"Does this bother you? I'll put it out. I don't really smoke it, it's the smell I like really." Trowa said and Quatre's smile brightened.

"I noticed you weren't smoking it, and it's fine it does smell nice. It's not bothering me." Quatre said watching the smoke almost create a halo around Trowa. Once more Quatre let his mind wander and began staring, not realizing he was doing so until Trowa cleared his throat.

"Do I have something on the end of my nose or something? You're staring again." Trowa said grinning with the end of the pipe in his teeth.

"Oh no, I'm sorry. I was just looking, you have remarkable eyes." Quatre said truthfully lazing back into the pillows.

"So do you; not quite blue, not quite green, but some combination of the two that I just can't quite put my finger on to describe the shade." Trowa said tapping out the used tobacco into the fireplace and laying the pipe on top of the mantle.

Quatre smiled but didn't shyly turn away as before. "I was trying to decide if yours were forest or emerald green." Quatre said as Trowa settled back into his chair.

"If I'm sick they turn almost olive green according to my sister. So I can never lie to her if I'm feeling under the weather, she always knows the truth and forces me to stay in bed." Trowa said chuckling.

"It must be nice to have a sister you're close to. I have a sister, but she's much older than I and she got married and left home when I was eight, I haven't seen her since. We were close once though. She was almost like a mother to me, I miss her." Quatre said, his eyes misting over slightly. Trowa frowned.

"So I heard. How come I've never seen you in the village before?" Trowa asked and Quatre shrugged his good shoulder.

"Father never wanted me to leave the house. I think he was afraid I'd leave him like Mother and Iria did. I don't know beyond that, he never told me why, I can only surmise. All I know is I felt trapped and if I spent another minute in that house I'd go mad." Quatre said looking up at the ceiling.

"I was an idiot. I almost get myself killed and now father really is all alone. Well he has the servants, but I left him, I really am an ungrateful brat." Quatre said and Trowa moved to sit beside Quatre on the bed.

"I don't think so. I think its nature. You're a grown man Quatre, you're bound to want to spread your wings and fly on your own. I think it's your father trying to cage you that drove you to flight so recklessly. I know if I were in your shoes I'd probably have done the same." He said and Quatre turned to smile upon him.

"It's nice to know you don't think I'm crazy. And thank you again for picking me up when I broke my wings." Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

"Anytime. And I don't think they're broken, you just have to learn how to use them is all. Every bird falls the first time they try to fly." Trowa said just as Quatre yawned.

"Enough talk for one night I think. It's getting late." Trowa said kicking off his boots and moving to the other side of the bed. "I hope you don't mind Quatre, but this is only my trapping cabin. It's not built for more than one at a time. We have to share the bed." Trowa said and Quatre yawned once more.

"It is your bed. I don't mind. I thank you for sharing it with me at all." Quatre said as Trowa undressed down to only his long underwear and crawled into bed.

"Don't be silly. What would you do had the roles been reversed and you dragged me in out of the snow?" Trowa asked as he curled up beside Quatre.

"Point taken. I'd have done the same." Quatre said as Trowa pulled the cover back up over them both.

"Precisely. Now quit thanking me, and saying you're sorry. It's nice to have company actually." Trowa said yawning himself.

"You have no idea how nice this is for me, I never had anyone I could just talk to like this before." Quatre said and felt Trowa slide closer and almost spoon up behind him.

"Me either Quatre. I've never been comfortable around people much. But I am with you, don't ask me why either, cause I can't answer it, it just is that way, and I'm not complaining about it." Trowa said, his breath close to Quatre's ear, sending a chill down Quatre's spine.

That only served to have Trowa move closer and wrap around him with his warm. "You're cold, why didn't you say so?" Trowa said holding Quatre closer still.

"I didn't realize before, but I'm not cold now." Quatre sighed melting into Trowa's offered warmth.

"Good. Goodnight Quatre." Trowa said drinking in the feel of Quatre's body in his arms. He was going to hell for being so bold and sly. Any excuse to hold Quatre he grasped onto, he was pathetic. But then Quatre wasn't shying away, nor did he seem to mind.

"Good night Trowa." Quatre said burrowing deeper into the embrace. Reveling in Trowa's proximity, his warmth, his heart beat Quatre could feel against his back, everything about Trowa felt wonderful, and oh so right.

Quatre could die right then and there and die happy. This comfort was all he had ever wanted; he would cherish this time with Trowa forever.

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Trowa awoke first and just marveled at the young man who still slept pressed up against him. Snuggled into the mattress and pillows like a mole burrowing deep into the ground for warmth.

It was all Trowa could do to get up and leave his side, and he almost didn't when a murmur of protest escaped sleeping lips. Trowa smiled and tucked the furs closer around Quatre before dressing and going out to feed the horses before fixing something to eat for himself and Quatre.

By the time Trowa was done checking on the animals, Quatre was awake and wrapped in furs setting a kettle on the fire to boil.

"You get back in bed." Trowa said stamping snow off his boots and hanging his coat up by the door.

"I feel fine. My shoulder is stiff, but it's not nearly as painful as it was yesterday, I can manage." Quatre said turning to face Trowa with a smile that nearly knocked Trowa clear off his feet.

"And you'll feel even better tomorrow if you get back in bed." Trowa said, not letting that engaging smile bully him into submission.

"And you're probably frozen to the bone, so I was making you tea. It's not like I was out chopping wood for your fire." Quatre said undeterred and moving to place the teapot on the table.

He did not expect arms to suddenly hoist him off his feet. "You are stubborn Quatre Winner. But I'm bigger than you are, and I say bed." Trowa said picking Quatre up furs and all and depositing him back on the mattress.

"I can't lie in bed all day and have you wait on me hand and foot." Quatre said and Trowa laughed.

"Oh yes you can. If I have to tie you to that bed I will." Trowa smirked before going to finish the tea that Quatre started. "And as adorable as you are when you pout, you won't sway me." Trowa added looking up and smirking at the figure silently protesting in his bed.

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The following morning, once Trowa went out to tend the beasts, Quatre once more decided to get up and do his part. This time when Trowa got back, not only was the tea ready, but breakfast was too.

"God it smells great in here!" Trowa said stamping his boots and walking into the small kitchen to see a plate of eggs and bacon, and hot steaming tea waiting for him.

"Of course it does. I not too shabby in the kitchen if one lets me in it." Quatre said beaming brightly as Trowa sat down at his plate and digging into his meal. Which was inhaled which pleased Quatre to no end.

"I'll say you're not shabby. That's better than even Catherine can cook, and that's saying something." Trowa said eyeing the cook who was trying to keep furs pulled around him and eat at the same time. His clothes Trowa had forgotten about and were still lying in a heap by the fire with the rest of the blankets.

"Thank you. Father's cook is horrible. I don't know how father can tolerate what he prepares. Half of it is charred and blackened until it's a tasteless bit of ash on the plate. I learned to cook out of necessity of sparing my taste buds." Quatre said as he took a bite and the movement bared his shoulder.

Trowa winced; the bruise had turned into a mass of black and blue skin. But bruises always looked worse a few days after, and hurt less than they actually looked by that time. He still however couldn't help but reach out and gently touch it with his fingertips in concern. "How does it feel today?" Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

"It looks far worse than it feels Trowa. I'm tender, but not in pain don't look so worried." Quatre said bringing the fur back up over his shoulder.

"Can't help it, bruises do not become you." Trowa said and Quatre chuckled.

"I've never heard of a bruise becoming anybody." Quatre teased grabbing the empty plate to place in the sink. He knew what Trowa had meant and was touched. It was obvious over the past few days, their gazes held longer than they should. That touches lingered even longer. The half compliments and full-blown praises were becoming even more frequent.

And Trowa talked in his sleep.

He'd been saying Quatre's name last night, waking Quatre up in the process. But it wasn't just that he was saying Quatre's name, it was the way he had been saying it. The way his breathing had become heavy and ragged, it didn't take Quatre too long to figure out Trowa was having an awfully nice dream.

The same kind of dream Quatre had been having before he had been awakened. Quatre just didn't know how to broach the subject. He knew Trowa wanted him, and he wanted Trowa just as much, but actually going about getting it was another thing.

Could dreams really be trusted? It was a dare to chance it, and Quatre wasn't quite sure if he should or not. He knew how he felt; he was only guessing that Trowa felt the same.

It was all too frustrating. He was just trying to work up the nerve to take the risk and gamble the new friendship to make it more than just friendship. He could feel Trowa's gaze on his back as he stood at the sink. It was now or never.

"Trowa?"

"Hummmmm?" Trowa asked half dazed as the morning sun highlighted Quatre's golden white hair, making him almost glow.

"What were you dreaming last night?" Quatre asked still facing away from Trowa.

He heard the table shake as Trowa stiffened in his chair.

"I-I don't remember" Trowa stumbled. He did remember, and it was as Quatre thought. Quatre smiled still facing away from Trowa.

"Lying does not become you Trowa." Quatre said turning, letting the furs drop. "You were calling out to me. I want you to not be afraid to ask for it, I feel the same." Quatre said and the furs barely hit the floor before Trowa was there, crushing him against the sink his hands on either side of Quatre's face as Trowa kissed him with a force that made Quatre dizzy with excitement.

Quatre had no idea how long the kiss lasted, he didn't care, because right at that moment, nothing in the world felt more wonderful than Trowa's kiss and Trowa's hands that had slipped down his sides to come to rest on his hips. "Bless my betraying sleeping tongue." Trowa finally said as their lips parted and he tugged Quatre's hips closer until Quatre could feel the hardened counterpart of his own erection behind the woolen barrier of Trowa's trousers.

"You disturbed my own rather interesting dreams Trowa. It's foolish to deny it. I think I fell for you the moment I looked into your eyes." Quatre said twining his fingers behind Trowa's neck.

"And I before you even awoke. It was only confirmed when I realized that your beauty is not just skin deep. I've never felt more affinity for another soul as I feel when I'm near you Quatre." Trowa said holding Quatre close and kissing him once more, a gentler, softer, deeper kiss that seemed to drink in all of the senses, and blur them beyond recognition until all that remained as the kiss.

"I think I love you. No, I don't think. I KNOW I love you." Trowa murmured as he picked Quatre up and carried him back towards the bed.

"I love you too." Quatre said as Trowa laid him down and stood to shed his own garments.

Quatre marveled at the beauty that had lay hidden until now, Trowa was one long lean muscle and Quatre knew he could spend a lifetime and never sculpt anything as perfect as what he was seeing now.

And he lost he view far too quickly when Trowa once more joined him in bed and became a living blanket as he smothered Quatre in a myriad of joyful, passionate kisses.

Every touch burned like fire, and thrilled the senses. And as the blizzard raged outside, so too did a storm take place inside the small trapping cabin as two young lovers came together in a maelstrom of desire, and need. Feeding off each other's pleasure like a drug and reveling in the pleasure the other bestowed upon him.

The pain of joining struck them both at first and each pulled back momentarily. They needed something to ease the friction, and Trowa got up and ran to the privy only to come back with a clear oily substance. "I soften hides with this. It's perfectly natural, my sister uses it to prevent diaper rash on my niece." Trowa said coating himself and then Quatre before he tried once more to join with him.

It worked, and there was no pain this time as Trowa pushed slowly into the welcoming body of his beloved. Quatre's guttural sigh of pleasure was music to Trowa's ears as they set a tempo and rode out the storm together.

Calling each other's name as they each found their pleasure and collapsed boneless and spent in each other's arms.

"You said you weren't ever going back. I hope you meant that Quatre." Trowa said as he laid there, Quatre's head resting against his chest.

"If I didn't I do now. I may go back to visit, but my home is wherever you are." Quatre murmured and arms tightened around him and he felt Trowa shudder as tears began fall.

"I love you Quatre, and I promise to teach you to fly. I won't cage you I promise." Trowa said and Quatre rolled and leaned up to press a kiss to Trowa's lips.

"Trowa, I am flying. Higher than I ever dreamed I could soar. Don't you see? You are my wings." Quatre said and fell to earth once more into the arms of the man he loved and adored.

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Owari