

Title: Bedroom Window  
Author: D "The Fables spinner"  
Pairings: 3x4  
Rating: PG  
Genre: AU/ Romance (I don't know why I bother putting this down anymore.)  
Entry: Stormy's "Coming Out" Contest  
Disclaimer: Characters still not mine, will never be mine.  
Warnings: None... fun boy meets boy stuff here. ^\_ ^  
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*Dear Quatre,*

*How's Music Camp going? What was it you said you we're building again? A Theremin? (1) Is that right? I looked it up on the web, and if it's what I think it is, I do not want you to wake me up in the middle of the night with bad fifties B-movie sci-fi music! Don't you have enough musical instruments without building more?*

*I know that was stupid to ask. Silly me.*

*Anyway, I figured I'd write off a quick note to let you know the house next door finally sold and we have new neighbors. Mr. Barton is really nice, if kind of moody looking. He works in one of Dad's companies. He's a botanist I think. He's widowed like Dad, and he's got two kids, gee, like dad.*

*Wait, it gets freakier! He has a daughter MY AGE, her name is Catherine. I met her the other day, she's really fun, you'll like her, I'm taking her out to show her around all the hot spots this weekend in a girl's night out. Introduce her to my friends and stuff. Her brother is your age; I haven't met him really yet. I saw him going in the place and that's the last I saw him.*

*Catherine says he's gloomy and not very sociable. But he's cute, that much I did see. I think Mr. Barton and Dad are clones of each other. Our families are just too similar. We'll almost. You are a social butterfly in comparison to Trowa, that's his name by the way, and you tend to spend far too much time in your room than is healthy for you.*

*Well, I won't preach. Dad says hello and he misses you. I miss you too. But we'll see you in a week. Hope you're having fun, it is your last summer vacation after all. Next year it's college.*

*MUWHHAHAHAHAH*

*Sorry, had to stick it to you baby bro!*

*Love you,*

*Iria*

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Quatre chuckled and tucked his letter away in his pocket. "I am not a social butterfly!" He added with a grin as he finished packing up his things. The letter from Iria arrived just the day before Quatre was scheduled to head back home from his three-week music camp.

He looked over to the amplifier box beside him with the two antenna sticking out of it. "And yes sister dear, a Theremin is exactly what you think it is!" He added with a cackle before boxing up his "electronic sister torture device", more commonly known as a Theremin.

As Quatre sat on his case to close it he pondered his new neighbors. "I'm sure they are exaggerating. I don't see anything wrong with wanting to be alone sometimes, especially after a move. He probably had to leave behind a lot of friends. I know I'd be gloomy too if I had to leave mine." Quatre thought out loud. "I'm sure all he needs is some time to adjust." He added moving his case beside the door.

"Trowa, that's a cool name though. Better than Quatre at any rate." Quatre said chuckling, flopping down on the bed to wait for his father to come pick him up.

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"Trowa, you'll fall, get down." Catherine hollered from the ground looking up to where her brother was perched on a large tree limb. In-between his bedroom window and the Winner's house stood a large oak that brushed up against both houses. Trowa had taken to crawling out of his new room's bedroom window and either sitting on the ledge of his window or in the tree proper.

"I won't fall Cathy. I like it here." He said lazily stretching while lying like a panther along the large branch.

"Fine! Go break your leg, see if I care. You need to go out! Make some friends!" She said and Trowa rolled his eyes.

"It's summer vacation, I have every right to be lazy if I want to. I don't feel like going out. Leave me alone already." Trowa grumbled flinging an acorn at his sister.

"God, you're impossible! Well I'm going out with Iria and Dad's out playing golf today. So you're on your own. Brood away." Catherine said storming off next door then getting in Iria's car and driving off.

"You just don't understand Cathy." Trowa replied then sighed, leaning back against the trunk of the tree. "I can't open myself up, I can't afford the risk." He added as he heard Mr. Winner's car pull up next door.

"Quatre, I'm off to Meet Mr. Barton for a round of golf. I think Iria's out with the girl next door so fend for yourself for lunch." Mr. Winner said before Trowa heard one car door shut.

"No problem Dad. See you later!" Trowa heard a new voice call out. A bright merry tenor, that sent involuntary shivers down Trowa's spine. He always loved a good sounding tenor, the timbre of the voice always made the hairs on Trowa's arms stand on end. And curiosity got the better of the cat and Trowa crawled out on the limb in order to look in the neighbor's driveway. Only in time to see the front door close.

"Damn." Trowa muttered moving back into the tree. Only to hear the nearby window that was directly across from his bedroom window open. Craning his neck, Trowa saw a flash of blond hair before it disappeared away from the window. "Damn."

Trowa slowly moved; he felt like a heel, but he wanted to see his neighbor without the boring and awkward task of introductions and actually having to talk to him. Trowa wasn't shy; he just had a few secrets that he wanted to remain secrets. He'd known for a long time that he was different than most other boys his age; he wasn't interested in dating.

Well that wasn't true; he wasn't interested in dating girls. He preferred boys. And it never failed; he'd get a crush on someone, only to realize that his crush had a girlfriend already. So rather than face the embarrassment, he just never said anything to anyone.

If he never opened up, he couldn't get hurt. But that didn't mean he couldn't still harbor a crush in secret. Looking never hurt anyone after all. He thought to himself as the elusive neighbor boy came into view.

Trowa nearly fell out of the damn tree.

He wasn't overly tall, but he wasn't that short either. He was slim, and every movement a study in grace. Unconscious, fluid grace, as if the boy was dancing to some internal music as he moved around his room unpacking.

Trowa in short was enthralled. He felt giddy, like a peeping tom, like he was doing something forbidden. It made him feel ill, but at the same time he couldn't stop looking. The boy was just too beautiful and Trowa couldn't tear his gaze away if he tried.

That full head of sunshine gold, bouncing as the boy ran about his room. Those big blue eyes aglow with natural joy in life; the ever present smile that twisted Trowa's heart with its radiance. It took all of a minute for Trowa to fall headlong into another crush.

And he was already wooing the blonde in his imagination; his eyes shut as he pictured what a kiss from those lips would feel like when he heard that tenor again.

"Hello?"

Trowa opened his eyes with a start and almost fell from his perch.

BUSTED.

"Oh Jesus Christ you scared the fuck out of me." Trowa stammered, his heart hammering in his chest. The boy laughed at him! Trowa wanted to melt into the bark under him; Quatre's laugh was divine.

"Well, don't daydream in trees and I won't scare you. You did however scare the life out of me when I saw you there. You must be Trowa." Quatre said climbing out of his window to join Trowa in the Tree.

Trowa was a nervous wreck, too close, too close. He was far too close; nothing good ever came out of this scenario. Trowa only managed a nod in answer to Quatre's question.

"I'm Quatre." The youth introduced himself settling next to Trowa and dangling his legs from the limb. "This tree is great isn't it? Iria has a cow every time she catches me in it." Quatre laughed again and Trowa couldn't help but smile.

"You missed my sister Cathy, same here." Trowa said with a shy smile as Quatre turned to beam at him.

"I think it's in a sister's job description to be a worry wart." Quatre said, his eyes crinkling when he smiled. Trowa knew he must have been drooling down the front of his shirt. Quatre was handsome one minute, cute the next, adorable beyond description the next, and if you looked up "Charming" in the dictionary, his picture would be beside it.

"Must be." Trowa muttered, shifting his weight. Quatre's proximity was disturbing.

"Don't talk much do you?" Quatre asked, an impish smile tugging on his lips.

"No."

"So Iria said in her letter. But know if you want to talk, or if you want me to show you around town or something all you have to do is ask. I know it's got to suck leaving all your friends behind." Quatre said, a smile of compassion and the light of empathy in his eyes.

"I didn't have any friends." Trowa grumbled tearing his gaze away from Quatre.

"I see. Well, I won't bother you then if you'd rather be alone. Just thought I'd say hello." Quatre said sounding rather dejected and Trowa wanted to cry now, he'd hurt his feelings.

"It's all right. I'm sorry for snapping. It's just I don't get along well with others." Trowa gave an apologetic smile. Quatre visibly brightened.

"I understand. Just know I'm only a window away if you do feel the urge to talk to someone other than a bossy older sister." Quatre said patting Trowa's hand in a friendly gesture before climbing back into his window.

"Wait." Trowa called out and moved closer to Quatre's window. Quatre turned around and smiled, waiting for Trowa to speak again.

"Thanks."

"Anytime Trowa."

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Quatre was almost hyperventilating by the time he escaped to his bathroom. "Oh my God, he is so HOT!" He said to himself in the bathroom mirror. "Cute nothing Iria, he's a GOD!" Quatre added sinking to the cool tiles on the floor.

"Trowa, you can peep in my window anytime you feel like it." Quatre was beside himself, in the throws of a crush.

"Just don't blow it Quatre. You know what happened the last time you crushed on someone; you don't need another heartbreak. It took Duo, Heero, and Wufei to cheer you up again." Quatre reminded his reflection before going back to his room and a small sigh of disappointment escaped his lips upon finding the tree empty of its inhabitant.

So Quatre went about finishing unpacking and setting up his Theremin on his desk. Giving it a few tests before turning it off and heading downstairs for a snack.

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Quatre's mouth was stuffed full of chips when the phone went. "memmo?" He mumbled as he answered.

"Q! You're home!" Duo's voice on the other end gaily cried. Quatre swallowed.

"You knew I was coming home today." Quatre said flopping onto the couch. Ruffles bag in one hand a can of Pepsi in the other and the cordless pinned to his shoulder with his ear.

"It's hoooooot." Duo whined and Quatre chuckled.

"Duo do you want to use the pool?" Quatre asked smiling.

"Pleeeeeease?" Duo was a master at whining.

"Come over then. Are Heero and Wufei behind you pestering you to call and beg me?" Quatre asked and Duo laughed.

"It's Wufei's idea really. We just finished a game of softball." Duo said and Quatre chuckled.

"I'll be out there waiting for you, just come on back when you get here. I'll leave the front door unlocked." Quatre said and hung up the phone. Here was a good chance to try and spark something with Trowa. At least he could be friendly and offer right? The worst Trowa could say was "buzz off". So Quatre dashed upstairs to his bedroom, shimmed out onto the branch and made his way over to Trowa's bedroom window and knocked on the glass. He could see Trowa lazing on his bed with a magazine.

Trowa sat up and his jaw dropped, not expecting a visitor via the window. He went over and opened it.

"You could have came to the front door you know." Trowa said, finding it rather funny Quatre would come to the window.

"I know, but I figured you were still up here. Some friends of mine from school are coming over for a swim, I figured I'd invite you over to join us if you want too. It is hot today, and well..." Quatre began well enough, and the farther along he got the more shy he became.

Trowa smiled. "Thanks, I didn't know you had a pool." Trowa said and Quatre nodded.

"Yup, so you want to come over?" Quatre asked praying Trowa said yes.

"A swim does sound nice. I was on the swim team back at my old high school." Trowa said and Quatre beamed.

"Cool. So I'll see you in a few minutes then?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded.

"Sure, Thanks Quatre."

"Any time." Quatre answered turning and climbing his way back to his window. Once inside it was a mad dash to change into his swim trunks and beat Trowa to the front door.

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"I hope I don't regret this." Trowa said to himself as he changed into his Speedos and a pair of cut off jeans. He didn't have anything else to use for swimwear other than his swim meet attire. And Speedos were notorious for leaving NOTHING to the imagination.

"I can't believe I'm doing this. What is it with you Quatre where I can't seem to say no?" He asked himself once again as he grabbed a towel, his flip-flops, and headed next door.

Quatre nearly jumped for the door as the bell rang. He threw it open hard enough to make Trowa jump.

"HI!" Quatre said brightly, pausing only a nanosecond to thoroughly digest the God before him on the front stoop. Shirtless, bronzed, lean swimmer's physique, in sinfully high cut off shorts. Man Trowa was so hot he was on fire.

"Hi." Trowa said, taking note of his host. Quatre stood to just under his chin, and he was wearing a pair of bright blue shorts. The rest of him, pale, creamy, firm and gorgeous, Trowa wanted to weep with the sight of him.

"Come in, I'll take you out back, then I have to find my sunblock. Or else I'll be red as lobster in about five minutes." Quatre said as Trowa stepped inside and Quatre shut the door behind him.

"I can believe it. My sister's a red head and about as pale as you. She burns about as fast too." Trowa said as he followed Quatre through the house (That was laid out pretty much the same as his, only a mirrored version floor plan. The joys of Track housing quite evident.) And out through the back door where a large in-ground pool was beckoning. The sun casting bright patterns on the blue tile as the water reflected the rays.

"That sucks, I hate being so fair. I love the sun, it just does not love me." Quatre said showing Trowa to a chair. "Just dive on in, I'll be back in a minute." Quatre said dashing back inside to find his sun block.

Trowa was already doing laps around the pool when Quatre came back out and stared smearing the white lotion on his arms, face, legs, everywhere he could conceivably reach. Trowa by this time had climbed out of the water and Quatre dropped his lotion as he got a good look. All manner of sinful thoughts began to play in Quatre's mind as his eyes visually raped the youth walking toward him. "Oh my." Quatre gasped and Trowa quirked an eyebrow.

"What? I'm sorry I didn't hear you." Trowa asked grabbing his towel to dry his hair.

Quatre paled. "Ugh, nothing. I was cursing cause I can never reach my back when I'm putting this stuff on. Ignore me. I mumble a lot. I think out loud." Quatre said reaching for the lotion just as Trowa grabbed it.

"Well turn around, I can reach your back." Trowa said as he dispensed some into his hand and began smearing it on Quatre's back. The sirens, bells, whistles, and all the other loud explosions of emotion that take place in these moments going wild in Quatre's head as he tried to not lean into the touch.

But it felt soooooo Good. "God you have 24 hours to stop that." Quatre almost purred then bit his lip before he said too much.

Trowa chuckled. "Don't I know it. It's like when you get your hair cut and you want the barber to wash your hair for about an hour cause it just feels so much better when someone else does it." Trowa replied and Quatre chuckled.

"That's the best part of a hair cut." Quatre said grinning as he took the bottle from Trowa, as he wiped the excess lotion onto his towel and Quatre settled down into his chair. Trowa sitting and occupying the chair beside him.

An awkward silence fell as both boys tried to think of something to say. Thankfully the silence didn't last long.

"HONEY I'M HOME!" Came the voice of Duo as he sauntered outside. Heero, Wufei, Relena, Sally, and Hilde in tow behind him as they walked out onto the patio, Duo dropping everything as he broke out into a run and 'cannon-balled' himself into the pool, splashing everyone in the process.

"Damn it DUO! I didn't want to get my hair wet!" Hilde scolded as Duo came up sputtering.

"Sorry babe!" he said and Hilde flipped him off.

"No you're not ass hole." She muttered spreading out her now wet towel to dry on the concrete. "Thanks for letting us come over Quatre... Oh who's this?" She asked as she noticed the boy beside her childhood friend.

"Everyone, this is Trowa, he just moved in next door." Quatre began the introductions as everyone got settled beside the pool. "Trowa, the jerk in the braid is Duo, this is his girlfriend Hilde. That's Heero and his girlfriend Relena, and this is Wufei and Sally. They break up and get back together all the time so I'm not sure if I should say girlfriend this week or not." Quatre said and Sally laughed.

"On this week." Sally said holding out her hand to Trowa. "Nice to meet you." She said with a firm shake.

Trowa a little stunned only smiled slightly and offered a small "Pleasure". He was beginning to wonder where Quatre's girlfriend was; he was just waiting for the blow now.

"So Q-man. How was camp?" Duo asked flopping soaking wet onto the towel next to Hilde.

"Fine. They had some cool workshops this year. I'll show you the Theremin I built, it's really freaky." Quatre beamed and Trowa seemed to brighten.

"What's a Theremin?" Hilde asked and before Quatre could speak Trowa actually spoke.

"An electronic instrument. You play it by just moving your hands around in thin air. It's a force field of electronic waves that you disrupt and bend pitch by just moving your hands through the energy field. They used them a lot in old science fiction movies. You built one?" Trowa asked and Quatre nodded enthusiastically.

"Yeah! I can't believe you know what one even is, no one does." Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

"I like old science fiction movies. "The Day the Earth Stood Still" is one of my favorites and they use a Theremin EVERYWHERE in that for effect." Trowa said smiling and Quatre laughed.

"I show it to you later then. I still have to fiddle with it so I can play it right. I have to learn where to hold my hands yet." Quatre said as one more person sauntered outside. She was tall, blonde, and beautiful.

"Sorry I'm late." She said sitting down on Quatre. Not beside him, but ON him. "Miss me while you were away?" She asked and Trowa felt his heart slip somewhere down into his stomach making him feel ill. The obligatory girlfriend, he knew it. Someone as good as Quatre it was silly to think that he even stood half a chance.

"God, Dorothy get off!" Quatre moaned Dorothy laughed and oozed into the chair beside him.

"I'll take that as a no." She cackled as Quatre wiggled to try and get comfortable next to the chair hog.

"Oh, who's this?" Dorothy asked seeing the new comer. Trowa just wanted to go home now.

"Trowa. Jeez move your butt will ya?" Quatre said finally getting up and flopping onto the ground beside Trowa's chair.

"Trowa, this is Dorothy, a royal pain in the ass." Quatre said and Dorothy blew Quatre a kiss.

"Just because you are so easy to annoy and I've had to go three weeks without tormenting you." Dorothy said picking up the lotion that Quatre had outside. "Can I use some Quatre?" She asked and Quatre nodded.

"Sure." He said as Trowa stood.

"I should go." He said softly and Quatre hastily stood up.

"Why?"

"I don't want to intrude. I'm sure you want to spend time with your girlfriend. I don't want you to feel like you have to play host." Trowa said stooping to pick up his towel. Quatre began to howl with laughter however. Trowa stopped mid-stoop.

"Girlfriend? Ha ha ha ha ha Dorothy? Ha ha ha ha ha" Quatre gasped and the rest of the group began to break down into giggles. Trowa just looked confused.

Even Dorothy was clutching her sides with laughter. "He doesn't know does he Q?" Duo asked and Quatre shook his head still laughing.

"Know what?" Trowa asked and Quatre wiped his eyes.

"Sorry, we're not laughing at you Trowa. It's just everybody in town knows about me, so it's not something I ever think to say. I mean it's not something anybody says in a standard introduction. Hi my name is Quatre and I'm gay, nice to meet you." Quatre said and Trowa almost had a heart attack.

"You're gay?" Trowa asked, dumbfounded at Quatre's openness.

"FLAMING!" Duo hollered still in a fit of giggles.

"Not flaming thank you. Obviously Trowa didn't know." Dorothy said hitting Duo with the bottle of lotion.

"Yes idiot, it's not like Quatre wears a sign or anything. God how awful would THAT be? I mean so what if he's gay right? Why do people think because he is he needs to go around telling perfect strangers what he prefers to cuddle with?" Relena said as Trowa still tried to grasp what was going on here, from where he came from people did not do this, no one here cared, in fact they were defending their friend with their utter loyalty to him for who he was, not what he was.

"I need to wear a sign I think. It would be easier for me to find a boyfriend let me tell you." Quatre said as Trowa began to break out into a grin.

"I don't think that's necessary." Trowa said, the grin getting bigger as it spread across his face in delight; no need to hide who he was, no need to be ashamed, no need to fear. Trowa was about to come out of the closet for the first time.

"What?" Quatre asked turning to look up at Trowa.

"What I mean is, boy this is hard to say. I've never said it before." Trowa began, stammering slightly. Finding it difficult to actually spit it out. Quatre smiled and took his hand.

"It's okay Trowa. I think I can guess. But say it, trust me, you'll feel better if you do. Don't bottle it up inside. It hurts too much, believe me, I know." Quatre encouraged and Trowa found strength in compassionate blue eyes that urged him to utter the truth.

"I'm gay too." Trowa said and it felt like the weight of the world had just been lifted off his shoulders and he let go of the breath he didn't realize he'd been holding as he sank back down to the chair deflated. He hadn't even realized he'd started to cry with relief until

Quatre was there, letting him purge on his shoulder. Dorothy on Trowa's other side with a box of Kleenex ready for him when he was through.

"Man this takes me back Quatre. I remember when you confessed to me last year." Dorothy said patting Trowa's shoulder.

"I know, coming out is hard. You have no idea how people are going to react and it's terrifying." Quatre said passing Trowa a tissue from the box.

"God, I feel like I passed a kidney stone." Trowa muttered taking the Kleenex to wipe his drying eyes and Quatre chuckled.

"Oh Don't I know it! But you feel better now don't you?" Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

"Much. Thank you." Trowa said and Quatre grinned.

"Any time." Quatre said squeezing his hand reassuringly, Trowa squeezed back and held on.

"Trowa and Quatre sitting in a tree... K-I-S-S-I-N-G... ACK!" Duo began before he was attacked by Wufei and Heero who picked him up and bodily flung him into the pool where he came up hacking and choking to the sounds of laughter around the pool.

Trowa still had not let go of Quatre's hand as they all laughed at the flailing teenager who was swearing as he came up for air.

"Quatre?" Trowa almost whispered the name and Quatre turned and smiled at Trowa.

"Don't ask, I'd kill to go out with you sometime." Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

"How did you know what I was going to ask?"

"I didn't. Just hoping and letting you know how I feel in the process." Quatre said with a wink and Trowa chuckled.

"So I guess you realize now what I was daydreaming about in the tree earlier then." Trowa said as Duo crawled out of the pool.

"Oh I didn't. But glad I know now." Quatre said with a rather devilish grin as he stood and grabbed Trowa's hand tugging him towards the pool where they tumbled in and began to splash each other wildly. The rest of the teenagers running and diving in to join the horseplay eagerly.

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They were in the midst of a game of chicken; Quatre on Trowa's shoulders trying to dump Sally of Wufei's shoulders when Iria and Cathy stepped onto the patio. "Trowa?" Catherine asked and all you could hear was Quatre's mortifying squeal as he tumbled off Trowa's shoulders into the pool. Trowa's concentration lost in the game instantly.

"Cathy!"

"Oh my God. Who are you and what have you done with my brother?" She asked as Trowa scrambled out of the pool.

Quatre sputtering as he came up for air a concerned frown on his face as he watched Trowa shift nervously from foot to foot. He sighed and crawled out of the pool and walked over to save the moment. "Hi, you must be Cathy! I'm Quatre." He introduced genially. And Catherine smiled and shook his hand.

"Ah, the infamous little brother, I heard all about you." Catherine said grinning as Quatre grinned at her.

"I'm not as evil as Iria paints me, honest." Quatre said and Catherine laughed.

"I'd call you a saint actually. I haven't seen Trowa smile like that in years. And it took you an afternoon. What's your secret?" Catherine asked and Quatre shrugged.

"No secrets, that's all." Quatre said giving a knowing look at Trowa, then to Iria. Her eyes widened for a second before she nodded subtly.

Catherine missed the innuendo and Trowa still seemed nervous. Quatre wanted so badly to take his hand and reassure him. But he knew how difficult coming out to his family was going to be. So Quatre would only help lay the groundwork and support Trowa as best he could. Trowa had to do this on his own, in his own time. But he would let Trowa know with his subtle innuendo, that he would be there to lean on, and Trowa caught the look and sheepishly smiled his thanks.

"Any time" Quatre mouthed silently with a wink before heading back to the pool.

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Everyone had gone home as the sun began to set, as Trowa and Quatre lingered poolside. "Thanks for earlier by the way." Trowa said as they sat dangling their feet in the water.

"Don't thank me Trowa. It's not going to be easy, and I didn't have anyone to lean on. I know how bad it is. But I'll hold your hand through it, I promise. I hated feeling what I know you're feeling right now. I want to help you, I remember all too well." Quatre said taking Trowa's hand, Trowa's fingers interlocking with his own shyly.

"How did you do it?" Trowa asked, gazing into the water. Finding comfort in holding Quatre's hand and feeling Quatre lazily rubbing the back of Trowa's hand with his thumb.

"I just couldn't take the pain anymore. I felt like I was dying inside and I was going to burst if I held it in anymore. So I just blurted it out. First to Dorothy, she was my trial run as it were. And after I stopped blubbering like a baby. I came home and just told them both. It took Dad a bit to get over the shock, but he did eventually." Quatre began and Trowa lost himself in the tale. "What sent me over the edge though was last year's Music Camp. I met someone there, and I thought I was in love. I was so wrong. He turned out to be a real jerk. He had a boyfriend already I was just convenient for three weeks. I never heard from him again. I'm just glad I didn't sleep with him, cause I almost did and I would have regretted it even more I think." Quatre said and Trowa squeezed his hand.

"I always fell for the wrong ones too. But not like you, I mean mine usually we're straight as a board. Complete with girlfriends. Man I thought I was going to be sick earlier when Dorothy showed up. I thought I'd done it again." Trowa said looking up to smile at Quatre.

"Done what again?" Quatre asked coyly.

"I thought I'd fallen for another one that was already taken. I can't tell you how relieved I felt when you told me Dorothy wasn't your girlfriend." Trowa said chuckling and Quatre smiled.

"Nope, not taken." Quatre quipped, crinkling his eyes again as he smiled.

"You sure?" Trowa asked leaning closer.

"I'm sure."

"Do you want to be?"

"Depends on who's asking."

"I'm asking."

"Then it looks like I'm taken." Quatre said smiling as Trowa laid a tentative, chaste kiss on his lips.

"Mmmmmm." Quatre purred just as the patio lights came on, breaking them apart rather quickly.

"Sorry to interrupt. Dad and Mr. Barton want to barbecue. So I figured I'd come and warn you." Iria said and Quatre smiled.

"Thanks Iria." Quatre said standing and stretching.

"No problem. And for what it's worth, I think it's really cute. The boy next door sort of thing." She teased winking at Trowa who blushed slightly. "And no worries, I won't breathe a word." She added before heading back inside.

"Your sister is nice." Trowa said standing as well and grabbing his towel.

"She is. So is yours. Trust her Trowa." Quatre said as both boys went inside to change.

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(1) A Theremin is REAL... To learn more about his ODD Instrument that you NEVER touch to play go here: <http://www.thereminworld.com/default.asp>

Author's Note: I always see Quatre in the angsty role here in this scenario. I figured I'd flip flop the scene and see it in reverse with Trowa being the one who has to come to grips with his sexuality.

## Part 2

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Quatre walked Trowa to the front door before turning toward the staircase. "See you in a minute." Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

"Not if I close my blinds." Trowa said ducking out the door with a small laugh as Quatre swatted at him.

"DON'T TEASE!" Quatre hollered out the door before dashing up the steps to his room to change.

He was waiting for Trowa by his window, arms folded across his chest. Trowa chuckled as he moved toward his window. "You're cute when you pout." Trowa said with a wink reaching for the button on his cut offs. Quatre's eyes went wide.

"I wasn't kidding!" Quatre said gasping but not able, nor willing to tear his eyes away. "Don't tease." Quatre said almost drooling. Scratch that, he WAS drooling as Trowa lowered the zipper still within eyeshot.

"Who said I'm teasing? It's not like you didn't see most of me already today." Trowa said flinging his cut offs into his hamper across the room, as he stood clad only in his Speedos.

"Not the same." Quatre said in a whimper as he chewed his bottom lip.

Trowa chuckled. "If you say so." He said tucking his thumbs into the sides of his trunks.

The size of Quatre's eyes at this point was beyond description, and Trowa couldn't help but bust out in a fit of laughter. "Oh man what I wouldn't give for a snapshot of that look!" Trowa howled in a fit of laughter.

"You are a rotten human being Trowa Barton." Quatre said glowering.

"I never said I wasn't." Trowa returned, turning his back to Quatre as he shed his swimwear. The gurgled moan and whimper that escaped Quatre's throat was priceless.

"Oh my god." Quatre hissed, gripping the window frame for support. Trowa had the sexiest posterior he'd ever laid eyes on. The skin of his rear standing out white in contrast from bronzed tan lines, Trowa obviously saw a lot of sun wearing only his Speedos.

Quatre began to thank the heavens in every language he knew, and a few Quatre spontaneously made up just for the hell of it. He'd heard of people speaking in tongues. Now he knew why. He just stared as Trowa wriggled into more cut offs that were cut a little less provocatively, but no less sexy, and pulled a tank top over his shoulders before turning back to Quatre who had yet to move from the window.

"My turn." Trowa said crossing his arms over his chest and leaning against the window frame. His eyes meeting Quatre's expectantly.

"Nothing as good to look at I'm afraid." Quatre sighed, his joints like butter as his eyes still traversed all over Trowa's frame.

"I'll be the judge of that. I've had to drool all day too you know." Trowa said crawling into the tree and making his way into Quatre's window.

"Hardly. I'm not exactly Mr. Athlete over here. Not like you." Quatre said as Trowa climbed in the open window.

"I swim, big deal. I'm not Mr. Universe here either Quatre." Trowa said moving to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Then why am I seeing stars?" Quatre asked, a sly suggestive smile tugging at his lips.

"Flatterer. But you're stalling. You got your eye full, it's my turn." Trowa said lazing back on his elbows on Quatre's bed.

"I'm not stalling." Quatre said... stalling.

Trowa only smirked. "Need help?"

Quatre's jaw dropped. "NO!" He stammered pulling a shirt out of his closet and a pair of underwear and shorts from his dresser.

"Okay, you asked for it." Quatre said turning his back on Trowa as he changed.

"Mother Mary and Joseph." Trowa mumbled and Quatre flushed as he slid his shorts up.

"Damn it. There should be a law making it illegal to be so beautiful." Trowa groaned as Quatre walked over smiling.

"Funny, I thought that a few times today myself." Quatre said sitting next to Trowa on his bed.

"This is so... weird. But a good weird, it's hard to put into words. But I never knew anyone like me before. Let alone..." Trowa began as Quatre scooted closer taking his hand.

"Let alone have a boyfriend?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded smiling as Quatre straddled his lap.

"Yes. I feel like I'm dreaming and if someone pinches me and wakes me up I might have to kill that person." Trowa said as Quatre's arms wound around his neck.

"I know exactly how you feel. I've never had a boyfriend either Trowa. I was just a three-week fling to someone once. It's nice to feel like I mean something to somebody else for a change." Quatre said as Trowa's hands came up to rest on his hips. A soft smile spreading across the brunette's lips. "Being open about who you are doesn't guarantee anything but piece of mind. I was still alone after all." He added and Trowa reached up and pulled Quatre down for a kiss.

"Not anymore." He said as their foreheads touched and they just looked into each other's eyes.

"No, not anymore." Quatre said smiling as a voice from beneath the window spoke.

"BURGERS ARE READY! COME EAT!" Catherine yelled and Quatre slid off Trowa's lap and leaned out of the window.

"We'll be right down!" He called back turning and running into Trowa who had stepped up behind him.

He stole one more kiss from Quatre before both boys headed back out to the patio for supper.

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Everyone was seated at the resin table and chairs in the Winner back yard, happily chatting and devouring the burgers as fast as Nate Barton and Edward Winner could cook them on the grill. "My son has a hollow leg." Nate said as a third burger ended up on Trowa's plate.

"I've been swimming all day, I'm hungry." Trowa said grabbing the ketchup to drown his burger under.

"Mine you have to remind to eat. He'll forget if you let him." Edward said chuckling. "He has intense tunnel vision. Once he's immersed in a project he's relentless and single minded. He'd die of starvation if I let him." He said as Quatre still lingered over his first burger. Chatting with Catherine and forgetting to eat in the process.

As usual, Edward thought as he slapped the back of Quatre's head. "Talk later, eat now." He said and Quatre grinned.

"Oh, sorry dad. Thanks." Quatre said turning back to his cold burger. Trowa chuckled, but deigned to tease. He was interested in the conversation Quatre was having with his sister, and was quite content to just shovel food in his face and listen.

As everyone sat around bloated with dinner, Nate cracked open a beer with Edward. "I was taking the boat out tomorrow, you're all welcome to join us if you'd like." Nate offered to the Winner family and Iria squealed.

"You have a boat?" Quatre asked, just as enthusiastic about the outing as his sister it seemed.

Trowa nodded and smiled. "Yup, we go water skiing up at the lake all the time. Dad's boat is great." Trowa said as he mentally thanked his father for inviting them to come tomorrow.

"Oh Dad can we?" Iria asked and Edward smiled.

"Only if I don't have to strap on ski's I don't care." Edward said and Iria squeezed his neck.

"Thanks Daddy!" She said and Edward rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, whatever." Was all he said, shooing his daughter away from him so he could drink his beer in peace.

It was then Duo suddenly materialized in the backyard "Oi! I've been ringing the door bell for five minutes already." He said grinning at everyone.

"Sorry." Quatre said turning to his friend, whose hand was already in the bowl of chips.

"No prob." Duo said winking as he ate a couple of chips. "Wisten, me mer goin to get mum ice cream. Wanna come?" Duo asked around a mouthful.

"Want to try that in English?" Mr. Winner asked eyeing Duo, that boy hadn't changed since he was five years old. Edward thought chuckling as he shook his head at the gregarious teenager.

Duo swallowed. "We were all gonna meet over at Foster's Freeze for Ice cream. Wanna come?" Duo asked Quatre and Trowa.

"Ice Cream sounds good. Do you mind if I go out Dad?" Quatre asked and Ed shook his head.

"Nope, just be home by midnight." Edward said standing up and fishing for his wallet. "Here, go have a good time." He said handing his son a twenty. Quatre beamed.

"Thanks dad!" He said standing and looking at Trowa.

Trowa turned to his father. "Dad?"

Nate looked about to have a seizure. "Like I'm going to say no? I've been telling you to go out for two weeks now. Go, get, have fun, just be home at midnight like Quatre." Nate said also delving into a wallet to bestow some fun money on his son.

"COOL!" Duo chirped gaily, spinning around, his braid acting like a whip as he spun on his heels.

All three boys walking out to the front door to see Heero waiting in the driveway, his car packed with teenagers. His car was a well-kept, and insanely clean, cherry red 1965 mustang. Trowa whistled low. "Niiiice car." Trowa breathed and Heero smiled.

"Thanks." Heero said as Trowa inspected the car from trunk to tires.

"I love old muscle cars. This got a 289 cubic inch high performance engine in it?" Trowa asked, his grin widening. Heero nodded smug.

"271 horse power." Heero said proudly. Quatre mused they'd both be grunting like cavemen in a minute.

"I bet mine is faster though." Trowa added and Heero quirked an eyebrow.

"Oh? Let's see it hot shot." Heero said following Trowa who started walking to his garage. Quatre and Duo intrigued by the gear head exchange only followed silently behind them.

Trowa opened up his garage to reveal a 1968, metallic electric blue, Pontiac GTO. Heero's jaw hit the floor.

"Oh SWEET!" Duo said and Heero nodded.

"I'll say. Man, no doubt, you'll blow me away. Which engine you got in there?" Heero asked as Trowa popped the hood.

"Is there any other? 421 cubic inch 385 horsepower V8 of course." Trowa smiled proudly as Heero crawled into the engine.

"Can you get dirty later?" Relena asked from the door and Heero grunted.

"I have to drive this baby at least once." Heero said and Trowa smiled.

"Sure, I'll follow you to where we're going and let you take her for a spin." Trowa said going back inside to grab his keys and his wallet.

Quatre was waiting for Trowa in the garage while Duo, Hilde, Relena and Heero waited in the driveway for Trowa to follow them to meet Wufei and Sally at their destination.

Quatre climbed into the passenger seat and beamed at Trowa behind the wheel. "A sexy boyfriend complete with sexy car. All I need now is a camera so I can take pictures and make myself a calendar to drool on." Quatre said and Trowa laughed.

"That can be arranged ya know." He said with a wink. "So long as I can drape you over the hood to make myself one too." He continued and Quatre grinned.

"So long as I don't have to wear a thong, you got a deal." Quatre chuckled as they pulled out and headed for Ice cream.

"Naked?"

"Not on your life Trowa. Drive." Quatre admonished as Trowa chuckled in his seat.

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Dorothy, Wufei and Sally were saving seats when the rest of the horde descended en masse. Wufei instantly going outside to drool with Heero over Trowa's car. Both teenagers taking turns driving the GTO around the mall parking lot across the street.

When male bonding over muscle cars closed and they returned inside to order ice cream, everyone crammed into a circular booth in the back to eat their rapidly melting treats.

Dorothy smirked as she handed Quatre the cherry off her sundae. "Why don't you show Trowa what you can do." She said with a wink. Quatre's grin turning incredibly evil as he took the long stemmed Cherry from her to pop it into his mouth. Trowa sat wondering just what the hell Quatre was doing as he looked to be mauling the cherry like a camel chewing his cud.

However, a few moments later Trowa had his answer. Quatre stuck out his tongue, and perched on it was the cherry stem; a tidy knot had been tied into it, using only his tongue.

Seven teenagers burst into hysterical laughter as Trowa groaned and began banging his forehead against the table top, muttering a string of curses and ranting how life was not fair.

Quatre grinned and just finished his ice cream looking like a completely innocent little angel. Sometimes he really liked the fact he had such a countenance. It came in handy when he felt like being a demon. He may have looked like an angel but he was indeed far from it. He had a mean streak a mile long and he currently loved the fact he had Trowa to torment. One good tease deserved another after all.

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The teens lingered in their booth, chitchatting until the restaurant closed at ten. From there they went their separate ways.

Quatre from the passenger seat showed Trowa around town as they drove up and down the streets. When they reached the abandoned park, Trowa pulled over and parked.

Hand in hand they walked through damp grass quiet and lost in each other's company. The new realization that they had each other slowly sinking in, and delighting them. They sat on the swings; hands still locked together when Trowa broke the silence.

"I still can't get over this. You make me feel so comfortable and I just don't get it. No one makes me feel like this. What is it about you Quatre?" Trowa asked and Quatre smiled and shrugged.

"If I could answer that, I'd have the answer to my own questions about you." Quatre replied a soft smile and shining eyes turning toward Trowa.

"God you're beautiful." Trowa sighed lost in huge blue eyes as he pulled on the chains of Quatre's swing to pull him closer.

"I never thought so. But I sure do feel like it with you around." Quatre said leaning closer.

"Good." Trowa said as Quatre came into range and dipping his head, Trowa claimed those lips again with his own, a deeper, soul searching kiss ensued and both young men fell headlong into the sensation, the world around them melting away, leaving only the touch of lips pressed against one another.

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Catherine was out walking the dog one last time for the night down to the park at the end of the block. It was just after eleven and she wasn't tired so she figured a nice long walk would get her sleepy enough for bed and give the dog a bit of exercise. As she reached the park, she cocked her head when she spied Trowa's car.

"What on earth is Trowa doing here?" She muttered as she began a circuit of the park. She chuckled when she spied two silhouettes engaged in a heated kiss on the swings. "Awwwww how cute." He giggled as she continued her walk, however the dog started to whine. He wanted to go over to where the lovers were having their little tryst.

"No, come on." Catherine said tugging, but the dog wouldn't budge. Curious why the dog was reacting so strangely, Catherine narrowed her eyes and tried to see through the darkness at just who it was that the dog wanted to get to.

She froze.

"Oh my God!" Catherine gasped her eyes wide. It was Trowa and Quatre, giving each other tonsil exploratory surgery. "So that's it, that's your secret." Catherine muttered, her shock fading as a warm feeling encased her.

"I thought as much." She added smiling at her brother. "Trowa, when will you learn we only want you happy. If this makes you happy, then who are we to say no?" Catherine added letting the dog go. Who raced to Trowa and knocked him out of the swing.

"Van Gogh? What are you doing here?" Trowa asked picking himself up off the ground, trying to fend off a rather large dog whom only wanted to cover Trowa in affectionate, sloppy kisses.

Quatre was laughing. "Your dog?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded as he subdued the dog enough to right himself.

"Yes. Get off!" Trowa growled as the dog flopped down at his feet.

It was a hideous dog, a mutt with the fur of a sheep dog, the face of a St. Bernard, and only one ear. Quatre just stared at it, not sure if the dog was so ugly it was cute, or if it was just plain ugly. Trowa laughed. "I know, he's butt ugly." Trowa chuckled scratching the dog behind its one ear.

"Did it get hit by a bus?" Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

"Nope, he looked this way when we found him. Or rather he found us. Hence his name. Van Gogh... one ear. Get it?" Trowa asked with a smirk and Quatre laughed.

"I got it before. Poor thing." Quatre said moving down to scratch the bared belly, receiving several sloppy licks in the process.

"Trowa spoils him rotten, not 'poor thing' at all." Catherine said and Trowa tipped out of his swing again.

"Cathy!?!? Wha-a-wh-what are you doing here?" Trowa asked visibly shaken. Catherine frowned.

"Well I was out walking the dog, until he found you. Trowa honey, don't look so panicked. I saw." Catherine said and Trowa turned white as a sheet.

"Saw what?" Trowa asked hoping and praying it wasn't what he thought it was.

"That was one hell of a kiss. It curled MY toes." Catherine said grinning at Quatre.

Quatre offered her a tender smile before standing and taking Trowa's hand that was trembling. "Trowa, calm down. Just tell her, trust her." Quatre urged interlacing his fingers with Trowa's to lend him support.

"I'm gay Cathy." Trowa said just blurting it out and looking at shoes, shorts, anywhere but Catherine's face.

"No, really? Tell me something I couldn't already figure out Trowa." Catherine teased walking over to lift her brother's chin. "Are you happy?"

Trowa nodded.

"Then that's all I care about Trowa." Catherine said as Trowa broke down in tears again with relief. Catherine immediately pulled him into her embrace. Quatre stepped back slightly only to have Catherine shoot her arm out and grab him by his shirt collar.

"Oh no you don't come here too you!" Catherine ordered dragging Quatre into the hug. "You've made him happy, you've made him smile. And I haven't seen him this way in years. Thank you." Catherine said in tears of her own now. It didn't take long for Quatre to follow suit, swept into the emotions around him.

Van Gogh just sat there curious why his humans were acting so funny. That was until his own butt turned out to be more interesting and he proceeded to make disgusting slurping sounds. Breaking the trio into a fit of laughter before they all decided to finish the Dog's walk and head home.

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"Oh no way, nuh-uh, no how!" Quatre protested, clinging desperately to the boat's railing. Everyone was piled into Nate Barton's boat and Catherine was trying to urge Quatre into water skiing.

He wasn't having any of her sweet-talking; he wanted to live till the end of the day, thank you very much. Trowa's snickering wasn't helping matters. Quatre glared at him. "Keep laughing Trowa, go right ahead, you'll pay later." Quatre muttered as Catherine tugged at him.

"Come on chicken." Catherine teased and Quatre shook his head.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo. Let go." Quatre said as Iria brushed past.

"I'll try it." She said fitting herself into the skis and jumping overboard to grab hold of the pull rope.

Edward just chuckled at his son. Truth be told... the son took after the father. There was no way in hell he'd put those damn things on either. Iria was much more like their mother; Quatre would try anything at least once.

Edward sighed wistfully at her memory, she'd been gone for years, yet she was alive and well in her children. Quatre was almost her mirror image in feature, and Edward thought of her every time Quatre smiled.

The smiles were identical, and Quatre seemed to be smiling a lot these past few days. He followed his son's gaze, and the penny dropped. He was smiling a lot because of Trowa.

Edward pondered the situation. He knew his son was gay, but he'd never brought anyone home before, he began to wonder if this new friendship was more than it seemed. He was pondering this as he settled himself next to Nate as they sped across the water. Towing a whooping and hollering Iria in the boat's wake.

"Thanks for bringing us out today Nate. The kids are having a ball." Edward said enjoying the motion of the boat as it clipped along the lake surface.

"I thank your son. I've not seen Trowa so animated in I can't tell you how long. Since he was about thirteen, Trowa has been so withdrawn and moody. I was considering getting him some help actually. It seems I don't need to now." Nate said smiling back at the boys who were cheering Iria on from the stern of the boat.

"Quatre's always been one to bring out the best in people. If you look up Charming in the dictionary, you'll see his picture, right next to his mother's." Edward chuckled propping his feet up on the prow.

"I can believe it." Nate said as he slowed the boat down, Iria had wiped out at last and he circled back to pick her up from where she bobbed up and down, laughing in the water.

Nate turned around to watch the kids drag Iria back into the boat, and Catherine dove in, taking her turn with the skis. Something caught his eye and he tipped his head in query for a moment. Trowa's hand was resting on Quatre's shoulder momentarily. A simple enough gesture where they were leaning on the railing for balance as the boat bobbed up and down. However, Trowa's hand was gently kneading the shoulder in the process, a more than familiar gesture, it was an unconscious affectionate gesture. "What the?" Nate muttered to himself and Edward sighed, following Nate's line of sight.

"I think they dating each other." Edward said and Nate spun to face him.

"What?"

"I said I think they are more than friends." Edward said and Nate looked like a stunned deer.

"You mean you think my son is GAY?" Nate asked and Edward sighed.

"I know mine is, I can only guess. I know how you feel. I was shocked when Quatre told me last year he was." Edward began and Nate looked angry.

"My son is not GAY." Nate sputtered; this wasn't looking good at all now. Edward cursed himself for opening this can of worms in the first place.

"Trowa BARTON!" Nate hollered and Trowa spun around on his heels.

"Dad? What's wrong?" Trowa asked knowing his father was pissed when he used that tone of voice.

"Just what the hell is going on between you two?" Nate asked and Trowa looked gutted. Edward shot his own son an extremely apologetic look. Quatre was now mortified; he knew what was about to happen.

Trowa was tongue tied, cowed into silence by the glare in his father's eye. Quatre knew it was now or never and stepped up to take Trowa's hand.

Nate looked livid, but Quatre held firm, and only squeezed Trowa's hand for reassurance.

"Well? Trowa? What is... is this?" Nate said pointing at their entwined hands.

"Quatre is... Quatre is my... my boyfriend. I'm gay Dad." Trowa said shaking in his sandals as Catherine, seeing the commotion, scrambled back into the boat just as Trowa confessed.

"He's WHAT?!" Nate blurted out, and Catherine dove in front of Trowa.

"His boyfriend Dad are you deaf?" Catherine said and Nate turned red glaring at his daughter now.

"You knew?!" Nate demanded and Cathy shrugged.

"Since yesterday. So what?" She said and Nate sputtered.

"It's ... It's..." Nate began and Catherine glowered at him.

"If you say 'Wrong' Daddy I swear I'll hit something. Trowa's HAPPY! Look at him! How can something wrong work such wonders? Answer THAT before you fly off the handle!" Catherine blurted out as Trowa's knees grew weak and he flopped onto the seat, Quatre still clinging to his hand.

"I hate to butt in Nate. But I have a little stake in this too. It's my son in this as well. I know you're confused at hearing this, and some sick part of your brain feels that you failed as a man cause your son is gay. I know, I felt it too. And I feel sicker now knowing that I ever thought that in the first place." Edward began smiling at his son.

"I said some horrible things that I regret every single day. Quatre never changed. He was still the son I loved; it was my attitude that needed changing. Me knowing he was gay didn't suddenly change him, he'd been gay the day before he was going to be gay the day after. The only thing that changed was I knew the truth, and it took my old ingrained prejudices a while to let go and allow me to see that." Edward continued smiling at his son, who smiled back.

"Don't let your anger eat you Nate. You and I were raised in a different world, and sadly it's hard to change a mindset. But think rationally. Is Trowa any different today than he was last week in reality? Yes he is, you said so yourself. He's happy. So let him be happy." Edward said turning to Nate who seemed to have calmed down.

"I guess you're right." Nate said looking over to his son. "Are you truly happy this way?" He asked and Trowa swallowed.

"It's not that I chose it dad. I was born this way, and yes, I am very happy for a change." Trowa answered and Nate nodded closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

"I'm going to have to come to terms with this son. Like Ed said, I have some preconceived notions here that are demanding me to scream to high heaven. But I tried raising you to be more tolerant; it's time I take my own advice there. Give me time to accept this, I'll try I promise." Nate said and Trowa nodded.

"Understandable Dad. I wasn't very forthcoming either. I was scared to tell you too." Trowa said and Nate smiled ruefully at his son.

"For that I'm sorry. I know it has to be just as hard for you. You're going to face a lot more shit in this world being who you are to start with. I won't add to your problems." Nate said turning to look at Quatre.

"You're a wonderful young man Quatre, I'd be a fool not to notice the positive influence you have on my son. Thank you." Nate said and Quatre shook his head.

"Don't thank me, I didn't do anything." Quatre began and Nate shook his head.

"No, you loved my son enough to help him out of his shell. I charge you with keeping him out of it. I much prefer my Trowa smiling. I couldn't make him smile. You can." Nate said and Quatre smiled shyly and blushed only a little.

"I really didn't do anything. But thank you anyway." Quatre said as Trowa stood behind him to hold him.

Nate smiled. "Maybe this won't be too hard after all. That does make for an awfully nice picture there." Nate said and Quatre did blush this time and Edward laughed.

"You need more sun block Quatre, you're getting pick around the edges." Edward teased slapping Nate's shoulder. "You look like you need a beer. I'll drive for a while." Edward said taking the wheel as Nate raided the cooler.

"Read my mind." Nate said as Catherine jumped back into the water ready to ski.

Iria grinning at Trowa and Quatre before turning to watch Catherine.

Trowa sighed and sat down, pulling Quatre down in his lap. "Feel better now?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded.

"Now, yes. Five minutes ago I felt like being sick and then some." Trowa said and Quatre smiled.

"Me too. My dad sometimes talks before he thinks. I didn't tell him, but he's always been good at putting two and two together. But I'm glad he was here, It could have been worse had he not been." Quatre said and Trowa nodded.

"Remind me to thank him later." Trowa said and Quatre smiled.

"He won't let you. You can try, but he won't let you." Quatre said and Trowa grinned.

"That sounds familiar. You get that from your dad." Trowa chuckled and Quatre beamed.

"I get a lot of things from him." Quatre said smirking. "Like you won't see him out there on skis either! We both know better." Quatre said chuckling and Trowa rolled his eyes.

"I'll convince you yet." Trowa said and Quatre shook his head.

"No you won't"

"Yes, I will"

"No you won't"

"I will"

"No you wo-mmmppppffh" Quatre was silenced with a firm kiss.

"Okay maybe I'll give it a try once." Quatre seemed to melt into the cushions.

"I thought as much." Trowa said smugly as they watched Catherine bounce along the waves curled up together on the bench-like seat.

Officially open and together, it was a liberating freedom in a sense. At least where family was concerned they would never have to hide who they were again.

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END

(Sappy I know. I was gonna make this REALLY angsty, but I was so not in the mood for it. Gomen for the anti-climactic ending, I just couldn't see Nate (Yes, the same Nate from Paraffin and Peonies) get too bent out of shape once I got to that part.)