

God he's so fucking HOT. **"Not a problem, and the can is up the stairs to the left, I think. But good luck getting in, I'd opt for bushes outside if I were you."**

Butter would not melt in this guy's mouth. Better yet, cover him in butter and eat him. Oh yeah.

"Great. I don't know why I let myself get dragged to these things. I just end up getting trampled on or trampling on others. Very sorry about stepping on your foot."

MMM, manners, looks and he's sober, my kind of guy. **"I said no problem. I usually end up doing the same. I'm not much for these things either."**

So let's go off somewhere and have a private party.

God I am pathetic.

Blondie, you have about a minute before I jump your bones. You see I've not had a date in a very long time, and I think you could technically sacrifice me to a volcano it's been so long since I've had sex. And if you can read my mind, I am a dead man.

When did I become such a leech?

Since big blue eyes ran into me and smashed my big toe.

"Well, as much as I'd like to talk, I NEED to find that bush you mentioned or I'll burst. I guess I'll see you around?"

Right the poor guy has to take a leak. Can I hold it for you?

Crap, damn it Trowa you're going to fantasize yourself into a cold shower in a minute.

But it looks like I'm staying at this party a little longer however. **"I was just heading out for a breath of fresh air, if you want, we can talk after you leave a deposit at the bank of Bush."**

Damn he's beyond sexy when he laughs.

Trowa Barton: one.

Unsuspecting conquest: zero.

"You win, Rendezvous on the porch after my bank transaction?"

I can only nod like an imbecile. Honestly, I'm only good for one witty remark a night. Not to mention I'm too busy checking out your ass as you walk outside. You fill out jeans nice Mr. Blond Booty Man. How I wish I were a bush.

Well without the pissing on me part naturally. Some people may get off on that, that's just nasty if you ask me.

So here I sit and wait, hoping Lady luck likes me tonight and I get my hands on you. Be that metaphorically and/or physically speaking. I don't care really, well I do, I'd prefer it to be both actually, you, 'Mr. Blond with an Ass from Hell Man', are at least, based on first impression, worth getting to know beyond a one-night stand at any rate.

Trowa, try getting up from the dugout and up to the plate for a change rather than planning a homerun score and living arrangements, complete with the dog, cat and white picket fence in suburbia dreamscapes attached.

Miss Luck, if I just get to stare at him shamelessly for an hour it'll be a great night. That's more realistic. I don't even know if he's gay or not.

That would suck.

Nix those thoughts right now Trowa Barton you pessimistic bastard.

Here he comes, sashay this way, oh YES.

Make that wish to THREE hours of staring Miss Luck, PLEASE!

"Did you get a receipt?" Oh ho, witty twice in one night, go me. Yes laugh, you're cuter than shit when you smile like that.

Who came up with that phrase? 'Cuter than Shit', I've never seen shit that was cute. I've seen shit on my shoes, shit on gas station bathroom walls, dog shit on my lawn, but never cute shit.

Why do I think of things like this when I have a gorgeous guy sitting next to me?

Honestly, no wonder I don't get laid, I'm mental!

"No receipt needed, makes balancing the piss-book a breeze."

Oh, nice. You just moved up a notch on the fuck-o-meter. **"I'm Trowa Barton, you are?"**

"Quatre Winner, nice to meet you."

Winner, you sure are. Boy, I'm sure he's never heard THAT one before. Christ, I've used up my wit for the night. Glad I didn't say that out loud.

"Pleasure. So, I guess the next question should be how did you wind up getting suckered into coming to this party?"

"I have no idea. One minute I was studying, the next I thought I was going out to get some dinner and here I was. Phillip, wherever the hell he disappeared to, brought me here. I've not seen him since we walked in the door. But that's pretty typical, he's quite a party boy sans the lampshade, and you lose him in the swarm of fans. He'll turn up later. Drunk. And I'll drive him home. At least there are chips on the coffee table, or I'd still be starving."

"That sucks. And so did those three week old stale pieces of crap they called chips."

"Tell me about it, I'll grab a burrito at 7-11 later, that's what I usually do after a night like tonight."

Wait a minute, something is really off here, just what's wrong I can't put my finger on, but I don't like the look on your face at all. Please Miss Luck, let Phillip be just a prick of a friend and not a prick of a BOYFRIEND. Uh oh, panic attack. Ix-nay on the oyfriend-bay! WHOOP! WHOOP! Warning, warning Will Robinson! Think, think, think, gotta make him laugh again. Must go with humor, great, not my long suit, let's just get this back on track and get me, at least, up to the fucking plate to bat!

"Go for the corndog and mustard with a big blue raspberry slurpee, if you're going to eat junk, go whole-hog, be a rebel."

Shit, you can do better than that BARTON, you lame ass!

Reason 101 why you never get laid. You are an A-1, first class, stick in the mud in the personality department. A wet dishrag has more than you do!

Hi, I'm Trowa Barton and I'm an Idiot without a village...

Fuck!

I can hear the crickets chirping now! What's WRONG with me?

"Nah, I'm more of a Chicken Marsala Man myself. Junk food for an entrée is a last resort, and I mean last. At least a frozen burrito hasn't been turning on a nasty roller-grate for hours."

"Dirt and old grease is good for you. Puts hair on your chest."

"I don't see much, if any, hair on yours Trowa. And that V-neck is pretty low. Think of another example. That sales pitch sucked."

"I never did make a good salesman."

"Obviously."

Okay, we're back on track, sort of, and you're really, really cute now, come on, tease me more, you know you want to, Mr. 'Chicken Marsala'.

I have to try that one of these days it sounds good, always sort of 'classy' sounding.

I also want a corndog now too damn it. My kind of class, all third... and this conversation is rapidly making me hungry. Time to change the subject before my stomach starts growling.

"Man this conversation is making me HUNGRY, let's change the subject."

Okay, and now he reads my mind too, spooky.

"I was JUST thinking the same thing."

There's that laugh again, make me purr.

"Talk of food ALWAYS makes me hungry. I'm a bottomless pit with a nasty sweet tooth. Gimme a night with no homework and the television playing an endless stream of old 1950's classic sci-fi movies and or 1940's film noir, a bag of Japanese sesame crackers, a two-liter of Pepsi, and a never ending supply of those little jelly candy things that look like raspberries and blackberries, you'll find me the next morning in a coma of orgasmic bliss and covered in empty wrappers."

Whoa, okay, definitely my kind of guy here. Who's yer daddy? HOOYAH! HOOYAH!

"Man, sign me up for that bender. I'll bring the Cheetos and chocolate chip cheesecake."

"Oh man, and some really buttery croissants that make your fingers all greasy with apple butter slathered all over. Chocolate pastry anything, oh god, I'm starving now."

"I thought you said Junk food was a last resort. Mr. Chicken Marsala."

There, go get him Trowa, turn those tables!

"As an ENTRÉE it's a last resort! I may love my chicken marsala for dinner, but gimme junk all night long to snack on after. I need food, I'm gonna start gnawing on YOU in a minute."

Oh PLEASE! Gnaw away. I got a nice sausage for you.

I can really be a pig, that grossed ME out and I thought it! I'm such a pervert.

"QUATRE!"

Ah crap, just when things are going great. Go away, Quatre's off the clock, he's mine all mine you wanker. Fuck off!

"There you are, I've been looking all over for you baby."

God how cliché, can you ooze anymore you drunk punk drama queen?

HEY! Get your paws off my conquest you heathen!

"No, you haven't Phillip, I sat on the couch for two hours, and have been sitting here for the past fifteen minutes. This is the first time I've seen you since we got here. And you're drunk, again."

"God Kitty-cat you get all pissy at parties. You need to have some fun, loosen up baby."

"I'm 'loose' enough thanks. You told me we we're going to dinner, not a party and I'm tired, I'm hungry, I have homework still and for goodness sakes you positively reek of beer, did you bathe in it?"

Trouble in Paradise, and fuck it to all levels of Hell, it figures a catch like Quatre's got a boyfriend, albeit a jerk of one. Damn, damn, triple dog damn! He's hot too, in that Calvin Klein underwear model, untouchable, jock in a jockstrap and nothing else sort of way, but what a first class, insensitive, self-absorbed jerk.

Did you think of your boyfriend at all tonight you ass? Or were you just out to flatter yourself, flirt and show off your body? Quatre you are so much better looking, and leagues nicer. And you don't even see it do you?

Real charm versus a real snake charmer what a staggering difference.

You never get another chance to make a first impression they say.

Quatre, you got five stars.

Your boyfriend, Phillip, look at me strut? Owes me stars he's so in the red!

You deserve better Quatre.

And Quatre's right, whew, I can smell the brewery of Pippy-boy from here.

"Aw Kitty, don't be mean. You're so selfish sometimes. All I wanted was to go to a party with my honey. Come on and kiss me, so many people are so jealous of you ya know. All this is all yours."

Make

Me

Fucking

GAG!

"Phillip, please you're making a scene. Can we just go? You've had too much."

"Scene? Scene? How on EARTH did I end up with such an uptight little bitch? I swear Quatre if I didn't fuck you and that corncob out of your tight little ass you'd be a fucking ice queen!"

Deck the Bastard Quatre!

If you don't I will.

"A tight ass you've seen the last of! I am sick and tired of you, your flirting with anything with a dick, and your obnoxious attitude. Carry your own ass home I'm leaving!"

Okay so it wasn't a right hook, but yeah! Go Quatre!

"Talk about flirting! You were out here with him!"

Talking you dork.

Okay, granted I was flirting, sort of, but Quatre wasn't.

God, I need popcorn, this is almost comical.

Can I make a request?

Can you two discuss more on the topic of tight asses?

Preferably of the Quatre Winner variety tight ass?

Minus the corncob references?

You see, I saw this anime once, and let's just say I can never, EVER think of corncobs the same way again. I don't need help envisioning them as dildos thanks.

Ah great, too late, nice visual in my head of Quatre with a corncob dildo. (1)

Why do I always squick myself?

How do I manage this?

"We were Talking! Did you expect me to sit by myself all night with my thumb up my ass waiting for you to condescend to find me so I could be your designated chauffeur and drunken stupor blow up doll? Are you that dense? I weep for the future of the Courts of America if they get lawyers like you! Take your ego, shove it somewhere unpleasant, and rotate. And for the record, 15 minutes of conversation with HIM, was worth our entire year! What's my favorite Dinner?"

"What?"

"You heard me, you've seen me fix it a dozen times, I've fed it to you a dozen times! What's my favorite dinner?"

"Who cares about stupid food!?"

I know this, how on Earth can this Pip not get it? Favorite food is like the one of the first things you learn about those you want to get personal with moron!

Ever hear the phrase 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach'? If Quatre fed me corndogs with mustard daily I'd be his slave!!!

"Chicken Marsala."

Oh, I am good. I am so in there. Buh-bye Pippy-long-fuck. That evil grin you just saw was directed at me, me! Trowa Barton, thief of boyfriends!

I'm such a nerd.

Maybe Quatre likes nerds.

God I hope so!

"See, fifteen minutes and he knows more about me than you do! You have never paid attention to anything but you!"

Quatre, you are even sexier all riled up and in a snit. Marry me, oh ye Prince of Chicken Marsaland!

"Fine then! Go eat alone! We're through!"

"Yes, we are through, but I am certainly not eating alone."

Oh yeah, royal flush, read 'em and weep 'My Little Pippy'!

"Trowa, would you care to go get something to eat?"

"Maybe after we hit the video store for "The Day the Earth Stood still'?"

What a smile he's got.

"And a two liter of Pepsi?"

"And maybe some of those little raspberry and blackberry things?"

Reel him in Trowa.

Mine all Mine!

"Trowa, you read my mind."

"Well you read mine earlier, it was my turn."

Oh make me Melt like ice cream on the equator -- your wicked smile is just too much. Who's my Daddy? Quatre's my daddy! And I'm being a very bad boy on the inside. I need a spanking.

I really am mental, but am so going to get laid.

We'll worry about the rebound stuff later, work it Trowa, work it!

I can take this Pip guy any day. Quatre's MINE!

"Shall we go then?"

Oh yeah, I'm already Gone Quatre. ***"Just let me grab my keys. I'll follow you."***

Clear to the very ends of the earth if you asked Quatre. So fucking corny that thought, but so true.

You're a spitfire Quatre, I may be reeling you in, but I'm not without a hook in my mouth here either.

"What the hell just happened here?"

Man Pip you are really clueless. I just stole your boyfriend. You've been dumped! Now I must have a gloating Homer Simpson Moment, Woo-Hoo! There, my silly quotient is full for this year.

"It's called I found someone better than you."

Wow, Thanks Quatre. And I promise to be better, because you deserve better.

I'm gonna get laid, I'm gonna get laid. He's gonna get laid, he's so going to get laid. Backwards, forwards, upside down, make him scream my name laid. Oh yeah, watch out Quatre, I'm going to make your fucking toes curl.

Mental.

I'm certifiably mental. Quatre can do better than me too if I keep this shit up. Keep it together Trowa, Quatre is a keeper here, remember the white picket fence stuff you were thinking earlier? We're rounding third base here don't blow it you horny animal!

But, I'm gonna get laid!

Where are my fucking KEYS?

Got them. WHEW!

Man the look on Pip's face is priceless.

Never thought Quatre would dump you?

Looks only go so far Pip-a-roni.

"You ready to Go Quatre?"

"I've been ready a long time actually."

...

...

I am so getting laid! That ball is out of here! HOMERUN!

~*~*~*~*~*~*

END DESERVE BETTER

(1) Boku no Sexual Harrasment.. CORN PORN!!!!

CONTINUE ON FOR MUCH BETTER:

Apologize and bolt then curse your retched bad luck. Winner my ASS, I'm such a Loser!

"I'm sorry, I didn't see you there. Um, might I ask, have you seen the way to the bathroom?"

Oh god, oh god, oh god. Those eyes! Unnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

I am such a push over for green eyes, oh come to daddy you stud.

I really have to piss.

"Not a problem, and the can is up the stairs to the left, I think. But good luck getting in, I'd opt for bushes outside if I were you."

Shit, no stairs! I'll never make the climb, and this semi-hard on isn't helping things either.

FUCK, Fuck, Fuckity Fuck, Fuck!

Stupid party, stupid Phillip, stupid me, stupid dumb luck, stupid need to pee at the worst possible times.

"Great. I don't know why I let myself get dragged to these things. I just end up getting trampled on or trampling on others. Very sorry about stepping on your foot."

No I'm not actually, I'm damn glad I stepped on you.

"I said no problem. I usually end up doing the same. I'm not much for these things either."

Whoa, I'm gonna cry, a Hot guy who's not narcissistic or drunk, or both... PHILLIP! GRAH!

Quatre you have a boyfriend, and you are already cheating on him in your mind with this guy.

But this guy is so much better. Curse my dumb ass fucking luck all to hell.

Whoa, I'm gonna pee my pants if I don't step this up. I'll be doing the pee-pee dance here in a minute like a two-year-old.

"Well, as much as I'd like to talk, I NEED to find that bush you mentioned or I'll burst. I guess I'll see you around?"

Oh PLEASE let me see you around Mr. Chest from hell. Nice V-neck shirt, good choice, I can see all the way to China, nice pecks, damn nice pecks. With that little valley in between just made for tongue action and chocolate fondue.

Quatre you are such a pervert.

But that chest, is begging for it!

You've always been a chest man, face it, if he does the "peck flex dance" you're a goner.

I'm a goner now, PEE, PEE, PEE, I GOTTA PEE!

"I was just heading out for a breath of fresh air, if you want, we can talk after you leave a deposit at the bank of Bush."

And FUNNY TOO, uh-oh, laughing is NOT a good idea right now. I'm going to spring a leak.

Must go pee first, come back, try not to flirt shamelessly with stud here, yeah, I think I'll just do that. I already know Phillip is in there flirting with anything that breathes and has a dick.

Why not? It's my turn for a little fun damn it.

Mr. Peck, Hey, ya know, you do have that Gregory Peck charisma oozing off you come to think of it. Damn shame about him and all, I loved his movies.

Quatre, you dumbass! Just go pee and tell Mr. Peck here, you will see him in a minute, or ten, depending on Viagra Falls gushing duration here. I don't just have to urinate -- I have to urine-ten!

I need that bush NOW!

"You win, rendezvous on the porch after my bank transaction?"

Quietly understated come-hither nod and looking at me through sinfully long eyelashes.

You, Mr. Peck, are subtle, but definitely flirting with me.

YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!

I will be right back to eat all that up like candy!

Give him a little shot of your ass on the way out Quatre. That's right, check out my tush Mr. Peck. These are my best jeans for that purpose. Oh, don't wiggle TOO much Quatre, you haven't found that bush yet.

Ah, sweet Mother, Mary and Joseph, I NEEDED this.

Thank Goodness for hedgerows!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh, a good piss always feels soooooooo good!

Man I wish that cat would stop staring at me. Quit sizing me up bucko, shoo!

Finally! I think I peed a gallon here, or at least it felt like it. Whoa, watch the zipper -- that would have put a damper on the evening for sure. My voice is high enough, thank you very much. I really don't need help there that's for certain.

I don't think little Q would have liked that much either. Would ya buddy?

I talk to my own penis.

I am a sick, sick man.

Or just a very horny one, down boy! God there he is, why oh why am I torturing myself?

This is going nowhere Quatre, remember Phillip?

You, do. Does he remember you?
Only when he needs a ride, money, food or a fuck!

Go for this Quatre! You've been looking for an excuse to justify dumping Phillip for months.

You've been too soft up until now, letting predictability run your life. Trying not to hurt his feelings. When he doesn't give a DAMN about yours.

Grab this bull by the balls and RIDE!

Oh, that was a bad visual, down boy!

This guy might be a jerk too, don't base it all on looks, remember you did that with Phillip and he's nothing but looks. Be calm, play it cool, and wipe the drool from your chin.

Please God, let this guy be more than a hot bod and handsome face. PLEASE!

"Did you get a receipt?"

He doesn't smile, he smirks -- HOW SEXY!

"No receipt needed, makes balancing the piss-book a breeze."

That was bad Quatre. But he chuckled so you're safe for a moment.

"I'm Trowa Barton, you are?"

"Quatre Winner, nice to meet you."

Trowa, glad I'm not the only one with a fucked up name. Tro-row-row-row-yer-boat.
Trrrrroar-ah.

"Pleasure. So, I guess the next question should be how did you wind up getting suckered into coming to this party?"

"I have no idea. One minute I was studying, the next I thought I was going out to get some dinner and here I was. Phillip, wherever the hell he disappeared to, brought me here. I've not seen him since we walked in the door. But that's pretty typical, he's quite a party boy sans the lampshade, and you lose him in the swarm of fans. He'll turn up later. Drunk. And I'll drive him home. At least there are chips on the coffee table, or I'd still be starving."

"That sucks. And so did those three week old stale pieces of crap they called chips."

"Tell me about it, I'll grab a burrito at 7-11 later, that's what I usually do after a night like tonight."

Ack, too much info too fast. Back the truck up, no mentioning Phillip. Taboo subject! Bad Quatre! Bad Quatre.

And I'm HUNGRY!!! I need Food!

"Go for the corndog and mustard with a big blue raspberry slurpee, if you're going to eat junk, go whole-hog, be a rebel."

So, he's a corndog man. Make that mental note.

I gotta hot dog you can suck mustard off of right here.

Oh Quatre, you dirty boy you!

Be glad he cannot read your mind.

"Nah, I'm more of a Chicken Marsala Man myself. Junk food for an entrée is a last resort, and I mean last. At least a frozen burrito hasn't been turning on a nasty roller-grate for hours."

"Dirt and old grease is good for you. Puts hair on your chest."

Riiiiight, and I'm Saint Francis of Assisi. Mr. Corndog Pecks, you have a fantastic chest as is, I think I mentioned something akin to a tongue bath and fondue earlier, in fact, I know I did.

Oh yessssssssssssssssssssssss. Pardon me, mind if I just mash my face in there for an hour?

"I don't see much, if any, hair on yours Trowa. And that V-neck is pretty low. Think of another example. That sales pitch sucked."

"I never did make a good salesman."

"Obviously."

I FEEL GOOD! Nah-na-na-na-na-na-na!
I knew that I would now! Nah-na-na-na-na-na-na!

Hello, my name is Cheeky Bastard, and I cock tease.

And he's so diggin' it. GO ME! Nah-na-na-na-na-na-na!

SHIT... Did he hear that?

No, whew. Shut up stomach! No growling allowed!

I'll feed you later, no talking back when I'm gaining ground here!

"Man this conversation is making me HUNGRY, let's change the subject."

I mean that Trowa-Chest Man, I'll eat you in a second.

Oh, good idea that actually.

"I was JUST thinking the same thing."

The Amazing Quatre-Kreskin will now attempt to read your future.

The stars say if you keep being this edible and sweet and you are getting some tonight.

I have a nasty sweet tooth.

"Talk of food ALWAYS makes me hungry. I'm a bottomless pit with a nasty sweet tooth. Gimme a night with no homework and the television playing an endless stream of old 1950's classic sci-fi movies and or 1940's film noir, a bag of Japanese sesame crackers, a two-liter of Pepsi, and a never ending supply of those little jelly candy things that look like raspberries and blackberries, you'll find me the next morning in a coma of orgasmic bliss and covered in empty wrappers."

I mean it, SWEET TOOTH... ORGASMIC... subliminal programming at it's finest. Are you tuning in loud and clear?

"Man, sign me up for that bender. I'll bring the Cheetos and chocolate chip cheesecake."

"Oh man, and some really buttery croissants that make your fingers all greasy with apple butter slathered all over. Chocolate pastry anything, oh god, I'm starving now."

"I thought you said Junk food was a last resort. Mr. Chicken Marsala."

He's tuned in, humina, humina, humina.

Phillip Who?

Quatre you really can't do this, not like this. That's horrible.

Would you want to be dumped in public?

I mean no matter how bad Phillip is, that's MEAN. Take him home, dump him there, just get Trowa's number tonight and call him tomorrow. Be reasonable.

Great my conscience is not supposed to be on the job right now!

Poop, poop, and double horse poop!

What the hell we're we talking about? Ah right, Chicken Marsala -- eaten off your abs and chocolate cheesecake off your ass!

I never realized I had a food fetish.

Not until I met someone as delectable as you Trowa, where have you been all my late night fridge raids oh Mr. Hard-Body?

I want you BAD! I am so turned on. You could plug me in and I could light up New York City, L.A., and Chicago!

I'm gonna cry. NOT FAIR! NOT FAIR!

And there's goes my stomach again. I'm famished.

"As an ENTRÉE it's a last resort! I may love my chicken marsala for dinner, but gimme junk all night long to snack on after. I need food, I'm gonna start gnawing on YOU in a minute."

Please let me gnaw on you, just a nibble to tide me over before I main course all over your ass?

PHILLIP

FUCK, SHIT, damn, of all the dumb luck!

"QUATRE!"

Go away! Dave's not here man!

I haven't watched that movie in ages. I wonder if Trowa likes Cheech and Chong?

"There you are, I've been looking all over for you baby."

Not now, not now.

Ugh, you stink.

And I really HATE when you ooze over me like I'm some bitch in heat!

I am not your personal fuck toy that you bring out to amuse your fan club!

You're absolutely obnoxious like this.

"No, you haven't Phillip, I sat on the couch for two hours, and have been sitting here for the past fifteen minutes. This is the first time I've seen you since we got here. And you're drunk, again."

"God Kitty-cat you get all pissy at parties. You need to have some fun, loosen up baby."

"I'm 'loose' enough thanks. You told me we we're going to dinner, not a party and I'm tired, I'm hungry, I have homework still and for goodness sakes you positively reek of beer, did you bathe in it?"

Probably, and I don't know how many times I have to tell you I HATE "Kitty-Cat"!

It's not cute, it's lame, it's stupid, and condescending, and I am so not going to deal with this in front of Trowa.

I'm so embarrassed.

"Aw Kitty, don't be mean. You're so selfish sometimes. All I wanted was to go to a party with my honey. Come on and kiss me, so many people are so jealous of you ya know. All this is all yours."

SELFISH!?

ME?

Oh you have GOT to be KIDDING ME!!!

And could you possibly be any MORE narcissistic?

Why don't you look next to me, see that guy?

His name is Trowa and he is so MUCH BETTER than You! He's got looks, and is Nice, charming, not into himself, I could go on, but what's the point?

You have only ever been into yourself.

I really wish I could crawl under this porch right now. Everyone is looking at us, Trowa looks about ready to growl.

He's really hot when he looks jealous.

I'm really sorry about Phillip, Trowa.

Honestly.

I'll prove that to you later. Right now I just gotta get us both out of here before I start getting really mad.

"Phillip, please you're making a scene. Can we just go? You've had too much."

"Scene? Scene? How on EARTH did I end up with such an uptight little bitch? I swear Quatre if I didn't fuck you and that corncob out of your tight little ass you'd be a fucking ice queen!"

Oh you DIDN'T!!!

That's IT!

I

AM

PISSED!

FUCK BEING MR. NICE GUY!

You asked for this Phillip!

"A tight ass you've seen the last of! I am sick and tired of you, your flirting with anything with a dick, and your obnoxious attitude. Carry your own ass home I'm leaving!"

HA! STUNNED DEER!

"Talk about flirting! You were out here with him!"

BUSTED, sort of... However, I can work this. I'm sober. Prepare for major let down!

"We were Talking! Did you expect me to sit by myself all night with my thumb up my ass waiting for you to condescend to find me so I could be your designated chauffeur and drunken stupor blow up doll? Are you that dense? I weep for the future of the Courts of America if they get lawyers like you! Take your ego, shove it somewhere unpleasant, and rotate. And for the record, 15 minutes of conversation with HIM, was worth our entire year! What's my favorite Dinner?"

"What?"

"You heard me, you've seen me fix it a dozen times, I've fed it to you a dozen times! What's my favorite dinner?"

"Who cares about stupid food!?"

I do you prick!

"Chicken Marsala."

Oh Trowa, you are so getting laid tonight!
And tomorrow night, and the next.

You rock my world!

"See, fifteen minutes and he knows more about me than you do! You have never paid attention to anything but you!"

"Fine then! Go eat alone! We're through!"

I just said that a minute ago MORON! I cannot believe I EVER fucked you.

What the HELL was I THINKING?

"Yes, we are through, but I am certainly not eating alone."

"Trowa, would you care to go get something to eat?"

"Maybe after we hit the video store for 'The Day the Earth Stood still'?"

Oh, YES!

You are really getting seriously Laid Trowa.

"And a two liter of Pepsi?"

"And maybe some of those little raspberry and blackberry things?"

And I'm gonna eat every one off you!

"Trowa, you read my mind."

"Well you read mine earlier, it was my turn."

MELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLTDOWN!

OH man! Shall I bend over right now? I don't think I can wait.

"Shall we go then?"

Now, RIGHT NOW!

"Just let me grab my keys. I'll follow you."

YES!

"What the hell just happened here?"

Phillip you bonehead! EARTH TO PHIL!?!?

WAKE UP And SMELL THE COFFEE!

"It's called I found someone better than you."

BIG TIME! MUCH, MUCH Better!

Say goodbye to my tight ass, it belongs to Trowa now. And I plan on Riding said stud from here to next year.

"You ready to Go Quatre?"

"I've been ready a long time actually."

He is so getting laid.

I hope I can make it as far as the car!

~*~*~*~

END