

# Greased Wing

## Chapter One

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Iria stood at the bus station and looked at her watch for the sixth time in two minutes as she stood waiting for her precious cargo to arrive. When his frantic call had come, the first thing she had done was to send a one-way bus ticket and an order to “Get his scrawny ass here now.”

The bus pulled into view and said scrawny ass came dejectedly stepping off the bus stairs. Iria immediately rushed over and pulled her youngest sibling to her and held tight. “I don’t care what was said and done Quatre. All I do care about is you, and no matter what, I love you and will always love you.” Iria said as the form of her brother slumped in her arms and held back with weak strength.

“I’m sorry to burden you, I just didn’t know where else to go.” Quatre said softly sniffing into her collar.

“You are not a burden. This is what sisters are for Quatre. Now grab your bags and let’s go home.” Iria said and Quatre sighed.

“I don’t have any bags. When father threw me out, he did a thorough job of it. All I have in this whole world right now is five cents in my pocket, and the clothes I’m wearing.” Quatre said and Iria growled.

“Damn that man. NOW you know why I left Quatre. I know I told you when I left it was because I was going to school. That was only part of it.” Iria said taking his hand and walking to her car. “When I finished High School, father wanted me to marry and settle down. Be a proper good little wife to some businessman, and pump out a baby every nine months like a good woman should. He said and I quote. ‘A woman’s place is in the kitchen’, I told him to shove it.” Iria said as they climbed into the car. “I however had a trust fund set up by mother that the bastard couldn’t touch. So I left, went to school, got my doctorate, set up my practice, and I have not looked back since and I’ve never been happier.” Iria said smiling over at Quatre as she started the motor and pulled out of the parking lot.

“That explains why father never speaks of you. I always wondered what all that shouting was about just before you left.” Quatre said with a sigh as he sank into the seat.

“You were six honey, you didn’t need to know then. Now you do, and do you love me any less because I’m an independent woman and an old maid?” Iria asked and for the first time since he’d arrived, Quatre smiled.

“Far from ‘Old Maid’, Iria. And if anything, I respect you even more now. It takes a lot to stand up to father.” He said and Iria grinned.

“The old goat, he’s all hot air. It’s his way or the highway.” Iria said and Quatre sighed heavily.

“Don’t I know it, But I had to tell him, it wasn’t fair to all the girls he kept shoving under my nose. The past year and a half has been hell. Since I turned sixteen Father has thought it his duty to present his ‘eligible son’ at every social function under the moon. This last one was the worst. I think he had every debutant brat lined up from senator’s daughters, to minor royalty, to the local waitresses. It was just too much. I cracked.” Quatre said leaning his head against the glass off the passenger’s window.

“So I heard. I was actually waiting for your call. Rashid called while you were arguing with father to warn me. He was there when I got the boot, I think he saw it coming.” Iria said reaching over to pat Quatre’s knee. “But you’re fine now baby brother. It’s a new start for you. Don’t look back; just look ahead to your future. But don’t think too much, you still have a week before school starts. And don’t give me that look Quatre Raberba Winner! Just because you’re here does not mean I’m going to let you shrug off your senior year of high school and become a bum. I’ve already enrolled you, and my neighbor’s daughter Hilde is going to show you the ropes on your first day. She’s a senior too, and sweet, you’ll like her. She’s impossible not to like.” Iria said as she turned down Main Street.

“Great, a girl next door. Iria, do you remember why I’m here?” Quatre said and Iria smacked his leg.

“It’s not a set up, and you know it. Besides Hilde has a boyfriend and I doubt very much she’s inclined to dump him judging from the noise that comes from my backyard when they sneak away from her parents.” Iria said and Quatre turned saucer like eyes in her direction and the hue of his skin took on a decidedly pinkish hue. Iria just laughed.

“IRIA!”

“QUATRE!” Iria countered with a tease. “Get off it, it’s natural it’s human nature at your age. You’ll figure that out too when you find someone.” Iria said reaching over to ruffle his mane of soft golden hair.

“Not likely. At least I’ve not met anyone like me before. And trust me, I’ve looked. A lot. Only trouble is, the ones I find nice to look at, usually come with a girl attached to their arm. I’m not getting my hopes up.”

Quatre said and Iria frowned.

“Oh, I do not like this change in you at all. You’ve never given up hope before, where’s my cheerful little brother?” Iria asked the solemn boy seated next to her.

“I don’t know. If I find him I’ll let you know.” Quatre said turning his gaze out of the car window. Iria just sighed, she’d never seen Quatre so sad, and it pained her to no end. She said a silent prayer that someone would come along to restore the spirit that seemed to have fled from the soul of her little brother in recent years.

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The first stop had been to the local department store, Iria had spared no expense in outfitting her younger brother and getting him a brand new wardrobe. She’d take none of his protests either. Iria was, even without her trust fund, quite independently wealthy, and had made quite a name for herself as not only a local physician, but also in the area of genetic research. She spent quite a few hours daily at the local university heading a team of researchers and was paid quite handsomely by the University and the pharmaceutical companies that funded her research. And she flat out said she had no one else to spend it on, why not her little brother?

Quatre would pay her back some day, he vowed this as she shoved yet another pair of pants under the changing room door.

They stopped for lunch near the beach, the quaint little café was quiet and the view was spectacular as Quatre watched the waves crash upon the sand. Iria was at the payphone outside and came in looking smug. “What’ve you been up to?” Quatre asked as he sipped his cherry soda.

“I just got off the phone with Professor Schnabel (1), he’s the director of music study over at the University. He’s going to bring by a violin for you, I won’t allow you to get out of practice.” Iria said and then nearly toppled out of her seat as a young blonde launched himself out of his seat at her with a whoop of joy.

“Iria, THANK YOU!” Quatre said nearly in tears as he hugged her tightly.

“I can’t breathe Quatre.” Iria said as she pried his arms loose from around her neck. “It does come with a

price Quatre. Tom said he'd better get a song out of you for his trouble." She said and Quatre smiled.

"Gladly. Maybe he can help me with my interpretation of the piece I was working on before I left. I've been trying Rimsky-Korsakov's 'Flight of the bumblebee' and it sounds too mechanical to me." Quatre said idly as a young woman with huge spangle earrings and a mop of wild auburn hair, laid their lunch on the table. Iria just gapped.

"You can play THAT? Jesus it has been a long time since I saw you. You were still on "twinkle, twinkle little star' when I left." Iria said verily impressed, that was not an easy piece of music even for a veteran musician.

"I can play it, but I cannot give it life. There's a difference." Quatre said around a mouthful of turkey club sandwich.

"Oh Tom is going to LOVE you." Iria said and Quatre grinned.

"So, this Tom fellow. How is it you know his number without looking it up?" Quatre asked taking another bite. Iria blushed and looked down. "Thought so. Now's you wanna talk again about Independent women Iria?" Quatre asked smirking and Iria threw a french fry off her plate at him.

"Oh stop it you little shit. Tom is the only person I've met who likes the fact I can fend for myself without a man's help, and that I can beat him at chess, and that I have a brain in my head. I may be independent, but I'm still a woman Quatre. I'm still human, and I like being appreciated just as much as the next person." Iria said and Quatre smiled.

"Then he sounds alright to me. Just checking." Quatre said and Iria smiled.

"Good, now eat." Iria said and turned to her own plate. They were well tucked into their meal when she saw her brother freeze where he sat and just glaze over. She followed the direction of where his eyes lay, and sure enough, in through the door walked an almost indecently dressed young man, soaking wet from the ocean, carrying a surfboard. Iria was almost drooling herself; he was tall, lean, and sinfully handsome. His brown hair was streaked with sun bleached highlights, and his eyes were the most piercing green she'd ever seen.

"Oh no you don't Trowa. You will not get water all over the floor." The waitress from before said just before throwing a towel at the young man before he made it completely through the door. "And how many times do

I have to tell you to leave that board outside?" she added as the youth deftly caught the towel before it could strike him.

Behind him three more similarly dressed and wet youths walked up propping their boards up against the wall outside.

"Jeez Cathy, get a handle on it. It's hot, we're thirrrrrrrsty!" The one with a long braid of hair said batting his huge violet eyes pleadingly.

"Don't you whine at me Duo Maxwell. Trowa just grab some cokes out of the cooler (2), do not mess up my floor." Catherine said planting her hands on her hips.

"I don't know why you're groaning Cath, I'm the one that has to clean this floor at night." The one named Trowa said as he and his friends raided the cooler then disappeared back towards the surf.

"Forgive my brother and his friends, they're a pack of hooligans." Catherine said to Iria and Quatre.

Quatre still hadn't moved. Iria smiled at Cathy.

"Don't worry about it, Boys will be boys." Iria said kicking Quatre under the table. That snapped him out of his trance as Catherine vanished into the kitchen still muttering about useless younger brothers.

"Ow, what was that for?" Quatre said rubbing his shins.

"You were drooling." Iria said smirking over her soda.

"Can you blame me?" Quatre said craning his neck to see if he could spot the youth again out of the window.

"Not really, he was a dish." Iria said as she watched her brother scan the beach for another glimpse. "Quatre, why don't you go out there and down to the beach? You look like an idiot trying to see him out the

window.” She added and Quatre snapped back into his seat.

“Are you crazy? I’ll just look thanks.” Quatre said once again taking on that air of despair. “I’d like to keep my ass in one piece thank you very much. In case you didn’t notice, I’m a pipsqueak. And there were four of them, one of me. I know when it’s look-sies only.” Quatre said and Iria just resigned herself. Quatre did have a valid point after all. She was pushing too hard. He needed time to recover from their father’s harshness towards him. He needed to learn that not everyone would react so badly when they found out he was gay. But some did, and Quatre was right to be on his guard.

But it didn’t hurt her heart any less to see him suffering. She said another prayer for his happiness before they paid the check and headed for home.

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“Did you see that blonde at the table staring at you Tro?” Duo asked as they lounged on the sand, empty bottles of coke scattered around them.

“Did I? You can bet your ass I did. He was gorgeous.” Trowa said wiping his brow with a towel.

“So why didn’t you say something idiot?” Heero said kicking sand at Trowa where he lay, his head in Duo’s lap.

“Right, and what would I have said Heero? Um, excuse me blondie, but I think you’re hot, and I’m a total stranger, and a fag. You interested? Please Heero, get real.” Trowa said flopping back into the sand.

“It would not have hurt to try. With different wording that is. That’s a horrible pick up line.” Wufei said, as he lay sprawled in the lap of the only female present.

“He’s right Trowa. It’s a shame you get stuck with us all the time without somebody.” Sally said and Trowa shrugged.

“I’m used to it, I mean you four have been together for longer than I can remember.” Trowa said looking at

all the friends he had grown up with. There was never a time they weren't together as a group. And with five members, it was natural if they paired up one was going to be left over. He was used to being the third wheel.

"It still bites man." Duo said turning his gaze back toward the café. "There he goes Tro, you're gonna blow it."

Trowa rolled on his side and watched the blonde get into the paneled station wagon. "God, it's like looking at the sun." Trowa said softly as the car pulled away.

"You blew it." Duo said with a sigh as the station wagon disappeared from sight.

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(1) Thomas Schnabel, my High School Orchestra Teacher. He was insane, Probably still is. \*Cackle\*

(2) Back in the fifties 8 ounce bottles of Coca-Cola were often stored in large white coolers outside of general stores and gas stations and the like. The precursor as it were to vending machines. They looked like big freezers your Grandmother had in the basement. And were by the "honor" system. They had a large chrome lid on the top unlocked. You could easily steal a coke without placing your nickel in the coin bucket. Why do you think Vending machines were invented? They needed a pay first system rather than the Honor system. Just a brief History lesson.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Two

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“Quatre come ON!” Hilde said tugging on her reluctant companion’s sleeve.

“I’m coming, quit pulling. God you’re abnormal. How can you be so excited about going BACK to school?” Quatre groaned shuffling his feet on the pavement.

“I’m a senior, we rule the school. I’ve been WAITING for this. Besides, I’m on the Varsity Cheerleading Squad; I have to be there. School spirit you know.” Hilde said and Quatre shrugged shoving his hands in his pockets.

“I’ll take your word for it.” Quatre said flatly, Hilde scowled.

“God, you are such a sour puss. I don’t know how you and Iria can be related.” Hilde said throwing up her hands in frustration then turned to poke her finger in Quatre’s ribs. “You... are... the... most... mello... dramatic... glum... stick-in-the-mud... I have ever had rain on my parade!” Hilde said jabbing her finger at him to make her point. “Cheer up for goodness sakes Quatre. So your dad’s a jerk and threw you out, big deal. You’re alive; you got a roof over your head, and a sister who cares about you. Grow up already! You’re lucky. That’s more than some people have.” Hilde said and Quatre stopped where he stood, tears welling in his eyes.

“Don’t you think I know that? That’s why I’m upset!!! It’s not because I got kicked out, it’s because even with my good fortune, try as I might, I just can’t be happy. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.” Quatre said almost breaking down. Hilde pulled him into a loose hug.

“Oh Quatre, I’m sorry. My sister was like you once. The Doctor’s called it Depression. It’s not your fault you know. And you can’t tell anyone why you’re unhappy, you just are. But she pulled herself out of it you know, it can be beaten. Just believe in yourself Quatre, you’ll be alright.” Hilde comforted and Quatre wiped his eyes and straightened his back.

“I’m alright, and it’s not depression. It’s me being foolish. Let’s change the subject.” Quatre said resuming his walk towards the school, Hilde keeping pace alongside.



“Whatever you say Quatre. I won’t be pushy. I am however holding you hostage after school to help me.” She said grinning ear to ear.

“Great, why?” Quatre sighed, having learned in the past week that when Hilde wanted something, she usually got it. He wasn’t about to argue with the gregarious and tenacious girl.

“Because I need help setting up the pep rally tonight.” Hilde said and Quatre groaned.

“It’s the first day and there’s a pep rally already? What kind of School is this?” Quatre asked almost aghast.

“A fun one! Come on now we’re really late!” Hilde said grabbing Quatre’s hand and dragging him along behind her as they raced towards the entrance. Nearly tripping up the stairs as first bell rang.

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“That’s first bell. Come on Duo stub out the smoke and let’s get to class.” Heero said taking the cigarette from his boyfriend’s lips and squashing it under the toe of his boot as Duo just pouted.

“We have ten minutes Heero. Jeez, and we have shop first period. You know Howard is always late.” Duo said yawning and swinging his leg over his motorcycle to stand. When his attention was diverted by two figures racing past. “Oi, Hilde! Lookin’ good!” He hollered and Hilde waved over the top of her head as she bolted up the stairs a young blonde in tow.

“Wasn’t that the blonde from the café?” Heero asked trying to focus on the blur flying up the stairs.

“I dunno. Maybe. If it is Tro will be happy. Hey where is Trowa?” Duo asked looking around the parking lot. Just as the rumble of an engine came within earshot.

“That’s him, god he’s got that motor tweaked perfect.” Duo said as the Triumph hummed into view and parked beside the other two bikes in the lot.

“Sorry I’m late. Cathy had a rush this morning, I lost track of time.” Trowa said hopping off his bike.

“No worries, first bell just rang. We got time.” Duo said as they turned and sauntered into school. “Hey Tro, guess who Heero saw?” Duo said grinning and Heero glared.

“Think I saw. It was hard to tell don’t get his hopes up.” Heero said as Trowa turned to look at his friend.

“Are you going to tell me?” Trowa asked and Heero shrugged.

“No, not until I confirm it.” Heero said and Trowa nodded.

“God, Heero you are no fun.” Duo whined and Heero shot him a glare.

“Open your mouth Duo and my fist will be in it.” Heero said and Duo stuck out his bottom lip in a pout.

“It’s about time you showed up!” Came Wufei’s voice stalling whatever it was Duo was going to say in retort.

“I got roped into doing dishes before I left.” Trowa said and Wufei nodded.

“Your excuses are always valid. Duo was probably smoking in the parking lot.”

“HEY!”

“Deny it Maxwell. It took Heero to drag your ass in here.” Wufei said.

Duo was silent once more just as second bell rang.

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Quatre hated noise. Well that wasn't entirely true. He loved loud music; it was disordered shouting and rattle that set his teeth on edge. Which was precisely what a pep rally consisted of. So he decided to wait for Hilde over in the less noisy parking lot until the festivities ended. The sun had set and studying was impossible under the flickering lamplight so Quatre settled himself on the stairs to quietly wait. Losing himself in the sultry late summer night and the large harvest moon that hung peacefully in the sky above.

"Well, what have we here? Where's your school spirit punk?" Came the hard-edged voice behind Quatre.

"Please, I just have a headache. I don't want trouble." Quatre said instantly going on guard as he turned to see several rather large and intimidating "jocks" heading his way.

"You're new." One said stating the obvious.

"Yes, I am." Quatre said trying not to look as nervous as he felt.

"Freshman meat!" One crowed and Quatre gulped audibly.

"No, I'm a senior. I just transferred here." Quatre said trying to edge away slowly.

"Awful short for a senior." Another sneered. This didn't look good at all. Maybe he could run for it.

"Not only has he got no school spirit, he's a liar" Why was it when bullies wanted to beat you up they shoved lies in your mouth to justify the beating? Quatre's mind asked as his eyes frantically searched for escape. He already hated it here, and it was his first day. It was going to be a very long year.

Trowa looked up from where he sat on his bike and his eyes narrowed. Some poor freshmen was about to get

pulverized. The “jocks” were surrounding someone he couldn’t make out from the bulk of bodies. If Trowa hated anything, he hated bullies. Just as he was about to get up and save the poor sap Duo, Heero, and Wufei walked up behind him.

“Aw shit, the Jocks are at it again.” Duo said an evil glint in his eye as he cracked his knuckles. “Looks like I get detention first day of school after all.” Duo said grinning.

“Worthless scum. And they are the ones who get the scholarships.” Wufei added tilting his head in a manner where his neck cracked.

“If it’s a fight they want.” Heero said as Trowa stood.

“They’ll get one.” Trowa finished as they began walking toward the scene.

Quatre was surrounded. It was not looking good at all. And the first punch landed square in his gut, knocking all the air out of his lungs. He sank to his knees gasping as a foot came up catching his cheek. He reeled back and curled up in a ball. Protecting vital areas from the remaining attacks sure to follow.

But no other blow came. He gasped for air as he realized sounds of a fight we’re still going on all around him. He looked up and froze.

It was them! The boys from the Café, his vision blurred as he tried to focus.

He was dizzy, and the flickering light of the lamp made it even harder to see straight. The next thing he knew, there was a hand on his shoulder. “Are you all right?”

It was him! He was even sexier up close. Those eyes were so green, so intense. Quatre felt faint.

“Say something! Are you all right?” He asked again and Quatre tried to nod. Now he felt even fainter.

“That bastard kicked him in the face Trowa. He’s lucky he’s still conscious.” The one with the long hair said as he too knelt before Quatre.

“Fine..’m...fine.” Quatre said, blatantly lying. He felt horrible; he was going to be sick.

“Bullshit, he’s gonna yak Tro.” Duo said and Quatre felt himself heaved up under two strong bodies and carried swiftly to the bushes.

“It’s all right man, Yak. Better out than in. They sucker punched you, nothing to be ashamed of.” The one with long hair said softly, patting his back.

Quatre lost his lunch, he was mortified, there was no way on earth he’d make an impression now. Not after this display of weakness.

A damp cloth was pressed to his mouth. “It’s all right. All of us have been sucker punched at least once. We won’t rat you out.” It was that Trowa fellow again. He looked concerned. Quatre wanted to melt into those eyes. “Better?” He asked again as he wiped Quatre’s mouth.

“Yes.” Quatre said snapping out of his delirium. He did feel better now actually, having purged himself in the shrubbery, the nausea had abated.

“Good. I’m Trowa; this is Duo, Heero, and Wufei. We’re the ones they call riff raff.” Trowa said and Duo snorted.

“We prefer the Wild Wing Boys. And we don’t like bullies. So if they pester you again kid, you let us know.” Duo said and Quatre blinked. Kid? Kid? God he hated being short.

“Thanks, but please don’t call me kid. I’m not a freshman, I’m just short.” Quatre said irritated as he tried to stand and nearly fell over. Trowa was there again, holding him up.

“What do we call you then?” Trowa asked as Quatre regained his balance.

“I’m Quatre.” He said almost blushing at the proximity of Trowa’s body to his own.

“Hey, the new kid! I heard your name from Hilde today. He’s a senior like us guys.” Duo said laughing.  
“Damn you are short man.” Duo said reaching out to ruffle Quatre’s hair.

“Stop that! Arrrgh!” Quatre said batting at Duo’s hands, once more almost blacking out.

“Whoa! Hey that kick must’ve done more damage than we thought.” Duo said as Trowa once again kept Quatre from hitting the pavement.

“You think you can sit long enough for me to get you home?” Trowa asked and Quatre swayed a little.

“Take me home? You don’t have to.” Quatre said as Trowa hooked Quatre’s arm over his shoulders.

“Well you can’t walk in this condition. Where do you live?” Trowa asked as he headed for his motorcycle.

Quatre opened his mouth to answer and realized he had no idea what Iria’s address was. “I… I don’t know. I just moved here with my sister.”

“He lives next door to Hilde.” Duo said with a grin. “She told me all about you in biology.” He added with a wink as he climbed on his own bike. Quatre winced; he hoped she hadn’t told Duo EVERYTHING she knew. Duo elbowed Trowa and winked, a crooked smile plastered on his face. Was Trowa blushing, it was too dark to tell.

The next thing Quatre knew he was being settled on the back of a motorcycle and Trowa climbed on in front. “Just hang on Quatre, I’ll go slow. Trust me and you won’t fall.” Came that soft baritone. And for some unearthly reason, Quatre did trust him, implicitly. He’d never trusted anyone so quickly, but something inside told him Trowa was different. They all were different. Riff raff or not, they all seemed genuinely nice and Quatre was too dizzy to refuse help.

“We’ll tell Hilde not to look for you. Take care Quatre, see you tomorrow.” Duo waved as the motor hummed to life, literally, between Quatre’s legs.

He yelped and instinctively gripped tighter to Trowa waist. He couldn’t hear it over the noise of the engine, but the small shake in Trowa’s middle belied he was laughing. Trowa’s hands patted Quatre’s where they gripped the material of his jacket in a reassuring gesture, then the wind hit Quatre in the face and it was all he could do to hold onto Trowa as he experienced his first ride on a motorcycle.

The fear quickly abated, the ride was smooth, and it felt like he was flying as they glided down the pavement. Trowa’s hand occasionally reaching down to rest against Quatre’s, in a calming gesture, where Quatre still clung for life around Trowa’s middle.

The smile that graced Quatre’s face came in a rush of wind and came without being forced. For the first time in a very long time, Quatre felt happy. For no reason at all, he felt unfettered and free.

“How do you feel Quatre?” Trowa shouted over his shoulder and Quatre shouted back.

“Fine!” He said and meant it.

“You feel up for a ride? It’s a nice night.” Trowa said and Quatre almost squealed.

“Yes please! This is wonderful!” Quatre screamed back trying to raise his voice over the rush of wind.

“Then hang on tight.” Trowa said revving the engine and turning the opposite direction of Quatre’s home.

Once more Trowa’s hand came to rest over Quatre’s and lingered longer than before.

Quatre flushed and buried his face in Trowa’s back. Those butterflies we’re going crazy in his stomach, but being sick was far from mind. He felt on top of the world, almost giddy in this simple dreamlike ride.

The dizziness from his earlier encounter all but vanished as the fresh night air bathed him and purified him. “A Good ride always makes me feel better. I thought this might help.” Trowa said over his shoulder and Quatre nodded into Trowa’s back.

“It’s wonderful, it feels so free.” Quatre yelled and Trowa nodded.

“Freedom to be yourself when it’s just you and the road.” Trowa said cryptically. What the hell was that supposed to mean? Quatre thought, his mind playing out every conceivable connotation of those words.

Trowa’s hand was still on his, one hand on the handlebars, one hand curled around Quatre’s that we’re around his waist.

Quatre never wanted this ride to end.

Then doubt had to bare it’s ugly fangs and Quatre froze, what if Hilde HAD told Duo everything and Trowa was taking him out of town to beat him and ditch the body. Quatre tensed up involuntarily. And Trowa’s hand on his gripped stronger and Trowa’s fingers interlaced with Quatre’s.

“I said don’t worry Quatre. You’re safe with me. I know what you’re worried about. I’m the last person who wants to hurt you.” Trowa said and Quatre relaxed. It was more than his words, it was more than the way he’d said them. It was more than Trowa’s hand entwined with his. It was all of those and more. It was the unspoken acknowledgement, but undeniable realization.

Trowa was just like him.

Maybe this place wasn’t going to be so bad after all.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Three

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Heaven could not have held more appeal than where Quatre sat right at the moment. This was heaven, right here, right now. To the left of the road Trowa traveled laid the seashore. The air was crisp here and the salt in the air left a tang in Quatre's nostrils as his hair whipped around wildly. To his right lay sheer steep cliffs, towering above them, it was utterly deserted. It was just the moonlit beach, the limestone hills, the sea, and the two of them under the watchful gaze of the full harvest moon.

It seemed much later than it actually was, but here time almost stood still. The only sound was the rumble of the parallel twin, four stroke, overhead valve engine of Trowa's Triumph. Quatre had always held a fascination for motorcycles, but his father had never allowed him to indulge in it beyond the odd magazine and daydreams.

Those paled in comparison to the real thing. And even that paled to the owner of said machine.

Quatre watched Trowa's hair in the wind. The long near auburn brown bangs flew about wildly, the moon bringing about almost golden highlights. Trowa's jaw was firm and angular leading into a lean muscled neck, into broad leather encased shoulders, into a sinfully thin but hard torso. And this was from looking at his back, Quatre knew the front was even nicer to behold, he'd had that pleasure previously. Quatre shivered, and not entirely from cold.

Lights up ahead came from the beach side café where Quatre had his first glimpse of this Adonis, and the bike began to slow its forward motion. They stopped in the parking lot and Trowa dismounted offering his hand to help steady Quatre as he too stepped from the bike.

Onto wobbly legs

"Whoa! I thought you'd need a leg stretch about now. If you're not used to riding, your legs will go numb from the vibrations." Trowa said obviously trying not to laugh as Quatre reacquainted himself with terra firma.

“Thanks for the warning.” Quatre said sarcastically and Trowa did laugh this time.

“I had to have a little fun.” Trowa said smiling just as Catherine popped her head out.

“Trowa!... Oh, Hello.” She said obviously breaking off yelling at Trowa upon seeing he was not alone.

“Hi.” Quatre said smiling trying not to flinch under her scrutinizing appraisal.

“This is my Sister Catherine. Cathy, this is Quatre.” Trowa said making a quick introduction before he stepped up to the doorway. “Be nice or I murder you.” He said under his breath and Catherine had a truly wicked smile spread across her face.

“Quatre, you were here the other day weren’t you?” She said languidly, walking over to loop her arm through Quatre’s and lead him inside. He nodded, and then winced. His cheek still hurt from the kick he’d gotten earlier and now that the wind wasn’t chilling his face, numbing the pain, it began to throb once more. As they stepped into the light, Trowa and Catherine visibly reacted.

“Jesus! Trowa what did you do to his face?” Catherine hissed and Trowa ducked her slap.

“It wasn’t me, it was the jocks. Damn them. Sit down Quatre, let’s get some ice on that.” Trowa said and Catherine was already in the freezer.

“You should have put ice on it right away! It’s gone all purple.” Catherine yelled at her brother as Quatre gingerly pressed his fingers against his cheek.

“Don’t touch it!” Catherine said batting Quatre’s hands away then laying the towel holding the ice on his cheek. “Just hold that there a bit.” She said a little softer, her lavender eyes tender and concerned.

“Does it look that bad?” Quatre asked not sure how deformed he was going to be later, and how much he had to explain to Iria when he got home.

“Well let’s just say, be glad school photos aren’t for another four weeks.” Catherine said wrinkling her nose. Quatre whimpered. Trowa’s hand found its hold on his shoulder and squeezed lightly.

“It’s not that bad.” He said glaring at Catherine over the back of Quatre’s head. Catherine laughed.

“Trowa Barton, he’s a big boy, the truth won’t kill him. You got one hell of a shiner blondie.” Catherine said flashing her teeth in a toothy grin. “But still cute, and I think that’s what my brother meant.” She said and Trowa blanched. She was dead; he’d kill her later.

Quatre just blushed and Catherine fairly cackled. “God, he’s even cuter when he blushes.” She said turning in “big sister teasing” victory and skipping off to her customers.

“Sorry, Cathy’s rather forward. I should have warned you.” Trowa said pulling up a stool beside Quatre.

“That’s twice then. We need to work on your early warning system. First my lack of legs, now the attack of the killer sister, what’s next?” Quatre asked, a twinkle of mischief in his eye. Trowa smiled.

“How about something to drink? Thirsty?” Trowa asked and Quatre sighed.

“Parched.” He answered truthfully, without adding his mouth felt like the men’s room floor after his earlier episode in the bushes.

“What’s your favorite?” Trowa asked getting up and moving behind the counter.

“Anything is fine.” Quatre said and Trowa planted his hand on the counter and leaned in closer.

“That wasn’t my question. Are you going to make me guess?” Trowa asked and Quatre once again felt his cheeks grow hot. This was going to get annoying fast if his body flushed every time Trowa got close.

“He likes Black Cows (1). That’s what he ordered last time!” Came Catherine’s voice from the back.

“Don’t tell me she has radar hearing and a photographic memory as well.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“Nope, she’s just got un-canny timing and common sense.” Trowa said picking up a glass and dropping a scoop of ice cream into it. “However, in this case I thank her. One Black Cow Quatre?” Trowa said as he filled the glass with Root Beer and stuck a straw into it and placed it before Quatre.

“Thank you.” Quatre said taking a sip.

“Anytime.” Trowa said fixing a second Black Cow for himself. Truth be told, it was his favorite too.

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As they sat at the counter drinking, the silence was almost awkward. Now what?

Thankfully, Quatre didn’t have to answer that question, Trowa stood.

“It’s almost nine, I should get you home. I never meant to keep you out so late. Your sister won’t be mad will she?” Trowa asked and Quatre shook his head.

“No, she’s probably not home. She works really late, then has a late supper with Tom before coming home.” Quatre said as the boys walked outside towards Trowa’s bike.

“What do you do for dinner then?” Trowa asked and Quatre shrugged.

“I scrounge, I cannot cook for the life of me. Thank God for Peanut butter.” Quatre said laughing.

Trowa however wasn’t laughing. “You cannot live on a diet of Peanut Butter Quatre. What does your sister do that keeps her out so late every night?” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

“Lots, She’s a Doctor. There are more important things she needs to be doing than babysitting her freeloading little brother. I manage; I don’t want to be a burden to her. She’s done enough for me.” Quatre said as Trowa grabbed his hand and turned Quatre around to face him.

“Like what? I’m not sure I like this self-depreciating attitude. What makes you think you’re a burden? What’s happened to you?” Trowa asked, true concern in his eyes. Quatre couldn’t look at them. They looked right into his soul, boring a hole in him for answers.

“She took me in when I had no where to go. That’s all really.” Quatre said and Trowa shook his head.

“No it’s not. You wouldn’t look so sad if it were.” Trowa almost accused.

“It’s a long story.”

“Does it look like I’m going anywhere?” Trowa said sitting down on the steps and dragging Quatre down with him.

“Really Trowa, it’s nothing.”

“Bullshit. Try again Quatre.” Trowa said softening his harsh words by wrapping arms around Quatre’s shoulders and pulling him back to rest his back against Trowa’s chest.

Quatre wanted to cry; here was the shoulder to cry on who could understand better than anyone else could. So he told him. Told him of his father, told him all the horrible, degrading things his father had called him, how he had been physically shoved out of his home by the same man who had once claimed to love him. Flung out into the night without so much as his shoes, only his stocking feet, the clothes on his back and a quarter in his pocket. Everything he had ever known was taken from him in the span of fifteen minutes.

When they said the truth hurt, they meant it. His being truthful had cost him greatly. He had lost all he held dear, all his hopes for the future dashed, his dreams turned into harsh, brutal reality. He was an abomination, and it was only the kindness of his sister keeping him from starving on the streets. Quatre wept, and those arms around his shoulders held him tighter.

“You’re not an abomination Quatre. If anything the abomination is that a man can do that to his own son.” Trowa said softly, rocking Quatre in his arms while Quatre purged his bottled up grief into Trowa’s chest. “It is right that you are grateful to your sister, but it’s not right that you continue to punish yourself for something that you didn’t do wrong in the first place.” Trowa added reaching up to gently wipe Quatre’s tears, avoiding the lump under Quatre’s right eye.

“I do know how you feel, or rather how other’s want you to feel. I’ve been called more names than you probably want to hear repeated. I’m sure you’ve heard them a-plenty already. Don’t let others dictate to you what you should feel. Only you know what your heart wants Quatre, no one else. Listen to that voice inside you, and tune out everything else. The truth is in you, everything else you hear are the lies meant to hurt you. I’ve learned that much.” Trowa said smiling down upon the boy before him. “Happiness begins when you begin to live your life on your own terms and to Hell with anyone who tells you different.” He added and Quatre almost smiled, almost.

“You make it sound so easy.” Quatre said and Trowa just pulled him closer.

“It is just that easy. It’s only hard if you make it hard.” Trowa said cupping Quatre’s chin lightly. “What do you wish for Quatre? What do you want in life?” He asked, rubbing his thumb over Quatre’s lower lip that trembled.

“I want... I want... I want this moment to last forever.” Quatre breathed and Trowa bent over him.

“So do I.” Trowa said as he closed the space between them and gave Quatre his first real kiss.

Quatre had been wrong, the ride was just a sample of what heaven could be, this, this was what heaven tasted like. Warm and soft, and it obliterated the world around them. This was a pocket of heaven, and it was just for them alone to share.

The kiss broke far too soon, and Quatre almost wept again for the loss of the sensation that still tingled on his lips. “Whoa, enough for tonight or I don’t think I’ll be coherent enough to get you home.” Trowa said smiling. “There’s always tomorrow. It’s nice to be able to look forward to a tomorrow for a change.” Trowa said standing and dragging Quatre to his feet and planting him on the back of his bike. “As nice as you look sitting there, one of these days we’re going to have to see about getting you your own bike. If you think you feel free sitting back there. Wait till you’re the one riding in the front.” Trowa said climbing on, and relishing the feel of Quatre’s arms as they slid around his waist.

“You want to get rid of me so soon?” Quatre purred resting his chin on Trowa’s shoulder. It was Trowa’s turn to shudder.

“You are dangerous, a true wolf in sheep’s clothing if ever I met one. Down boy.” Trowa said twisting slightly in his seat to snatch a kiss. “Getting rid of you is NOT an option.” Trowa stated before slamming the kick-start pedal down and bringing the beast they sat upon roaring to life.

The ride home was far too short. And all too soon, they were standing on Quatre’s front porch. No one was home and Trowa wasted no time in just barging in and plopping Quatre down at the dinner table. “No scrounging. Here’s your first cooking lesson Quatre. Something simple.” Trowa said opening up various cabinets and cupboards until he found a familiar red and white tin. “Campbell’s a bachelor’s best friend.” Trowa said plunking the can down on the counter then digging for cookware.

Soon he had Quatre stirring his tomato soup in the saucepan, while Trowa taught him how to make the perfect grilled cheese sandwich.

“It’s fast, it’s easy to clean up. And it’s a hell of a lot better for you than peanut butter Quatre.” Trowa said flipping the sandwich a final time before depositing it on a plate.

“I would have never taken you for the domestic type.” Quatre teased and Trowa smiled.

“And if you blow my secret, you’ll be sorry.” Trowa mock threatened as he shoved Quatre into a chair. “Now eat. I have to get back. I have to clean up the café and I have homework yet.” Trowa said leaning over and giving Quatre another kiss, timing it until Quatre had a mouthful so the wolf was occupied and wouldn’t stir up Trowa’s blood any further than it already was. He then pressed an object into Quatre’s hand and damn near bolted for the door.

Quatre swallowed and raced to follow Trowa who was now already on his bike and waving goodbye.

Quatre waved back then looked into his hand. It was Trowa’s class ring.

Tomorrow never looked so good.

## Chapter Four

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“Quatre your eye!” Iria gasped as she walked into the kitchen where Quatre sat slurping the remnants of his tomato soup spinning the overly large ring that was adorning his thumb around idly.

“Don’t panic I’m alright.” Quatre said brusquely being suddenly jolted out of his daydream. And almost dropping his precious new ring in what was left of his soup in the process.

Iria quirked an eyebrow “Funny, where did that come from little brother?” She asked walking over to inspect the large ring Quatre was clutching whilst grinning inanely.

“From a God.” Quatre said flopping into his chair grin still firmly in place. Iria was more than intrigued.

“Really, a God here in small town USA. How wonderful for you. Spill it, all of it Quatre Raberba Winner. It seems you had a rather interesting first day of School. And start from the beginning, with how you got that shiner, and end with why you have a stupid grin plastered on your face and eating something other than peanut butter.” Iria said pulling up a chair to wait for Quatre’s tale.

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Iria wasn’t pleased at all to hear about his brush with a beating, but was overjoyed with Quatre’s enthusiasm in describing a boy named Trowa. This was the little brother she remembered, full of boundless energy and life. That dull light was gone from Quatre’s eyes and they sparkled like a million stars. And the beautiful smile that played on his face almost blotted out the black and blue lump under his right eye with its brilliance.

Almost, Iria rummaged in the refrigerator and pulled out a sirloin and slapped it on Quatre’s eye. “I don’t know if I like the fact you were riding on a motorcycle. Now don’t pout, I’m not going to forbid you. That’s silly. Just because I think they are dangerous does not give me the right to tell you what to do. Just promise me you’ll be careful.” Iria said running her fingers through Quatre’s bangs.



“I promise.” Quatre said as he held the steak to his face. “If you promise me we’re not going to eat this steak later.” He added and Iria laughed.

“No. Silly.” Iria chuckled leaning up against the counter and tugging off her clip on earrings. “Now, Let’s get a look at that ring.” Iria said smiling and holding out her hand. Quatre passed her the ring smiling. “We can either wrap some yarn around it so it fits, or I have a chain you can borrow so you can wear it around your neck. I’d go with the chain, yarn is tacky.” Iria said and Quatre nodded.

“I agree. Thanks Iria.” Quatre said and She winked.

“I thank this Mr. Barton for getting you to smile again. So is he a good kisser?” Iria asked and Quatre choked.

“IRIA!”

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Iria almost cackled as she sauntered off to her bedroom to get Quatre a chain.

Within minutes she’d retrieved a nice sturdy chain and fastened it around her brother’s neck. “There, perfect.” She said as she watched the ring nestle into the juncture of his collarbone.

“I just wish I had mine to give him in return. It’s on my dresser.” Quatre began then sighed. “On my old dresser.” He amended, his bright features clouding over again. Iria wanted to hit something, nothing should mar Quatre’s joy, but once again it seemed father had a long reach. She just stepped closer and wrapped her arms around Quatre’s shoulders.

“I don’t think he’ll care. It’s you he wants, not some gaudy piece of jewelry.” Iria comforted squeezing gently.

“Still, it’s a gesture.” Quatre sighed and Iria shook her head in defeat.

“So think of a new one to show him you care too. Have you played for him?” Iria asked and Quatre shook his head.

“Iria, it’s been like three hours since this all began. No I haven’t, I didn’t even tell him I play anything at all.” Quatre said suddenly switching gears. “And I have to practice! Chair position try-outs are after school tomorrow!” Quatre said dropping the steak on the counter, turning to kiss Iria on the cheek, then bolting up the stairs to his room to run through his try-out music before going to bed. He’d always prided himself on being first chair, and practiced hard to get there and stay there, it was going to be no different here at this school than it had been in his last. Music meant everything to him, and he wanted to be the best he could be, no matter where he was.

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The metronome was really off; the rhythm inconsistent no matter how many times Quatre readjusted it, and it kept getting louder. “Quatre for the love of! GET UP YOU’RE GOING TO BE LATE!!!!”

Since when did metronome’s talk? That thumping was getting even louder. That wasn’t a metronome, that was a knock, no, a beating on his door.

Quatre blinked open sleepy eyes and the sun on his face told him it was too early in the morning for human beings to be moving around. And he rolled over and pulled the blanket over his head. Quatre was not the perkier person in the world at seven am. Despite what he looked like once he was awake. The waking process itself was a rather drawn out affair.

Iria growled and turned to the person beside her, whom she had already thoroughly grilled for information when he’d turned up on the doorstep. “He’s all yours, as long as you get him up and out of bed I don’t care what you do to him.” Iria said throwing her hands up in the air and tugging the belt on her terry cloth robe tighter. Walking away mumbling something about slothful younger brothers and lazy men in general as she tugged curlers out of her hair and headed down the stairs.

Trowa chuckled and opened the door. The mound of bed covers pinpointed the location and Trowa walked over and peered into the bed. The only part visible was a tuft of mussed blonde hair; everything else was securely cocooned in layers of sheets and bedspreads. Trowa smiled and his eyes traveled over the room for a moment. It was pretty impersonal still. The only things that marked it as Quatre’s room and not a converted guest room, which had been its previous function, was that Quatre’s clothes were lying in a heap on a nearby chair, there was a small 8x10 photograph taped to the wall of Elvis in his Jailhouse Rock outfit, Trowa nodded appreciatively, Quatre had good taste, that was a hot picture, and a music stand in the corner, next to it a violin case on the floor, nothing else in the room said it belonged to Quatre.

It was rather depressing, but Trowa refused to think about it, he chose rather to think about waking his new boyfriend and find out more about the musician he didn't know he'd managed to claim. Trowa had a fondness for music of all sorts. He'd played flute as a boy, but had switched to a saxophone after hearing one being played on the beach by an old black man. He called what he was playing the blues. The instrument had sounded so mournful and like it was crying out, Trowa had been hooked ever since.

Not that anybody knew he played it other than his friends. He hadn't been allowed to join the music department. They had told him they just didn't have any openings. He knew better, it was because of who he was, riff raff. He shook that bitter mood off quickly, he had no time to walk down pity lane, he had a boyfriend to drag out of bed and get to school before they were both late.

And with a tender heart and grace, Trowa grabbed hold of blankets and yanked.

Quatre shot out of bed in a start. "I'm up! I'm up! I'm up!" He rambled stumbling and falling out of bed. "Iria! I'm naked get out!" Quatre gasped grasping for anything to cover up with. But that blanket kept moving!!

"So I noticed."

"TROWA!!!!" Quatre dove for the closet and slammed the door shut.

That was priceless and Trowa collapsed on the bed laughing harder than he had in a long time.

"You're evil!" Came the muffled curse from behind the closet door.

"And you have a beautiful pink ass." Trowa said getting up and turning the knob slowly on the closet door to tease Quatre. The bait worked and he felt Quatre grab the knob from the inside to keep it from turning further.

"TROWA!! Get out! Stop it!" Quatre said irritated but definitely awake. Mission accomplished.

“No peek?” Trowa asked through the door and almost guffawed at the audible gasp behind the door.

“You had your eye full for one morning. I’ll kill Iria for letting you in here.” Quatre retorted grunting as he was trying to dress in the dark of the cramped closet.

“And what an eyeful it was.” Trowa admitted truthfully. Quatre may have been short, but the proportions were perfect. Slender, but taught, Quatre was definitely male that was for damn sure. A young Greek god or Nymph sprang to mind actually. Duo had better have another toga party soon; Trowa was almost salivating as he pictured Quatre dressed in nothing but a sheet.

“How’s it going Trowa?! The coffee’s ready!” Iria hollered up the stairs.

“He’s up.” Trowa called back grateful for Iria for derailing his train of thought, for had he continued he’d have been up too in quite a different meaning of those words.

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“Well looky here. Here comes Tro, and something is attached to his back.” Duo smirked as Trowa pulled into the parking lot, Quatre seated behind him and both of them looked far too happy to be coming to school.

“Things must’ve gone well.” Hilde commented turning to grin at Duo. “I knew he’d be perfect for Trowa.” She added and Duo hooked his arm around her shoulders.

“You’re turning into a devil Schebeiker! My brother is having a horrible influence on you.” Duo said and Hilde grinned.

“It’s such a shame to see good girls go bad.” Duo added and got an elbow in the ribs.

“Keep it up Deuteronomy Maxwell and I’ll tell the whole school what your real name is.” Hilde threatened and Duo grumbled.

“I’m gonna kill Dante for telling you. Jeez, my parents! What the hell were they thinking? He gets the kick as name, I get the ‘uh oh we had another boy, better draw a name out of a hat’ name. Only they used the ‘fucked up names’ hat.” Duo grumbled and Heero chuckled.

“Don’t you start Yuy”!

“I’m saying nothing.” Heero said holding up his hands and trying very hard not to laugh. He of course already knew Duo’s real name, and why he got the nickname Duo. It was because up until he was six, even Duo couldn’t pronounce his own name and what he could manage up until then was Duo, and it sort of stuck.

Hilde was grinning in victory as Trowa parked beside them. “Man, Hilde you’re gonna get a bad rep hanging out with Duo in the morning.” Trowa said dropping the kickstand and shutting the engine off.

“She’s dating my brother! She already has a bad rep.” Duo countered and Hilde stuck her tongue out at him.

“He has better manners than you.”

“Ha! Bullshit. He taught me.”

“Yes, but he doesn’t get caught. You still need practice.”

“Hag”

“Fag”

“Bitch”

“Dork”

“See ya at lunch?”

“I’ll be there!” Hilde chirruped as she skipped off to class.

“What just happened there?” Quatre asked thoroughly confused.

“Hilde’s boyfriend is Duo’s older brother Dante. Verbal sparring occurs frequently between Duo and Hilde. Get used to it.” Trowa said un-strapping Quatre’s violin from his tank.

“Ah, I see.” Quatre said, not really sure why her dating Duo’s brother had anything to do with the banter he’d just been party to, but Hilde was a strange girl. He still didn’t know if he’d ever figure her out. He just accepted it and decided to move on.

“Speaking of Dating…” Duo began. “What’s this here?” Duo said flicking Trowa’s ring, which dangled from Quatre’s neck.

Quatre’s hand flew up in panic and he gripped the ring.

Trowa’s hand came up and lowered Quatre’s hand. “It’s all right Quatre. They know, hell they are too.” Trowa said smiling.

“They’re gay too?” Quatre whispered and Trowa laughed.

“Gay? Who’s gay?” Duo asked looking around in mock panic. “You, over there. Are you gay?” Duo asked pointing a finger at Heero.

“Fraid so.” He said and Duo grinned.

“Oh thank fuck for that.” Duo said before grabbing Heero and locking lips with him.

Ice was broken nicely and Quatre relaxed and laughed merrily. However it took Heero slapping Duo upside the head to break the kiss.

“Air baka!” Heero hissed with a glare.

“Oh you’re so cute when you’re pissed.” Duo said batting his eyes then turning his brilliant grin to Quatre. “No worries little buddy. The whole damn school knows, but has learned not to fuck with us. You’re safe with us.” Duo said as first bell rang.

“Ah shit.” Duo cursed rolling his eyes. “And I was just gonna have a smoke.”

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Five

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The first half of day seemed to drag on and on forever. Thankfully Quatre had third period with Heero. Quatre hated math, he struggled with it endlessly, which was odd for a musician, but it was still a fact. Heero however just sat there staring at the blackboard mumbling the answers mere milliseconds before the teacher had finished scribbling down the problem to solve.

To call Heero a whiz would be putting it mildly. Quatre was stunned, Heero never wrote anything down, he calculated it all in his head. Quatre pouted.

“How do you do that?” Quatre whispered and Heero shrugged.

“I just can.” He said turning to look at Quatre’s paper which was a mess of random figures.

The noise of Heero dragging his desk closer to Quatre’s brought everyone’s head snapping up in annoyance. The teacher however merely ignored it, knowing already that Heero had taken it upon himself to teach another directly. He did that occasionally if the person struggling really needed the help. The teacher already knew Heero’s gift with numbers wasn’t a fluke, he’d yet to be able to stump the young Japanese boy. Much to his delight, it was just a shame that circumstances prevented the young genius to achieve the academic acknowledgements he had earned and deserved. But there were rules, and if he wanted to keep his tenure, Heero was swept under the carpet.

It was such a shame and such a tragic waste of potential.

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Fourth period was study hall, and Quatre settled himself into a corner to go over the notes Heero had given him. That when he began hearing the whispers.

“That’s not Barton’s ring is it?”



“That new kid must be gay too.”

“That’s sick”

“What a waste, I mean I knew Trowa was Gay, but he’s so fine and I just know I could have changed him.”

“That kid’s not what I’d have thought Trowa to go for. He’s puny”

“Yeah, but he kinda cute.”

“Kinda but, queer.”

“I wonder what he did to get Trowa’s ring”

“I don’t want to think about it, it’s unnatural. I mean they are two guys!”

“I dunno, he might be a girl, he kinda looks like one.”

That was enough and Quatre snapped they weren’t even trying to keep it quiet enough where he couldn’t hear. And his evil streak wanted a little justification. “Listen, I’m not deaf you know. Yes, I’m short. Last time a looked I was indeed a boy, and yes this IS Trowa’s ring. He gave it to me cause he likes me, the same reasons your boyfriend gave you his ring. Did you sleep with him to get it? Neither did I. Love is love for goodness sake, grow up.” Quatre said turning his nose back into his book when a soft baritone chuckled.

“Well said.” Trowa said just appearing out of nowhere. “Pardon me ladies, and Quatre forgot to add this bit of information. No you can’t change me, I don’t want to change. I would have thought you’d have figured that out by now.” Trowa said seating himself next to Quatre and almost smirking as the two young gossipers made haste to leave. It was all Quatre could do to stifle the giggle as Trowa laid his arm over the back of Quatre’s chair and bent over to study Quatre’s book.

“Heero’s notes. You have the same math class?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded. “Lucky, I wish I had him in mine. I have to hit him up after school for help.” Trowa said smiling turning back to his own stack of books. Opening a rather large book containing the collective works of Shakespeare.

“I was never over keen on Shakespeare. Some wonderful works, but I think he’s a bit over-rated. I much prefer things that really make me sit and think what the Hell the author meant. Kerouac’s “On the Road” is one I really love, ever read it?” Trowa asked and for the second time that day, Quatre sat stunned at what he was seeing. Trowa was a closet literary? What next?

“No, I haven’t.” Finally replied once the use of his tongue returned. “I certainly learned my lesson today not to judge books by their covers.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“Shock you that I read Quatre?” Trowa teased and Quatre smiled and nodded.

“Yes, and that Heero is a math whiz, what other surprises are in store Trowa?” Quatre asked and Trowa winked.

“Well let’s see. I play the sax, Duo is building a rocket in his garage, literally. Heero does the formulas and calculations on Duo’s figures, and then Duo builds it. He can turn any scrap of junk into an engine. If no part is available, he’ll make one. Wufei is the man you want for history and social studies. He can debate you into the ground and pulverize you with his words. Never argue with Wufei, you’ll lose. And never ever talk law around him, not unless you have three hours to spare discussion the values and faults of our judicial system. If I were in serious trouble, I’d not want a lawyer to defend me, I’d want Wufei.” Trowa said smiling and watching Quatre digest the new information.

“I have only one thing to say. WOW.” Quatre said and Trowa shrugged.

“It’s just who we are. Not like it’s gonna do us any good later on.” Trowa said with a sigh it was Quatre’s turn to frown.

“Why not?” Quatre asked and Trowa stretched and leaned back in his chair.

“Because we are who we are. They won’t let me join the jazz ensemble because there are ‘no openings’ for guys like us. Wufei SHOULD be valedictorian, he’s got the GPA. But he does not fit the schools image. He’s

not even accounted for on the honor roll. Heero should have the Math and Science Club head seat, he's not even allowed to join. Duo is happy where he is, Howard runs the metal shop and let's Duo have whatever he wants despite what principal Demail says." Trowa said with resigned acceptance.

"That's horrible! How unfair!" Quatre protested and Trowa just sighed.

"Yup, life is unfair, better to learn it now than later." Trowa said as lunch bell rang.

"Don't worry over it Quatre. Let's go eat. I gotta drop this off in the library first, I'll meet you in the cafeteria." Trowa said leaning over to brush a chaste kiss on Quatre's temple discreetly before hurrying off to the library.

Quatre was still fuming about what he'd learned of his new friends and the way they were being held down from success based on who they were and what they looked like when he reached the line that lead into the cafeteria.

He was so wrapped up in his thoughts he didn't hear the whispers behind his back.

Not until they called for attention.

"Hey New kid, Nice shiner. Sorry my fist slipped last night." The jock behind Quatre said loudly giving Quatre a shove forward.

"Where are your buddies now Kid? Gonna have them rescue you again?"

"God, your nothing but a pack of Neanderthal's Go bully someone else why don't you?" Quatre said irritated picking himself up defiantly.

"Oh kid's got guts."

“Wait a sec? What’s this?” One said reaching to snatch Trowa’s ring from Quatre’s neck. Quatre however moved faster and out of the way.

“None of your business. Buzz off.” Quatre said as the line inched forward once more.

“Not another Queer, Do they grow you guys on trees or something?” Another commented and Quatre grinned.

“No it’s in the water.” He said and for a split second 4 thugs looked horrified. One mental blow landed quite nicely. Quatre one, bullies zero.

However victory was short lived, the fists were up and ready, Quatre braced for the blow.

“If you want to keep your fingers, and limbs. I suggest before you pummel Quatre here, you take a look at whose ring he’s wearing.” Came the harsh voice from behind the bullies. Quatre recognized it as Wufei’s.

“Holy shit, Barton’s!” One said, effectively ending all thought of a beating and the jocks retreated.

“Trowa’s not one to use them often. But when he does decide to use his fists, people tend to remember how badly they were beaten.” Wufei said matter-of-factly. Just as arms oozed around Quatre’s shoulders from behind and a sultry female voice purred in his ear.

“So this is Quatre. Mmmmm Cute. Thank you for making our Trowa smile for a change.” Sally said planted a huge kiss on Quatre’s cheek leaving red lip imprints which she began to wipe off with her thumb. “Oops, sorry.” She said and Quatre smiled.

“It’s all right.” Quatre said chuckling. Sally was really quite pretty. And about the only woman he saw at the school not in a dress, but in tight jeans and a t-shirt like Wufei and Trowa and the others wore.

“No it’s not. Woman must you always wear that war paint?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because it bugs you.”

“It does not bug me. You don’t need it.”

“Aw how romantic. Love you too Wufei.”

“Not in front of Quatre Sally.”

“Prude”

“I’m not a Prude Woman.”

“Guys, Guys! Enough with the mating ritual. The lines moving and I’m HUUUungry!” Duo whined as he materialized behind Wufei and pushed. Quatre once again found himself trying very hard not to laugh at his new friends very colorful personalities.

“When aren’t you hungry Maxwell?”

“When I’m looking at that ugly mug of yours ‘Fei, move it. Heya Cat, getting used to the place yet?” Duo asked and Quatre nodded as they grabbed their trays.

“Little bit by little bit. I’ll get the hang of it I suppose. Still haven’t found the auditorium yet though. Try-outs for Orchestra chairs are in there after school.” Quatre said wincing at the disgusting blob of slop that was flung onto his tray.

“Cool, we’ll show ya after school. No problem.” Duo said getting an extra slap of slop before they all filtered out to find a place to sit and eat before classes resumed for the afternoon. “Need a cheering section?” Duo asked and Quatre smiled.

“That’s why I play so people listen.” Quatre beamed. “But it’s not necessary, it’s only Try-outs.”

“So? I’m curious and in the mood for a free concert.” Duo said bumping Quatre out of the way with his hip so he could grab a carton of milk from the plastic crate.

Trowa and Heero were already seated, sack lunches spread out in front of them saving everyone a seat while they ate.

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“Tell us again Maxwell why you volunteered all of us to be a cheering section for Quatre? If I have to hear one more dying elk honk on an instrument up there I think I am going to have an aneurysm.” Wufei snorted as the Bassoonist, or baboon-ist as Wufei was dubbing it tried horribly to gain entry into the orchestra.

“Because he’s Trowa’s new boyfriend, and he’s had a tough few weeks. Now sit there, smile, and be glad Sally didn’t hear you complain.” Duo said resting his feet on the back of the chair in front of him.

“It’s because he saves his moans until she goes to the restroom.” Trowa mumbled rubbing a temple. “I hope Quatre is up soon.”

“I hope he’s decent. I’ve not heard anything yet I’d deem music.”

“Shut up Wufei.”

“Thanks Heero.”

“You shut up too.”

“Did I miss it?” Sally asked as she plopped down next to Wufei. Face “Fixed”.

“No, oh for! Why did you put more of that crap on? We’re in a dark theatre Sally!”

“Because it annoys you.”

“Okay, we know where this is going. Either you two go outside and find a bush, or shut up.” Heero said and Sally twisted in her seat and blew Heero a kiss.

“Charmed I’m sure. Wufei you need to buy her a leash.” Heero teased and Sally chuckled.

“We have one thanks!” She chirruped and Wufei choked.

“SALLY!”

Sally just barked once in a snort of laughter and was stalled in any further comment when the teacher scuffled up on stage.

“Next Up Quatre Raberba Winner, trying for First Chair Violin Section.” The music teacher read from her clipboard shoving her horn rim glasses up her nose.

“Finally!” Duo exclaimed with relief.

Quatre stepped up and from the back of the auditorium Duo shoved his fingers in his lips and began a racket of whistling. Quatre blushed but strode confidently to the middle of the stage.

“Did we miss it?” Came the voice of Iria. Having spotted Trowa when she’d turned her head to locate the cheers, she and Tom who had just ran into the theatre came over.

“Nope he’s just about to start.” Trowa replied as Iria sat down beside Trowa, wringing her hands nervously.

“Iria, I have no idea why you’re nervous. I already told you Quatre has more talent in one little finger than my COLLEGE LEVEL students rolled into one. He’s just going through the motions up there. First Chair is certain.” Tom said and Trowa raised an eyebrow.

“He’s my baby brother, I’m allowed to be nervous.” Iria said closing her eyes when Quatre’s bow suddenly struck the strings.

“Ah, ‘Flight of the Bumblebee’. He certainly has mastered this one at last. It seems he found the heart he was seeking.” Tom murmured appraisingly.

“Sssssssshhhh!” Iria scolded.

Trowa and the others however, had not known what to expect and all of them sat like stunned deer, jaws agape, and eyes wide.

“Fuck me! He kicks ass!” Duo gasped and Trowa’s mouth turned from an ‘o’ to a huge proud and pleased smile.

“No shit!” Sally gasped in agreement.

“I didn’t know fingers could move that fast. Trowa I’m jealous!” Duo said and Trowa elbowed Duo in the ribs. Followed by Heero kicking the back of Duo’s chair.

“His sister is here idiot!” Trowa hissed letting his mind wrap around what Duo just said. Talented fingers could do many things. Trowa groaned quietly and shifted in his seat.



Iria hid her smile and pretended she had not heard the innuendo implied by the one she recognized from Quatre's description as Duo. Trowa looked utterly relieved. They may have looked rough around the edges, but good boys were good boys, no matter what packaging they came in it seemed. Iria was pleased with Quatre's choice of friends.

He'd always had been a superb judge of character; it appeared his gift was still very much in tact.

Quatre finished with a flourish and all of his new friends stood whooping and hollering.

"That was AWESOME Cat!" Duo crowed, hopping up and Down.

Quatre blushed on the stage, bowed slightly to the music teacher who looked unmoved and unbiased as she scribbled on her clipboard, and Quatre exited the stage.

Once off the stage, Quatre ran back to where all his friends were seated. "So I did okay?" He asked bounding over and throwing himself against Trowa who caught him in an embrace to slow his momentum.

"Okay?!? Okay?!?! You're as bad as your sister with modesty. I agree with your longhaired friend here. That kicked Ass Quatre." Tom said and Quatre smiled brightly.

"It was beautiful, I'm speechless." Trowa said with a smile.

"Me too man!"

"Duo, you are NEVER speechless."

"Fuck you Fei."

Iria was laughing wiping tears from her eyes; Quatre's friends were quite entertaining. "When you boys are through, I think this calls for a celebration." Iria said reaching into her purse, then slapping a five-dollar bill

in Quatre's hand. "Go take your friends out to celebrate little brother. Ice Cream on me." Iria said smiling.

"Five bucks? Whoa That's Ice Cream and Burgers! Damn nice to meet you Quatre's sister." Duo grinned and held out his hand Iria smiled and shook.

"Pleasure is mine, now go on boys, and lady get." She said shoving Quatre toward the door.

"Five bucks huh, that'll keep them out late." Tom said as they others exited the auditorium.

"Precisely." Iria said a wicked grin on her face.

"God I love an evil woman."

"Love you too. Come on, I want Ice cream too now that I thought of it."

"Your wish is my command." Tom said opening the door for her as they too left the auditorium try-outs. Thoroughly confident, Quatre had gained his desired position.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Six

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Quatre practically floated outside, high with the feeling of accomplishment, following the others out to where their bikes were parked. Quatre observed that each bike was like an extension of its owner.

Duo's bike was a classic 1947 Indian Chief. Jet black and shining chrome, with a large grim reaper replete with a glowing green scythe painted eerily on the tank. The words "Shinigami" in script letters artistically painted down the center tank panel. "What's Shinigami mean?" Quatre asked eyeing the strange word.

"It means the God of Death in Japanese. It's Heero's nickname for me." Duo said with a wink.

"That's morbid." Quatre said and Heero chuckled.

"It's cause he'll be the death of me one of these days." Heero said with a suggestive smile. Quatre laughed then began inspecting Heero's ride. A sharp 1952 Norton Commando in a bright candy apple red with angel wings adorning the tank. Just one word graced the tank. "Wing".

"It because with this I can fly." Heero supplied the reasoning as Quatre's gaze suggested query.

Trowa's Triumph was a slightly more subdued shade of Kelly Green, gold filigree pin striping on the tank encasing a comical picture of "Popeye the Sailor" baring his huge forearms and holding an open can of spinach. Beneath the sailor the words "Heavy Arms. Strong to the Finish".

"My dad loved this strip, and he used to tell me when I was little 'a man's worth is not measured with heavy arms and heavy hands. But having the strength to go the distance.'" Trowa said touching the tank lovingly. "When he died, I had no idea what he had meant. Now I do, so that's why this is here, to remind me not to forget it." Trowa said supplying his bike's story.

Wufei's bike was simply stunning to look at. A 1953 Norton Dominator with a glassy jet black under coating with barely visible thin red lines painting a scale like design on the tank. Yellow flames falling back from the

front of the tank near the triple tree and fading into the scales as it reached the seat. Red oriental letters Quatre could not read were emblazoned there. "It says Nataka." Wufei said with pride. "She was a great legendary Warrior in ancient China. She never faltered when it mattered." Was Wufei's only explanation, once again, the bike suited the owner.

Sally's bike was an antique. Circa WWII Harley Davidson courier complete with sidecar. Even still baring its 'war wounds', dents and scuffs, and still coated in olive drab paint. "My dad rode this in the war and brought it home with him. He got shot while delivering blood to the Red Cross mobile hospital. But got the blood there, then married the nurse that patch him up when he got there. I was conceived in this side car." Sally said revving the engine. "This bike IS me." Sally said and Quatre laughed. Once again the bike suited the owner perfectly.

"You ever ride Quatre?" Duo asked and Quatre shook his head. "No, father wouldn't allow it. But I always had a love for them. Last night was the first time I even sat on one at all. But I used to have tons of models I built." Quatre said sighing.

"What's your favorite?" Trowa asked and Quatre smiled. "Yours actually, I always had a soft spot for Vincent Black shadows."

"Ooooh Fast fuckers those, you got good taste Cat." Duo said appreciative of Quatre's theoretical knowledge.

"It's not the speed so much as the grace." Quatre said and then giggled. "And the size. Small enough for someone like me to handle." Quatre said and Trowa laughed.

"Another good consideration." Trowa said as he finished strapping his books down and motioned for Quatre to climb on.

"Yes, if it tips over, I want to be able to pick the thing back up again." Quatre said and Sally laughed.

"Why do you think I keep this side car on? Do you see a passenger? I KNOW it's not going to tip over." Sally said as the rest began turning over their engines.

"Enough chit chat. I'm Starving!" Duo said and Wufei snorted.

“I swear you are a bottomless pit.” Heero mumbled and Duo grinned.

“I’m a growing boy!”

“You’re going to be a fat old man if you keep that up!” Wufei said turning to Trowa and Quatre.

“Where to Quatre? You’re treating.” Wufei said and Quatre shrugged.

“I don’t know, I don’t know the town yet. Somewhere with a jukebox and I’m happy.” Quatre said and Trowa nodded. And all shouted as one.

“A & W, here we come!” (1)

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The place was brimming with teenagers and carhops as the pack descended on its prey.

Not having windows, using the drive up was pointless, so they all parked and headed for the restaurant proper. Quatre was amazed to see how the crowd parted like the red sea when Heero and Duo merely stepped through the door. They did and said nothing, and people were terrified by image alone.

Quatre found it both advantageous, but also a little sad that people found such wonderful people so distasteful. But when a booth cleared immediately, sometimes leverage and intimidation did work in ones favor. And soon six people were crammed into the half moon shaped booth. The jukebox sat directly beside them, which was quite convenient as Quatre immediately plunked in a nickel and selected his favorite song title.

It was 6 for a nickel so Quatre made the rounds of the table for requests. Then after making the various selections and pushing the appropriate buttons Quatre crawled back under the table and up into his seat between Trowa and Sally.

While they waited for their orders, Quatre mused once again how the song choices once again screamed the personality of the person who chose it. Quatre had picked Frankie Lymon's "Why do Fools fall in Love?"

Trowa had immediately piped up with The Platters "The Great Pretender" the lyrics in that quiet befitting his rather quiet yet so complex boyfriend.

Duo had chosen Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls of Fire", Quatre had to laugh when Duo's eyebrows waggled suggestively and lingered over the words "Balls." Duo was a walking hormone.

Heero had Quatre select "Sukiyaki". (2) The ONLY Japanese song Quatre had ever heard in his life. He knew all the words, but had not a clue what the hell he was singing when it came on the radio. He'd learned it phonetically. He'd have to corner Heero sometime and find out what he was actually singing. It could have been about pretty frogs and happy ducks for all Quatre knew. But it was popular on all the stations at the moment at any rate. It did have a good beat; rock and roll was rock and roll the world over.

Wufei blurted out "Wipe out" and received a high five from Duo for his choice.

Sally grinned. "Give me Elvis baby, 'Teddy Bear' Wufee-bear." She said running a finger over Wufei's ear.

Wufei hissed. "I hate when you call me that."

"I know"

"Excuse us." Wufei said grabbing Sally's hand and bolting for the door.

"Make it Quick you two! Food's coming!" Duo hollered and Quatre hid his blush behind a paper napkin dispenser.

"They use arguing like foreplay. Get used to it Quatre. With them it's a constant battle and clash of wills. They get off on tormenting each other." Duo said moving the dispenser to grin at the blushing blonde.

“I’ll try. I’m just not used to having such open friends. Heck, I’m not used to having friends.” Quatre said and he felt Trowa’s arm slip around him.

“Well then here’s to new friends and leaving the past behind us.” Duo said holding up his malt.

“To new friends and happier futures.” Quatre repeated clinking his Black Cow in a toast.

“I’ll drink to that.” Trowa claiming Quatre’s mouth before the blonde had a chance to swallow.

Duo nearly choked on his drink at the unusual public display Trowa was giving. It pleased Duo to no end to see his lifelong friend finally find someone to care about. And Quatre got two thumbs up in that department. Finding someone was one thing, finding a good one was quite another matter. This one was what Duo’s father would call, “a keeper”.

Duo turned to his “keeper” and smiled.

Quatre’s song chose the perfect moment to begin to play on the Jukebox. (3)

They may be fools, but they were happy fools at the moment.

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Quatre stood in front of the bulletin board in stunned disbelief. He reviewed the posting several times, praying he’d been mistaken somehow.

But sadly that wasn’t the case. He’d waited all day for the orchestra list to be posted, all day agonizing over it, and now he stood in the hallway, just staring at the paper mocking him.

Panic began to set in, then rationalization. It was a mix up, nothing more. He'd go to the teacher first before he jumped to conclusions.

He turned from the board and knocked on the office door beside it. "Excuse me, I was just wondering..." Quatre began as he poked his head around the door.

"No Mr. Winner, the list is correct. I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do. All my returning students tried out this year. I had no more room for new members. Besides, you could use a little bit more practice, the tempo was too slow, and a little out of your reach yet. I suggest you go back and work on your arpeggios, and leave Rimsky-Korsakov for a few years. Good day Mr. Winner." The teacher said never looking up from her desk.

"Good Day." Quatre said in a daze, his mind in denial to what his ears just heard. Slowly the news began to sink in and Quatre's heart felt as if it had fallen into his shoes. His footsteps were heavy and listless, and his eyes blurred with tears that began to flow. He knew they were just being nice to him all along. But afraid to believe it, wanting so desperately to be good, he took biased reviews as gospel.

Tom praised him because he was his brother. Iria praised him because she was his sister and was supposed to. Trowa and the others because they were his friends, the truth was a bitter pill to swallow. He'd worked so hard, so long. Trying to be perfect, for his father, for his family, for his future, and failure was something Quatre did not handle well at all. He'd never failed before.

Then doubt, was all his success due to the fact that his father was a billionaire and bought him success behind his back? So many scenarios began to run the gambit of Quatre's thoughts as he tried to digest his shock; all of them only serving to darken his perspective and feed the doubt that began to encase Quatre's heart. He was ashamed, and humiliated. It served him right to be punished for being so confident and cocky the night before. Celebrating success prematurely.

He deserved this slap in the face.

He couldn't face his friends; he was so foolish, so arrogant. Quatre walked down the street and over a few blocks to the University. Asking at the front desk where the music department was and where he could find Professor Schnabel's office.

He wasn't there, and Quatre was grateful he'd not have to face him too. Quatre laid the Violin case reverently on top of Tom's desk, and thought about leaving a note, then deciding Tom was a music teacher, despite his words, he would have KNOWN how bad Quatre did in reality and he was probably expecting this back



anyway. Then Quatre ran one last loving hand down the case before turning and running away.

The tears now fell in blinding rivers of heartbreak as Quatre ran all the way home. Flying up the stairs two at a time, where he fell into his pillows to weep alone and ponder what a fool he had been.

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“Where’s Quatre? Have you seen him?” Trowa asked as Duo and Heero walked back to their bikes.

“Nope, not since lunch. He was going to go check out the postings. Hey I wonder how he did?” Duo said as the Trio walked to the music department and viewed the list.

All three young men stood in rage.

Quatre’s name was nowhere to be seen.

Just then another older man came walking like a man with a purpose around the corner a violin case in his hand and anger in his eyes. It was Tom. He stopped and looked at the list and then at the three men standing there in the same fury.

Tom threw open the music office door. “Are you INSANE?! I want to know WHY QUATRE is not only NOT first Chair, but also why he’s not even on your list. I’ll have your tenure for lunch. This is a travesty; you’ve made him give up! Just what the hell did you say to him to make him give up his dream?” Tom nearly screamed wanting to shove the violin he held in his hand down her throat.

“I can tell you Tom. It’s because he’s not welcome here, it’s because he’s with me. Tell Quatre I’m so sorry.” Trowa said bolting for the door. Tom turned to face the teacher.

“This is not over, not by a long shot.” Tom said turning and slamming the door. “Right you two, come with me. We’re going to go pay a little visit to my Cousin. And I want you to tell him everything. Just what else is going on here, and why did Trowa said what he did?” Tom said and Duo and Heero followed. Grabbing Wufei and Sally along the way.

“Just who is your Cousin Tom?” Duo asked as they all piled into Tom’s car.

“Superintendent Khushrenada.” Tom said as he nailed the accelerator and sped away from the High School.

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(1) A&W (Yup, the Root Beer Brand you know today CAME from these restaurants. The first Drive-ins and the precursor to the more impersonal drive THRU you have today. Carhops were waitresses in short shorts, and roller skates. Going from car to car. Serving homemade Root beer, Black Cows (Root Beer Floats=Root beer and Vanilla Ice Cream), and burger and fries.) These places STILL exist where I grew up in the Midwest. Not sure in other parts of the World.

(2) “Sukiyaki” was a Japanese Rock and Roll song around 1958. It was the typical Doo-whop style song of the era, but all the words were in Japanese. I first heard this song when I was about 8 while riding in the car with my mom. This song came on and she began singing, she remembered all the words and Quatre is quoting my mother here. When she saw me giving her a strange look. Like “Mom, what the hell are you singing?” like only 8 years olds can to their certifiably insane mothers...She said: “I have no idea, it could be about Frogs or Waddling Ducks for all I know.” It’s been 22 years since, and one of those moments forever ingrained on my memory for some reason. GO MOM! That bits for you. Heh heh.

Lyrics:

“The Great Pretender” by the Platters

Oh yes I'm the great pretender

Pretending that I'm doing well

My need is such I pretend too much

I'm lonely but no one can tell

Oh yes I'm the great pretender

A drift in a world of my own

I play the game but to my real shame

You've let me to dream all alone

Too real is this feeling of make believe

Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal

Oh yes I'm the great pretender

Just laughing and gay like a clown

I seem to be what I'm not you see

I'm wearing my heart like a crown

Pretending that you're still around

Too real is this feeling of make believe

Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal

Yes I'm the great pretender

Just laughing and gay like a clown

I seem to be what I'm not you see

I'm wearing my heart like a crown

Pretending that you're still around

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“Why Do Fools Fall in Love” by Frankie Lymon

WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

(F. Lymon - A. Goldner)

FRANKIE LYMON & THE TEENAGERS

(GEE 1002, 1956)

Why do birds sing so gay?

And lovers await the break of day

Why do they fall in love?

Why does the rain fall from up above

Why do fools fall in love?

Why do they fall in love?

Love is a losing game

Love can be a shame I

Know of a fool, you see

For that fool is me

Tell me why, tell me why

Why do birds sing so gay?

And lovers await the break of day

Why does my heart skip a crazy beat?

For I know it will reach defeat

Tell me why, tell me why

Why do fools fall in love?

Tell me why, tell me why

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Seven

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Treize sat in his chair, his fingers forming a steeple formation before him and his brow was furrowed as he listened to the small mob in his office. Each story that was told progressively got worse. He learned not only of Quatre's quandary, but how each of them on more than one occasion had come across a multitude of injustices.

Treize listened intently to Wufei's tirade; the self-appointed group spokesman spoke eloquently and passionately. It had appeared he'd been prepared and waiting for the door to open to have this opportunity to state his case to the superintendent. He'd tried before but either Principle Demail either refused his requests, or when Wufei had appeared for the scheduled meeting, Superintendent Khushrenada had been pulled away for urgent business.

That was a lie that Treize knew was fact and not fiction. Not once had he been contacted by Demail in regards to a meeting with Wufei and from the way Wufei spoke, Treize did not doubt the young man's sincerity. He'd heard more than enough, it was time for some thorough investigation. Treize held up his hand and Wufei fell silent. "I have heard more than enough." Treize said leaning over his desk and pressing the intercom button on his phone. "Ms. Une, I'd like for you to go over to the high school, discreetly, and pull me the records for the following students." Treize began, reciting all their names. "Then I want you to catalogue inconsistencies you find questionable within. I want you to go over them with a fine tooth comb, I think something is greatly amiss and record tampering has been taking place."

"Yes sir. Would you like me to do teacher interviews as well sir?" Une asked and Treize frowned.

"No, not yet. I'll handle the interviews if necessary. While you are cataloguing the records, I also want you to collect archived grade books, assignments and papers. Check the grades and make sure they coincide with what is in their permanent records. Tabulate GPA's based of the teacher's grade logs and the Principle's entry into their file." Treize added as an after thought.

"I'll get on it right away sir." Une said and Treize cut off the intercom.

"This is going to take some time boys. We have four years worth of records and papers to go through, but you can rest assured I will get to the bottom of this and take care of the problem once

the source is confirmed. Until then however, I really do have my hands tied.” Treize said apologizing.

“I’d expect nothing less Mr. Khushrenada. You have heard our grievances; to act without gaining the other point of view is compounding a mistake. Even if the outcome is the same. The only honorable course is to believe the school innocent until proven guilty.” Wufei said and Treize quirked an eyebrow.

“And he spouts legalities too. Wufei, I’d like to continue this conversation sometime. If you are interested in the law, I have quite a few reference materials you will probably find most intriguing. I was a lawyer before I accepted this position. I have some things you are unlikely to find in the school library.” Treize said and was more than pleased with the almost drunken gleam that lit up Wufei’s eyes.

“I’d like that very much Mr. Khushrenada.” Wufei said smiling a truly intimidating and hungry smile.

“Here’s my card young man. Call this number and we’ll set up an appointment to get together and discuss our judiciary system.” Treize said and Sally groaned.

“Man are you gonna be sorry you told him that. Be prepared for him to argue your ear off Mr. Khushrenada.” Sally said and Treize smiled.

“Oh I’m hoping for a stimulating debate my dear Miss Po. In fact, I’m counting on it.”

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Trowa got as far as his bike; ready to hop on and just ride out of Quatre’s life before he wrecked it any further, when the inscription on his tank hit him in the face like a plank. “Strong to the Finish.”

He could hear his father now, only cowards ran away from their problems. Hero’s stood up and fought back. Whether they won or lost in the end, they went the distance and took the blows. If he abandoned Quatre now, he’d be no better than the assholes that had hurt him. He was partly responsible for Quatre’s current heartbreak; he would make amends and not let Quatre face it alone. He’d been hurt far too much; it was time for Quatre to learn he didn’t have to face the world

alone anymore. He needed to know that Trowa would be by his side, strong to the finish.

“Thank you Dad. I finally get it.” Trowa said looking up to the Heaven’s before jumping on his bike, slamming the kick start home, cranking the throttle, dropping the clutch, and burning rubber out of the parking lot.

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Quatre lay curled up in a ball on his bed, he had removed Trowa’s ring from it’s chain and he held it, spinning it around in his fingers watching the late afternoon sun dance on the emerald green glass “gem” that lay in the bulky ring. The same color as Trowa’s eyes, Quatre thought as new tears sprang to his eyes.

How could he bear to look in those eyes again? Quatre couldn’t bear the thought of seeing rejection or worse, shame in those eyes. Who’d want a loser like him anyway? Quatre flogged himself with his thoughts, each minute they became worse and more dangerous.

First he had caught a fever as a boy, which had stunted his growth somewhat, making his father’s only son nowhere near the man he had hoped for. Then Quatre’s further failure as a man in his father’s eyes with his preferences for music and art rather than business and sport. The wedge between father and son grew wider with Quatre’s utter failure not just as a man but as a human being and his expulsion came swift from his father’s life. The son was no more, a dead entity to the father, that despite it all, Quatre still loved.

All his life he had tried to be perfect to please his father, to please his sisters, everything he did, he did in hopes of winning their love and respect. But in every effort, he failed.

Even in the things he had thought they had approved of, his music. Again he let them all down. He was nothing but a burden to everyone, a mistake, a useless freeloading leech of a human being. Maybe if he just ran out in front of a train or something they’d all be better off.

Maybe if he swallowed all of Iria’s sleeping pills he’d just go to sleep forever and no one would be bothered with him again.



Get rid of the burden for them, finally he'd figured out a way to please them all. They'd be happy if he was out of the hair.

Had Quatre been himself, he'd have realized how insane this idea sounded. But he hadn't been totally about his wits since the night he'd found himself making a frantic phone call to Iria in the middle of the night.

His entire world had turned upside down, and nothing seemed normal anymore. Quatre's emotional state was a roller coaster ride of extreme upsets, and euphoric joys, the past two weeks had been one sensory overload after another.

Quatre's mind just shut down as he rummaged through Iria's cabinet like a zombie. Everything moved in suspended animation, and Quatre watched it from outside, like a casual observer of a hideous nightmare soon to be over.

Taking the bottle Quatre moved mechanically and walked downstairs, filling a glass with water from the tap, then sat down right there on the kitchen floor. Pills in one hand, glass in the other. And there he sat looking from one to the other. His eyes glazed in detachment.

This was what Trowa saw when he opened the door and his heart froze in terror. Quatre's hand full of pills and ready to take them all, hand poised and ready, eyes distant and crazed, glass of water shaking as Quatre's entire body trembled.

"QUATRE! NO!!!" Trowa said diving and smacking the pills out of Quatre's hand. They scattered across the linoleum, the glass crashing and shattering on the floor, and Quatre crawling around in the puddle of water and broken glass picking up wet pills and murmuring something about making everyone happy. His cheeks still dripping with tears, and his body shaking in tremors.

Trowa grabbed Quatre's shoulders and shook vigorously. "QUATRE! Snap out of it! What do you think you're doing?!" Trowa shouted, yet Quatre reacted as if he wasn't even there. Trowa's mind raced, he'd read about this somewhere. How a person can go temporarily insane when subjected to severe mental abuse and trauma. Quatre's mind had shut down, he was only reacting to some morose internal monologue and Trowa had to snap him out of it before it was too late.

Trowa has suspected Quatre's mental state to be fragile, but he'd never expected this. Trowa had a horrible feeling the trouble with Quatre's father went a lot further back than the incident two

weeks past. Being thrown out was one thing, it wasn't nearly enough to cause this sort of damage, Quatre must have been suffering for years. He had no emotional strength to fight with anymore. What little he'd had left had been crushed and snuffed out brutally today when Quatre's only feeling of accomplishment had been discredited and insulted.

"I'll be strong for you then." Trowa whispered pulling the unresponsive boy into his arms and rocking slowly. Murmuring calming sentiments of devotion and most importantly, love. Quatre needed to know he was loved and that he was important for who he was and not what he thought others wanted him to be. Trowa vowed to himself that he would tell him again and again until he had no more breath to speak. And then he'd show him when words failed.

Trowa looked down, and clutched in Quatre's hand that had held the glass was Trowa's ring. It was on Quatre's thumb, and he held his fingers closed to keep it in place. Trowa lifted Quatre's hand that still shuddered and shook and pressed his lips to trembling fingers. Stopping where his ring was on Quatre's thumb.

"Quatre, do you feel this ring on your finger? I didn't give it to you because I wanted something from you; I gave it to you so you'd know that I have something I want to give to you. Me, all of me Quatre, my heart, my love, whatever you ask of me, it's yours." Trowa said tucking Quatre's head under his chin and pulling him close. "I want nothing from you that I'm not ready to give back to you ten fold. Please hear me Quatre, come back to me." Trowa said, tears falling into Quatre's hair as he desperately sought to break into Quatre's thoughts.

It was an agonizingly long time before Quatre seemed to awaken from his nightmare. "Trowa?" Came the uncertain voice.

"I'm here Quatre. I'll always be here when you need me." Trowa said kissing the top of Quatre's head.

"Oh God Trowa!" The sob was ripped from Quatre's throat, but it was a relief to Trowa's ears. It had life to it, passion. It wasn't the empty, dead, and emotionless whimper it had been before.

"Shhhhh, it's all right Quatre. It's all right." Trowa comforted as Quatre sobbed into his chest.

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry. I'm such a..." Quatre began but Trowa placed a finger on his lips.

“Don’t be sorry and don’t blame yourself for something you had no control over in the first place.” Trowa began lifting Quatre’s chin, forcing him to look into his eyes. “Look at me Quatre. Your not getting into the orchestra is my fault. It’s because I don’t have the greatest reputation and because you are with me, you now share that reputation. It’s me who must beg your forgiveness for loving you too much or not enough to stay away.”

“Oh no Trowa, please don’t say that.” Quatre began and Trowa stalled him again with his finger to Quatre’s lips.

“It’s the truth. But it hurts you to hear it doesn’t it?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded.

“It hurts me to hear you condemn yourself for things beyond your control too. Neither of us are what you can call perfect Quatre. My faults are many, and I’ll tell you them all eventually. Just as you have this horrible habit of attaching all the evils of the world onto your back like a cross and carrying the guilt of the world on your shoulders. Let the evil that others commit come back to them, as it should. Don’t be the martyr and accept all the blame on yourself, especially when such an selfless soul as yours has done nothing wrong but to try too hard to make others happy.” Trowa said leaning down to kiss the tears on Quatre’s cheeks. “Just try to make yourself happy for a change.” Trowa added resting his forehead against Quatre’s.

“I’m not horrible?”

“Far, far from it Quatre.”

“Do I make you happy?”

“Every time you look at me with those eyes. I can see how you feel about me and that makes me more than happy.” Trowa said and at last a ghost of a smile began to haunt Quatre’s lips. “Look into my eyes Quatre, what do you see?” Trowa asked and that smile on Quatre’s lips spread outward and began to shine.

“You love me.”

“With all that I am.” Trowa breathed, claiming Quatre’s lips in a kiss that blotted out everything else but each other.

They sat there, lingering in the embrace long after the kiss ended, reassuring each other that what they felt was real. But being real also meant they were back in the real world.

“Come on Quatre, let’s get you off this wet floor and into something dry. I’ll clean up this mess, go get in something warm.” Trowa said standing and hauling Quatre to his feet. Quatre nodded and turned looking pensive.

“I can’t even remember doing that.” Quatre said and Trowa nodded.

“I know, you weren’t yourself, and you and I are going to have a long, long talk later Quatre. You need to tell me everything so we can share this burden and this nightmare will not repeat itself.” Trowa said seriously and Quatre sighed and nodded. Trowa cared and he deserved to know everything. Quatre never wanted to feel so out of control again.

And because he loved Trowa, he’d never bury and hide his troubles again, had Quatre not been stopped, he would have hurt the person he loved the most.

This was one thing Quatre could not fail in, and vowed he would never fail Trowa. Not when it was as simple as just telling Trowa when his thoughts began to turn dark and sinister and allow Trowa to anchor him in place with reality and not let Quatre’s morbid imagination run away with him again.

Quatre wandered upstairs and changed into a loose shirt and cardigan, his blue jeans, and thick woolen socks. Hanging his wet clothes over the shower rod in the bathroom to dry as he wandered back down. Trowa had the mess on the floor cleared and he was in the living room and turning on the radio as Quatre joined him.

The instrumental “Sleep Walk” had just begun to play and Trowa held out his hand. As Quatre took it, Trowa pulled him close placing one hand in the small of Quatre’s back, the other bringing Quatre’s hand to rest against his collarbone. Quatre melted against Trowa and laid his head against Trowa’s opposite collarbone as Trowa began to lead the slow dance and sway.

No words, none were needed. One leading the other, and the other following with only hearts to guide their motions, and hearts so in tune, needed no words.

The tranquil strains of the melody washed over them and they just swayed as one to the mellow tune, once again the world became a blur, and the only points in focus were two sets of eyes that looked deeply into their partner's soul and found a love brighter than the sun smiling back from it's depths.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Eight

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Tom dropped the boys off at their bikes and then decided to head over to see Quatre. Iria was unreachable in her lab, and was going to be late home, and he was positive leaving Quatre alone in this state was dangerous. Iria had told him what their father was like, and with the gentle sensibilities Quatre possessed, anything was possible and that worried Tom greatly. Quatre had so much potential it was staggering, and he genuinely liked the young man, and would have even if he had not been dating said young man's sister.

Quatre's manners were impeccable, he was polite, quiet, and he bent over backwards to please total strangers. The first time Tom had met Quatre the boy had jumped through hoops to be accommodating. Tom mused that if he had told Quatre to fetch his slippers and the paper, light his pipe, and then sit on the floor as his personal foot stool Quatre would have done so without complaint. There was just no one as giving as Quatre, and Tom decided that it was about time Quatre had a positive male influence in his life. He wasn't old enough to be father, but big brother worked just fine in cases like these.

However someone beat him to the punch, he recognized the motorcycle parked on the street and Tom sighed with relief as he parked in the drive and grabbed the violin off the passenger seat and headed toward the front door. He could see both boys sitting on the couch through the front room window as he stepped up on the porch. Trowa had one arm around Quatre's shoulders, as Quatre lay curled up by his side. They were both reading from a rather large textbook, with Quatre scribbling notes for them both it seemed. Tom knocked softly and then just opened the door and poked his head in. "Quit necking boys I'm coming in!" Tom teased knowing full well he was walking in on something innocent.

However, he couldn't resist, the blush on Quatre's cheeks was priceless.

"We weren't! We were studying!" Quatre said sitting bolt upright and Tom chuckled.

"I know, I could see you through the window." Tom said with a wink as he moved into the living room, Quatre was up and ready to serve. Tom waved him to sit back down.

"Quatre, there's no need to always be ready to wait on me hand and foot when I come over. Just sit down, I can fend for myself." Tom directed and Quatre slowly sat back down, but his posture was alert and ready. Tom rolled his eyes.

“Trowa, maybe you can help me out here. It seems we need to teach Quatre how to loosen up, badly.” Tom said and Trowa just nodded once. “But first, I think you left this in my office by mistake Quatre.” Tom said setting the case on the coffee table. Quatre’s chin dropped in shame and Tom reached down and lifted Quatre’s chin.

“Quatre, I want you to believe me when I say this. I am appalled at what happened today. I am so outraged by it in fact; I went right to the superintendent. I am talking as the head of the music department at the University, not as your friend, and not as your sister’s boyfriend, but as a teacher and a professional. I also found out you are not the only one this failure in education is happening to. It seems some bright scholars are being denied the education and chances they deserve. Steps are being taken to rectify these problems.” Tom said sitting down on the coffee table to face Quatre at eye level.

“You did not fail Quatre, someone is purposefully blocking your progress and we are looking into finding out who. Until we find out however, we’re in a bit of a bind. So, I am personally taking over your music education Quatre. You’re too talented to let slip through the cracks. I want you to stop by the University for one hour after school on Tuesdays and Thursdays and play in the university Orchestra. They meet at 3:30 sharp on those days. Don’t be late, I like to start on time.” Tom said with a wink.

Then he turned to Trowa. “And you...” Tom began addressing Trowa. “I hear we have a future Hemmingway in our midst. Wufei was quite descriptive and went into great detail on all of your collective accomplishments and areas of academic exception. I have to get together with my colleagues over at the University to coordinate tutorials, but all of you, if I have my say, will get the education the high school is failing to give you. I want all of you prepared by the end of the year to be able to submit your names to the scholarship board for review, and I want you all to win those scholarships.” Tom said and both boys sat on the couch stunned.

“But, the scholarships always go to the jocks.” Trowa said without inflection.

“Because no one has fought back yet. I’m part of the scholarship committee, and the only reviews I’ve ever seen come from these so-called jocks of yours. The University does not function like High School boys. One is judged on merit, not appearance. I cannot tell you how many of those Jocks of yours come in and never make it past their freshman year. I can tell you now; the committee will be overjoyed when your reviews come. You ready to work for your futures boys?” Tom asked and both Trowa and Quatre nodded.

“Good. I’ve already told this to the others, so expect to hear from me soon concerning your extra

classes. Until then don't rock the boat, and don't let anyone know what's going on. We don't need any more resistance, and if those who conspire to keep you down get wind of this, it's going to just get more difficult for you. Silence is golden now." Tom said and Trowa smiled.

"I think we can keep a secret." Trowa said a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"Good. How about you Quatre?"

"I won't breathe a word. I really get to play in your class?" Quatre asked almost drooling.

"You do. I'm just glad I get the pleasure to listen to you play." Tom said and Quatre looked exponentially brighter in spirit. "Now how about taking a break from Homework? My dinner partner is playing hooky on my tonight and I'm hungry, and I cannot cook and I hate eating alone." Tom said and Quatre blushed.

"I can't cook either." Quatre said and Trowa rolled his eyes.

"Right then, I'll cook. You watch and learn. Both of you." Trowa said standing and grabbing Quatre's hand.

"I meant let's go OUT to eat boys." Tom said smacking his forehead.

"Quatre needs more than a diet of burgers. He's too thin." Trowa said opening the fridge to rummage.

"Looks who's talking? You're not packing a lot of extra weight there either Mr. Barton." Tom said poking Trowa's stomach then recoiled in shock. "Damn son, lean but mean. That's all muscle isn't it?" Tom said and Trowa shrugged.

"I do a lot of heavy lifting at the café, these abs come with the job. I don't have time to gain weight. But I eat right too, that helps. You both could use a better diet." Trowa said dragging out a head of lettuce and some tomatoes and setting them on the counter.



“Quatre wash these then cut them up and put them in a bowl please.” Trowa said leaving Quatre to the task as he then turned and sighed. “All the meat is frozen, except for this chicken. I’m sure Iria was planning to have this over the weekend since it’s thawed. Don’t forget to tell her you ate her chicken.” Trowa said pointing at Tom.

“I can go buy some meat at the market, it’s just around the corner. So put her chicken back, she’ll kill me, and I know I’ll forget.” Tom said and Trowa laughed but put the chicken back in the fridge.

“Then just get me some ground beef, I’ll make meatloaf. That’s fast and not a lot of fuss I still have homework to finish.” Trowa said as Tom grabbed his keys.

“Okay, I’ll be back.” Tom said going out to the store. Trowa turned and grabbed the knife out of Quatre’s hand.

“ACK! Quatre! CUT the tomatoes, don’t pulverize them.” Trowa said looking at the mess on the counter top.

“They collapsed they won’t cut.” Quatre said pouting.

“If you push too hard, yes, they collapse. Here, like this.” Trowa said moving behind Quatre and holding Quatre’s hand, guided the knife gently and smoothly through the flesh of the ripened red fruit.

Quatre never knew the task of making a salad could be such a turn on. But then not everyone had such a hard body wrapped around them while doing the task. Not to mention as Trowa’s hips brushed against his backside, it was quite obvious Quatre wasn’t the only one feeling a little turned on. “God, you smell good.” Trowa said burying his nose in Quatre’s hair and inhaling deeply wrapping his arms around Quatre and molding his body against Quatre’s back.

Quatre melted and his head tipped back against Trowa’s chest exposing his neck. Trowa wasted no time in leaning over to claim the only exposed flesh. Quatre moaned in response, the electricity was crackling between them.

“Damn it, there’s no time.” Trowa growled as he nibbled and kissed. “Please let Tom get a flat tire.” He added spinning Quatre around to feast further on Quatre’s throat and lips. Quatre giggled at Trowa’s wish and it rather tickled what Trowa was currently doing to his ears.

“Trowa, we can’t... oh God. You’re squishing the tomatoes... Unnnnnnn oh that’s nice... wait we don’t have... oh my goodness...”

“Quatre, shut up.” Trowa commanded stalling further protests and eager moans with his mouth as his tongue dueled for possession of Quatre’s senses. Lifting Quatre up mid kiss and setting him on the counter in the process. Sliding between Quatre’s knees and snaking his arms around the boy’s waist, as Quatre’s arms simultaneously wrapped around Trowa’s shoulders and his feet crossed at the ankles behind Trowa’s knees.

Quatre was lost in the kiss, his fingers running through strands of silken perfection. Trowa’s hair was so soft, so beautiful, everything about him was perfect in Quatre’s eyes. This was the person he had been waiting to find his whole life. Quatre never felt lost when he was with Trowa, never felt empty. Trowa made him whole and it was magical.

Tom chose just that minute to pull up in the driveway.

No two boys ever moved faster in their lives. Quatre was down off the counter, the kiss was broken and they were hurriedly smoothing out rumped hair and clothes as Tom opened the front door.

“Friday night Quatre, it’s you, me, the beach, and a blanket. I hate interruptions and I don’t think I’ll survive another.” Trowa whispered harshly, still flushed from their heated kiss.

“Me either, it’s a date.” Quatre said catching his breath as Tom none the wiser entered the kitchen.

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Lunch the next day found six normally rowdy students talking in hushed voices around their meal.

“I got these notes from Tom. It’s all set.” Quatre said passing out small packets of paper to the others. “Trowa and I go on Tuesdays and Thursdays. While I’m in Tom’s class, Trowa gets a one on one with Professor Kerchov.” Quatre said and Trowa looked about ready to pass out.

“He wrote an editorial in the paper on Kerouac and Henry Miller. Oh my, I’m dead and in heaven, this man is a GOD, his essay had me on my hands and knees looking for copies of ‘On the Road’ and ‘Tropic of Cancer’. I get to study with him? Okay somebody pinch me and wake me up. No, on second thought, don’t wake me up. The part where Quatre gets naked and starts dancing on the table comes next.” Trowa said and Quatre choked on his milk and Duo was somewhere UNDER the table laughing like a hyena. Sally was slapping Quatre’s back to get the coughing to stop while trying not to die of asphyxiation herself. Trowa just looked smug.

It wasn’t that he didn’t have a sense of humor, he just preferred biding his time and waiting for perfect opportunities. This was one of those opportunities.

Wufei was even smiling and chuckling for a change as he opened his letter from Tom. “I don’t believe it! I have judiciary theory with Professor Weinstein AND law and practice with... well I’ll be damned, Professor Khushrenada. That man gets around.” Wufei said that drunken look in his eyes again.

“Me next!” Sally said tearing into her packet. “Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! I get to help Iria in the lab! All right! I never told you before Quatre, but your sister is my IDOL!” Sally said and Quatre grinned.

“Maybe one day you can explain to me what the hell Iria DOES. She’s told me and I still don’t know.” Quatre said and Sally sparkled.

“You got it cutie.” Sally said leaning over and kissing Quatre’s cheek.

“Hey, I don’t go around kissing your boyfriend.” Trowa teased and Sally turned a wicked grin to Trowa.

“Oh go right ahead sweet cheeks. I don’t mind.”

“SALLY!”

“Pucker up Wu honey, Trowa wants a kiss.”

“I’ll pucker you in a minute Woman!”

“Promises, Promises.”

“Moving right along then!” Duo interrupted the mating love/hate birds and began ripping open his packet greedily.

“Oh FUCK YEAH! They only started this course last year when Sputnik went up! You gotta be a genius to get into this course!” Duo said practically drooling.

“You must have Heero’s packet.” Wufei teased and Duo flipped him off.

“Nope, I have the same class!” Heero said showing his boyfriend his paper and getting wild arms flung around his shoulders in glee.

“What class is it guys?” Quatre asked and both boys turned and smiled.

“Rocket science.” They said simultaneously.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Nine

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Thursday was their first class, and Trowa dropped Quatre off first at the music hall before heading over to the campus library where he was to meet with Professor Kerchov. Unlike the others he wasn't joining a classroom environment, it was just going to be him and the professor. So to say he was anxious was an understatement. He had no clue what to expect from today's meeting. All he'd been instructed to bring with him was copies of things he had written. So Trowa clutched his very personal, very private, never shared with anyone before, notebook. In it was contained every mad late night muse inspired rambling of his mind.

"Ah Mr. Barton, I see Tom's description is accurate. This way young man." Came the voice and Trowa turned and in short was stunned. He'd pictured Professor Kerchov as an elder man, grizzled with large bushy eyebrows. The stereotypical literary scholar from Russia look, what met Trowa's eyes, however, was a man in his late thirties, maybe early forties, average height, dressed in black slacks, a black turtle-neck sweater, black beret, and sunglasses. Yes, sunglasses in doors. He was a beatnik! Trowa grinned and followed Professor Kerchov to a back corner of the library.

Two large wingback chairs made of well-worn brown leather sat facing each other with a coffee table between them. Trowa was motioned to take a seat and he did so and just sat there as the Professor gave him a visual assessment. "Establishment labels can be remarkably hard to break free from. Let's see if we cannot stick it to conformity a little here." The professor said and Trowa smiled and relaxed.

"Professor Kerchov, I want to thank you for this chance." Trowa began and Kerchov held up a hand.

"Professor is also just a title to reflect my occupation. When you direct me feel free to call me by my name. Alex is fine." He said holding his hand out for Trowa's book. "And no thanks are necessary. I am sick to death of students who don't know literature from nursery rhymes. I am despondent to see lack of passion in prose and verse and seeing people write only because I told them to. Let's see what someone writes from his soul." Alex said and Trowa handed over his words and then sat there on the edge of his seat waiting for the axe to fall and Alex to tell him he hated it.

It was almost an hour before Alex said anything else, he sat there flipping through Trowa's pad reading, really reading. Trowa wasn't sure if that was a good or bad thing. But he waited patiently until Alex finally looked up from the notebook.

“The Poems are a bit in need of structure. But content wise I’m quite impressed. Your short stories young man, are MUCH better. This last one, you’d better finish soon. I want to know just who this blonde urban Prince is you write of as if he were a living breathing entity and as if you are lovers.” Alex said smirking and fixing Trowa with his eyes over the rim of his sunglasses.

“I always found the taboo most intriguing. Taboo being nothing more than the truth in men’s hearts. This is in your face and real. I can identify with your leading character and relate, which so often cannot be done. And not knowing if this relationship is homosexual, heterosexual, or just really well crafted innuendo has me salivating. I want you to work on this story, and go into more detail. Stretch it out, and don’t be in a hurry to reach the climax. You and I will work on your first novel Mr. Barton.” Alex said handing back the book and Trowa felt like he was riding on clouds.

“You really think I have something?” Trowa asked and Alex smiled.

“Have it, got it, and are using it. A little polishing to the diamond in the rough as it were. You are a rare find Mr. Barton. And modern literature needs men like you who are not afraid to push the envelope and write what’s real today. Not content to live in a flowery Victorian past. It’s a revolution against the suppression of the instinct of man. Man can be brutal, lustful, passionate, gentle, kind, all emotions; all facets of humanity can and should be written about. Knowledge is the key to evolution.” Alex said and Trowa was down to his idol worshipping internally. He just loved how this man thought and could not get over the fact that he was personally getting an audience! Let alone knowing that he would have this session twice a week.

Quatre chose that moment to walk into the library, his class apparently finished. Alex turned and lowered his glasses and stared. “Oh, he just has to be who you’re writing about. Either that or this is an extreme coincidence that someone looks exactly like your urban prince.” Alex said and Trowa grinned.

“No coincidence. I guess the plot now is clear to you. That’s my boyfriend Quatre.” Trowa said and Alex smiled.

“Well I at least don’t need to guess anymore that the innuendo as I suspected earlier is true. You are writing a homosexual relationship in this book then. Good I was hoping so, no one writes it because no one dares.” Alex said smiling almost wickedly. “Be the first and grab the world by the balls Trowa. Trust me, you may not become a big best seller, but I see them as sell-outs to conformity anyway. But there will be people out there like you who want to read it and have no one who will write for them and needing someone who will be their voice in the world of literary oppression. Be their voice Trowa.” Alex said honestly and Trowa nodded.

“I don’t want to be famous or rich. I just want to write and this is what I know.” Trowa answered, and he meant it.

“Then that’s all I need to hear. Same time next Tuesday Trowa, now go rescue Prince Charming from the librarian, she likes blondes.” Alex said seeing Quatre fidget by the counter as the young Librarian leaned over the top chatting with him.

Trowa chuckled and stood. “Thanks Prof... Alex. I will be here.”

“You’d better have me another chapter of that too. I want to know what happens next.” Alex said with a wink sitting back down with another book as Trowa walked away high with the feelings of hope and well earned pride.

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Everyone over lunch the next day began excitedly telling one another about their classes in very hushed tones. It seemed while technically Heero and Duo had the same class, they had been split up to work on the various projects that were part of that class. Duo was working with the engineers, the men who actually BUILT the machines, and Heero was working with the Quantum Physics professors the men who made the theory that the engineers turned into reality.

Then Heero and Duo were made to bring the Rocket they were building in Duo’s garage into the classroom to be dissected and worked on by the group.

And to prevent them blowing up their neighborhood on the off chance that the two rather brilliant boys made a miscalculation. Which even the brightest scientists at NASA did on occasion, so it was a safety protocol that Duo and Heero were sworn to observe. No tinkering outside of the lab.

Wufei kept going on and on about Treize Khushrenada and how stimulating the man was.

“Should I be worried?” Sally asked teasing and Wufei choked.

“Sally, it’s his intellect I admire. Must you be so crude?”

“Just checking, I mean four out of five of my best friends are gay, I had to make sure.”

“You’re sick Sally Po.”

“I’m actually in quite good health Thank you.”

“You need mental assistance.”

“Dr. Freud’s Penis envy theory is a crock of shit. And if that’s mental health evaluation at it’s finest. Being worried about my faculties is a rather minor consideration.”

“On that, I agree with you.”

“Did Wufei just agree with Sally?” Duo asked looking at Heero.

“I think he did.” Heero said not taking his eyes off his lunch. Having learned if he looked away, Duo’s fingers were faster than lightening and a portion of Heero’s lunch would be snatched and eaten, never to see the light of day again.

“So how did you two go on?” Sally asked and Quatre smiled brightly.

“We’re going to be performing Vivaldi’s Gloria with the Choir in December, so we were going through that yesterday.” Quatre said and Duo shuddered.

“Christmas stuff in September?” He asked and Quatre nodded.



“That’s normal, you have to have time to prepare. You just hear it at Christmas time, you don’t hear the practice, and trust me, by Christmas, every musician on the planet is sick of Christmas music.” Quatre said giggling.

“I don’t doubt it.” Duo said turning to Trowa. “And you’ve had a smirk on your face all day. I take it things went well for you too?” Duo asked and Trowa nodded.

“More than well. He’s helping me write my novel.” Trowa said and everyone looked at Trowa blankly.

“You were writing a novel?” Quatre asked and Trowa nodded. “Why didn’t you tell me? Can I read it?” Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

“I didn’t think it was very good. And I didn’t tell anybody, not even Cathy. When it’s done, I promise you can be the first to read it. Okay?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded enthusiastically.

“Okay, so long as I do get to read it, I don’t care when.” Quatre said as lunch bell rang and they were forced to return to their normal, less interesting classes.

“Don’t forget we have a date tonight Quatre.” Trowa purred softly in Quatre’s ear as he stood up. Quatre shivered.

“I haven’t forgotten.” Quatre said softly blushing. Heero cocked an eyebrow and followed Trowa inside tapping him on the shoulder then motioning to move out of earshot.

“I don’t mean to pry. But I’m offering some unsolicited advice to you, be careful.” Heero said and Trowa raised an eyebrow.

“You’re implying...?”

“Implying that if you two decide to follow the heat of the moment, don’t hurt him. I hurt Duo, bad, our first time. I didn’t, WE didn’t know what’s involved. I’m telling you as a friend to you both, be prepared BEFORE you go anywhere. Just in case.” Heero said and Trowa looked over his shoulder at Quatre who was clearing his tray with Sally.

“What do I do Heero?” Trowa asked not knowing anything more than mechanics and theory. He was still a virgin himself truth be told.

“KY Jelly is your best friend Trowa. And there is no such thing as using too much. Trust me on this. Never ever make love to him without it. You don’t want the tears, trust me.” Heero said looking pained. Trowa could see the hurt in Heero’s eyes, and knowing how much Heero loved Duo, seeing Duo cry must have killed Heero.

Trowa felt the same when Quatre cried. Being the cause of the tears was unacceptable.

Trowa hugged Heero quickly then backed away. “Thanks, I’ll have it just in case. But I’m not going to rush Quatre into anything. I don’t want to rush into anything. But thanks Heero, I know that took a lot to say.” Trowa said and Heero snorted.

“I care, that’s all.” Heero said before turning and walking to class leaving a grateful Trowa behind as he watched Duo swoop in and snare Quatre in a loose embrace and drag him off in much the same fashion as Heero had done Trowa.

Trowa smiled, Heero and Duo had planned this ambush. Trowa would have to find a way to thank them later.

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Duo dragged Quatre down the hall and into the bathroom. There he pressed a tube into Quatre’s hand.

“What’s this for?” Quatre asked and Duo smiled.

“Just in case you and Trowa decide to... ya know... go all the way. You’re gonna need that.” Duo said and Quatre almost dropped the tube of KY Jelly in shock.

“Oh god.” Quatre’s hand shook as he quickly put the tube away inside his satchel.

“Don’t be embarrassed Cat. I’m only telling you because no one else will. Trust me, it’ll hurt real bad if you don’t use that. I wish someone had told me that before I found out the hard way. That’s why I’m telling you. I’m not trying to embarrass you, just warning you as a friend that cares okay?” Duo said and Quatre nodded still mighty pink around the edges.

“Thanks.” Quatre said his voice much higher than normal. Duo grabbed him in a headlock and rubbed his knuckles against Quatre’s scalp.

“Anytime buddy. And I want a report after when it does happen. All the juicy details!” Duo said and Quatre squealed.

“DUO! Ow, No! Ow! Quit it!” Quatre said squirming to get away from Duo’s torture.

“Nope, promise I get a report.”

“No”

Duo rubbed harder. “Promise”

“Oh All right!!!” Quatre said and Duo released him. “God you’re a demon.”

“I am Shinigami. What else do you expect?” Duo cackled sauntering out of the bathroom grinning. Quatre smiled, adjusted his wrecked hair in the mirror and picking up his satchel ran to his next class making it just in time before the bell rang.

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Note: In this era, KY Jelly (Petroleum Jelly) was the ONLY thing available really over the counter that one could use as a lubricant. Nothing like today when lubes come in colors, flavors, etc... I'm sure you could get other things, but for the typical man off the street this was the only thing available at the drug store.

# Greased Wing

## Chapter Ten

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Trowa sighed with relief as the end of day bell rang. Friday night freedom for the weekend had arrived at last and a date with Quatre, a real one, awaiting him. Trowa smiled as he walked out to his bike to see...

Dante?

“What are you doing here?” Trowa asked Duo’s elder brother who appeared to be waiting for his former ‘pack’ to emerge from school.

“Isn’t that a fine hello for your illustrious leader?”

“Leader my ass. Can it, you want something.” Trowa said as he sat on his bike to wait for Quatre.

“Oh Fuck! What do YOU want?” Duo asked as he saw his brother was parked beside Deathscythe and sitting nonchalantly on his own ride, the “Hell Fire”, waiting. Dante smirked; he was definitely Duo’s brother. They had the same shit eating grin, the same eyes and the same face. Only whereas Duo wore his hair long and braided, Dante’s was short and kept relatively neat. Everything else could have made them almost twins. And both boys looked like their father, the local repair shop and scrap yard owner, Nicodemus Maxwell.

It was no wonder his son’s had odd names; it seemed to run in the family.

“Do you talk to mother with that mouth of yours Duo?”

“Yes, now what do you want?”

“If you make me beg, I’ll punch you. I got a spur of the moment gig and my drummer and sax players are losers and in jail. I need you and Trowa, bad.” Dante said and Duo groaned.

“Can’t you get someone else?” Duo asked and Dante shook his head.

“No, not on this short notice. Come on guys pleeeeeease?” Dante asked batting his eyes and smiling.

“I have a date Dante.” Trowa interjected and Dante spun his head and grinned even brighter if that was possible.

“You’re shitting me. It’s another Guy I take it.” Dante asked just confirming.

“Yes, it’s a guy. My boyfriend, Quatre.”

“You got a boyfriend?! About time, so bring him along. I only need you guys two hours on the boardwalk. It’s amateur night, and we’re only playing one set. Please, please, please....” Dante asked whining.

“Oh all right, I can take Quatre around the boardwalk later then. I’ll be there.” Trowa said just as Quatre walked down the stairs and towards the group.

“Oh man, this him?” Dante asked hooking his thumb towards Quatre. Trowa nodded.

Quatre never knew what hit him, as his books went flying one way, his papers the other and he was being swung around in a rather violent hug/attack.

“Hey! The name’s Dante, the shit named Duo is my kid brother. Nice to meet you Quatre.” Dante said setting Quatre back on his feet.

Quatre swayed, “Um, hi? I think.” Quatre answered checking for bruises. “Do you always greet people so enthusiastically?” Quatre asked turning to pick up his scattered belongings.

“Just friends.” Dante said with a wink before ruffling Quatre’s hair. “Hey Tro! He’s CUTE!” Dante hollered over his shoulder and Quatre frowned.

“I’m REALLY beginning to hate that word.” Quatre mumbled as Trowa stooped to help pick up Quatre’s things.

“But it’s true.” Trowa said with a wink and Quatre blushed. Well, it was a word he liked when Trowa said it at any rate.

“Change of plans slightly tonight Quatre. Dante needs me to fill in for his sax player tonight. Only for a couple of hours though, we can hit the boardwalk afterwards if you like.” Trowa said and Quatre sparkled.

“I get to hear you play?!? Are you kidding? That’s wonderful!” Quatre said flinging arms around Trowa neck with glee.

“Duo are you in?” Dante asked and Duo pouted.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Duo sighed. And Quatre tilted his head in query.

“You play too?” Quatre asked and Duo shrugged.

“Play? No. Beat on the drums, yes.” Duo said grinning.

“That’s sooooo Cool!” Quatre said looking almost drunk with delight.

“I only wish I could find a piano player. Mine broke his wrist the idiot.” Dante said and Quatre smiled.

“I can play piano.” Quatre offered and Trowa and Duo blinked.

“You can?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded.

“Um-hum. I can play the violin, the piano, the mandolin, the bouzouki...” Quatre began to rattle off the instruments he’d learned to play and eyes began to spin.

“Holy shit Cat man. But can you play stuff other than classical?” Duo asked and Quatre grinned.

“I only play classical for school and to work on my fingerings. I write rock and roll.” Quatre said and again Duo and Trowa did a double take.

“You write music too?” Dante asked drooling.

“Um-hum. I want to be a composer and songwriter someday.” Quatre said and Dante threw an arm around Quatre’s shoulders.

“Can you sit in for me tonight? Please?” Dante asked and Quatre smiled.

“Sure, it’ll be fun to just jam for a change. Just play I can keep up if I don’t know the song.” Quatre said and Trowa laughed.

“Why don’t I doubt that statement? If he’s as good on the piano as he is on his violin Dante. You’re in for a treat.” Trowa said as he strapped down Quatre’s bag and motioned for him to get on. “What time do we need to be there?” Trowa asked.

“We go on at six. We’re first act, we’ll be done by eight, plenty of time to hit the boardwalk afterwards.” Dante said as Hilde walked out. He whistled. “Oi! BABE!”

He hollered and Hilde’s head snapped around.



“DANTE!” She squealed and flung herself at her boyfriend.

“You gonna come hear me play tonight? I gotta gig babe.” He asked grinning.

“Do I ever miss one of your gigs?” Hilde asked like he was an idiot for even asking.

“Nope, that’s my girl. I’ll take you out on the boardwalk after, sound like fun?” Dante asked and Hilde nodded climbing on the back of his bike.

“Not as fun as a ride. Take me home?” She asked and Dante grinned.

“But of course.” He said hopping on his bike and kick-starting the engine.

“See you tonight guys! Thanks.” Dante said burning rubber as he pulled out of the parking lot. Hilde’s skirt almost flying over her head as she squealed with delight, she didn’t care. It wasn’t often Dante got off work; she lived for Friday nights.

Trowa climbed on in front of Quatre and Duo grinned. “See you tonight guys, and OH! Trowa make sure Quatre’s dressed for it. He’s gonna look odd up there in his normal stuff.” Duo said and Trowa nodded.

“We’ll raid his closet when I get him home.” Trowa said kicking over the engine and pulling away towards Quatre’s house.

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Iria was home for a change when they pulled up. “Hello boys. What do you have planned tonight?” Iria asked as they walked in.

“We’re helping Duo’s brother out on the boardwalk tonight. I’m gonna play with a band!” Quatre

said giggling.

“Really? That sounds like fun.” Iria said smiling as Quatre began to go upstairs.

“It will be! I gotta change! We gotta get Trowa’s stuff from his house before we can go.” Quatre said excitedly as Trowa followed him up the stairs.

Iria laid a hand on Trowa’s to slow him down as Quatre disappeared into his room. “Trowa, I’m not gonna pry, he’s almost eighteen and can do what he likes. I just want you to promise me something.” Iria started and Trowa smiled.

“I won’t hurt him, I promise. You can trust me with his heart; I’d rather die than break it. Is that what you wanted to hear?” Trowa asked and Iria nodded.

“Yes. He’s never been allowed to do much. And to say he’s been sheltered is an understatement. And well, Father wasn’t, isn’t, never was, overly kind, especially towards Quatre. You see, mom died giving birth to Quatre and I think father has always blamed him for it. So I can’t help but worry about him, he’s not had a very happy childhood, and I so want him to be happy now.” Iria said and Trowa pulled her into an embrace.

“I’ll make him as happy as I can. I do love him Iria. Just as much as you do.” Trowa said and Iria squeezed.

“I knew that, I just wanted to hear it. Now am I to expect my little brother home tonight? Or are you keeping him hostage till morning?” Iria asked and Trowa choked.

“Iria, let’s not rush things. You’re his SISTER for goodness sakes. Aren’t you supposed to say have him home by midnight or something?” Trowa asked and Iria shrugged.

“If you’re gonna do it, you’d do it before then anyway then rush back. Curfews only blow the good bit where you can wallow in afterglow.” Iria said and Trowa’s mouth went dry.

“You look like a stuck pig Trowa. If you don’t, you don’t, if you do, you do. I really don’t care, he’s a grown boy and in six months will be eighteen anyway. I trust his judgment and yours. I’m just trying to let you know you don’t have to worry about dancing around me. Just have him home sometime during the weekend so he can eat and change clothes.” Iria said grinning. “Have fun!” She said turning and leaving.

Trowa felt at that moment as if he’d just been hit in the gut by a runaway bus, Iria did not just give her permission he was hearing things, he was positive. But the smile on her face said otherwise. Trowa smiled as he climbed the stairs to tell Quatre to pack extra clothes and a blanket. A night under the stars was just perfect, and knowing they could be there until the sun came up was even better.

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Trowa and Quatre pulled up and parked near the stage where Duo and Dante were already setting up for the gig. Duo nodded approvingly as Trowa and Quatre walked up, Quatre was dressed in a sky blue t-shirt, blue jeans, black penny loafers, and one of Trowa’s old leather jackets. One too small for Trowa, and just a tad too big for Quatre, but the outfit worked on Quatre.

Trowa looked pleased, he couldn’t take his eyes off Quatre as he put together his sax and gave a few test notes to tune it. Quatre walked over to the piano and shuddered as he hit a chord. It was horribly out of tune. “Quick I need pliers!” Quatre said and Dante went to his saddlebags and pulled out a small set of tools.

“What are these for?” He asked as Quatre threw open the lid and nearly crawled inside the upright piano.

“This is out of tune, bad. Please don’t play anything Trowa for a second. I need to hear.” Quatre said as he plunked and twisted strings, plunked and twisted strings, plunked, made a face, plunked again, and so forth and so on. In times like these perfect pitch was a godsend. Only people with perfect pitch could tune a piano.

It was a rush job, and it was nowhere near perfect. But close enough considering the tools he’d had to use. It was passable, and leagues better than it had been. He had Trowa and Dante tune their instruments to the piano so at least they’d all be in tune with each other. No one else would notice.

“Quatre, you sure you don’t want a permanent gig with me?” Dante asked knowing Roy would have no clue what to do when it came to tuning a piano.

“You haven’t heard me play yet. And I’d love to play with you when I can. I can’t make a commitment though. I have school first.” Quatre said and Dante nodded.

“Fair enough kiddo. You can guest shot anytime you feel like it.” Dante said as his bass player Zechs pulled up on his bike “the Tallgeese”, his bass strapped to his back. Zechs was tall, really tall, and his blonde hair was so sun bleached it was almost white. He had ice blue eyes set in dark tanned skin. This was what everyone pictured when they thought of southern California ‘surfer dudes’.

Zechs was a walking picture postcard for southern California. He walked up and smiled softly. His voice was as deep as his instrument when he spoke. “I see you got them to come. Who’s this?” Zechs asked and Dante smiled.

“Trowa’s boyfriend Quatre. He’s filling in for Roy. Damn man, you missed it. He fucking TUNED the piano.” Dante said still in awe. Zechs smiled.

“Perfect pitch?” Zechs asked and Quatre nodded shyly. Zechs had a very piercing gaze and Quatre felt he was being scrutinized by the stare.

“Cool.” Zechs said pulling his bass guitar out of its case and tuning it to the piano.

“Man where are Heero and Wufei? They have the amps man.” Dante asked almost panicked until a large van pulled up that said ‘Chang Dry Cleaning’ on the side.

“What took you so long?” Dante asked as Wufei got out and slammed the door.

“We had to LOAD the van idiot. Thanks for the help!” Wufei said throwing open the back as Heero began to push the amps out from inside. “I am not your personal roady Dante Maxwell. And My parents would have a fit if they knew I was hauling your crap around in their van.” Wufei said tossing the wires up unto the platform.

“I owe you guys.” Dante said grinning and plugging in.

“Hn” Wufei and Heero said in unison. Both hot, sweaty, and off to find soda to cool off.

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tbc....

Muwahahahahahahahahhahahahah and here you thought there'd be nookie!

Not yet, patience is golden grasshoppers!

We gotta party some first.

Next up, Quatre does his impersonation of Jerry Lee Lewis... Trowa blows his sax, and Duo bangs some skins.

Dante and the Inferno's are gonna rock the house!

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Eleven

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Everything set up at last; the Emcee for the evening made his way up on stage and took control of the microphone as couples began to pack the boardwalk for the night. “Yeeow! Welcome Cats and grab your Chicks for Friday night dance night here on the boardwalk! First up tonight for your dancing delights... DANTE and THE INFERNOS!” The Emcee wailed and Duo smirked and leaned into his microphone.

“Heeeeehhheeeehhhhhhaaaaaaa WIPEOUT!” Duo howled like a lunatic into his microphone and kicked off the set with the instrumental driving beat that would feature him on the drums.

The crowd cheered and dancers packed the floor as Dante took his guitar solo and walked to his microphone. Speaking and introducing the members of the band as he played, “Shake it, YEAH! Dante’s the name and music’s the game.

I’d like to take a moment to introduce the band. First on keyboards tonight and only tonight a real treat. QUATRE RABERBA WINNER! Show ‘em watcha got Quatre!” Dante said and Quatre caught his cue beautifully and did an

impromptu piano solo.

“Tickle those Ivories! mmmm, mmmm.” Dante said noticing suddenly there was a throng of girls forming near Quatre’s side of the stage. “Uh-oh, watch out ladies. Playing with an Inferno will get you burned.” Dante said as the band played on. The girls giggled and Dante smirked, it was going to be a good show.

“Speaking of Burning, why don’t you singe them a little Trowa. Ladies and Gents on Saxophone... TROWA BARTON!” Dante introduced and Trowa ran towards the front of the stage, dropping to his knees as sliding to the edge right where the girls were ogling Quatre, as he began honking a mean series of notes taking his solo.

The girls screamed and Dante cackled. He pitied the girls really. The living breathing sex gods of their dreams and apart from himself; the whole lot of them were gay, and the only heterosexual male among them was taken. He turned and winked at Hilde who was, where she always was. Right up front and

center dancing away and giving him her beautiful smile of encouragement.

Oh yeah he was taken, taken with her and how she treated him like he was a king and not some grease monkey mechanic who only did what he loved on Friday nights. God he loved her. But he was losing himself time to introduce Zechs and get on with the show.

“Man, Trowa sure knows how to blow.” Dante said waggling his eyebrows turning and winking at Quatre who got a little heavy handed on the keys as he fought blushing.

“And finally, ladies hold on to your bobby socks, strumming along on the bass, the one, the ONLY, ZECHS MERQUISE!!!” Dante said and Zechs did a short little riff, his eyes doing everything else. Dante was sure some of the girls in the crowd just wet themselves. The man was oozing sensuality and did absolutely nothing but LOOK at you. Zechs was currently single, but Zechs was extremely picky, only the right man at the right time would do. And he never wasted time with anyone who was not his intellectual equal. And Zechs was brilliant, quiet, but brilliant. He was a senior at the University



studying psychology specializing in split personalities.

Dante thought Zechs was weird, but he played one hell of a bass and he always showed up for gigs. Two out of three wasn't bad, so Dante kept him around.

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“Wipeout” blended into “Tequila” another instrumental made famous by the one-hit wonders “The Champs” as the dance floor filled to capacity. This one was almost a Trowa show, as the main melody belonged to the sax. Dante watched the flow of the audience and once happy with the size of the crowd decided it was time to get the show really moving. “Tequila” faded and Dante picked up the opening vamp to Eddie Cochran’s “Summertime Blues”. As he claimed the Microphone to sing, the crowd went wild.

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Quatre proved to be a one in a million musician. Not only did he play

obscenely well, he also sang incredible back up. And put on a visual feast as well while doing the other two. For being rather shy off the stage, he was a totally different person on it. He never sat down, he stood at the keys and twisted and gyrated as he played. The Girls were swooning, and Trowa was visibly drooling.

During Chubby Checker's "The Twist" Quatre was twisting away at the piano and Trowa smirked and still playing began to spoon and twist WITH Quatre. The crowd went insane.

Dante was sure the cops were gonna be called. If Elvis was shocking with the pelvis thing, What Trowa and Quatre were doing was nothing short of sex with clothes on. Hell, the POPE would get turned on watching these two twist in unison, and never once did they actually touch one another. And neither one ever missed a note.

Damn it, why couldn't he have them in his band all the time? It wasn't fair!

Dante sighed but called out the next tune. He had to see what else Quatre could do, and when Dante called for Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls of Fire".

Quatre didn't let him down.

The boy was just too damn talented, Dante was jealous. In a good way, Quatre was going to go farther in music than Dante ever dared dream was possible.

Time FLEW by and before Dante knew it, the set was over. He had never enjoyed a gig more than this one tonight. As they said their goodnights, the Crowd booed and chanted for more. But it was amateur night, and Dante pitied the act that was to follow them.

Tonight Dante and the Inferno's brought the house down.

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It took ages for Quatre and Trowa to get free of the crowd of girls that surround them as they left the stage. And it took Heero and Wufei to dive in and rescue them.

"Thanks guys." Quatre said as they made it to the boardwalk proper and away

from the stage area and dance floor.

“Don’t turn on dozens of innocent virgins with your gyrating and we won’t have to save you.” Wufei snorted and Quatre blushed.

“We we’re just dancing.” Quatre said and Heero turned to glare at him.

“No, you were being wickedly indecent. And I was stuck having to watch you WITHOUT my boyfriend nearby. You will pay for getting me all hot and bothered you two.” Heero said and Trowa laughed while Quatre looked about ready to bolt.

Quatre was back to being Quatre once more and trying to hide behind his boyfriend in embarrassment.

Duo suddenly materialized. “FUCK ME YOU TWO! Get a ROOM!” Duo said glaring and then tackling Heero. “WE need a room, NOW.” He added and Heero nodded and both boys bolted without so much as a ‘see you later.’

“Oh my God, We weren’t THAT bad were we?” Quatre asked, his voice cracking.

“Worse.” Sally said appearing out of the crowd and smiling, two cokes in her hands. She handed them to Trowa and Quatre. “But GOD was it sexy!” Sally purred. “Now drink, you two must be parched. I’m gonna drag Wufei out to the tilt-a-whirl, you up for it?” Sally asked and Quatre shook his head.

“Oh God no, I’ll puke.” He said and Sally smirked.

“Suit yourselves. See you later!” Sally said grabbing Wufei’s reluctant hand and both disappeared in the throng of people packing the strip.

Trowa took Quatre’s empty bottle and his own and tossed them in the trash.

“Hungry?” He asked and Quatre nodded.

“Famished.” Quatre said feigning starvation. Trowa laughed.

“Hot Dogs or Burgers?” Trowa asked seeing as on the boardwalk you didn’t have many other choices.

“Junk or Junk. Hummmm difficult choice, whichever stall we hit first. I’m not bothered.” Quatre said as they began to walk. The first cart they came to sold hot dogs, and when Quatre began to reach for his wallet, Trowa made him put it away.

“You treated last time. It’s my turn.” Trowa said buying two hot dogs and another two cokes. Then finding a bench that looked out over the ocean both boys sat down to eat and to enjoy each other’s company.

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Quatre shivered; before they began to play he had taken off Trowa’s jacket knowing he was going to be too hot while he was playing to wear it. Now that the sun had gone down however, he was getting chilly. “I left your jacket in the van, I’ll be right back.” Quatre said leaving Trowa on the bench as he went to get it from the van.

What he saw when he opened the door however was not what he’d expected. Duo

and Heero were rather engaged at the moment, and from Quatre's front row center vantage point, nothing was left to the imagination. He couldn't even stammer out an apology he shut the door so fast and in utter mortification at having interrupted them, just ran the opposite direction. He felt horrible for disturbing them, and rather embarrassed at having seen so much.

Quatre wasn't sure as he ducked behind a building if he could ever get that image out of his mind. Well, if he had any questions before now how two men went about making love, they'd all been answered with what he'd just witnessed. Without a doubt he now knew what the KY Jelly Duo had given him was for.

He felt like such an idiot, KNOWING what to do, but actually seeing the mechanics in action was a shock to his system, and shivering Quatre curled up in the sand and sat down to think. And more importantly avoid Heero and Duo. How could he face them again after what he'd done? He felt like a heel.

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“Oi! Trowa! Where’s Quatre?” Duo called as he and Heero raced along the boardwalk and spotting Trowa they stopped.

“He went to the Van to get his coat.” Trowa said and Duo scratched the back of his hand and laughed feebly.

“Um, yeah, about that. Um you see, Heero and I were kinda, IN the van. And I think we scared the shit out of him with what he saw.” Duo said and Trowa’s gaze narrowed.

“What?” Trowa asked, his voice low in a menacing rumble and hinting caution.

“Calm down Trowa. He saw us, and then ran. We want to tell him it’s okay, it was an accident. He looked like a prize turkey about to be beheaded.” Heero said adjusting his belt and Trowa sighed.

“I swear you two! Quatre’s probably out his mind right now with guilt. Try

LOCKING THE FUCKING DOORS NEXT TIME!” Trowa said standing and storming off going to look for Quatre.



He first stopped and grabbed Quatre's coat from the van, then went in search of his now more than likely freezing boyfriend.

Trowa spotted him not to far away, hunkered down behind a building, his head buried in his knees. Trowa draped the jacket over Quatre's shoulders then knelt beside him.

"They're gonna kill me." Quatre said turning into Trowa's arms.

"No, I'm going to kill them for not locking the door. I know what happened, they told me. They're not mad Quatre, they know it's their own fault they got caught." Trowa said and Quatre sniffed.

"But..." Quatre began and Trowa laid a finger to his lips.

"But nothing. How were you supposed to know they were in there boinking like rabbits?"

“Boinking? Oh that’s an awful description Trowa”

“But you’re smiling again. Boink Boink Boink” Trowa said smiling and Quatre  
laughed softly.

“Oh god that’s a terrible word. Stop.” Quatre said but Trowa continued.

“Boink”

“Grah! Stop!”

“Boink Boink”

“TROWA!”

“Boink”

“ENOUGH!” Quatre squealed lunging at Trowa toppling them both into the sand  
laughing.

“That’s better. Ready to go back now?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded.

“Yes, I’m sorry for being silly.” Quatre said and Trowa sighed.

“You weren’t being silly. You were being you. You’re sensitive, that’s part of who you are. But one of these days I will break you of the habit of blaming yourself for everything.” Trowa said tucking Quatre under his arm as they walked back toward the boardwalk.

Faint strains of an almost reggae beat with a Latin flavor could be heard from a bonfire close-by. “How low can you go?” Was the snippet of the song Trowa’s ears picked up on. He smiled a truly sinister smile.

“Oh, pretty low.” Trowa said under his breath as he turned and began walking toward the fire.

“Where are we going?” Quatre asked and Trowa looked intense.

“We’re going over there. I’m going to win you a prize.” Trowa said shrugging off his jacket.

“Huh?” Quatre asked as they drew closer.

“Limbo contest. First prize is usually a ton of free passes and vouchers for the boardwalk.” Trowa said kicking off his boots and handing them to Quatre with his jacket.

“Limbo contest!?!” Quatre asked now noticing the line of people bending over backwards to walk under a bamboo pole.

“Oh yeah, and I’ve not lost one of these yet.” Trowa said joining the line.

“You’re insane. You’ll break your back.” Quatre said and Trowa smirked.

“Oh ye of little faith. Just watch, my sister doesn’t call me limber as a cat for nothing.” Trowa said giving Quatre a peck on the cheek then shoving him into a seat to watch.

Men should not be able to bend like that!!!! Quatre thought turning his head sideways as Trowa contorted and slid under the poll at every level with ease. Graceful as a tiger, and fluid as a snake he moved, or rather, slithered. Quatre groaned.

Trowa wasn't human; no human Quatre knew could MOVE LIKE THAT.

"Oh God..." Quatre moaned as Trowa once more wound his way under the poll.

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tbc...

## SONG CREDITS

1.) Wipeout (Instrumental) The Safari's

2.) Tequila (Instrumental) The Champs. (I had to use this one. If my father

or "uncle" JC found out I was writing a 50's era fic and DIDN'T include this they'd KILL me. My dad's best friend JC (Jimmie Carlson) The former bass player for the Champs. He and my Dad had a band in the 60's and well I grew up around the man. This is for you Uncle JC!!!! He drives a semi Truck cross country for a living now. GO FIGURE!!! One hit wonders; they don't get a dime for that song anymore. \*Sigh\*

### 3.) Summertime Blues, Eddie Cochran

E. Cochran/J. Capeheart

I'm gonna raise a fuss, I'm gonna raise a holler

About a workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar

Every time I call my baby, and ask to get a date

My boss says, "No dice son, you gotta work late"

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

Well my mom and pop told me, "Son you gotta make some money"

If you want to use the car to go ridin' next Sunday

Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick

"Well you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

I'm gonna take the weeks, gonna have a fine vacation

I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations

Well I called my congressman and he said "Whoa!"

"I'd like to help you son but you're too young to vote"

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

4.) The Twist-Chubby Checker

5.) Great Balls of Fire-Jerry Lee Lewis

You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain

Too much love drives a man insane

You broke my will, oh what a thrill

Goodness gracious great balls of fire

{ band joins }

I learned to love all of Hollywood money

You came along and you moved me honey

I changed my mind, looking fine

Goodness gracious great balls of fire

You kissed me baba, woo.....it feels good

Hold me baba, learn to let me love you like a lover should

Your fine, so kind

I'm a nervous world that your mine mine mine mine-ine

I cut my nails and I quiver my thumb

I'm really nervous but it sure is fun

Come on baba, you drive me crazy

Goodness gracious great balls of fire



{ piano solo }

Well kiss me baba, woo-oooooo....it feels good

Hold me baba

I want to love you like a lover should

Your fine, so kind

I got this world that your mine mine mine mine-ine

I cut my nails and I quiver my thumb

I'm real nervous 'cause it sure is fun

Come on baba, you drive me crazy

Goodness gracious great balls of fire

I say goodness gracious great balls of fire...oooh...

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Twelve

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“EVERYONE! Come on! Trowa’s entered the limbo contest!” Hilde yelled skidding to a halt where the others had congregated around a small booth eating. “I just saw it, Man oh man!” Hilde said grabbing hold of Dante’s jacket sleeve and tugging.

“All right we’re coming babe.” Dante said tossing his paper wrappers in the trash as he stood and almost toppled over as Hilde dragged him towards the beach.

“We all know Barton is the human pretzel boy.” Wufei said rolling his eyes.

“Yes, and it’s fascinating to watch. Move it Wufei.” Sally said shoving Wufei out of his seat.

“Not to mention he always wins and shares!” Duo crowed leaping over the railing into the sand.

Quatre was chewing on his jacket collar unconsciously when he was assaulted from behind.

“Hey little buddy. Let me see if I can read your mind. ‘I want to see him naked doing that’ am I far off?” Duo teased grinning as he hugged Quatre from behind. “Whoops, little drool on your chin there, let me get that for you.” He continued wiping Quatre’s chin with his hand.

Quatre shocked out of his delirium smacked at Duo’s hand. “Stop it you’re evil.”

“No what’s running around in that brain of yours is evil, I just read out loud what’s written all over your face.” Duo said laughing and plopping down next to Quatre in the sand.

The others soon joined them and all congregated en masse to chant and cheer for Trowa. During the noise Duo leaned over and whispered in Quatre’s ear. “By the way, sorry we rattled your nerves buddy. We should have locked the door. I just wanted you to know it’s not your fault and we’re both sorry.” Duo said softly and sincerely.

Quatre looked over and smiled blushing a little. "It's... it's all right. I um, didn't see much." Quatre stammered and Duo grinned.

"Man you lie like shit dude. But hey, it's all right." Duo said with a smile and a twinkle in his eye. "And I forgot to tell you before man. If you got questions, you can always ask me you know. Like 'does it hurt' and stuff like that. I know you don't have anyone else you can ask. And it's kinda important stuff to know." Duo continued quietly as they waited for Trowa's turn in the rotation to come around again.

Quatre blushed and looked down and his voice was barely audible "Does it hurt much? It looked like it to me." Duo smiled and leaned over closer.

"Truthfully, if you don't use the stuff I gave you its murder. And even when you do, you are gonna be a little sore afterwards the first few times 'til you kinda get used to it and build up a tolerance. But don't let that put you off, it's worth it man. Especially when your heart is in it." Duo said and Quatre looked up and smiled.

"Thanks."

"Anytime. And I mean that." Duo said giving Quatre a brotherly hug. "Oh! Trowa's up again!" Duo said and Quatre spun to watch.

"It's not fair, humans don't bend like that." Quatre groaned and Duo laughed.

"I know what you mean Cat. I always said Tro was part feline. HEY, no wonder he went for you. Cat... cat... coincidence?" Duo teased and Quatre laughed.

"That was lame." Heero said and Duo shrugged

"He laughed didn't he?" Duo said sticking out his tongue at his boyfriend.

“I’ll have a use for that later.” Heero said and Duo grinned.

“Of course you will, you always do.” Duo said leaning back on his elbows in the sand; smirk firmly plastered on his face, as they waited for Trowa to inevitably win the competition.

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“The winner, Trowa Barton!” The man running the contest called out as Trowa successfully buried his competition and was the only one left standing. He then handed Trowa a rather large and over stuffed envelope, full of vouchers for the boardwalk. Trowa smiled and sauntered back to where the others were sitting and he handed the envelope to Quatre.

“I told you I’d win for you.” Trowa said flopping down in the sand next to Quatre. Quatre’s arms were instantly around his neck.

“God, you were incredible!” Quatre almost purred and Trowa smiled.

“Double jointed is all.” Trowa stated like it was nothing.

“Don’t be so modest.” Quatre said planting a chaste kiss on Trowa’s cheek.

Dante and Duo in unison made gagging noises. “GAH, someone call the dentist! I got a toothache!” Dante wailed and Hilde elbowed him in the ribs.

“God, you’re a baboon! It’s sooo Romantic.” Hilde said stars in her eyes.

“Can the romance, open the damn envelope already what did he win?” Sally said poking Quatre in the side. Quatre grinned and extricated himself from Trowa and opened the envelope.

“Good Gravy! Look at all these. Free Ride tickets, Free Food coupons, Arcade tokens, it’s the

mother lode!” Quatre said gob smacked as he began laying out the winnings on the sand. “Trowa can I share? There’s so much here.” Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

“It’s yours, do with it what you please.” Trowa said moved with Quatre’s giving nature.

“Okay, all I want is this and some of these.” Quatre said picking out a caramel apple coupon and some of the arcade tokens. “Trowa what do you want?” Quatre asked and Trowa looked through the pile.

“Oh we have to do this Quatre.” Trowa said pulling out one of the lover’s lane “Tunnel-of-Love” boat ride coupons and a then a popcorn voucher. “I’m done.” Trowa said and Quatre beamed.

“Okay who wants what?” Quatre asked the rest of their friends. There were four lover’s lane tickets, so each couple got one, most of the food vouchers Duo and Dante snatched up rather quickly. Heero and Wufei nabbed the shooting gallery coupons, Sally and Hilde latched onto the ride tickets to their boyfriend’s mutual horror, and Quatre divided up the remaining drink tickets equally between them all.

“Man what a haul Tro! The prizes keep getting better every time!” Duo said as everyone stuffed away his or her vouchers into random pockets. “Thanks!”

“Yes, Thank you Trowa.” Quatre said bestowing another brilliant smile on his boyfriend. Trowa wanted to melt in it’s radiance, that smile made it all worth while.

“No problem.” Trowa said standing and brushing sand off his trousers then offering his hand to Quatre. “Shall we hit it?” He asked and Quatre stood nodding.

“Sounds good to me.” Quatre said as the rest also stood, brushing off sand.

“Well then, I’m sure we’ll bump into each other around the place. Thanks again!” Dante said taking Hilde off towards the midway.

“Yup, there’s a roller coaster with my name on it.” Sally said grabbing Wufei. “Let’s go! Thanks Trowa!” She called as she began to run dragging a hollering and sputtering Wufei behind her.

“Ice cream here I come.” Duo said and Heero rolled his eyes.

“You are going to get so fat one of these days, I swear.” Heero bemoaned and Duo smiled.

“Just more of me to love. Thanks guys! Catch you later!” Duo said and waved as he and Heero walked back to the boardwalk.

Finally alone on the beach Quatre felt a pair of arms encircle his waist and he turned to return the gesture. “Happy Cat?”

“Very.” Quatre said as Trowa’s lips came into contact with his own. “Mmmmmm” Quatre purred into the kiss as it deepened and he melted into those arms that held him.

“Took the words right out of my mouth.” Trowa said breaking the kiss with a smile and taking Quatre’s hand. “I believe there is a boat ride in the dark calling our name.” Trowa said and Quatre smiled.

“Took the words right out of my mouth.” Quatre said almost seductively.

Two young men almost ran to the ride, and the promise of seclusion it offered them to continue their little make out session in a little bit more private location.

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Settled into the boat, Trowa’s arm pulled Quatre closer as the boat began its journey into the darkness of the “Tunnel of Love”. Neither of them was wasting anytime as the boat was plunged into darkness and both boys dove into each other’s embrace.

Quatre was pressed back into the seat as his mouth was pillaged and plundered under Trowa's kiss. Quatre's fingers winding into Trowa's hair to bring him even closer as they hissed and gasped to breathe while they kissed.

"Oh God Quatre." Trowa moaned moving to Quatre's earlobe and neck. His hands roaming Quatre's chest, wishing desperately he were touching skin and not the cotton of Quatre's shirt. And wishing his own shirt were similarly absent as Quatre's hands massaged and gripped his back in encouragement.

"Troooooooooowa." Quatre moaning his name was akin to pressing his stimulus button, and Trowa's blood began to boil. That sound was music to his ears and his desire to get a repeat performance of that musical rendition of his name drove Trowa to increase his ministrations. His hands traveled lower, and he dared the forbidden waters and placed his hand over the bulge forming in Quatre's jeans and gently squeezed.

"Ooooooh Troooooooooooooowa." Quatre moaned again, his hips coming up almost involuntarily seeking that touch to prolong it.

"How do you do it? How do you make just my name sound so God Damn sexy?" Trowa growled biting down gently on Quatre's neck and rubbing his hand over annoying denim.

"I, I, Oh God, I don't know. But, but, Oh my God Trowa." Quatre stammered and panted his own hand seeking purchase and finding it blindly in the dark.

"Oh Jesus, Quatre." Trowa grunted when Quatre mimicked Trowa's own movements and he felt those talented fingers stroke him through overly tight blue jeans.

"God I want you so much." Trowa said burying his face in the crook of Quatre's neck and inhaling the wonderful scent that was Quatre. Like the rose soap he and Iria used, and a touch of something like cinnamon, it was unique, it was Quatre, it was like a drug to Trowa and it was highly addictive.

Before Quatre could find the breath to reply in kind, the boat suddenly lurched, it was a subtle reminder to people that the ride was coming to end. Quatre whimpered and Trowa swore sticking his hand into the water and splashing his face. "Good idea." Quatre said reaching his own hand into the water and quenching his own raging furnace of over active hormones.

“It didn’t help much.” Trowa sighed and Quatre laughed.

“No it didn’t, but then, just being near you gets my heart racing. I love you.” Quatre said nestling up against Trowa’s side as they waited to emerge from the tunnel. Looking far more innocent than they had been a few moments earlier.

“I love you too. God it’s crazy, I do though. I hardly know you, but it feels like I’ve known you forever.” Trowa said and Quatre sighed.

“I know exactly what you mean. Maybe in a past life or something we did know each other. Iria used to tell me stories as a boy about reincarnation and how lovers find each other again and again maybe that’s us.” Quatre said and Trowa chewed on that thought for a moment.

“You never know, but that would explain why the minute I laid eyes on you in the café I felt like someone had socked me in the gut with a brick.” Trowa said and Quatre gasped.

“You too!?” Quatre asked and Trowa nodded.

“Yes, it was weird, but I just felt this strange connection to you. I thought it was my over active imagination at seeing a really hot blonde sitting in the café.” Trowa said and Quatre laughed.

“Me too. Only it was this brunette Adonis in swim trunks that took my breath away.” Quatre said as they emerged from the tunnel. Trowa was smiling at him and it was perhaps the most beautiful smile Quatre had ever seen. And it was meant for him alone, Quatre felt like the richest man in the world and he had all of two dollars in his pocket.

Sometimes wealth just cannot be measured by dollars and cents. This was one of those magical instances.

“Exit to the right please.” Came the annoying voice of the ride attendant shattering the moment. Quatre rolled his eyes and Trowa chuckled standing and pulling Quatre out of the boat.



“Come on, the night’s young yet. What do you want to do next?” Trowa asked as they walked hand in hand back towards the boardwalk.

“I don’t know, the arcade? I have a pocket full of tokens still and there must be a skee ball machine here somewhere with my name on it.” Quatre said grinning wickedly.

Trowa laughed, “Skee ball it is then. This way.” Trowa said as they headed toward the arcade and the bank of skee ball machines.

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Duo and Heero were playing pinball in the arcade next to the skee ball machines when Trowa and Quatre entered.

“Hey guys! Come to see me cream Heero in Pinball?” Duo said smirking and pointing at the score. Heero was losing terribly.

“Shut up Baka, if you didn’t keep distracting me, I wouldn’t be losing. You cheat!” Heero said as his ball went down the side chute.

“It’s not MY fault you lack concentration skills and coordination.” Duo taunted and Heero glared.

“Funny, I don’t hear you bitching about my coordination when I’ve got you pinned to a wall screaming my name...” Heero began and Duo choked leaping up and covering Heero’s mouth.

“Eh-heh heh heh, Heero not in front of the children!” Duo said aghast. Trowa just shook his head, and Quatre had to cover his mouth to hide the snicker.

“Oh laugh it up blondie. Care to put your money where your mouth is?” Duo said and Quatre smiled.

“Not on pin ball no, skee ball however you can bring it on. This is my game.” Quatre said and Duo rubbed his hands together.

“Cool, whoever gets the most tickets, gets the losers tickets. You on?” Duo asked and Quatre smirked.

“You’ll be sorry.” Quatre said and Duo plopped a token in the machine.

“Famous last words.” Duo said taking aim and rolling.

Four tokens later, Quatre had 47 tickets, nailing the fifty-point slot every single time. Duo had 12 tickets and conceded to the master. “Okay, you we’re right, I give.” Duo said handing Quatre his measly 12 tickets.

“Keep them, I only end up giving the tickets to some kid anyway. Why do I want a plastic spider? The prizes are so lame for the tickets, I just like to play.” Quatre said setting his tickets down on an empty machine.

“Same here, the prizes do bite the big one. So we keep playing and make some kid happy?” Duo said and Quatre grinned.

“You’re on.” Quatre said putting in his next token.

Quatre and Duo played several rounds while Trowa and Heero battled each other on the pinball machine. By the time they had all run out of tokens Duo and Quatre had amassed over five hundred tickets.

“Holy crap, we can actually get a decent prize with this many. Let’s see what they have at the counter Cat.” Duo said pulling Quatre along behind him. Trowa and Heero following. As they scanned the shelves Trowa noticed that for five hundred tickets, there was a nice radio. Quatre didn’t have one, Quatre didn’t have anything really, so Trowa leaned over and whispered in Duo’s ear pointing at the radio. Duo nodded and winked at Trowa.

“Hey Cat, take a look at that radio. Nice huh?” Duo said leading the suggestion so Quatre would be none the wiser.

“Oh, very. Do you want it Duo? You can have my share of the tickets if you do.” Damn Quatre’s generosity. He beat Duo to the punch.

“That’s what I was gonna say Cat. Jeez. I got a radio, I know you don’t. You want it?” Duo asked and Quatre shook his head.

“I can’t do that.”

“Why not you we’re just about to do it for me”

“That’s different”

“HOW?”

“It just is.”

“Oh fuck this. Trowa kiss him and hold him out of my way a minute. YO! Dude! We want that radio.” Duo said to the clerk behind the counter slamming the tickets down on the countertop and then shoving the radio at Quatre. “Happy Birthday, Merry Christmas, and Happy Fucking New Year. Jeez you make it too damn hard for people to be nice to you.” Duo said and Quatre blushed.

“Thank you. But you didn’t have to.” Quatre said and Duo smiled.

“Yeah, I know I didn’t have to, I wanted to. That’s what friends DO Quatre. Get used to it.” Duo said grinning. “Now I got a date with Heero over at bumper cars. We’ll catch you later.” Duo said winking and braid swishing behind him he and Heero headed out of the arcade.

“That was so nice.” Quatre said misty eyed. He’d never had such wonderful friends before. Trowa’s arm slipped around his shoulders.

“Duo may be loud and obnoxious, but he’s got a heart the size of a football field. Friends stick together Quatre, and a truer friend you’re not likely to find when you’re dealing with Duo.” Trowa said watching Quatre stare at his new radio fondly.

“You ready to split Quatre? We can drop that off at my house before we head out to the beach if you want to.” Trowa said and Quatre nodded.

With that Trowa and Quatre headed out to Trowa’s bike and placing the radio in the saddlebag, they hit the road and traveled along the shoreline on the pacific coast highway towards the café and Trowa’s home.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Thirteen

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Cathy was getting ready to close for the night when Trowa and Quatre pulled up outside.

“I thought you we’re gonna be out tonight.” Catherine said as they walked inside.

“We’re not staying, just dropping off Quatre’s radio so we don’t get sand in it.” Trowa said fishing out the radio from his saddlebags.

“Oh! Can I listen to it Quatre while I clean up? The jukebox is on the fritz.” Catherine asked and Quatre nodded.

“Of course. You want some help first?” Quatre asked and Catherine’s eyes bulged.

“You’re on a date, and you’re offering to help me clean? Okay, either you have REALLY nice manners, or you’re just insane.” Catherine teased. “Please

tell me it's just nice manners." She said grinning as she set up Quatre's

Radio on the counter.

"It won't take long to help." Quatre said looking at Trowa who was already hanging up his jacket.

"Cat's right, you look like you got hit hard tonight. I'll get the mop."

Trowa said disappearing in the back and coming out with a pail and the mop.

Quatre grabbed a rag and began going around the tables as Catherine tuned in a station.

"Yakety yak (don't talk back)!" Blared out of the radio and Quatre began dancing again as he washed off tables. His carefree attitude was infectious and soon three people were dancing around the room as they worked.

Trowa fancy stepping ala Fred Astaire with his mop handle, Catherine was twisting as she did the dishes, and Quatre was shaking his hips as he began picking up chairs and putting them upside upon the table tops.

Work was finished in no time, but they were having too much fun and all three continued to dance across the black and white tiled floor.

“Well bless my soul, rock and roll, flying purple people eater. Pigeon Toed, under growed, flying purple people eater.” Trowa sang to the radio using a ketchup bottle as a microphone.

“SHE WEARS SHORT SHORTS!” Catherine wailed as she displayed her own short shorts as she wiggled.

“I wanna get a job in a rock and roll band” Quatre took the part of the purple people eater.

It was an incredibly stupid song, but fun and three people were making fools of themselves in the deserted Café.

The music continued and the songs kept getting funnier as Bobby Day’s

“Rockin’ Robin” began to play.

Just about the time all three of them were ready to collapse, the tempo changed and Les Baxter's "Unchained Melody" hit the airwaves. Without missing a beat Trowa spun Quatre into his arms and began to dance with him across the floor.

"Awwww." Catherine muttered; dropping starry eyed into a booth. Propping her chin in her hand as she sighed and watched. She'd never seen her little brother happier, and she had to admit Quatre was absolutely Trowa's perfect match. Now if only she could find someone as good life would be peachy.

Quatre rested his head on Trowa's shoulder and sang along to the song while they danced. Putting his heart and soul into every word, meaning each syllable as it fell from his lips softly into Trowa's chest.

Trowa closed his eyes, and let the song wash over him, every word echoing what he felt for the boy he held in his arms. This was their song; Trowa would never hear it again without instantly thinking about Quatre.



It was a shame it was so short, he could have danced to it forever.

“Oh god, I need a tissue.” Catherine said grabbing some paper napkins out of the dispenser and blowing her nose. “That was soooooo romantic.” She sniffled and got up throwing her arms around them both. “I don’t care what ANYBODY says, if they can’t see how beautiful your love is, they can sit on it!” Catherine wailed in tears.

She was the world’s biggest sap, Trowa rolled his eyes and poor Quatre looked horrified. “Don’t cry Cathy. Oh goodness.” He sputtered trying to dab her eyes with his sleeve.

“It’s hopeless Quatre. She’s full of more sap than a maple tree. If you think this is bad, you should see her at weddings. She needs to be bound and gagged.” Trowa teased his sister.

“Oh you are so evil Trowa Barton!” Catherine said swatting at him just as the bell jingled on the front door.

“Pardon me, we saw the lights on. Are you open?” Came the large booming voice and Quatre spun around wide-eyed.

“Master Quatre!?”

“Rashid!” Quatre cried out ready to run and hug his life long mentor when he became frozen in place.

“Well are they open?”

“Father...” Quatre voice was barely more than a whisper. Trowa watched his already rather pale boyfriend turn ghostly white. His senses were sharp and Trowa noticed the little things most others missed. He saw the large man named Rashid; he watched his eyes become pained with longing to comfort Quatre, yet torn with his duties to the father. Then Trowa watched Mr. Winner, not a twitch, he flatly looked right through Quatre as if he were not even there.

“No, we’re closed.” Trowa said almost vehemently, fury burning in his eyes.

“Trowa!” Catherine said then looked at her brother. She had never seen him look more intense as he locked eyes with Quatre’s father.

“She’s right Trowa. Don’t turn away business on my account.” Quatre whispered, turning to walk away, his head hanging in dejection.

“No God Damn it! This is insane. Quatre you have nothing to be ashamed about!” Trowa said lifting Quatre’s chin then turning to face the man he wanted to throttle. “And you! He’s your SON! Look what you’re doing to him! You only have one chance, one time on this earth. Don’t blow it! There isn’t a day that doesn’t go by that I don’t wish my father we’re still alive! Don’t throw his love away.” Trowa said angrily and again there was no reaction.

“You sir, have no idea what he took from me. Don’t you dare preach at me, first he takes my wife, and then he takes my pride. My only son might as well not have even been born. He’s useless, and has shamed his family name. I cannot face my peers without his dishonor tainting us. He disgusts me, I

have no son.” Mr. Winner said evenly and without emotion as he turned and left. Quatre was on his knees, clutching his shirt by his heart and heaving with silent sobs.

“Oh Master Quatre, forgive him. He’ll regret his words one day. We all miss you terribly, all of us. There is no joy in that house now that you are gone.” Rashid said kneeling beside Quatre and embracing the shuddering boy.

He then looked up at Trowa. “He has more compassion in his soul than is healthy for him. Please take care of his heart, it breaks far too easily.”

Rashid said and Trowa nodded.

“Rashid, I’m so sorry you had to see that again.” Quatre said and Rashid shook his head.

“It is not you Master Quatre. I’m sorry you had to see such ugliness at all.

Had I known you were here I would have never have stopped. He’s heading for San Diego on Business. I will find another town to stop in. Forgive me.”

Rashid said and Quatre hugged him.

“You were always more of a father to me. Please don’t say you’re sorry.”

Quatre said sniffing and Rashid smiled and held Quatre’s face in his large hands as a father would a small child.

“And you were ALWAYS the son I never had. Be well young one, you are always in my heart.” Rashid said and Quatre smiled through his tears.

“And in mine.” Quatre said hugging Rashid tightly before he stood and reluctantly left Quatre behind.

Trowa replaced Rashid and held Quatre tightly as the car sped away outside.

“What a horrible, horrible man!” Catherine said fuming.

“Cathy, not now!” Trowa hissed and Catherine glared at him.

“Oh yes right now. Quatre don’t you dare let that ASSHOLE make you cry.

Don’t let him win you hear me! That man with the cheesy mustache is an

idiot. He has no son? FINE! You have a better father right there who loves

you! That big mountain, whatever his name is, THAT is a father! A father is a man who loves you no matter what. Blood has nothing to do with it. I never knew my real father. He abandoned Mom and me when I was a baby. Then my true father arrived, married my mom, gave me a little brother and never once treated me like some other man's child but like his own flesh and blood."

Catherine ranted and Quatre's tears stopped as he listened.

"So what if the man who treats you like a son, is not the one who just happened to be the one scientifically responsible for giving you life. Being a father is more than some random sperm deposit."

"CATHY!"

"Shut up Trowa, I'm not finished! That jerk has made Quatre cry for the last time! I want Quatre to open his eyes and see the truth. Quatre you are wonderful! You're kind, you're caring, you're generous, talented, and I can go on all night. FATHER'S see these things in you. That mountain man sees those GOOD things in you and loves you for them. So from now on when you talk about your father, that is the man you talk about, that man is your

dad! Not the bastard in the suit.” Catherine said planting her hands on her hips and daring Quatre to argue with her.

Trowa looked from Catherine to Quatre and breathed a sigh of relief. Quatre was smiling.

Leave it to Cathy to bluntly tell you to your face the brutal truth and expect you to believe it no ifs, ands, or buts.

“You’re right, Rashid was always there for me growing up. He was always the one to come to my school performances, always there for the scraped knees, for my nightmares. I’ve been so blind. All this time.” Quatre said tearing up again.

“Oh no you don’t, no blubbling! It’s never too late to tell him how you feel Quatre. And I’m sure nothing will make him happier than to get letters from you as a son to his father.” Catherine said and Quatre sniffed.

“Thank you Cathy. I can’t tell you how much this means to me.” Quatre said and Catherine smiled.

“I know how much it means to you. I’ve been in your shoes, and I’d give ANYTHING to be able to tell my father again how much I loved him. Now get up off the floor, and go out there and celebrate your new life Quatre. This is only the beginning; no one is alone who has people to love and who love them in return. The future is what we make of it, and I see nothing but a bright future for you.” Catherine said hugging Quatre tightly.

“I can see why my brother loves you so much. I love you too, and I like being a bossy older sister I’m part of the package deal you get with being with Trowa. Now shoo, both of you! Get out of my Café and go have fun! It’s Friday night.” Catherine said pointing towards the door and stamping her foot.

“Do you mind if I get the blankets bossy cow first before you throw us out?”

Trowa teased and Catherine grinned.

“Moouooooove it then.” She said mimicking a cow. Quatre laughed as Trowa disappeared to the back where the house was connected to the café, and



emerging from his room with a large sleeping bag and blankets.

“Goodnight, see you two in the morning, I’ll have a warm breakfast waiting for you, you’re gonna need it, it’s gonna get chilly tonight.” Catherine said and Trowa grinned.

“I’m sure we’ll be warm enough. See you in the morning Cath.”

“Nighty night, don’t let the... bed, er, sand bugs bite!”

“Sweet Dreams!” Quatre finished for her as he and Trowa began their trek across the sand towards a secluded spot that Trowa had all picked out for them pitch their camp in for the night.

“Sweet Dreams indeed.” Catherine sighed smiling as she leaned up against the doorframe watching as they vanished into the night.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

tbc.....

YES, next chapter we're at the beach folks.... However? Will they or won't

they?

We'll see what happens during the course of the night shall we?

~ ^  
- \_

#### SONG CREDITS:

##### 1.) Yakety Yak

-Artists: The Coasters from "The Coasters Greatest Hits"-Gusto-PO-310

-peak Billboard position # 1 for 1 week in 1958

-Words and Music by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Take out the papers and the trash

Or you don't get no spendin' cash

If you don't scrub that kitchen floor

You ain't gonna rock and roll no more

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Just finish cleanin' up your room

Let's see that dust fly with that broom

Get all that garbage out of sight

Or you don't go out Friday night

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

You just put on your coat and hat

And walk yourself to the laundromat

And when you finish doin' that

Bring in the dog and put out the cat

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

<chiefly sax instrumental>

Don't you give me no dirty looks

Your father's hip; he knows what cooks

Just tell your hoodlum friend outside

You ain't got time to take a ride

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Yakety yak, yakety yak

Yakety yak, yakety yak

Yakety yak, yakety yak

FADE

Yakety yak, yakety yak

~\*~\*~\*~

2.) The Purple People Eater

-Artist: Sheb Wooley

-the # 24 song of the 1955-1959 rock era

-was # 1 for 6 weeks in 1958

-Words and Music by Sheb Wooley

NOTE:< words of the PPE> highly reminiscent of the Chipmunks' "voices"

Well I saw the thing comin' out of the sky

It had the one long horn, one big eye

I commenced to shakin' and I said "ooh-eee"

It looks like a purple eater to me

It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

(One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater)

A one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

Sure looks strange to me (One eye?)

Well he came down to earth and he lit in a tree

I said Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me

I heard him say in a voice so gruff

<I wouldn't eat you cuz you're so tough>

It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

One-eyed, one-horned flyin' purple people eater

One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

Sure looks strange to me (One horn?)

I said Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line

He said it's eatin' purple people and it sure is fine

But that's not the reason that I came to land

<I wanna get a job in a rock and roll band>

Well bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater

Pigeon-toed, undergrowed, flyin' purple people eater

(We wear short shorts)

Flyin' purple people eater

Sure looks strange to me

And then he swung from the tree and he lit on the ground

He started to rock, really rockin' around

It was a crazy ditty with a swingin' tune

<Sing a boop boop aboopa lopa lum bam boom>

Well bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater

Pigeon-toed, undergrewed, flyin' purple people eater

<I like short shorts>

Flyin' little people eater

Sure looks strange to me (Purple People?)

And then he went on his way, and then what do ya know

I saw him last night on a TV show

He was blowing it out, a'really knockin' em dead

Playin' rock and roll music through the horn in his head

<<clarinet solo>>

<Tequila>

~\*~\*~\*

### 3.) ROCKIN' ROBIN

Bobby Day

Tweedily deedily dee, Tweedily deedily dee,

Tweedily deedily dee, Tweedily deedily dee,

Tweedily deedily dee, Tweedily deedily dee,

Tweedily deedily dee, Tweedily deedily dee,

Tweet, tweet, tweet tweet

He rocks in the treetops all day long,

Hoppin' and a-boppin' and a-singin' his song.

All the little birds on J-Bird Street,

Love to hear the robin go tweet, tweet, tweet.

CHORUS:

Rockin' robin (tweet, tweet, tweet);

Rock, rock, rockin' robin (tweet, tweedle-dee);

Go rockin' robin, we're really gonna rock tonight.



Every little swallow, every chickadee,

Every little bird in the tall oak tree,

The wise old owl, the big black crow,

Flappin' their wings singin' go bird, go.

CHORUS:.

The pretty little raven at the bird man stand

Taught him how to do the bop and it was grand,

He started goin' steady and "bless my soul,"

He out-bopped the buzzard and the oriole.

CHORUS

He rocks in the treetops all day long,

Hoppin' and a-boppin' and a-singin' his song.

All the little birds on J-Bird Street,

Love to hear the robin go tweet, tweet, tweet.

CHORUS

REPEAT LAST TWO VERSES

CHORUS

Go rockin' robin, we're really gonna rock tonight.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

4.) My all Time FAVORITE tune from the era! Now, whereas the most famous version of this song was recorded in 1965 by the Righteous Brothers most don't realize that it was NOT originally a Righteous Brothers hit. Their version was a COVER version of the ORIGINAL 1955 Hit by Les Baxter. BOTH versions are wonderful, and as I said this is my FAVORITE tune from the era, hands down. And SUCH a 3x4 diddy if EVER I heard one.

Unchained Melody

Les Baxter

Whoa! My love, my darling,

I hunger for your touch,

Alone. Lonely time.

And time goes by, so slowly,

And time can do so much,

Are you still mine?

I need your love.

I need your love.

God speed your love to me.

Lonely rivers flow to the sea, to the sea,

To the open arms of the sea.

Lonely rivers sigh, wait for me, wait for me,

I'll be coming home, wait for me.

Whoa! My love, my darling,

I hunger, hunger!, for your love,

For love. Lonely time.

And time goes by, so slowly,

And time can do so much,

Are you still mine?

I need your love.

I need your love.

God speed your love to me.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Fourteen

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Trowa led Quatre to his favorite spot along the shore. He'd spent his whole life growing up on this beach, he knew all its secrets and hidden treasures. It was technically a private beach; his father had owned the café and the section of beach they were currently on, but Trowa remembered his father's words as if it were yesterday...

*"I may own the deed to do as I like here, which gives me the responsibility to care for this section of God's country. But how can I take from others what God graced us all with?"*

Trowa smiled as he remembered his mother's response:

*"In other words, I'm not getting rid of good business from walk in customers so it remains a public beach. Don't try and fool me by waxing poetic Nathaniel Barton!"* Trowa's mother Genevieve or "Ginny & Nate" as the locals had called them, would retort every time.

Trowa missed them terribly, his father had taught him how to surf and ride a motorcycle since almost before Trowa could walk, and Nathaniel always had a smile on his face for everybody.

His mother, had originally been from France, but had immigrated to America with her aunt at thirteen. Her accent had softened over the years, but when she got mad, watching her rant and curse in French was hilarious.

Catherine got her temper from their mother. Trowa was more laid back like his father, much to his mother's torment.

And all it took was one car going too fast with a drunk behind the wheel to destroy two beautiful people. That was two years ago now, and it still hurt. Trowa vowed on that date never to touch a drop of alcohol ever, and so far he never had.

"Penny for your thoughts." Quatre said as he walked beside Trowa who had gone silent.

“I was just thinking about my parents. I wish they could have met you, they would have loved you.” Trowa said and Quatre face dropped and he sighed.

“I’m sorry Trowa. Should I ask what happened or leave it?” Quatre asked and Trowa smiled and draped an arm across Quatre’s shoulders.

“Don’t be sorry Cat. It hurts yes, but not as deeply as it once did. It was a car accident. Mom and Pop were coming home from the farmer’s market with a truckload of stuff for the café. You know how twisty the highway is around here, some drunk was coming the other way, hit them and knocked them over the cliff. They never knew what hit them so the doctor’s said. It was a couple of years ago now, thankfully my parents already had their wills drawn and Catherine had just turned 18, so we didn’t have to go into foster care or anything. Mom left the Café to Cathy; I got the house and the beach from Dad. But that’s just the legal mumbo jumbo. Both are ours, Mine and Cathy’s, we like it that way. We’d like it more if Mom and Pop we’re here, but still, it works I guess.” Trowa said as they reached an outcropping of rocks in a half moon shape.

The rocks were almost chest high at the back of the crescent shape and tapering down to nothing in the arc of the horseshoe like wall of rock. The open end of the outcropping perfectly aligned to gaze at the ocean, while providing a natural windbreak for comfort’s sake on late night star gazing excursions, as Trowa had discovered many times throughout his youth. It also kept campfires from going out during the night and the walls retained the heat from the fire.

“You’ve been here before, or someone has.” Quatre said pointing at the fire pit and the remains of old campfires.

“Me, I come here a lot. It’s a nice place to come and think.” Trowa said walking around and gathering driftwood and tossing the debris into his pit, the large trunk of a half charred log still in it from Trowa’s last late night.

One large log would last him three or four visits here since he didn’t usually spend the whole night out. He’d douse the log before he’d left, and re-use it the next time he came out. Trowa then reached into his pocket for a book of matches.

“Shit.”

“What?” Quatre asked and Trowa sighed.

“I forgot matches. I’ll go back and get some.”

“No need, I can get it going.” Quatre said grabbing some kindling and two of the loose rocks from the wall.

“Don’t tell me you were a boy scout.” Trowa said and Quatre laughed.

“No, Rashid taught me this. He used to be a part of a REAL desert caravan family in Egypt! He’d take me out on long hikes during spring break across the desert in Arizona, too hot in summer, but we’d live off the land and stuff. No camels though, just a couple of donkeys, a tent, some dried beef jerky and us. It was fun.” Quatre said sitting down with two rocks and kindling and striking the rocks together, he got a spark.

“It helps that this is flint stone though, otherwise I wouldn’t be able to do this.” Quatre added and Trowa smiled.

“Well, learn something new everyday don’t we? Show me how to do this please?” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

“Okay, come here then.” Quatre said and Trowa knelt. Quatre spooned up behind him and reached around putting the rocks in Trowa’s hands over the kindling and showing Trowa how to strike the stones together to get a decent amount of sparks going. “Now lean in close and blow softly while you’re doing it.” Quatre said in Trowa’s ear and as Trowa leaned forward, Quatre leaned in with him, his chest pressed against Trowa’s back. Trowa’s backside pressed into Quatre’s lap.

Quatre, the demon in angel’s clothing, had his chin resting on Trowa’s shoulder and demonstrated the blow into Trowa’s hair. “Blow like that.”

Trowa groaned. “Got it, Satan. Didn’t need the demonstration. And if you want a fire, I suggest you quit distracting me and teach me.”

Quatre giggled, "This bother you?" Quatre said puckering to blow again. Trowa turned and kissed him.

"YES, now quit it for a minute or we'll freeze." Trowa said turning back to the stones and summarily ignoring the fact Quatre was now rubbing his back with lazy fingers.

How he got the fire actually going, Trowa had NO idea. His mind had gone numb as Quatre drew patterns on his back. Thankfully as Trowa transferred his smoldering kindling into the pit and prodded the blaze, Quatre set about laying out the blankets. A brief reprieve from his biggest temptation, a sinful temptation named Quatre.

However, the fire was now going strong and Quatre was kicking off his shoes and crawling on top of the blankets as Trowa turned.

"Right you, you play dirty." Trowa said kicking off his boots and crawling on top of Quatre pinning him to the blankets.

"I do not, you liked it." Quatre said grinning and Trowa lowered himself to nip at Quatre's bottom lip.

"Yes, yes I did. How did you know I like my back scratched like that?" Trowa asked and Quatre shrugged where he lay.

"I just thought you would. I'm glad I guessed right." Quatre said as Trowa came in for another assault kissing him tenderly once then flopping to his side and propping himself up on his elbow, and leaning over Quatre he drew a lazy finger down the front of Quatre's shirt.

Trowa laughed and began to tell Quatre a story. "You know, I have this CRAZY dream sometimes. I never know who the other person is, I never see the face, but I'm lying there in like this strange Bedouin tent of sorts, in this stack of pillows, and there's this figure feeding me..."

"Grapes?"



“Yeah...”

“And then you’re on your stomach and someone is rubbing massage oil into your back?”

“Yeah... How did?”

“I have a dream like that. Only I’m the one doing the pampering. I never saw the other one’s face either. Only his back, how weird is that?”

“Too weird. What was it you said about people being re-born again and again? Do you think maybe?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. It would explain a lot though don’t you think? Like how I feel like I’ve known you forever and not just seven days.” Quatre said smiling up at Trowa who was returning the gesture as he finger combed Quatre’s hair away from his face.

“I was just thinking the same thing. It seems so much longer than just a week. I mean you still manage to surprise me with the things I find out about you, but then I’m not as surprised as I should be. Okay this is just creepy.” Trowa said shuddering, it was mind boggling to think that just maybe he and Quatre HAD been together before now, in different bodies, but the same souls.

It was great material for his novel however.

“It is creepy, like some cheesy history romance novel, where persecuted lovers ready to be burned at the stake vow to find one another again before they die, and centuries later they reunite in a time where they won’t be persecuted for their star crossed love.”

Okay, maybe not. Quatre had a good point.

“Let’s just chalk it up to coincidence then. Maybe we both read the same cheesy romance novel.”

“Have you ever read a cheesy romance Trowa?”

“No.”

“I didn’t think so.”

“Bad B-movie?”

“That’s pushing it Trowa. But I’ll buy that as an explanation for lack of a better one.” Quatre said as he wrapped his arms around Trowa’s shoulders.

“Although, the thought that you and I were some ancient Cleopatra and Anthony does have a rather charm to it.”

“I’d better be Anthony, and somehow Cleopatra doesn’t fit. Claudius and Anthony is a better visual.”

“Claudius was old and fat and crazy.”

“Okay, Nero played a violin”

“Nero was ALSO a nutter, and a murderer.”

“Quatre!”

“You’re so easy to annoy.” Quatre said giggling and Trowa rolled his eyes.

“You’re baiting me on purpose, innocent you are my ass!” Trowa growled and Quatre laughed.

“You’re gorgeous when you’re frustrated, you know that?” Quatre purred and Trowa rolled once more on top of Quatre.

“I am frustrated and it’s all your fault you realize. I think you need to be punished.”

“Oh really? What’s my punishment?”

“Asphyxiation by kissing” Trowa said pouncing and crushing his lips against Quatre’s.

Quatre gasped for air and Trowa took that moment to delve into Quatre’s mouth, exploring the sweet taste with his roaming tongue. Quatre’s answered the wordless challenge and the kiss grew ever more intense.

Still straddling Quatre, and never breaking the kiss, Trowa tugged Quatre’s t-shirt loose from the waistband of his jeans and ran his hands up underneath to stroke Quatre’s chest. Gaining a hiss of pleasure into his mouth from Quatre as his fingers began to tease hardened nipples.

Trowa smiled into the kiss and in one swift movement shoved Quatre’s shirt up exposing his skin to the cool summer air, and diving from Quatre’s lips, to suckle at the small nubs of skin now a dark pink against ivory flesh.

“Troooooowa!” Quatre moaned that sweet music again, and Trowa became a shark in a feeding frenzy, nipping, and biting, sucking and licking skin in urgent effort to hear that siren’s song fall once more from Quatre’s passion swollen lips.

“You like it Quatre?” Trowa asked kissing his way back up once more.

“Oh God, YES!”

“Want more?” Trowa asked as he kissed the sensitive spot under Quatre’s ear.

“I just want you, however you want me.” Quatre said entwining his fingers into Trowa’s hair, panting at the glorious sensations Trowa was causing him to feel.

“I want you, I want your love, I want your heart, and I want your soul. Because since you took mine I need them more than ever.” Trowa said into the hollow of Quatre’s throat and Quatre whimpered. Trowa’s head snapped up, and there were tears in Quatre’s eyes, but he was smiling.

“Quatre?”

“That was beautiful, you have them Trowa, you’ve HAD them from the moment I met you. I love you, always.”

“Always isn’t long enough, but it will have to do.” Trowa said returning the smile as he lifted Quatre’s shirt off and set it aside. Leaning over to kiss Quatre’s chest as he discarded his own shirt into the pile with Quatre’s.

Quatre’s hands immediately came up to encircle Trowa. His fingers once again dragging patterns against Trowa’s flesh, those ministrations drove Trowa insane with heady delight.

Trowa fumbled for Quatre’s belt and hastily undid the buckle and buttons that fastened Quatre’s jeans (1). Quatre lifted his hips in silent acceptance as Trowa slid the denim free from Quatre’s legs and tossed them into the pile. Quatre was breathing heavy and was blushing shyly as Trowa gaze raked down his body.

In the firelight he seemed to glow, his pale skin illuminated like the moon. His hair almost white in the light, Michelangelo’s “David” had nothing on Quatre. Small in proportion yes, but most assuredly male in design, softly defined pectoral muscles, and a hint of a washboard stomach, into, shapely lightly muscles legs.

There was only one beautiful section to uncover, and Trowa reached down to the waistband of Quatre’s underwear and pulled back slowly.

Trowa wanted to weep with joy at seeing the perfection lying beneath him. “My, God, nothing should be so beautiful.” Trowa said as his hands trailed down Quatre’s chest in admiration, down a firm stomach, to the arousal that lay erect and against Quatre’s abdomen.

Quatre’s breath was heavy and his chest heaved as his eyes looked partly pleading, partly scared as to what Trowa would do next.

Trowa leaned over and kissed Quatre’s lips lovingly. “It’s my first time too Quatre. If I do ANYTHING you don’t like, I’ll stop. I promise. I love you, and I want to touch you, please let me.” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled and turned trusting eyes to Trowa.

“I love you too, I want you to touch me, please.” Quatre panted and Trowa smiled. Giving him another kiss as his hand encircled Quatre and began to stroke lightly.

“Oh, God, Trowa!” Quatre gasped as those fingers began to squeeze. It was heaven and he wanted more. He reached for Trowa only to encounter infuriating denim. “Off! Off!”

Quatre moaned not able to say anything more lucid or coherent.

In the haste that Trowa made to shed his clothes, it was obvious he wanted them off just as badly. Quatre whimpered as Trowa stood to shake his overly tight jeans off, and the long graceful lines of his tanned body in the firelight make Quatre’s groin twitch involuntarily.

Quatre couldn’t help himself, Trowa standing there was too much and Quatre sat up and got to his knees and reached up with shaking hands to touch that hard body. Trowa was all one long, lean muscle, from his chest to his toes, clean hard lines, and the temptation was too great. Quatre ran his hands up Trowa’s legs and his knees wobbled slightly as Quatre gently squeezed the muscles of Trowa’s inner thighs. Trowa gripped the wall for support as Quatre’s hair brushed his straining erection as Quatre kissed his thighs where his hand has just vacated.

Trowa’s hand dove into that hair. Once again, Quatre had turned the tables on him. “Oh God! Quatre! P-p-please.” Trowa panted as his back pressed against the rock face, his hands on either side of Quatre’s head.

“Is this what you want?” Quatre asked moving to kiss Trowa’s erection.

“Oh God yes, Please, again.” Trowa moaned and Quatre smiled and gently licked.

Trowa’s moan was bliss, Quatre felt extremely pleased with the sound, and his being the reason for it. Thanks to having so many sisters, Quatre had heard the mechanics of this more than once. Now it was time to put theory into practice. Quatre slowly closed his lips around the tip and swirled his tongue around it, Trowa’s fingers gripped tighter and slowly pulled Quatre in as his hips came forward. Quatre opened for him and began to suckle with enthusiasm as Trowa began to slowly pull in and out of the warm embrace.

“Oh God, oh God, oh God.” Trowa called out his eyes clamped shut tightly and his head thrown back in pleasure. Quatre was... he was... he was not doing this, yes he was, oh God he was, and it felt so good. Too Good, Trowa had to pull away, it was too much, too fast. “Quatre, stop.” Trowa panted and Quatre looked devastated.

“Was it wrong?” He asked afraid.

Trowa dropped to his knees and pulled Quatre to him tightly. “Oh, HELL no. It was just too much. You almost had me there, I don’t want it to be over yet.” Trowa said smiling and Quatre sighed and wrapped his arms around Trowa’s neck.

“Oh, good. I liked that too.” Quatre said and the selfish little spot in the back of Trowa’s brain began to chuckle and the voice was assuring Quatre he’d get to do it again. HOWEVER, it was crass to say it out loud, so Trowa refrained from doing so. Instead he pushed Quatre back down into the blankets.

“Good, now it’s my turn.” Trowa said as Quatre lay back. Trowa crawled between his legs, and licking his lips took Quatre slowly into his mouth, setting up a gentle bobbing motion as he repeated what Quatre had just done to him. Quatre was right, it was nice on both sides of this act. In fact, Trowa thought this even better; receiving pleasure by giving pleasure was a rather satisfying thing. Even more so than just being on the receiving end. Not to mention Quatre tasted good, very good. He wasn’t paying attention; he was lost in his own euphoric world, analyzing Quatre’s taste when his name CUT through the air.

“TROWA STOP!” Trowa stopped immediately.

“I’m sorry Cat, I wasn’t... I was lost.” Trowa stammered and Quatre smiled.

“I know, but I’m close. I didn’t think you’d... ya know.” Quatre said blushing and gasping for breath and Trowa smiled.

“I see, next time let me, I want to.” Trowa said taking his hand to gently stroke Quatre’s length. Quatre’s eyes rolled back and he moaned.

Trowa bit his lip, he really wanted to do more, but had not bought anything like Heero told him too. He didn’t want to push Quatre, but Quatre was willing, more than willing. He was in a quandary until a small shy voice spoke.

“Trowa, Duo gave me something. I want, I want to try, what I saw, with you, please.” Quatre said not QUITE saying it, but getting his point across.

“Where is it?”

“My jacket pocket, the inside one.”

Trowa pulled the small tube from Quatre’s jacket, GOD BLESS DUO! Ran through his mind as he unscrewed the cap.

“Are you sure Cat? Just what DID you see?” Trowa asked the last bit Quatre mentioned finally sinking in, just what were Heero and Duo doing that Quatre saw? That he wanted to TRY?

“You inside me. Like this.” Quatre said pulling Trowa closer and hooking his legs up and over Trowa’s arms. In this position Quatre would be helpless under Trowa, trussed up like a turkey. BUT, just the thought of it... Trowa began to eagerly squeeze the jelly into his hands and over the small puckering of flesh on Quatre’s posterior.

“Try this first. Just in case.” Trowa said sliding his finger in slowly. Quatre hissed. “Good?” Trowa asked nervous and unsure. Quatre nodded.

“Move it, please.” Quatre asked and Trowa mimicked the action he’d be taking shortly. Quatre moaned, the good moan, it must feel good.

“Oh Yes, yes.” Quatre cried, feeling good was confirmed. Trowa carried on as Quatre writhed beneath him. “More, now Trowa please!”

That was all it took, Trowa was more than ready, and liberally coating himself he hooked Quatre’s knees over his shoulders and positioned himself. “If this hurts you tell me. PROMISE.” Trowa said shaking with fear and anticipation.

“It’s going to, Duo told me it would, but he said it’s not bad and we’re doing everything he said to do to make it right.... PLEASE TROWA!”

Trowa pushed gently, he hated to hear Quatre beg. He saw stars, the tightness that engulfed him was intense, Quatre’s almost scream ripped at his core.

“Move Trowa! Oh Please!” Quatre cried out and Trowa complied. Grunting with each thrust Trowa set his pace, and Quatre rose to meet him with his hips. Trowa’s name being ripped from his throat with every joining; it was a pleasure feast for the senses. Trowa gripping Quatre’s neglected length and pumping him in a counterpoint rhythm to his thrusts to garner more of those forbidden sounds of ecstasy from Quatre’s lips.

Heat engulfed them, and a sheen of sweat formed on their bodies as they writhed as one in the firelight. Lost in a whirlwind of synchronized waves of pleasure. Trowa heard his name one last time as Quatre came, his essence hot as it erupted over Trowa’s hand and onto his chest.

Trowa almost blacked out at that moment as the walls that encased him constricted almost painfully, pulling him over the edge of the abyss that Quatre had just toppled over. Trowa came hard, Quatre’s name sounding like a cry to the heavens as he spent himself and crumpled like an autumn leaf from a tree.



Both young men were trying to maintain consciousness as they lay panting and gasping and limp on the blankets.

“Oh... my... God.” Trowa gasped his forearm over his eyes where he heaved to breathe.

“You can say that again.”

“I wish I could DO that again.”

“Me too. That was wonderful”

“You can say that again.”

“We should have brought a towel.”

“I did. Hang on a minute.” Trowa said boneless and rolling and grabbing a rolled up towel out of the duffle bag he’d carried the blankets here in. “I didn’t think we’d need it. Silly me.” He said moving to wipe Quatre’s chest clean before crumpling once again.

“Are you was tired as I am?” Trowa groaned face down in the blankets.

“Uh-huh. And I didn’t do as much as you did either. You must be wasted.”

“Totally. But it was worth it. Good God, I will never call Duo or Heero names again for running off every chance they get. I can see why now.” Trowa said rolling to his back and laughing.

“Me too.” Quatre said rolling and nuzzling up beside Trowa. Who sighed and wrapped his arm around his new lover, kissing a sweaty forehead lovingly.

“I love you Cat.”

“I love you too.” Quatre said yawning. Trowa reached down and pulled a spare blanket up over them.

“Get some sleep Cat. Sweet Dreams.”

“They will be now. Goodnight Trowa.”

“Goodnight Quatre.” Trowa said curling up around his love. Both young men were exhausted; sleep came almost immediately, claiming them both before the smiles could fade from sated faces.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

tbc...

THERE! A nice LONG Lemon, and yes, it was stilted on purpose. EVERYONE fumbles around A LOT the first time. ESPECIALLY if both parties are CLUELESS to begin with, they did rather well for first timers.

(1) ALL blue jeans were button fly's back then. Annoying as all get out if you're fumbling and in a hurry to get them off. ~\_^

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Fifteen

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Trowa, always a fairly light sleeper in the first place, was almost instantly alert and awake when Quatre shivered beside him. It wasn't even true dawn yet; there were only the barest signs of violet in the sky heralding the coming dawn. The fire was low, but still burning and beside him, Quatre was curled in a ball and shivering. Trowa moved closer pulling the huddled form closer, Quatre was like ice, so Trowa decided moving closer to the fire was in order and moved to pick Quatre up, slipping his arm carefully under the back of Quatre's legs and back Trowa began to lift. The slight whimper of pain that came from the sleeping boy almost shattered Trowa's heart and he set Quatre down without moving him so much as an inch. "Quatre, Quatre wake up." Trowa said softly brushing Quatre's hair out of his face.

"Mm-g-way Twowa, tired." Quatre mumbled sleepily, never waking fully.

"I know Cat. You moaned when I tried to move you closer to the fire. Did I hurt you? Please wake up." Trowa said worried and Quatre nuzzled closer.

"Mm-fine. Lil-sore, fine. Cold, keep mme'warm?" Quatre slurred, he was absolutely and utterly adorable when he was half asleep.

"Sore? How sore?" Trowa asked and Quatre cracked open one eye.

"Like someone took my virginity. I'm fine, go sleep!" Quatre said a little more coherent and just annoyed that Trowa was bothering him while he was trying to sleep.

"How sore? Please Quatre." Trowa asked and Quatre scowled and fixed Trowa with a glare. Well as good of a glare Quatre could muster. It was pretty hard to do with his face and those huge blue eyes.

"Trowa, I'm fine. Do you really want me to describe it to you? My backside is a little sore, nothing bad, nothing I can't handle, and nothing you need to worry about. I expected this; it's nowhere near as bad as I thought it would be either. Please let me sleep." Quatre said and Trowa frowned.

“You’re grumpy as hell in the morning.”

“No I’m grumpy in the mornings, THIS is not morning, THIS is night time. Quit being a worry wart and go to sleep.” Quatre said trying to bury himself in blankets again.

“Well since you’re up, let’s get you closer to the fire first. You’re like ice and I can’t help worrying. I thought I really hurt you.” Trowa said and a mussed blonde head poked up from under the blankets.

“Come here.” Quatre said and Trowa leaned close. Quatre kissed him lightly. “I’m fine, and thank you for worrying. It’s sweet, but annoying as heck at this time of night.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“Got it, now over here you.” Trowa said tugging the blankets Quatre lay on, dragging his lover across the sand and closer to the blaze. The sigh from the mound of blankets as the heat reached him made Trowa chuckle. “Better?”

“Much!” Came the muffled voice from under blankets. “Now get in here and keep me warm.”

Trowa happily obliged.

“Ack! You’re cold! Go away!” Quatre screeched as Trowa got back under the blankets.

“I’ve just been out there naked. How about keeping me warm?” Trowa said moving closer.

“Trowa, that’s not funny! Good god your feet are blocks of ice! Watch the Hands! Watch the Hands!” Quatre screamed as Trowa snuggled up.

“I warm up fast. Then I can keep you warm.” Trowa purred and Quatre grunted.

“I hate cold.”

“So I noticed.”

“You’re evil. Let me SLEEEEEEEP!” Quatre whined and Trowa kissed Quatre’s shoulder as he spooned up behind him.

“Okay, I’m sorry. I’ll let you sleep now.” Trowa said and Quatre sighed and sank into the sand, the blankets, and the rapidly warming body behind him. Glorious wonderful heat, Quatre went blissfully back to sleep, Trowa not long behind him into repose.

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“Oh no you don’t DUO MAXWELL! Leave them be!” Catherine said as she turned ran to block the front door. As usual on Saturday mornings, Duo, Heero, Wufei, and Sally would come over around seven in the morning, ready to take on the surf before the beach filled up with people, weather permitting.

“Oh, no. Trowa’s teased us enough, it’s my turn for pay back.” Duo grinned and Catherine planted her hands on her hips.

“Not a chance, Quatre had a rough night as it is, and if they did or didn’t is none of our business!” Catherine said and Duo cocked his head.

“Rough night? What’s wrong with Cat?” Duo asked and Catherine sighed and leaned against the doorframe.

“We were dancing around to the radio, cleaning up last night, when his dad walked in. It wasn’t pretty, what an asshole.”

“Cat’s Dad? Here? Oh man, poor dude.” Duo said flopping into a booth. “Man that sucks.”

“Yeah, it does. But there was the HUGE guy with him. I think he was like a bodyguard or something, anyway, that guy was great. You could tell he was really upset, and it was obvious he thinks the world of Quatre. Oh man I’m gonna cry, shit.” Cathy said grabbing some napkins and blowing her nose.

“Wait, I think Cat told me about him. Rashid?” Duo asked and Catherine nodded.

“Yeah! That was his name.”

“Cat told me the other day a little about him. I guess old Mr. Billionaire Dad never came to Cat’s recitals or anything growing up, and they never had vacations or anything together. Rashid was always sent instead. It sucks if you think about it. I mean, like when Dante and I were kids, pop would always take us out on Sunday’s fishing off the pier. And one summer he took us kids and Mom up to Yosemite camping. That was the year Dante found out what poison oak was.” Duo said laughing. “I mean those are memories you never forget. It bites that Cat doesn’t have those.” Duo said just as the door opened.

“But I do.” Came the shy voice and Duo turned red, Quatre had heard them talking about him.

“Don’t feel bad Duo, I heard, and it’s okay. I’m touched you care. But I do have good memories like that. Really. I was reminded of one last night actually.” Quatre said smiling and Trowa nodded.

“Don’t smirk Duo, it’s not what you think you pervert.” Trowa said throwing his duffle bag at Duo.

“Hey! Can I help what it sounded like?” Duo said grinning around the bag in his lap.

“Yes, you randy dog in perpetual heat!” Wufei snorted around his mug of coffee.

“Look who’s talking, Mr. let me find the nearest bush Chang. No offense Sally.” Duo said and Sally almost spilled her coffee in her lap laughing.

“None taken!” She barked still laughing.

“You are all demented.” Catherine said groaning and pushing Quatre into booth. “Sit, I’ll get breakfast. Catherine didn’t notice the wince as Quatre flopped into the booth. However Duo did and smirked.

“Sooooooooooooooooo?” Duo purred moving to slide into the booth next to Quatre, hooking an arm around his shoulders. “Tell me Cat. How was it? I WANT DETAILS!” Duo said grabbing Quatre in a headlock grinning.

“Duo! Let go.”

“Nope, you promised! Or do I give you another Dutch Rub? Spill it.”

“Duo get off him Baka!” Heero said grabbing Duo’s braid and tugging.

“Ow! Hair! Hair! Hair!” Duo said grabbing his scalp as Heero pulled him from the booth and shoving him on the opposite side, then sitting down to keep his boyfriend in check.

“Sorry Cat. Duo you can be a pig.” Heero snorted and Duo still rubbing his scalp pouted.

“No fair. Okay, leave out the details then. BUT TELL ME SOMETHING!” Duo said begging. Quatre laughed as Trowa slid in beside him.

“Not a chance Duo, suffer.”

“I wasn’t asking YOU Barton! I KNOW you’re clamped up tighter than an oyster with a pearl inside. I was asking blondie.” Duo said sticking out his tongue. Quatre blushed.

“Well, I will say thank you at any rate.” Quatre said blushing and Duo grinned.

“Anytime, anytime.” Duo said as Catherine came out with plates full of scrambled eggs, pancakes, bacon, sausage, and fried potatoes, laying them in front of her brother and Quatre.

“Eat up!” She quipped as she went and brought out more for the rest of the horde.

“I can’t eat ALL THAT!” Quatre said his eyes bugging out of his skull.

“What you don’t finish, Duo will.” Trowa said around a mouthful of pancake.

Duo already shoveling it in smiled and went back to eating.

“One of these days, I’m gonna say I told you so when you have a pot belly and a lard butt.” Heero said digging into his eggs.

Quatre chuckled and began picking at his breakfast and looking up at Trowa to find him looking down fondly. “Happy Cat?”

“Over the moon.”

“Good, me too.” Trowa smiled and with a feeling of utter contentment, both boys began to devour breakfast.

It was amazing how hungry you were the morning after. Quatre hadn’t really noticed until he’d started eating. However, as he finished almost everything on his plate for a change it was pretty obvious how hungry he had been. Trowa was like a vacuum, there was nothing left on his plate and he was done even before Duo.

“Work up an appetite Tro?” Duo smirked over his coffee. Trowa glared.

“Not on your life Duo, I won’t fall for the bait.”



“Stick in the mud”

“Yup.”

“You’re no fun.”

“I’m sure Quatre will disagree with you on that.”

“AW man! TELL ME!!!!”

“No.”

“Pleeeeeeease?”

“DUO SHUT UP!” The entire room barked and Duo pouted.

“All of you can bite me.”

“Pick a spot.” Sally said chomping her teeth.

“Okay you hooligans! Out! You came here to surf, not eat me out of business! Shoo! Get out!” Catherine said moving in to clear plates.

The rest got up and grabbing their gear headed out to the beach.

“We’ll be out in a minute!” Trowa called as he and Quatre moved into the house to put away

blankets and change into swim trunks. Grabbing his board in one hand, and Quatre's hand with the other Trowa and Quatre bid Catherine a good morning and headed out to get a spot on the beach and enjoy the late summer weekend just as a dark black Cadillac pulled up in the parking lot of the café.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Sixteen

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Catherine turned as the bell on the door chimed. “I said out!... Oh! I’m sorry, I thought you were my brother and his friends.” Catherine said blushing red as the well-dressed man in dark sunglasses came in through the door.

“Quite all right I’m sure Ma’am.” He said smiling and dipping his head with respect.

“Ugh! Ma’am?! How old do I look anyway? Cathy is fine. Have a seat anywhere you like. As you can see no customer’s yet this time of the morning. Coffee?” Catherine said grabbing a menu as the tall man sat down at the counter.

“Well miss Cathy. I could use a cup of something strong. I’ve been driving all night.” He said as Catherine filled his cup smiling.

“All night? And you’re wearing sunglasses... riiiiight.” Catherine teased and the man chuckled and took off his glasses. He had the most stunning golden eyes Catherine had ever seen; he looked rather exotic, very dark skinned almost bronze, jet-black hair, and golden eyes. Not to mention rather handsome in a rugged, weathered sort of way. He wore a charcoal gray, immaculately tailored Italian suit, and perfectly polished leather loafers, he looked too rich to be in a dive like hers.

“I have sensitive eyes, the minute the sun comes up these go on.” He said smiling and tucking his glasses in his breast pocket. “I forget they’re on most of the time.” He added as he took a long drink from his cup.

“Ahhhh, wonderful. I needed that.” He said and Catherine smiled.

“I make the best cup-o-Joe around.” Catherine said with a wink and the man grinned.

“I believe it. Now then before I let you distract me, which you could quite easily do, I received a rather urgent telegram from my uncle last night. Telling me to come here, pray tell me, do you

know where I might find a Quatre Raberba Winner?" He asked and Catherine's eyes narrowed.

"What do you want with Cat? If you're here to bully him, I'll..."

"Whoa, whoa, nothing of the sort, truly. My name is Abdul Ben Ibn Kurama. I am Rashid Kurama's nephew. He was here last night, and he telegrammed me from San Diego to come here, I have something for Quatre from my Uncle." Abdul said and Catherine did an about face in attitude.

"Oh thank God. I was afraid the asshole sent you."

"Mr. Winner? No." Abdul said grinning evilly. "And you're right, he is an asshole."

"Glad you agree. Quatre's just outside there on the beach." Catherine said and Abdul turned and saw the blonde form looking out at the waves as five figures paddled out on surf boards to catch some waves.

"As always, you won't see him stick a toe in the water." Abdul chuckled and Catherine cocked an eyebrow.

"You know him too then?" Catherine asked and Abdul nodded.

"Oh yes, Uncle Rashid used to take Quatre everywhere with him. Quatre was about ten when Uncle brought him to my eighteenth birthday party. It was on the beach, and if there is one thing Quatre cannot stand, it's cold. Nothing is colder than the pacific ocean." Abdul said chuckling. "The boy turns blue faster than comet cleaner when it gets wet."

Catherine almost dropped her coffee pot she was laughing so hard. "Nice visual. Poor Quatre." Catherine said steadying her hand to refill Abdul's mug.

"Poor Quatre? Poor me! Man, one of his sisters tossed him in the water right next to me; I was singing soprano the rest of the afternoon he was flailing around so much. It was the worst birthday of my life. But not Quatre's fault, he was a kid. His sister should have known better. But then the only one of Quatre's sister's with any sense was Iria anyway." Abdul said sinking into his cup again and sighing. "Man I need this."

“How many sister’s does Quatre have anyway?”

“Twenty-Nine”

“WHAT?!?!?!”

“You heard me.”

“Poor Mother!”

“Mother’s. Quatre’s father is a Tuareg Sheik from Saudi Arabia; it is quite common for sheiks to have many wives. Only Quatre and Iria are from the same woman. Omar Winner’s first wife, Quaterina, a Persian princess.” Abdul said and Catherine plopped down next to Abdul.

“Wow, that is fascinating. Quatre’s a prince? A Real one?” Catherine asked and Abdul chuckled.

“Only in a very broad sense of the word. Technically yes, but Quaterina’s was only the youngest Princess of the youngest Prince, and so forth and so on. They are well removed from the throne.” Abdul reassured and Catherine smiled.

“That’s almost like a faerie tale. Somehow that fits Cat.” Catherine said going into what Trowa called her “sap-mode”.

“Almost, only Quatre had no faerie tale up-bringing. When Quaterina died giving birth to Quatre, Omar became a very bitter man. He was never very pleasant to begin with; her death made him worse, and I fear Quatre bore the brunt of that. He being Omar’s only male offspring, there was a lot of pressure placed on Quatre’s shoulders to be perfect. He’s the closest thing I’ve ever met, but Omar is more than difficult to please.” Abdul snorted.

“How do you know so much?” Catherine asked and Abdul smiled.

“My family came with Quaterina when she married into the Winner clan. My Uncle was her personal bodyguard. My parents died when I was little and I lived with Rashid in the summers and Aunt Armineh during the school year. I’ve known Quatre all his life.” Abdul said as the bell on the door chimed again.

“ABDUL!!!!!!” Quatre cried running and almost leaning into Abdul’s arms.

“Quatre!” Abdul said leaping up to catch him in a brotherly embrace. “Still no taller”

“Still too tall.” Quatre retorted laughing with delight at seeing the closest thing to a brother he had. “What are you doing here?” He asked and Abdul smiled.

“Uncle Rashid dragged my ass out of bed and told me to get here right away. After you left, Rashid gathered up some of your things and put them in storage. I have a trunk full of your shit.” Abdul said and Quatre gasped.

“Really?”

“Really. And I have more good news too.”

“What?”

“Rashid severed ties with the Winner clan. The whole Kurama clan has decreed a dishonor to your mother with the way Winner is treating her only two living children. Our ties were to her side after all, so, we got our moving orders basically from Rashid. I’m here to find places for everyone to live.” Abdul said and Quatre’s jaw dropped.

“There are FORTY of you! And that’s just the MEN! Not counting wives and children. How are you going to find forty homes just like that?” Quatre asked and Abdul smiled.

“We are nomads, we can live in tents until homes can be built. I’m just looking for land right now for Uncle, his orders.”

“You are all certifiably insane. Why on earth would you do that?” Quatre asked aghast.

“Silly question. You know the bond between our families go back hundred’s of years. Rashid takes vows very seriously.”

“That’s true. He’s the most insane one of you all. I can’t believe you’re all coming here!” Quatre said and Abdul winked.

“As Uncle would say, ‘We come to serve the Mistress Iria, and Master Quatre of course’.” Abdul mimicked Rashid’s booming baritone.

“Iria is going to shit herself, you realize this.” Quatre said and Abdul laughed.

“I have my Polaroid on me, I’m counting on it.”

“You’re twisted, absolutely twisted.”

“And eccentric, don’t forget eccentric.”

“Crazy you mean.” Quatre said and Abdul shook his head.

“When you’re rich, crazy is called eccentric. Remember that.” Abdul corrected and Quatre laughed.

“It’s still madness, no matter what you call it. But I’m so glad you’re coming. I missed you all.”

“We missed you too. And I still have to win back my money from you. Catherine, do NOT let this angel face fool you, this twerp here is a card shark. He’ll rob you blind in poker.” Abdul said and Catherine grinned.

“It’s not my fault you can’t keep a poker face.” Quatre said smiling innocently.

“Uh huh, right. So you want to see what I got stashed in the trunk or not?” Abdul asked.

“Well if Quatre’s doesn’t I sure do!” Catherine quipped grabbing Quatre’s hand and Abdul’s. “Enough male bravado, let’s get to the GOOD STUFF!” Catherine said pulling and Abdul looked over at Quatre as they were dragged toward the door.

“And who’s this bossy girl?” Abdul asked.

“My Boyfriend’s sister.” Quatre replied smiling brightly.

“Boyfriend?!? Since when?”

“Last week”

“He nice?”

“Very.”

“Good or else I’d have to kick his ass. Good on ya Quatre, it about time. Now if I could find a girl, I’d be set. I’ll have to be jealous of you then.” Abdul said as they reached the car and Abdul popped open the trunk.

“Holy Mother, Mary, and Joseph! It’s Christmas in September!” Catherine whooped at the loot in the back of the Cadillac.



By this time the other's had made it back to shore and had come over in curiosity. Trowa stepped up behind Quatre, scowling at the man in sunglasses.

“You must be the boyfriend. Relax Romeo; I'm not here to bother the beloved. Quatre, call off the dogs.” Abdul said and Catherine laughed. Abdul was just a riot, a breath of fresh air compared to the men she was used to seeing around the place.

“Abdul this is Trowa, Trowa this is Abdul he's kinda like a cousin of sorts. It's hard to explain, he's Rashid's nephew.” Quatre introduced and Trowa nodded, relaxing and extending his hand.

“Pleasure.” Trowa said and Abdul smiled.

“More than you know. Take care of Quatre or I break your legs, got it?” Abdul said and Duo lost it. He was rolling.

“Aw man Trowa, you're fucked. He's huge, you'd better be a good boy.” Duo teased and Trowa calmly turned and ignored his friend.

“Got it. Nothing to worry about.”

“I didn't think so, but it had to be said.”

“OH! Quatre!” Catherine called, ignoring what was going on behind her as she looked through the trunk, she pulled out an old 8x10 photograph in a frame. The portrait was of a young woman, probably around twenty years old, with long blonde hair pulled up in a jeweled tiara of sorts, her eyes large and the same shade of blue as Quatre's. Well she assumed the same shade from the black and white photograph. But the face, it was obvious from the facial features between the picture and Quatre who this woman was. “She's gorgeous!” Catherine gasped and Quatre smiled and lovingly took the portrait.

“My mother. She was beautiful, I wish I would have known her; this is all I have... I thought this lost forever.” Quatre said breaking down in tears. Trowa instantly wrapped his arms around him.

“Not anymore.” Abdul said getting misty himself but fighting it. Catherine bumped his hand and shoved a napkin into it. She was already well gone and wiping her own eyes. “Thanks Miss Catherine.”

“You’re welcome softy.” Catherine said and Abdul chuckled as he wiped his eyes. Catherine was too much. She exuded personality, he just might like it here, and she did make one hell of a good cup of coffee. Not to mention she was really good-looking, good coffee, good-looking coffee shop owner... Oh yeah, he could learn to like it here real fast.

“Hey Look!” Duo said breaking the mood and pulling out a violin case.

“My violin!” Quatre cried for joy and bouncing. His spirits returned from his brief moment of sadness. “Oh please let it be in here!” Quatre said as he began rummaging through boxes of clothes, records, and pictures. “IT IS!” Quatre whooped for joy crawling back out of the trunk and turning to Trowa holding whatever he had been looking for behind his back.

“Give me your hand?” Quatre asked and Trowa held out his left hand palm up.

Quatre grinned, shook his head and turned Trowa’s hand over. He smiled as he slid his old class ring on Trowa’s little finger. It was a perfect fit. “I so wanted you to have this when you gave me yours. Please take it.” Quatre said and Trowa was speechless, Quatre’s ring was so much nicer than his own. He had gotten the bottom of the line, cheap glass and brass version; it was all he could afford. This ring however, there was no doubt it was real white gold if not platinum, and the stone was a genuine sapphire.

“Quatre, I can’t. Mine’s cheap, this is... this is too much.” Trowa said and Quatre shook his head.

“It’s not enough. Take it please?” Quatre asked and Trowa pulled him into a tight embrace and held tight.

“I will, if it’s okay if I don’t wear it all the time. I’m afraid I’ll ruin it. I don’t want to ruin it.” Trowa said and Quatre smiled.

“I understand. It’s all right, so long as you have it, that’s all I care about.” Quatre said and Trowa would have kissed him, had Duo not started to make gagging noises.

It was time to murder a longhaired idiot. “Right, you die Maxwell.” Trowa said turning.

“OH SHIT!” Duo said sprinting across the sand with Trowa hot on his heels.

“Ten to one Trowa kicks his ass. Place your bets now ladies and gents!” Sally called out as everyone laughed and began placing bets.

“A dime on Trowa.”

“HEERO!”

“I don’t take sucker bets, not even for my boyfriend.” Heero said matter of factly.

By this point in time, Abdul was gasping for air he was laughing so hard it hurt.

Oh yes, he was really going to like it here.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Seventeen

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Note: Time is also speeding up some. If I told you what happened everyday for the year this fic will cover, it's going to take FOREVER. We'll skip mundane days henceforth. And Focus on the goals at hand. I think we all have figured out character interaction by now, and have established relationships. You don't need me to spoon-feed it to you anymore. ~\_^ Enjoy!

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Abdul was not the only person to enjoy the change of scenery. He had managed to secure quite a few acres of beach land along a four-mile strip of coast directly adjacent to Catherine and Trowa's land. Needless to say, the café had never been busier and never had as many odd requests for food. The men had moved in first, all forty of them. And every morning precisely at six am, they would descend upon the café for breakfast.

Catherine had thankfully been given prior warning from Abdul to "just make a huge meal enough to feed forty. They'll eat what you give them. Just make sure we have plenty of coffee." So she did just that.

She repeated the process at noon sharp, and once again at 6 pm. After a couple of weeks the requests for one thing, something and or another had begun to filter in. Abdul had thankfully showed her how to make cous cous, curried lamb, and a host of other Middle Eastern delicacies

"If one of you asks for goats eyes, you're on your own!" She had flat out refused and Abdul laughed heartily.

"Understood. We are more than grateful for your hospitality to begin with. Until we have the frame works built for our homes, you will not see hide or hair of the women or children. These louts can build, they cannot cook nor clean." Abdul had said as Catherine surveyed her sink full of dirty dishes.

"Care for a lesson? Roll up your sleeves." Catherine instructed and proceeded to put Abdul to work doing the dishes.

During the course of scouring pans, he'd asked her out for their first date. She accepted on the condition he found someone to run her café while they were on said date. She wasn't about to miss business.

The following night three men stood at attention and ready for Catherine's orders.

"I thought you said no one can cook."

"These are the best I have. I will flog myself publicly if they ruin the reputation of your café." Abdul said and Catherine laughed.

"What reputation? Just don't burn it down." Catherine said as she and Abdul headed out the door on the crisp October evening.

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It's amazing how quickly you can slip into a routine when you're focused on a goal. Every night after school Trowa and the others would gather at Quatre's house. They'd do their mutual homework together first and get that out of the way. Then Heero and Duo would go off on their own, Sally and Wufei would vacate, thus leaving Trowa behind. And while Quatre practiced his parts for the orchestra, Trowa would sit on Quatre's bed and write. The music in a background almost a muse for him as he let the music Quatre made wash over him while he scribbled furiously in his notebook.

It usually wasn't until Iria or Rashid interrupted them to eat dinner that they took a break for the night. "You work far too hard for youths." Rashid would often mutter over the meal. He was staying with Iria and Quatre rather than in a tent on the beach. They all SAID it was because he needed to be near phones while negotiating the land property taxes, the lumber for houses etc... They all KNEW it was for two rather different reasons. He was not quite as young as he once was and the moist open air, rather cold in fall was murder on his joints, and he really wanted to be near Iria and Quatre. They were his favorites, and 'his' children after all. He'd been there since they were both infants, after all, and For Iria and Quatre, he had been more of a father to them both than their real one had ever been.

They'd even taken to calling him Papa-Rash, which would often choke Rashid up beyond measure.

Having rather ornery streaks, Quatre and Iria would compare notes after Rashid went to bed seeing who made him speechless most throughout the day.

Quatre always won. "You brat!" Iria said sticking out her tongue on an almost nightly basis.

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Routine, wonderful, happy routine, happy wonderful writer's cramp, Trowa thought and grimaced as he rubbed his palm by his thumb. What he wouldn't give for a typewriter, rather than having to write everything down manually. Not to mention he had terrible handwriting to begin with, even he couldn't read what he wrote half the time. And when his hands were tired it was even worse.

Quatre came over and took Trowa's hand and began kneed the stiff joints and muscles for him. "Right here in the meat of your thumb?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded. "I get it too if I play too long. I have a wrist brace if you want it. I used to have it really bad." Quatre said and Trowa quirked an eyebrow.

"Your brace wouldn't fit me, but thank you." Trowa said leaning over to kiss Quatre on the cheek.

"Your welcome, but you missed." Quatre said turning and smiling. "My lips are here." He added puckering and Trowa chuckled.

"Pardon my horrible aim." Trowa said in sultry tones as he proceeded to hit the mark with earnest.

"Mmmmmm, you're pardoned." Quatre sighed going limp and flopping into his pillows with a sated grin on his face.

"Care for more target practice?" Trowa asked tossing his pad and pen to the floor and crawling up to straddle Quatre on the bed.

“Ready, aim, and fire.” Quatre said with a husky undertone as Trowa melted against him pressing him into the mattress.

“Is the door locked?” Trowa asked between frantic hushed kisses.

“Yes.” Quatre whispered, stifling a giggle as Trowa went for his belt.

“Ssh.”

“I am shushed. You’re the one making the springs creak with your bouncing.”

“Quatre you think they can hear us?”

“No, Rashid is at the other end of the house, and Iria is downstairs. Quit worrying.”

“Damn it, you wear too many layers Quatre.” Trowa hissed trying to undress Quatre with haste.

“It’s cold outside.”

“It’s not.”

“It is. Here move let me do it.” Quatre said pulling off his sweater, shirt, and undershirt.

“That’s better. Skin at last.” Trowa said going to nibble across Quatre’s collarbone. “Where’s the stuff?”

“Top drawer night stand. Oh Trowa.” Quatre whimpered as Trowa delighted his senses.

“Shhhhh.”

“I am shushed. Oh God.”

“Floor... now!” Trowa said practically dragging Quatre off the bed so the springs would stop creaking. From there little time was wasted as they began to explore one another on the soft Persian rug on Quatre’s floor.

It was a rather rushed affair, but being eager, and young, and having the fear of being interrupted didn’t allow much time for languid love making. Still there was no doubt in their minds that they did indeed love each other more than words or even making love would ever allow them to express fully. It was just something you knew, you accepted and you let the surety of inner emotions lead the dance of lovers, as it had since time began, as it would continue to do for an eternity to come.

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“Where are they?” Dante asked, dressed as Frankenstein’s Monster, Hilde by his side, her hair standing on end with white streaks on either side as the Bride of said Frankenstein.

“It’s not even six yet. You told them to meet us here at six. Quit being impatient.” Hilde scolded as Iria’s station wagon pulled up in the parking lot. “See Quatre got them all here on time.” Hilde said waving to direct Quatre to the parking place she was standing in. The Kiwanis Club always put together a haunted house and local teenagers and young adults would flock to it every year. Hilde knew to save a place for Quatre to park in from experience.

The first to fall out of the car was the grim reaper. “Duo are you ever gonna get a new costume?” Hilde asked and a set of flashing white teeth was all that she could see grinning at her from under the hood. “I know, I know. I am Shinigami baby.” Hilde said stealing Duo’s line as The Hunchback of Notre Dame managed to squeeze out of the back seat, hump and all being quite a nuisance and getting in the way repeatedly as Quasimodo cursed in Japanese.

“Heero what bet did you lose?” Dante asked chortling.



“Hn, don’t ask.”

“Move that infernal HUMP!” Came the irritated voice of “Clyde”, riddled with “bullet holes” as Wufei stepped out behind Heero, with an equally morbid corpse of “Bonnie” scooting out as well from the back seat of Iria's station wagon. Both Wufei and Sally went all out with making real looking bullet wounds and each carried a rather realistic, but wooden Tommy gun.

“You two look GREAT!” Hilde squealed and Sally grinned.

“Iria helped with the bullet wounds. Amazing what cotton, spirit gum, black eyeliner and red food coloring will do!” Sally said showing off her bullet-riddled body.

“Its disgusting Sally.” Wufei snorted looking not too happy about being Clyde.

“It’s Halloween, we’re SUPPOSED to look horrible.” Sally said as Quatre got out of the Driver’s seat, and smiled.

“Oh WOW! Quatre you look great! Who are you?” Hilde asked and Quatre grinned. Bedecked from head to foot in red tights, bard’s tunic, plumbed hat and a real lyre.

“I am Alan-a-Dale, The humble minstrel at your service.” Quatre said plucking a lively madrigal out on his Lyre. Totally in Character and hamming it up for his friends as Trowa walked around from the Passenger side. Jaws dropped.

“Well ship me to Sherwood, I do believe the Good Minstrel brought along his Merry Leader. Good Even to you Mr. Robin Hood Sir.” Dante teased Bowing. “Nice tights.”

“Bite me Dante.”

“Nice legs as well for that matter. Whatcha got under there?” Dante continued going to lift up

Trowa's rather short forest green and russet colored tunic.

"Dante do you WANT me to hit you?" Trowa asked and Dante smirked.

"Oh, please Mr. Robin Hood sir, be kind, have pity. Alms, Alms, Alms for the poor."

"You are cruising for a bruising Dante Maxwell." Trowa warned but smiled and laid and arm across Quatre's shoulders. "I can't let my Minstrel go around un-attended now can I? Besides, I might need help fighting off Maid Marion. He's got a one hell of a swing with that lute!" Trowa said and the group chorused with laughter.

"Back off Maidens in mock distress. Robin Hood is MINE!" Quatre said holding his lute like a baseball bat.

"Me-YOW." Dante teased with a wink as the group en masse headed for the entrance to the haunted house.

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"Well that bit the wiener big time." Duo said as they stumbled out the back door.

"Spaghetti for guts, and olives for eyes? Puh-lease! That just made me hungry." Dante said behind his brother. "Man I was hoping for a grope in the dark from a frightened girlfriend. I want my money back." Dante said and Hilde rolled his eyes.

"God, you're crude. There!" Hilde said pinching Dante's backside as she exited behind him.

The rest filtered out with Trowa and Quatre bringing up the rear. "That wasn't very scary." Quatre said and Trowa sighed.

“Nope. Worst nickel I ever wasted. So where to now?” Trowa asked and Dante shrugged. There’s a party going on at the park. The radio station’s holding a costume contest and dance party. We can go there.” Dante said and Hilde squealed.

“Dance party here we come!” She said dragging Dante over to his car.

“Looks like we’re going Dancing!” Duo said as he and Heero joined Dante and Hilde in one car, Trowa and Quatre, Wufei and Sally in Iria’s car. And Following Dante’s lead, off they went to make an evening out of looking absolutely ridiculous. Complete with outlandish medieval period garb, grotesque blood and gore gangsters, a fictional hunchback, death, and Mr. And Mrs. Frankenstein’s monster.

A motley crew they were indeed.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Eighteen

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“I’m freezing.” Quatre said as they walked toward the center of the park from the parking lot.

“It was your brilliant idea to wear tights.” Trowa grumbled adjusting his tunic yet again. He was positive something was not getting covered as properly as it should.

“But such nice legs you have.” Sally said slapping Trowa’s behind. “And quit pulling at it, your butt is covered prude.” She added with a wink.

“I’m not a prude, it’s the draft I’m worried about.” Trowa said still fidgeting.

“Yeah, but no worries. The Army doesn’t take fruits.” Duo quipped and Trowa glared.

“Not that kind of draft idiot.”

“Well, duh.” Duo said rolling his eyes. “Man smart jokes are just WASTED on you lot.” “Death” said as they started passing various booths. “Oh what do I smell? Heaven!” Duo cried sniffing the air. “There!” Duo said pointing toward the hot-spiced apple cider booth.

“Oh YES!” Quatre likewise caroled out with a sigh. “Warm, warm, warm... gimme, gimme, gimme.” He said following in Duo’s wake.

“He’s been hanging out with Duo too long I think.” Wufei muttered to Trowa who was smiling.

“No, he’s not near as annoying. When Quatre does it, it’s cute.” Trowa said and Heero snorted.

“It’s annoying.... Period.” Heero said digging for his wallet. “Kuso! This HUMP!” Heero swore as he

fought trying to reach into his back pocket, his costume getting in the way.

“Here.” Trowa said reaching into Heero’s pocket and withdrawing the wallet.

“Oi, keep your hands off my boyfriend’s butt.” Duo teased with a grin then reaching for Quatre. “My turn! GOOSE!” Duo said, as his hand disappeared under the back of Quatre’s tunic.

“COLD HANDS! COLD HANDS!” Quatre squealed almost dropping his lute as he jumped nearly clear out of his skin.

“Hooligans.” Came a new voice, chuckling with mirth. “Just the boys I wanted to see.” Said Treize, bedecked like Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, his royal blue jacket and shiny thigh high black boots cutting a handsome, regal figure as he approached the booth. By his side was the “Man in the Iron Mask” straight from the novel, but the long platinum strands that escaped the confines of said mask and the tall lithe figure could be none other than Zechs.

“Hey Mr. K., Zechs, looking good.” Dante said as he handed Hilde a cup of cider from the booth.

“Thank you Mr. Maxwell. Miss Schebeiker, I assume you still hold his leash?” Treize asked and Hilde grinned.

“Well trained, yes sir.” She said smiling.

“Oi! I’m no dog.”

Treize laughed. “Debatable that.”

“Gotcha there bro!”

“You’re not much better, however, I’m not here to discuss whose bark is worse than whose bite. I

received some rather interesting documents set upon my desk this afternoon.” Treize said purchasing two ciders then motioning to some nearby hay bales. “Have a seat, I’ll tell you now, rather than call you all in on Monday. I’m glad I ran across you here.” Treize added as they all made themselves relatively comfortable.

“What is it?” Wufei asked with rapt attention.

“Test scores, four years worth of them. Une had some of the professors re-grade your tests from the original answers you gave. Let’s just say some very incriminating evidence in your favor has been uncovered. The averages you were given on the whole were GROSSLY under where they should be. Wufei is indeed, hands down from test scores alone, Valedictorian. Miss Po and Mr. Yuy, I’ll have you know you both have the marks for Salutatorian, a tie.” Treize said and Sally whooped.

“Yes!” she said and Treize smiled.

“There is more. Mr. Barton, last year you entered an essay into the national young author’s contest. You won.” Treize said and Trowa choked.

“I did?”

“Yes, the certificate was in your file, un-opened with Dermal’s hand writing on the envelope saying ‘file, student transferred.’ Last I looked you are still in attendance.” Treize said sipping from his cup.

“Trowa! That’s wonderful!” Quatre cried hugging Trowa’s neck from behind where he sat at a higher level than his stunned boyfriend.

“Quatre, yours were quite interesting. Your files before your transfer here are impeccable, after your transfer, however, you are painted as quite the little troublemaker.” Treize smirked.

“Quatre? Oh no way!” Duo said and Treize nodded.

“It appears he likes to pick fights with the clean cut varsity team, and caused mayhem at the orchestral try-outs.”

“Mayhem? Me?” Quatre’s jaw dropped.

“Hellion.” Trowa teased and Quatre laughed.

“What about me?” Duo asked and Treize leveled him a glare.

“Blew up the science room?”

“Hey, some idiot left a Bunsen burner going, it wasn’t my fault.”

“Turned the lab rat purple”

“Okay, so I did do that. Spike needed a new look.”

“Turned the python loose in the girls locker room.”

“Hilde pissed me off.”

“Has aced every single science exam with a perfect score since sixth grade. Impressive. You may have a slightly off center sense of humor, but then most scientists I’ve ever known have a slightly off kilter perception of the world. Your tricks and misdeeds were harmless, but painted in a very bad light.” Treize said with a sigh.

“I have more than enough evidence to bring Principal Demail to the board for review. What I need from you in future is for you to behave, keep your noses down, and start preparing for your exams. I have contacted several Universities on your behalf, you will all be taking separate entrance exams for scholarships to these Universities in February, you’ll need to be ready.” Treize said

smiling. "We are a small town, our University is small and with the grades you all have, I am certain you can all get into better schools. Your respective professor's agree with me." He said to six very stunned teenagers.

"Really?" Quatre gasped and Treize nodded.

"Really. I've requested materials from Harvard Law for you Wufei." Treize began and Wufei got a glazed look on his face as if Treize has said he was going to heaven on the next bus.

"Same for you Sally, their Medical Research facilities are the best. Iria believes you'll get in with a full scholarship with ease." Sally, for once, had nothing to say. She just sat there in a surreal stupor.

"M.I.T. is already ASKING for you two." Treize said pointing at Heero and Duo. "After seeing your prototype on your rocket skeleton and your formulas for it's completion, they are literally foaming at the mouth for you. N.A.S.A. has already offered to fund the two of you and your education, and in return you will contract to them to work after graduation. Your taking of the exams are for appearances only really. But I do expect you to do better than your best." Treize said and for the first time, Duo cried in front of his friends, openly and for joy.

Quatre was instantly there crying with happiness right along with him as they broke down in laughter and violent hugs and then whoops of Joy. The bright smile on Heero's face said it all.

Trowa was feeling drunk with joy; his best friends had gotten the chances they deserved. Whether he did or not at this point didn't matter, their happiness was infectious. "Don't think I forgot you Mr. Barton. I sent your award-winning essay along with things you've written for Alex to Columbia University in New York. Alex holds high hopes in seeing you off come the end of summer towards the big apple." Treize said and Trowa froze.

"I can't leave, I can't leave Cathy here on her own" Trowa said a lump forming in his stomach.

"Yes, you can. She's a big girl Trowa and besides, she has forty men at her disposal at a whim. She's dating Abdul, she's got 39 others with crushes on her." Quatre said smiling and smoothing hair out of his lovers face. "Grab hold of your dream Trowa. I'll make sure Cathy is all right, I promise." Quatre said, tears brimming along lower lids. "Even if I'll miss you terribly, Columbia is the best for Journalism, even I know that." Quatre added melting into a warm embrace to



reassure Trowa's doubts and misgivings.

"Last I heard Julliard wasn't too far from Columbia where a weekend get together would not be too much to manage." Treize said smiling over the rim of his still steaming cup.

"Julliard? That school is almost impossible to get into! I'm not good enough, no where NEAR good enough." Quatre said and Treize shook his head.

"Not according to Tom. Not according to my own ears either, and I'm no musician, but I do know enough to know something is good when I hear it. Tom said you were your own worst critic. Try your best, that's all they can ask of you. I have faith in the outcome." Treize said setting his now empty cup in the trash beside him.

"Now, good news given, go have a good weekend." Treize ordered as he simply held his arm out for Zechs to take, then the two gracefully made their exit into the night.

"Um, since when is Zechs dating Mr. K?" Duo asked his brother who shrugged.

"Beats the Hell out of me. When Zechs said he'd found 'a brilliant mind, and a worthy adversary. I had no clue he meant he'd found a new bed buddy." Dante said scratching his head in confusion.

"He's gay? Mr. K is gay? Why are all my friends gay?" Wufei asked his jaw dropping.

"I'm not." Dante said and Wufei glared at him.

"Okay, why are MOST of my friends gay?" Wufei amended.

"Luck of the draw?" Duo asked and Wufei turned his glare to the other Maxwell in attendance.

"Luck has nothing to do with it, unless you count dumb luck." Wufei retorted and Duo puckered his

lips and blew Wufei a kiss.

“Luck is luck, you lucky devil. Admit it, you love me.”

“Love to choke you with that braid.”

“Uh-oh, he’s taking fight talk, Sally’s gonna get hot in the pants in a minute.”

“Too late.” Sally said with a wink and Wufei sputtered.

“Sally!” Wufei exclaimed in affront.

“Wufei!” Sally gasped back, then smirked. “Like this really shocks you anymore? Please, now come on, let’s go celebrate!” Sally said grabbing Wufei hand dragging him toward the dancers on the lawn, jack-o-lanterns, candles, and orange and black streamers decorating the trees, and ground around where the party was going on.

“Trowa?” Quatre said softly as their friends disappeared in the crowd.

“Yes Quatre?” Trowa asked stopping and looking down into the soft blue eyes of his love.

“You won’t forget me will you when we go away?” Quatre asked and Trowa smiled and wrapped his arms around Quatre and held him close.

“I won’t have time to forget. You heard Mr. K. If we both get in, we’ll still be close to one another. Besides, it’s only four years. We’ll get through it, no matter where we are in the world Quatre. You have my ring, I have yours, and we will be together, no matter what. I need my muse.” Trowa said placing a soft kiss on Quatre’s lips.

Quatre sighed. “I inspire you?”

“With everything you do.”

“Really?”

“Um-hum.”

“I wrote a song about you. I was afraid you’d think it was silly, I mean it’s just music, no lyrics or anything. I can’t write lyrics. Want me to play it for you? Show you how you inspire me?” Quatre asked picking up his lute.

“I’d love to hear it.” Trowa said and they both seated themselves back on the hay bales and Quatre plucked out a soft ballad.

Trowa shut his eyes, and the music washed over him, reaching inside and wrapping his heart with love giving it wings. He soared high above as he lay back in the straw and listened to HIS song. The notes reflecting Quatre’s love for him as clear as if he had written words to the music to tell him, however, the music was more than enough.

This was his future, moments like this was what made all the struggles, all the hard work, all the set backs worth the while. These moments of relaxation, where he and Quatre could just be themselves and enjoy the simplicity of the other’s company, that was what life was all about.

Love truly was the meaning of life, at least from Trowa’s point of view. He opened his eyes and looked at his meaning. It had blonde hair, eyes like the sea after a storm, a brilliant smile, and a heart that was big enough to encompass the world, a heart that had encased Trowa now and forever. His meaning was named Quatre. His future was Quatre, his life belonged to Quatre, and he was sure, just by the look in Quatre’s eyes that he was all those things and more in return to Quatre.

What would their future hold? Successes and failures, happiness and heartache, ups and downs, yes those were all givens, such was life, but they’d face them together, and a burden shared was a burden halved.

They'd make it, they had each other, anything was possible if you tried hard enough and wanted it bad enough.

Only time would tell, and time was something they had in abundance.

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# Greased Wing

## Chapter Nineteen \*EPILOGUE\*

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Author's Note: We now switch perspectives and Follow the time line as our writer of the group, Trowa, notes it in his journal. Here are the more pertinent excerpts from his log:

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February 14, 1960:

I've been remiss in keeping this journal, I do have an excuse, in between extra classes, Christmas vacation, cramming for exams, and the rare, and getting more rare, private moments with Quatre, I have been rather busy. But now, I'm sitting on the stairs of the Music Building waiting for Quatre and freezing my backside off. He's been in there three hours taking his entrance exams from the Julliard scouts.

He's been a nervous wreck the past two weeks, he worries too much in my opinion, and I have the utmost faith in him that he will succeed. He always does, why should today be any different? He's my good luck charm in a way.

If I look back to my life BQ (Before Quatre), I was going nowhere. I wasn't trying to go anywhere. I was scared.

Then AQ (Need I? After Quatre), I found someone with valid reasons to be scared, terrified even, yet he still kept going. Well, almost. There was that one incident with the pills, but Quatre wasn't himself at all that day. Even the strongest of men have a breaking point. He'd found his, I am eternally glad I was there to help him over that last hurdle.

He taught me how to be strong. Not just for him, but for myself. I opened my eyes and did not accept the hand fate had dealt me.

Discard and draw, draw one king, Quatre.

Discard and draw, draw a second King, Me.

A strong pair that stands up pretty well against the rest of the deck.

Discard and Draw, Ace in the hole. I passed my Entrance exam to Columbia last week. I got the letter of acceptance this afternoon. Complete with a full ride scholarship and including grant money to live off of. That's one hell of an Ace, and my Trump card. I'm going to wait and tell Quatre until he knows how he did this afternoon.

It's Valentine's Day after all, and as soon as he's done in there, the last thing I want to do tonight is talk about school. I have roses, dinner, and a jukebox waiting back at the café. Cathy and Abdul are out, the café is closed tonight, it'll just be the two of us and some much needed time alone.

Here he comes now, that smile on his face can only mean one thing. He did well in his opinion. And if Quatre thinks he did all right, he did MORE than all right, he's in, no doubt about it.

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August 15, 1960

The wedding was beautiful. Dante looks decent in a suit. Hilde was stunning (as if she wouldn't be) and you couldn't tell she's glowing because she's pregnant, much to her relief, and Dante's for that matter. How they are going to explain the arrival of a baby to both her parents and his in six months is yet to be seen. I'm eternally glad I will be two thousand miles away when the proverbial shit hits the fan.

Duo promised me details in a letter however as soon as he got all the juicy tidbits. God, I'm such a gossip. Quatre says it's just my thirst for the truth; he's getting better at lying. I want a good laugh at Dante's expense that's the truth.

I'm glad though I got to see the wedding; I leave for Columbia and New York tomorrow. I'm about ready to piss myself. I've never been east of Las Vegas, and I have never even seen snow. Well

not on the ground at any rate. I can see it up on the mountaintops here in winter, but I've never actually BEEN in the snow. I swear if I turn into Quatre and start bemoaning the cold, I will never tease him about it again.

Duo and Heero leave Tuesday for M.I.T. And Quatre isn't supposed to leave for Julliard until Friday, but he's taking the bus early with me and will help me settle in before he heads over to settle in himself.

Wufei and Sally are already on a bus heading eastward, they left yesterday, and were married in a civil ceremony the day before that. They decided married housing on campus was cheaper, and they could use their separate grants in a joint fund to a more mutual advantage.

Right. And I'm Saint Francis of Assisi

More like an excuse and legal right to be in the same bed every night on campus. Not like we all didn't see them eventually getting married anyway.

They are like yin and yang those two. They been and item since kindergarten, it really isn't much of a shock to any of us they will be an item forever. The ceremony was really only a piece of paper to them, a formality on their mutual path to success checklist.

Well, I have to pack. And this book is getting packed, so until New York, farewell friend.

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December 24, 1961

First time home in over a year, and I don't know where the time went. Studying, writing, studying, weekends with Quatre, more studying, and I've already worn out the typewriter Quatre got me for Christmas LAST year.

I've been hinting at a new one, let's see if he's picked up on it, I do see a rather large box under the

tree with my name on it from Quatre. Have I mentioned lately how much I love him? No? Let me reiterate, God bless my mind reader boyfriend.

Okay so my hints were rather obvious, but still, he knows what I want most of the time anyway. I just wanted to make sure.

Cathy is yelling at me to stop clacking and come be social. Quatre's got jet lag and is napping. Iria and Tom just showed up, there goes Quatre's nap. How he can sleep through this noise I don't know. Between me typing, Cathy exercising her lungs on off key carols, Abdul's bellowing laughter, and the din of the radio, he's blissfully in dreamland.

Dreaming of sugarplums you wonder? Not likely, and if I whisper just the right thing at the right moment in his ear, I can tell you exactly what he's dreaming. And if he ever reads this journal, I'm a dead man.

Dante and Hilde just pulled up outside, and I see a mobile toddler with them. I can guarantee I've lost Quatre for the evening, he'll be gushing over the little one all night.

Most of the presents he brought with us are for Jake. He's been dying to see him, I'd better wake Quatre up; he'll kill me if I don't. Where does the time go anyway? I really wish I had an answer to that question.

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June 4, 1965

I hate the tune "Pomp and Circumstance" especially when it's repeated endlessly for an hour. First I had to hear it last weekend when Quatre graduated, now an encore this weekend.

But it was worth it, four years of long nights and longer days, and what do I have to show for it? I have my bachelor's degree in journalism in my hand at last. Quatre's got his BA in whatever it is he does. A bit of everything really. He can teach, compose, play, entertain, you name it he can do it, and do it well. But, I think he's still trying to figure out which direction is his favorite and which road to take. Let him take his time in deciding, we have plenty of it. Well not at the moment, we're



packing and we have a plane to catch in five days.

I have a job, so it's back to California for Quatre and I. But not back to the destination we left from, we're heading for San Francisco on Wednesday morning. I'll be working for a publishing house there on contract. Over next four years I have to give them at least one more novel. They have my first one already. Quatre still hasn't figured out it's about him, but then he's not read it all, I haven't shown him the finished manuscript. It'll be in print in time for his birthday. Perfect timing I think.

I was given a hefty advance for my next book, and that is funding our house hunting. I've sold my part of the land father left me to Abdul and Cathy, they are building a bigger house right on the spot Quatre and I first made love. It is a beautiful view there, and they do need a bigger house now. What with the new baby on the way, and Omar is almost two now or as Quatre calls him "hell on two feet."

My nephew is a holy terror and I'm praying with every fiber of my being I get a niece with some sense this go around.

So with the money from the land and my book, Quatre and I have a decent savings account, and Abdul is house hunting for us right now. Thank goodness I have a brother in law with keen business sense. Not only has the café expanded, Catherine does not even have to physically work it anymore, just point her employee's in the right direction.

Bless Abdul for being there, I've never had to worry about Cathy, not once, and that's helped enormously. It also helps I like Abdul too, I needn't worry about kicking his ass every five minutes. I know he loves my sister, and I am so happy for them both.

I cannot wait for this move. This is it, no more school, just me and Quatre, maybe a dog or a cat or both. Christ, I'm going domestic. I'm losing my touch or my mind. But I can't help it; everybody has the house with the white picket fence dream right? Okay so no white fence, and a townhouse in the city, but it'll be ours.

OURS!

No more driving across the state to spend a day with Quatre then turn around and come back and vice versa. Actually living with Quatre under the same roof, I've got a hard on just thinking about it.

Quatre will really kill me if he reads this. I love you I swear! I just can't help thinking of you, in bed, with some wine, some candles, some Motown on the stereo, some chocolate covered strawberries, and if you're still reading this my love, you are having equally sinful thoughts so don't yell at me for this later.

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July 20, 1969

EAGLE: 540 feet, down at 30 [feet per second] . . . down at 15 . . . 400 feet down at 9 . . . forward . . . 350 feet, down at 4 . . . 300 feet, down 3 1/2 . . . 47 forward . . . 1 1/2 down . . . 13 forward . . . 11 forward? coming down nicely . . . 200 feet, 4 1/2 down . . . 5 1/2 down . . . 5 percent . . . 75 feet . . . 6 forward . . . lights on . . . down 2 1/2 . . . 40 feet? down 2 1/2, kicking up some dust . . . 30 feet, 2 1/2 down . . . faint shadow . . . 4 forward . . . 4 forward . . . drifting to right a little . . . O.K. . . .

HOUSTON: 30 seconds [fuel remaining].

EAGLE: Contact light! O.K., engine stop . . . descent engine command override off . . .

HOUSTON: We copy you down, Eagle.

EAGLE: Houston, Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed!

HOUSTON: Roger, Tranquility. We copy you on the ground. You've got a bunch of guys about to turn blue. We're breathing again. Thanks a lot.

TRANQUILITY: Thank you . . . That may have seemed like a very long final phase. The auto targeting was taking us right into a football-field-sized crater, with a large number of big boulders and rocks for about one or two crater-diameters around it, and it required flying manually over the rock field to find a reasonably good area.

HOUSTON: Roger, we copy. It was beautiful from here, Tranquility. Over.

TRANQUILITY: We'll get to the details of what's around here, but it looks like a collection of just about every variety of shape, angularity, granularity, about every variety of rock you could find.

HOUSTON: Roger, Tranquility. Be advised there's lots of smiling faces in this room, and all over the world.

TRANQUILITY: There are two of them up here.

COLUMBIA: And don't forget one in the command module.

That is what is happening right this very moment. I cannot believe it! WERE ON THE MOON!!!!!!

We're at Duo and Heero's house here in Houston. Watching this event on television, an event my best friends had a hand in bringing to fruition. I'm crying. Quatre's crying... Duo's crying and they are dancing around the couch.

Heero is in silent tears laughing at Duo and Quatre; Wufei is on the phone relating what's going on to Sally on the other end. She's in a conference in Geneva and there's no television in her hotel room. Wufei is now in tears; I've seen it all.

Who knew that the rocket Heero and Duo were concocting in their garage all those years ago would be the foundation for this momentous achievement. They began perfecting their prototype while at M.I.T. interning with N.A.S.A on the Mercury Project. They were then a part of the Gemini mission scientists after graduation, and now they are the lead propulsion experts for the Apollo moon shot missions.

They did it, they got us to the moon, and Duo's ignition system on the landing module will get them home again.

I am awed that these marvels were done by my friends, the same friends that I watched stuff marshmallows up their noses at five, I am now watching stuff astronauts in tin cans and blast them into outer space.

If Neil Armstrong KNEW the Duo I know, he'd need a new space suit.

It's surreal, it's UNREAL, it's beyond description. It's been nine years since all of us went our separate ways, look at us now. It's like some fantasy dream come true. And we are all still here, all still friends, and damn it, we made it, against all odds we made it.

You can't keep a good man down I suppose is true, or men and women in this case.

My fourth book just hit the best seller's list, Quatre's been nominated for an Oscar for best musical score for a motion picture, Wufei's got his masters in Law and his firm is doing well. Sally is globetrotting with Iria, I still have no clue just what they do, but they do it well whatever it is they do.

I think I just got the inspiration for book number five. You write what you know after all. I've lived this dream; I know it's not only probable but also possible.

And the story is really only just beginning; we have our whole lives ahead of us, who knows what the seventies will bring? Hopefully an end to the War in Vietnam, every dream does have a darker side to contend with too. But before I get political and start ranting and raving in my personal journal we'll change topics.

Next month Quatre and I are headed to Woodstock, a weekend to run around naked and listen to music. What a vacation!

I hope it doesn't rain. New York in August when it rains is NASTY and either very cold, or very humid. And I want Quatre naked, and unless it's humid, Quatre will be harder to break into than Nanook of the North in January and wearing more annoying layers of clothing than said Eskimo.  
(1)

So until the next chapter of my life dear friend, I bid you goodnight. Duo's just cracked open the champagne, it's time to celebrate my friend's and our good fortune.

Until the page is turned, fare thee well.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

THE END

I hope you enjoyed my fanciful trip back in time to a simpler era. This was really a catharsis piece to purge myself of some harsh realities. I hope you we're able to smile along with me and forget for fifteen minutes here and there along the way the world around you and get lost in this one with me.

To you from me,

“D”

The Fables spinner

(1) It rained almost all weekend at Woodstock 1969. Mud EVERYWHERE and during the day.. HUMID, and freezing at night. Think about it, poor Trowa. //\_~

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END