

Title: I Found Myself in You
Major pairing: Heero x Relena
Author: The Fables spinner
Rating: NC-17+ Lemon
Genre: Romance

Disclaimer: The characters in this yarn sadly do not belong to me. I wish they did but they belong in total to Sotsu/Sunrise and Bandai entertainment. I am only borrowing their colorful personalities for the sake of this story. I promise to return them, only slightly rumbled when I'm finished with them so the next writer can use them as their muse.

She'd seen him in the Balcony, watching her again. Then in the next glance, he was gone. Again. Relena sighed. She'd long since stopped disillusioning herself. At fifteen, he excited her. At sixteen, he held her spellbound with admiration. At seventeen, now. She'd seen him twice save the world without a thought to his own mortality. She loved him. Madly, unconditionally loved him. What did he feel about her? She couldn't answer that question, she honestly did not know. But she could wish, she could dream. And dream she did. Night after night she held that boy with the dark eyes and wild hair to her breast. The way she had done when he had fallen from exhaustion there in the Brussels palace stronghold belonging to Mariemaia. Every morning she awoke to an empty bed, and an even emptier soul. Zechs and Noin were away on the terra forming project. Une was busy taking care of Mariemaia. Nursing her back to health. She had gone to visit Heero in the hospital the next day, only to realize, once again, he was out of her life. So she did what she did everyday. Get up, bury her emotions and her desires, and face the world of bureaucrats and politicians. Most of them old enough to be her grandfather and father. She was a very unique seventeen year old woman.

Most girls her age were attending High School, or universities. Finding time to spend with friends to go shopping, or to the movies. Amusement Parks, and dancing. Not Relena Darlian. Having forever buried the name Peacecraft and her idealic, but unrealistic plan for total pacifism. She sought to maintain the precious peace they had, well what the people finally had. her life was anything but peaceful. Everyone wanting just a little piece of her, yet offering her nothing in return. The candle was burning at both ends. She needed a rest, but dared not ask for one. They'd make her feel guilty about it. Besides, it wasn't like she had anywhere to go, and no one to spend it with. Always surrounded by people, yet she had never felt more alone in her life.

She began going through life in a routine. Rise, dress, go over paperwork while she choked down toast and tea, go to the office. Meetings, documents, politicians, more meetings, more conferences, more paperwork. A never ending monotonous stream, go home. Eat dinner by herself in the large, empty mansion that was her prison and her home. Go to bed and dream of the things she could not have. Dream of he one thing she wanted, the one person who could, with one look, reduce her to her basest reality, and remind her she was a young woman with the desires of one. Then she'd awaken, suppress her femininity, seal herself in her protective shell, and start all over again. As the weeks turned to months, that shell just kept getting thicker. One of these days, it would encase her completely, and nothing and no one would be able to free her from it.

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Heero walked the streets and watched. Watched the people go about their happy little lives, watched young lovers kiss in darkened alleyways, watched the old bemoan the aches and pains of age, watched mothers and fathers with their children rejoice in freedom. He watched it all in confusion and envy. He had been shut off from his emotions so long, having the freedom to explore them again left him in turmoil. He'd forgotten how to feel. How he wished he could just shut off that inner voice that warned

him that if he allowed himself to feel, he'd be hurt again. So he ran from the voice, ran out into the world to find himself. To find that boy he had been, before the world turned upside down and created the perfect soldier. The killing was over, the battles but a memory, yet, the soldier remained, and he was lost. Searching for that purpose in life. Something that he could fight for to protect. Yet nothing and no one needed him, or so he thought.

He was seated at a small cafe, glaring into his cup when the newspaper that was lying on the counter caught his eye. He reached over and flipped it open and just stared at the photo on the front page for a long time. 'God she's beautiful'. He thought to himself as his eyes bored a whole into the paper. His finger absently tracing the smooth features of the face pictured there. Dreaming he could actually feel that soft warm flesh as opposed to the cold smooth newsprint. If only he wasn't who he was, if he had been just an ordinary man, perhaps this girl could be his. His chest tightened, and that unknown feeling crept into him again. An emotion he had no name for once again gripped his soul. It happened every time he looked at her. Heard her name spoken, saw her in a crowd. All he wanted to do was smother her. Steal her away from the world and carry her off into his. A possessive feeling, an intense need to grapple her to him and never let go. What was this he felt?

He stared so long at the picture, he hadn't even read the print yet. When the headline did draw his tunnel visioned attention, his heart raced and nearly stopped. "Vice-Minister Darlian calls off Birthday Gala". He cocked his head and read on. "Due to unknown reasons, the Vice-Minister informed the press today that she would not be attending the celebration in honor of her Birthday. Slating personal reasons, and leaving them unclear, she left the press conference. Reports are conflicting. Rumors of health problems abound. Many have commented her mental stability, and many more have expressed concerns over her wane appearance. This reporter however has another theory, do we the people expect too much? Though no one can fault Miss Darlian's capability, and no one can honestly say they do not find something to admire and respect. We tend to forget that we the people have placed the responsibility of maintaining World Peace on the shoulders of a woman barely seventeen years old. I have a seventeen year old daughter, and If I were Miss Darlian's father, I would be screaming for the world to leave her alone. Yet, we persist on piling our woes upon her tender shoulders. I am but one voice, but I am making a plea to the people, won't someone stand up and protect our young leader from the world that is eating her alive. - Sam Davidson - Reporter - Unified Daily Press" Heero slammed the paper down and stood.

"Mission Accepted."

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Relena pulled on her robe and sat curled up on the couch. She looked at the dozens of vases of flowers delivered here today, the stack of birthday cards upon her coffee table and sighed. Not one of them sincere, sent by politician's secretary's because her name came up on the calendar. Only four cards lay open and read. One vase set upon the coffee table reverently. It's sender's card standing out, making her smile.

"Happy Birthday Relena. Trowa clipped these especially for you out of our garden. He hopes they bring a smile. We love you, call if you need us. Quatre and Trowa". It read and she inhaled deeply the scent of lavender and jasmine. Roses, and orchids. She was so glad to hear those two were happy. She loved them both dearly. The next card on the table was picked up and opened.

"Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, Have a Happy birthday, or the God of Death will tickle you." Relena laughed. and Read on. "Forgive Duo's odd sense of humor. Have a happy birthday Relena. Next time you're on L2 let us know, we'd love to steal you for a day. All our Love, Duo & Hilde." Relena sighed. A day at their house would be fun. She wished she had the time.

The next card was from Sally and Wufei. Well, Sally but she signed Wufei's name. Again dear wishes for a happy day. The next was from Lady Une. Just a note of well wishing from the heart. Four cards, out of the hundreds she cherished. These people at least meant what they said. She sighed and laid them back on the table. She'd been hoping for another card, no such luck. She looked at last year's birthday gift from her Missing In Action, perfect soldier. A Teddy Bear sat reverently upon her bed pillows. It mocked her. It said to her clearly, she'd read too much into its significance. Obviously, this stuffed trinket was just a bear, and nothing more. This time when the tears threatened, she let them flow. Another birthday, another year alone. She wept buckets of tears, the emptiness inside was almost unbearable. All her friends had found someone to share their lives with, she was not jealous, she'd never begrudge them a moment's happiness. It just pointed out her own meaningless existence all the more clearly.

From the shadows, a figure watched, he's heart ripped open and bleeding as he watched her clutch a familiar toy and weep. He couldn't stand it any longer and by a will not his own, he stepped from the shadows. He crept over to her and reached out a hand to smooth her hair. "Please don't cry Relena". He said and she jumped a mile high turning to face him with a look of shock and disbelief on her tear streaked face.

"Heero? Where? Why?" She asked, her eloquent speech fleeing at the sight of him, leaving her tongue tied.

He sat down next to her on the bed and took her hand. Tracing her palm with his fingers. "I, I came here to see you. I, thought maybe I could... How are you Relena?" He stammered, not sure exactly what to say to explain himself when he really didn't know himself.

"I'm well. you?" She asked and Heero shrugged.

"I'm alive." He said with a sigh, staring into her upturned palm still in his hand.

"But not happy?" She spoke that as almost a statement rather than a question.

He nodded. "I don't know how to be happy." He said and Relena looked down at her lap.

"I know that feeling Heero. The trouble is, I remember being happy once. Perhaps not knowing it at all is better. No regrets that way." She said moving to get up.

Heero halted her and pulled her back down to sit. "What do you regret?" He asked and Relena looked away from that penetrating gaze.

"Too many things to count Heero. I regret a great many things." She said once again trying to get up, only to be stopped again.

"Tell me." He asked and Relena shook her head.

"They're not important Heero. They're part of the price I paid for this peace. We all sold our souls during the war. Just not all of us did it on the battlefield." She said this time eluding Heero to stand and cross the room. Heero followed.

"I'm just glad some of us have found theirs and bought them back." She added picking up her tea cup.

"I lost mine long before the War. I don't think I ever had one." Heero said sitting down next to Relena on the sofa.

"Heero, you out of all of us, never sold yours. You just buried it. I'm sure you'll find it one day. And when you do, it will be a treasure unlike any you've known." She said taking a sip of her tea. "Me, I traded mine away to the people. I forsake my happiness for theirs. Mine is a willing sacrifice, even if it hurts, it's something I must bear." She said setting her cup down. "You just caught me at a moment of weakness." She finished with a sigh.

"You bear too much. The world is not your responsibility Relena. There's making sacrifices, and then there's letting them walk all over you." Heero chided and Relena shrugged.

"Give an inch, take a mile. Yes, I've heard it all before Heero. Believe me, there are times I want to run away from this. I'm not crazy. It's just I wrestle with my conscience. If I do run, who is left to shoulder the burden? No one. If I do leave this, who will be the voice of reason? I have no choice." She said and Heero took her hand.

"You're amazing. You know that? I can't think of another person in this world that can hope to compare with you. Your compassion and kindness overwhelms me." He said then kissed her palm. "You humble me. Here I am looking for answers to my pitiful existence, and here you are with your own. But where I am selfish and indulge in my self pity. You step up and take on mine and everyone else's in a crusade." He said turning to kneel before her. Laying his head against her knees. "Let me help you Relena. How can I help you?" He asked and Relena's whole being quivered for a moment. Running her fingers through his unruly brown locks. Surprisingly soft to the touch.

"Heero, I do this for you. You've given enough." She said and Heero hugged her knees.

"No, I haven't. I didn't fight for peace, just so I could dump the responsibility of maintaining it on you. That was never the point. Yet here we are, and the world instead of shouldering the responsibility on their own shoulders, they stack it on yours. That's not fair Relena. But it's happened, so let me help you carry it. Just tell me what you need Relena, and it's yours." He said and Relena began to cry. Heero moved back onto the couch and pulled her into his arms. "Sssshhh, Lena. Please. Tell me how I can make these tears end. It's killing me to see you like this." He said and Relena sobbed into his chest.

"Heero, I don't think you can give me what I need." She said and Heero stroked her hair.

"Let me try Relena. Tell me." He said and Relena sniffled.

"I need something I don't think you can give. And I will not ask for it, I can't. It's something that can only be offered and not coerced out of pity or guilt." She said moving away from him. He gripped her tighter and pulled her against him.

"I think I know what you need. And I have been dying to give it to you since the moment I met you." He said as he kissed her. Drawing her in and claiming her lips in a possessive assault. Drinking in her very breath as he tasted the salt of her tears upon her lips. That unknown emotion he'd been feeling, suddenly dawn on him. He knew what it was now, it's elusive name, was love.

Relena gasped as his kiss robbed her of her senses. All this time, dreaming of this exact moment could not compare to the real thing. There was no denying what he felt. He shouted it in his kiss. The magnitude of his emotion washed over her in a wave, and she was drowning in it. Happy suffocating in his presence, reveling in the joy this one kiss showered upon her. He loved her, she knew it as surely as she knew the depths of her own feelings for him. She clung to him, never wanting this moment to end.

"Relena." Her name falling from his lips like a prayer. A curse, a joyful exultation. As his lips traveled from her lips, to her cheeks, her jaw line, her throat. His hands pressing into her back as he held her against

him. "I love you." he whispered as he brought his lips back to her own. "Is that what you need?" He asked and Relena sighed.

"Yes." She breathed as her further words were halted by his lips again.

"Good, 'cause what I need is you. I can only Find myself in you. I have found my soul, and you're right. It's the greatest treasure in the world." He said and Relena sobbed for joy as she found herself pressed into the couch. His weight upon her as he kissed her hard, and passionately. Devouring her whole, and leaving her numb in his wake.

"Heero." His name falling from her lips in a moan, as he nipped at the hollow of her throat. Nothing in the world sounded as beautiful as his name on her lips. She brought that burning feeling into his chest again, with a force unlike before. His need was desperate, he had never wanted anything in his life as much as he wanted her. And all of her. Now, tomorrow, always. He ripped open her robe and grabbing the neckline of her night dress, literally tore it from her. Baring her breasts to him, pert, hard and ready. He was starving as he feasted upon her flesh. Suckling first one then the other in desperation. Never getting enough, never sated. Her breath was ragged and she panted and moaned as he helped himself to her body. Cherishing the feeling of power he had over her, and the trust she gave him. He'd never hurt her, and she knew that. The gift she was giving him in her complete trust and her heart was more than he deserved. But a gift he'd rather die for than to give up. Her hands upon his back kneading his muscles thrilled him. He had to feel them on his flesh. He sat up only long enough to rip away his own shirt before falling back on her to feast further.

He ran his hands down her sides, memorizing every curve and imprinting it forever on his brain. Pushing off her clothes in the process. Well, what was left of the shreds. They were beyond repair from his haste. When he reached her underwear, they two disappeared in a frenzy of ripped cloth. What was uncovered, was quickly covered again as he explored her with his fingers. Her gasps of pleasure telling him whatever he was doing, he was doing it right. He was in near euphoria, everything about her made him want to cry out to the heavens. His manhood straining and throbbing now. Wanting to find completion to this, and demanding immediate release. With a growl of frustration Heero stood and rid himself of the fabric constraining him. Relena's eyes went wide with anticipation as Heero reveled himself to her in all his honed glory. His whole body was a work of art, and she lost her wonderful view far too quickly as he descended upon her. Scooping her up and carrying her back to her bed.

Laying her down, then falling a top her in a mad rush of heated passion. Lips on hers with force, hands mauling and teasing her breasts as he positioned himself between her legs. This was it, and there was no turning back. Not that she wanted to, she had dreamed of this moment time and time again. In a blinding flash she felt him penetrate her and she cried out as he broke through her barrier. He froze.

"Relena, I'm sorry." He said, his voice gruff, and heavily laden with lust.

"Oh God, Heero. Don't be sorry. Move." She cried and gripping his back, digging her nails into his back. With a feral moan Heero thrust again, and again. Impaling her with his sex, and dragging out moan of ecstasy from her lips. Making her say his name again and again as he buried himself within her. Again, nothing sounded as sweet. To know he could do this to her, and make his name sound like a song, was empowering. He drove harder, losing himself in her siren's song, and his own growing urge to finish what he'd started.

In what seemed an agonizing spanse of time, Heero thrust, building that power, feeding off her cries, gaining a joy he'd never known. Then she shook violently beneath him, pulling him in deeper, forcing her name from his lips in a cry of agony as he fought for control. He wanted this to last. he wasn't ready for it to end yet. This time, Heero lost. He couldn't stand the constriction around his manhood any longer, and he filled her with everything he was. Not just his seed, but his love, his hope, and at last, his happiness.

They collapsed together, sweat drenched bodies, gleaming in the moonlight. He wrapped himself around his treasure and held on tight. Now that he had her, he was never letting go. He would be there for her whenever she needed him. To build her up when she fell, to support her and prevent the world from breaking her under its weight. To love her with all he was, and protect her from all who would seek to harm her. She was his, and he was hers. This was what true peace meant. It was meaningless, if there was no one to share it with. He'd gone in search of himself, but he'd gone in the wrong direction. He whispered into her hair, as she slept curled up against him. "Happy Birthday Koi. Thank you. I found myself in you. I give myself to you, now and for always. My gift to you is my soul."

"And that's the best birthday present I could have wished for. I love you Heero."

"I love you too. Go back to sleep Lena." He said kissing her temple. She sighed. Snuggling up against him, she did just that. He gazed at her lovingly until he heeded his own advice and slept. It was dawn. Dawn in reality, and the dawning of a new life for them both.

~ The Beginning ~