

And if I'm sent one more dry, gag me, nasty, hard as rock, fruitcake from some employee, vendor, contact, lawyer, and, or liaison I may vomit.

The Christmas office party is tonight, actually it's going on downstairs right now probably.

Aimee, from the steno pool is probably in the mailroom with Eddie, from accounting.

Margo, God bless her. What would I do without her? I don't know how she does it really. Answer my calls, schedule my appointments, flights, meetings, and whatever else blows up in the office daily she manages it all fluidly, and still manages to bring me her baked Lasagna for lunch the next day because she thinks I'm too skinny.

It was good too.

She's probably down there with her husband, what's his name again? Dino, I think. Ah it doesn't matter. They're probably down there into the punch and having a good time. And where am I?

Hiding in my office wallowing in my self-pity party. I should have said something, but Nooooooo. I chickened out at the last minute, and now he's God knows where, doing God only knows what, and looking probably better than ever while doing it. I can't believe it's been a year since I saw him.

I miss him so much. What I wouldn't give to see him. If I could have anything in the world for Christmas, that's what I'd wish for, one more chance to talk to him and tell him how I feel about him.

Yeah, right. I'd lose my nerve, I always did. Trowa has the uncanny knack of making my tongue twist and tie up in knots and I can only stammer like a blathering fool in front of him.

Ah, goodness why am I torturing myself? I have to get out of here. I need something to distract myself or I'll go nuts. I think I saw on the way into the office a church with vendors outside selling roasted chestnuts and spiced cider. That sounds good to me, and it will get my mind off things a while.

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I couldn't help but follow the bells and now I'm in front a beautiful old cathedral. Ecclesiastes Episcopal. God what a mouthful, say that seven times fast.

The bells have stopped, but something just as beautiful begins to sound from within, the choir is singing. I mount the steps and decide to settle down in the back pew to listen.

I've never been a religious man; I've had my doubts regarding beliefs, and the whole significance around Christmas, and Christianity in general.

I'd not say I wasn't curious, and not that I didn't want to believe in miracles. But I'm cynical and I'd be the first one to admit it. I've seen enough hell in my lifetime; I know that place exists, so by default I guess heaven should.

I've not seen any proof of that yet. Not unless you count these voices so full of hope and praise for something they have no proof of either.

Some people just find it easy to belief in miracles I guess. I'm not one of them, but I'm sure God, if he is up there, won't mind me listening at least.

I wish Quatre were here to hear this, he'd really enjoy it. He always did like music like this. I mean who else during the war would have the Mormon Tabernacle Choir playing inside his Gundam? From "Ode to Joy", to Mozart, to Christmas Carols, Quatre always had impeccable taste in music.

There I go again, why do I associate everything nice in life to Quatre?

Why am I asking myself dumb questions? I know the answer to that, Quatre IS everything nice in life; at least he is to me.

Was to me.

The Winner Corporation, like some mammoth beast swallowed him alive last year, and I've yet to him resurfaced again. That's partly my fault, I should have told him how I felt. Convinced him to leave the Corporation to one of his sisters. Business and Politics are not Quatre, Quatre's, a poet, a musician, and an artist. He needs to soar free, not be caged up like a canary in his office.

If anyone belongs performing to an audience it's Quatre not me. I play with big Cats for a living and I get sharp objects hurled at me by my deranged big sister, big deal.

Quatre creates magic. If anyone should run away and join a circus, it's Quatre not me.

I need to stop thinking about this, I'll go mad. Come on Choir distract me please.

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My hands are freezing by the time I buy my chestnuts, but the bag is gloriously warm. And that bag warms one hand while a Styrofoam cup of spiced cider warms the other one.

I'm about to walk back to the office, when I hear the choir start singing inside the Church.

Like a moth to flame, I react. I can't help it, I never can. This is one of my biggest weaknesses. Music. How many times have I been sitting in a boring board meeting only to zone out as the soft office speakers catch my attention with one of my favorite pieces?

Too many to count, and I have to snap out of it quickly to answer a question, a question that has to be repeated because I was paying attention to Brahms and not the board.

As I get closer to the doors, the music washes over me, and for one moment I am suspended. I'm not Mr. Winner, I'm not someone's boss, and I'm not responsible for more conglomerates and shareholders than any eighteen year old should be. I'm just Quatre, the little boy who wanted to grow up and be a musician.

I'm the Quatre from before the War; I'm me in my purest untainted form.

Music is Freedom for the incarcerated, balm to the ailing, and inspiration for the soul. It's my one joy in life. And I walk as in a trance as I follow the strains of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

How true that is, and what a shame I only can feel it like this. I fought for this peace, and I've yet to have a chance to enjoy it fully.

It's Christmas Eve; I think I'm allowed one night to shove Mr. Winner in a closet and bring out Quatre.

Blow off the dust as it were and just be me.

And I'm about to do just that, when I freeze. I look to the pew to my right and I cannot believe my eyes. What is he doing here?

Good gravy, he's even more gorgeous than before if that's possible. He hasn't seen me yet.

Oh God, what do I say? Hi?

No that's stupid.

Hey Trowa long time no see!

No that's sounds like a Duo greeting.

Hey sexy britches, care for some eggnog and a good snog?

And that's my evil inner monologue in action.

What a profile he's got. I could stare at that silhouette all night.

And would stare at it all night if he gave me the chance.

I'm going to Hell, I'm in a church and I have never had more sinful thoughts in all my life.

On Christmas Eve no less... Oh yeah, I'm toast. Hello Beelzebub, whatcha know? Yeah I'm the sinner Quatre who stands in Churches fantasizing about doing acts of carnal knowledge with another man.

I can hear the Evangelists now. Condemning me to Hell in a hand basket and asking for \$19.95 plus tax to save my immortal soul.

When did I become such a cynic?

Why am I just standing here? SAY SOMETHING TO HIM!

I can't, I can't move. Look at me, break this spell Trowa, and force me to say something, I'm chickening out again.

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I'm being stared at; I can feel it prick the back of my neck. I get stared at a lot. It's part of my job, and I guess I'm not all that bad looking. I don't notice myself, but I do notice being stared at occasionally.

It's irritating. I hate being gawked at; I should turn around and glare at this person to get them to stop that usually works.

I turn and my heart stops.

I now believe in Miracles. An Angel just descended from heaven to smile at me, because nothing so beautiful is human.

And he is stunning, he was cute before, but now... he's just simply breathtaking.

His hair slightly windblown, his long camel colored coat, his brilliant blue eyes, his cheeks red with cold, and his hands are shaking. I can see the cup and bag he holds quiver in his grip, and that's a trembling that is not from cold.

I'm happy to see you too Quatre.

I get up and walk over to him, we can't talk in the church it's rude. So I grab his elbow with a smile and lead him back outside.

The cup and chestnuts are lying on the stairs as I am hugged within an inch of my life.

That's my Quatre. Screw words and just give a hug to convey his feelings.

Quatre's hugs speak, they convey everything. I wonder if anyone else notices that or if it's just me.

I don't care, I live a lifetime in the span of one of his heartfelt embraces.

This time, I hold him back as if my life depended on it, maybe it does. I just wished for this, I can take a hint. It's now or never.

I say his name just as he says mine.

He laughs, God how I love his laugh.

I smile and gesture for him to speak first.

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Great, letting me go first. Damn it.

"Trowa. What are you doing here?"

Great, nice opener, and the award for lame opening lines goes to Quatre Raberba bonehead Winner.

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"I was just about to ask you that."

No I wasn't really. I was going to ask you if I could clean your tonsils with my tongue.

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"I'm hiding from my Office party. And well, the music just sort of... Well you know how I can't resist."

What am I doing? What is it with my lucidity and Trowa not being able to function together?

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"I remember. I was just thinking how much you'd enjoy this."

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TROWA WAS THINKING ABOUT ME!!! YES! YES! YES!

"Really?"

Dear me that sounded weak.

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"Um hum. Quatre...."

Oh this is stupid! Just spit it out TROWA!

"Quatre, I think about you a lot really. I miss you, a lot. More than you think."

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Oh God, please mean what I think you mean.

Help him out idiot! TELL HIM!

"I miss you too. You don't know how many times I've sat in my office contemplating running off to join your circus."

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"The circus isn't all it's cracked up to be, but running away from your office I'm all for. I can drive your get-away car if you like."

There's that laugh of his again. I mean that Quatre, I'd take you anywhere to get you away from it all.

And I'd pack my bags and go with you.

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"Where are you parked? You have no idea how much I'd like to take you up on that offer."

He's smiling; he's got that look in his eye....

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"I'm parked around the corner. Where shall I take the AWOL CEO?"

Timbuktu? Kuala Lumpur? My Trailer?

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"Anywhere with you is fine with me."

Oh... My... GOD! I did not just say that. Okay where is Quatre and where is the POD?

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"I can think of nowhere else I'd rather have you Quatre, than with me."

And now it's really live or die. Get ready Quatre; I'm going to kiss your socks off in about three seconds.

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Am I melting? I feel like it, there's goo in my shoes, and butterflies in my stomach, and we'll not discuss the other bits of my anatomy affected by you Mr. Barton.

My voice is on vacation again. Kiss me so I don't have to talk.

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It's always the same. We get to this point and Quatre, goes to mush.

Well guess what Quatre; you've run out of time outs. I'm tired of waiting for you. Here we go.

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I think I am dead, and this is heaven. I have been dreaming about this kiss longer than I can remember, and I never dared dream it could be this good.

I'm lost and floating and I think my socks are rolling and unrolling like some old cartoons I've seen.

I cling on for dear life, I am drowning, I am flying, and I am having the best Christmas EVER!

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Spiced Cider and Chestnuts.

I never thought of our first kiss tasting like this, but you won't hear me complaining.

He's melted into me, and all those nights lying awake imagining this paid off.

It's like he belongs there, like we're two pieces of the same jigsaw puzzle.

I feel free, I feel alive, I feel that peace and joy the choir was singing about.

I get it now.

You get these things not from yourself, or some fantasy, store, book, or preacher.

You get these things from someone you love and who loves you in return.

Quatre, I've been an idiot.

So have you.

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I've been a moron, and a fool.

We both have.

We never needed many words, so why on Earth was this so difficult for us to express?

Because we fought two wars and were fifteen when we met.

A lifetime has past since then; at least for us it's been a lifetime. Wars make you grow up pretty quickly.

But understanding the signals takes time. I think we both have cleared away a lot of noise in our lives where we can actually hear the signals now.

I feel your arms around me. You whisper you love me.

I whisper back that I love you too.

And I do, I have, I probably always will.

My Christmas Miracle is named Trowa Barton, and I cannot think of anything more I want in the world.

We walk back to your car and you drive me home.

I think we just barely managed to get in the front door.

After that is a blur, but what a nice blur.

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It's Christmas Morning, and it's just Quatre and I wallowing under the thick comforter's with hot chocolate, and red and green sugar cookies.

We're making such a mess of crumbs in the bed. With granulated red and green dots of sugar everywhere, even flecking your hair like festive glitter.

You've made your sister Armineh the happiest woman in the world this morning with her Christmas present.

The CEO seat, and from there the responsibility of the corporation and dividing everything with all your sisters equally, leaving you this house on earth since it's your favorite, and a nice bank account.

Quatre, the rich bum.

I think it suits him actually.

I could get used to it too.

This place is a hell of a lot nicer than my trailer with infinitely better and sexier company.

This afternoon, we're going to see Cathy for Christmas dinner and tell her I'm moving out.

She'll understand, she always does. I know she'll be happy for me because I'm happy at last.

Where we go from here I have no idea. We have time to decide what to do with our lives. I think I'd like to go back to school actually. Like a NORMAL eighteen, nineteen, however old I am, person.

I can afford it; Quatre isn't the only one with a decent bank account. Spoils of war I guess.

But none of that matters, just being here together matters.

Whatever we do, we'll do it side by side.

This will be a Christmas that I think neither of us will ever forget.

The first of many together, well the third actually, but the first without being shot at in Gundams.

Our first normal Christmas, and our first as a real couple, that in and of itself makes it special.

Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men.

Never a better phrase ever written or said and something that I can feel for the first time in my life thanks to Quatre and his love for me.

I can tell in his eyes, he feels exactly the same.

I heard the Bells on Christmas day, well Eve, whatever! I'm waxing poetic here.

I'm allowed occasionally. My point is; I'm so glad I followed those bells.

Because they led me back to you.

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Merry Christmas.

The End.