

Leftovers

“Trowa, why on earth did you make so much for Thanksgiving? It was just the two of us, and I can tell you now I am SICK of leftovers.” Quatre groaned opening the refrigerator only to see a sea of tin foil and Tupperware containers.

“Turkeys are big birds Quatre. Ever try to find a small one? You weren’t complaining when I made it.”

“That was a week ago. There is only so many re-heated Turkey plates, cold turkey sandwiches, turkey soup, and ground turkey rissoles I can eat before my taste buds decide to go on strike. I love your cooking, really I do, I am just bored with what’s left. Can we go out tonight?” Quatre asked with pleading eyes.

Trowa only smiled. “Bored with the stuffing?”

“Yes.”

“Cranberry sauce?”

“Yes.”

“Yams?”

“I never liked the Yams to start with.”

“Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream?” Trowa asked taking out the can of Redi Whip from the fridge smirking.

“Yes, even the pie.” Quatre said as Trowa backed him up against the kitchen counter.

“Are you sure about that?” Trowa asked placing a dab of the whipped cream on the end of Quatre’s nose before licking it off.

Quatre shuddered. “Trowa Barton, don’t even think about it. I’m hungry!”

“Too late, already thought about it, and I’m hungry too. Hungry for you.” Trowa purred moving to nibble Quatre’s earlobe.

“That was lame.”

“Then why are you grinning and blushing?”

“You’re evil. Stop it.” Quatre said trying to push his lover away to no avail.

“I want my desert first tonight. Quatre ala mode sounds divine.” Trowa said grinding his hips roughly against Quatre, his arousal almost painful. Quatre moaned, it was so easy to turn him on; Trowa knew every button to push and was playing with said buttons like a remote control while channel surfing.

Trowa’s hands found the drawstring to Quatre’s favorite pair of sweat pants and tugged. Soon said pants had pooled around Quatre’s ankles. Next to go were those awful boxers that were only keeping Trowa from what he wanted.

Quatre threw his head back as Trowa’s hand grasped his arousal and began to lightly caress its length. “Oh God, Trowa...” Quatre moaned then squealed as he was lifted up suddenly and sat on the countertop.

“You’ll be saying more than that before I’m through with you.” Trowa growled grabbing the can of whipped cream and coating Quatre’s straining member. Quatre’s hands fisting in Trowa’s hair as Trowa knelt before Quatre and began licking off the cream with vigor.

Devouring Quatre as if he were the main course and not just desert.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god... Trowa!!” Quatre screamed on the verge of complete meltdown when Trowa’s warm mouth left him mere moments before completion.

“Arrrgh! TROWA!” Quatre wailed and Trowa only smirked.

“Now, now, now. We don’t want it over yet do we?” Trowa asked ripping off Quatre’s sweater and placing the cold can of cream against his nipples.

A harsh intake of breath from the cold, and Quatre’s nipples instantly hardened into painful wrinkled points of flesh.

“God you are so fucking gorgeous.” Trowa growled bending over to clamp teeth down on nipples begging for attention.

“Trowa!” Quatre yelled his arms gripping Trowa’s shoulders as his legs clamped around Trowa’s hips.

Trowa grunted and shoved a finger into Quatre’s mouth never ceasing his worship of soft pink flesh. Quatre moaned and began sucking on the long and deft digit, his mouth watering as traces of whipped cream could be tasted.

He moaned even louder when that finger was taken from his lips and began ticking another cavern, begging for admittance.

Slowly Trowa pushed and Quatre hissed with pleasure through clenched teeth as Trowa began to probe and prod, twist and stretch.

“Oh God, do it now!” Quatre begged and Trowa lifted his head from Quatre’s chest a feral grin on his face.

“Do what?”

“FUCK ME!”

“I love when I can get you to talk dirty.” Trowa said planting his hands on Quatre’s hips and positioning himself, burying himself with one swift push.

“Oh GOD YES!” Quatre cried, arms wrapping around Trowa’s shoulders, fingernails digging into the skin of that strong back, his head thrown back in ecstasy and his legs wrapped around Trowa’s waist.

“Still bored with whipped cream?” Trowa asked, grunts accentuating words as he forcefully impaled his ‘desert’ on the kitchen counter.

“Oh God, no! Harder!” Quatre almost screeched and Trowa happily complied.

Most times their lovemaking was a languid and relaxed affair, but sometimes a man just needed a good old fashioned, peel the paint off the walls, rattle the dishes from their shelves, earth shattering sex. This was one of those times. It was even better when both men involved needed that sort of carnal pleasure simultaneously.

Trowa could hear the tea cups in the cupboard above Quatre’s head rattle and shake with the force he used in joining with his eager, and extremely vocal tonight blonde Adonis.

“Oh yes! YES! YES! TROWA!” Quatre wailed at the top of his lungs as his whole body began to constrict like a python and then convulse. Covering both Trowa’s stomach and his own with his pleasure.

This was Trowa’s hot button; he could never last when he saw Quatre’s face when he came. It was just too much, too good, and that look was all it took for Trowa to follow suit and empty himself fully with a groan of pleasurable agony.

Still joined and panting, two sweaty lovers fought to catch their breath.

“Trowa?”

“Hm?”

“We’re still going out tonight.”

“Why?” Trowa asked with almost a whine in his voice.

“If you think I am eating in this kitchen after this, you’ve got another thing coming.” Quatre teased and Trowa chuckled into the crook of Quatre’s neck where his head rested.

“You don’t want the main course?” Trowa asked and it was Quatre’s turn to laugh.

“I know better Trowa Barton. After that performance, it’ll be breakfast before we “eat” and I’m not about to do this with eggs and bacon.”

Trowa shuddered. “Point taken. Mc Donald’s or Burger King?” Trowa asked extricating himself and grabbing a few paper towels to clean up their mess.

“Taco Bell?”

“Ugh, I hate Taco Bell. Arby’s?”

“No, don’t want Roast Beef. We’re not gonna agree on food tonight at all are we?” Quatre asked as he took the offered paper towel from Trowa’s hand.

“We’ll we agreed on Desert at least. How about Pizza Hut? At least they deliver.” Trowa said, groaning as he picked up Quatre’ pants and his own off the floor.

“Chinese? They deliver.” Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

“Both? I do kind of have the munchies now.”

“Me too. I’ll go call it in. Same as always?” Quatre asked waltzing to the phone and choosing the speed dial functions.

Well don’t all bachelor’s have Pizza Hut and Chinese Take out places pre-programmed into their phones?

“Same as always.”

“Hi, can we get a large pan, half meat lover’s, half Hawaiian delivered? Thanks.”

“Hi Mr. Chan, it’s Quatre. Yes, same as always. Chicken Curry, sweet and sour shrimp, fried rice, chow mien, and pot stickers. Thanks!”

Trowa heard the order and grimaced as he opened the fridge. “Um, maybe we should clean this out, otherwise we’re not going to have room for tonight’s round of leftovers.”

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