

sigh

I'm sorry to waste everyone's time. I just needed to tell somebody. And I know all of you don't care what I am.

Next week I'm starting in a new school. One I have to board at since it's so far away from home.

I think this is dad's way of sweeping his "Nancy boy" under the carpet.

I may or may not be back on line, which sucks!!!! It's bad enough going into a strange place, but having to leave my friends, MY SANITY, behind just bites.

Sorry for dumping all my woes on you, I just needed to talk.

Thanks.

Oh and before I forget and to make this semi-on-topic. I read part seven of "Fallen Soldiers" Sy, where the hell is part eight? I'm dying for it already!!!!!!

~ Yaoiboy ~

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

From: Sylynce@ heavyarms.com
Subject: Re: (OT) The hell that is my life

Jesus YB!!!! I was wondering where the hell you were. I know I lurk a lot and I'm HORRIBLE with feedback and posting anything other than my fics, but I'm pissed and I just wanted to let you know, I don't talk much. But if you want to vent more, you can e-mail me anytime to talk. I've been really worried about you. Please e-mail me later, that is if you want to talk.

And thanks for the feedback on part seven. Although WHY you even bothered GIVING feedback when your life is hell is beyond me.

You're far too kind. You're one hell of an inspiration, and a lot tougher for it in my opinion. Don't let them get you down YB. I've got your back here in spirit if nothing else.

I really don't know what else to say, like I ever know what to say?

Stories I can write, I'm an abysmal conversationalist.

Some pep talk here huh? Reaper is better at banter than me. I'm sure when he gets this message he'll say what I want to.

Your friend... Always
Sy

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

From: reaper@ shinigami.net
Subject: Re: Re: Subject: (OT) The hell that is my life

HOLY SHIT AND FUCK ME TWICE!!!!!!

O_O

Where's my fucking baseball bat?

GRAHHHHHHHHH! #\$(*#\$(##*\$@#@)(#@!(@\$#\$(@*#@()#*@)(#

First YB, if you're ever in Okinawa LOOK ME UP DUDE!!!!!!
Well if I'm still HERE! Dad may move us yet again. I hope not. Damn Military, I hate being a military brat.

Zero is here, and well we've hooked up, but you all knew that already. I may stay after graduation.

****Zero here**** He IS staying after graduation if I have a say in it. He's pouting because I cut off his yakking. We both read your message, and it is an atrocity!

Like reaper said, if you're ever in Okinawa, look us up. You can crash here with us anytime. We won't let bastards like that get you next time.

****Reaper back**** What he said! Damn man, for the first time I'm like Sy, I don't what to say besides cussing like a lunatic. I want to pulverize these assholes!

We're here anytime you feel like venting Dude. We all love you, and if you ever stop posting those yaoi pics you draw, I may end up going postal on someone.

Don't ever stop being you, you DO have friends YB, and people who love you.

We love you!
Reaper and Zero (Cracking knuckles waiting to back you up next time).

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

From: dragonspirit@ natak.org
Subject: Re: Subject: (OT) The hell that is my life

I must agree with everyone Yaoiboy. Just be you and don't let them ever crush you. You are perhaps the strongest person I know. And never once have I ever seen anything from you I'd even remotely call rude or distasteful.

Neanderthals will try and crush you, rise above them. They are worthless and weak and only know how to destroy.

You create. You create friendship, inspiration (how many times have I used your art as inspiration? How many times have I used it as a kama sutra? O.o You wanted to know that right? No you probably didn't, and Reaper if you rag me on it, I'll kick your American butt so hard, my foot will be lodged in your brain.)

Anyway, what I'm trying to say Yaoiboy. JUST BE YOU!

We love you for WHO you are NOT WHAT you are. We're all gay-friendly here, so it is I guess easier to forget the world outside. But from one STRAIGHT man, who can appreciate the beauty of love in all forms, my heart goes out to you, and like Zero and Reaper, and Sy... I've got your back too.

PoPo is Here, and she just read your message over my shoulder. She's now punching the wall. There goes the chair.

Yup, she's pissed. Add one more person to your friends through thick and thin list.

You're almost out of High School. ONE more year and then just leave friend.

PoPo said the guest room is yours whenever you want it.

So keep that strength you've got going, we're with you and here for you whenever you need us.

DS

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

Quatre smiled and shut off his computer. It had become his lifeline over the past year. He had no 'real world' friends, he was almost painfully shy when it came to people. But taking on the pen name "Yaoiboy" had helped him open up and say the things he'd always wanted to say, but as Quatre, the real person, he was too introverted to do so.

But Yaoiboy was different, he drew his pictures, he played his music, he wrote his stories, and socialized with others. From the moment he got home from school, he did homework first. Got on-line for a bit while he ate dinner. Got off and practiced for an hour. Then he was back on-line until bedtime.

His on-line friends meant more to him than anything. They were more than just unique pen names and random e-mail messages. They were people, just like him, seeking acceptance and common ground with people they couldn't find near them.

He had no idea what their real names were, well except Duo and Heero, Reaper and Zero. They were his 'connection' over seas for his Doujinshi. He'd send Heero his hard earned allowance and in return, he'd get all those lovely Doujinshi he had stashed under his bed like dirty magazines.

Lord if his dad found those, he'd really be in the shit. It was strained enough KNOWING his son was gay. Catching him with beautiful art of men with other men was another thing entirely.

And it WAS art to Quatre. It wasn't like he used them like porn; he didn't sit in the bathroom with them or anything. His father would think that though. Rather Quatre just loved the art, the lines, the EMOTION tied up in the drawings. He only wished he could

read kanji, it would help figuring out the story. But thanks to Heero, he did give a good synopsis of story line with each book he sent.

Quatre wasn't totally clueless as to what was going on plot wise.

He pulled his Doujinshi out and lined the bottom of his suitcase with them. Those were coming with him come hell or high water. He needed SOMETHING to look at night to keep sane when the real world got to be too much of a burden.

He'd be leaving in the morning to his new school, he needed to finish packing, he thought as he flipped through his books as he packed them.

Packed to the brim, Quatre had to sit on his case to zip it closed. He could barely lift the damn thing to set it on the floor. "Thank GOD, it's got wheels." Quatre said grunting as he moved it to the door.

With a defeated sigh of resignation, Quatre laid down and tried not to think of anything but sleep.

PoPo and DS were right. Only one more year, he'd be eighteen then, and he'd be out of this house so fast heads would spin.

One more year, just one more year, he chanted mentally like a mantra as he fell asleep.

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

After a long flight, alone, Quatre was picked up at the airport by the school shuttle. "Classes won't start for another week. Why are you here so early?" The Driver asked and Quatre shrugged.

"You'd have to ask my father that." Quatre said with a sigh as he settled into his seat.

"Ah. Gotcha." The driver said, pulling away from the airport "I won't pry."

Quatre was relieved. And after a short journey from the airport, Quatre arrived at his dorm.

"Great no Elevator." Quatre groaned as he tried to lug his suitcase up the stairs.

"Did you pack the kitchen sink?" Came a soft chuckle as Quatre's head whipped around to spy a tall youth with intense green eyes leaning against the railing.

"It seems like it." Quatre said smiling as the youth shoved away from the railing and took one of the handles.

"What floor are you on?" He asked and Quatre, grateful for the assistance smiled.

"Seven, room 704." Quatre said and the youth nodded.

"Hello neighbor. The Name's Trowa, I'm room 703. We share a bathroom, our rooms are connected by it. I hope you're not a slob who leaves toothpaste in the sink." Trowa said with a slight smile.

Quatre laughed softly. "Uh, no. I'm Quatre."

"Nice to meet you Quatre." Trowa said as he helped lug Quatre's belongings up the stairs. "So far we're the only ones here on the seventh floor. There are two others here on floor Three. AVOID them. They're jerks." Trowa said as he reached the top of the stairs.

"Thanks. I will, I won't go out much. I'm sort of addicted to the web. Tell me we have ports in the room. I'll go stir crazy if we don't." Quatre said putting his key into the door as Trowa followed him in.

"You're in luck. We do. And I know what you mean, I tend to spend more time than in healthy on the web too." Trowa said shutting the door behind him.

"This is the bathroom, that door there on the other side leads to my room." Trowa said showing Quatre around somewhat and helping connect Quatre's laptop computer to the port on his desk. "The cafeteria isn't up yet, so we have to fend for ourselves for meals around here this week. I was going to order pizza, want to go halves?" Trowa asked firing up Quatre's computer.

"Uh, sure. I suppose." Quatre said putting his clothes away, trying not to blush. Trowa was incredibly good looking, and kind. He didn't smile much, and his voice was deep and mellow, very little inflection that would belie anything personal, yet, even in the subtle tones, Quatre felt at ease. At least his semi-roommate/bathroom mate, wasn't some huge jock with a chip on his shoulder.

Trowa was by no means a wimp in appearance. He was really thin, but the broad chest and shoulders were nothing but sharp muscle under an almost sinfully tight t-shirt and cut off shorts.

No uniform yet, since school was still technically not in service. And Quatre felt like a cad for staring at Trowa's back.

He really was a pervert. He barely knew the guy and was entertaining some interesting thought concerning him.

"You've got mail." Trowa said as the computer came to life and the little icon popped up on start up.

"Cool." Quatre said grinning and moving to stow his Doujinshi away on the bookshelf.

"Oh man! What a haul!" Trowa said his eyes going wide at what Quatre carried. "You into doujinshi too?" Trowa said smiling and Quatre nodded.

"Yes, but um. These might not be your taste. They're pretty select." Quatre said trying to dance around the subject. Trowa grinned.

"I can tell by looking Quatre. That a Kurama x Hiei one on top, I'm into Yaoi too, don't worry. I've got some in my room, we'll have to share." Trowa said with a grin going to the bathroom. "I'm gonna check my mail, I'll order the pizza, then I'll bring over my stash for you to look at. Sound good?" Trowa asked and Quatre was almost euphoric.

He's so good looking, I'm gonna need to bolt my door at night to keep me in check!!!!

He's got these big blue eyes, and blonde hair, and CUTE BOD! I'm gushing!!!
I helped him set up his stuff, and when I turned around he had arms full of Doujinshi!

YAOI DOUJINSHI! I'm ordering Pizza, then heading over to drool on books, and pretend it's ONLY the books I'm drooling over.

He is so damn gorgeous, I may need to gouge my eyes out or something to keep from jumping his bones.

So much for me lurking, I just had to tell you guys, I'm STOKED!

Well, I'm gonna check messages fast. And sorry if part eight comes out late, I'm kinda gonna be busy tonight.

WOW!

Sy (Who's suddenly developed a thing for blondes.)

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

From: yaoiboy@ Sandrocks.com
Subject: Re: (OT) An angel moved in next door.

O_O....

Trowa??????

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

From: Sylynce@ Heavyarms.com
Subject: Re: (OT) I've died and gone to HEAVEN!!!!

Oh...
My...
God...

Quatre? Yaoiboy?

I am definitely NOT going to be getting out part eight tonight... I am leaving this computer right now!

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

Trowa met Quatre in the middle of the bathroom, both boys jumping up to see the other.

"Sy?" Quatre asked and Trowa laughed and just scooped Quatre up in a hug.

"The one and only yaoiboy." Trowa said and Quatre squealed and just gripped tighter in the hugs.

"OH MY GOD! You had better get part eight out tonight!" Quatre said as Trowa set him back down on the floor after the hug.

"It's almost done, you want to read what I've got done?" Trowa asked and Quatre grabbed his hand and bolted into Trowa's room.

"DO I?!?!?! Sit! Open that damn file and let me REEEEEAD!!!!!" Quatre said bouncing up and down.

Trowa laughed, "This is going to be one HELL of a good year!" Trowa said pulling open his document. "It's a bit angsty, I'm warning you now. I know how you hate Angst." Trowa said vacating his seat for Quatre to sit.

"I'll need tissue then. You always make me cry when you get angsty." Quatre said his eyes already scanning the words.

It was funny, in the span of fifteen minutes, they had gone from total strangers to feeling utterly comfortable with each other. Already knowing intimately the other's likes and dislikes, preferences and personality. Trowa perched on the edge of his bed and dialed for pizza while Quatre read.

It was a few seconds later, the water works began. "Oh Gooooood! Trowa!!!! Tell me he's not going to die!" Quatre said grabbing the tissue Trowa passed to him.

"You'll have to read it."

"Gahhhhhhh! Then finish this chapter already!!!" Quatre said blowing his nose. Trowa chuckled.

"Only if you finish that Original DJ you're drawing. Do you have it with you? I'd love to see the real thing. I love your art." Trowa said and Quatre smiled and nodded wiping his eyes.

"Yes, I have it. It's all most done, I just need to scan it, but I don't have my scanner with me." Quatre said moving to sit on the bed with Trowa.

"Good thing I have one then." Trowa said grinning over at Quatre.

"I cannot believe you're here. I cannot believe what those ass holes DID TO YOU!" Trowa said suddenly remembering Quatre's bout with a hate crime.

"It's all right. It's over. And in a way, in a SICK way, I'm kinda glad now it happened. I got to meet you because of it." Quatre said looking up into Trowa's eyes smiling.

"Well I've got your back now. For real." Trowa said pulling Quatre into a hug.

"I have a confession to make too." Trowa added and Quatre smiled into Trowa's chest.

"Me to I think. You first." Quatre said and Trowa chuckled.

Um, Sy said it all really. It's like a dream and if somebody pinches me and wakes me up, I think I may cry.

So since we are in MY dream, I like LEMONS!
blushes

(hands keyboard back to Sy in mortification)

laughing

It's me again, He is so cute when he blushes!

So we're signing off, we'll be back later...

TOGETHER!

Checking in from Heaven,
Sy and YB

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

From: SYxYB@ fanboys.com
Subject: Delay in fic...

Um, sorry no fic yet. Still working on the lemon sections.

hit and run taunt

SATED SMIRK

SY

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

From: reaper@ Shinigami.net
Subject: Re: Delay in fic...

NO FAIR!!!!!!
pouts

TAKE PICTURES!!!!!!

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

From: PoPo@ hotchicx.org
Subject: Re: Delay in fic...

>>>>>> From: reaper@ Shinigami.net
Subject: Re: Delay in fic...

NO FAIR!!!!!!

pouts

TAKE PICTURES!!!!!!!

====

WHAT HE SAID!!!!!!!

Drooling POPO!

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

From: D@ wtf.org

Subject: The End.

Just a random fic for mailing list junkies everywhere!

Hey, it could happen... I know it has.

(Winks at two peeps that know precisely who I'm talking about in this fic.)

Events have been changed to protect the Hentai's involved.

SMIRK

D