

Mistletoe and HO HO HO!

“Oh the weather outside is Frightful, but the fire is so delightful, but since there’s no place to go. Let it snow! Let it Snow! Let it Snow!” The radio played as Trowa sat in the window seat, watching the crystals of water drift on the chill breeze to settle against the windowpane. Yes, to be out in weather like this was Frightful, but inside it was a beautiful scene to behold. This was the first Christmas he could remember where he wasn’t hold up somewhere freezing or fighting. For that one aspect alone, he was grateful. But he had more blessings in his life this year than he could ever find enough time to thank the heavens for. Namely the Blonde currently trudging up the path towards the front door. Well, you couldn’t quite see WHO it was underneath the huge parka, scarf, hat, earmuffs, boots, and full ski mask, but Trowa knew who was buried underneath all those layers. He chuckled, poor Quatre. Cold was not something his little one liked very much. He quickly rose to meet him at the door.

Quatre set the numerous satchels he carried on the floor as he stamped the snow off his boots and began to shrug off layers. Like a snake shedding it’s skin. Trowa helped unwrap his lover, a smile plastered on his lips. “Don’t you dare laugh at me Trowa.” Quatre said with a sparkle in his eye, and a smile on his face.

“Now would I do that to you Little One?” Trowa asked and Quatre shook a finger at him.

“Yes, you would. And if you don’t be nice, I’ll show you cold.” Quatre playfully threatened and Trowa did chuckle then.

“It was your idea to come to Earth Quatre, I didn’t make you.” Trowa said and Quatre sighed, he was right.

“I know. But I know how much this Christmas means to you, and as the song says, it’s supposed to be white. Not likely to get snow on L4 now are we?” Quatre said hanging his parka on the hook by the cabin door.

“True, true. I was actually beginning to worry about you. You’ve been gone for hours. Where did you go?” Trowa asked and that gleeful sparkle danced once again in those aquamarine pools that were Trowa’s weakness from the get go.

“What usually do you associate with Christmas? I’m Muslim and even I know the answer to that question Trowa.” Quatre said wrinkling his nose and snatching the bags before a curious Trowa could peer inside. “No Peeking. You’ll know tomorrow morning what’s in here.” Quatre said turning around, only to stare breathless into the living space of the cabin. Trowa had been busy while he’d been out shopping. “Oh Trowa! It’s beautiful.” Quatre gasped as he got his first glimpse at a proper Christmas tree with all the trimmings.

“I thought so.” Trowa said kissing Quatre’s cheek, and ruffling his hair before guiding Quatre into the living room. Halting him in the entrance then pointing up.

“What’s that?” Quatre asked and Trowa leveled him a truly evil grin if ever Quatre saw one.

“That Little One is commonly referred to as Mistletoe. And do you know what happens to unsuspecting people who stand under said mistletoe, like you are?” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled and blushed slightly.

“Yes, I do.” He answered.

“Good.” Was all Trowa said before leaning over to claim those reddened and puffy from the cold lips. Quatre almost dropped the bags, as once again, Trowa managed to make him numb with just his kiss. The man was good for many things, Quatre was positive kissing was this man’s best feature. The world spun off it’s axis every time Trowa plundered his mouth with a kiss.

Reluctantly Quatre pulled away. “At least let me put these presents under the tree first.” Quatre said then winked. “Then I’ll let you be my Santa, if I can be your Ho Ho Ho.” He added impishly. Trowa burst out laughing, never expecting something like that ever to issue forth from Quatre’s lips.

“Have you been in the eggnog?” Trowa asked clutching his sides. And Quatre beamed.

“No.” Was all Quatre said as he blushed a bright red and finished laying out the presents under the tree.

“Oh good. I’d hate to take advantage of you if you were drunk. But since that offer came from my Sober little one...” Trowa said as he pounced like a panther. Swooping Quatre up, and draping him over his shoulder. Quatre squealed in mock protest.

“Put me down! Trowa!” Quatre hollered as he giggled.

“Oh, I’ll put you down in a minute.” Trowa said as he traversed towards the back of the cabin and their bedroom.

Flopping Quatre unceremoniously on the bed, still in a state of giggles, Trowa smirked and switched off the light.

“Here comes Santa Claus” Trowa said as he crawled on top of his lover and nimbly began to kiss the remaining garments Quatre wore, off. The heavy sweater, turtle neck, jeans, and underwear soon lay in a heap on the floor. Trowa’s joined them. A fact in and of itself which never ceased to amaze Quatre. Trowa, had to have had an extra set of hands, cause for him to remove his own clothes, and explore Quatre’s body at the same time seemed utterly impossible. Yet the proof was in the pudding, you just excepted Trowa could do things and you just didn’t question how or why. It would serve only to make one’s brain ache if you dared try.

Quatre’s breath quickened, Trowa knew all the right places, and planted numerous kisses in those perfect little areas. He so loved to see Quatre squirm in delight. He was an angel, and seeing the joys he could bring with just the touches of affection made Trowa’s world a grand place to be. Quatre was so easy to please, and his pleasure only heightened Trowa’s own. Trowa crouched over his beloved and leaving a trail of unquenchable desire in his wake, kissed his way down Quatre’s chest, to his navel, then he teased and kissed everywhere, but, the one place aching for his touch. Quatre’s moans grew ever more urgent, and when Trowa felt he’d tortured his lover long enough, he brought his lips to where Quatre needed them to be.

Quatre felt Trowa’s warmth engulf him. The heat a welcome haven. Trowa’s teeth gently grazed his swollen girth, then retreated only to be replaced by the lapping waves of passion in the form of his tongue. The process repeating, making the current inside Quatre’s body steadily build to the breaking point. Quatre couldn’t stop the maelstrom when it hit and washed over him. Bucking and panting he toppled over the brink into the abyss created by Trowa’s affection. His lover’s name torn from his throat like a curse or a prayer, a siren’s song to Trowa’s senses. Nothing sounded as sweet than his name called from his lovers lips in the throws of ecstasy.

While Quatre regained his breath, Trowa silently reached into the nightstand and readied himself for what was yet to come. Making sure there was a liberal amount; one thing he would never do was cause pain to his Little One. And having enough practice now, he knew precisely how to ensure it. Without even an urge to do so, Quatre rolled over and wordlessly gave the invitation Trowa sought.

In one fluid, graceful motion, Trowa seated himself into his lover. The stars shone in their eyes as their bodies united as one. Just as their hearts had done long before. In a tempo set to the song of their souls, the rocked together. Parting, but never apart before closing the expanse once more. An eternity passes in a moment. The laws of time never adhering to moments such as these. Hours seemed minutes and minutes hours as the impassioned lovers wrestled as one. Sharing more than their seed, but so much more. Hopes, dreams, desires, spirits, and wishes, but most important, love.

Love was the glue that bound them together in ways no man or woman could tear asunder. This was their peace, their harmony, their music. It was unique unto them. Just like the season itself was unique unto the world of man.

It was a time of renewal, a time of joy, and time a sharing and caring. This season meant more than fancy ribbons, and packages. More than baubles and shiny beads. And for the few who saw the deeper meaning, even Muslims and Christians could find something to share together beyond a war. The first had been a crusade of bloodshed. And it was bloodshed that led these two to each other. And together they tied the bonds of what the spirit of man was truly meant to be, and healed the wounds of not only past generations, but if future ones to come. Not that they realized that now, as they slept entwined in each others arms, not that they would ever realize that. But it did not change the fact that in a way that had happened. And all it took was love. Peace on Earth, Goodwill Towards Man.

Merry Christmas 2000

From The Fables spinner

The End.
