

# Nights in White Satin ~ By: The Moody Blues

---

## **Nights in White Satin**

By

Justin Hayward (performed by The Moody Blues)

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Nights is white Satin**

**Never reaching the end**

**Letters I've written**

**Never meaning to send**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Trowa sat in the shadows by the window. A long forgotten hurriedly scribbled poem waded up in his back pocket. His resolve in giving Quatre the poor attempt at a love note dying the moment he stepped in the room. He had plenty of courage in battle, absolutely none when it came to matters of this nature. So he sat and silently watched unobserved by the slumbering figure across the room.

It was well past midnight and they had long past bid each other goodnight. Trowa couldn't sleep, not after what had transpired earlier that afternoon. How in one heartbeat, one breath, one tick of the second hand of the clock his world could suddenly change perspective and focus so unerringly clearly. How in one moment shared he could fall head over heels in love with a total stranger.

A stranger for all intensive purposes he could have, WOULD have killed right there on the battlefield. But somehow, something intervened. Was it fate? Was it coincidence? Trowa didn't know and couldn't say. Yet they had surrendered to each other. Now Trowa was considering surrendering his most guarded possession, his heart. Which still beat to the rhythm of the duet they had played together earlier that day. Did Quatre realize just what he did to him? No, probably not.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Beauty I'd always missed**

**With these eyes before**

**Just what the truth is**

**I can't say anymore**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Trowa watched the pristine beauty entwine his slender and elegantly shaped limbs in the soft satin sheets that gleamed an unearthly white in the moonlight spilling in from the tall windows of Quatre's bedroom. Never in his young life had Trowa ever seen anything so breathtakingly beautiful. Nothing and no one had ever held his attention so raptly as the blue-eyed illusion of a seraph sleeping peacefully before him did.

Trowa moved across the room to kneel beside the bed. Tenderly, he reached over and gently moved the soft silken strands of Quatre's overly long bangs that threatened to disturb sleeping eyelashes. "I don't know whether to curse you or thank you for the things you are doing to me. Stirring something I thought had died within me a long time ago." Trowa said dripping a tender kiss to a cool forehead before turning and leaving the room. Looking back to the sleeping form only once before disappearing down darkened hallways to his borrowed room for the remainder of the night.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Cause I love you**

**Yes I love you**

**Oh, How I love you**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Trowa fell asleep that night resolved to leave the following day. No matter what his heart told him, even if these feelings were real now was not the time to explore them. Sadly matters of the heart were not the priority, the war was. Maybe when it was all said and done, he'd have a second chance to pursue these budding feelings stirring in his chest, and various other points in his body. Trowa grumbled and turned his face into his pillow. Sometimes being young was a liability; this was one of those instances. He could control a bulky mobile suit with ease, but not his own raging hormones.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Gazing at people**

**Some hand in hand**

**Just what I'm going through**

**They can't understand**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

The nights had become almost painfully long, and each one spent away from Trowa was sheer agony. Not saying that nights with him would be any different, it was the thought of never seeing him again that was driving Quatre to distraction. He would never forgive himself for what he'd done, and if, no WHEN he found Trowa again he'd not expect to be forgiven, but had every intention of begging for it if need be.

How could he have been so stupid as to build that infernal Wing Zero? Had he left well enough alone and just rebuilt Sandrock none of this current nightmare would be happening. And he might have stood a slim chance of exploring this nagging feeling in his gut that Trowa was something more than just a friend.

Quatre's heart never lied, and something inside was urging him, pleading with him to confess these new emotions threatening to eat him alive and live in pure bliss after being devoured by them.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Some try to tell me**

**Thoughts they cannot defend**

**Just what you want to be**

**You will be in the end**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Only Heero indulged Quatre's near obsession if finding Trowa. Everyone else either turned a blind eye or made him feel like he was wasting precious resources on a futile quest. He couldn't defend his actions, nor could he belittle their assumptions of him. Even Quatre thought himself mad, but he knew, he just knew he'd find him again. He had to; he just had to be near him just once more. Just one moment more was his prayer every night, just one more chance to say what he'd failed to say the last time they had met. Once more and Quatre knew he would find the courage to say those three words he felt so strongly in his heart now he was almost suffocating.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**And I love you**

**Yes I love you**

**Oh, How I love you**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Found, but still lost. Quatre wept bitter tears almost every night. He had found Trowa, but the discovery had led to a greater pain than separation, Trowa, his Trowa was trapped in a mind that held no memories of what they had fleetingly shared.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Nights in white satin**

**Never reaching the end**

**Letters I've written**

**Never meaning to send**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

The battle was over at last and his memories, the good along with the bad had been returned to Trowa by the same machine that had taken them from him in the first place. For it was the machine responsible, Quatre could not be held to blame for the warping effects this mechanical demon did to its pilot. The Zero system was an entity not to be trifled with.

But now peace had finally come to them all, but at what price? Trowa watched the medics lift a bedraggled pilot out of Sandrock's cockpit. Only Quatre could have continued the struggle for peace with a rapier wound in his side. Trowa walked alongside of the stretcher and then settled himself in Quatre's room. Not even bothering changing out of his flight suit. He didn't want to miss a moment with Quatre.

He'd let too many moments slip by, the moment Quatre opened his eyes, Trowa would tell him how he felt. The war was over, this was the moment he'd been waiting for, and he held a suspicion Quatre had been waiting for it too. Only a fool could miss the stolen glances when he thought Trowa wasn't looking.

And Trowa had to admit, when he thought Quatre wasn't looking either.

Trowa unzipped his suit and reached into his shirt pocket; the crumpled note still with him, this time, come hell or high water, he'd show it to Quatre.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Beauty I've always missed**

**With these eyes before**

**Just what the truth is**

**I can't say any more**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Trowa was asleep in the chair when Quatre awoke, and the smile on Quatre's lips would have taken Trowa's breath away had he been awake to see it. Quatre sighed and just gazed at the tall boy who so gracefully draped long limbs over armrests to rest his head against the back of the chair.

The artificial glow of fluorescent lighting coming from the hallway illuminating only the chair, as if a circus spotlight was shining upon him. He was so elegantly beautiful Quatre almost wept. A lithe feline, languid, yet ever alert even in repose. No wonder the big cats adored Trowa, he was but one step removed. Quatre couldn't help but stare in silence, in complete and utter awe. Being captivated by sheer presence.

~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Cause I love you**

**Yes I love you**

**Oh, How I love you**

~\*~\*~\*~\*

Trowa felt eyes prickling his skin and he came to wakefulness and peeled open steely green eyes to see misty oceans staring back at him. "Quatre!" Trowa cried in relief flying out of his chair to kneel once more beside Quatre's bed. "How do you feel?" Trowa asked pushing still overly long bangs out of Quatre's eyes.

"Sore, but I think I can manage. I'm a lot stronger than I look." He said smiling and Trowa for the first time truly smiled back. Quatre felt the wind rush from his lungs and his heart rate flutter at the sheer magnitude that once gesture hit him with.

"Of that, I will never doubt again. Your determination is unmatched. I admire you for that." Trowa said sitting back on his heels and Quatre smiled still.

"Well don't admire too much. I'm still dumb enough not to move out of the way." Quatre said and Trowa laughed.

"I never said you we're quick, I said strong. Big difference." Trowa teased and Quatre laughed and then winced. Instantly Trowa's joviality was gone and replaced by utter concern. "What can I do? Shall I get the Nurse?" Trowa asked worried.

Quatre shook his head. "No, I'm fine. It just hurts to laugh at the moment. Just keep Duo out and I'll be fine." Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

"I think I can manage that." Trowa said getting up and going to the door and locking it. "There, just the two of us now." He said and Quatre blushed at his own traitorous thoughts that one phrase evoked in his mind. And from the way Trowa was looking at him, he thoughts must have betrayed themselves.

"What are you looking at? Do I look that bad?" Quatre asked and Trowa violently shook his head.

“No, God no Quatre. I’m just glad to see you alright is all.” Trowa said moving back and dragging the chair over to sit closer to Quatre at the bedside. He sat down and pulled out the paper from his pocket. “I also have something I want to read to you. I wrote this just after we met. That afternoon we played in your study. This kind of sums up how you made me feel. Do you mind if I read it to you now?” Trowa asked and Quatre held his breathe in anticipation.

Trowa wrote something? Inspired by their duet? Quatre was more than intrigued and nodded enthusiastically for Trowa to proceed.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

**Breathe deep the gathering gloom  
Watch lights fade from every room  
Bedsitter people look back and lament  
Another day's useless energies spent  
Impassioned lovers wrestle as one  
Lonely man cries for love and has none  
New mother picks up and suckles her son  
Senior Citizens wish they were young  
Cold hearted orb that rules the night  
Removes the colours from our sight  
Red is Grey and Yellow, White  
But we decide which is right  
And which is an illusion...**

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Quatre was in tears by the end verse, his heart beating frantically against his ribcage. Did that mean? Oh God he hoped so. “Trowa...I...” he whispered and a finger rested against his lips.

“I’m not finished. All my life Things were either black or white. Then you came along and showed me that there were not only various shades of gray in-between but also an entire rainbow of colors just waiting to be touched. I had my eyes shut to that spectrum for so long I had almost forgotten it even existed. You gave that back to me, you gave so much back to me I can’t even begin to describe them. But I’m going to try, and it might take me a long time, perhaps a lifetime to tell you them all. Do you think you can stick around that long?” Trowa asked and Quatre openly wept.

“Forever and a day.” He said and reached out to grasp Trowa’s hand. Both hands trembling and shaking with mixed emotions of fear and elation.

“Perfect, just the time I need.” Trowa said leaning over to brush Quatre’s lips with a tentative kiss.

It was slightly awkward, and brief, but it was their first and even stumbling, nothing would ever be as sweet.

“I love you Trowa.” Quatre sighed as the kiss broke, finally saying the words he had so longed to say.

“I love you too, and plan on loving you for a long time. Now close your eyes and go to sleep. Because I want our time together not spent in this damn hospital.” Trowa said and Quatre smiled.

“And just where do you want to spend “Our Time” together at precisely?” Quatre asked and then blushed a brilliant shade of red when Trowa smiled and his eyes danced.

“I seem to recall a rather large bed with white satin sheets tucked away in the middle of a desert oasis. That seemed like a destination I wanted to travel to indefinitely some time back.” Trowa said and Quatre smiled and tried not to squeak when he spoke.

“How did you know what my bed looked like? You never went in my room.” Quatre said and it was Trowa’s turn to blush.

“Not while you were awake, no.” Trowa admitted and Quatre’s jaw dropped.

“I was naked!” He gasped.

“Believe me, I remember... Vividly.” Trowa said and smiled. “I hope to see it again, and soon.” He added and Quatre was still flushed but liking very much where this was going.

“I sleep naked all the time.” He said and Trowa leaned in close and smiled.

“Good, so do I.” Trowa said and kissed Quatre once more, a little more passionately this time. “And the sooner you’re out of here, the sooner I can show you.” He said and Quatre giggled and laid his head on Trowa’s shoulder.

“Is that a promise?” Quatre asked and Trowa chuckled.

“It’s a statement of fact. I’m not waiting for you any more, I’ve waited long enough.” Trowa said and Quatre sighed.

“Then let me make a call and we can be out of here tonight.” Quatre said and Trowa stood and reached for the phone.

Within hours they were on a shuttle back to earth. It was dawn by the time Trowa carried his weakened love up the stairs and laid him in that glorious bed. Gently stripping Quatre of his bedclothes to reveal that heavenly body.

Trowa removed his own garments as was soon nestled against Quatre. Protectively curled around him. “Now go to sleep. We have all the time in the world to do more than this. Right now you heal then and only then do we do more than sleep in this bed.” Trowa said and Quatre snuggled closer and wordlessly dropped off to sleep. Secure in the knowledge that his heart had once again spoken true.

Love was indeed what was shared between them. For lust had no care for pain, only selfish pleasure. Love sought pleasure by preserving it, and nurturing it. Protecting it, just as Trowa was doing right now.

Slumber came and carried them away as the first rays of dawn broke across the desert sky.

The dawning of a new world, a new peace, and a new love for the two young men who clung to one another amidst white satin and beautiful dreams the shared.

~Fini