

Please Remember Me

~ AC 195 ~

Quatre's heart raced in his chest, Trowa was alive! His brief meeting with Duo had brought a joy to Quatre's soul he thought lost for all eternity. But why had Duo seemed so sad concerning Trowa? Quatre hadn't thought to ask. The mere mention of Trowa had caused most of Quatre's cognitive reasoning to fly right out the proverbial window. All the young Arabian could think of was running into Trowa's arms and begging his forgiveness. Why hadn't Trowa contacted him? Another Question that plagued his young heart and mind. Surely, with what they'd shared, the least Trowa could have done was yell at him. The silence frightened Quatre, something was dreadfully wrong. Had their night in San Francisco meant more to Quatre than it had to Trowa? Quatre pondered this memory as he piloted his shuttle to the colony Duo had said Trowa was on.

"So you've come here as well Friend Trowa." Quatre had called out to the tall, and handsome young pilot. 'Does he realize how beautiful he is' Quatre had mused to himself as he met Trowa's steely green eye. "I work alone." Was all Trowa had said. Quatre refused to give up. "Yes, But two is better than one." He had said and the Taller pilot turned and sighed. 'How can I say no to him? Such a tender soul.' Trowa mused inwardly as he silently gave into the lovely young pilot. Trowa's inner emotions playing tug-of-war with his Mercenary training. Quatre smiled up at him, and against his will, Trowa felt the corners of his mouth tug involuntarily upward in a soft and subtle smile. He reached up and unconsciously ruffled his thick golden mane. "You make it difficult to refuse you. I'm sure you realize that." Trowa had said and Quatre's brilliant sea green eyes practically danced. Trowa was lost in them momentarily. 'Does he realize how Beautiful he is?' Trowa thought to himself as a rush of tender emotions seized his chest.

Quatre laughed "It's just common sense we should work as a team. We are after the same thing." Quatre said and Trowa nodded once. "I'm just used to being on my own little one. I've never even had a name to call my own." Trowa said softly and Quatre took his hand. "That's so lonely. I can feel your duress. You can tell me Trowa. I'd never betray you." Quatre said and Trowa looked into the soft, caring, trusting eyes and nearly wept. "I know you won't. I do trust you Quatre. Even if I don't always seem to. You are perhaps the only person I do trust." Trowa said squeezing Quatre's hand. With that they headed out of the hanger and to the hotel Quatre had arranged.

Quatre pulled into the shuttle port and hurriedly went in search of the Circus troupe. His breath came in gasps as he ran down street after street. Knowing with every step he took, he was one step closer to the one he loved most in the world. One he thought lost to him forever, by his own hands. 'Trowa please forgive me.' He prayed silently to anyone who would listen as he sprinted toward the big top.

Then out of the darkness into the light, Quatre saw him. Kneeling by the lion cages. Tears welled up in Quatre's eyes, his heart deafening him it was pound so hard. "Trowa! It is you! Oh Trowa!" Quatre cried out and the tall Pilot stood and the look in his eye froze Quatre's heart and stopped time. There was nothing there. "I'm sorry. Do I know you?" Trowa asked. 'By Allah, what have I done?' Quatre thought as he stood facing him in tears. The crash of a bucket hitting the ground drew there attention. "Trowa! I'll feed the animals." Catherine said and when Trowa began to protest she ordered him to leave. "Get Going!". Quatre used every ounce of his courage just to remain standing as Trowa, his beloved Trowa walked away from.

Before he could follow, Catherine was before him, blocking the way. "Let him go, he's happy now! He's been hurt enough." Catherine said and Quatre fought more tears. "I know, It's all my fault." He said longing to run after Trowa. Who did not remember. Seeing Trowa's sister was not about to let him near

Trowa, Quatre sighed and with a heavy heart, turned and walked away. His head hanging in dejection and despair. He didn't see the form in the shadows who fell to his knees in agony. Grasping his head as the flash of memory eluded his conscious efforts to recall. "I know HIM! Why do I know him?" Trowa shivered. "It's so cold." He said to no one as he huddled in a fetal position on the straw.

Quatre flung himself onto the sofa in his motel room and wept. He wept buckets and buckets of tears as his heart shattered into pieces. "Oh Trowa please Remember me! Remember what we had!" Quatre sobbed into his pillow as he remembered himself. Vividly recalling a motel room similar to the one he was currently crying in. Tired from a long journey, both young men had ate dinner together in almost a stony silence. Quatre couldn't help but admire the long deft fingers on Trowa's hands as he cut apart his steak into small mouthfuls. From underneath long lashes and longer bangs, Trowa glanced up at Quatre. He tapped Quatre's plate with his knife. "Eat little one before it grows cold." Trowa said and Quatre had blushed, not realizing he had been staring. Trowa fought another smile and lost the battle. Quatre was adorable, and it was fairly obvious he seemed to have mutual feelings of attraction. "I like you too. Now eat Quatre." Trowa added bringing an even hotter flush to Quatre's cheeks. Trowa almost laughed at the sight as Quatre picked at his dinner. Too flustered to eat. It was then Trowa knew they were definitely mutual feelings of attraction. Which was good, because he was rapidly beginning to fall for the fair haired little Arabian across from him.

Trowa sat on a hay bale and stared blankly up at the sky. His heart felt strangely pulled in the direction of outer space. But why? Why did he feel he knew that young blonde? His eyes had felt so familiar. Why? Why? Trowa was grasping at snippets of disjointed memory fragments. Trying to piece together the jigsaw that was his past. Cathy presses a cup of cocoa into Trowa's hands and patted his shoulder. "You're safe her baby brother. Never you fear. I'm always here for you." Catherine said before returning to her chores. She looked back at her brother and sighed. "Oh Trowa, I wonder if you really are better off this way?" She said more to herself as she watched the Shell that resembled Trowa look for answers in the stars. That night, Trowa had a dream.

He stood on a balcony, and the young Blonde from earlier that day stood with him. They were looking up at the stars and talking. Then the Dream misted over before Trowa could hear what they were talking about. The next image his mind's eye painted was beautiful. The delicate little one was in his arms, big adoring eyes that looked like the sea after a storm gazed at him in a silent plea. Their lips met and the dream image became gray and hazy, then cleared to show the beautiful young man asleep. Curled up beside him in a tangle of sheets. A smile of contentment on his lips. Trowa's dream self stroked the soft tendrils of spun gold that made up the young man's hair. The sleeping beauty murmured without waking and nestled closer to Trowa's effigy. Their naked bodies held a sheen in the soft moonlight. "Ah, little one, you have given me more than you know" Trowa's dream image said causing the Real Trowa to wake with a start. Shivering and grasping at the dream that fled his consciousness like a banshee to taunt him Trowa cried out. "What's happening to me!?! Who am I?!" He said pounding his fists into the wall of his trailer in frustration. He longed to cry and release the pain that shrouded his memories, and they refused to fall. As if he'd forgotten how to feel as well as his past.

The next day The circus shook as a battle broke out near the colony. Trowa froze in fear, Catherine dove at him, knocking him out of the way as the stage lights came crashing to the ground nearly crushing him. Then looking up, HE was there, the young man with those loving eyes. "Get out of here, It's not safe. The White Fang and Oz are fighting, you must get to safety. Please." He begged, locking Trowa with those eyes that seemed to beg him wordlessly for something. Trowa was drawn to them like an moth to a street lamp. He could not deny this familiar pull. Cathy was crying and his world began to swim in half remembered promises and voices. The Lovely Man named Quatre vanished into the distance to fight. Saying only "Trowa, you saved my Soul."

Cathy stood and looked at her younger brother, knowing that look on his face all too well. "I can't stop you can I?" she asked and Trowa looked at her and wiped the tears from her face. "He's crying too. I can feel it. I can feel him calling to me. I don't know why Cathy. But I have to go. I promise to come back."

He said turning from her and walking away. He knew the answers to his past lay in the path he now walked. He knew the key to the mystery belonged in the hand of the blonde who touched his hidden heart.

Quatre had seemed overjoyed when Trowa appeared. But it wasn't until He returned to battle in Wing Zero to protect Catherine, that Trowa suddenly remembered why. Images came flooding back, one on top of the other. Drowning him in a sea of memories. Some painful, some horrifying, some pleasurable, but all of them his. All a part of the past that had formed Trowa. The last image was of Quatre. Sweet, beautiful, Tender Quatre. "My little one! I remember you." Trowa sighed as all the joy Quatre had ever given him returned. It had not been a dream after all, but a wonderful, blissful memory.

Once back on Peacemillion, He took Quatre aside and kissed him tenderly. "How could I ever have forgotten you Little One." He said and Quatre in tears wrapped his arms around Trowa. "Forgive me. Oh Trowa, I'm so sorry." Quatre said and Trowa smoothed his hair back and looked his beloved in the eye, and smiled. "That wasn't you Little One. I know that. It was Zero. There is nothing to forgive you for." Trowa said wiping the tears from Quatre's soft cheeks. "What's in the past is over. Let's concentrate on our future." Trowa said softly pulling his Quatre into his arms. Quatre returned the embrace and wept joyful tears into Trowa's chest. His prayer's had been answered. Trowa had remembered, and their love once again bound them to one another and gave rise to hope in their breast.

Their hearts were reunited and given a second chance. They had each other to fight for and to protect. When Peace finally came, they would have each other to share it with. They sealed that unspoken promise with a kiss.
