

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter One

It was the same old story. Day after day Prince Quatre, son of the Sultan arose with the first rays of dawn. And Day after day he sat by his window to watch the golden honey spill over his pane. There he would stay, breathless with wonderment and anticipation, until it would reach up and caress his features in warmth. The only warmth he had in the world. For a young man surrounded by servants, sisters, and soldiers, he was set apart, and so very alone. Being the youngest of the Sultan's myriad of children, and being the only son; he had been set high upon a pedestal. From his perch he could gaze longingly at those around him, but never join them in their merriment. He was either too young, too old, too important, not important enough, and so forth and so on. Quatre had become an expert in excuses. They'd all been used on him from one time to another.

But today? Today was different. Today was young Quatre's 18th birthday. Today he was officially a man. And damn it he was going to prove it! But how? That's where his mind failed him. He had no clue what to do. Let alone how to go about it. He'd never left the palace walls. A whole world lay unexplored just beyond those carved marble gates. "That's it!" Quatre said leaping out of bed. Today he was going outside. He was going to see the world before once again his father shut him away in his gilded prison. Quatre's sole reason for being, was to wait until his father died and assumed the crown. Quatre was tired of waiting. Father was healthy and thriving. Quatre was young and dying inside. His mind was made up; today he would leave and explore the world beyond the palace.

A knock came to his door. "Yo Quatre? You up yet... er ah Your Highness?" Came the voice of Quatre's favorite servant. The one who could always cheer him up when he was down trodden.

"Yes Duo, I'm up. And please I've known you all my life. Will you please stop calling me that? Quatre's just fine. And you know that." Quatre said throwing a pillow at his braided servant. Duo ducked and grinned.

"I know, just like to tease ya. Happy birthday!" Duo said holding out a gift. Quatre was stunned. Duo had little to no money. The last thing Quatre expected was a gift.

"Duo, you shouldn't have. Your friendship is more than enough." Quatre said truthfully from the heart.

"I know. Don't argue. Just take it. It's not much, but we, Heero, Wufei, and I, we wanted to show you that we appreciate you too." Duo said as Quatre's other two manservants entered the room. Teary eyed, Quatre accepted the gift and sat down to unwrap it. Inside was a rough woolen cloak and peasant's clothes.

"Hurry up and Get dressed Quatre. Wufei slipped some herbs into the guard's tea this morning. If you want out, you have about 20 minutes before they wake up." Heero said smiling at his long time master and friend.

"Heero will stay here and pretend to be you. Duo will get you out into the city. After that you're on your own to do as you wish. Just PLEASE try and meet Duo back at the gates by nightfall? This charade is going to be hard to pull off." Wufei said as Quatre hurriedly changed.

"How did you guys know this was what I wanted?" Quatre asked and Duo laughed.

"Quatre, your eyes. You say a lot when you don't think you do. We know how lonely you are stuck up in here. So hurry, you can kiss us for it later. Then get us OUT of the jail if we get busted." Duo said draping the cloak around Quatre's shoulders and ushering him quickly down Wufei's planned route of escape to freedom.

~*~*~*

Good as their word, within the Hour, Quatre was merrily wandering down rows and rows of merchant stalls. Some selling pottery, others jewelry, dates, figs, pastries, clothing, a cornucopia of goods as far as the eye could see. Quatre gazed at them all in fascination. One booth in particular caught his eye. "Magic Lamps?" Quatre laughed at the scribbled sign and the sad display of dented and tarnished bronze lamps of various sizes scattered about the tattered rug.

"Yes, young master. Gathered from the four corners of the world. Guaranteed to make all your wishes come true." The knurled old man said from under his turban.

"But I want for nothing." Quatre said bending over to look at the small lamp near his feet. The bronze had taken on a green oxidized hue. And even in it's dinginess, the color itself was remarkable.

“Is that what you feel? Or what you’ve been told to feel?” The old man countered as he picked up the lamp that had caught Quatre’s eye. “Here, see for yourself. Your highness.” The old man said and Quatre’s head shot up, about to ask how the old man knew who he was. But in the second it took for Quatre to look up. The old man was gone. The Stall was gone. The entire marketplace was gone. All that was left was the vast desert and a small beaten lamp resting in the shifting sands.

“See for yourself your highness. Rub the lamp.” A voice said carried on the hot desert wind.

~*~*~*~*~

Obedient, and rather scared, Quatre picked up the lamp and the softest brush of his fingers across the dingy surface began to make the lamp vibrate and hum. With a whoosh that sent Quatre flying backwards into the sand dune behind him, tangling him in his cloak, against all odds. Something did happen. Coughing and sputtering Quatre tried in vain to disengage himself from his bonds of fabric, when a soft voice spoke. A voice whose very timbre sent Quatre’s nerves to tingling on end. Like the Music of an oboe, Soft and mournful, it ceases his struggling instantly.

“My Master, I am yours to command. What the? Is my Master an Ostrich? Or does he like having his head in the sand?” Came the half mocking voice as a hand reached out to right him. As the cloak fell from Quatre’s face, the voice that lulled him held a face that froze him in place. Clad in naught but emerald silk pants, a young man stood. A Golden collar chest plate, and golden wristbands adorned his upper, well-built young form. Eyes traveling further up revealed a golden hoop earring twinkling in the sun. Next to it, a gemstone of the same green as his garments, stared at him from under long lashes. His other eye, lost behind a shock of cinnamon hair. That waved in the desert wind. Quatre’s heart lurched in his chest. This was perhaps the most stunning creature Quatre had ever seen in his life. Man, woman or beast included. Man he was without a doubt, yet in his eyes, a hint of a beast as well.

Quatre’s mouth went dry, and his limbs began to grow heavy. This was a dream. None of this was real, it couldn’t be. Nothing this perfect existed outside of dreams. Even for Princes. Quatre took a step back, the hem of his cloak wrapping around his ankle, causing him to lose balance once more, sending him stumbling into the young dream man. Toppling them both into the Dune Quatre had just vacated.

“Not an Ostrich. Even they aren’t this clumsy.” The dream man said.

“Very funny. I’m sorry. It’s just this cloak it’s too big. I’m sorry.” Quatre said and then felt those hands upon him again.

“Don’t be sorry. It’s nice to have a young Master again. I’ve been in that lamp for far too long.” He said helping Quatre to his feet for the second time in as many minutes. “My name is Trowa, and I am the Genie of the lamp you own. Thus you own me. Ask of me three wishes my master, and I will grant them.” Trowa said bowing to his master. His very handsome young master.

“Well, I don’t need anything really. I want for nothing. That’s what I was TRYING to tell the Man selling these things. Hey I didn’t pay!” Quatre said and Trowa laughed. Well and truly laughed.

“Oh dear Master. You would not own me if you didn’t have at least one wish to make. The weaver of dreams does not make mistakes. He gave me to you for a reason. It’s up to you to figure out what it is you wish for.” Trowa said before languidly lying down on a beautiful Persian carpet, which had somehow appeared on the dune beneath the genie’s feet.

Quatre groaned Trowa was just too unreal to be real. And far too distracting when he was sitting like THAT. Quatre cleared his throat. “Well, I suppose I can think of at least one thing to wish for.” Quatre said.

“And that is Master?” Trowa said. And Quatre winced.

“Okay, one wish and a request?” Quatre said and Trowa raised an eyebrow. “First the request. Don’t call me Master please. I hate that. Call me Quatre? Call me ANYTHING but Master?” He asked and Trowa nodded.

“That I can grant without using a wish I think, Muhib.” Trowa said with a Wink. “And your wish?”

“A Map or a route, or a horse, or a camel OUT of this desert and back to the city?” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“As you wish.” Trowa said as the Carpet he lay on began to lift the Genie skyward. A Long arm, with willowy fingers reached down to the blond on the sand. “Will this do?” Trowa asked and Quatre practically squealed before taking the Genie’s hand and clambering up onto the Carpet.

Sitting in front of Trowa, Quatre watched the Genie reach down and then pluck the Lamp out of the sand. "Don't forget this." Trowa said laying the lamp in Quatre's hand. "Do not let it fall into the Wrong hands. Without it, I can help you not. I am bound to serve the owner of the lamp. Regardless if I want to or not." Trowa said and Quatre involuntarily shuddered.

"I understand" Quatre said as the Genie wrapped strong arms around his waist. Again, an involuntary shudder, but for quite different reasons this time. Trowa breath caressed his ear.

"Good, Then hang on Muhib." Trowa said barely above a whisper as the carpet sprang to life. Soaring over the dunes like a seagull glides over the sea.

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter Two

Quatre grasped the edge of the carpet, turning his face into the wind. This was pure unadulterated freedom. Never before had he felt such overwhelming exhilaration. “I take it you are pleased?” Came the voice of Trowa near his ear. Quatre could only nod dumbly. Too lost in euphoria to form any coherent words. Trowa laughed. “Not that I couldn’t already tell that is. Would you care to go higher?” Trowa asked and again Quatre could only vaguely nod an affirmative. Trowa’s grip around his waist tightened, and through the clouds they soared.

“Oh Trowa! This is WONDERFUL!” Quatre cried out, the joy in his exuberant cry almost bringing a tear to the Genie’s eye. He was definitely going to enjoy serving his new young master. So appreciative over the most simplest of things. Had the boy never done anything in his life? Trowa wondered privately, if this made him so happy? Trowa could feel the joy radiating from Quatre to the point to where it was near intoxicating.

The boy, no, not a boy, the childlike innocence was deceiving. Quatre was anything BUT a boy. It was hard not to notice the smooth line of his shoulders. The way his hair gleamed in the sun. The flash of his teeth when he smiled. And that face, that angelic face. No one, not one in all the people Trowa had ever known or served had been so beautiful. Inside or outside. Yes indeed, serving Quatre was not only a pleasure, but also an honor. And a very large temptation. Trowa was already breaking the rules, or at least bending them slightly already.

His grip around his young master need not have been so tight; it wasn’t as if Quatre was likely to fall. The way he spoke to Quatre was most assuredly not par for the course. Muhib, a term of endearment, Trowa had never called anyone that before. But upon seeing Quatre, it was the first word to form on his lips. And Quatre really didn’t seem to mind. And aside from that, Trowa was shocked at how much he was flirting with his master. Again, that was a serious infraction. But before he realized he was even doing it, he was purring all over Quatre. The young man seemed to draw those latent urges from within Trowa unconsciously. But then, Quatre didn’t seem to mind, so what harm was there?

There was really only ONE rule Trowa could not break unless Quatre wished for it. It could go no

further than flirtation. A Genie was bound to his Master and his lamp. He had no choice to do as his Master dictated. His will was not a Genie's own. Unless, his master freed him from the bonds of servitude by wishing the Genie Free. Then the Sky was the limit. But sadly, no Master Trowa had ever served was so selfless as to waste a wish on the Genie himself. No matter that afterwards, the Genie could grant a thousand more wishes to those he deemed worthy. The rules would cease to be. The genie was free to use his magic as he saw fit. Deny it to those he did not wish to serve, and so forth and so on. He mused with a smile, there were many things he'd like to give his new Master. Especially if they brought forth smiles such as the one he was currently wearing.

~*~*~*~*~

Night was falling just as the carpet glided toward the Marble gates of the palace. "I hope Duo and the others didn't get into any trouble." Quatre whispered as he looked around for his braided servant. Trowa only shrugged as they stepped from the carpet onto firm ground once more. He was about to walk into the moonlight next to his master when the gates swung open and an arm seized Quatre.

"You willful child! What games are you playing at? How dare you leave the safety of the palace and jeopardize the monarchy for such selfish reasons." The man berated and Trowa watched the young man cower in fear. A Man, reduced to a child by harsh words. Trowa fumed.

"Father forgive me. I only wanted to see our kingdom for myself. How am I to rule if I know not about our people?" Quatre countered and the Sultan shoved Quatre into the courtyard.

"Your duty is to rule. The people will do as you say. Their opinions matter not." The Sultan said and Quatre spun, fire danced in his blue eyes.

"How can you say that? Do not the people dream like you and I? Do not they aspire for peace and a little heaven on earth? Just because the size of their wallets pale in comparison. We are the same." Quatre said and the Sultan laughed.

"So like your Mother. You forget about the purity of our bloodline. We are the ruling family, and have been since the dawn of this kingdom. We are better because we have been bred so. You need to learn that some are born inferior, and some are born to greatness. The mighty shall always rule over the weak. How have I failed to teach you this lesson?" The Sultan said and Quatre held firm. Trowa, hovering nearby was waiting to see just what would happen next. So his young Master did have a strong side. A very strong side. It just took something he believed in to ignite him into action. Trowa was pleased to see Quatre showed no signs of backing down. Quatre was right.

Blood did not define nobility, actions did. Quatre would make a fine ruler one day. One the people would sing praises about for centuries to come. That was, if he made it past his next birthday.

“You didn’t fail Father. You succeeded in showing me the error of your thinking.” Trowa winced. NOT a good choice of wording. Quatre realized this the second it escaped his lips. A second later, the sting of his father’s hand across his face confirmed his mistake.

“Now I KNOW I made a mistake. A mistake in ever marrying your willful mother. Like Mother like son. You cannot possibly be mine. No child of my blood would think thus. You must have been begotten of peasant stock. Perhaps you shall join your friends. I disown you. You are no longer my son. Guards! Take this peasant to the cells have him rejoin his friends. He can hang with the rest of them tomorrow.” The sultan called out and Quatre’s whole world spun out of control.

“Hang!? For what? Having mind’s of our own?” Quatre shouted, fury in his eyes. “Hang me if you must. But not those who have served you faithfully their entire lives. I wish they had a chance to show you just how wrong you are. They should have been born princes, not peasants. For they truly know what’s important in life, and how to make everyone, Peasants and Princes alike feel loved and appreciated!” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“Your wish is Granted, Muhib” he said softly and within the cells, three figures vanished.

~*~*~*~*

“What?!?!?!?” Duo cried as he looked around him. They had one moment been tied to the wall in a dirty cell. The next all three Men stood garbed in Princely arraignments, in the courtyard of a lavish palace. A Figure garbed in green harem pants hovering above them, cross-legged, and arms folded across his chest. Sitting in mid air above them.

“Silence and I shall explain.” Trowa commanded and the three men below him stood jaw agape at the figure floating in the air.

“You three can return a favor. I am Trowa. I am the Genie of the Lamp that your Prince Quatre owns. He made his second wish. You three are free, and have been born Princes. You three are now brother’s, born to this kingdom. Quatre has given this gift to you. His desire to have you free and redeemed brought forth his wish from the heart. HOWEVER, so impassioned was he, and thinking only of you he made his wish, disregarding his own safety. He hangs as a traitor on the

morrow. Will you let him die?" Trowa asked and all three men still in shock, yet standing tall shouted a resounding No.

"Good, then call your army, call your guard, call all who will follow you. Quatre dies at dawn lest you save him. I will keep watch over him. But I can do little else. One of you must get back the lamp his father stripped from him. Without the lamp I cannot save Quatre. I am bound to his father. And if he rubs the lamp, I will be forced to obey him. Do not let him figure out about the lamp, I beg of you." Trowa said, his eyes wide and pleading. All three Men nodded.

"We will get it back." Duo said, his violet eyes flashing dangerously. "No one hurts Quatre."

"Hai. No one. Never fear We'll get back the lamp, and stop the execution." Heero added running off to sound and alarm. Suddenly knowing every guard and soldiers name within the palace and calling them loudly. He knew every inch of this new palace, as if. As if he HAD been born here. There was no doubt now, and Heero would lay down his life to help the man who had given him a gift this precious.

"On my honor, I will fight to the Bitter end." Wufei said bowing to the Genie.

"I can see why Muhib loves you as much as he does. Finer friends a man could not even wish for." Trowa said vanishing.

"Did he just call Quatre Muhib?" Duo asked looking at Wufei.

"I think he did." Wufei said just as perplexed.

"Okay, I already kinda suspected Quatre was well, Gay. I think we all did. But when the Hell did Quatre find the time to find a guy like that?" Duo asked and Wufei shrugged.

"Can we discuss Quatre's sexuality later? Who cares, let's just worry about getting to Quatre in time, baka." Heero said coming up behind his new "brother's" leading a trio of fine, midnight hued Arabian stallions.

“Oi, chill. Just curious is all. I mean if I were gay. Damn I’d be drooling on that Trowa guy too.” Duo said as he swung up in the saddle. Wufei snorted as he mounted.

“You are one of a kind Duo. If you dare tease Quatre about this, I’ll chop off that infernal Braid.” Wufei said kicking his heels into his mounts rump and pulling his seimitar from his hip. “For Quatre! HEEYAH!” Wufei said racing from the courtyard.

“For Debt’s of Friendship!” Heero cried out and followed Wufei.

“For getting a detailed report of nookie! You’d better tell me Quatre!” Duo hollered laughing as he charged after his brothers.

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter Three

Quatre sat hugging his knees to his chest. His face streaked with tears as he rocked back and forth. This was something he had never expected from his father. He knew his father was cold, but never dreamed that man could be so heartless. Quatre’s whole world was beyond comprehension anymore. In the space of 12 hours, everything had been turned upside down. Furthermore, the lamp was now in his father’s possession. Quatre prayed for Trowa’s safety. If his father could do this to his own son, what would he make Trowa do? “Trowa I’m so sorry.” Quatre whispered into the night, and he jumped with that lilting baritone spoke back.

“Why are you sorry Muhib?” Trowa said stepping from the darkness and kneeling beside Quatre. Pulling the shaking Princeling into his arms. “You’ve done nothing you should be sorry for. Just calm yourself or you’ll grow ill.” Trowa said adjusting Quatre in his arms and tucking the soft blond head under his chin. Quatre nestled into the welcome embrace, starved for the comforting warmth. Trowa’s heart lurched.

“What does it matter? I’ll be dead tomorrow. And I think Father already killed the others. I failed them, and all they wanted to do was be nice to me. I destroyed my friends.” Quatre sobbed.

“Shhhhh, Muhib. No you didn’t. You made a wish remember? Just before your father took the lamp from you, you made your second wish. Your friends are safe. They are Prince’s in their own right, and now on the way to help you.” Trowa said softly, rocking the shivering form in his arms. Quatre sniffled.

“Then I can die happy. Tell them not to bother, I’m not worth the risk.” Quatre said and Trowa growled.

“THAT is your father talking! Do not say such things about yourself Muhib. You are worth any risk. They know this and in the short time I’ve known you, I know this. You are a great Man Quatre, and let no one tell you otherwise. A True leader of men. Why? Because your heart guides you. Your love for mankind sets you apart from others and makes you who you are. A great Sultan you will be one day, one the people will follow out of love, not fear.” Trowa said stroking soft locks away from Quatre’s face

“I’m not all that. I’m just a boy who dreams too much.” Quatre said rubbing the back of his hand across his swollen eyes.

“Who said dreaming was bad? Dreams are what drive us to great things. Believing in a dream can move mountains in reality. If your faith is strong enough.” Trowa said rubbing his thumb over the tracks of Quatre’s tears. “I know where my faith lies.” He added smiling tenderly at Quatre. Who smiled weakly in return.

“Then I die with only one regret.” Quatre said and Trowa sighed, but let Quatre finish what he started. “That I couldn’t use that last wish to set you free. No man as kind as you should be forced to a life of blind servitude. I’m so sorry Trowa. For everything.” Quatre said, just as he lost all breath when Trowa crushed him in an embrace.

“Muhib, that is why you are greatest man I’ve ever known. Still thinking of others in your darkest of hours.” Trowa said as he held Quatre tightly. Quatre’s tears began to fall once more at the Genie’s kind words and he clung to Trowa desperately seeking solace. “Shhhhh, please Muhib don’t.” Trowa said lifting Quatre’s chin and running his fingers over soft cheek to wipe away the tears. “Please don’t cry.”

“I’m scared.” Quatre whimpered and Trowa just held fast.

“I know. But I shall stay with you for as long as I can. I’ll not leave your side unless forced to. I promise.” Trowa comforted, his heart beating wildly in his chest. Quatre wasn’t the only one afraid. Trowa knew the situation was desperate, but more so, that he loved this man beyond all reason. They’d only just met, but somehow, deep inside, Trowa knew at last what love truly meant. He’d move heaven and earth to be able to do more for Quatre than just sit there holding him. He’d sell his very soul and forsake all his powers to just ensure Quatre would forever be by his side. He never wanted to let go of this man who fit so wonderfully in his arms.

Quatre's hand rested against his chest for a moment, then those blue eyes turned up towards him in a silent query. "Trowa? Why are you upset?" Quatre asked and Trowa's eyebrow twitched.

"How can you tell I'm upset? You shouldn't be able to tell. Not from me at least." Trowa asked reaching out to frame Quatre's face with his hands. "Ah, I see. No wonder you care so deeply. You have been born with wondrous gifts Muhib. It takes a remarkable power to be able to sense my emotions." Trowa said smiling. "Yes, I am upset Quatre. I do not wish to lose you. Sadly I cannot grant my own wishes." Trowa said and Quatre smiled through his tears.

"What would you wish for?" Quatre asked and Trowa pulled Quatre into a deep embrace.

"Now, you're being deliberately obtuse. You already know what I would wish for Muhib." Trowa said his lips buried in the golden fleece atop Quatre's head. Quatre's arms wrapped delicately around the waist of the Genie beside him.

"Can two people really fall in love so quickly?" Quatre asked not quite sure how or when he realized he loved Trowa, he just knew without a doubt he did.

"Obviously they can Muhib. Are not we proof?" Trowa said inhaling the sweet aroma of spice that permeated Quatre. Amber and sandalwood, a heady perfume that inflamed Trowa's senses. A hint of jasmine in Quatre's hair tickled his olfactory senses to the point where Trowa knew he would always associate these scents with the beautiful creature in his arms.

Quatre's hands on his bare back burned like fire, everything about him sent Trowa's very core into hyper activity. Then a thought seized Trowa's mind. Technically the rules no longer applied, because Quatre was no longer his master. A wicked gleam sparkled dangerously in the Genie's emerald eyes as he slowly and deliberately eased Quatre to the floor. Hovering over him, Trowa bent his head and captured those soft lips in a soul-searing kiss.

A momentary flash of trepidation from Quatre quickly turned into a kiss that was equally and eagerly returned. There was an insatiable hunger born from the passion that ignited between them. Each trying to devour the other, grasping at a dream before it dissipated into the nothingness of reality. Hands roaming over unexplored curves, fingers twining in hair, with each other, with anything they could. It was a need, a long and suffering loneliness, crying out to be banished.

Panting for air, their lips parted and Trowa looked down upon the perfection lying rumpled on the floor. His hair askew, and his lips pink and swollen, Quatre was even more beautiful than before, if such a thing was possible. His eyes were questing and Searching Trowa's. Begging and pleading for more, whilst betraying the untried virgin's natural fears. Human nature at it's most fragile and most electrifying. Trowa was drowning in the sea of emotion captured within Quatre's eyes.

"Trowa?" Quatre's voice cracked and Trowa laid a finger to his lips.

"Shhhhh. Fear not. Just taking a moment to breathe and admire you Muhib. Before this night is through, you will know just how much I love you." Trowa said leaning over once more to claim those perfect lips. Lips that formed a smile as Trowa's kiss covered them.

"What do you wish for Trowa?" Quatre asked breathlessly and Trowa's kisses dripped down his neck.

"To make love to you now and always." Trowa growled, nipping on Quatre's earlobe.

"Your wish is granted." Quatre said with a gasp as Trowa's hand delved into his breeches to grasp Quatre's hardened length.

"As will yours, Muhib." Trowa said seductively as his tongue circled the tip of Quatre's burning desire. A yip and a cry and a moan as Trowa swallowed him whole.

Blinding light and sensations untold became their world. The cell ceased to exist, the world ground to a halt. Only they in a universe of their creation thrived. Naked flesh held a shimmering sheen of perspiration as two bodies writhed against one another. Connected by mind and soul they danced to the song of the ages. Love's universal call held them in it's spell and wove her promises around them in a siren's song. Pain and Pleasure becoming one as Trowa made Quatre his own. Each man singing the other's name for joy as their bodies rode the waves of passion and crashed into each other's shores. A rising tempo like a hurricane, driving further and further into a fury as desperation for release maddeningly drove them to the brink of destruction.

Then as with all storms, with it's violent crashes and lightening strikes, it all culminates into the inevitable and with a final jolt 2 bodies came plummeting back to earth to find solace in each other's embrace as the ebb of the torrent subsided into blissful renewal and contentment. They had weathered the passion and now reveled in the glow in the eye of the storm.

As with all hurricanes, there is a brief respite before the storm truly finishes.

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter Four

The Sultan paced in his Quarter's, the cloud of dust on the Horizon was getting bigger. An Army was heading his way. But was it friend or Foe? He called his advisors around him and readied his own army to meet this unexpected arrival. "Father?" came the voice of his eldest daughter. He turned to see her standing in the doorway.

"What is it Iria? Cannot you see I am busy? I thought I told you to round up the children and take them to a safe place!" The sultan snapped and she shifted on her feet.

"Forgive me Father, but I can't find Quatre. I've looked everywhere, he's not in his rooms." Iria said and the Sultan bellowed.

"You have no Brother. Speak that name again in my presence and I will have you banished, is that clear?" Iria stunned only bowed meekly before hurrying away.

“Oh Quatre! What have you done dear brother?” She asked, now knowing Quatre could only be in the one place she had not looked. The cells below the palace. She quickened her pace, and raced down the corridors. Her satin slippers making no noise as she rushed headlong toward the bowels of the palace.

“Princess Iria. You know you should not be down here.” Came a deep rumbling voice.

“Please Rashid, Please let me see Quatre.” Iria begged the massive captain of the Guard.

“I cannot Princess. Your Father gave strict orders. As much as I want to, I cannot let you.” Rashid said his eyes pained.

“You know this is madness! Quatre no more belongs in there than he deserved to be locked up in that room his whole life! Please Rashid, open the door!” Iria begged and Rashid sighed.

“Don’t you think I want to Princess? I love his highness as if he were my own son. I live for the day he takes the throne. I serve the father for the sake of the son.” Rashid said his eyes misty.

“Then open that damn door! Father will like as not kill him if you don’t. Then there will be no hope for this rotten Monarchy! For the love of humanity, let Quatre out!” Iria begged. “Tell them I hit you or something!” Iria said and Rashid raised an eyebrow and could not stop the bark of laughter that escaped his lips.

“You’d need a better excuse dear Princess.” Rashid said fingering his keys.

“What? You think I couldn’t do it?” She asked her lips curving into a brilliant smile.

“I know you couldn’t. But we’ll pretend.” He said with a wink as he handed her his keys. “Fourth door on the left.” He said slumping to the floor. Iria bent and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you.” She said and Rashid smiled.

“Long live Prince Quatre.” Rashid said as he shut his eyes and feigned being unconscious.

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

What met Iria’s eyes stopped her cold in her tracks. She hid her embarrassed smile behind a delicate hand as she spied her naked brother sleeping in the arms of another naked man. “Well, it looks like I lost the bet. I owe you yet again Duo.” Iria chuckled as she softly cleared her throat.

Trowa stirred first and smiled unabashed into Iria’s eyes. He nudged Quatre gently. “Muhib, I believe you have a visitor.” Trowa said to a drowsy Quatre.

“More than one visitor I see.” Iria said with her hands on her hips.

“IRIA!” Quatre yelped at the sound of her voice, bolting upright and frantically looking for something to cover himself with. She laughed even harder.

“I changed your diapers, I’ve seen it already. But do get dressed, We’ve got to get you out of here.” Iria said tossing him his cloak. “And who’s this?” Iria said gesturing to Trowa who was languidly waiting for Quatre to compose himself.

“He’s ah, my...ah. His name’s Trowa.” Quatre said tugging his boots on quickly.

“Well Trowa, I’m not going ask now. But I expect to have a long talk with you later. Understood?” Iria said and Trowa bowed.

“Naturally.” He said as Quatre got his last boot on.

“I’m ready!” he said.

“Good, let’s go!” Iria and Trowa said in unison. Each sharing a glance and a smirk as the trio pelted out of the cellblocks and to safety.

They were nearly to the gates when Trowa let out a gut-wrenching cry. “Nooooooooo! Oh ALLAH NO! Quatre! Muhib forgive me!” Trowa sobbed as he vanished.

“Trowa!!! No!” Quatre sobbed knowing full well why Trowa had vanished.

“What the?” Iria gasped and Quatre grabbed her arm.

“No time Iria! Run! I’ll explain later.” Quatre said, tears streaming down his cheeks as they burst through the gates and out into the Stables. Leaping into the saddle and pulling Iria up behind him. Quatre spurred his mount out of the stable. Leaping over the fence, and through the courtyard and out the main gates to the city and desert beyond.

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

“RIDER COMING!” Abdul shouted back to his Prince’s as he pulled up on his mount and pulled from his pocket his distance viewer. “It’s His Highness! And I believe the, YES! The Princess Iria!” Abdul said replacing his viewer in his pocket.

“Yes! Way to go Quatre!” Duo said smiling over at Heero and Wufei.

“Pacifist he may be in spirit, but also cunning and smart. I never doubted his abilities to escape on his own.” Wufei said matter of factly.

“Nor I. Ever play him in chess?” Heero said looking to Wufei who nodded emphatically an affirmative.

Quatre’s steed was foaming by the time they reached the approaching army. It was then Quatre let the overwhelming emotions free, and he fell from his mount in a heap.

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter Five

“I hate this!” Duo spat as he paced outside their makeshift encampment. Quatre lay within the tent in a cold sweat. His weeping sending him into a tired and fitful unrest. Iria sat by him running cooling cloths over his forehead.

“We all hate this Duo. But Quatre does not need your anger right now.” Iria said as Quatre moaned Trowa’s name in his sleep.

“I’m here Muhib.” Came a soft reply and all heads turned to see Trowa materialize in the room.

“What the? He said you were captured!” Duo said and Trowa’s eye painfully looked away as he knelt beside Quatre. He laid a tender kiss upon Quatre’s brow before answering Duo’s question.

“I was sent away until a wish is ready to be made. What is not commonly known, We Genie’s do not actually LIVE in our lamps. It is just the conduit to bind us to our master’s. You trying living in a lamp.” Trowa said as Quatre’s eyes fluttered open at the sound of Trowa’s voice.

“Trowa!” Quatre cried struggling to escape into the Genie’s arms.

“What did I tell you Muhib? Calm yourself or make yourself ill.” Trowa softly chastised his handsome young lover. “I may be the property of your father, but I belong to you. And apart from his wishes, he cannot order me to do anything. He will never keep me from you Muhib.” Trowa said brushing Quatre’s hair from his damp brow. “However, it is quite unwise for us to let him know how we feel. I fear him wishing you ill. I would rather be cast into oblivion than to be ordered to harm you.” Trowa added stretching out beside Quatre on the cushions, cradling the young Prince in his arms.

“Just what the Hell is going on here? Who are you?!” Iria demanded and Trowa looked unperturbed.

“I am someone who would die for your brother. Does that satisfy your maternal instincts?” Trowa asked and Iria huffed.

“Partially. But why are you so afraid of hurting Quatre? Just what can you do? Apart from this fancy appearing and disappearing acts?” Iria asked and Trowa sighed.

“For the Master of the Lamp, I can move mountains. Sadly for myself or for those I love I can do naught.” Trowa said and Iria nodded ruefully.

“Hurt him and I hurt you.” Iria said and Trowa’s eyes darkened.

“I will never hurt him. I will break the rules and refuse my master if he so orders it.” Trowa said and Quatre coughed.

“How can you do that? I thought you said you had to obey.” Quatre said and Trowa turned his gaze to meet that of his lover.

“I have to obey or pay the consequences. The consequence being I am forever exiled to nothingness. I cease to be. I promise Quatre, that is a far preferable fate than having to live with the knowledge I destroyed the one I love most in the world.” Trowa said softly holding Quatre close to his heart.

“Let’s hope it never comes to that.” Heero said stepping forward. “Gentlemen, it’s time we discuss how to get the lamp back.”

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

“Where is he?” The sultan screamed at the tall wall of a man who stood as his captain of the guard.

“I know not sire.” Rashid answered truthfully.

“Find him and bring him back immediately!” The Sultan shouted throwing a fit and heaving his wine into the fire. Rashid bowed and made a hasty retreat. Oh, he’d find Quatre all right, but he sure as hell was not going to bring him back.

Gathering his most loyal of guards, Rashid set out to find his young Prince and join the fight. It was time to see a new ruler on the throne. One not prone to fits of self-elevation and greed.

It was dusk when the small band rode into the “enemy” encampment. They were instantly ushered to Quatre’s tent where the war council was already in the making.

“No, we can’t just rush in. Father will rub the lamp and Call on Trowa to stop us, and Trowa will have to do so.” Quatre said with a sigh, turning his face to gaze upon the troubled Genie. Who looked more dejected with each passing moment. “We know it’s not your fault Trowa. Please don’t blame yourself.” Quatre said reaching over to squeeze Trowa’s hand firmly in reassurance.

“Hai, we understand that as well. We realize you are an unwilling pawn in this game.” Heero said turning his face to the map they had drawn in the sand. “What we need, is someone on the inside who can get in and out unseen.” Heero said looking over to Duo. “You were always the best at that.” Heero added and Duo smirked.

“Just call me the Shadow.” He said with a wink and Wufei snorted.

“A shadow when you’re careful. A nuisance and worse when you loose concentration. Don’t be foolish.” He said and Duo looked affronted.

“Damn it Wu. Tell me something I don’t already know. I can be serious sometimes. Have a LITTLE faith in me.” Duo said leaning back into his cushions and looking at the pair to his right. Hands still clasped. Duo could not stop the smile that formed on his face. “And to change the subject for just a minute. I’m really happy for you Quatre. It’s nice to see you finally get something you want for a change.” Duo said and Quatre blushed slightly. “Hey, wait. IRIA!” Duo yelled and the lithe sandy blonde peered around the tent flap.

“What now Duo?” She asked with mock irritation.

“You owe me. I won the bet.” He said and Iria laughed.

“I know, I know.” She said laughing. “Sorry, I kinda left without my coin purse.” She teased and Duo chuckled.

“What are you talking about?” Quatre asked and Duo turned and gazed at him with a wicked gleam in his eye.

“You. And well, your choice of bed buddy.” Duo said grinning like an idiot. Quatre turned beat red.

“You didn’t!” He said his cheeks burning.

“We did little brother and don’t be so embarrassed. It was bound to happen Sometime. You’re not a little boy anymore.” Iria said ruffling Quatre’s hair.

“Definitely not little.” Trowa said eliciting a howl of laughter from Duo, shocked expressions from Heero and Wufei, a giggling fit from Iria, and sending Quatre diving under the cushions from embarrassment. Rashid chose just that moment to enter the tent.

“Can someone tell me why Prince Quatre is doing his best impersonation of a Ostrich?” He bellowed and the laughter took on a whole new level. Muffled in the cushions were a strain of curses and vows to get them all back for this as soon as he could.

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

Iria rolled up her sleeve and dove into helping as best she could. Princess or not, like Quatre she believed in humanity and charity. She was currently stirring the rice in a large pot when the jingle of bells caught her attention. She looked up to see a brightly clad auburn haired Woman standing behind her smiling. She had just seemed to appear out of thin air. She was dressed in shades of Magenta and violet, the jingling Iria had heard came from this woman’s hips. A belt make of hundreds of tiny star shaped coins strewn on delicate gold chains dangled haphazardly from her hips. Before Iria could speak, she saw Trowa throw back the tent flap violently; Quatre and the others close behind him. He looked on edge. Until his gaze swept across the Woman standing there. “So little brother, I had a feeling you were in trouble. How can I help?” The strange woman asked.

“CATHRINE! How?” Trowa cried running over to the similarly clad female and wrapping arms about her.

“How? Oh Trowa! I was wished FREE!” Catherine said laughing as Trowa spun her about.

“Muhib! Come, come meet my sister.” Trowa said and Quatre’s jaw dropped.

“You have a sister?” He asked dumbfounded. Trowa nodded.

“I do, I also had parents once too Quatre. It’s simple enough to comprehend Muhib. Catherine and I were not born Genie’s.” Trowa teased and Catherine laughed.

“Too true, we started out human like you. We are the product of a wish gone bad.” Catherine said tilting her head and surveying the young Blonde by her brother’s side. “He’s so CUTE Trowa! I knew when you finally picked something you’d pick something that looked like him.” Catherine teased and Quatre again blushed. “It took you long enough!” She said poking Trowa in the arm then she grinned. “Don’t mind me. I’ve been harping at him for gone 200 years now to find someone he could love.” Catherine said and Trowa folded his arms across his chest.

“More like 300 Nag.” He said and Cathy chuckled.

“200, 300, whatever. I lost count a long time ago.” She said hooking her arms into Trowa’s and Quatre’s. “So, now tell me. What the hell is going on?” She said looking serious.

Once settled within, Trowa related what was going on.

“What a mess. Thankfully you have a Genie too. However I will not fight my Brother. We need to avoid turning this into a Genie Battle.” Catherine said matter of factly.

“We need to avoid turning this into a battle at all.” Quatre added and all heads nodded in unison.

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter Six

It was well past midnight before the war council drew to a close. The plan was for Catherine and Duo to enter the palace and Sultan’s chambers, steal the lamp then High tail it back to camp. From there Quatre would make his final wish and set Trowa free. However, the twist being, they would leave a dummy lamp in it’s place. The Sultan would never know the difference. And when next he called upon Trowa, the Genie would play along. Trapping the Sultan with his own greed. That was

if everything went as planned. Everything hinged on Catherine and Duo making the switch. They were already on their way. They'd know by morning if the pair was successful. "Quatre, pacing a groove into the floor is not going to help them." Trowa said as he lounged in the cushions of Quatre's travel bed.

Quatre stuck his tongue out at his lover. "I can't help it. I don't see how you can be so calm." Quatre said resuming his frustrated walk. Trowa smirked.

"Catherine is with him, I'm not worried. The only thing I am worried about is the lifespan of the carpet beneath your feet Muhib." Trowa said and with a sigh Quatre flopped into the cushions beside his lover.

"Distract me then. Get my mind off it." Quatre said innocently enough. However the Genie took it at face value and smiled a truly wicked smile.

"I think I can manage some distraction." Trowa said swiftly moving to straddle his lover's middle. Capturing Quatre's hands above his head and covering the blonde's mouth with a breath-robbing kiss. Quatre's eyes went wide then closed in bliss as he lost himself to the genie's natural magic.

"That's not what I meant by distraction." Quatre giggled as Trowa's lips released him.

"Do you want me to stop Muhib?" Trowa purred into Quatre's ear as he nibbled on the flesh of Quatre's neck and earlobe. With a shudder and moan Quatre melted like butter under Trowa's heat. "I'll take that as a No then shall I?" Trowa said as he molded Quatre's willing body to his design.

Trowa felt a bold hand grasp him through the silken material of his pants and he grunted into the kiss. "Careful Muhib. What's the Rush?" Trowa said smiling at Quatre's eagerness.

"You are agonizingly slow!" Quatre said growing bolder still and quickly twisting and bringing a stunned Genie to lie beneath him. "Let's see how YOU like it!" Quatre said, his eye gleaming with barely contained lust and just a hint of wickedness. "It's my turn to play." He added as he began to drip kisses along the Genie's exposed abdomen.

Trowa's eyes rolled back into his head, and a deep guttural moan escaped his lips as Quatre began to explore his body. His meek little Quatre emboldened by passion began to take advantage of his willing prey. Trowa squirmed under Quatre's ministrations, his feather light touch singeing Trowa's sensitive flesh. When Quatre took him into his tender, caring lips and began to nip and suck Trowa's whole world rocked on it's axis. Quatre was a fast learner, and already a master in his own right. Nothing had ever felt so wonderful.

"MUHIB!" Trowa cried out, his hand twining into Quatre's hair. Clutching him, thrusting into that warmth. All too soon, he'd past the point of no return. Before Trowa could even cry out for Quatre to cease, it was too late. And he came violently; Quatre had pulled forth everything Trowa was made of, and his muscles, rock solid with tension, strained with his release. Then they all seemed to go slack at once, and Trowa melted into the cushions, nearly whimpering with sated pleasure. Quatre moved and the smirk on his lips was priceless. Trowa had to laugh. "Don't you look smug. Where on earth did you learn to do that?" Trowa asked, his breath still coming in gasps.

"I had a wonderful teacher last night." Quatre cooed, dripping kisses along Trowa's jaw line.

"I wager you were just a natural." Trowa said running his fingers through soft blonde tendrils. Then turning the tables and with a tug, positions had switched yet again. "Playtime is over however. You had your turn, now it's mine." Trowa said, his baritone dripping with unspoken promises of delight. The candles burned to nothingness and the pitch black encased them soundly before the lovers finished their dance of bliss and allowed the night to call them to rest. Trowa smiled as Quatre's breathing settled into slumber. His head cradled in the crook of Trowa's shoulder. Distraction a resounding success. And the faint smile tugging on the angelic Prince's lips assured Trowa that sweet dreams were in store for his beloved. Quatre needed this sleep, and Trowa kissed his forehead tenderly before relaxing himself into slumber beside his Muhib.

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

"This way." Duo whispered as he and Catherine, bells removed, slinked silently as panthers through the darkened corridors of the palace. Outside the Sultan's apartments, Duo laid a finger to his lips just before he slipped inside. The plan was Catherine would keep everyone asleep with her magic, as Duo made the switch.

Catherine concentrated and called on her powers. A thick fog encased the rooms, and the Sultan's snores grew louder. "Good." Duo said as he tiptoed to the Sultan's bedside. On the pillow beside him lay the lamp. With nimble fingers, and years of pick pocketing experience under his belt. Duo did his brand of slight of hand magic and made the switch. Yawning midway through the exchange. "Damn it Cath! Not so much!" he hissed under his breath, as his legs grew heavy. He was getting very sleepy. He had to hurry, damn that rug looked comfortable. Maybe a little nap? "NO! GAH!" Duo growled slogging his way back to the door. Once outside he shoved Catherine, yawning again as he did so. "Too much witch! Wake me up and let's go." He murmured sleepily.

Catherine just giggled and smacked him upside the head. "Better?" She asked gaily. Duo frowned.

"You're enjoying yourself far too much." Duo griped as they traveled back the way they came.

"Like you're not?" She countered and Duo grinned. His teeth flashing like a Cheshire cat's in the shadows.

"Can't argue with you there. That my kinda girl." Duo said and Catherine stifled a laugh.

"Flirt. Hate to break this to you. I have someone." Catherine said and Duo winked.

"Naturally. Had to try though, just in case." He said teasingly as they made it out into the cool night air. Once outside, Catherine conjured up a carpet.

"Coffee, Tea, or Me?" She said a smile breaking her face.

"Huh?" Duo asked as he climbed aboard.

"Oh, sorry. It's Joke I picked up on my travels. Don't mind me. You wouldn't get that one unless you lived for another 1000 years or so." She said and Duo sat jaw agape on the floating upholstery.

"You TIME TRAVEL TOO?" He asked and Catherine shrugged.

"When your master wishes for it you do." She said as they sped away to safety.

"Man, all this Genie shit is just way too weird." Duo said casually laying back on the carpet nonchalantly. As if riding on one of those was an everyday occurrence in addition to the "Genie shit."

“You think THIS is Weird. You should see what they think of Genies in 1964. I certainly would not go running around fawning over MY master, doing everything from cooking to cleaning in addition to granting him wishes! And Puh-lease!!!! The outfit they had her dressed in was the most God awful, pink abomination I have EVER seen.” Catherine began. Bemoaning a show called “I Dream of Jeannie”. Duo had NO idea what the hell she was going on and on about. But let her talk anyway. Like he had a squeaky clean record for not babbling on and on about something incessantly? Nope. So turn about was fair play he thought to himself as he watched the stars shining brightly overhead. A smile from ear to ear plastered on his face. Things we’re at last looking good.

They landed outside Quatre’s tent and burst into the room. “Ah Man! Put some clothes on for goodness sake! Jeez! The last thing I wanna see is your shiny pink ass Quatre!” Duo said covering his eyes while the pair in bed awoke abruptly.

“Then KNOCK next time!” Quatre said wrapping a sheet around himself, then realizing DUO WAS BACK! “Did you get it?” He asked bouncing with anticipation.

“A-yup! One dingy looking lamp right here.” Duo said handing the lamp to Quatre.

Without missing a beat, Quatre wrapped his fingers around the lamp, closed his eyes and made a wish. “I wish for Trowa to be FREE!” Quatre cried and Trowa doubled over with a yell. Quatre dropped the lamp and was going to race to his side. Catherine’s hand shot out and grabbed him.

“It’s okay Quatre. He’ll be all right. It’s the pain of separation. Just watch.” She said and Quatre did, but did not enjoy it one bit. Trowa was hurting! Then the gold around his neck seemed to melt from his body, as did the gold from around his wrists. Trowa glowed white hot as the golden chains began to flee his body, releasing him from his bonds. He crumpled to the floor, his body soaked with sweat. Quatre could bear it no longer. He ran to Trowa and cradled his head in his lap.

“I’m fine Muhib. Thank you my love, I’m free.” Trowa said, tears streaming down his face. Quatre hadn’t realized he was sobbing too until Trowa reached up to wipe the tears from his face. “Never to part.” Trowa said, removing the only gold from his body that had not melted from the heat. His earring. He tugged it free then clipped it to Quatre’s ear. Quatre pulled the ring from his finger and slipped it over Trowa’s.

“Never to part.” He whispered back. It was touching, sweet, and...

“Aw man I think I’m gonna GAG! All this mushy stuff is just, just, too sickening sweet.” Duo said making rude gagging noises. A smack on the back of his head shut him up. Catherine, her own cheeks wet stood there with her hands on her hips.

“I’ll remind you that you hate mushy stuff when YOU’RE the one whispering those words to your lover.” Catherine said and Duo laughed.

“Not a chance. I like being a bachelor.” Duo said grinning and Catherine laughed.

“Wrong! Hate to break this to you Duo. But you’re gonna fall for someone and fall just as hard.” Catherine said, a VERY knowing look in her eyes. Duo swallowed. His fate, or in his opinion, DOOM was written all over the Genie’s face. He left Quatre’s tent mumbling a strain of curses that would make even the most stern of soldiers blush with shame.

Quatre and The Magic Lamp

Chapter Seven

When dawn broke across the encampment, news quickly spread of the happenings of the previous night. A bright atmosphere settled around the encampment as soldiers waited with their Princes for the Sultan to make his wish. No blood would be shed after all, and every soul gathered in the sands wept with joy. Around the fire as the morning meal was shared conversations turned from war to that of friends and lovers.

“You had said you and Catherine were born human. Then how on earth did you become Genies?” Duo asked over the rim of his cup. The thick coffee doing wonders to erase the fog of sleep that still clung to him.

“I must admit. I’m curious about that too.” Quatre said looking up to his lover in query from his seat on the ground between Trowa’s legs. Trowa smiled and ruffled Quatre’s hair.

“It’s a long story. And before I begin, you must promise NOT to get upset over it. It’s long since past and Catherine and I are not bitter about it. Nor should you be.” Trowa cautioned before he began, knowing how Quatre took things so literally to heart. Quatre nodded and Trowa continued.

“Like we said, it was a wish gone bad. Our father was given a lamp and sadly the Genie within was a rather vindictive being. Father wished for wealth and Health for his brethren and was granted it. Our father’s third wish was simple enough, but worded in a way where the Genie found a way to be cruel in his granting of it.” Trowa said and looked to Cathy who continued.

“Our Father’s wish was ‘I wish my Children to have all the power they need or desire. Grant them the ability to move mountains for humanity.’ Was his poor wording. What he desired was for us to succeed in life, what he got was a Genie with a mean streak who took his words at face value and not the true intent. Which was obvious even to a fool. Poor Father. He had to watch us become bound to serve humanity as Genies. Yes, we had the power to move mountains, but not in the way he desired. He was devastated. And that having been his last wish, there was no way to undo what he’d done.” Catherine said and Quatre in tears looked up to his lover.

“I said don’t take it to heart Muhib. Catherine and I have long since accepted what could not have been helped.” Trowa said dabbing at Quatre’s cheeks with a corner of cloth.

"It's just so sad." He said sniffing.

"True, but over now. We're free at last." Trowa said smiling at his sister. "By the way, who set you free Cathy? Why isn't he with you?" Trowa asked and Catherine smirked.

"Oh he is, in a way." She said smiling into her cup. Trowa's gut twisted he knew Cathy better than anyone. This was a blatant clue. He looked to where he gaze lay.

"You and me are going to have a talk right now." Trowa said leaping to his feet and grabbing her hand and literally dragging her from the group gathered for a private conversation. Once out of earshot he cornered her. "Spill it." He demanded and Catherine laughed.

"Oh you're no fun." Catherine said pouting playfully. "Duh, how do you think I knew where you'd be?" Catherine said crossing her arms. "You're smarter than this, Think!" She said and Trowa's brow knitted and then his eyes went wide.

"Okay, I know and can guess how, but which one?" He asked and She smirked. "Oh, god. NOT DUO!" he gasped and Catherine howled with laughter.

"Afraid so little brother. You can thank him in three years when he rescues me from an abusive master by accident. Well, not so much an accident as he recognizes me, grabs the lamp wishes me free and so forth and so on. It's my surprise when this total stranger tells me things I did for him, that I hadn't done yet. Time Travel, it's really bizarre." She said and Trowa groaned.

"I don't want to know anymore." Trowa said and Catherine laughed.

"You're an uncle." She added and Trowa dropped into the sand stunned.

"I said spare me!" he said looking over at the fire where Duo sat. "Anyone but Duo." He said and Catherine smacked him upside the head.

"What a way to speak of your brother-in-law. He may be a bit rough around the edges, but I never

laughed so much in my whole miserable existence. And trust me, in three more years that Boy is going to shape up quite nicely. You did after all make him a Prince. He does not have to steal anymore to survive. He's got a good soul and he loves me." Catherine said and Trowa smiled up at his sister.

"I can't argue with you there. And I suppose his coarse and flamboyant personality suits you to a tee. You always were more outgoing than I." He added and Catherine winked.

"Yup. Mr. Moody. Just like Quatre's more serene nature suits you. Now shall we rejoin them before they start asking too many questions? The last thing Duo needs to hear right now is I'm his Wife. He's not ready yet." Catherine said and Trowa nodded. She was right again as always. Trowa stood and smiled.

"So this urchin, is it a nephew or a niece?" He asked and Catherine eyes twinkled.

"You'll see." Was all she said laughing as she walked away.

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

It was nearing Mid-day while Trowa and Quatre lounged in the cool of their tent when Trowa's skin tingled.

"This is it. He's picked up the dummy lamp. Wish me luck Muhib" Trowa said and Quatre threw his arms around him and kissed him.

"Good luck, and be careful please." Quatre said and Trowa laid his fingers gently upon his cheek.

"Don't fear Muhib. There's nothing he can do to me. I'll be quite safe." Trowa said as he vanished.

"I can't help but fear. Even when I know better. I love you Trowa." Quatre said to the air space Trowa had been standing in. Catherine in the Middle of a game of chess with Wufei looked up and winked at Quatre.

“He’s going to be fine, Trust me.” She said moving her Rook. “Check and Mate I think.” She said with a smirk.

“Onna! How? What! You cheated! You had to have cheated! And I was WATCHING YOU!” Wufei said frustrated he had not seen that move on the board. “You’re worse than Quatre if that’s possible.” Wufei said in disgust. Not at her being a superior opponent, just that he hadn’t spotted his own error in judgment and losing the game.

“I don’t know why you bother Wufei. Just concede defeat.” Heero said from his position near the rear of the tent.

“Never, I will win one of these days. Set up the board again Onna.” Wufei said folding his arms across his chest. Determined to win this round.

“I hate to tell you this, But Sally is even better at this game than I am.” Catherine said setting up the pieces.

“Who’s Sally?” Wufei asked and Catherine smirked.

“Oh nobody important... yet.” She said knowingly. Heero laughed He’d already seen one brother moping about knowing some woman would trap him. Wufei looked white as a sheet when Catherine’s words sunk in. “Oh don’t laugh Heero. Relena will box your ears.” Catherine said and Heero’s mouth went dry and he ran from the tent to get away from the sadistic Genie. Quatre was too busy suffering giggling fits in the corner to even care where Heero had run off too in the hot mid-day sun.

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

“Have you decided to make a Wish Master?” Trowa said as he appeared in the Sultan’s chambers. Playing the role perfectly, he had hundreds of years of practice after all.

“It took you long enough! Yes. I have made up my mind.” The Sultan said.

“First I wish that disloyal whelp named Quatre brought back here immediately. I want him to see what I have in store.” The Sultan said and Trowa winced, but knew he could keep Quatre safe.

“I shall go retrieve him, my Master.” Trowa said blinking from sight. Everyone was Stunned to see Trowa back so quickly. “Come Muhib, his first wish was for you to witness the rest he is about to make. Don’t fear, I’ll not let harm come to you.” Trowa said holding out his hand.

“I’m not worried. I trust you.” Quatre said taking Trowa’s hand. From there they both vanished and Returned to the Sultan.

Once back in the Sultan’s chambers, Trowa held fast to Quatre’s hand.

“I have brought him Master. He shall witness what you wish him to.” Trowa said and The Sultan went to grab Quatre but encountered a wall instead of flesh.

“Give him to me!” The Sultan screamed and Trowa smirk.

“You asked him here to see. That is all he will do. Unless you’d care to make another wish I can do no more for you.” Trowa said and the Sultan turned Red.

“No, I’ll not waste another wish on him. So watch well Quatre as your world crumbles. See now what I tried to teach you that the strong will always rule over the weak.” The Sultan said and Quatre folded his arms over his chest.

“You’re wrong father. And I pray you realize this before it’s too late.” Quatre said and the Sultan turned his back on him.

“Genie! My second wish. I wish for another son. One who will know the right way to rule.” The Sultan asked and Trowa smiled.

“As you wish.” Trowa said and suddenly the door burst open and a servant entered.

“Sire, your third wife has just given birth. The labor was long sire, and I’m afraid she did not survive the birth. But it is a boy, another heir your majesty.” The servant said and The Sultan smirked. Quatre gripped Trowa’s hand and Trowa squeezed back.

Softly Trowa whispered. “She was already in labor Muhib. I did not change the course of natural events. I didn’t have to. It was already a boy. I just ensured he’d be as bright as you. He’ll know the right way, we’ll teach him.” Trowa said softly and Quatre’s eyes watered but he held firm and did not betray the plan.

The Sultan slinked back to Trowa and glared at Quatre. “My final wish. I wish for all the power and Magic of a sorcerer. No one will ever take this kingdom from me. Not when I can control the heavens. I wish for the powers of Genie!” the Sultan crowed and Trowa had to shiver he knew this was coming, it always did with the greedy. He had expected this from the first moment it began.

“So be it. I’m sorry.” Trowa said and the Sultan froze.

“What do you mean I’m sorry?” The Sultan asked before the breath was ripped from his body. His robes flew apart and a Golden Breast plate formed, and golden cuffs like shackles clamped themselves upon the Sultan’s wrists. An ornate lamp appeared at the Sultan’s feet.

“I’m sorry you have wished upon yourself a fate as cruel as this. No one will take the kingdom from you. You took it from yourself. You are now a Genie, with all the power you could ever hope to possess. However, there are Rules for Genies that you cannot break. If you do, you will become nothing. You will fade from existence for all eternity.” Trowa said sadly. Walking over to the Sultan. “First, you may not use your power for your own means. Apart from the your comfort, you can do little else. Secondly, you must obey the owner of your lamp. If you refuse to grant them their wishes, you will cease to be. Thirdly, there is no escape. You will live as a Genie for all eternity, bound to the service of humanity. And unless your master wishes you free, you will forever be bound by these rules. It is a fate worse than death you have asked for, and it has been granted.” Trowa said as he walked back over and took Quatre’s hand.

“I pray you find a Master such as I did. One that will love you enough to not only set you physically free. But free your soul from the hell you have built around it comprised of Hatred and Greed.” Trowa said Pulling Quatre into his arms.

“I have no doubt of that little brother.” Iria said picking up the infant and handing him to Quatre.
“He’s in very Good hands.” Iria said as Trowa walked over and laid an arm about Quatre’s
shoulders.

“He is indeed.” The Genie said laying a loving kiss upon the brow of the babe in Quatre’s arms.

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

El Finito!

SAPPPPPPPPPPPPP, I’m such a sucker for it.