



"Well Wufei, spill it don't just leave us hanging here!" Duo said impatiently and Wufei smiled and withdrew a tulip bulb out of his pocket.

"It won't be a human child, but I don't think at this point she really cares." Wufei said and Heero nodded.

"True, love is what she seeks, and she'll have it from that. But be careful Wufei. Flower sprites are hard to keep safe. And she's old." Heero cautioned and Wufei nodded.

"So we just have to keep our eyes and ears open. Kind of help out if things go awry." Duo interjected smiling.

With that the three companions headed out towards the cottage, leaving the bulb with instructions on how the old woman was to plant it.

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The following morning, the old woman was surprised to find the bulb on her doorstep, but excited. She loved flowers not to mention strange gifts that appeared suddenly and from out of nowhere was certainly a thrill to her lonely existence. Such an odd looking bulb too.

She planted it as instructed and sat amazed, because no sooner had she covered it with dirt and added the water, it began to grow and within mere minutes she had the most stunning white tulip bud. The fringes changing into a vibrant shade of blue and green, but the flower itself remained closed, as if reluctant to reveal the inner colors held within the bell of the flower. "Come on my pretty little one, please show me your secrets." She spoke to the flower leaning over to kiss the petals gently.

Suddenly the petals opened, and the old woman gasped as the wondrous secret it had indeed contained unfolded before her eyes. Within the bell there lay a tiny figure, no bigger than the old woman's thumb. It was curled up asleep, it's golden hair splayed wildly about an almost angelic countenance. Perfection in form was revealed as the tiny visage began to wake, sitting up to stretch small limbs. The old woman blushed as the naked figure moved and allowed her a glimpse of the gender. Just then the little creature opened his eyes, and shrieked. Covering himself instantly as he blushed. The old woman couldn't help but laugh with delight.

"No fear little one, old mother here won't hurt you, you darling little thing." She said and the boy blinked a few times and smiled shyly.

"So, you are my mother then?" He asked cocking his head to one side, trying to take in the large woman before him.

"Well, I suppose so. You did come out of my flower after all. Do you mind being my son?" She asked and the little golden creature smiled brightly.

"Not if you don't mind being my mother." He said his charming, heartwarming smile still lighting up his face.

"Then I think we should name you." She said looking intently. "Hummmm, let's see. Thomas? No, I can just hear the Tom Thumb nicknames now. Horace?" She asked and the face the youth made of distaste was adorable. "Quatreline?" She asked and the boy shook his head.

"That sounds like a girls name. Quatre I like though." He said and the old woman smiled.

"Then Quatre it shall be. Now then, let's see if mother can make you some clothes Quatre dear." She said moving about, getting out her sewing basket and remnants of material she had strewn

about. Left over bit and pieces from when she made her own garments. She'd saved them for patches, which she'd never had a need of, now she at last found a use for them.

Soon enough she had a little tunic made out of her favorite sky blue dress material, and a tiny pair of breeches made from the dark royal blue fabric she'd made her favorite shawl out of. They set off the pale blue color of his eyes and made the tiny young man currently looking at himself in her hand mirror even more beautiful than he had been before. "Well, Don't you just look like a little prince?" She asked and Quatre beamed up at her and giggled.

"I don't want to be a prince. I'm happy just being here." He said and the old woman had tears spring unbidden to her eyes. Quatre's face turned to a pout and he crawled up her arm to her shoulder where he laid a gentle kiss to the old woman's cheek. "Please don't cry mother. I'm sorry I made you sad." He said softly and the old woman gently reached up to cradle him in her hands.

"You didn't make me sad Quatre dear. You made this old woman very, very happy. I love you son." She said kissing his head tenderly. Quatre reached up and hugged her chin.

"I love you too Mother." He said as he too shed a tear of happiness.

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"TROWA! Oh where is that brother of mine? TRRRROOOOOWWAAA?!" Came Princess Catherine's irritated voice. Just as their mother came into view.

"I don't know why you bother dear. You know your brother, the minute spring comes you're not likely to see him again until first frost." The Queen of the Faeries said laughing at her daughter.

"Mother you should clip his wings!" Catherine said in a huff fluttering over to a nearby toadstool to pout.

"Like that would stop him? I think not my dear. He's too much like his father, May he rest in peace. He's perfect for the future King. He takes an active interest in his kingdom." The queen said and Catherine laughed.

"Ha! He takes an active interest in being alone. Mother honestly, he broods more than anyone I know. All he cares about is going out there to watch the world pass him by." Catherine said with a sigh. "And I had this wonderful girl I wanted to introduce him to." Catherine said and The Queen frowned.

"Ah, so that's why you're looking for him. Catherine dear, he is more like your father than you realize. Leave it to Trowa to find what he's looking for, don't shove mates under his nose all the time. Your father was like this when I met him. Trowa will know when he finds his mate, and until he does, we will leave him be is that clear young lady?" The Queen ordered and Catherine pouted.

"But he's never interested in ANY of the ladies I try to introduce to him." Catherine sighed and The Queen smiled.

"Maybe it's not ladies he's interested in at all. Did you ever stop to think about that? And hold it Missy, sit back down, that does not give you the right to start parading young men under his nose now either. Leave him alone." The Queen said and Catherine just continued to pout.

"But I want him happy mother, he's so sad all the time." She said and the Queen sat by her daughter and held her close.

"I want him happy too dear. But he's a grown young man, we must let him decide what makes him happy and give him room to search for it wherever it may lie." She said with a maternal sigh. "I just hope he finds it this summer, The responsibilities of the kingdom will pass over to him come Winter. He'll not have this freedom to flit about devil may care next season." The Queen said ruefully, wishing she had it within her power to stop her Son from turning eighteen. Wishing her husband still lived so it would not be necessary for Trowa to become a king so young. But with royalty, came responsibilities, and as much as she wanted her son to be happy, if he didn't find it this summer, he'd be without a long time.

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It had been a week since Quatre had been "born", and in that week the elderly woman felt twenty years younger. He brought a wealth of happiness with him in just his smile. His touch was a joy, and his voice was heaven itself. She had cleaned out a walnut shell and stuffed it with scraps of silk to make his bed, and there it sat on the windowsill so he could look at the flowers and the Moon at night.

During the day he would help her in the garden, singing to the flowers like she did to help them grow. And grow they did. They had always responded well to her voice, but to Quatre's voice they rejoiced. Big robust blooms appeared on the rose bushes, the bluebells color was brighter than they had ever been, the vegetables were enormous, the tomato's bending their stalks to the ground, the carrots and cucumbers an obscene length, the peas were bursting their pods, and the cabbages were the size of small boulders. He had a magic all his own and the Old woman often pondered just what Quatre was, it was obvious by his size he wasn't human, but what was he?

She had gone inside to make some lemonade around midday, leaving Quatre in the garden as he had asked. He so enjoyed singing to the flowers and he said this one was being difficult and he wanted to find a song that it liked so it would grow. Quatre eyed the Lily pod and frowned. "I've tried happy songs, I've tried funny songs, and I've tried sad songs. What do you want? I know! A love song!" Quatre said moving over to the stalk and wrapping his arms around it, he opened his mouth and began to trill. He sang a song of lovers, bound to one another heart and soul. He sang of joyful encounters by moonlit streams, and the agony of parting only to be replaced by the joy of reunion after those long separations. It was a song that brought tears to Quatre's eyes, he was singing of something he was never likely to have for himself.

As much as he loved the old woman, he knew he was different. He may have only been a week old, but he was a young man, with the needs of one. He was a child who had never had a childhood. Born with knowledge of things that made no sense to him. He knew the nature of flowers and he knew the magic he needed to sing to make them grow. He knew he was meant to do these things, but why he had to do them, he knew not.

He also knew he was alone, there was no one like him near, the flowers had told him so. It was just the old woman. As much as he loved his adopted mother, he felt a heavy weight descend upon his fragile shoulders. She was old and when she was gone, he would be alone. What would he do then? Furthermore what would he do with these urges that invaded his dreams at night. The song of lovers he sang, making a pang of regret well up in his stomach. A lover was something he would never have if there were no one else like him.

"There is no one else like you." The flowers told him and Quatre wept as he sang, the lily opened and wrapped her petals around him in an embrace.

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Trowa was skirting the edge of the forest when the scent of lilies caught his nose, they were his favorite flower and the old human woman's garden must be in bloom. "Awfully early in the season for lilies." He said fluttering off to take a look at the unexpected arrival of said blooms. He caught

a glimpse of the old woman happily cutting up lemons in her kitchen as he peered into the window in passing, following his nose into her garden. He caught sight of the large white and pink blossoms and drank deeply the intoxicating, near pungent aroma. He'd have to be careful, the bees would catch this scent too and a bee sting really hurt. The song he could hear was hypnotic; he wondered where the strange lilting voice that sang of bittersweet affection was coming from as it floated by on the breeze. Then the song ceased, and a shriek from underneath the blossom shocked Trowa out of his reverie and he moved to get a better look.

There he froze for a moment. There beneath the petals was the most beautiful creature he'd ever laid eyes on. He wasn't a Wood Sprite like he was, he had no wings and his ears did not taper into points like Trowa's. He must have been the source of the song, and looking at the garden in glorious bloom could only mean one thing. This boy was a Flower Sprite, the most rare of all faerie kind. But Trowa would ponder that later, there buzzing around the lily was a huge bumblebee, and it had the sprite trapped and terrified. Trowa drew out his sword and fluttered over towards the bee and the blonde sprite cowering in fear.

"Shoo, let us pass and then you can have your nectar." Trowa said waving his sword at the bee trying not to harm it, but to get it to leave long enough for him to get the sprite to safety. The bee backed off and Trowa grabbed the blonde's hand and pulled him into a semi embrace. "Hang on he'll be back" Trowa said as he took hold and flew off quickly to another section of the garden away from the blooms that were attracting the bee's attention. Once away, Trowa landed and the sprite slipped from his embrace to his knees. Still terrified, but now terrified of him. Trowa frowned.

"Who? What are you?!" Quatre asked trying to absorb the sight before him. He was beautiful, his frame was slightly larger than Quatre's, but not by much when standing Quatre came to his chin. His hair was a light earthy shade of brown, and it fell lazily into his face and into his eyes. Eyes that were the shade of fresh grass, or new leaves, bright green orbs that held Quatre rooted to the spot. His face was made of sleek regal lines that came together in a visage that took Quatre's breath away. His body reed like and willowy that belied a great strength, he had after all effortlessly picked him up and flew across the garden. Flew, that was the other thing; this young man had wings that sprouted from his back. Gossamer and near transparent wings that looked so fragile, yet had carried him through the air like a bird.

He also had a large sword in his hand and had used it to fend off that huge insect. Quatre's mouth was dry; this man thrilled him and scared him simultaneously. He took a step forward and Quatre instinctively shrank back. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you." The other boy said putting his sword back in its sheath and crouching before him. "I'm sorry if I scared you, but bee stings hurt if you're not careful and get too close." He said and Quatre mutely nodded, his voice having taken a permanent vacation it seemed. The other boy gave the barest smile and held out his hand. "My name is Trowa. What's yours?" He asked and Quatre reached out timidly and let the other clasp his hand.

"Q-q-q-uaire." He said shakily, caught in Trowa's gaze.

"Quatre, I like that. I've never heard a name like it before." He said tasting the name and liking how it fell off his lips. "Then again, I've never seen you here before, and I love this garden, I come here often. The old woman has a way with plants. I'd swear she has fae blood in her." Trowa continued and Quatre could only nod.

"Mother loves her garden." Quatre said quietly and Trowa cocked his head.

"Mother?" He asked in disbelief.

"Well, not really. All I know is I was born from a flower and she loves me and calls me her son." Quatre said and Trowa nodded. His suspicions had been correct.

“So you are a flower sprite after all. I thought so.” Trowa said smiling and Quatre smiled back.

“What am I?” He asked and Trowa laughed.

“A flower sprite.” He said and Quatre looked overjoyed.

“Are there others like me?” He asked hopeful and Trowa shook his head.

“No, flower sprites are rare. In fact you are the first one I’ve ever actually met.” Trowa said and his heart broke seeing the crestfallen look on Quatre’s face. “What’s wrong? Why are you so sad?” Trowa asked gently brushing blonde hair from Quatre’s forehead, where those soft blue eyes began to fill with tears.

“There’s no one like me, I’ll be all alone when mother dies.” Quatre whispered and Trowa reached out to lift his chin.

“Just because there are not many flower sprites, does not mean there aren’t other sprites. What do you think I am?” Trowa asked and Quatre shrugged and sniffled.

“I don’t know. A bird or bug of some sort?” Quatre asked and Trowa laughed.

“No. I’m a sprite like you Quatre. I’m a wood sprite, this forest is my home, I’m like you and you are like me.” Trowa said and Quatre looked hopeful but confused. “It’s the wings and the ears isn’t it?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded. “Those are the only differences, I’m a man just like you are. I just have bigger ears, and wings. Some Sprites have only the ears, some only wings, some with neither, like you, some with both like me. We are still the same where it matters most.” Trowa reassured and Quatre beamed.

“Really?” He asked his eyes dancing with joy.

“Really.” Trowa said and before he knew it, the smaller sprite had his arms wrapped around his neck in a fierce hug. Trowa was awash in feelings of joy; they were coming from the small sprite in his arms. Trowa had never felt such powerful emotions, and they were making him drunk with sensation. Quatre was a marvel and Trowa couldn’t help but wrap his arms around him and hold him back. “Oh Trowa! Will you tell me more?” Quatre almost begged and Trowa smiled into soft hair and inhaled deeply. Quatre smelled like roses.

“I’ll show you more if you’d like.” Trowa said and Quatre eagerly nodded just as the old woman came outside calling his name. Trowa stiffened and pried himself loose reluctantly from Quatre’s embrace. Quatre again looked bereft and Trowa laid his hand against Quatre’s cheek.

“She can’t see me Quatre. Don’t tell her of me, humans aren’t supposed to know about faeries. And don’t tell her what you are. Promise me.” Trowa said and Quatre nodded. “I’ll come back tonight. After she’s gone to sleep I’ll come back for you then. Promise to meet me?” Trowa asked and Quatre nodded.

“My bed is on the windowsill. I’ll ask her to leave the window open.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“Until tonight then.” Trowa said trailing his fingers down Quatre’s cheek as he spread his wings and flew away quickly.

“Oh Quatre! Did you see the pretty Dragonfly?” The old woman asked as she saw her where son’s gaze lay.

“Yes mother, it’s the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.” Quatre sighed as he watched Trowa disappear into the forest.

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## PART TWO

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Quatre sat in his walnut shell bed on the windowsill gazing at the stars that twinkled down at him from the heavens. But they paled in comparison to the stars reflected in his eyes. Ever since he’d met Trowa earlier that day, he’d felt his heart floating somewhere in his throat and the butterflies in his stomach were getting restless with anticipation. Mother had already said her goodnights and was snoring happily in her bed across the room. And every minute that past seemed an eternity as Quatre waited for Trowa to arrive.

Trowa for his part wasn’t doing much better either. He was anxious to be back to the cottage, he wanted to gaze once more at the beauty that was Quatre. Never before had Trowa seen anything or anyone that compared to the radiant sprite. The golden hair the color of sunshine, the misty sea blue eyes, the smile that made his whole face light up with joy, and the voice! Trowa was positive he’d never heard a voice like Quatre’s in all his life. Soft in timbre but still carried over the breeze with remarkable power in a bright unwavering tenor.

And those were just the amazing qualities on the surface, Trowa couldn’t wait to delve deeper and learn more about the mystery named Quatre. Not to mention the bonus fact... Quatre had not known who he was, he had no idea come winter Trowa would be crowned king of the faeries. Trowa could win Quatre on his own merits and never have to worry that Quatre only saw the Prince and not the man. Trowa would earn his love the way everyone else did. With no titles, no pageantry, no deference paid, just two young people getting to know one another and letting nature take it’s course.

Well, that all hinged on one crucial fact Trowa had yet to learn. He was gay; it would do little good if Quatre weren’t. “Oh God, Please let Quatre be gay!” Trowa said as he watched the sun set. It was now or never and Trowa leapt from his perch in the old oak and began heading back towards the cottage.

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The moon was high in the sky and Quatre began to fret. “He’s not coming.” He said in a rather dejected voice and a sharp pain stabbed him in the chest. The feeling was alien to the young sprite and he had no name to describe what he was feeling, all he knew is that it hurt and he didn’t like it at all. His eyes began to blur and sting and a strange moistness began to trickle down his cheeks. “I’m leaking.” Quatre said touching his cheeks and examining the droplets on his fingers. But even his curiosity could not abate the sinking feeling and he began leaking in earnest. Turning his face into his pillow to muffle the strangled hiccups as his eyes opened up into a storm of emotion.

Trowa grumbled, of all times for him to run into HER, it would be the night he needed to be elsewhere. Of all the strange people his sister had paraded in front of him, this one was the worst. Catherine had meant well, she really did, but what had possessed her to bring this lady to his attention Trowa had no idea. She wasn't even a faerie! She was a mouse! "A rat more like." Trowa grumbled under his breath as she popped up out of nowhere to lasso him by the foot.

"Well, hello there handsome. Fancy meeting you here this evening." The sultry voice purred as she began tickling Trowa under the chin with her tail.

"Trixie, please. I'm in a hurry. Can you untie my foot please?" Trowa asked trying to remain calm.

"Did you get caught in my trap? I'm so sorry your Highness. It's only there to keep the bats and owls away from my home." She said batting her eyes.

Trowa wasn't buying it.

"Oh these knots are stubborn." She said only tugging them tighter. Trowa was furious, but thank god for his sister's odd hobby, and thank him twice for his last birthday gift from said quirky sister. Trowa reached into his hip pouch and pulled out one of the small throwing knives and proceeded to cut himself loose. "Be careful Pooky, don't cut yourself." Trixie trilled tickling Trowa behind the ear. That did it.

"Gah! Trixie, for the last time, I am NOT your Pooky, your love muffin, your studly wuddly, your love monkey, or whatever other cute obnoxious phrase you come up with. I'm sorry, but I wasn't interested then, and I'm not now. You're very beautiful, but not my type. Now excuse me, as I said I'm in a hurry." Trowa said sawing away at the rope around his ankle.

"Well just what IS your type then?" Trixie asked in a huff.

"None of your business." Trowa said as the last threads gave way and he was free.

"Some blonde hussy with no mind, no breasts, and no personality I'd wager." Trixie said and Trowa scowled.

"Well you got the blonde and the breast part right. Good night Lady Trixie." Trowa said lifting off in haste. He'd lost too much time he hoped Quatre wouldn't be mad.

Trixie just stood there jaw agape, she knew she hated blondes for a reason. She patted her chest "I'm sorry you had to hear that girls. There's no accounting for taste." She said snorting and turning back to her burrow. "I'll catch you yet sexy butt. I don't give up without a fight."

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It was almost midnight when Trowa landed on the windowsill. All was silent inside and Trowa kicked himself for being stupid enough to fly that close to Trixie's burrow. It wasn't like she hadn't pulled a stunt like this before.

"Quatre?" Trowa called out in a harsh whisper. No answer. Then his gaze caught sight of a walnut shell with a tiny scrap of material poking out of the shell's seam. He fluttered over and listened. A gentle sniffing could be heard through the casing. "Oh, Quatre." Trowa said his heart sinking as he gently lifted the upper half of the shell. There asleep, his face half buried in the pillow was Quatre. Curled up in a ball, his face tear streaked and still sniffing as he slept.

Trowa's heart broke. He gently reached out to smooth Quatre's hair from his cheeks. "Quatre. Quatre wake up please. I'm sorry I'm late." Trowa said softly as the young man began to stir.

"Can you forgive me Quatre? I didn't mean to be late." Trowa asked and the look of joy that crossed Quatre's features made Trowa's insides turn to goo and puddle at his feet.

"Trowa! You came!" Quatre said flinging arms around Trowa's neck laughing gaily. "I thought you forgot." Quatre said his voice effervescent with unsuppressed emotion. That puddle at Trowa's feet wasn't likely to disappear soon, he was hopelessly enamored with the bundle of life in his arms.

"I got tied up, literally. I'm sorry Quatre. I meant to be here a long time ago." Trowa said rejoicing in the way Quatre seemed to melt against him and fit like a puzzle piece in his arms. Perfection seemed the most appropriate way to describe the sprite in his arms. "I'm sorry I made you cry." Trowa added and Quatre looked up confused.

"What's cry?" Quatre asked and Trowa reached up and ran his fingers down the tracks still marring Quatre's rosy cheeks.

"I can see the evidence of your tears Quatre, I'm so sorry." Trowa said and Quatre shivered under Trowa's touch and leaned into the fingers still on his cheek.

"You mean cry is when your eyes leak?" Quatre asked and Trowa had to chuckle.

"I've never heard it quite that way before, but yes. I'm sorry I made your eyes leak." Trowa said and Quatre smiled.

"It's okay. I felt funny, it hurt when I thought you weren't coming and then my eyes started to leak, or cry and I couldn't stop, But it's okay now, I don't hurt anymore. Although I still feel funny. But a good kind of funny." Quatre said and Trowa's mind was chanting a mantra now.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

However, thankfully his mouth still worked and was under control still as he managed, barely, to keep that mantra from bursting out. Trowa did however lean forward and he brushed his lips against Quatre's ear on purpose as he whispered. "That's okay, I have that good funny feeling too when I'm near you Quatre." He said and Quatre audibly squeaked. That puddle in Trowa's feet sloshed. Everything Quatre did or said was instant sensory overload on Trowa's constitution. He was melting like ice cream on the equator.

"You do?" Quatre asked his eyes wide and hopeful.

"Oh yes." Trowa said, a smile forming under dark emerald eyes. Not so innocent in their rapt appraisal of the smaller man sitting there looking too gorgeous for his own good, Quatre was making his mouth water. Quatre blushed and dipped his chin and smiled.

"I thought I was being silly. I thought it was because you are so beautiful to look at, but I think it's more than that. I don't know. Is this what love is?" Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

"I honestly don't know Quatre. I've never been in love before either. But if this isn't love, it should be." Trowa said taking Quatre's hand in his. "But we'll wait and see. We'll take this one day at a time and if these funny feelings don't stop and grow stronger then we'll know won't we?" Trowa said and Quatre nodded, laying his head on Trowa's shoulder. "Now then, I promised to show you the world out there. You ready to see it?" Trowa asked and Quatre stood and was jumping he was so giddy.

"Yes, oh please yes" Quatre said and Trowa laughed then stood and gathered Quatre into his arms.

"Then hold on tight." Trowa said lifting up off the windowsill and flying out into the night with Quatre clinging to his neck as they soared over the flowers and over the brook into the wide expanse of the field.

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For hours they flitted from spot to spot. Dancing in the moonlight as Trowa showed Quatre the wildflowers and the brook where it tumbled into the river, where a doe and her fawn lay sleeping in the brush by its banks. Quatre losing himself in the feel of soft fur where he caressed the sleeping deer "Oh Trowa. They're wonderful", he breathed with a sigh before returning to Trowa's arms.

They we're off again. This time to the pond where Trowa paused on a fallen log to point out the mushrooms and moss growing there along the decaying trunk. "This tree's death means life to so many other things. It's all one big circle of life, death, and re-birth. It's daunting to think about, but heartwarming to know that nothing truly ends." Trowa said sitting down to dangle his feet in the water. Quatre snuggling up beside him content and glowing in the moonlight, Trowa slipping his arm around him and laying his cheek against Quatre's soft hair. That funny feeling was even stronger than it had been before. Trowa was head over heels in love; there was absolutely no doubt in his mind.

Quatre was everything he had ever wished for and so much more. "Quatre?"

"Hum?" Came the wistful sigh

"How's that feeling?"

"Overwhelming."

"Me too." Trowa said tilting Quatre's chin up to look into his eyes. Love stood staring him in the face.

Then eyes shut, and tentative lips met in a gentle kiss. Trowa's heart was pounding in his chest and the blood was roaring in his ears, as he pressed deeper into that sweet contact. Quatre's lips soft and pliant and tasting sweeter than honeydew. Making him hungry for more.

Trowa's tongue was the first part of his traitorous body to demand more, and reached out to taste more of the fruit that was Quatre's lips. And it was welcomed and met by an equally demanding tongue. Trowa grappled Quatre to his chest as their mouths became one in a heated battle of wills. Only the need for breath broke the contact, and then only for a moment to gasp before once more having lips met lips, and mouth's seeking to devour each other.

The world was a blur and it was with great effort Trowa pulled away. This was going too fast and he was not going to lose a good thing once he'd finally found it.

"What was that?" Quatre asked panting and smiling.

"That was the best kiss I have ever had in my life!" Trowa said still trying to catch his breath. "And if we don't stop now, there's no telling what will happen." Trowa said and Quatre looked upset.

"Why stop? What will happen?" Quatre asked and Trowa sighed.

"I'll want you more than I already do. And it's too soon." Trowa said and Quatre pouted.

"Want me?" He started to ask and then looked like he was trying to form another question. "You mean like want me beside you? Or want me like those dogs we saw?" He asked and Trowa laughed.

"Both." He said and Quatre giggled and promptly threw his arms around Trowa's neck.

"Oh good. Me too." Quatre said and Trowa laughed again. It wasn't so much Quatre was naive, he just had no clue about what was going on and what to call what he was feeling having never experienced ANYTHING in his life. Sometimes being born a full grown adult without the benefit of a childhood was just plain awkward. The body knew it wanted things, but the brain had no idea what to call those bizarre desires. Quatre was only a week old after all, he had a lot to learn and Trowa was eager to be the teacher. But only one lesson at a time, he had all the time in the world to ease into the lessons. Kissing tonight, maybe the next few nights. Then he'd add a few pets here and there, the sex could wait. He wanted Quatre ready, really ready. No matter how much he wanted to throw Quatre down and take him like there was no tomorrow, his heart demanded a softer touch. He wanted to keep Quatre a long, long time.

Forever sounded just about right.

"Come on Quatre, I should take you home. We have time yet. Let's take this slow." Trowa said and Quatre pouted but took Trowa's hand. "Don't pout Quatre. Trust me, we'll get there. There's nothing more I want right now than to make love to you. But you deserve better treatment, and I want you to understand everything before we DO anything." Trowa said and Quatre hooked his arms around Trowa's waist and stood on tiptoe to kiss Trowa lightly on the chin.

"I guess you're right. It's just that I never want this feeling to end." Quatre said and Trowa hugged Quatre tightly and inhaled that sweet fragrance that was his flower sprite.

"I never want this to end Quatre. I won't let it end, I love you." Trowa sighed meaning every word.

"I love you too." Quatre almost sang as Trowa carried him home.

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"Did you see that Ma?"

"I sure did. A flower Sprite, them's are rare."

"He'd done make a fine husbind fer dotty."

"That he sure will, and if anyone can make a man child week in the knees it's our Dotty. Finally a man worth our girl."

"Shall I go fetch him Ma?"

"Yup, go on a git him. Brang him back to the house. I'll go 'un tell Dotty ta git her prettiest dress on and fix her hair right. He'll forgit all 'bout that skinny wood sprite once he gits a load of Dotty all dolled up."

"Right ma, I'm a goin."

With that the large bullfrog hopped off after the two sprites and Ma frog headed back to the house under the lily pad in the pond.

"Dotty girl, yer getting hitched! Let's getcha ready!"

“Mother, it’s DOROTHY, I hate Dotty, it’s droll. And it’s getting married, not hitched.” Dorothy said as she ran a comb through her long blond hair. A stark contrast to her rather GREEN appearance, she was a frog after all. “Who did you find this time?” She asked rolling her eyes.

“A flower sprite, he be fine.”

“He is attractive. Mother I swear you have the language skills of a toad.”

“I’m a frog not a toad.”

“Whatever. And he’d better be better than the last idiot you brought home.”

“Oh dear he suuuuuuuuuure is. Yeppers.”

Dorothy just rolled her eyes; she was getting tired of the hick act. Last week her mother and brother were speaking in fake French accents. She wondered what would happen next week. Russian? Arabic? Sign language? She’d marry whatever freak her mother dragged home if it got her out of this looney lily pad.

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### **PART THREE**

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The night was drawing to a close and the faint blue pre dawn horizon began to take shape as two weary young men, landed on the windowsill. Trowa gracefully set his passenger upon his feet but lingered in the embrace, reluctant to let go. “Quatre, before I let this go on longer. You have the right to know a few things about me. About who I am.” Trowa began but was interrupted by a yawn. Not his own, but from the sleepy eyed blonde who had his head resting on Trowa’s chest.

“You’re wonderful. Nothing else matters.” Quatre said, his voice heavy with fatigue. Trowa smiled.

“It does matter, but I suppose it can wait until tomorrow, or later today I should say.” Trowa said hoisting Quatre up into his arms once more only to lay him back down again in his walnut shell bed. “I wore you out, I’m sorry.” Trowa said lifting the scraps of silk that served as Quatre’s sheets to cover him with.

“Don’t be sorry... \*Yawn\*... I had a wonder... \*Yawn\*... wonderful time.” Quatre said, barely able to keep his eyes open. Trowa smiled and leaned over to place a kiss goodnight on those lips he now held so dear.

“Me too. More than you can possibly imagine, and all thanks to you, I’ll explain what that means later. Go to sleep, I’ll come back for you tonight after the sun sets.” Trowa said and Quatre smiled and lifted the back of Trowa’s fingers to his lips where he laid a tender kiss.

“I’ll be waiting.” Quatre said drowsily as sleep claimed him at last.

"I've been waiting for you my whole life." Trowa whispered, once more laying a kiss to Quatre's sleeping lips before gently closing the shell to protect his beloved. In a daze of joy Trowa turned and flew off into the dawn, back to his own bed to dream of the boy who had stolen his heart so quickly. So lost was he in his own fancy, he never noticed the large bullfrog watching him from the bushes beneath Quatre's window.

"Well I'll be jiggered. That dun be the Prince. Here ta hopin' he don't figger out yon sprite is missing anytime time soon." The bullfrog said hopping up on the window frame, lifting the entire shell carefully as not to disturb the sprite sleeping within. Then with a push of mighty legs, Bullfrog, walnut shell, and sleeping flower sprite disappeared over the hedge and into the shadows of night still clinging for life in the coming of dawn's first light.

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Quatre probably could have slept all day had it not been for the urge to relieve his bladder that persisted in waking him up. He fought it, as all do when the mattress is so soft and one is so tired, until he just couldn't hold it anymore. Not to mention it was getting awfully hot inside his bed with the top half of the shell closed. He was actually surprised Mother hadn't come to wake him yet. He could tell by the heat his bed was baking in the sun. But his head was foggy and he really didn't feeling like pondering it much since his bladder was about to burst and he was far too happy with life to care.

His mind was still dreaming of that handsome face that seemed so mysterious behind that persistent fall of hair hovering over one eye. Those piercing green eyes that bored right into Quatre's chest every time he looked into them. The almost melancholy baritone in which he spoke bringing gooseflesh with just the memory. Those strong arms of Trowa's that had carried him effortlessly over hill and dale, over ponds and flowers, trees and the brook, with nary a fear of falling from that protective and sheltering embrace.

It was now urgent Quatre get up and not wallow in his bed, because those thoughts were too stimulating and his bladder was too full. Something was going to give, and his sheets would not survive either assault. So with great reluctance Quatre shoved open his shell and rolled out of his bed only to freeze where he stood.

He was no longer on the windowsill, but on a lily pad in the middle of an ocean. Well an ocean to Quatre who knew not how to swim and was so small in size even a mud puddle would become a vast lake.

Terror would have been a mild way to express what gripped his soul. He had no idea where he was or how he had even gotten here.

"Good Morrow to ye young Sprite. I see you be in a bit of a bind." Came a voice from under Quatre's feet. He moved to the edge of the Lily pad and peered over the edge to see a large catfish peeking up at him.

"Um, Yeah. Where am I? How did I get here?" Quatre asked and the water rippled in an approximation of a shrug.

"Don't know how ye came to be here laddie. But me ears heard there's talk of wedding bells. And I've not met a gent yet willing to wed that lassie Frog. So I brought myself over to see the bridegroom who's a willing to wed her." The fish said and Quatre's jaw dropped.

"Married? ME? TO A FROG? I don't think so. Frogs are slimy, Ewwwww." Quatre said shivering.

"Yup, as I suspected, you've done been hoodwinked. Third man this week too. Pity. Tell ya what, you sit tight there, and I'll go find some help. I figure we can get through this stem and you can float on your way down to the river." The Fish said quickly swimming away.

"No! Wait! I can't swim! And the River is not the way I live! Oh bother!" Quatre said stamping his foot his words going unheard. Stamping his foot reminded him why he had gotten out of bed. He quickly moved to the edge of the pad and sighed in relief, as he finally was able to relieve himself.

"Oh now that is perfect." Came a voice behind him and Quatre whirled, hurriedly trying to tuck away embarrassing bits without exposing or hurting himself. "Oh don't put it away, you're more man than you look." Came the sultry voice Quatre had yet to see.

Quatre turned about a thousands shades of red and was desperately looking for a rock to crawl under. This was not starting out to be a good day.

Then he saw her, as she surfaced and crawled up on his lily pad island. She was perhaps beautiful for a frog, but to Quatre, she was not precisely what he would deem desirable. The frog part aside she was a girl, and well he'd pretty much figured out already he decidedly liked other boys. One boy in particular who was not going to find Quatre at home, "Please, let me go. I have to be home by sunset. It's important." Quatre said and the frog just smiled and shook her head.

"What? Got a hot date?" She asked

"Well yes, sort of."

"Too bad, you're marrying me tonight. My fiancé does not go on dates. It's a pleasure to meet you, my Name is Dorothy." She said moving closer. Quatre backed away.

"H-h-h-hello Dorothy, and I'm sorry I'm not going to be marrying you tonight. I don't even know you!" Quatre said still backing away.

"That what I'm here for now. So we can get to know one another lover." Dorothy said moving as to wrap her arms around him. Quatre fell to his knees to avoid her embrace and quickly crawled to the other side of the lily pad. "Don't play coy." She said quickly moving to corner him again.

It was rather comical to view from a certain perspective. Quatre crawled on hands and knees all over the pad while Dorothy chased him relentlessly. "Now this is getting silly. HOLD STILL!" Dorothy demanded.

"Not on your life. Not unless you promise to stay over there and not chase me." Quatre said panting from his exertions.

"I only want to kiss my fiancé." Dorothy pouted and Quatre screamed in frustration.

"I am not your fiancé! And you are not kissing me." Quatre said and Dorothy fumed.

"How are we to have children if we don't kiss each other at the very least. That's what Husbands and Wives do!" She said and Quatre whimpered.

"I'm perfectly aware how children are made, and please I haven't eaten. I don't want what little sustenance I do have in me to vacate at the thought. No offense, but I'm not interested in you. I'm not interested in girls at all. I have someone, and he's coming for me tonight. I have to be home." Quatre said and Dorothy laughed.

"You're gay? Oh nice one Mother. First decent looking one she brings home, and he's gay. I guess it's true then, all the good ones are either married already, or gay." Dorothy said turning and hopping off the pad with a little splash.

"Wait! How do I get off this thing? I just want to go home!" Quatre hollered over the edge into the black water.

No Answer.

"Oh bother!" Quatre said flopping down in the center of the pad with the thump. Not even disturbing the surface so much as to cause a ripple.

"Looks like you're in a pickle." Came yet another voice.

"You could say that." Quatre replied blowing his bangs out of his eyes with a frustrated gust of breath.

"We'll I'm here to help. Mr. Whipplebottom, that's the Catfish you met, sent me." Came the voice from above and Quatre looked up to see a beautiful butterfly.

"Oh" was all Quatre could say as he stared at her beauty and the rainbow of colors that made up her wings.

"Don't stare you'll give me a complex." She said fluttering down to sit beside Quatre. "My name's Relena, and while I'm not strong enough to fly you off here, I can help guide you. Mr. Whipplebottom is already at work below. So here, tie this ribbon around me and once the pad is adrift I'll try to tow you to shore." Relena said and Quatre could only nod dumbly. Relena laughed.

"You're cute too, now Quit staring, I can only tolerate cute so long. But it's easy to see what he sees in you." Relena said vaguely.

"He? He who?" Quatre asked.

"Why the Prince of course." Relena said as if Quatre were a supreme idiot.

"I don't know any Prince." Quatre said and Relena looked at him as if he were insane.

"Liar. I saw you with him, last night." Relena said and Quatre smiled.

"That was Trowa." Quatre said dreamily.

"Duh Dumbkoff, I know that. Tell me something I don't know." She said turning to smirk at the sprite as a second Butterfly swooped down to help.

"Sorry I'm late Relena, Just got your message." The dark blue and purple butterfly said landing next to Quatre.

"Hi! The name's Hilde. Man, up close you're really cute, no wonder the Prince was sucking your tonsils out last night." She said and Quatre's knees went weak.

"Trowa's a Prince?" Quatre was utterly and completely dumbfounded.

"Uh, oh. I think we blew it Relena. Um, yeah sweet cheeks, the one and only, heir to the faerie kingdom, Mr. Moody pants, sexy as all get out Prince of Faerie Wood Trowa." Hilde said shoving another ribbon in Quatre's hand.

"That must have been what he wanted to tell me." Quatre said looking as if he were in shock.

"Probably. Don't let it worry you any Quatre. The Prince is a good man, and very lonely. I've never seen him happy really until last night. Last night he was positively glowing. You're good for him." Relena said adjusting the ribbon Quatre fixed to her waist.

"He is wonderful." Quatre said with a sigh and both butterflies giggled.

"I think Blondie's in love, what do you think?" Hilde asked and Relena smiled.

"I think you are right for a change Hilde." Relena teased and Hilde was about to agree when she realized Relena was having a pop at her.

"Yea-HEY! I'm not always wrong!"

"You bet all the honey on that grub race last week. On a 'Sure thing' I think you said."

"It was a good tip."

"He came in not only last, but KEELED OVER DEAD before the race finished."

"That's not my fault."

"Um, ladies I think we're floating away, and fast!" came Quatre's urgent cry as the two butterflies bickered.

"Oh shit! When did we hit the brook?" Hilde asked taking off to try and fight the increasing current.

"I don't know, you were arguing with me!" Relena said also tugging on the ribbons to try and steer the pad to shore.

"You started it Relena bossy pants"

"I did not."

"You did"

"Did Not"

"LADIES LOOK OUT!" Quatre shouted over the argument as his pad hit a stone in the brook sending him flat on his stomach clinging to the edge for dear life. "Oh please let me stay dry, oh God let me stay dry, oh God please get us to shore." Became Quatre's mantra as his eyes clamped themselves shut and his knuckles clung white to the lily pad.

"It's no Good Relena! The current's too strong. If we don't let go the ribbon is going to cut us in two!" Hilde said and Relena cried.

"I know. Quatre! Quatre! We can't hold it, I'm so sorry, we have to let go." Relena yelled over the rumble of water as they neared the mouth of the river.

"Let go?!? I can't swim!" Quatre cried out terrified.

"I'm sorry Quatre, We'll die too if we don't." Relena said and with that, Quatre needed no more reason or explanation, he himself yanked the butterflies free from where they were tethered to the lily pad.

“Tell Trowa I love him! Please!” Quatre begged and Hilde and Relena nodded as Quatre was pulled into the swift current and out to the river, alone and helpless and getting ever nearer to the rapids that would most certainly drown such a small sprite. It was with heavy hearts the butterflies went in search of their monarch with the terrible news.

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DEAD END....