

Rumpledforeskin

Part I : Hello there you Sexy Thing

“For the millionth time! I AM NOT A GIRL!” the Miller’s son screeched at his father. “Will you please stop buying me dresses?” Quatre said looking at the simple brown frock his father had brought home from the market.

“But you’re so pretty, all the villagers adore you. This is a gift from Seamstress Copperthwaite. And what better way to catch a husband Quatrina dear than to look your absolute best?” The Miller said pushing the dress at his frustrated son.

“Dad, it’s QUATRE, not Quatrina. I should have never told you I was gay.” Quatre said exasperated as he turned to stir their dinner in the pot hanging above the fire in the hearth. Ever since Quatre had turned sixteen and decided to inform his father that pushing eligible girls at him was a fruitless endeavor, because of the simple fact he was gay and preferred boys, his father had suddenly, and completely, lost his marbles.

Not that his elderly and senile parentage was carrying a full bag of said marbles to begin with. And ever since that day nearly 2 years previous, Quatre had had to endure his father’s delusions that his son was now a daughter. Quatre was a little stressed to say the very least. And it didn’t help that the villagers took every opportunity to tease him through his befuddled and confused father. They seemed to take great delight in sending over dresses, and perfume for the Miller’s lovely daughter. The joke wasn’t funny anymore. It was never funny to begin with for that matter. Quatre fumed as he added more mint leaves into the lamb stew currently bubbling merrily on the hearth.

Quatre’s mother had passed away several years earlier leaving Quatre to take over the domestic running of the house while his father carried on doing whatever it was Miller’s did, grinding and pulverizing grain. A boring job if Quatre ever saw one. Not that his life was very stimulating either. Get up, cook breakfast, get dad off to work, clean the house, cook lunch, more chores, cook dinner, get dad off to bed, wash dishes, sit around being bored until he fell asleep, start again in the morning. His only thrill in life was the rare times a gypsy troupe passed through his village. The fortunetellers, the music, the vivacity and exotic colors an assault against the senses. Not to mention the sexy gypsy men in revealing clothing dancing sinfully around the firelight.

It was suddenly very hot in the room as Quatre’s imagination ran amuck and ravaged his over active teenage hormones. “God I need a date bad.” Quatre sighed flopping down in a chair to sulk about his lack of a love life.

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Queen Trixie was out for an early morning ride on her steed taking in the scenery of the forest track and swearing. “Damn rack of mine. Can’t you walk without bouncing my tits so hard you nag?” Trixie asked her mount whom only snorted. “Gotta remember to wrap these babies up next time. Sorry girls.” She said adjusting her cleavage for the

hundredth time that morning. If Trixie had cause to be proud of anything, she felt it was the ample bosom god had seen fit to grace her with. She had wooed many a hapless young lord to her whiles with those said attributes. She'd even counted them as part of the crown jewels in her treasury accounts.

She had her hand currently stuck down the front of her low cut gown when a caravan appeared up ahead of her on the road. "Gypsy's!" She gasped and kicked her mount off to hide in the bushes. She was alone after all and it was prudent the Queen not be caught off guard. She watched as the lazy procession made it's way down the path, bright pennants waving in the cool summer breeze. Trixie eyed the occupants of the carriages and stopped short as her eyes fell on something that instantly sparked her interest. "Why hello there you great big hunka-chunka, make me swoon, piece of love monkey flesh." She muttered to herself as she salivated. Sitting cross legged and clad only in bright green leather pants and matching leather vest was just about the most gorgeous man she'd ever laid eyes on.

And she'd seen a good number of good-looking men. This one was by far and away the most fantastic of them all. A fall of soft brown hair fell haphazardly in his face, and an eye the same green as his garb; twinkled where it sat in a well sculpted and chiseled face.

"Oh man. You are sooooo mine. Come be my little sex toy you tight-assed Adonis." Trixie said to the air as she set a predatory grin upon her prey.

She watched as the caravan pulled into the small village situated nearby. Good, that meant the Gypsies, would be giving a show later on. Plenty of time for her to race back to the castle, grab her slinkiest, most low cut, and flattering gown, and high tail it back here in order to seduce her gypsy man and drag him back for a night of hot monkey love. Or two or three. It depended on just how good he was in the sack after all. Having a hot bod was all well and good, but if he knew how to use that body was quite another matter. Still she could teach him she supposed. Train the love monkey just right. Yes, that was it. Her goal in Mind, Trixie grabbed hold of the reigns with one hand, her breasts with the other and kicked her mount into breakneck speed back to her castle.

She was in a flurry of preparation and trying to decide between the red low cut number or the blue one when her estranged husband King Taylor sauntered in. "Oh for Christ's sake put some clothes on." Taylor groaned as he entered.

"Knock next time." She hissed back as Taylor settled himself at her desk.

"My castle, I don't have to." He retorted, Trixie just flipped him off.

"What do you want gay boy?" She asked and Taylor smirked.

"Obviously not you. Damn it put those torpedoes away. I'm gonna lose my breakfast." He said as Trixie just planted her hands on her hips and shook.

“I still can’t believe these babies do nothing for you.” Trixie said Taylor rolled his eyes.

“Nothing except make me want to wretch.” He said back throwing a robe at his wife.

“What are you up to, who do you plan to bed tonight?” Taylor asked and Trixie smirked.

“A gypsy. Oh man he was so hot he was smoking.” She said and Taylor quirked an eyebrow.

“Oh do tell.” He said mildly interested in the description of said stud muffin. And as usual while he sounded tempting, Taylor much preferred the dainty pretty type as opposed to the tall rugged type. Trixie could have him. He would however join his wife to see if there were any prospects there for him and he took himself back to his own chambers to clean up and hopefully find someone he could seduce into his own bed for the night.

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“Ugh! The water is fouled. Trowa will you go see if you can get some water from that well over there please.” Catherine said sniffing the water in her cup before turning up her nose at it and tossing the contents to the ground over her shoulder in distaste.

Trowa nodded once before abandoning his sister and setting up camp to go and ask the owner of the well for some water. And hope the owner of the well was kind enough to spare some. People could be cruel just because they were gypsies and were regarded as thieves and beggars by most. So Trowa always asked first regardless whether it was a bucket of water from a well to an apple off a tree. One never knew who was kind and who would have you arrested for thievery. Better safe than sorry.

Trowa was lifting his hand to knock on the door when he heard an ear-piercing scream. “Dad for the last time, MY NAME IS QUATRE, NOT QUATRINA! I’m you SON, I am not putting on that blasted dress!” Quatre fumed and bolted out the door, smack into Trowa and both men fell flat on the ground, Quatre straddling Trowa’s chest where they landed.

“Oh God I’m sorry!” Quatre said rolling off the stranger who chuckled and sat up.

“Don’t worry about it.” He said pushing the hair out of his face. Quatre’s jaw dropped. A gypsy and a gorgeous one as well was right on his doorstep. Quatre’s imagination rant rampant all over again and he blushed profusely.

"I'm still sorry. I didn't mean to." Quatre apologized once more his voice only cracking a little. The strange Gypsy smiled at him.

"I said don't worry about it. I'd have run out the door too if my father wanted to put me in a dress." Trowa teased and Quatre's face grew hotter.

"So you heard that huh?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded. "He thinks, well I won't go into the details, but he has this notion that I'm his daughter and not his son. He came rushing in to tell me your troupe was in the village and then well... 'Protect his daughters virtue' from the gypsy men who would cart her away." Quatre said with a smile. Trowa didn't look amused. Quatre slapped his hand over his mouth. "That didn't come out right. I mean, I didn't mean, you don't think that I... Oh Dear." Quatre stammered and the smile returned to the gypsy's face.

"Don't worry about it, you didn't offend me." Trowa said and Quatre heaved a sigh of relief. Trowa wanted to laugh at how flustered the young man before him seemed to be. Not to mention adorable when he blushed. As a matter of fact, he was just plain adorable no matter what angle Trowa looked at him. Those huge blue eyes, those perfect naturally rosy cheeks, pert nose, thick blonde hair, long eyelashes, perfect teeth, Trowa was eternally glad he was sitting down.

This boy really turned him on. He always did have a thing for blondes. But usually his luck at finding a boy like him, while on the road was pretty damn rare. It wasn't like you could tell from just looking if the other boy was gay or not. They didn't hang signs around their necks advertising the fact. Even though it would come in handy in moments like these. However, there was that little voice in the back of Trowa's mind screaming for him to go for it. He would if given the opportunity later. The worst this boy could say was no after all.

"Good, I'm glad I didn't upset you. Can I help you with anything?" Quatre asked and Trowa suddenly remembered why he was here.

"I came to ask if I could get some water from your well, ours is fouled." Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

"Of course you can don't be silly. You could have just helped yourself." Quatre said and Trowa shook his head.

"And Risk getting arrested. Nope sorry, we ask first." Trowa said and Quatre looked upset.

"Who would arrest you over a bucket of water?" Quatre asked and Trowa sighed.

“You’d be surprised.” Was his only answer as he stood and offered Quatre a hand up. He was small for a young man it was true, but why on earth did his father think him a girl? It was pretty obvious he wasn’t.

“That’s awful, I’m sorry.” Quatre said now apologizing for things other people had done. This boy was an oddity indeed, and a very pleasant one at that.

“I’m sounding like a broken record here. Don’t worry about it.” Trowa said reaching up to ruffle the soft spun gold atop the other boy’s head. The annoyed face Quatre made was just priceless. Trowa had to laugh he just couldn’t help himself.

“Oh my God, Trowa are you laughing?” Catherine said as she rounded the corner and espied the young man with her brother.

“Oh you are gonna have to stick around Blondie. Trowa never laughs.” She said and Trowa locked Catherine with his eyes. If she wrecked this he’d murder her. She got the hint and smiled with a twinkle in her eye. So her brother had a crush already did he? God she hoped it turned out okay. She liked this one. He was cute, and he made Trowa laugh. A feat damn near impossible to pull off, She’d keep her eye on this blonde cutie-pie for damn sure. A little sisterly prodding in the right direction so to speak.

Quatre helped Trowa fill various buckets and then helped him lug the water back to the Gypsy encampment. “You don’t need to help carry this.” Trowa said and Quatre just smiled.

“It’s alright, two is better than one I always say.” Quatre said cheerily and again that damn smile formed on Trowa lips.

“What’s your name by the way? Quatre I think you said or rather shouted through the door.” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled and chuckled.

“Yes, Quatre. Although my father will tell you it’s Quatrina. That was my mother’s name.” Quatre said and Trowa nodded but didn’t immediately offer his own until that expectant look crossed Quatre’s features.

“Trowa, Trowa Barton.” He finally coughed out and Quatre looked appeased.

“Trowa, I like that. Nice.” Quatre said seeming to taste the name. It sure did sound good when Quatre said it.

“Thanks. Are you coming to the show tonight?” Trowa asked and Quatre beamed.

“Oh I wouldn’t miss it!” He said and it was Trowa’s turn to look pleased.

“I’ll save you a good seat.” Trowa said as Quatre turned to leave.

“Oh thank you. See you later friend Trowa!” Quatre hollered as he scampered off.

“See you later, Quatre.” Said back softly a smile still clinging to his lips.

“He hopes to see a lot of you later Quatre.” Catherine teased behind her brother. Trowa barked at her.

“Stop it nag! That’s crude!” Trowa said. Catherine only laughed.

“But True.” She said with a wink and Trowa knew she was right and turned in defeat to finish setting up camp.

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Part II: Plan A: Gypsy Love Monkey and Sweet as Candy Aspirations

Quatre was giddy as he dug through his closet looking for his Sunday best; he wanted to look absolutely perfect. Just in case. He was rooting near the back when his father's hand shot into the closet holding that damn dress. "This will catch a young man's eye." His Father said and Quatre wanted to bang his head against the wall.

"Dad, for the love of... I am not a girl!" Quatre protested weakly as he found his favorite dress shirt. A billowy poet's shirt made of light cotton with an embroidered thin lace trim along the wide-open laced neck and cuffs on the sleeves. All of it dyed a very pale blue that matched Quatre's eyes. Quatre then dug out his doe skin breeches and tall thigh high matching boots in the same soft buff beige of the doe's natural color. They both were butter soft from wear but still looked brand new.

Quatre examined himself at all angles in the floor length Mirror and smiled. This was his favorite outfit and he had to humbly admit, he really did look nice in it. He just hoped a certain tall gypsy stranger named Trowa Barton thought so too.

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Taylor and Trixie opted to go rather incognito to the Village. They were after all out to have fun and not have to worry about silly peasant problems that would surely be brought to their attention had they gone as who they were. And neither of them really cared that so and so's chicken was eaten by so and so. To be honest, they didn't care for much beyond the quest of getting occupants into their beds that were not each other. Once was more than enough to establish the marriage their father's had arranged and from there on out the King and Queen had led completely separate lives.

As they walked the village thoroughfares and viewed the hustle and bustle Trixie spied her conquest. Trowa was off by himself and was appearing to be stretching. "There he is!" Trixie said grabbing Taylor's arm. Just as Trowa did a near back bend. Both the King and Queen whistled low.

"Dear God is that man limber!" Taylor said bug eyed as his head turned to follow the languid movement.

"Oh come to mama, pretzel boy. Glad I installed that trapeze the other day." Trixie said her eyes fueled with lust. Taylor just shuddered at the mere thought of Trixie and a trapeze in her bedroom. Any erection he had from watching the feline gypsy limber up died right at that moment. But then sparked back to life as Taylor turned and looked at the young man practically skipping up the path.

“Oh now that’s more like it. Hello there my pretty.” Taylor said as he spied Quatre. Trixie turned and snorted.

“Virgin. Definitely a virgin.” She said and Taylor grinned.

“I know.” He said and Trixie hit him in the arm.

“Pervert.” She said and Taylor grinned.

“I like Fresh Fruit. That little Cherry is as fresh as they come.” Taylor countered drooling on himself.

“You would screw a mud puddle. That about all the excitement you’ll get out of that one.” Trixie said eyeing Quatre up and down. “Gah, too cute. Too sweet. I think I’m getting a toothache.” She said and Taylor waved a hand in the air dismissing her.

“Sweet as Candy, and I have a sweet tooth that needs to suck on that confection.” Taylor said wagging his eyebrows.

“And you call me Vulgar? That’s disgusting.” She said watching as Quatre past them and walked straight over to...
“ACK! My Love monkey you little pipsqueak. Hands off pretty boy that one’s mine!” Trixie said and Taylor snickered.

“Boy you sure do know how to pick them Trix.” He said and Trixie hit him again.

“That stud there is not gay.” She said matter of factly.

“I’d beg to differ. I think they both are.” Taylor replied and She shook her head.

“Oh and how can YOU tell?” She asked and Taylor smirked.

“Gay-dar. We just know.” He said and Trixie frowned.

“Oh you don’t expect me to fall for that do you? Puh-lease. Now go grab your little frou-frou boy there and get him away from my sexy, wrap my legs around you, hunk of burnin’ love.” Trixie ordered and Taylor grinned.

“With Pleasure. Here kitty, kitty, kitty, I have a saucer of man milk for you.” Taylor sang quietly and Trixie gagged.

“Good god but you are sick.” She muttered adjusting her cleavage just right so it was almost spilling out of her top as she walked toward her goal with purpose.

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“Quatre!” Trowa hailed, as he stood upright as the young man approached. His mouth going dry instantly when he got a good look of the new and improved version of the boy he’d met earlier. He looked heavenly in those buff breeches and that teasing shirt. That showed a hint of a bare and smooth pink chest and ridge of his collarbone. So delicate in appearance, but it belied a firm young man underneath the loose garments. Trowa’s groin twitched once and he hissed. Maybe having Quatre in the front row wasn’t such a good idea after all. Damn but he was too beautiful not to look at, gawk at even.

“Hello Trowa!” Quatre sparkled as he smiled that brilliant pearly white grin.

Twitch

“You’re early.” Trowa said and Quatre shyly looked down.

“I just wanted to make sure I got that good seat.” He said blushing and Trowa’s hopes rose. This one was sending the right signals, interest, or at least curiosity was there.

“You’ll have it don’t worry.” Trowa said stretching his arms above his head. “But you’re still early. I’m still getting ready for the show. It won’t start for at least another half hour. Won’t you be bored sitting all by yourself?” Trowa asked and Quatre dug that toe into the dirt again. A nervous habit Trowa noted in his mind.

"I'm used to it. I'm alone all the time." Quatre said and the wheels in Trowa brain came to a screeching halt. This was a clue not to be ignored as to who this boy was.

"How can one be alone in a Village full of people?" Trowa asked and Quatre looked painfully sad for a moment. Something else twitched and it wasn't Trowa's groin. This one was in his chest and it hurt.

"You really don't need to know about my petty little problems. I'm alright." Quatre said with a smile. But a fake one Trowa saw right through. Quatre's eyes were like a book, and a picture book at that. Even a moron could figure out what was going on here.

"Don't you have any friends Quatre?" Trowa asked and he struck nerve, and he instantly regretted it as a stray tear managed to escape an eye that struggled for composure.

"No." Came the almost inaudible near ashamed reply.

Trowa reached up and lifted Quatre's chin. "Yes you do. Do you want to help me get ready for the show friend Quatre?" Trowa asked and the light came back to Quatre's eyes.

"Yes please I'd like that very much. Thank you." Quatre said and Trowa smiled and held out his hand. Quatre took it and Trowa wrapped his fingers around the trembling soft hand that belonged to the young man beside him.

"Mind my sister, she'll have you mucking out the donkey pen if you're not careful." Trowa warned and Quatre laughed.

"I wouldn't mind." Quatre said almost giddy that he was being allowed within the barrier of the mysterious Gypsy circle of brightly painted and merry wagons.

"No you probably wouldn't would you?" Trowa mused at the enthusiastic boy as they disappeared behind the wagons.

"Oh Fuck it!" Taylor hissed as Trixie's love monkey led his conquest out of reach. "I'll get him yet Willow Reed Boy. Where the Fuck is Trixie when I need her?" Taylor said looking over his shoulder to spy an equally irate Trixie glowering at the back of Quatre's head. Okay, they needed to work together here if they were going to obtain the objects of desire they both wanted. So Taylor marched over and seized her arm. "We need a plan. Got any ideas?" He asked and Trixie frowned.

“Give me a minute and I’ll think of one.” She replied as they flopped down in the grass beneath a tree to discuss and brainstorm a solution to their problem.

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Quatre toted and carried and just made himself useful as the Gypsy’s hurried about in preparation for the show. He helped Trowa’s sister Catherine make sure her knives were sharp and clean. He helped the musician’s carry their instruments to the stage. Laying them down reverently. “You like music Quatre?” One asked as he watched the young man run a longing hand down the strings of a small lap harp. Quatre nodded wistfully.

“Um hum. I wish I could play.” He said and the owner of the harp smiled.

“Never too late to learn.” He said and Quatre chuckled ruefully.

“But to learn, you have to have a teacher. No one here in this village can play.” Quatre sighed looking up to see Trowa flip and tumble. Quatre’s draw dropped to the proximity of his shoes. No human should be able to move in that manner, let alone defy gravity like that. It was unbelievable, it was fascinating, it was sinful, and it was really turning Quatre’s burner from low heat, to Mount Vesuvius ready to erupt.

The musician’s chuckled as they watched Quatre gape. One nudging the other with knowing winks and nods. “So, I take it you like our Trowa’s warm up routine?” One asked Quatre which shocked him out of his moment of enthrallment.

“Huh? Warm up Routine? What the Hell does he do for the show itself if THAT’S just the warm up?” Quatre asked aghast and a soft lilting baritone behind him almost shocked Quatre out of his boots.

“You’ll just have to wait and see Quatre.” Trowa said wiping his brow with a strip of rainbow colored cloth. “It’s almost time, people are starting to filter in. Let’s get you that seat.” Trowa said and Quatre nodded and followed Trowa.

“Thanks for the help Quatre!” The Musicians called out and Quatre turned to wave at them.

“Thank you! I had a Wonderful Time!” Quatre said and the musicians laughed.

“We had him working like a pack mule and he thanked us for it. Strange boy.” One remarked.

“Not strange, just unusual. Nice kid. It’s easy to see why Trowa brought him back here. That boy trusts no one. Quatre must be special.” Another remarked.

The Harp owner smiled. “Special indeed.” He said as he picked up the harp Quatre had admired. It was one of several he owned, and it wasn’t his best either. He made note to find Quatre after the show and give it to him. Not everyone needed a teacher if the desire and will was strong enough.

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Trowa had seated Quatre directly in front “Best seat in the house. Enjoy the show Quatre.” Trowa said and Quatre looked about ready to burst with pleasure.

“I already have. Everything else is just a bonus now. Thank you Trowa. Thank you so much.” Quatre said and Trowa leaned over as to whisper in Quatre’s ear.

“Anytime.” He said softly, his lips brushing Quatre’s cheek chastely, unnoticed by anyone who sat near, it still looked as if Trowa was talking to him. Quatre’s skin tingled. “Stay after the show. That’s when the real fun begins. Just come back behind the wagons when it’s over. I’ll show you how we gypsy’s have a good time.” Trowa added and electricity roared through Quatre’s veins and he locked eyes with Trowa as the taller boy pulled away smiling. “Promise you’ll come?” He asked almost looking as if he feared Quatre would refuse. WAS HE NUTS?

“I promise.” Quatre squeaked and Trowa smiled.

“Until later then.” He said laying his palm against his chest as he bowed ever so slightly to Quatre before disappearing back behind the wagons to wait for his cue to perform. Quatre never noticed the man sitting beside him just staring at him. Quatre’s attention was too far-gone watching the retreating form of Trowa to notice much else.

Taylor bided his time as watched. The performance was dazzling yes, but the angel beside him even more so. Taylor was tired of waiting, and he dug in his pocket for “Plan A”. And he sprinkled the powder into a drink before tapping Quatre on the shoulder. “You look parched. Here have some cider.” Taylor said and Quatre turned to look at him for the first time.

“Uh, Thanks. Who are you? You’re not from the Village are you?” Quatre asked accepting the drink from the Stranger.

“No, from the castle. We heard the Gypsies were here and thought we’d come for the show.” Taylor spoke amicably.

“They’re wonderful aren’t they?” Quatre said dreamily, casting his gaze back to the dancers before them. Sipping the drink in his hand. Taylor smirked. Soon Blondie was going to faint and enter Taylor to the rescue. Da da da dum! The boy would be so thankful he’d beg for Taylor to whisk him away to the castle. It was a brilliant plan, a foolproof plan. It would make him look like that brave gallant savior in Quatre’s eyes. And with Quatre out of the way, Trixie could have her monkey man or whatever she called him.

The fire flashed and ooo’s and awww’s could be heard and a figure leapt up and over the bonfire, doing several spins in the air before landing like a cat on his feet in front of the fire. Barefoot, in knee length red breeches with a bright yellow sash and a bare chest stood a glistening Trowa, twirling flaming rods of fire in his hands.

Quatre nearly creamed his pants right then and there.

So did Taylor actually. He had to admit Trixie was right. That guy was so hot he was smoking. Flips and spins and fire juggling, it was a massive turn on, and he could tell Trowa was pouring it on thick for Quatre’s benefit as he was almost stripping for the blonde in the front row. Taylor smirked and scanned the area for Trixie.

Yup, she was drooling. She was also pissed. Torn between ripping Quatre’s hair out and nigh on molesting Trowa right there on the stage. Hell Taylor was considering molesting Trowa right there on the stage. Even if he did prefer the blonde beside him, the eroticism of Trowa’s “act”, was going to send the pious into confession first thing in the morning. Trowa was making love to everyone in the area with his body not touching a soul. Quatre was breathing rapidly, his eyes wide as saucers.

“Virgin, most definitely a virgin.” Taylor remarked, but Quatre never heard a word. He was held spellbound by Trowa, and then he wavered, his head drooping slack. Taylor was ready for the blonde to drop into his arms. “Come to papa baby.” He said but the body never made it to Taylor’s arms and he was but inches away.

“Quatre!” Trowa broke his spell on the crowd and dropped his batons of flame back into the bonfire and leapt from the small raised stage. Scooping the now unconscious boy out of his seat before he had even slumped more than an inch. Trowa held Quatre in his arms then moved to lay Quatre down on the stage. Several of the gypsies hovering over the limp boy to ascertain what had happened.

“Shit.” Taylor mumbled under his breath. Plan A an utter failure, he felt something hit the back of his head. It was a piece of paper waded up. He unrolled it and read the one word scribbled across it.

“JACKASSFUCKUPBASTARD!”

Taylor sighed and watched as Trowa leaned over to listen to Quatre’s breathing then his nose twitched and he sniffed Quatre’s lips then gently licked then turned to spit.

“He’s been drugged!” Trowa shouted and cries and confusion began to erupt. Taylor quickly decided now was a good time to make and exit. Trowa picked up Quatre and carried him back behind the wagons. “Don’t worry Quatre, I won’t let anyone near you tonight.” Trowa said softly as he kicked open the door to his wagon and laid Quatre in his bed. Catherine came bolting over.

“Drugged? Who would drug Quatre? He’s the most harmless creature I’d ever met.” Catherine said hurriedly going over to take care of the unconscious boy.

“I don’t know. But I’m going to find out.” Trowa said slamming open the door of his wagon as he left in a fury.

“First you make him laugh, now he’s pissed. That’s two emotions you can drag out of him in one day. You had better stick around a while Quatre. I think he needs you.” Catherine said running a cool rag over the sleeping forehead.

Trixie Grinned. Time to instigate Plan B.

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Part III : Plan B: Blackmail and Chivalry, Aw screw it, give me gold!

Trowa was more than angry, he was pissed off, and he had a damn good idea who was responsible for putting the drugs into Quatre's drink. The leech that had been sitting next to Quatre during the show was the one responsible; there was no doubt in Trowa's mind. He had been watching from behind the wagons Quatre's reactions to the show. The boy was so starved for joy; the simplest melody had set Quatre's whole body into a quivering mass of barely suppressed giddiness. Making Quatre the most beautiful site to behold Trowa had ever seen.

He hadn't been the only one to notice either, the man sitting next to Quatre did a poor job of hiding his desire for the blonde. The man had 'bad news' practically tattooed across his forehead. Quatre was obviously a total innocent when it came to relations and he was oblivious to the wanton lust blazing in the man's eyes beside him. Trowa however had been around the block a few times. And had dealt with his fair share of lascivious bastards. By firmly planting his fist in their jaws as an unmistakable 'no'. Trowa doubted Quatre would squash a bug let alone hit anyone. He was far too gentle. But that was quite all right, that's part of what made Quatre so appealing. And Trowa's fists weren't doing anything at the moment.

He was itching to clobber the bastard. Lust was one thing and forgivable, Hell Trowa had been lusting after Quatre since the second the boy landed on top of him. That was a perfectly natural reaction. However, the use of lover's dust was criminal, in every county in every kingdom Trowa had ever been in. Only the scum of the earth resorted to rape drugs to gain lovers. Trowa was eternally grateful he had been keeping an eye on Quatre. God only knew where the boy would be now had Trowa not been there. No one else seemed to care about Quatre's welfare, and that pissed off the young gypsy even more.

No one was even asking if the boy was all right. It was as if the incident never happened as Trowa watched the village folk carry on after the initial shock as if it didn't matter. The marketplace was bustling and all the commotion had nothing to do over the boy that could very well have been raped or much worse. Too much lover's dust could kill the victim. Trowa saw red. And then more red as a buxom woman planted herself in his path.

"Well hello there handsome." She purred and Trowa tried to sidestep her.

"Excuse me." He said and she moved in front again.

"What's your hurry lover? Surely you see something you like." Trixie said shaking her cleavage suggestively. Trowa's eyes widened slightly the woman was so big she was almost deformed. He felt ill to his stomach and all he could do was stare for a moment, a moment too long. "Glad you like. Care for a closer look gorgeous?" Trixie asked and Trowa snapped to his senses.

“What? Oh. No, no thank you. Excuse me.” He said trying to at least sound polite when all he wanted to do was run away screaming.

No suck luck, the wall of tits was in his way again, oozing over him. He really did feel sick now. “No need to be shy handsome. I don’t bite, not unless you want me to that is.” She said with a wink and Trowa had had enough and he pried her hands off him.

“Look, I said no thank you and I meant it please take your hands off me.” Trowa said and turned to leave when Trixie seized his arm.

“Oh no you don’t. I don’t take being told no very well.” Trixie warned and Trowa threw off her hands.

“I’m not interested Lady. I’m GAY!” Trowa yelled and Trixie’s eyes narrowed.

“I don’t care what your interests are, and you will be mine.” She said and Trowa laughed.

“Not likely lady, who the hell do you think you are anyway? The Queen?” Trowa said and then watched her smile and his jaw dropped.

“Yes, I am as a matter of fact. And you have a few choices to make here my little gypsy tight ass. You can either come with me and do as I tell you or I will arrest you and you can jack off yourself in my little dungeon. The choice is yours.” She said and Trowa frowned.

“Given the choice you don’t want to know my answer. I’d rather bed a Rhino than bed you.” Trowa huffed and strode past.

“That can be arranged too ya know! This ain’t over! You’d better enjoy tonight Gypsy. Cause I mean it, I’ll have you thrown in the dungeon!” Trixie hollered Trowa glared at her thoroughly disgusted by the whole damn thing. She was bluffing; she couldn’t arrest him for turning down sex. That was stupid. Even if she was the Queen it was insane.

“Tell your Blonde little cookie goodbye Gypsy! With you in the dungeon the King will have a field day with his new toy. Chew on that!” Trixie hollered grasping at straws, that last threat did the trick Trowa spun around and marched back over to her and glared down at her fire in his eyes.

“Leave Quatre out of this.” Trowa said and Trixie smirked.

“Too late I’m afraid. The king knows what he likes, and he likes that sweet patootie a lot. Who do you think drugged him?” Trixie almost danced she had Trowa right where she wanted him.

“That’s sick! What you can’t satisfy your own husband hag?” Trowa hissed and Trixie spun almost giddy.

“Hubby is Gay, can’t get it up for girls. Well he did for me, but I’m special. But he much prefers little fresh cherries like that little peasant boy. They squeal nice. So if you want your little peach cobbler whole and intact, you’ll come with me and I’ll TRY to see to it that the King finds another boy to bed.” Trixie said and Trowa knew there was no point in resisting Quatre was a stake here, and that was a gamble too rich for Trowa’s blood to risk.

“I’ll come, but you had better keep your word and promise me Quatre is unmolested.” Trowa said and Trixie batted her eyes and crossed her fingers behind her back.

“Oh I promise, my wild stallion. Come and ride with me.” Trixie said and Trowa shuddered. He prayed for a lightening bolt to strike him down, anything to get out of screwing Queenie mega tits nymphomaniac. No such luck.

“I’ll come to the castle, at least let me make sure my sister is well and make sure Quatre is alright.” Trowa said and Trixie rolled her eyes.

“Chivalry is dead buck-o. But I suppose I can allow that, I’ll be waiting outside the Village, you have an hour.” Trixie said and Trowa bowed his head once.

“I’ll be there in one hour.” He said returning to his wagon to tell his sister what was happening and well, to tell Quatre goodbye too. Just when he was that close to winning the boy, this had to happen. Trowa cursed his rotten luck.

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Quatre was awake by the time Trowa returned to his wagon suffering only a mild headache. Which intensified the moment he saw a solemn Trowa step into the wagon. He just knew something horrible was about to happen, he felt it in his gut. Trowa emotionless related what he knew and what was about to happen. He watched Quatre’s face and winced when tears exploded in frustration and anger upon the angelic countenance.

"You can't do that Trowa. That's crazy! I don't care what happens to me, I'm no one special. You have a wonderful life here, why on earth would you give all this up for me? You don't even know me!" Quatre sobbed and Trowa stood there. Quatre made sense, damn it why WAS he doing this? Because it felt like the right thing to do, no matter how crazy it was and sounded.

When Trowa didn't answer and just stood there silent Quatre let out a strangled cry and dove for the door. "I'm not going to let you doing something so stupid!" Quatre said and quick as lightning he was out the door and running down the path. That snapped Trowa out of his trance, there was only one thing Quatre could be doing and that made Trowa's blood run cold. Thankfully, even though Quatre was quick on his feet, Trowa was faster and tackled the youth to get him to stop.

"Quatre stop!" Trowa said as they stumbled and rolled along the footpath. Trowa gripping Quatre's waist as the youth tried to struggle free from Trowa's grasp.

"No, let me go. I won't let you do this Trowa. It's insane I'm not worth it let me go!" Quatre sobbed, Trowa's grip never wavered and he straddled the boy on the ground, pinning his hands above his head as Trowa forced the youth to look at him.

"That's where you are wrong. You want to know why I do this? Maybe this will help you understand." Trowa said crushing his mouth against Quatre's, bruising in force was Trowa's kiss that Quatre lost all his breath in his gasp of shock and sudden discomfort.

Then Trowa ripped himself away from the kiss and glared at Quatre where he lay still stunned. "Is that a kiss you liked Quatre? No it wasn't was it, it hurt. That's tame compared what I'm sure the King has in store for you. Don't be a fool. I can get away eventually I'm not surrendering anything I am not willing or able to." Trowa said releasing Quatre's wrists and transferring his hands from Quatre's arms to his face where he traced the contours and lines gently. Rubbing a thumb gingerly over the lips he'd just assaulted.

Quatre's eyes were wide with confusion and fear because he understood what Trowa meant. A little of Quatre's innocence had been shattered but for his own good. Trowa leaned back over and this time his lips pressed against Quatre's gently, licking slightly to urge Quatre to open his lips and respond. He did, and Trowa was in heaven. It was the sweetest, most sensual and tender kiss he'd ever experienced in his life. It was Quatre's first real kiss. "That's how you should be kissed." Trowa said softly as he pulled back from the young man who lay flushed beneath him.

Quatre's fingers touched his lips where they burned from Trowa's touch and he smiled. His heart pounding in his ears and ribcage so loud it was deafening. They were lost in each other's eyes as the aftershock of their kiss swept over them. Something had meshed, a feeling an impulse, a deeper connection. It had no name, but it had a feel to it that was unmistakable. Trowa traced Quatre's features as he still held his willing prisoner beneath him. Wordlessly memorizing every feature of the shy and lonely boy that had in one afternoon, stolen his cynical heart. The moment shattered far too soon.

“Oh god is this just sick.” Came Trixie’s voice, as she made horrible gagging noises. “Your hour is up sexy thang. Time to go.” She said and Quatre stiffened under Trowa.

“No! Why are you doing this?” Quatre sobbed and Trixie stuck out her bottom lip.

“Oh does widdle biddy baby boy need a hanky? How pathetic. How can you possibly fall for a cry baby like that?” Trixie asked, and Trowa was about to snap back a terse retort when he suddenly realized, she hadn’t been talking to him but to the man who stepped up behind them.

“What can I say? I’m such a sucker for the pretty ones.” Taylor said and Trowa grabbed Quatre and stood.

“Deal’s off slut. You said you’d keep Quatre out of Danger.” Trowa said and Trixie laughed.

“No, I never made any promise. Just said I’d TRY to convince the King. He’s got different plans.” Trixie smirked and Trowa began to back up still clinging to Quatre.

“We can however come to a compromise. I do love a good challenge.” Taylor said yawning dramatically. Trowa leveled a glare at him.

“No deals, you’re not getting one single slimy disease ridden finger on Quatre.” Trowa spat and the King Chuckled.

“Hardly disease ridden skinny britches and since you amuse me, I won’t kill you for that comment.” Taylor said settling down on a nearby stump.

There was only one thing Taylor liked more than sex and that was gold, and lots of it. And while waiting in the tavern, the old drunken Miller had been boasting about his daughter. Which really was not a daughter but a son, that was gay, and so on and so forth. It didn’t take Taylor long to figure out it was Quatre sweet cheeks he was talking about. But apparently the little golden child also had a golden touch and could spin straw into gold.

****Cha-ching!****

Taylor scrapped plan B, found Trixie and told her his plan. Hell she could buy a love monkey if what Quatre could do was true. So Taylor stretched and grinned at the two young men before him.

“Here’s the short of it. Quatre, you have a very loose-lipped father when he’s drunk. And I am offering you BOTH freedom if what Quatre’s father claims you can do is in fact true.” Taylor said and Quatre groaned.

“My father is a crack pot.” Quatre said and Taylor snickered.

“True, but you could also be trying to cover up your talents boy.” Taylor said and Trowa looked at Quatre who only shrugged helplessly. “Tonight you will both come to the castle, and Quatre if you can spin a room full of straw into gold by morning, you both go free. If you cannot, well, we get you in our beds willingly forever or until we tire of you.” Taylor said and Trowa’s jaw dropped.

Quatre’s legs gave out. “Spin what into what?!?! I can’t spin yarn! How in the world am I supposed to spin STRAW into GOLD?!?!” He cried and Taylor shrugged.

“Guess you’d better figure out how by morning then. Guards, take Quatre to the tower, bring him a spinning wheel and fill the room with Straw then lock him in. Take Reed boy there and just lock him up anywhere. Hands off Trixie until the morning.” Taylor ordered and both Quatre and Trowa were taken prisoner.

“Party pooper. Just a little grope?” Trixie pleaded.

“No.”

“A little fondle?”

“No.”

“Can I stare at him naked?”

“Oh for the love of... NO! Lock the Queen in her rooms too while you’re at it. Make sure she’s got her vibrator. This will be a long night if we have to listen to her bellyache about her love monkey. Make do with a banana tonight Slut.” Taylor

said as they headed back toward the palace.

“You’re a dick.” Trixie hissed and Taylor grinned.

“Yup, a dick, with a dick and no dick is touching you tonight slag.” Taylor bantered.

Trowa and Quatre just helplessly looked at each other as they listened to insults being flung back and forth all the way back to the palace.

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Rumpledforeskin

Part IV : Peep Show Payment for Services Rendered

Once back at the castle Taylor and Trixie wandered off to finish their argument leaving the guards to carry out their orders. They lead Trowa and Quatre down empty and abandoned corridors toward the tower. They opened the door to see some straw had already been delivered and an old and almost useless spinning wheel loomed up in the middle of the room as they shoved Quatre inside. A sob issued forth in utter defeat as Quatre stumbled inside and fell to his knees.

Trowa was fuming and he elbowed his guard and ran into the room to gather the weeping boy in his arms. The guard clutching his stomach moved to retrieve Trowa when his commander held up his arm. "Save it, he just said lock him up somewhere. This is stupid at least let these two have tonight to say goodbye." The huge man said before looking down at the shivering blonde weeping hysterically against the taller boy in pity.

"But Captain Rashid won't the king be furious? I'm sure he didn't mean to have them together." The younger guard spoke and the huge guard shrugged.

"I'm sure he didn't but I have a conscience I must wake up to and heed in the morning. I can discharge my duty to the letter. He didn't specify where, an honest mistake." Rashid said shutting the door and locking it. It was bad enough these two were being held by the most ridiculous of reasons imaginable separating them to endure this hell night alone was just gruesome. So Rashid bent the rules. Like anyone was going to argue with the seven-foot tall five-foot wide mountain, unlikely. Size did sometimes make a difference, and Rashid took full advantage of that fact when it so suited him.

As the door shut Trowa silently thanked the guard. At least someone was normal around this place. But his attention soon shifted to the boy rapidly making himself ill with fret. "Quatre, Quatre calm down." Trowa soothed rocking the boy in his arms.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. If it weren't for me you wouldn't be in this mess." Quatre said and Trowa pushed Quatre to arms length and forced the boy to meet his gaze.

"I highly doubt that. This is not the first time I've had to deal with a rather aggressive woman who can't handle a rejection. It's just the first time someone's tried to blackmail me into sleeping with her. Which I was prepared to do for your sake, but they obviously were working together and no matter what you or I did we we're both being targeted. This is not your fault. They're just sick and depraved." Trowa said trying to reassure Quatre to the best of his abilities, it wasn't helping much.

“But I can’t do this Trowa! No one can do this, and because I can’t you’ll become her property!” Quatre wailed and Trowa snorted.

“I am no one’s property Quatre nor are you. This is not your fault they know you can’t do this. This whole situation is a set up from the get go and nothing you or I did, or could do can change it. It was orchestrated around us and designed so we had no recourse. Don’t blame yourself Quatre; you’re just a pawn to them. I’m glad actually I am here, I’d hate to think what you’d be facing here alone.” Trowa said smiling at the tear-streaked face before him.

“But I...” Quatre began and Trowa silenced him with a finger to the lips.

“Don’t say ‘I’m sorry’ Quatre. Let’s just think of a way out of this mess.” Trowa began and Quatre sighed.

“Well unless you can spin this stuff into Gold, I certainly can’t see a way out of this.” Quatre said with a sigh looking at the piles of straw around them.

“Did I hear someone say they needed straw spun into gold?” Came a voice from behind one of the stacks and both young men verily leapt out of their skin.

“Who’s there?” Trowa asked as a gnarled and dwarfish man dressed in russet and burlap hobbled out from behind one of the stacks.

“Just a man who may be of assistance here. What would you give me if I were to turn this straw into gold for you?” He asked a wicked gleam in his eye.

“I don’t have anything I can pay you with.” Quatre said hanging his head with a bitter sigh.

“Nor I, we are poor men.” Trowa said and the trollish figure scratched the tufted beard on his chin in thought.

“Did I ask for money? I can turn straw to gold, I have others things I desire that cannot be so readily purchased.” He said and Trowa shivered. Not another pervert.

“Am I going to regret asking what you do want?” Trowa asked and the gnome cackled.

“Probably not. In fact I suspect you will enjoy it immensely.” He said a sinister and knowing smile on his lips. Trowa rubbed his temples.

“Is the whole world full of sick bastards?” Trowa asked rhetorically. Quatre looked confused. Then the penny dropped and the blonde’s eyes went as round as saucers. The fey man’s laughter echoed against the walls.

“Just what do you want in exchange for your services?” Trowa asked in a deadpan almost annoyed voice.

“Oh we’ll keep it simple. I’ll spare the little angel there too much of a shock. I like to watch, give him a quick little hand job gypsy man. Then all this will be gold before morning on my word.” The dwarf said bowing. Quatre just choked.

“Excuse me?” Quatre began to ask when arms snaked around him from behind and lips pressed against his neck just below his ear. Quatre shivered.

“It could be a lot worse Quatre. Just close your eyes and pretend he’s not here.” Trowa said nibbling slightly. Quatre became stiff as a board.

“But! But! Oh God.” Quatre began to protest but Trowa’s nibbling on his neck was quickly clouding his mind. And he began to melt back into Trowa’s chest. Trowa could definitely think of a lot worse things to be doing than this. And he was always a closet exhibitionist to begin with. His act for the gypsy troupe alone was basically him seducing a throng of people with erotic dancing. This was just his dance with a partner, and one he already wanted to do this with anyway. So what if a horny old man wanted an eyeful. At least he didn’t want to join in, that was a bit far, and this was really harmless. And admittedly a huge turn on to know they were being watched. Trowa was hard as a rock; he could always continue this behind one of the stacks once the old man’s request had been fulfilled.

Quatre’s breath became ragged and his back arched as Trowa’s hand slid up under Quatre’s overly large shirt to stroke heated pink flesh and already aroused and hardened nipples. A slow languid movement lower to Quatre’s breeches and the obvious sign of arousal straining against the laces that held his trousers in place. A tiny tug on said laces and a delving hand soon brought out Quatre’s painful erection. Quatre let out a strangled sob as Trowa’s fingers curled possessively around the hardened shaft and began to slowly stroke keeping a nice pressure around him as he did so.

Quatre was like clay in his hands, mewling and moving in synchronization as Trowa deliberately set a pace that would no doubt bring Quatre to an apex quickly. Just enough to appease the pervert watching, then he would drag Quatre off to a corner and finish in private. It was Quatre’s first experience and Trowa didn’t want it to be marred too badly by some sick voyeur.

As expected, Quatre reached his first climax rather quickly and Trowa felt the warm liquid coat his hand and he smiled as he kissed Quatre's now sweat dampened brow. "God you're gorgeous when you cum." Trowa whispered looking at the flushed boy panting in his arms. The look he had as he reached his orgasm almost sent Trowa over the edge as well. Quatre was just too beautiful to put into words.

A clearing of the throat snapped both young men out of the fog that encased them and reminded them not to subtly they had had an audience. Quatre looked horrified and Trowa just hushed him silently laying his hands across Quatre's lap to hide his still visible appendage.

"That will do nicely. No off with ye so I can get to work." The troll ordered and both men hurried to obey. Scuttling off into a darkened corner of the tower cell.

"Trowa?" Quatre whispered meekly in embarrassment where he had curled up around himself Trowa wrapped around him and pulled him into his embrace.

"I'm still here Quatre and I know that sucked for your first real experience, I'm sorry." Trowa whispered kissing Quatre's ear as he spoke.

"I'm sorry he made you do that." Quatre said quietly. And Trowa almost laughed.

"He didn't make me do it Quatre. Touching you is not a chore." Trowa said snuggling closer to reassure the boy in his arms. "I quite enjoyed that to tell you the truth. You're absolutely stunning when you lose yourself." Trowa added feeling Quatre's whole body temperature rise as he blushed from the compliment. Trowa's heart ached, such simple words really and it pained Trowa to realize he was the first person who had ever spoken them to Quatre.

Trowa was resolved, when this nightmare was over, Quatre was coming with him he was not letting this boy out of his arms, ever. He'd show Quatre the world and free him from his sad and lonely little world. Trowa felt a peace settle over his heart and he knew he'd made the right choice. Quatre would be the one he shared the rest of his life with. He just hoped Quatre wanted him too.

"Quatre? Will you come with me when this is over?" Trowa asked softly and Quatre rolled over to face him.

"You mean travel with you?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded.

"Travel with me, live with me, be my partner, my friend, my lover." Trowa said again and Quatre looked about ready to

weep.

“Really?” Quatre asked hopeful. Trowa smiled.

“Really.”

“Why?”

“Quatre, isn’t it obvious why? I’m in love with you.” Trowa said and Quatre did cry now.

“I’m dreaming this, this can’t be real.” Quatre said in disbelief. Trowa smiled.

“I’ll take that as a yes then?” Trowa said chuckling softly.

“Yes! And hundred times yes!” Quatre cried gaily burying his face in Trowa’s chest. “I love you too.” He added and Trowa buried his face in Quatre’s hair.

“I knew you did, but thank you for saying it.” Trowa sighed and he felt Quatre’s arms slip around him.

“I’ll say it all the time if it makes you happy.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled and lifted his chin.

“You make me happy. Just be you.” Trowa said capturing Quatre’s mouth in a soulful devouring kiss. Only broken when Quatre involuntarily yawned. Trowa laughed despite his aching need. It had been a very long and tiring day, and it had caught up with Quatre in one fell swoop. “Go to sleep. We’ll be free in the morning then we can leave all this behind us.” Trowa said tucking the blonde comfortably in his arms as sleep crept over them.

It was dawn when they were brutally awakened with a jolt as the door banged open and a “Fuck me! The little turtle dove did it!” was shouted in the silence of the room by Taylor as he surveyed the room the wealth glistened in the early morning sun as skeins and skeins of golden threads littered the room where straw had been the night before.

“Damn it Taylor, I want my stallion! I didn’t agree to this deal!” Trixie hissed as she entered the room and saw the transformation. Trowa and Quatre still huddled in the corner also gazed around the room in shock. And a sense of overwhelming dread descended upon them as they caught Taylor’s eye and the look of sheer and utter greed plastered upon his face.

“Shut up Trixie! I’ll buy you a fucking Love toy. Guards! Bring more straw! Double the amount!” Taylor shouted and Trowa stood up.

“Whoa hold on just one damn minute. The deal was ONE night, ONE room of Gold. It’s done, we are leaving.” Trowa said pulling Quatre up to his feet.

“What the fuck are you doing in here? Oh never mind, I don’t care and I’m the King I can change the deal if I want to. He’s got to spin one more night and you both can go tomorrow. Unless of course he fails then the same thing applies, yada, yada, yada.” Taylor said wrapping himself in the golden Threads and looking certifiably insane.

“That’s not fair!” Quatre wailed and Trixie laughed.

“Life’s a bitch baby. Get used to it.” She said hitching up her skirts and leaving the room in a huff, denied her love slave for yet another day.

Quatre sank to his knees once again as the room was cleared of gold and replaced by more bales of hay and straw. Trowa was perched atop one looking daggers into the guards as they filled the room to near bursting with straw. What he wouldn’t give for one of Catherine’s knives right about now. This was so not fair. And poor Quatre was pacing a hole in the floor in worry.

“What if he doesn’t show Trowa?” Quatre asked in worried whisper. Trowa sighed.

“That’s what I’m trying to figure out right now.” He said as they waited and hoped the dwarf would show himself again that night.

Thankfully he did, just as the last bale was delivered and the door locked and barred once more.

“Stuck again I see.”

“Just get on with it old man. What do we have to do this time?” Trowa asked and the dwarf bellowed with laughter.

“Blunt young man, I like that. Oh I don’t know. Last night was pretty dull. I think we need some lip action going, from the pair of you this time. So hop to it boys and give us a good old fashioned sixty nine.” The Old troll said settling himself in a bale of hay to watch the “show”, a big bucket of popped corn suddenly appearing in his hands all ready for consumption while he watched the performance.

“Your own private porn show. How convenient.” Trowa said pulling his belt out of his breeches. “I hope you’re taking notes old man.” He said irritated beyond measure.

“Oh most assuredly.” The troll winked and Quatre just whimpered then turned to Trowa and whispered.

“What’s a sixty-nine?” He asked and Trowa fought smacking his hand against his face and rolling his eyes. He leaned over and explained the basics. Quatre looked about ready to pass out from shock. But quickly recovered and began to strip off his shirt. “This is just wrong!” He said and Trowa grunted as he pulled off his boots.

“You don’t have to tell me that twice.” Trowa said back and the old man cleared his throat.

“Enough banter, more action. Hurry up, I’ve not got all night, it does take time to spin this stuff you know!” He said raising a mug of ale to his lips that also just seemed to appear out of nowhere.

“We’re hurrying, but I’ll have you know neither of us have had anything to eat or drink since we got here! Do you mind putting your snacks away? Unless you want our rumbling bellies to add to the atmosphere!” Trowa hissed and the troll coughed.

“Barbarians. Wait. You two eat first, I’m not that heartless.” The troll said and a small meal of stew, bread, and ale appeared before the hungry prisoner’s who ate gratefully. Before getting bare to the skin and giving their “payment for services rendered” by way of rolling around on the floor and giving each other hurried blowjobs. It was nice naturally, but extremely awkward knowing they were being watched.

At least Quatre was loosening up a bit where his sexuality was concerned. He wasn’t nearly as embarrassed this time around.

Trowa just hoped that come morning Taylor would live up to his word. Trowa wasn’t going to hold his breath. Fool him once shame on you, Fool him twice, shame on him. He was nobody’s fool. His expectations were exactly as predicted.

Morning came and so did the predictable “One more night”.

“I want it in writing this time.” Trowa demanded and Taylor frowned.

“No.”

“Put it on paper or no gold.” Trowa retorted knowing by now Taylor’s greed far surpassed his libido and he’d cave. Trowa held the signed parchment in hand ensuring their freedom come morning. That was if the old bugger showed up.

Trowa was getting good at this prediction business; maybe he could take over from Grandmother the fortuneteller when he got too old for the dance routine act. Because sure enough the ugly old coot appeared right on time.

“And tonight’s performance?” Trowa asked impassively, extremely tired of this game.

“You fuck him.” The troll said and Trowa shook his head.

“No. That’s too much to ask. I’ll not have his first time as a peep show. Something else.” Trowa said firmly, much to Quatre’s relief.

“Fuck him or no gold.”

“I said no. I won’t budge here.” Trowa said folding his arms across his chest.

“All right, you like deals.”

“I hate them actually, but do enlighten me.” Trowa sighed.

“Cheeky bugger.”

“Look who’s talking.”

“Please, guys...” Quatre interrupted wringing his hands with worry.

“Fine. I’d usually ask for the first-born child, but seeing that that’s a moot point in this case and pretty much impossible, here’s what I’ll do. I’ll give you three days after you are free to guess my name. If you cannot guess my name at the end of three days, I get to fuck you both.” The troll said and both men shuddered at the mere thought.

“You’re one twisted bastard.” Trowa growled and the dwarf grinned baring yellowed and blackened teeth.

“Why thank you. Is it a deal?” he said and before he could finish his answer Quatre started blurting out names.

“George, Henry, Cornelius, Hortence, Ugly Kid JOE!”

“Wrong, wrong, sissy, girl’s name, creative but wrong.”

“Just spin you old pervert. We’ll guess your name.” Trowa said slumping down beside Quatre.

The old man began to spin and sang as he did so. “It’s raining men! Hallelujah it’s raining men, amen!”....

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Rumpledforeskin

Part V : Homosexual Godfathers, Hentai Trolls, and Hot Sex, Oh MY!

From their corner in the cell they heard the gnarled old coot whirling away. "Trowa, you could have, you know, done it to me. I mean, um, I really don't want that thing, well, you know touching me." Quatre whispered and Trowa gathered him up in his arms.

"He's not going to touch you. We'll figure out his name. Besides I think he's seen more than enough of you as it is. I will not give that pig your virginity, that's way too far. That's not for anyone's eyes or enjoyment, but ours." Trowa said nuzzling Quatre's hair and breathing deep.

"But what if we don't figure it out?" Quatre asked worried. Trowa held tighter.

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Once we're out of here I have someone that may help us out." Trowa said and Quatre looked up in query.

"Who?" He whispered and Trowa smiled laid a finger to his lips.

"Just trust me. We don't want that leech to hear. Just go to sleep and dream about all the things I'm going to show you when we get out of here." Trowa said kissing the end of Quatre's nose affectionately.

"You're really serious about taking me with you? That wasn't just to make me feel better?" Quatre asked still in disbelief over the whole ordeal.

"Quatre, has no one ever done anything for you? Of course I'm taking you with me. I love you." Trowa said and Quatre shook his head.

"No one's ever told me they loved me before. Well, except for my mother." Quatre said looking about ready to break down again. Trowa would break that look if it took him a lifetime. Nothing as beautiful inside and out should be so sad, Trowa smiled. So that's what his Grandmother had meant all those years ago. Crazy old bat and her cryptic messages, finally one of her puzzles made sense.

Trowa remembered back to when he and Catherine were children, he had been around ten years old when Grandmother had taken him aside and plopped him down on her knee. "Trowa, moody boy. Just you wait, one day will come when smiles fall readily to your lips, and laughter bubbles from your belly against your will. I see you with golden sunshine in your arms and love in your eyes. But it will be hard to gain, and if you let go you'll lose it and will never know how to smile again. Be on your guard boy. When you gather that sunlight to you, heed the voice in your heart and do what it tells you to do." She had explained.

Trowa had found it impossible to gather sunshine; he had tried to catch innumerable sunbeams as a boy ever since that day. Little did he know the dingbat hadn't REALLY meant the sun, but the fair haired, boy that glowed with inner light currently in his arms. It all made sense now, from the very first moment he had laid eyes on Quatre, something inside of him had been going off inside like a siren.

And he had, without really thinking about it, done everything his heart told him too concerning Quatre. Right from the start, from inviting him to the show, from taking him back to see the secret world behind the stage, to dancing harder than he ever had before just to please him. To feeling this irresistible urge to protect Quatre from harm and that had led him to their current situation where his heart had fairly become rigid with defiance against the dwarf's requests.

He was in love, deeply, madly, unconditionally, heed of heels in love with really a total stranger. But who knew what powers drew them together, Trowa really didn't care. This felt right, and it felt good. Why argue and question a good thing? That seemed pointless, so Trowa accepted his fate with open arms, and closed them tightly around it and held on for all he was worth.

Quatre nestled into the shelter and comfort and drifted to sleep. Fair eyelashes kissing the tops of his cheeks, his lips slightly parted as he succumbed to slumber. Trowa gently kissed closed eyelids. "No one may have ever told you it before Quatre. But on my life, you'll never want to hear those words again. I'd shout them from the highest hill if you but desired it. I love you." Trowa whispered as he too settled down in repose.

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Come morning Trowa and Quatre were once again awakened by a squealing king, and furious queen. "I hate you Taylor! You and your fucking Midas aspirations! You get a shit pile of fucking gold? I lose my Love Monkey! It's not fair." Trixie wailed as Trowa marched toward the door, his parchment of freedom in hand.

"Step aside, we're leaving. I have your word!" Trowa said practically shoving the document up Taylor's nose.

"I've changed my mind." Taylor said with a smirk and Quatre sobbed.

"Oh no you don't! I have your seal! We are free." Trowa said and Taylor shook his head.

“Nope, sorry. I’m no idiot, do you honestly think I am letting golden boy there waltz out of here? I don’t think so.” Taylor said and Quatre snapped and crumpled to his knees in grief.

“I’m sorry your majesty, but I was witness to your agreement. You did sign the release papers. Not even you are above the law of contract. Those laws are treaties signed into validity not by the crown, but by the guilds. Do you really want the Maguanac teamster union in here?” The tall captain of the guard said with a smile and a wink to Trowa.

Taylor snapped his head around. “You remember what happened to your Father King James Hoffa?” Rashid added with a smile. They never did find the body. Taylor coughed.

“Riiiiight. Okay take care, have a good life. Don’t let the door hit you in the ass on the way out.” Taylor said and Trixie bellowed and latched onto Trowa.

“No, I want my stud muffin! Let the little one go, but I want to keep this one!” she said and Trowa wriggled out of her grip.

“Not if you were the last woman on earth. Not if you were the last man on earth.” Trowa said still trying to escape the clinging woman.

“The teamsters are all for equality for women.” Rashid interrupted and Trixie dropped her arms abruptly. Then just reached out and grabbed Trowa’s groin.

“Damn, and he’s loaded too. What a waste.” Trixie said releasing a stunned Trowa. Quatre was just staring wide eyed at the whole bizarre exchange. Trowa shook off his nausea at the unexpected grope and grabbed Quatre’s hand hauling him out the open door.

“Thank you.” Trowa said to the large guard who only smiled in return, flexing his bicep that had a large Maguanac corp. tattoo engraved upon it. Trowa made a bark of laughter as his feet stirred to life.

They both pelted across the courtyard and out the main gates, and didn’t stop running until they had no breath left and the castle was a small blur in the distance. There they collapsed for a moment to catch their breath, and rest.

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Once back in the safety of the Gypsy encampment both Trowa and Quatre were smothered with Catherine's joy, and concern. She was shoving soup down their throats like there was no tomorrow. Pausing only long enough to check both men over for any signs of mistreatment like a mother hen over her chicks.

"Cathy! We're fine. Just tired and hungry, and we need to think. Please stop fussing." Trowa groaned as his sister hovered over him.

"God, you are such a bear Trowa. Fine. Quatre dear, can I get you anything?" Catherine said switching to fuss over the blonde instead.

"Cathy!" Trowa roared and she turned and stuck out her tongue.

"I'm fine Ms. Bloom. Thank you." Quatre said softly.

"Ms. Bloom? What are these? Manners? Take notes Trowa." Catherine said and Trowa frowned.

"Bite me." Trowa said glaring at his sister.

"Oh, pick a spot." Catherine said chomping her teeth.

Trowa stood and began reaching for his belt. Catherine squeaked. "Lord leave your britches on idiot! I got the point, kiss your ass, message received loud and clear. We have company for Goodness sakes!" Catherine stammered looking about ready to explode from embarrassment.

"Not company Cathy, family. He's coming with us." Trowa said bending over to kiss Quatre's cheek. He blushed as expected. Catherine shrieked.

"Oh my god! Really? Trowa you dog!" Catherine said throwing her arms around both young men. "I just knew you were perfect for Trowa. Oh I have to tell Grandmother! I have to tell Uncle Alexandre!" Catherine said jumping up and down.

“Go on, go tell everyone, I know you nag.” Trowa said pushing her out the door. “Peace at last!” Trowa said shutting the door turning back to Quatre once Catherine was gone.

“I need to tell my Father.” Quatre said, not looking very happy about it. Trowa was concerned.

“Have you changed your mind about coming?” Trowa asked afraid of the answer.

“Oh no! That’s not it.” Quatre said jumping up to clasp Trowa’s hands in reassurance. “It’s just I hope he let’s me.” Quatre said looking worried.

“How old are you Quatre?” Trowa asked and Quatre looked confused but answered.

“Eighteen. I know I don’t look it, but I am, almost nineteen actually.” Quatre said and Trowa blinked. He would have guessed sixteen no more. But Quatre was in fact only a few months younger than he was, perfect.

“Then he can’t say nay Quatre. You are your own man, you can do as you like.” Trowa said grabbing Quatre’s hand. “Come on. Let’s go tell him and then we can be on our way. We have some names to think of and we can do that on the road.” Trowa said and Quatre clung to his hand as they left the wagon and headed to Quatre’s home.

As they walked hand in hand through the village, he felt Quatre stiffen and quicken his pace. Trowa glanced around to find the source of Quatre’s trepidation. Stares, they were being stared at from windows and doorways. Trowa shook his head, he’d forgotten that house dwellers had a very repressed society and that sexuality in almost any form of display was a taboo. Especially homosexuality. And they called gypsy’s barbarians, Trowa snorted. Love was love; it never mattered with Trowa’s people. So long as you were happy, the troupe was happy.

Hell most of the time you were stumbling over lovers in the middle of the night on a trek to the bushes to go to the bathroom. Wagons only had so much room in them, and when the children usually slept in them and the adults outside, it was a fact of life. Trowa was glad he had his own wagon and that he and Quatre would be the only ones sharing it, because sleeping outside gave him a stiff neck.

More stares, and now whispers, Quatre was so tense he was white as a sheet. “Who cares what they think Quatre.” Trowa comforted and Quatre turned worried eyes to his new love.

“I don’t care what they think. I’m just nervous what they might DO. They weren’t above humiliating me when they only THOUGHT I was gay. Now that they know, I’m just being cautious.” Quatre said and Trowa nodded. That was actually

fairly prudent behavior. He still thought Quatre's village full of repressed morons.

That's when the eggs started flying and splattering at their feet. "Run!" Quatre cried tugging on Trowa's hand. Trowa no longer thought it; he knew the Village consisted of nothing but morons.

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The meeting with Quatre's father didn't go much better either. When Quatre said the man was a crackpot, he'd meant it. How Quatre had maintained his sanity living with this man was beyond Trowa. Not only was he under the impression his son was a girl, but it was hard to keep a straight face while talking to a man who was wearing his underwear on his head. Every time Quatre removed it, the Miller would replace it. It was an endless battle; one Quatre was never likely to win.

However, they did manage to insure Quatre was free. Old lady Thundlebottom was in need of a new home since hers was literally falling to pieces with no one willing to fix it, and Quatre's father needed supervision. Quatre moved the Old lady into his room since she agreed to watch over the old coot in exchange for room and board. And Quatre grabbed what little he had by way of possessions and never looked back as he boarded Trowa's wagon and perched himself next to his 'partner' as the caravan once again lurched into motion.

They'd forgotten to consider names in the hurry to leave the kingdom.

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They'd traveled until the sun set and then circled their wagons to make camp for the night. Quatre was making dinner as Trowa tended the mules and horses when the old troll suddenly appeared. Quatre's startled shriek had Trowa bolting to the door. "Oh shit!" He spat as he entered his wagon to see their "Guest".

"And a pleasant eventide to you too." The Dwarf replied where he lounged on Trowa's bed.

"Get off my sheets you." Trowa said and the dwarf yawned.

"Just testing the springs. Getting the feel of it before I grind the pair of you into the mattress." The dwarf drawled and Quatre gagged.

"You're just lewd. You said we had three days." Trowa said yanking the filthy troll out of his bed.

"And this is day one. Care to make a few guess to my name?" He asked and Quatre chewed his lip.

"William?"

"No."

"Butch?"

"Yes I am, but No not my name."

"Oh very funny. Gilbert?"

"Wrong again. Better luck tomorrow." The Troll said vanishing.

"I think I've lost my appetite." Quatre said sinking into a chair.

"Yeah, me too. We have to think, and I have to talk to Grandmother. She might know." Trowa said grabbing the covers off the bed. "But first I'm burning these. There are more blankets under the bed." He said leaving the wagon. Quatre remade the bed with fresh linen.

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"She didn't know?" Quatre asked a moody Trowa after he returned.

"Not a clue." He said with a sigh.

"We're Screwed." Quatre said flopping back into the bed dejected.

Trowa shuddered. "Bad choice of words love."

"I'll say." Came a voice from the front of the wagon and both heads turned to view the newcomer. A young handsome man with a long Braid of hair was sniffing the stew on the table.

"Man oh man, I'm starved." He said flopping down and helping himself.

"Um, excuse me? Who are you?" Quatre asked and Trowa frowned.

"Glad you asked, I'm your Homosexual Godfather Quatre, but you can call me Duo." The young man said wolfing down some stew.

"My what? Don't you mean Fairy Godfather or something?" Quatre said and Duo shook his head.

"Nah, well kinda. But the whole world in on this Political Correctness Kick at the moment and Queer Godfather just makes me sound like an idiot not to mention isn't very PC either." Duo said around a mouth full. "And the vertically challenged, beauty challenged, not very nice guy who wants to have intercourse with you in a sucker bet. Oh fuck this PC SHIT! The short fucker, with a boner pisses me off so I'm here to help you out." Duo said cutting to the chase.

Both men looked irrevocably relieved. Duo grinned. "Now I can't up and tell you his name. That's against the Homosexual Godfather employee handbook. And I'll get it up the ass with a bowling ball if I spill the beans. But I can give you a clue." Duo said with a wink.

"The clue is?" Trowa asked and Duo stretched.

"Oi! I'm getting there keep your pants on." Duo said taking another bite of stew. "Damn good cook Quatre. Your mom would be proud." He said smiled and Quatre beamed. "Now then, the clue. When the ugly shit drops his trousers, take a good look. His name is dangling between his legs." Duo said and Quatre shuddered.

"Dick?" Quatre asked and Duo chortled.

“Nope. Worse. Believe me you’ll know his name when you see it.” Duo said and Trowa snorted.

“So we have to seem him naked then. Great make sure we don’t eat first.” Trowa said and Duo laughed harder.

“Oh dude, that is a wise choice. Trust me, you think he’s ugly now? Wait.” Duo said standing and stretching. “Well, thanks for the chow. I gotta hot date with Heero later.” Duo said changing into a tomcat in tall boots. “He’s a miller’s son too, and well the guy needs help with Wufei the ogre. Once I handle that the ogre with an attitude Heero will owe me big time. If you catch my drift.” Duo said with a wink and just popped away.

“That settles it, magic makes people into perverts.” Trowa said and Quatre giggled.

“Well, they must get bored easy. At least Duo’s nice and not a troll.” Quatre said and Trowa shrugged.

“I suppose, but I’m getting pretty darn sick of all of this. I’ll be glad when it’s over.” Trowa said falling back into bed and holding up his arms. Quatre smiled and walked over and crawled into bed and into Trowa’s arms. “However, all this talk of sex has me turned on.” Trowa purred into Quatre’s neck.

“Me too.” Quatre moaned as Trowa nibbled his neck. Reaching over to the drawer above the bed and fumbling in it a moment. “What’s that?” Quatre asked and Trowa brought down a small bottle flipping open the cap.

“You’ll find out what this is and what this is for in a minute.” Trowa said a smirk plastered on his face as he undressed his golden lover, rolling him onto his stomach into the process. Quatre heard Trowa open the tube, and then he felt the slick wetness be spread liberally over both his erection and posterior. He knew precisely what it was for, and his anticipation grew ten fold.

“Are you ready Quatre?” Trowa asked as his fingers slid in and out of his mewling and writhing lover beneath him. He was more than prepared, but he had to ask first just to make sure.

“Yes, oh God Trowa. Take me.” Quatre panted wanting more than the slender fingers and expectation. He wanted Trowa and wanted him now.

“Take you to heaven and back.” Trowa said nipping Quatre’s earlobe as he pushed. Quatre’s virginity naught but a

memory as the tight space welcomed him home.

“Oh TROWA!” Quatre gasped as Trowa plunged into him again and again. His hand pumping Quatre’s own erection in time to the beat and pulse of their near frantic lovemaking. It was the most intense experience Quatre had ever had.

It was the same for Trowa. He’d had lovers before, but none so responsive as Quatre. None so perfectly built just for him. Every nook and cranny fit Trowa like a jigsaw puzzle, tight, seamless, and when fitted together as one a beautiful thing to behold.

It was indescribable bliss. And Trowa came far sooner than he wanted to, but Quatre’s release gripped him so tightly he’d seen stars and lost himself right then and there.

They collapsed in a heap, sweaty, sticky, exhausted, and never happier in their lives. “Trowa, I think I need to change the sheets again.” Quatre said when his breath finally slowed. Trowa laughed.

“In a minute. I’m not quite done with you yet.” Trowa said and Quatre grinned and snuggled closer.

“I love you. That was wonderful.” Quatre said and Trowa turned to kiss him tenderly.

“You’re wonderful. Now, roll over, I want to see your face this time.” Trowa said pouncing on his giggling effervescent lover.

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The night of the third day Trowa and Quatre sat on pins and needles. Hoping they could figure out quickly the trolls name and get rid of him. They had a night of screwing each other mad to get on with after all. Quatre had turned out to be a little minx in the sex department.

He drove Trowa absolutely wild with want and need. And the new clothes that Quatre wore were just too damn sexy and Trowa got a hard on every time Quatre bent over in those tight little knee length breeches and that short little vest. Barefoot, bare breasted, pink skinned, little sexpot. “Won’t he hurry up?” Trowa groaned. Eyeing the bed, eyeing Quatre as he bent over to stir dinner, eyeing the bed, eyeing tight tushie. Adjusting too tight pants, yet again.

“You’re insatiable. Be patient.” Quatre teased wiggling his butt, ever so slightly, knowing that’s exactly where Trowa’s eyes were. The hiss through teeth confirmed it and Quatre giggled.

“Stop teasing me.” Trowa groaned.

“You love it.” Quatre said wiggling some more.

“You’re going to get it later.”

“Oh I do hope so.”

“You’re both going to get it!” Came the troll’s voice, Trowa’s erection shriveled.

There buck naked in the doorway stood the ugliest thing he had ever seen.

Quatre dropped dinner on the floor. “Oh God! Ewwwww, a Rumpled foreskin!” Quatre gasped and the Troll howled.

“Nooooooooo! Who told you my name?” The troll cried and Trowa’s jaw dropped.

“Your name is Rumpledforeskin? No wonder you’re a sick bastard. But your mother is even sicker for giving you that as a name.” Trowa said as he watched the troll bang around outside in a fury.

“I see they guessed it shriveled-dick. Now leave my Godson alone and fuck off.” Duo said appearing and throwing clothes at the irate dwarf, who stormed off vowing to pay Duo back later. Duo only laughed, he could handle that pip squeak no problem.

“Hey nice outfit Quatre cutie. Hubba, hubba” Duo said with a wink. “You kiddies have fun now. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do now ya hear?” Duo said waving over his shoulder as he too disappeared.

Now Free, Trowa picked up his blonde sex kitten and flung him over his shoulder. Carrying him back to the bed where

they fucked happily ever after....

The End, Thank fuck!