

“When the Spotlight Fades” and “Encore”

When the Spotlight Fades:

Quatre rubbed his aching temples and sat back in his chair. His back stiff from sitting slumped over his desk all day. He swiveled in his chair to gaze out of the tall windows of his office. They looked out upon a park, and Quatre often took enjoyment in sitting here watching the local residents go about their happy little lives. It's what he had fought for after all, to give them this time so that they could enjoy the simple pleasures in life.

Simple pleasures, two words Quatre had never paid much attention to in the past. His life over the past two years since the battle during Christmas AC196 ended had been spent too busy to take stock of just what those two words really meant. And being young you really couldn't comprehend what they really meant until it suddenly overwhelms you.

When he'd been a boy his simple pleasures had been playing with a box of kittens Iria's cat had given birth to, going barefoot and splashing in mud puddles outside in the garden after a thunderstorm. Eating Ice cream on a hot summer day and have it trickle down bare arms to drip of his elbows, then letting Armineh's afghan hound lick the sticky confection off his fingers.

When was the last time he'd eaten Ice cream? He couldn't remember. There was that headache again. Quatre closed his eyes with a grimace as his vidphone went off on his desk. “Mr. Winner, the lawyers for the Civic Renovation project have brought the contracts for you to sign. You have a Three o'clock meeting with the Colony Board of Directors to discuss the reconstruction of the liberal arts building at the University. You have a Dinner engagement scheduled for six with the chairman of the board of the university to discuss the funding of the new building. And you have a call on line three, someone by the name of Barone I think.” His secretary said and Quatre sighed. Barone? He didn't know anyone by the name of Barone. But he picked up the receiver.

“Thank you Claudette. Tell the Lawyers to wait in the conference room, I'll be there in a minute right after I take this call.” Quatre said in a monotone. Most eighteen year olds we're in that damn University. Their only worries were passing class and not passing out drunk on the weekends. How Quatre envied them. He hadn't had a weekend free in eighteen months. Hell he hadn't had an evening free in that long let alone an entire day. Last he checked weekends consisted of two whole consecutive days to do whatever one wanted to do, whenever they wanted to do it.

His fate was not so fortunate. He had responsibilities, and schedules. Meetings and dinner engagements to negotiate business affairs, and charity's; luncheons with businessmen to cement those deals, brunch with a socialite to gain donations to the Winner trust fund and War

reconstruction Foundation. The war was over, but for Quatre, it had only just begun.

He often wished he were back in the war. When his only concern was the battle at hand and piloting his beloved Sandrock. When each day was spent facing problems head on and conquering them as they happened. None of this bravado and pageantry the rich liked to attach to everything. Philanthropic aristocrats who's pocketbooks bulged and who Quatre had to condescend to daily to get them to fork over their cash in aide of those who still struggled to crawl out of the poverty and destruction the war had left for them. The war for Quatre was far from over, just the battlefield had changed and this one was draining the life out him steadily. He was so tired, and he was incredibly lonely.

He hadn't seen any of his friends in almost two years. He got the occasional letter or phone call, but it wasn't the same. Fifteen minutes to speak on the phone or read in a letter about one of them and what they were doing with their lives, fifteen minutes of joy out of a miserable twenty-four hour day.

Quatre punched the button for line three on the vidphone and nearly fell out of his chair when a face he had not expected to see stared back at him. "Trowa!" Quatre cried out, a huge smile lighting up his face in joy and surprise. His heart suddenly fluttering wildly with glee, but then he'd always had that reaction to Trowa. Quatre had known for quite sometime now he was not of the heterosexual persuasion.

No one else knew of course, it was no one's business but his own. And it wasn't like Quatre could have done anything about his love life whether he was gay or not currently. A date? That was a foreign concept to this young man; his social life and his business life went hand in hand. There was no separation between personal and business for him. His life WAS the Winner Corporation. Quatre had died the moment he sat behind his father's desk.

He was now Mr. Winner, head of the Winner corporation he was the figurehead, the leader, an old man well before his time. But a remembrance of the boy he had been could at least be felt for this moment in time, a part of the Quatre he had been before was there staring at him with beautiful green eyes.

"Quatre." Trowa began then paused, just looking at the young man on the vidphone. "You look awful." Had replaced whatever it was Trowa had started to say.

"Gee, thank you." Quatre said sarcastically. "What a wonderful compliment to my appearance. Is that what you called to tell me?" Quatre asked and Trowa smiled.

“No, well yes actually.” Trowa said and Quatre just stared at the screen. He almost felt affronted, and he would have if it were anyone but Trowa. Well Trowa and Heero, both men were not the greatest with words and used a rather direct approach. So Quatre waited to get upset until Trowa was finished speaking his mind. “Quatre, I’m worried about you. I’ve been watching the news, and reading the paper. And Every time I see you, you look worse. You are working too hard. Not even Relena works as hard as you do. I’m worried about your health.” Trowa said and Quatre smiled. He was worried? That was sweet of him.

“I’m fine Trowa, just tired.” Quatre said rubbing his temple.

“You never could lie very well Quatre. How long have you been having those headaches?” Trowa asked astute as ever.

“Three or Four months. It’s just the stress of the Renovation project. When it’s over I can get some rest.” Quatre said and Trowa didn’t look happy.

“And when will that be, in three more months, in another year, in two more years? Quatre you’re burning out, I can SEE it happening. You need a break. You’ve not set foot out of that office in two years. And don’t deny it, because I know it’s the truth.” Trowa said and Quatre frowned.

“Trowa are you going to lecture me all night? I get yelled at enough on a daily basis. I really don’t want it from my friends too.” Quatre said still rubbing that temple.

“I’m sorry Quatre. But I mean it. You look haggard and about ready to collapse. Don’t make me come there and kidnap you to make you take a damn vacation.” Trowa said and Quatre chuckled softly. Suddenly images of being kidnapped by Trowa invaded his mind and he quickly squashed those musings. Trowa didn’t know he was gay either, and Trowa wasn’t going to know. He rather liked being able to fantasize about his tall, lean, and handsome best friend. But the best friend bit was more important to him and he was not about to lose it over something so trivial as his crush on him.

“Well, if you’re going to kidnap me, you’d better make an appointment. I think I’m booked solid till New Year’s though.” Quatre said trying to make a joke. Trowa wasn’t laughing.

“I’m serious Quatre.”

“Sure you are.” Quatre said smiling at his friend. “Listen I have a meeting I have to get to. Can I call you tonight so we can finish talking? I miss you, I want to know what you’ve been doing with yourself.” Quatre said and Trowa’s face was a mask, unreadable.

“No, you can’t call. I won’t be here.” Trowa said ending the call abruptly.

Quatre was stunned. More than stunned, he was shaken. He had this horrible feeling he had just lost his best friend. Quatre clutched at his shirtfront and tried in desperation to dial Trowa back.

There was no answer. Dialing again, Quatre got a busy signal. The phone had been taken off the hook. That was like slapping Quatre in the face, and the realization he was now totally and utterly alone in the world slowly sank in, he had no one left in the world to turn to now. Quatre lay his head down on his desk and silently wept. His life had never looked bleaker.

Trowa had always been there to listen to him when he was upset, had always been there to turn to when he had been afraid. Now there was this void, the black nothingness in the pit of Quatre’s stomach, and a pain in his chest that Quatre did not want to put a name to. He knew what it was, but admitting it would make the pain even worse. “Trowa.” Quatre whispered the name as he tried to compose himself.

He dialed his secretary’s desk. “Mr. Win... Are you crying Mr. Winner?” Claudette asked seeing a distraught face half buried in folded arms.

“Please cancel my appointments for the rest of the day Claudette please. I don’t feel well.” Came the shaken voice half muffled in the desk.

“I will Mr. Winner, you do look awful. You should go home and get some sleep.” Claudette said pulling out the Appointment book to begin making calls. “I’ll tell the lawyers to leave the contracts.” She added and Quatre gave a feeble thank you before switching off his screen. “Poor Mr. Winner. I think the world seems to forget you’re only human. Even I do.” Claudette said with a look of pity on her face. She had a son his age, and the difference was staggering. “We also tend to forget how old you are. I’m so sorry.” She added getting up to run the lawyers off, a sudden wave of maternal instinct washing over her.

She ushered everyone who didn't work in the office, out. Muttering apologies and saying that Mr. Winner was suddenly indisposed. Wondering all the while what that handsome young man, the Barone fellow on line three had said to make her boss so distraught. The gossip and office pool had bets going that their Boss was gay. Noting the most ridiculous reasons why they thought he was. "He has impeccable fashion sense... He's very feminine looking... His mannerisms are very delicate... He likes Opera and Show Tunes... He's never got anyone with him when he goes out on dinner meetings... he's never made a pass at one of the girls in the office..." Claudette snorted. Perfect valid reasons for all those things, they didn't MAKE him gay. And it was no one's business but his own at any rate, the vultures. She just hoped that for her young employer's sake, if he was gay, that that Mr. Barone-whatever didn't just break his heart.

She was a mother, she knew that look, and she'd seen it on her own son a dozen or more times. A broken heart was exactly what Mr. Winner was suffering from, and Claudette had no idea just how to cheer her boss up. So she did what she could do, kept people away from him while he sorted himself out.

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It took him several minutes before Quatre decided he could hold it in long enough to make it to his car. He threw his unfinished paperwork into his briefcase, grabbed his coat, then turned and headed out of his office. Pausing only long enough to take the contracts he needed to go over a sign from Claudette before making a beeline to the parking garage.

His hands were shaking as he tried to get his keys into the door lock. Most people of his status had chauffeurs, not Quatre however he found it a waste when he was perfectly capable to drive himself. He sorely wished he had one at the moment. His vision was already blurring, and he shook all over. He felt caught in a whirlpool, as if he were drowning.

His head was spinning and his headache was near blinding him. Not to mention his heart felt as if it had been ripped from his body. The last person he would have ever suspected of abandoning him was Trowa. He now felt like the rug had been pulled out from under his feet and he was falling. With no one to pick him up again when he hit the bottom Quatre was terrified.

How he managed to get home was a blur of tears and traffic. The mansion never seemed more foreboding. All those empty rooms, with only himself as the tenant and the ghosts of the past to remind him how alone he really was. His sisters had long since moved away, making lives of their own, his father lost, the Servants sent to work for his sisters since it was only himself living here he felt it an extravagance to employ and entire household to look after one person. A cleaning lady

once every two weeks was more than enough. He was rarely home at any rate. He could make his own bed. Most of his meals were over business matters so he ate out, and meals at home for one fit easily into a microwave.

How Quatre hated this tomb. It was like living in a mausoleum, no sounds but the echoing of his hollow footsteps down dark corridors. He paused at the door of his music room, his favorite room. He'd not played anything in months. No time, never time for himself. Simple pleasures taken for granted once were all gone for him now and unlikely to return. How ironic that what he'd fought so hard for to give to others, were now no longer a part of his own life. He had made this sacrifice without realizing just how much it would cost him in the end.

Everything, all his hopes, his dreams, his joy, and now his best friend, and he finally admitted, the love of his young life, all of it gone, vanishing one by one, going unnoticed until it was too late for Quatre to change it's course or confess his deepest feelings.

And he was the ripe old age of eighteen. No, nineteen. He looked at the calendar on the wall and his eyes widened as date recognition set in. He hadn't even realized it was his birthday. No one, not even himself had remembered today was his birthday. "How did my life get like this?" Quatre asked the empty room, his voice dull and lifeless in the gloom that permeated the room. He had no answer, but then again, he hadn't expected one.

Quatre stroked the case of his violin. As a boy he'd wanted to be a concert musician, life had gotten in the way of those dreams. Shoved aside for duty's sake. He used to tip the lampshade in his room and stand in it's light. Pretending he was on the stage in a huge theatre packed with people. And his lamp turned into the grand spotlight and he would perform. He'd play until his fingers bled and he would dreamily imagine the people giving him a standing ovation as he bowed to them. When Iria came in to flip off his light he'd bow to her and she'd always say "And so the Spotlight fades on maestro Winner. The people leave still under his music's spell. Go to bed Quatre." He could hear her voice as if it were yesterday.

"The spotlight has faded." Quatre said turning away from his violin, tears burning his eyes anew. "For good." He added as he sobbed. The music dead within him, and the spell broken into a thousand jagged pieces, each one stabbing him in the heart. He felt utterly empty yet the tears still flowed in rivulets down his cheeks as he fell to the floor seeking comfort in the Persian rug on the floor.

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Trowa was livid. Not at Quatre but at the vultures that had taken the once bright, energetic bundle of life and turned him into an automaton in the space of two years. They had sucked all the life out of him, leeches him dry and left in their wake a shell that only vaguely resembled the boy called Quatre.

Not even mobile suits and war could squash Quatre, he had been strong and caring, and the most beautiful person inside and out Trowa had ever known. He was still that wonderful person, but his joy in life was gone. His gorgeous eyes that once rivaled the stars for brilliance were now vacant orbs that were hollowed and held tired dark bags beneath them.

His skin, once a rosy ivory that was alive and glowing, was sallow and pale. He was gaunt, and so thin. His hair, that wild mane of thick gold, was now limp and the color of straw. Trowa shoved his clothes into a duffel bag in a huff. He was not going to sit idly by and watch the only person he gave a damn about wither and die right in front of his eyes.

Enough was enough; he was tired of waiting, tired of stolen seconds of Mr. Winner's precious time. Yes it was precious, and it was Quatre's. He was going to give Quatre his time back, come hell or high water things were going to change and they were going to change right now. He loved Quatre more than life itself, and he was sick to death with worry. The time had come where it was time to stop denying what was in his heart, and go a tell his best friend just how much he meant to him. It was time to show Quatre that there was one person out there that was not going to let the world eat him alive.

Because he loved him, and whatever pain Quatre suffered, Trowa suffered.

Trowa had been serious when he said if he had to kidnap Quatre he would. And that was precisely what he planned on doing. He picked up the keys to his jeep and threw his duffel bag in the back. He made sure the map to his destination was in his pocket, it was. Only one thing left to do, and that was to kidnap Quatre and whisk him away to that mountain cabin for a good old-fashioned commune with nature. Trowa was fervently hoping they saw very little outdoor nature and a good deal of indoor nature.

He was damn plain pissed off with only pictures of Quatre and his hand for a date. He wanted the real thing, and he was going to get it. He already knew Quatre was gay, and it was painfully obvious Quatre had an attraction to him. Trowa had just been waiting for Quatre's admission as to what he was. Because every time Quatre began to get close, he'd suddenly stop and change the subject. It took Trowa a few years, but he'd finally figured out what was stopping Quatre.

Their friendship, Quatre was afraid of losing what they had, it was a common enough scenario and Trowa felt like an idiot for not connecting the dots sooner. Trowa looked down to the seat beside him, the wrapped box beside him reminding him why he had called Quatre in the first place today, before the awful way Quatre looked caught him off guard and sent him for a loop. It was Quatre's birthday.

The needle on the accelerator flew upwards, and the engine revved as Trowa laid his foot heavily on the pedal. It was getting late and he wanted to be at Quatre's home before said birthday was over.

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The house was dark, not a good sign. But something as trivial as a locked house was not going to impede Trowa's resolve. The door however was unlocked. The alarms started going off in Trowa's head as he raced inside. Quatre's coat lay on the chair by the door and his shoes beside it, he was home, the alarm's grew louder.

Straining his hearing Trowa crept through the house, the sounds of tears coming from the music room ripped Trowa's heart from his chest. He crept in to see Quatre curled up on the floor, asleep. And even in his sleep, he was weeping.

In two strides Trowa was at Quatre's side, kneeling beside him to brush damp hair away from eyes and cheeks where it clung to his tears. So delicate, so beautiful, so perfect in every way, how could they hurt this creature? Trowa leaned over, and gently kissed moist lips. Quatre shivered once, but didn't awaken.

So Trowa kissed him again. Quatre began to stir. Opening his eyes to see a pair of Emeralds staring back at him. So close, and there was a pressure against his lips. Trowa was KISSING him. He was still asleep he had to be. The kiss broke and Trowa pulled back just far enough to gaze deeply into Quatre's eyes.

"Get packed." Was Trowa's odd command. Quatre was sure he was still asleep.

"What? Trowa? How? When? Why? Did you just kiss me?" Quatre's befuddlement was absolutely

adorable. This was HIS Quatre.

“I said get packed. Yes, my name is still Trowa. How? I drove here. When? I got here five minutes ago. Why? Because I am kidnapping you, and yes, I kissed you.” Trowa answered standing and pulling Quatre up off the floor and literally tossing him over his shoulder to carry him up to his room to get packed.

“Trowa! Put me down! You can’t just come here and kidnap me!”

“Watch me.”

“Why are you doing this?” Quatre asked in an utter state of shock.

“Because I have to. Because I want to, now go get your toothbrush, and warm clothes. Hop to it.” Trowa said setting Quatre on the floor.

“I can’t just up and leave.”

“Yes, you can. Yes, you will. Move it, or I’LL pack for you.” Trowa said folding his arms over his chest.

Quatre still didn’t move-- he just stood there trying to digest the moment, and failing.

“Fine, I’ll pack.” Trowa said opening Quatre’s closet. “Ugh. You may dress dapper, but I am sick to death of seeing you in one gray suit after another. We will have to fix this.” Trowa said rummaging in the back. “Quatre! Don’t you have anything that is not a fucking suit? Where are your jeans? Sweaters? Anything other than a suit.” Trowa’s voice echoed in the closet.

“I don’t have anything else. And Wait a damn minute here. I am not going anywhere!” Quatre said snapping back to life. Trowa’s plan was already beginning to work. The fire had been lit again.

“Yes, you are. We’ll stop at a shop on the way then.” Trowa said grabbing Quatre’s hand and pulling him struggling out the door.

“Trowa! What the hell do you think you’re doing? Have you gone insane?” Quatre asked as he was once again thrown over a broad shoulder. God but Trowa was commanding. And from Quatre’s vantage point he also had one hell of a nice looking ass in those tight jeans.

“No, I’ve just run out of patience. You, my dear Quatre are my prisoner. And I will keep you as such until I feel you’ve had enough rest.” Trowa said dropping Quatre into the passenger seat of his jeep.

“You have lost it! I just can’t up and leave!” Quatre said trying to get up as Trowa snapped the seat belt shut.

“Yes, you can and you will.” Trowa said and Quatre groaned in frustration.

“Why are you doing this?” Quatre asked and Trowa leaned in close.

“Because I love you.” He said kissing Quatre once more. Quatre gasped and Trowa took the opportunity to plunder that delicious mouth. Delving in with his tongue as those lips parted in astonishment.

Once the shock died, Trowa watched Quatre shut his eyes and melt into the kiss. Slender arms reaching up to entwine around Trowa’s neck, soft pink lips returning the kiss with barely suppressed joy. This was his Quatre.

Their lips parted and Quatre looked in a heavenly haze. “You love me?” He asked touching his lips in a daze.

“I always have. I’m tired of waiting for you.” Trowa said running fingers through silken hair.

“I thought you weren’t, I was afraid, oh God Trowa I love you too!” Quatre sobbed throwing arms

around Trowa's neck.

"I knew you did, I was just waiting for you to come to terms with yourself. I thought you knew I was gay. Hell everybody knows I'm gay Quatre." Trowa said and Quatre shook his head.

"Well I didn't. It's not like you advertise the fact." Quatre retorted and Trowa laughed.

"A pair of idiots we are then." Trowa said laying his forehead against Quatre's. "Have me?" He asked and Quatre almost squealed.

"Oh you have got to be kidding! I have wanted you for years." Quatre said smiling. Trowa smiled back.

"Me too. Since that first day I met you actually, and you brought me back here. I'll never forget how you made me feel that day when we played. I felt alive truly alive Quatre. It's my turn to return the favor and make you live again like you used to. Now quit arguing with me and let me kidnap you." Trowa said and Quatre grinned.

"Oh alright. Let me go inside a minute and get something first?" Quatre asked and Trowa nodded, releasing his captive for a moment. Quatre raced inside then came back out with two cases in his hands. His violin and a flute case, "We might need something to do." He said and Trowa laughed.

"I doubt it, I have plenty of things we can do together in mind." He said and Quatre blushed, but smiled back with a look of purest desire shining in his eyes.

"I see. Then why is this Jeep still in park?" Quatre asked, blushing even brighter over his boldness.

Trowa only laughed and started the jeep.

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“I’m sorry, I don’t know where Mr. Winner is, he hasn’t called and he’s not answering his pages or e-mails.” Claudette told the fifth irate client that morning as she hung up the phone. It rang again instantly. “Winner Corp... MR. WINNER!” Claudette gasped seeing the young man’s face in the vidphone. She could see from his chest up and he looked rumpled like he had just fallen out of bed, and hadn’t even bothered dressing yet.

“Claudette, please cancel all my meetings for the next few days.... No I can’t that’s too long... oh God don’t do that! I’m on the phone... No. No! Oh Alright! Claudette make that two weeks. I’m taking a long over due vacation... dear God.” Quatre said, as his attention seemed to be diverted away from the vid phone to whatever was going on behind it.

“Yes, sir.” Claudette said as that Barone-whatever fellow appeared and draped himself over Quatre’s shoulder. He was also shirtless and Claudette swallowed, he was incredibly well built and lean.

“And you won’t be able to reach him, I am cutting this phone line the minute he hangs up. Quatre needs this.” The tall fellow said hitting the off button. Claudette smiled. Quatre was absolutely glowing, that tall fellow was right he did need a vacation. And he needed it with the person who put the smile back on his face.

She wiped a tear from her eye; young love always did her in. Not to mention the fact she’d just won fifty bucks in the office pool.

The End.

Encore

Sequel to "When the Spotlight Fades"

Quatre sat dreamily staring at the driver of the jeep as the early night wind whipped his hair around as they sped along country roads. "I cannot believe you kidnapped me." Quatre said and Trowa turned one eye from the road to look at Quatre and smiled.

"I did say I would. When have you ever known me to say something I didn't mean?" Trowa countered and Quatre laughed.

"Good point." Quatre said smiling brightly as Trowa reached over to squeeze his hand.

The warmth of Trowa's hand enveloping his own made Quatre sigh in contentment, it felt so good and so very right. He was still hovering somewhere in the vicinity of cloud nine after tonight's rather unexpected revelations.

Trowa loved him; well he had known there was love there, but not THAT kind of love. He had never dared hope the affections he had harbored for Trowa would ever be reciprocated. How wrong he had been.

He could feel it now that the wall of protection he'd built around his heart crumbled and he allowed Trowa's feelings to wash over him. He'd been so afraid of losing their friendship he blocked out all feelings of love, or rather deliberately misinterpreted them making them as innocuous and platonic as possible, when in fact they had always been precisely what Quatre had wanted them to be. Trowa was right, he was an idiot, and they both were.

"Penny for your thoughts." Trowa said catching that wistful look on Quatre's face.

"I don't need a penny." Quatre said impishly and Trowa playfully scowled.

"What do you need then?" Trowa countered playing along. Quatre was absolutely no good at innuendo, even if he had been the one to start it, Quatre blushed and shyly smiled dipping his chin

into his chest. Trowa shifted in his seat. Quatre had no idea just how much that demure act turned him on. Only it wasn't an act, Quatre really was that reserved, and that turned Trowa on even more. He couldn't wait to crack into that little shell.

Trowa smiled wickedly and reached over to place a hand on Quatre's thigh. He squeezed the firm flesh, and he felt Quatre sink into his seat. "Is this what you need?" Trowa asked rather seductively as his hand trailed up Quatre's leg and inward, squeezing the infinitely sensitive and tender inner thigh just below his groin.

"Trowa, you are evil stop it, we'll run off the road." Quatre groaned and Trowa laughed.

"Is that a request for me to pull over?" Trowa practically purred.

"In the Jeep? Are you mad? It's got no roof! People would see us!" Quatre sat bolt upright and Trowa smiled and steered the Jeep to the shoulder and parked, turning off the engine.

"It's dark out." Trowa said and Quatre looked like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"It's a public road."

"It's deserted." Trowa said crawling over to the passenger side.

"Trowa! What are you doing?...Oh God." Quatre began to protest until Trowa's hand snaked it's way underneath Quatre's shirt to stroke his chest lightly, teasing in his touch and setting Quatre's skin on fire. Trowa's lips on his neck nibbling as his lips curled into a feral grin.

"Is this what you need? Tell me Quatre." Trowa asked moving lips up Quatre's throat to nipple behind his ears. Trowa knelt on the floor between Quatre's legs on the passenger side, effectively pinning Quatre in his seat.

"Trowa, oh God." Quatre moaned as Trowa teased him mercilessly.

“You already said that. Tell me what you need Quatre.” Trowa said again insistent, avoiding touching the areas he knew were begging to be touched. He could feel Quatre’s arousal through his pants as it pushed against Trowa stomach muscles.

“You.” Quatre whispered as Trowa’s fingers unbuttoned Quatre’s shirt. His lips biting softly hardened nipples, tongue swirling in lazy patterns making Quatre’s skin glisten in the moonlight.

“I didn’t hear you. What is it you need Quatre?” Trowa asked dragging it out even longer.

“You. I need you.” Quatre said in frustration, his need was maddening.

“But you already have me. What do you need Quatre? Say it.” Trowa said undoing Quatre’s belt and ripping it free from belt loops and tossing it in the back seat. Fingers delving for the button and zipper on Quatre’s pants, then slowly tugging them down slender hips and pushing them over soft firm legs and removing them completely. Tossing them with the belt in the backseat. Quatre’s erection still being painfully ignored, he was driving Quatre insane, and he was doing in on purpose.

“Say it Quatre. What do you need?” Trowa said reaching for those silk boxers and removing them from Quatre as well.

“Oh God Trowa make love to me.” Quatre whimpered his hands gripping Trowa’s shoulders and trembling with lust and desire.

“I thought you’d never ask. With pleasure.” Trowa said crushing Quatre’s mouth with his own. His hands gripping Quatre’s length and pumping it slowly, drinking in Quatre’s moan like wine was they kissed.

With his free hand Trowa reached for his duffel bag, he had come more than prepared for this moment. And now that it was finally here, he had to keep his head before things got away from him. Quatre deserved a memorable first time, their first time together. It was already special, but it would be more so if Trowa had his say.

Silently he extracted the small tube and one handed squeezed a liberal amount in his palm. Discarding the tube then carefully bringing his hand back. Quatre had no idea what he was doing; he was too wrapped up in the kissing and caressing. He only noticed when slick fingers began spreading cool wetness across his opening then those same fingers sinking deep within him.

Quatre gasped at the invasion but reveled in the new and powerful sensation. One hand gently stroked his shaft as the other hand almost mercilessly invaded him. Pulling, stretching, a fast motion in and out again. He wanted more, and more. He wanted what those fingers promised was forthcoming. He needed it.

“Tell me what you need Quatre.” Came Trowa’s lust laden and barely controlled baritone. Quatre broke and he cried out.

“Oh God Trowa! Take me! Take me now!” Quatre sobbed, his whole body taugth with desperate need and longing.

Trowa’s hands stopped and the loss of sensation forced a moan from Quatre’s mouth as his eyes sought those of Trowa’s.

Trowa’s eyes were dark and filled with fire and passion. Trowa’s hands were at his own belt and he tugged it free with a grunt, then quickly unfastened his jeans and shoved them briskly down his hips to his knees where he knelt before Quatre. He then forcibly grabbed Quatre’s hips and tugged him right to the edge of the seat. Just the perfect position, Quatre could feel Trowa’s engorged length hovering at his opening. Then in one swift push, Quatre saw stars.

It was painful for only a moment, until his body adjusted around Trowa’s intrusion. The lubrication Trowa had not spared had helped alleviate the more severe pain of joining. Quatre may have been a virgin, but he wasn’t naive, he did know how it was supposed to work after all and had expected this minor discomfort and he relaxed automatically. His complete and utter trust in Trowa shining through. If only he’d MOVE!

Quatre thought as Trowa just stayed there buried in him. Laboring to breathe. “Trowa! For God’s sake fuck me!” Quatre sobbed moving his hips and digging fingers into Trowa’s tight shoulders.

“So tight. Dear God Quatre I can’t move, I’ll cum. Jesus Christ.” Trowa said struggling for control. He was in heaven, and Quatre was just about the most wonderful thing he had ever felt. So many

nights he had dreamed of this moment. Dreamed of making Quatre his of joining their bodies as one. Now it was here and Trowa would be damned if he let it end so quickly.

Quatre's fingers gently massaged tight muscles, understanding Trowa's need for a moment to gather himself together. So Quatre waited, longing for movement, but waiting patiently.

Trowa's breath slowed and with his control came bliss. Slowly at first he pulled back and then pushed back in again with a controlled yet firm thrust. A hypnotic rhythm was set, alighting senses and making flesh sizzle and burn.

Quatre clung to Trowa as he was methodically pummeled into his seat. His legs hooked over Trowa's arms as he was pinned helpless beneath him. Trowa's body moving at an ever increasing pace, his chest and stomach muscles flexing and clenching, beginning to shine with perspiration even in the cool summer evening air.

Quatre was mesmerized by the Adonis moving before him, in him, around him, Trowa was breathtaking, a masterpiece of bodily perfection. He wanted to watch Trowa make love to him forever, but his eyes were forced closed by the waves of pleasure Trowa kept forcing him to feel with every thrust.

Quatre had never felt so alive before, he felt like he was being torn open, yet there was no pain. He felt as if he were absorbing the man before him, claiming Trowa just as Trowa was claiming him. He should have felt trapped, and helpless in the position he was in, but he didn't.

He felt a freedom he had never felt before. Trowa was dominating him, yet at the same time he held an incredible amount of power of Trowa. Quatre tightened his muscles and Trowa let out a near scream of passion. Pounding harder in response to Quatre's inner caress and getting a similar vocalized cry of passion from Quatre.

It was a total unity, of give and take, of reading each other like a book. They were more than of one body. They were of one mind, one heart, and one soul. This was as perfect a unification as two people could ever hope to share. This was more than love, more than need or desire. This was an all encompassing joy, sorrow, fear and elation. This was more than love this was every emotion, mixed and joined and convoluted to make up one entity from two beings. This was their relationship, as it always had been and how it always would be.

It was a blur of sensation when both men screamed of release. Quatre reached his limit of control and Trowa's name was ripped from his throat as his entire body constricted like a python, dragging Trowa deeper within and causing him to join Quatre in a shuddering, body numbing explosion.

There they lay for an indeterminable amount of time. Entwined together and breathing heavily. Trowa limp on top of his lover, his head buried in Quatre's shoulder, where he wept. Quatre held him close as his shoulders shook from emotion. He wasn't sad, just overwhelmed. It was not the first time Quatre had seen Trowa shed a tear, but it was the first time he had seen him weep, and weep for joy no less. That indeed was a first and it brought out Quatre's own tears. They lay there silently in each other's arms crying. Then for no reason at all, they began laughing.

"Look at us we're a mess." Trowa said still wiping tears from his eyes and his mouth upturned in a smile as they laughed at themselves.

"I think we both needed that." Quatre said smiling and wrapping his arms around Trowa's neck.

"Yes, I've needed that for a long, long time." Trowa said tucking Quatre's hair behind his ears.

"Me too. Now get off your knees before they lock up on you." Quatre said and Trowa grunted.

"Too late. My legs are dead. The circulation is long gone." Trowa said as he pulled himself back up and into his own seat landing with a tired thud. "Okay next time I decide to seduce you in the car. Remind me." Trowa said turning his head to look at a disheveled and naked save for an unbuttoned dress shirt Quatre. "On second thought, it was well worth it. You're so damn hot if I had any energy I take you again." Trowa said and Quatre frowned.

"You're terrible." He said not meaning a word of it. He then turned and began the search for his missing clothes; he was freezing now that Trowa's warmth was no longer a living blanket. "Where on Earth did you throw my clothes?" Quatre asked rooting in the darkness for something to cover himself with. Coming across a box with a ribbon tied to it. "What's this?" Quatre asked bringing the box to the front.

"What do you think it is? You didn't think I would forget your birthday now did you? That's what I called you earlier for actually. Happy Birthday Quatre." Trowa said leaning over to Kiss Quatre's now flushed cheeks.

“You’ve already given me my Birthday wish. Thank you Trowa.” Quatre said setting the package in his lap and just looking at the paper.

“Open it.” Trowa said and Quatre tugged at the silver ribbon, and carefully began to unwrap the gift. “Oh for the love of... You’re as bad as Cathy. Rip the damn paper Quatre.” Trowa teased and Quatre stuck out his tongue.

“It’s too pretty to just rip.” Quatre said ignoring Trowa while he delicately freed tape from paper.

Inside the box was a small mahogany curio box with a golden brass plate across the lid the was engraved with the simple inscription “For my Quatre, Happy Birthday, Love Trowa.” Quatre opened the box and the box was lined with dark forest green velvet and upon opening the lid a gentle melody began to play from the hidden music box mechanism. “You Light Up My Life” began to fill the air and Quatre smiled it was the most romantic thing Trowa had ever done. He would have never expected this of him and he was more than touched. He was crying all over again as he reached over to hug Trowa fiercely.

“I love you Trowa. Thank you so much.” Quatre said and Trowa pulled Quatre to sit on his lap as he wrapped strong arms around him.

“I love you too. As you can see, I was tired of waiting. I was going to break the ice anyway. I’m so pleased you like it, it’s nothing fancy or anything, but...” Trowa began but was silenced by Quatre’s lips on his.

“It’s perfect. Just like you.” Quatre said shivering slightly.

“Damn, you’re like ice. Let’s get dressed and moving. The sooner we get there the sooner we have a fire to warm up to.” Trowa said adjusting his clothes then helping to look for Quatre’s.

“Oh ick. TROWA!” Quatre said holding up his pants. “Who didn’t put the cap back on? My pants are all sticky.” Quatre said with a sigh. “So are my underwear.” He added with a choked sob, clothes unusable. Trowa was finding it difficult not to laugh.

“Looks like you wear something of mine until we can buy you some more tomorrow. We were going to anyway. I’m going to make you wear jeans if it kills me.” Trowa said digging out one of his sweatshirts and a pair of his jeans.

Quatre looked positively adorable. The sweatshirt hung off limbs in folds. The jeans were held in place only by virtue of Quatre’s belt and the legs were cuffed a good three or four turns. Quatre looked highly annoyed which only added to his “cute factor” in Trowa’s extremely biased opinion.

“I look like an idiot.”

“You look good enough to eat.”

“I look like a Frump.”

“You’re too vain.”

“I’m NOT vain. Look at me!”

“I am.” Trowa said purring.

“Just drive Don Juan.” Quatre said giggling and refastening his seat belt.

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Several hours later two young men fell into the cabin asleep on their feet and literally just fell into bed to sleep. It was well into the morning before either of them awoke and the first thing Quatre did was head to the phone.

“You are NOT calling the Office!” Trowa growled from the bed, too lazy to move just yet.

“If I don’t Claudette will worry.” Quatre said dialing the phone.

“QUATRE!” Trowa said glaring at his lover. But it did little good; he was already talking to his secretary. He knew a way to get Quatre off the phone, and when the blonde looked up he nearly choked.

Trowa was erotically twisting and turning on the sheets touching himself provocatively. Quatre’s eyes were as wide as saucers. “Tell her two weeks.”

“No.”

Trowa began sucking on his finger

“No!”

Trowa wrapped his hand around his now very hard erection and thrust his hips.

“Oh Alright! Claudette make that two weeks. I’m taking a long over due vacation... dear God.”

Victory was Trowa’s and Quatre told Claudette he was on Vacation, two whole weeks of sex, sex, and more sex alone in a mountain cabin. Perfect.

Except for one more thing Trowa needed to do.

He walked over to drape himself over Quatre from behind. Not to subtly rubbing his erection against Quatre’s posterior. “And you won’t be able to reach him, I am cutting this phone line the minute he hangs up. Quatre needs this.” Trowa said hanging up the phone then ripping the cord from the wall.

“What do you need Quatre?” Trowa said turning and stalking him like a panther with his prey. Quatre grinned.

“An Encore performance?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

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After another round of languid lovemaking, Quatre and Trowa sat on the front porch cups of coffee in hand enjoying the fresh air when Quatre giggled and turned to Trowa.

“Hey, I think Claudette just won Fifty bucks in the Office pool. You know they we’re all betting on my sexuality. We just kind of confirmed the rumor. She’d better take me out to lunch on her winnings.” Quatre said and both men’s laughter could be heard echoing through the trees.

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The End.

There! The bits you all asked to see. I hope you enjoyed.