

“HEERO?” Trowa hollered and a shaggy headed youth grunted and came out of the bedroom he shared with Duo.

“What?”

“I’m going to the store, do you need anything?”

Heero contemplated a moment, looked up without batting an eye, and spoke. “Lube.”

Duo grinned. “Oh yeah, that too.”

Wufei rolled his eyes. “Buy the industrial size Barton, they use enough, might as well save money in bulk.”

Trowa just chuckled and headed back out to the store.

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DEAD END