

Title: The Heart Never Lies
Major pairing: Quatre X Trowa (YAOI)
Author: The Fablespinner
Rating: NC17+
Genre: Romance

Disclaimer: The characters in this yarn sadly do not belong to me. I wish they did but they belong in total to Sotsu/Sunrise and Bandai entertainment. I am only borrowing their colorful personalities for the sake of this story. I promise to return them, only slightly rumbled when I'm finished with them so the next writer can use them as their muse.

This Fic is dedicated to Trowa. Who asked ever so nicely for me to write this. I guess there's a shortage of 4 X 3 fics out there, so here's one to bolster the numbers. Hopefully Trowa will be doing the happy dance now. ****GRIN**** Enjoy!

AC197 (January)

The fighting was over, Wufei had stayed behind with Sally and joined the Preventer's, Duo had gone back to Hilde on L2, Heero had up and vanished, and Quatre would be going back to L4 tomorrow. Trowa sighed as he watched the snow fall outside his hotel window. 'I'll go back to the Circus, I guess.' Trowa thought to himself as he stared out into the night. He sighed and laid his forehead against the cold glass of the pane. His melancholy olive green eyes, glazed with unshed tears. His mind focusing on the painful thought of Quatre leaving. The bond he felt to the young blonde man was even more intense today than it had been the first time they met. Out of fear of losing that bond Trowa had always hidden his true feelings, but in his heart Trowa knew, he was in love. Real love, soul shattering, heart rendering love. The thought of saying good-bye brought the tears to the surface. And alone, Trowa wept.

Quatre clutched at his chest, he could feel something was wrong. He listened to Rashid's reports with only half of his attention. He shifted from foot to foot nervously, his heart beating in anticipation, but what was out of place was a mystery to Quatre. "Master Quatre, you seem disturbed. Is everything all right sir?" Rashid asked noticing Quatre's restlessness. "I'm not sure Rashid. I just feel something strange. I feel, I don't know." Quatre said rubbing the pain in his chest absently. Rashid smiled sadly. "May I speak bluntly Master Quatre." Rashid asked and Quatre nodded. "Of course, is there something on your mind?" Quatre asked and Rashid sighed and motioned for them both to sit. "Master Quatre, I believe I can pin-point that nagging feeling you're having." He said and Quatre's interest in the conversation became focused. "It has to do with some young one you have not come to terms with." Rashid said and Quatre lowered his gaze. "Is it that obvious? Does everyone know I love him?" Quatre asked and Rashid nodded. "Obvious to all of us who know and love you Master Quatre. But I think not so obvious to the object of your affection." Rashid said laying his large paw of a hand on Quatre's shoulder as a father would. "Might I suggest you go tell the young lad how you feel. Perhaps that pain you feel in your chest will go away." Rashid said standing. Quatre smiled and stood. "I guess it is about time I face him about it. Thanks Rashid." Quatre said standing as well. "I live to serve you Master Quatre. When you suffer, I suffer. I only want your happiness. You are most happy when in Master Trowa's company." Rashid said with a knowing smile. Quatre returned it in kind. "I think I'll be off, I'll see to affairs in the morning." Quatre said and Rashid gave a slight bow. "I'll have everything ready for departure on schedule Master Quatre. Good-night sir." Rashid said and Quatre dipped his head. "Good-night Rashid. Thank you." Quatre said as he grabbed his coat and headed for the hotel.

The closer Quatre drew to his destination, the worse the pain in his chest felt. something was dreadfully wrong and he hastened his pace. Once at the Hotel he took the stairs two and three at a time. Outside Trowa's door, the pain in Quatre's heart was almost an unbearable pressure. He pounded on the door. "Trowa!? Are you all right? Trowa?" Quatre asked through the door and there was a muffled sound from within. The door opened and a tear streaked face with a reddened olive green eye looked at him. Quatre immediately pulled the taller pilot into his arms. "Trowa, what's wrong? I could feel it all the way back at the base." Quatre asked softly and Trowa sniffed and backed away. "I'm fine Quatre." Trowa said

moving inside, Quatre followed and shut the door behind him. "Liar, you can't fool me Trowa Barton. I know something is wrong, my heart never lies." Quatre said moving inside. He sat on the edge of Trowa's bed and Trowa took up the chair by the window once more. "It's nothing Quatre. I'm tired, that's all." Trowa said softly, turning his face to the window. He could see Quatre's reflection stand and walk up behind him. Trowa closed his eyes as he felt Quatre's hand fall upon his shoulders. He began to massage his neck muscles softly. "Trowa, I can feel your tension, please tell me what's troubling you. I can't help you if you don't let me." Quatre said softly, gently rubbing his hands along Trowa's knotted shoulders. Trowa leaned into Quatre's ministrations. Quatre leaned over and his breath caressed Trowa's ear. "Please Trowa, talk to me. There's nothing in this world you couldn't confide in me. There's nothing you could say that would alter the way I feel about you." Quatre said softly, urging Trowa to unburden the weight upon his soul. "Quatre, I can't" Trowa said hanging his head. Quatre moved and knelt in front of Trowa, lifting his chin with a finger. Quatre leaned in and gently kissed him. Softly and tenderly upon Trowa's trembling lips. "Yes, you can." Quatre said breathlessly to a quivering Trowa. Trowa's eyes glazed with new tears as he ran his fingers over the spot where Quatre's kiss lingered. Trowa looked back to Quatre a longing expression in his eyes. Hope mixed with fear. Quatre cupped Trowa's face in his hands. "I love you Trowa Barton and nothing in this world will ever change that fact. Nothing you can say will drive me away, do you understand?" Quatre said, urging once more for Trowa to confess his hidden torment. Trowa wrapped shaking arms around Quatre as he fell into his embrace. "I was afraid of losing you." Trowa said into Quatre's neck. "Oh, Trowa. I am not lost quite as easily as you seem to think." Quatre cooed stroking his soft brown hair. "I love you Trowa." He said again and Trowa crawled deeper into Quatre's embrace. "I love you too Quatre." Trowa said, barely above a whisper.

Quatre held the slender pilot tightly against his beating heart, once more bringing his lips forward to claim a kiss. Trowa returned it tentatively. Quatre gently tasted Trowa's kiss with the tip of his tongue, in response, Trowa's lips parted in a silent invitation. Quatre deepened the kiss, leading Trowa in the first steps of a seductive dance. How many nights had he lain awake dreaming of making love to Trowa? How many days had he spent picturing this moment when they kissed? Quatre was in heaven and he planned to take Trowa with him. He urged Trowa to lie down, until Quatre hovered over him on the floor. Quatre brought his kiss down along Trowa's jaw, to his Adam's apple, to the hollow of his collar bone. Quatre reached underneath Trowa's shirt and as he ran his hands over Trowa's smooth flesh, he pushed Trowa's shirt up, then removed it completely. "No more tears my silent one." Quatre said coming back down to place tender kisses across the exposed flesh. Trowa sighed a contented coo as he shivered underneath Quatre's teasing lips. "So long as you're with me, I have no tears but those of joy." Trowa said running his fingers through the thick blonde locks of his beloved Quatre. "Come with me Trowa. Let me keep you close to me always." Quatre said in-between kisses. Trowa sighed then gasped out a "yes" as Quatre's teeth began to nibble his nipple. Quatre's hands explored uncharted territory as his lips brought a painful arousal to Trowa's nipples and manhood. Quatre could feel Trowa's erection bursting to be set free from its cloth constraints. Quatre obliged and peeled Trowa's pants away slowly. Running his palms down Trowa's legs as he removed the denim garment. Long, slender and well defined legs his lover had. Quatre mused as he trailed kisses up from Trowa's toes to his calves, to his inner thighs, which caused a moan to issue from Trowa's lips, to a gasp of pleased shock when Quatre took his manhood within the warmth of his mouth.

Trowa writhed beneath Quatre, thrusting his hips up as Quatre suckled and feasted upon his aching manhood. Quatre's pace never ceasing and growing faster in tempo as Trowa moaned in utter ecstasy beneath him. Quatre was almost to the brink of disaster himself, as the cries of pleasure from his beloved sought purchase in his own groin. A painful pressure as his own throbbing erection pushed against the restrictive cloth barrier housing it. Quatre felt Trowa's muscles constrict violently moments before, his climax culminated and issued forth. Trowa, drenched in sweat twitched as he came down from the edge of oblivion. "Oh, Quatre!" he sighed as Quatre smiled, licking his lips. "It has only just begun my precious silent one." Quatre said seductively as he brought his salty, tangy kiss back to Trowa's lips. A mixture of tastes, that of Quatre and that of his own release met Trowa's lips. Quatre sat up and quickly divested himself of his own clothes, before returning to press against Trowa's length. "I want to be inside you. Will you let me in?" Quatre whispered as he nibbled Trowa's earlobe. Trowa nodded shyly, unsure. Quatre devoured his neck. "Then turn over my Love. Let me love you." Quatre urged and Trowa rolled over. Quatre leaned over and kissed the back of Trowa's shoulders. "I love you, just relax. I would never hurt you."

Quatre said softly as he gently probed with his finger. "There, is that nice?" Quatre asked softly and Trowa nodded, eyes tight shut, his breathing labored. Quatre placed a second finger into the rhythm, slowly widening Trowa's entrance. Easing him into what was to come. Then when he felt Trowa truly relax into the rhythm Quatre moved into position and gently pushed his manhood into his lovers sheath. Trowa cried out and Quatre stroked his back soothingly. "Just relax my love. Relax and it will not hurt." Quatre said softly running his hand lovingly over Trowa's smooth back. He felt Trowa relax his muscles and slowly Quatre began to thrust. His lover's tight embrace drew him deeper and deeper. Quatre was lost to the thrilling sensations as he slipped in and out of his lovers gripping muscles. "Oh Trowa!" Quatre cried as he released his seed into his beloved. Together they lay in a tangle of boneless limbs as they sighed their contentment. "I love you, Now and always." Quatre said as he laid a tender kiss to Trowa's temple. Trowa nestled deeper into Quatre's comforting embrace. "Forever." Trowa sighed as he drifted to sleep in Quatre's loving arms. Quatre had been right after all, the Heart never lies. If you listen to it, you will find happiness.