

Duo got a sick thrill pulling his friend out of bed in the morning just to see the wicked transformation.

They'd been through High School together, then college after that, now both were back to the small town they grew up in, both teaching at the High School they once attended.

All by the age of twenty-three, which wasn't too bad, but it was a small town. Rather progressive for it's size as well. Quatre was well out of the closet before returning to his childhood town and no one batted an eye when he was hired by the High School, but then Quatre could charm the birds from the trees, it wasn't too surprising.

Quatre taught general music to freshmen and basic theory to the higher-level students and was in charge of the glee club, chamber quartet, and showchoir. Duo taught freshman Algebra and did double duty as the local Hockey team coach.

"Well I'm up now, what do you want?" Quatre asked through a yawn.

"Did you forget you promised to drive me to the rink this morning for practice since my truck is in the shop?"

"Shit. Yes I did. I'll be over in twenty minutes. Let me get dressed. Sorry Duo,"

"No problem. Thanks again buddy." Duo said hanging up the phone as Quatre fell into the bathroom to run a quick comb through his hair, brush his teeth and find every sweater he owned to dress in. Being in an ice rink stadium all morning he was going to freeze to death if he didn't bundle up.

"Why can't Duo coach football or better yet baseball, sports where it's warm out to play?" Quatre asked no one in particular as he made his way to his beat up 1979 Ford Pinto, a garish bright school bus yellow, with a red and black thin pinstripe running along the side of the doors, and the whole package complete with infuriating rear wheel drive.

He fishtailed twice just getting out of the parking lot. (1)

Exactly nineteen minutes, seven tire spins, three fish tails, and twelve curses about black ice later, Quatre was honking in front of Duo's house.

Duo came out, bag of gear on his back, a shit eating grin, and a huge thermos of coffee in his hand. Quatre popped the hatch and Duo shoved in his gear before climbing into the passenger seat. "I brought you coffee, I figured you'd need some by now."

"I love you Duo. That golden thermos almost makes up for dragging me out in the cold." Quatre said backing out of the driveway and heading for the local ice rink.

"You're such a wimp. Cold is good for you, keeps ya movin'"

"Riiiiight. You keep believing that, I'll take my space heater any day." Quatre said as they pulled into the parking lot of the rink.

Quatre eyed all the kids being dropped off by parents this un-godly time on a Saturday morning. Not even seven a.m., and there were more kids in Hockey gear, and figure skating leotards and leg warmers than you could shake a stick at.

Quatre, thermos in hand followed Duo into the Rink. It was split in half, with one side for Hockey practice, one side for figure skating lessons.

As they walked in, the PA system sounded and loud music began to blare from the sound system. An up tempo medley of various Christmas carols and two skaters skidded out onto the ice.

“OH MAN! Q you are in for a treat buddy. Check it out.” Duo said pointing at the two figures on the ice. “That’s Cathy Bloom and Her brother Trowa. They teach advanced figure skating. They almost made it to the Olympics once as Ice Dancers. But Cathy broke her leg in a freak car crash just before world finals. They’re fan-fucking-tastic to watch.” Duo provided the background as the two skaters began to float across the Ice.

Quatre sat slack jawed on the bleachers as he watched in fascination. He couldn’t tread across Ice just walking without falling down. What these two did with their feet while traveling at high speeds across the highly polished surface just was not humanly possible.

Catherine was graceful as a swan as her brother spun her around the ice, and he was just utterly feline in his movements.

So strong, so powerful, such tight pants, such control, he did not just do a triple spin in mid air, he did, pants still on, damn. Was Quatre’s internal monologue as he fought wiping drool from his chin as he stared in awe at the sinfully gorgeous man dance across the ice. His attention long off Catherine, as good as she was, there was just something more going on with Trowa that fascinated Quatre. The ease in which he picked up and threw his sister, he made it look all so easy.

“Earth to Q... Your shirt front is getting wet.”

“Shut up Duo. Oh man, he is so hot.” Quatre said eyes fixed on Trowa as the routine ended and they skated back over to their class to begin teaching the maneuvers they had just demonstrated.

“Thinking of taking skating lessons Quatre? Trowa teaches beginner basics after the advanced class.” Duo said nudging Quatre’s ribs with his elbow grinning.

“Are you mad? A grown man with a bunch of five year olds not to mention it would be really hard to skate in the condition he’d put me in.” Quatre said chuckling.

“Oh man, you’re still surly, drink your damn coffee. Bad image Quatre! I so did not need that image in my head. I don’t enjoy pictures of my best friend with a hard-on dancing in my head. Not when I got a class to teach. I’ll get you for this later blondie.”

“No you won’t.” Quatre grinned sadistically in victory as he unscrewed the lid of the thermos and poured a cup. Moving over closer to the figure skating class to watch with a better view while he waited for Duo’s class to finish.

Maybe coming out to the rink wasn’t such a bad idea after all. He could watch an Ice God, and pretend he wasn’t gawking at him, but was watching with rapt attention at a lesson.

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“Hey Tro? You have an admirer in the bleachers. He’s cute too.” Cathy whispered in her brother’s ear with a grin on her face.

“I noticed.” Trowa said without inflection

“Well? Do something about it, I am sick to death of you home every Friday night.”

“It’s not like you go out on Friday night’s either cow. You get a date, that way you don’t have to look at me.” Trowa said as they sent the students on break.

“I do have a date thank you, Duo’s, taking me out to dinner tonight.” Cathy said leaning up against the low wall.

“That long haired idiot Hockey coach?” Trowa asked fixing one of his boots.

“That long haired Sex pot? Uh-huh.” She grinned giggling.

“Bad image Cath. I don’t need pictures of my sister having sex in my head, nag.”

Trowa said turning slightly so he could see the blonde in the bleachers. He wasn’t cute; he was downright gorgeous as sin. Big baby blues, wild white blonde hair, rosy cheeks, and if he didn’t stop looking hiding his reaction would be hard to do wearing spandex skating leggings.

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Duo’s class finished and he moved to join Quatre in the bleachers. “I got a date with her tonight.” He said pointing at Catherine as he sat beside Quatre.

“Are you going to take her out on a bike?” Quatre asked and Duo slapped his forehead.

“Fuck, I forgot. Do you have plans tonight buddy?”

“Yes, you can borrow my car, no need to butter me up and whine.” Quatre said with a sigh. “It’s not like I need it or anything.”

“You’re a life saver.”

“Yeah, whatever.” Quatre said with a sigh. Duo frowned.

“Aw man. Don’t get depressed on me Quatre. I hate it when you get like this.” Duo said in concern.

“I’ll be all right Duo. Ignore me. I fantasized myself into this depression. It’s my own damn fault. Are you finished? Can we go?” Quatre asked and Duo stood.

“Yeah, I’m done. You wanna met Cathy?” Duo asked and Quatre shrugged.

“Sure I guess.” Quatre said picking up the thermos and following Duo to the ice.

“OI! Cath!” Duo called from the rinks edge waving.

“Oh, Tro. Looks like that cutie is a friend of Duo’s. Come be social.” Catherine said pulling on his arm and latching on tight so he couldn’t skate away.

She practically hauled Trowa with her and suppressed the chuckle when the blonde’s eyes widened slightly and Trowa tried in vain to loose his arm from her vice like grip.

“Hey Duo! Who’s your friend?” Cathy chirruped as she leaned over the railing smiling. Trowa was looking everywhere and anywhere but at the blonde.

“This is Quatre, my cohort in crime for going on twenty years.” Duo said smirking.

“More like bail bonds man for your crimes over the past twenty years.” Quatre corrected under his breath shifting from foot to foot nervously. Too close, he was far too close. He was even sexier up close. He had the most stunning green eyes Quatre has ever seen.

“Ha! So you’re Quatre! Nice to meet you at last, Duo talks about you a lot. You’re a music teacher right?” Catherine asked extending her hand in greeting, and Quatre couldn’t help but smile at the vivacious woman. A good complement to Duo, and that thought was terrifying if you thought too much about it.

“I’m afraid to ask what else Duo has told you about me.” Quatre said with a nervous chuckle.

“Don’t worry, nothing bad.” Catherine grinned wrinkling her nose at Quatre.

“This silent, rude boy over here is my brother Trowa.” Catherine introduced and Trowa reluctantly turned to face the blonde.

He was far too beautiful to look at for long. Damn Cathy for putting him on the spot like this. He thought to himself as he extended his hand to Quatre. “Nice to meet you.” He muttered as Quatre took his hand to shake.

“Nice to meet you too. I must say I thoroughly enjoyed watching both of you skate. Simply astounding.” Quatre said shyly and honestly to them both just as a mass of teenagers descended on the ice en masse for their turn in the rink for lessons.

“OH! MR. WINNER!!!!” One of his freshmen students called out waving and skating over.

“Hi Daisy.” Quatre said smiling at one of his glee club students.

“Gonna take lessons with us?” She asked grinning and Quatre shook his head.

“Oh no, not me. This requires balance and strong ankles, and I have neither. I’m quite content to watch.” Quatre said looking aghast at the suggestion.

“Come on Mr. Winner you liar. I see your routines for the show choir, if you can dance you can skate. Isn’t that right Mr. Barton? You said that.” Daisy said and Quatre begged with his eyes for an out to Trowa. Trowa only shrugged.

“It’s true. You’re never too old to Learn Mr. Winner.” Trowa said, a slight upturning of his mouth and a huge twinkle in his eye and Quatre groaned.

“No, no way. Not a chance. I’ll break my behind.” Quatre said looking frantically for the nearest exit and wondering if it would be rude if he made a run for it at this point.

“Awwww, Come on Q Humor the kiddies.” Duo said with an evil smirk poking Quatre in the back.

“Die Duo.” Quatre muttered under his breath. “Too bad I don’t have skates. Sorry.” Quatre said as Catherine cackled.

“Not a good excuse. What size is your foot, we have loaner skates.” Catherine asked Quatre had been ganged up on it was so not fair.

“Please, no I’ll fall.” Quatre said as Duo shoved him to a seat and seized a foot.

“He’s a size eight and half Cath!” Duo called out and Catherine squealed and skated off to grab some skates.

“I’m serious guys, I have never skated in my life, I’ll break something and fall all over myself.” Quatre protested as both his shoes disappeared and skates appeared.

“I won’t let you fall.” Trowa said smiling, now feeling really sorry he started this, Quatre looked terrified.

Quatre’s pleading gaze turned into green orbs and Trowa felt his heart stop. Quatre really was scared, and looking for an escape. So Trowa promised again. “I swear I won’t let you fall. Just trust me.” Trowa said holding out his hand.

Quatre’s hands were shaking so bad Trowa had to squeeze them to still the jumble of nerves.

“I will kill all of you. Slowly and painfully for making me do this.” Quatre muttered with a shaky voice as he tried to stand on two thin blades.

“Way to go Mr. Winner! You’re sooo Coooooool!!!!!!” More of his students cheered as they clustered around to see him make a fool of himself.

“You say that now. It’ll be Mr. Winner is a graceless blob on the ice in a minute.” He said back to his students and Trowa chuckled.

“You’ll be fine.” Trowa said leading Quatre onto the ice.

“Whoaaaaaaa!” Quatre cried out as his feet began going in two opposite directions. Grabbing onto the nearest thing to keep from falling.

The closest thing happened to be Trowa. This was way too close, especially since he was now also surrounded by his students, who cheered and chanted his name, all he needed to complete this nightmare was a video camera for the evidence that would win him the ten thousand dollar grand prize from America’s most humiliating video’s.

“See, you won’t fall.” Trowa said smiling righting Quatre and steadying him with strong arms.

“Just for the love of God, don’t let go.” Quatre whimpered and Trowa chuckled.

“I won’t.” Trowa said as he began to skate backwards, pulling on Quatre’s hands.

Quatre's eyes were clamped shut tight. "Open your eyes Quatre. You're missing it you're skating." Trowa said grinning and Quatre cracking open one eye.

"No, I'm being dragged across Ice. I don't need to see." Quatre said shutting his eyes again.

Trowa couldn't help but smile; Quatre was one of a kind. His students seemed to adore him, for pretty obvious reasons. Even though Quatre was scared shitless, he was being a good sport and going through the motions no matter how much he moaned about it, and for a beginner, he did have good balance. He wasn't shaking in his boots, he held his knees right naturally, allowing for the movement and his upper body shifted when he began to overbalance.

Most beginners, even WITH Trowa holding on to them, managed to fall down two feet after they started. They were almost around the rink's circuit when a wild puck came across the ice knocking into Quatre's skates.

Trowa yanked Quatre into his arms, but yanked too hard and they both ended up flat on the ice. Trowa on his back, Quatre sprawled on top.

"Sorry, that was my fault." Trowa groaned

"I'd say it was the puck's fault. Ouch." Quatre said rolling off Trowa and rubbing his knee where it had connected with the ice. "Damn that's gonna bruise." Quatre said wincing as he touched it. Trowa was instantly up and rolling back Quatre's pant leg.

"Damn it. I'm so sorry. Where's it hurt most?" Trowa asked as Duo's voice could be heard raised in anger at students being stupid and making idiotic wild shots as Catherine and a host of Quatre's students appeared on the scene.

"Oh Man I saw it all Tro, don't touch it, he whacked his knee cap good." Catherine said wincing at the rapidly swelling joint.

"Great and it's my left knee too damn it." Quatre said pouting. Trowa and Catherine both looked puzzled. "I have a crap car with a clutch pedal so stiff I have to put all my weight on it just to get it in far enough to shift gears." (2)

"Q! You all right man?" Duo came skidding over and blanched at Quatre's knee. "Oh fuck me... That's gonna hurt big time in a minute." Duo said taking his scarf to use as a temporary ace bandage.

"It hurts now. You'll have to drive me home Duo, I can't like this." Quatre said and Trowa shook his head.

"Not home. You need that X-rayed. You could have cracked your knee cap." Trowa said picking up Quatre effortlessly.

"No, Duo needs my car tonight I can't wreck his date like this." Quatre said urgently.

"Screw that Q, it's our fault you got hurt in the first place man. We suckered you into skating when you didn't want to." Duo said looking pitiful with regret.

"Yes, God, do I feel rotten." Catherine said as they reached the edge of the rink.

“Solution. I take Quatre to the ER, you two go out as planned, and then I’ll take Quatre home.” Trowa said and Quatre began to protest.

“I’ll be okay, please just take me home and you can all go about your plans for tonight. This is silly.” Quatre said worried he was putting everyone out somehow.

“I didn’t have plans Quatre. Now quit moaning, this was our fault not yours.” Trowa said setting Quatre down so he could take off his skates. Being extra careful with the left boot, trying not to jar the knee. Quatre’s quick intake of breath and the chewing of the bottom lip only pissed Trowa off. He knew better than to let students fall forward, and if he hadn’t yanked so hard and increased the speed of Quatre’s fall he wouldn’t be hurt at all.

“Quit that. It’s not your fault.” Quatre said smacking Trowa’s bangs out of his face and glaring eye to eye with the man kneeling before him.

“It not yours either.” Trowa countered back. Moving to take his own skates off and then proceeded in pulling faded, torn, and well-worn skintight jeans on over his spandex, and pulling on equally worn harness boot. Trowa shrugged on a beaten up bomber’s jacket lined with fleece then moved to pick Quatre up again.

Quatre tossed his keys to Duo. Go have fun, I’ll be okay.” Quatre said as Trowa carried him out of the rink.

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Several hours and two X-rays later.

“Well nothing broken Mr. Winner. Just sprained. You need to stay off it for the next two days though.” The Doctor said and Quatre groaned.

“No can do Doc. I live alone and I have to be at work Monday. Can’t we just wrap it up or something?” Quatre asked and Trowa knew the answer that was coming, he’d been in Quatre’s shoes many times.

“Not unless you want to risk injuring it further and prolonging the healing process. Do you have a friend or parents you can stay with temporarily?” The doctor asked and Quatre shuddered.

“My dad waiting on me hand and foot is not going to happen. And I’d rather not spend more than a few hours at a time with him. It’s bad enough Christmas is next week, a whole day of a bellowing mad man is enough thanks.” Quatre said with a sigh.

“You got a couch Quatre?” Trowa asked and Quatre cocked an eyebrow.

“Yeah, why?”

“I can stay with you for a few days, it’s no trouble. And the Doctor’s right, I’ve had more sprained knees than I can count. You do need to stay off it; I helped get you into this mess. I can at least stick around till the end.” Trowa said smiling and Quatre felt almost faint.

“If you’re sure it’s no trouble. And you won’t need the couch, I have a guest room, but I don’t want you committing yourself to something if you have other plans or obligations.” Quatre began and Trowa smiled.

“I’m sure.” Trowa said as the doctor handed Quatre a pair of crutches.

“There, now make sure he stays off that leg for at least 48 hours Mr. Barton.” The Doctor said and Trowa nodded.

“If I have to tie him to a chair.” Trowa said gaining a scowl from Quatre in the process.

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It was a long arduous task getting Quatre up three flights of stairs and in the end Trowa decided it was just quicker to pick him up and carry him.

Quatre was in a huff of frustration by the time Trowa got him settled on the couch.

“Give me your prescription for the pain killers and I’ll pick them up on my way back. I gotta go grab some stuff if I’m camping out here for a few days.” Trowa said and Quatre dug in his coat pocket then slapped the prescription paper in Trowa’s hand.

“This really isn’t necessary, but thanks.” Quatre said with a sigh.

“Not a problem. I’m just sorry you got hurt.” Trowa said turning for the door. “We both missed lunch too and it’s almost five. You want me to pick up some fast food too on the way back?” Trowa asked and Quatre moaned.

“I’m famished. If it’s not to much trouble yes please.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled and leaned against the doorframe.

“And what can I get you? Burger? Tacos? Chinese? Pizza?” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

“Whatever you pass on the way back is fine. If it’s a burger stand, a plain old Cheeseburger and fries, Pizza anything but anchovies is fine, Taco Salad if you hit Taco bell, or sweet and sour chicken if it’s Chinese.” Quatre gave him his quick list of favorites and Trowa chuckled.

“Got it. I’ll be back in a bit.” Trowa said turning and heading out. Quatre flopped back into the couch with a grin so wide on his face he felt his face would split apart any minute.

“An Adonis in my house for two whole days. Remind me God to get injured more often if this is the result.” Quatre began then groaned. “I’ll never make it, he’s too gorgeous, I’ll blow a gasket before the night is out.” He amended sinking into the cushions of the sofa to wait for Trowa to get back.

Trowa slammed into gear and sped away. He couldn’t get back fast enough. He was almost giddy and he was NEVER giddy. But there was just something about Quatre that worked on his senses like a drug and magnet.

“I am going to blow this. I know it. He’s too damn fine; I’ll burst before the night is over I just know it. God, I don’t ask for much, but I am begging you here. Please let him be gay.” Trowa said as he pulled into the drug store parking lot to drop off the prescription before he hurried home to pack his things. He’d pick up the pills on the way back.

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Quatre was watching one of Trowa's favorite programs by the time he got back, and both men sat on the sofa, burgers and fries scattered around them as they chortled at "Blackadder's" cunning plan unfold.

"Oh man this one's a classic! I can quote it!" Trowa howled as Blackadder's current bind was a language barrier between him and his jailer and each of them having to play charades to fling insults at each other. The only trouble being Blackadder was in a box with only his head, arms and legs sticking out, making charades quite difficult.

Quatre nodded laughing then going into the dialogue perfectly on cue. "Then you are a fornicating baboon. You ... Are...well I can't really do fornicating while in this box..."

"I never met anyone who was as addicted to this show as I am." Trowa finally managed to say as he caught his breath.

"I hate to tell you, we're watching a video tape, not the TV. I have all the episodes of this show." Quatre said pointing to the bookcase.

Trowa instantly walked over and grinned. "All Four seasons of Black Adder, RED DWARF! Kick Ass! Mr. Bean, Absolutely Fabulous, the Young Ones, and Monty Python... Quatre, I think I love you!" Trowa shook with laughter eyeing the endless supply of britcoms on Quatre's bookshelf. "I'm gonna need more than two days here if we're gonna get through all these tapes." Trowa added turning to grin at Quatre on the couch.

"Oh, I'm up for a marathon if you are!" Quatre said returning Trowa's smile.

"Oh hell yes." Trowa said grabbing an Absolutely Fabulous tape off the shelf. And pulling off his best "Patsy" stance "My mother didn't give birth she had something REMOVED!" He said in his most mellow dramatic voice.

"Darling Sweetie, Sweetie, Darling. A little stoli and nibblies?" Quatre countered doing his best "Edina Monsoon" Placing a fringed pillow on his head like a garish hat.

"Yeah Cheers thanks a lot." Trowa answered as he slid the tape in the VCR and sat back down next to Quatre.

"I went to a costume party last year as Patsy." Trowa said laughing at the memory.

"OH GET OUT! I went to a Halloween party my senior year in dorms as Edina! Where the hell were you?" Quatre collapsed into giggles.

"I have no idea, not in the right place that's for sure. That can be rectified however. Boy am I glad you came to the rink today. I haven't had this much fun in a long time." Trowa said seriously and Quatre smiled tenderly.

"Me either. I don't go out much." Quatre said and Trowa sighed.

"Same here. It's a small town, and it's tough being the only gay guy in town." Trowa said praying now that the cat was "out" of the bag the axe didn't fall.

"You're not the only one." Quatre said taking Trowa's hand tentatively.

Eyes locked, and lips turned to smiles. Suspicions confirmed and prayers answered.

“Quatre, you want to go out with me sometime?” Trowa asked and Quatre grinned.

“I’d love to. But then again, I’m having fun right here right now.” Quatre answered and Trowa scooted closer.

“Me too.” He said as he leaned over and gently kissed welcoming lips.

“Mmmmmm.” Quatre purred as his eyes slipped closed and he drank in that glorious first kiss.

“You can say that again.” Trowa countered moving to sit behind Quatre, to wrap arms around him while they faced the television, both stretched out on the couch.

“This is even better. I could get used to this.” Trowa said burying his nose in Quatre’s hair to smell pear scented Shampoo.

“Me too. And it’s only been a day. There’s always a tomorrow.”

“Amen to that... Sweetie Darling.” Trowa said grinning into Quatre’s hair.

“Got I hope yours doesn’t drop off Patsy” (3) Quatre said and Trowa barked once with a half snort half laugh.

“God forbid.” Trowa said as they settled in to watch the show, and just ease into the new relationship.

There was always tomorrow, and a tomorrow never looked brighter for either of them.

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- (1) Poor Quatre, I saddled him with MY first Car. Yes it was as Ugly as I described it to be and as hard to handle. What do you expect? I was 16 and the car cost \$100 bucks! LOL
- (2) YES THE CLUTCH WAS THAT HARD TO DEPRESS! O.o Quatre could never have driven my first car. I was twice his size at 16 and I had to put all MY WEIGHT on it to get that damn pedal in so I could shift!
- (3) In the Show Absolutely Fabulous... You find out Patsy during the 60’s had a sex change operation in Morocco, and became “Pat” for a while until it “Dropped off”
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