

Title: Tilt-a-Whirl
Author: D "The Fables spinner"
Pairings: 3x4 (Gee what a shock there)
Rating: HARD R
Disclaimer: Still not mine, much to my lament.
Warnings: None (Like there's EVER a need in my fics? Puh-lease)

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Quatre watched the retreating form of his sister with chagrin. "Thanks for taking Emma out for me little brother. She's been dying to go and I'm on call. Mrs. Macaffee is in labor." Iria said going to answer her page as Quatre stood holding the hand of his four year old niece, still stunned at Iria's sudden arrival and demand/request that he baby-sit.

It was Friday night; he could have had a date!

Well in THEORY he could have had a date. He was good-looking, 23, single...

GAY

In a town where the population was around 500, (15,000 really, it just SEEMED like 500 at times) chances were he was the ONLY gay man in town.

He could not wait until he finished his degree and got the hell out of dodge. Only a few more months to go now, thank God.

"Unca Quatwa... you wook wike you swawwowed a bug." Emma piped up, noticing his scowl.

"Oh sorry Emma. Just thinking." He said smiling down at the angelic little girl holding his hand.

She was so damn cute it was impossible to stay mad. Besides, she was his favorite niece after all, from his favorite sister to boot. So with a smile of resignation, Quatre grabbed Emma's car seat, his keys, and his wallet, and got them on the road to the local super market parking lot where a traveling carnival had set up for the weekend.

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Quatre was once again pissed off. The carnival was perhaps the worst he'd ever seen, too few rides, too few games, and too little parking. He had to carry Emma three blocks just to get to the damn thing. Then shell out Twenty-seven bucks just to get her a ride bracelet. Cause it was cheaper than buying tickets, his coke cost another three bucks and it was mostly ice cubes. Quatre hated being ripped off. But then the huge smile on Emma's face was worth it.

Damn her for being too cute to resist. He melted every time he looked at her.

Iria told him he'd been just like her at that age.

The family resemblance was easy to spot, Emma looked like she was his daughter and not his sister's.

"Unca Quatwa! There! There!" Emma squealed, tugging on his hand and frantically pointing to the miniature cars going around in a circle. One of the standard kiddy rides in most of these roadside carnivals.

With a chuckle, Quatre let himself be have dragged across taped down ride power cables to reach the ride, by his 'GOING TO SLEEP WELL TONIGHT', four-year-old tyke.

The line was short and in no time it was Emma's turn. The Ride attendant came around to open the gate and Quatre's mouth went bone dry.

He was so hot, he was on FIRE! Tall, lanky, and with the sexiest pair of green eyes Quatre had EVER seen. He was such a sucker for green eyes. This man was sex on two legs, literally.

Quatre stepped back as he watched the carnie smile at the kids and then lift each one into their seats and strap them in.

"I wanna ride in the blue car!" Emma chirruped as the tall man took her hand.

"Then the blue car it is fair lady." He said in the softest, most lilting baritone.

Quatre was positively drooling.

He watched the sex god strap his niece in and fluff her pigtails. "Don't forget to wave at your daddy." He told Emma and Emma grinned.

"I can't wave at my daddy. He's not here. Can I wave at my unca Quatwa?" She asked and the attendant turned to look at Quatre and Quatre's heart froze.

Da-DUMP!

"By all means. Wave at unca Quatre." The attendant said as a small smile formed on his placid face as he said "unca".

That was it; Quatre was going to need a new pair of jeans.
The ride started and the attendant was walking toward Quatre.

The mental mantra began.... "OH PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, let this guy have a brain... and oh lord PLEASE LET HIM BE GAY!" Quatre began to chant mentally.

"She's gorgeous, I could have sworn she was your daughter." That baritone said and Quatre smiled.

"Nope, my sister's daughter. I'm just designated babysitter tonight." Quatre said trying to play it cool, and hoping to hell that his voice didn't crack. While trying to remember to wave back at Emma as she went around in circles.

"On a Friday night too. That sucks." The attendant said and Quatre chuckled.

"Yeah, well, it's not like I had a date or anything. Besides, I'm a sucker when it comes to Emma's baby blues. One look and I melt." Quatre said waving at his niece.

"Yup, I'm a sucker for baby blues myself." The attendant said, a sly smile tugging at his lips as the ride began to slow.

Quatre felt that little twitter in the pit of his stomach. He was thanking the stars for the color of his eyes at this point in the conversation.

"AGAIN!" Emma cried out.

"Can she stay on?" Quatre asked and the attendant nodded. No one else was in line anyway.

"Want a nice long ride?" the carnie asked and Emma enthusiastically nodded.

The ride started up again and the carnie turned back towards Quatre and held out his hand.

“Trowa Barton.” He introduced and Quatre smiled and shook.

“Quatre Winner.” He said with a smile glad the introduction was out of the way.

“Here I thought I was the only one on the planet with a first name that’s just damn awkward.” Trowa said and Quatre chuckled.

“Amen, let’s not get into how mine is spelled and the myriad of ways it’s mispronounced.” Quatre said and Trowa chuckled.

“I can imagine.” Was all Trowa had to say on the matter, the light of mirth in his eyes.

“So what do you do when you’re not taking out gorgeous blondes on Friday nights?” Trowa asked and Quatre laughed.

“As in Job? Or Free Time?” Quatre asked and Trowa leaned up against the railing.

“Both.”

“Job, I work part time at the library, filing, while I finish up my degree in education. Summers I work for the Music Store on Fifth Street teaching piano lessons. Free time is spent either doing homework, or spoiling my niece rotten. I have no life.” Quatre said fairly merrily. “You? What do you do other than run a ride?”

“I’m finishing up my degree too. I’m also getting a degree in education. I love kids. I major in English. What’s yours?” Trowa asked and Quatre wanted to sing, Trowa had brains after all.

“Music with a minor in English literature.”

“No way. I minor in music, I play the flute. You?” Trowa countered.

This was getting better and better.

“Well I play lots of things really. But I specialize in piano and violin.” Quatre said and Trowa nodded appreciatively.

“Unca Quatwa, I wanna get off now.” Came Emma’s plaintive little plea and Trowa reached over to stop the ride.

He moved over to help her down and led her back over to Quatre. “Listen, I get off in thirty-minutes. I thankfully don’t have to work all night since I’ve been here since 6 am. I really would like to talk to you some more. Would you mind a tag-a-long?” Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

“Sure, just find us, I’m sure we’ll be here some place. It’s not like this place is very big.” Quatre chuckled.

“You got it, I’ll find you.” Trowa said smiling softly and rather shyly at that once more before turning back to his ride.

Quatre turned his face upward. “Oh please, if someone is listening. I’m begging now. Please oh please give me a little luck.” Quatre said before turning to take Emma over to the merry-go-round.

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Trowa kept looking at his watch, praying his relief got there on time. His sister had a bad habit of being late.

Thankfully tonight, she chose to break her habit and she showed up five minutes early. "Whoa, you're grinning. Who are you and what have you done with my brother?" Catherine asked as she took the stool Trowa vacated.

"Cath, wish me luck."

"No way. Trowa? MY TROWA has hit on someone? You never hit on anybody. Okay now I know you're not my brother. Who are you and what have you done with the pod?" Catherine said laughing and Trowa glared.

"Oh ha, ha, ha. No hag, I've not hit on anyone." He said then couldn't stop the smirk that spread across his face.

"Not yet at any rate." He added and Catherine whooped.

"Is he cute?"

"Cute doesn't even BEGIN to describe him. Adonis is more like it. A blonde, blue eyed God." Trowa said handing his sister the ticket apron.

"Then go clean up at least first Trowa. No one likes a grease covered carnie." She said swatting at her brother as he took off toward their trailer.

"Already planned on that." He said waving over his head as he headed back to change and hopefully look presentable. And pray all the while that this was his lucky night and Quatre was gay.

Otherwise, it would be a cold shower later that night as he wallowed in disappointment.

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Quatre allowed himself to be lead down the row of games by his wide-eyed charge. "Oi! Blondie! Come try your luck and win something for your lovely lady!" An energetic, long haired, young man hollered from a nearby stall. Milk bottles set strategically upon small platforms. "Three balls for a buck! Knock 'em all off the table and anything here is yours." He continued waving at the multi-colored stuffed animals lining the walls.

Quatre blanched. "Sorry, I'd end up hitting you with the ball more likely." Quatre said. He never did have a reliable pitching arm.

"You never know unless you try." He said wagging his eyebrows over intense violet eyes. A huge smirk plastered on his handsome face. "Come on, it's only a buck."

"Oh, I wike that bwue one!" Emma said. Her eyes glazed with want.

Quatre was a goner, and into his pocket his hand went to fish for his wallet.

"Don't be too disappointed if I lose Emma. I'm not that good." Quatre said as he handed his dollar to the attendant and was handed three softballs.

"But I am." Came a semi familiar voice.

"No way Barton."

Quatre turned around and his jaw dropped as a now clean, and sharp dressed Trowa stepped up behind him. He had changed out of his jeans and blue polo shirt that had the carnival name embroidered on the right breast, into a dark green, almost black sweater with a black turtleneck underneath and black leather pants and loafers. He looked just plain divine and just too darn hot. Quatre was sure he was drooling.

"I'm off duty Duo. And I have a soft spot for blondes." Trowa said glancing at Emma and grinning at her. Quatre fought the blush when Trowa's eyes lifted and subtly made a brief eye contact to add weight to his last statement.

"Which one did you like?" Trowa asked and Emma pointed to a blue dog hanging on a peg at her eye level.

"No, nu-uh, no way. Go pester Wufei's booth. You're bad for business!" Duo said frowning. Quatre had to stifle a chuckle.

"May I?" Trowa asked Quatre who still held the balls in his arms.

"Be my guest. You can't possibly do worse than I could." Quatre said smiling handing over the softballs.

Duo stood, arms outstretched blocking the tables. "No Barton, go away."

"Duo move, or I throw anyway. Milk bottles, or you. Take your pick."

"I hate you." Duo said pouting and moving.

"No you don't." Trowa said taking aim with the first ball.

His posture was perfect, and in one fluid movement, the ball whizzed out of his hand and connected. Sending the bottles hurtling from the table.

"That's one." Trowa said.

"Fuck." Duo muttered, plopping down on the counter to sulk.

Aim and fire

"That's two."

"Bite me Barton."

Aim and fire

"That's three."

"Yeah, like I'm impressed. Take the fucking toy bastard." Duo said and rolled his eyes.

"Yippee!!!! Thank you!" Emma said jumping up and down with glee as Trowa handed her the blue dog.

"You're welcome." Trowa said fluffing her pigtails again and smiling.

"Wow! Thanks!" Quatre said still amazed.

"It's nothing. I'm the pitcher for our baseball team back at Oregon State." Trowa said chuckling.

"Ahhhh, no wonder he didn't want you to play." Quatre said laughing gaily and Trowa gave him a devious knowing smirk.

"Precisely." Trowa added with a wink as Emma help up her toy for Quatre to look at.

"Hold Twoahwa-dog for me?" She asked and Trowa cocked an eyebrow, as did Quatre.

"Trowa-dog?" Quatre asked taking the toy. Emma nodded.

"Twoahwa won him for me, so his name is Twoahwa-dog." She said matter-of-factly as if Quatre we're stupid for even asking. Trowa chuckled and Quatre sighed with resignation and took hold of Twoahwa-dog and tucked it under his arm, taking Emma's hand with the other.

"I'm hungry." Emma announced immediately changing gears.

"What do you want to eat?" Quatre asked. And Emma pointed at a large sign for cotton candy.

"That."

"No, that's not dinner. You can have some of that later." Quatre said looking around for a food stall.

"Other than hot dogs or corn dogs she's not going to have much else to choose from here." Trowa piped up pointing Quatre in the right direction to feed his niece.

"That's part of the fun of a carnival. Junk or junk to eat." Quatre said grinning as they walked toward the stand, once more fishing for his rapidly depleting wallet.

Stopping before it to view the very small menu. "Emma, do you like corn dogs? Or do you want a Hot Dog?" Quatre asked and Emma scrunched up her face in thought.

"CORN DOG!" she said with delight and Quatre smiled and ordered her a corn dog and a small orange soda then moved to the mustard and ketchup splattered resin table set off to the side.

Trowa grumbling under his breath before he went back to the food cart and grabbed a damp rag to clean the table off.

"If Hilde were on shift, this table would be spotless. She's fastidious about it. She's Duo's wife." Trowa said sitting down across from Quatre, Emma in between them.

"So how did you end up working here?" Quatre asked as Emma busied herself with eating.

"Summer Job, and My Sister is part owner of this carnival. She's married to Heero; he owns this carnival and several others. He's over there running the "Kamikaze". Trowa pointed toward the ride that was flinging screaming teenagers around and upside-down. Quatre looked positively green.

"I saw that one. I think one must be certifiably insane with a death wish to get on that ride."

"Apt description of Heero." Trowa said with a grin turning to point at another game. Several red star cut outs and sharp darts were involved. And attended by a severe looking young Chinese fellow.

"That's Wufei, who you heard Duo mention. He keeps our accounts when he's working with us; he's a whiz with numbers. His fiancé is over there running the Tilt-a-Whirl. Sally is Pre-med over at Oregon State with me. And Wufei is studying something I have no clue what it is. Whatever it is, it's over my head. He's a brainiac." Trowa said grinning and giving a run-down of all the people working the carnival.

"Interesting, I would have never guessed." Quatre said wiping Emma's fingers of mustard.

"Not many do. You're not supposed to. You're here to have fun, not try and guess what carries do off season." Trowa said with a wink handing Quatre more napkins in which to clean his niece.

"No I guess not." Quatre said as he finished his task and turned around abruptly when he heard his name being called.

"Quatre!" Came the female voice and Emma brightened even more if that was possible.

"MOMMY!" Emma squealed as Iria came walking through the crowd. Emma running to her and getting swung up into her arms as the tot launched herself at her mother.

"What the?" Quatre asked as Iria walked up to the table.

"False alarm. My patient didn't go into labor, just a bad case of gas. She'd been here earlier today and I guess ate about seven caramel apples in the process." Iria said chuckling and settling Emma on her hip as her gaze drifted over to Trowa and her eyebrows rose.

"Who's your friend?" Iria asked a small smirk painted on her lips. Quatre stammered.

"Iria, this is Trowa. Trowa my sister Iria." Quatre introduced and Trowa stood to shake Iria's hand.

"Oh manners. Nice to met you Trowa." Iria said and Trowa smiled.

"Pleasure." He returned.

"Mommy, Trowa won me a toy. WOOK!" Emma said shoving the dog under Iria's nose.

Cross-eyed, Iria muttered a pleasantry and grinned at her brother. "Well, since I'm here, you're off the hook baby bro. How much did she weasel out of you cash wise?" Iria asked and Quatre smiled.

"Don't worry about it. I'm not broke yet." Quatre said and Iria frowned.

"Horse-hockey Quatre Raberba Winner. I know you blew a wad of cash in here tonight on her and I forgot to leave you money. So here." Iria slapped a fifty into Quatre's hand and made him take it. "You spoil her rotten, and you can't afford it bone brain." Iria said then smiled.

"Now go spend money on YOU for a change. Go have some fun for crying out loud." Iria said then turned to Trowa. "And make him spend money will ya? Quatre NEVER goes out, and NEVER spends money on himself." She said. Quatre looked about ready to strangle her.

"IRIA!" Quatre said blushing, Iria laughed.

"I'll make sure he has fun." Trowa said with a conspiratory wink.

"Good." Iria said turning tail and whisking her daughter off into the crowd.

"I'll murder her." Quatre mumbled and Trowa laughed.

"Hey, I have a big sister too. I think it's in their job description to embarrass younger brothers." Trowa said leaning back in his chair. Quatre smiled.

"I think you're right." Quatre said suddenly at loss for what to say. What happened next? Without Emma, there was really no reason for Quatre to stay at the carnival. It wasn't like he was here on a date; Trowa had just wanted to talk.

Right?

But it seemed the conversation had run dry somewhat. Quatre didn't lead a very extraordinary lifestyle, not anything worth stimulating chitchat at any rate. He worked at the music store on Fifth Street in the summer and went to school the rest of the year.

Social life was non-existent.

At least Trowa had a colorful summer job.

"So, your sister charged me with making you have a good time. That's not going to happen sitting here. Come on let's hit the rides." Trowa said smiling and standing.

"Oh goodness, no. I'm afraid I may yak." Quatre said eyes wide as saucers.

"Have you ever ridden a ride before? How do you know?" Trowa asked undeterred.

"No, but... I got car sick as a kid so my parents never let me go on rides. An inner ear thing." Quatre began and Trowa shook his head and grabbed Quatre's hand and tugged him out of his seat.

"So we start slow. And I have connections, might as well use them for free rides." Trowa said leading Quatre by the sleeve towards the Ferris wheel. A Tall man with silvery white blonde hair quirked an eyebrow as Trowa led Quatre through the line. A subtle wink from Trowa and Zechs chuckled and nodded.

The ride would get a "small malfunction" for about a minute once Trowa reached the apex with his companion. Sometimes it really helped to have connections. Trowa mused as he and Quatre boarded the ride.

"This thing won't tip over will it?" Quatre asked, eyes clamped shut and knuckles white where they gripped the bar before them.

"Of course not. Open your eyes Quatre, you get the best view of the carnival up here." Trowa said as they began their ascent. The ride coming to a stop once they reached the very top.

"Oh my god what's wrong?" Quatre asked in a panic.

"Nothing, Zechs is probably just loading a slow passenger." Trowa said subtly moving closer and laying his arm on the back of the seat. "Come on Quatre, look out there. You're missing a great view." Trowa urged and Quatre cracked open an eye and the multi-colored lights of the carnival washed over him.

"Ooooooh. It is pretty up here." Quatre breathed looking around at the joyous signs of fun all around him.

"It sure is." Trowa sighed, his eyes never once leaving his companions face which was aglow with delight. Quatre was brighter than any light around, positively radiant.

Quatre turned and offered Trowa a shy smile. "Are you hitting on me?"

"Is it working?"

"Yes." Quatre said blushing only slightly.

"Then yes I am. Does it bother you? I'll stop." Trowa asked and Quatre could see the hope and dare he risk it, sincerity in Trowa's brilliant green eyes, flashing lights reflecting in them from the carnival.

"No please don't stop." Quatre said smiling and dipping his chin. Trowa scooted closer.

"Then I won't." Trowa said slipping his arm around Quatre and pulling him closer until they sat hip to hip on the narrow bench, Trowa's arm draped casually over Quatre's shoulders as they gazed around the carnival.

"I never do this either by the way. And that's the truth. I know you're thinking Carnies hit on everybody. Some do, I don't. But I just couldn't help it, there's just something about you. God I sound like an idiot." Trowa said and Quatre smiled and leaned closer.

"You don't sound like an idiot. I have to admit myself to being a little, intrigued. I noticed you right away too if that puts you at ease some." Quatre said, still a little shy, but warming up nicely. He believed Trowa, it was something in the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes. Quatre had always been an excellent judge of character. All his senses pointed to Trowa being a good and honest young man.

"It does. And well, its not like guys like us can hit on just anybody." Trowa added and Quatre smiled.

"Amen to that. You have to be careful, the wrong guy and wham you have a fist in your face or worse. Not like that's happened to me, I'm too chicken." Quatre said with a self-deprecating chuckle.

"No, not chicken, cautious. Big difference. Being gay is tough, especially in towns like this. How can you stand it? The dating pool must be slim." Trowa said as the ride started again.

"Try non-existent." Quatre said with a sigh. "I'm just waiting until I get my degree, I'm in my last year. Then I'm out of here." Quatre said as the ride began a second pass.

"Where to?" Trowa asked as he set up a gentle rocking motion in their seat. Getting it to sway as they made the circuit around the wheel.

"I don't know. Anywhere but here, or rather, wherever I can get a job." Quatre sighed unconsciously resting his head on Trowa's shoulder.

"Same here. But they need teacher's everywhere. Especially in big cities, I really want to try my hand at an urban setting. You know grab them before they can hit the streets and turn them around." Trowa said and Quatre's eyes danced and his heart raced.

"That's sounds hard, but rewarding. I admire your conviction. I wish I could do that." Quatre said.

"So do it, nothing stopping you." Trowa said and Quatre sat up a stared at Trowa like he'd grown a second head.

“Um, do you have eyes? I’m twenty-three and am still only five foot eight. I’m a pipsqueak. High Schoolers on average are bigger than I am.” Quatre said and Trowa smiled.

“So don’t teach high school if you feel intimidated. I see how you are with Emma, teach elementary. That’s where I want to go. Well middle school really. Eighth grade is perfect for me. Just at that age where they THINK they know everything and are really impressionable. That’s the age to turn them straight. High School is a bit late. The mold has set.” Trowa said and once more Quatre was applauding Trowa’s resolve internally.

“God, if you want me to fall for you, you’re doing a good job Trowa.” Quatre said, stars in his eyes.

Trowa chuckled. “Funny, I stopped trying when we started talking. It’s nice to have somebody to talk to, who understands what I’m trying to do for a change.” Trowa said as a genuine smile lit up his face.

Not the small half smiles and gentle smirks he’d been getting all evening, but a big, bright smile. Quatre was long gone; head over heels, for this utterly astounding, and painfully beautiful man sitting beside him.

He was smart, he had a good heart, strong principals, and was mouth watering gorgeous. Quatre was dreaming. Nothing so good could be anything other than another one of his fantasies.

“If somebody pinches me and wakes me up, I just might cry.” Quatre said as the ride slowed to a stop; once more they were at the top.

“Me too.” Trowa said leaning over and gently pulling Quatre into his arms as he placed a gentle, nearly chaste kiss upon soft pink lips.

Quatre breathed a sigh of contentment as their lips met, and a soft, gentle kiss began. A few tentative brushes but it was enough to spark something between them. It had felt so right.

Their kiss ceased as the ride began again, this time stopping again at the bottom where two starry eyed young men walked slowly off the ride, their eyes never parting.

“Damn Quatre, where the hell have you been? Why the hell do you have to live so far away from me?” Trowa said as they walked hand in hand along the rides.

“I’ve been here. You’re the one who lives too far away.” Quatre countered with a small laugh of giddy joy.

“Touché. Look, the carnival is still here until the end of tomorrow. Then we head to Colorado for three weeks, then back up to Oregon. Please tell me you’ll give me your number or address or both. I really do want this to be more than a weekend. I really like you, a lot. I’d really like for us to... how do I say this? Hook up is so cheap sounding.” Trowa said and Quatre chuckled.

“Try our hand at that relationship business you mean?” Quatre said and Trowa nodded rubbing his hand across the back of his neck.

“Yeah. I know it sounds corny, and we’ve known each other all of an hour. But I have this stupid feeling in the pit of my stomach that’s telling me I’ll regret it if I don’t at least try.” Trowa said, looking flustered. Quatre spared him further torment by going up on his toes and planting a kiss on Trowa’s cheek.

“Stop. I agree. I like you too. Yes, I’ll give you both my address and my phone number before you go. On one condition.” Quatre said smiling deviously.

"What?" Trowa asked and Quatre pointed to a small photo booth.

"I just have to have a picture of you with me so I have proof this wasn't a dream." Quatre said and Trowa took his hand and almost sprinted toward the booth.

"Okay, I have a condition now." Trowa said as they stepped into the booth. "I get to choose one pose." He continued as they got settled, Quatre in his lap.

"Okay, and that pose is?" Quatre asked as he placed the money in the slot.

"Kiss me." Trowa said as the green light came on to warn them the picture was about to be taken.

"With pleasure." Quatre said and this time, the kiss lasted throughout all four photos, and a few minutes more.

The pictures were already fully developed before two slightly ruffled young men stumbled out of the photo booth.

"We have to take more Trowa. I can hardly see your face in any of these."

"I have no objections to going back in." Trowa said, a suggestive smile tugging on his lips.

Quatre slapped his arm. "You're incorrigible!"

"And you're beautiful, it's not my fault." Trowa said as they settled in for another round of pictures. This time, facing the camera and smiling like neither had ever smiled before.

Young and brand new love shining in eyes and faces as the camera captured those emotions forever on film.

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Quatre tore the strips of pictures in half, giving Trowa a set, which he immediately placed in his wallet. Quatre doing the same with his before once more hand in hand they began walking long the row of rides.

"Well, well, well. Who's this Trowa?" Came a female voice from above. On the platform of the Tilt-a-whirl stood the one Trowa had pointed out was named Sally.

"Quatre, and don't be rude." Trowa said as Sally leaned over the railing.

"How-dee-do Quatre. Is Trowa being a good boy?" She asked and Quatre smiled.

"Good is relative." He countered and Sally cackled.

"Oh I like him. Come on, I have one seat left." Sally said and Quatre quailed.

"Oh my, I don't think..." He began but it was too late. Trowa had him by the hand and was dragging him up the ramp.

"Live a little Quatre." He said as he pulled Quatre into the seat beside him.

"If I barf on your shoes, don't say I didn't warn you." Was all Quatre had time to say before the ride began.

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"I'm sorry," Trowa said as he sat a woozy Quatre down in his trailer.

"It's all right. At least I didn't barf. I just need a minute to stop the world from spinning. My kingdom for Dramamine." Quatre said as he flopped into the small sofa.

"I think I have some, hang on." Trowa said disappearing into the back of the small motor home and into the even smaller bathroom. "I do!" came the call as Trowa emerged with the pills in hand. He then went and filled a glass with water and sat back as Quatre gratefully took the medicine.

"It's my ears. Ever since I was a kid, there's been something wrong with my eardrums. Fluid wise. It screws with my equilibrium." Quatre said passing the empty glass back to Trowa.

"No, it's my fault, you did tell me." Trowa said looking upset. Quatre smiled and patted the seat next to him.

"I said, don't fret Trowa. I'm fine, really." Quatre said smiling as Trowa sat down beside him.

"I still feel like a jackass." Trowa said as Quatre snuggled up beside him.

"Well how do I make you feel better then?" Quatre asked sidling ever closer and wrapping his arms around Trowa's shoulders.

"I can think of a few ways." Trowa said turning into the embrace, inhaling Quatre's fresh scent of soap and slightly spicy aftershave.

Behind closed doors, kisses became prolonged and heated. Hands began to tentatively touch areas not dared before prying eyes.

Soon both men were shirtless and grasping for each other's belts as they stumbled and tripped over shed clothing towards the bed in the back of Trowa's motor home.

Blinded by newly ignited passion and lust they groped blindly in the dark as they fell in a mass of tangled limbs into Trowa's bed. Naked, hard, and panting as their bodies pressed together in the darkness, their arousal's brushing against one another bringing urgent gasps of pleasure in-between kisses.

"Oh god Trowa. I feel so... so..."

"Wanton?"

"Yeah."

"Me too. Want to stop?"

"Not on your life."

"Me either." We're the only words spoken as words gave way to more touches, more gasps of delight, and more moans of desire.

Trowa's hand searched blindly in the dark for his nightstand. He was sure he had... yes. His hand closed around an old and unopened jar of Vaseline. He used it in case he burned himself on the ride; he'd never dreamed he'd have cause to use it for more pleasurable activities.

Quatre felt the cool jelly smooth over his erection and anus. Trowa delighting him with long slow, tantalizing strokes with one hand as the other teased and caressed his opening, one long, slender digit sliding in and out in almost agonizing and deliberate slowness, as Trowa relaxed the muscles carefully and gently, as only a concerned lover would.

"Oh God Trowa, please." Came Quatre's plaintive whimper and Trowa slid up his body to take Quatre's mouth with his own.

"Not yet. I want to make sure I don't hurt you." Trowa whispered never ceasing his ministrations as he devoured Quatre's mouth with his kiss. Drunk with pleasure as he tasted Quatre's eager tongue where it darted out to meet Trowa's kiss with vigor.

Heady with need and desire, Trowa moved, he could not wait anymore, he was going mad with want. Quatre's moans were a potent mixture and they proved stronger against Trowa's resolve.

In one swift movement, Trowa seated himself and pushed.

Quatre's cry was agony and ecstasy combined. "Oh yes! Trowa, yes!"

That was all it took and Trowa became a man possessed, relentlessly thrusting, urging Quatre to repeat those words again and again. For every movement, for every twist, for every plunge the need to hear Quatre call his name grew exponentially. He must hear Quatre say his name with desire; he knew he would die if he were denied that voice calling out his name.

Over and over, again and again Quatre sang his name, and every time, the need grew stronger to hear it just once more.

Fire raged and passion burned as two bodies came together, a friction sending out an almost unbearable heat, which seared flesh with pleasure. Trowa felt himself pushed back and rolled until Quatre sat astride him, setting a new tempo, to a new song, as it became Trowa's turn to hiss and cry out Quatre's name as Quatre proceeded to writhe and impale himself atop Trowa. Taking the lead as he made love to Trowa. Taking him in completely before leaving Trowa bereft of sensation, before encasing him once more.

It was heaven, it as hell, and it was purgatory, it was utopia. Give and take, as lust and longing and baser emotions fought the stronger emotional bond that had been forming since they met.

Hunger, need, power, pleasure. Every animalistic urge that sat within every man's heart swelled between them just as the softer, gentler emotions of love and affection ran silently underneath, bolstering them, and giving them the courage to continue and run with the newfound joy they had found when they found each other.

But all too soon, young bodies began to lose the battle, pleasure versus completion of what had begun.

Trowa heard Quatre's breath run ragged, as sweat formed a glistening sheen across their bodies. He could feel all the muscles in Quatre's body tense and then violently shudder as a warm feeling trickled across Trowa's belly in a hot stream, as more muscles clenched around him and Trowa felt his own body spasm and expend itself deep within his partner, emptying himself of all energy as well in the process.

Both men utterly and undeniably drained of everything they possessed as they collapsed in a tangle of sheets and limbs.

Too tired to move and too happy to care as they lay sated and exhausted in each other's arms, as they simply floated down from the highest of highs.

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Ten months later...

"Cathy get off the phone already. I promised to call Quatre the minute I found out." Trowa said glaring at his sister who stuck her tongue out at him.

"You can call your boyfriend in a minute. Yes Mom, Trowa's nagging me again. Yes about Quatre, who else? Mom says that I should tell you to bring 'that sweet boy home with you for Christmas.'" Catherine said and Trowa smiled.

"Well tell mom I will if you hang up the phone so I can call him I'll ask him!" Trowa shouted so his mother could hear as well. He was dying to call Quatre, he'd just found out his application for a position at a Middle School in Los Angeles was accepted. Quatre had applied to an Elementary school within the same district three weeks prior and had been accepted. They were actually going to, at last, end this long distance relationship and get a place together. That was if Catherine would ever hang up the damn phone so Trowa could call his boyfriend and tell him the good news.

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"Iria, will you get off line. Go use your own computer! Trowa may call." Quatre said from the couch as he looked through apartment listings in the LA area.

"I can't. Emma stuck a peanut butter sandwich in the CD Rom drive. I'll only be a minute."

"You said that an hour ago hag! I'm expecting his call!"

"He'll call back. Oh and Dad said to tell you that Trowa had better be with you at Thanksgiving. He hates watching football with you." Iria said and Quatre snorted.

"Figures, the son Dad never had." Quatre said chuckling as he flipped stations on the TV settling on figure skating while he waited for his sister to free up his phone line.

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"Any luck?" Catherine asked.

"Nope, still busy. Quatre's probably on-line. I'll call back later."

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