

Title: Vivace!

Author: D "The Fables spinner"

Pairings: 3x4

Rating: R

Genre: Satire/Romantic Comedy/Semi-Fusion with the Movie "Xanadu"

Disclaimer: Never to be mine, woe is me.

Warnings: None (Like there's EVER a need in my fics? Puh-lease)

Notice of Stealing: Lorena, I borrowed Trixie again. I'll put her back when I'm done. ~_^
Very few Aspects of the Movie "Xanadu" will be in this. Just a few nice plot points that I liked, and that Alley Mural. Everything else will be hardly recognizable.

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In the beginning... The Muses, from whose name the word music is derived, were nine goddesses who came to be regarded as patrons of the arts and sciences. Their names and the endeavors they inspired were: Clio, history; Calliope, epic poetry; Erato, love poetry; Euterpe, lyric poetry; Melpomene, tragedy; Polyhymnia, song, rhetoric, and geometry; Thalia, comedy; Terpsichore, dancing; and Urania, astronomy and astrology. These were the daughters of the God Zeus and Minor Goddess Mnemosyne. But we all know Zeus got around, what if he had a little affair on the side and produced a tenth muse? A boy this time, who embodied not one art or science, but all of them...

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CHAPTER ONE:

"Oh I give UP!" Erato, or "Trixie" as she preferred to be called now a days, bellowed throwing her hands up in the air and flopping down on a nearby wisp of cloud. Quatre looked up from his book and quirked an eyebrow.

"What's wrong with you?" He asked his lusty and busty sister where she fumed on her cloud.

"Nothing is wrong with ME, it's my case number three, HE'S the problem!" She growled rolling her eyes. "

"Not responding to your inspiration?" Quatre asked bored. His sisters had all the fun, he never got assigned cases -- his nymphomaniac sisters hogged them all.

"Not responding to ANYTHING! I swear! I got a squat reaction, and I was flaunting my tits in his face. Men in the twenty-first century just do NOT know dick about passion and romance."

"Maybe it's because you don't have a dick, ever thought of that? Maybe he's gay." Quatre said matter-of-factly. He knew women did nothing to spark his fantasies after all.

"Oh please blondie! That's your rationale for everything pansy boy. My green eyed, love monkey is so not gay." Trixie said in a huff.

"How do you know he's not? He could be. We do come in all shapes and sizes ya know." Quatre countered resting his feet on his cloud desk and leaning back in his chair.

"That's just YOUR wishful thinking. Are you that desperate for a date?" Trixie asked and Quatre shrugged.

"Just pointing out possibilities is all. You know dad never lets me inspire, I've pretty much resigned myself about a thousand years ago I'd be dateless and out of a job." Quatre yawned.

"Well what Dad doesn't know won't kill him. I bet you a thousand years worth of waiting on you hand and foot you'll do no better inspiring him than I did." Trixie said grinning. She always knew how to bait her younger half brother and get him to pretty much be her slave. Case number three was just too thick a shell to crack.

"Not a chance Trixie. Dad will kill us both if he finds out I took a case. No deal."

"Chicken"

"I'm not a chicken, I just do not feel like being imprisoned under the sea with Uncle Neptune for a hundred years...again. I thought I'd never get the wrinkles out of my toes!" Quatre said and Trixie began to cluck like a chicken.

"Brock-cluck-cluck-cluck.... Wimp."

"No way, go bother Clio!" Quatre said pointing to their other sister sitting across the cloud. Her nose buried in a book.

"Oh no you don't! Leave me out of this!" Clio said shoving her glasses up her nose and bending back over her large volume of history.

Trixie was still clucking, and now mimicking a chicken's movements as she circled her brother in a taunting manner. He began to twitch with irritation. She had him.

5-4-3-2-1

"OH ALL RIGHT! YOU HARPY! I'll go!" Quatre said ripping the case file out of Trixie's hand and disappearing into thin air as he made his way down to earth.

"SUCKER!" Trixie cackled, turning to a large game board where clay figures stood, the mortal world chessboard, their father's favorite way of manipulating the world around hapless mortals. It was her favorite toy, and she wasn't about to lose this bet against her sickening sweet little brother. So here she would wait and watch, and if by chance the little pip-squeak DID start making headway, she'd rearrange the pieces and up the ante. She hated to lose.

Never mind these were mortal lives they were tinkering with; to the Gods on Mount Olympus EVERYTHING was a game.

Gods were sore losers.

Goddesses with perpetual PMS were even worse.

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It was early morning as Quatre sat on a park bench reading over the file in his hands. "Early fame as a child prodigy on classical guitar. Sick with fame quit playing at age eighteen. Subject now age Twenty Four, needs inspiration to play again for himself." Quatre read aloud.

"Pretty standard scenario I suppose." Quatre said flipping the page. "HOLY MOLEY! He's HOT!" Quatre said as the photo of the subject came into view. Quatre was positively drooling and wiping the picture of his slobber.

"Yes, he's hot, and don't forget the rules baby brother, no nookie with mortals. You can touch him, just no going all the way." Trixie's voice reminded and Quatre scowled up at the clouds.

"I know, now go away." Quatre said closing the folder and letting it disappear to be filed away by the case librarians. "I have work to do." Quatre said standing, and turning to face the jogger heading into the park. It was just after sun-up and the park was deserted.

Only one mortal and one muse were occupying the serene setting.

Quatre grinned as his robes vanished to be replaced by a tank top, very short satiny jogging shorts and tennis shoes. He set his pace and jogged toward the figure, running straight into him.

"Hey, watch where you're..." the jogger began to speak angrily just before he was silenced by lips pressed against his.

Green eyes widened in shock and just gawked as the strange, handsome blonde backed away from the kiss, laughing before he just ran away.

It took several seconds for the young man to shake off the experience and by the time he found his tongue again, the blonde was gone.

Only the soft tenor laughing remained, taunting, and echoing in memory.

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"What happened again Trowa?" Duo asked barely able to suppress a fit of the giggles.

"It's just like I said." Trowa said sipping his coffee as he and his friend sat at their favorite café.

"There I was just jogging like I do every morning, when WHAM! This guy just runs into me, kisses me and runs off." Trowa said shaking his head.

"I think you were dream jogging. I told you getting up that early in the morning was bad for your health." Duo teased as he munched on his banana nut muffin.

"Me too, but damn I can still FEEL it. He kissed my socks off." Trowa said with a stupefied, confused smile.

"Was he good looking?"

"He was fucking gorgeous. Blonde, blue eyed and sexy in super high cut royal blue running shorts. I swear if I was dreaming, I have never dreamed that good before." Trowa said shaking his head and finishing his coffee.

"Lucky bastard." Duo chuckled as the waitress came outside to refill their cups.

Trowa turned to look down the street and froze. "Oh my God! DUO! Look! That's him!" Trowa said grabbing Duo's shirtfront and pulling Duo out of his chair so he could see where Trowa pointed.

"You're shitting me right?" Duo asked and Trowa shook his head.

"No, I swear that's him!"

"Then what the fuck are you sitting here for. Sic him boy!" Duo said shoving Trowa out of his chair. Trowa leapt over the low wall and went racing down the street after the blonde who disappeared around the corner of a building.

By the time Trowa got there, the youth was gone, and only the dead end of an alley greeted him.

“What the fuck? Where could he have gone?” Trowa asked the air scratching his head and staring at the graffiti on the wall.

Someone had painted a mural there once, but years of neglect and more years of vandalism had rendered it almost unrecognizable. But from this distance, Trowa could just make out the scene. Mount Olympus spread out in all its glory, golden gates leading to the entrance to the clouds.

Nine women frolicking about. Each holding something different, one a book that had been leather bound, and a laurel wreath on her hair with an owl on her shoulder. Another held a lyre, one was dancing and scattering rose petals, one that looked an awful lot like that Trixie woman he just met in the bar the other day, was scantily dressed, one large breast exposed.

“A lot like Trixie.” Trowa commented shuddering as he inspected the painting.

Then hidden in a corner, almost completely obscured from view behind a cloud and flowing robes stood a forlorn young blonde god. Trowa quirked an eyebrow. If he didn’t know better, he could swear those blue eyes were the same blue eyes he’d just looked into that morning. In fact, the entire figure looked like the strange young man.

“Who are you?” Trowa asked the painting, as expected he received no answer. With a sigh, Trowa turned around and headed back to where Duo was waiting for him.

Quatre stepped from the wall as Trowa disappeared from sight.

“Who do you want me to be?” Quatre asked a soft smile tugging on his lips.

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“Oh no you don’t Quatre!” Trixie fumed, but stayed her hand from adjusting the chess pieces. This could have been just dumb luck. Trowa was notorious for getting bored. He’d tire of Quatre’s antics, she was positive.

Mystery be damned, Trowa would move on in no time, and Quatre would be her slave for the next thousand years. She cackled with triumph as she conjured up some wine to celebrate her victory.

“Stupid little twit.” She drawled as she drank.

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“No luck Trowa?” Duo asked as Trowa returned to the table.

“Nope, gone again. I must be going insane.” Trowa said picking up his coffee.

“Well I saw him, and if he is the guy, at least he isn’t a figment of your imagination. Then I’d be worried about you.” Duo smiled and then laughed. “But I still retain the right to be jealous of you. You lucky son of a bitch. I wish someone would clean my tonsils like that.” Duo said and Trowa smiled.

“I thought Heero did that for you.” Trowa said and Duo grinned.

“Yeah, he’s pretty good at that, I’ll keep him around. But still, the mystery and all is just a great turn on.” Duo said and Trowa nodded.

“Tell me about it. If he’s baiting me, he’s doing a good job of it the little shit.” Trowa said fishing for his wallet and leaving his share for the check.

"You off?" Duo asked and Trowa nodded.

"Yeah, I have some errands to run this morning. What do you have planned today?" Trowa asked standing.

"Same old, same old. I wish you'd reconsider and join the symphony, we could use you." Duo said picking up the trumpet case at his feet.

"Don't Duo. I said I'm not playing for anyone anymore, and I meant it. I'm sick of it." Trowa said turning an apologetic smile to his friend.

"What a fucking waste. I'll kill the people who sucked you dry." Duo grumbled and Trowa patted his shoulder.

"It happens. I just have nothing left inside. Maybe someday I'll get it back, but I just can't stand to even LOOK at a guitar let alone pick one up and play it. Sorry." Trowa said as they departed the café. Duo hailed a cab as Trowa turned and walked the opposite direction.

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Trowa was lost in his thoughts, and distracted by the events of that morning and he was paying little attention to where he was walking when he found himself in front of the music store he used to frequent when he still played. "God I haven't been here in ages." He mused to himself as he looked in the window, and then stopped. There in the store, a violin case tucked under his arm was that mysterious blonde stranger.

Trowa barged in and the blonde turned and smiled as Trowa strode purposefully forward. "Hello again." Quatre quipped and Trowa stopped dead in his tracks.

"So do you make a habit of assaulting perfect strangers?" Trowa asked, trying not to be swayed by big blue eyes, an engaging smile, and a sinfully beautiful face.

"No, but you looked like you need it." Quatre said paying for his strings and turning toward the door. Trowa moved in front of him.

"Are you crazy?"

"Only slightly." Quatre smiled and winked. Trowa was just floored. This was perhaps the strangest person he'd ever met in his life. Granted musicians tended to walk to the beat of their own drum, but this was just insane. Who the hell was this guy?

"Who the hell are you?" Trowa asked and Quatre shrugged.

"No one important."

"That's not what I meant."

"I know."

"So?"

"So what?" Quatre asked being intentionally vague.

Trowa growled. "You're infuriating. What's your name?"

"What would you like it to be?"

"Will you stop that?! You're driving me nuts." Trowa shouted running a hand down his face. Bright laughter only greeted him.

"You're far too tense. Loosen up." Quatre said once more kissing Trowa smack dab on the lips.

Once again, Trowa just stood there in shock. Quatre smiled mid-kiss and stepped away. "Far, far too tense. Live a little Trowa, you're too young to ignore the music inside your heart." Quatre said cryptically before giving Trowa a saucy wink and walking away.

"Wait!" Trowa said grabbing Quatre's sleeve. "How do you know my name? Have we met before?" Trowa asked and Quatre smiled.

"Of course, This morning silly." Quatre said going to walk away once more. Trowa's grip on his arm tightened.

"But... Just who the hell are you?"

"I told you already. No one important." Quatre said and Trowa sighed.

"You're not going to tell me your name are you?"

"Not yet, no." Quatre said as he walked away.

"Yet? Are you stalking me or something?" Trowa frowned and Quatre laughed as he rounded the corner.

"No, I'd say you were the one stalking me. That's twice today you followed ME after all." Quatre said poking his head around the corner to wink at Trowa.

Trowa's jaw dropped to the proximity of his shoes. "But... but..." Trowa stammered as Quatre vanished around the corner again.

Trowa followed, only to once more find that Quatre seemed to vanish into thin air. Only the empty street lay before Trowa. Not a single sign of the youth anywhere to be seen.

"God damn it!" Trowa cursed. His interest piqued now more than ever.

"I'll find out who you are yet!" Trowa shouted down the street and once more the voice laughed and echoed down the street.

"I'm counting on it." The sweet tenor taunted laughing. Trowa muttered a string of curses as he shuffled and grumbled and kicked a pebble down the sidewalk.

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CHAPTER TWO:

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Trowa spent the rest of the day in emotional turmoil. Angry one minute, infatuated the next, and frustrated and irritated the next. Whoever this guy was, he had gotten himself wedged firmly under Trowa's skin and Trowa just couldn't shake it.

Not that he really wanted to.

Even frustrated, Trowa had to admit he was really turned on by the whole scenario. He just needed his name; he needed to know more about this strange young man who had bowled him over like a steamroller.

Trowa was pacing his apartment, his eyes straying repeatedly to the park across the street when his phone rang, startling him out of his thoughts. "WHAT?!" He barked as he grabbed the receiver.

"Oi! Nice greeting, fuck you too with knobs on." Duo said and Trowa frowned. "Bad day Bud?"

"No, yes, I don't know. I saw him again."

"Get out! Where?"

"The Music store on Fifth Street. He kissed me again." Trowa said a silly grin spreading across his face against his will. He was eternally glad Duo couldn't see him through the phone connection.

"God damn it, You slut! Now I'm really fucking jealous. What's his name?" Duo asked and Trowa flopped down on the couch.

"I don't know."

"You STILL don't know. Jesus Christ, Trowa! What do you know?" Duo asked and Trowa shrugged.

"Absolutely nothing. Except he's probably the most drop dead gorgeous guy I've ever laid my eyes on, he's got a smile that will stop your heart, and a laugh that gives me a raging hard on just THINKING about it." Trowa said defeated.

"Damn. That good huh?"

"Better."

"Bitch. I hate your luck." Duo grumbled and Trowa chuckled

"If I were lucky I'd know his name. I'm his toy at the moment."

"You don't seem to be too upset about that. That's not the Trowa I know." Duo teased and Trowa laughed.

"I know, that's what pisses me off. He's totally turned my life on its ear. And I'm acting like a complete novice here. I hate being putty in someone's hands." Trowa growled and Duo snickered.

"But you don't mind being putty in HIS hands right?"

"Right. Damn it." Trowa admitted and Duo grinned.

"Well how about taking your mind off it, and meeting Heero and I over at the club on 52nd street? Get shit faced with us, it's gonna be wild tonight. It's disco night, so it's gonna be leather and spandex as far as the eye can see." Duo drawled and Trowa smiled.

"I can do without the spandex, but getting shit faced sounds great. I'll be there." Trowa said hanging up the phone and going to get dressed for a night out.

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The music was blaring, and the steady driving base thundered in ears and a shook the very core of the dancers and patrons of the club. Strobe lights, disco balls, and lasers going crazy all across the room. It was dizzying, it was blinding, and it was also a great distraction. Trowa was settled in the booth, nursing his beer while Heero and Duo got lost in the crowd on the dance floor.

The corner booth was dark, and Trowa blended into the shadows dressed in a black silk shirt and black leather pants. He was just casually observing dancers when he gasped and stared wide-eyed at the person who melted out of the crowd and began to walk toward him.

Dressed in a sheer white top, that was so sheer, you could see clear through the material to the pink nipples barely hidden underneath. The fitted sleeves, cuffed in boa feathers, the same boa like feathers on the plunging v-neck of the shirt as well, all in pristine white. Lower on the slender frame came pants so tight they were painted on, in the most wild zebra print pattern. Tall black patent leather go-go boots completed the sinful outfit.

Trowa's gaze traveled up, glitter sparkled on rosy cheeks, and deep blue eyes were accented with only a touch of the same glitter on the lids. Naturally long and dark eyelashes needed no help to bring out the vibrancy of those eyes. Soft pink lips smiled a teasing and extremely sultry grin. "So we meet again." The understated tenor purred.

"I've never seen you before in my life, now this is three times in one day. I don't think this is a coincidence." Trowa said trying to keep his voice level. He was creating so much saliva he had to keep swallowing... repeatedly... to keep from drooling all over himself. Not to mention, his leather pants were becoming extremely uncomfortable.

"I never said it was." Quatre replied sliding into the booth opposite Trowa, resting his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands. "I never said it wasn't." Quatre added, tilting his head as he smiled at Trowa.

"You're crazy." Trowa murmured, mesmerized by blue eyes.

"I already admitted to being slightly off center." Quatre replied, never once wavering before Trowa's eyes.

"Please tell me your name." Trowa asked, his green eyes pleading and Quatre's face softened. He no longer held the look of a predator stalking his prey, or an imp full of mischief, but rather that of a gentle, fun loving youth.

"It's Quatre."

"Quatre what?"

“Oh just Quatre is enough I think.” Came the end of the query, and the look of mischief returned.

“Do you enjoy riddles?” Trowa asked, not bothering to press for more. He was getting wise to Quatre’s game. He’d give Trowa answers only when he felt like it and not before. Just enough information to keep Trowa interested, dangling the carrot before the horse as it were.

Oh yes, Trowa was wise to the game, and for once he didn’t mind being the horse.

“I am a riddle.”

“So I noticed.” Trowa said leaning closer over the table, smiling at the handsome youth.

“Dance with me Quatre?” Trowa asked holding out his hand and sparks flew up his arm in arcs of electricity as Quatre took his hand.

“Thought you’d never ask.” Quatre replied as Trowa glided out of his seat, still holding Quatre’s hand, and bringing Quatre to his feet with a gentle pull. Liquid grace flowed from the booth as Quatre also rose to his feet in one fluid movement.

Trowa was incredibly tall, and so was Quatre actually, not compared to Trowa, but to the rest of the people around the room, Quatre was no slouch. Trowa was a good six foot four inches tall; Quatre was at least nearing six feet in his own right.

They made an incredibly striking pair standing above the crowd as they floated across the floor to find a spot to dance.

Black and white, yin and yang, dark gothic beauty, pristine ethereal being. Two opposing kings on the chessboard and all eyes followed them as they made their way to the center of the dance floor.

The beat of the music was maddening in its pace, yet as Trowa molded Quatre’s body against his own, they set their own rhythm and own time signature as they undulated as one. Quatre’s arms making lazy patterns in waves around Trowa’s shoulders and Trowa gripped Quatre’s hips tightly against his own.

“Oh my fucking GOD! Heero look at Trowa!” Duo gasped as he caught sight of his best friend on the dance floor.

“Christ.” Was Heero’s only comment as the entire room stopped dancing and got lost in watching the erotic, passionate, damn near lewd act unfolding on the dance floor.

Several moans and groans could be heard from spectators as the entire room became electrified with barely controlled lust. The dancers were positively radiating animal magnetism as they twisted and gyrated in a slow steady wave.

Neither, Trowa or Quatre noticed the room had gone still around them, their eyes were locked together, never straying from each other. Even when their lips came together, their eyes remained opened and focused to their counterpart. It wasn’t until they heard the music stop did the spell break.

The voice of the DJ coming over the sound system broke the mood entirely.

“Fuck me, that was HOT! Let’s hear it for the free peep show folks!” The DJ crowed and the room erupted in a din of noise and applause. Quatre laughed, setting Trowa’s skin further on fire before giving a gracious deep bow, Quatre looked flushed and radiant as he unabashedly presented

himself to the crowd. Trowa followed suit, giving a respectable bow to the masses before allowing Quatre to lead him by the hand from the dance floor.

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“Oh no you Don’t QUATRE!” Trixie hissed grabbing a few mortal chess pieces and setting them into play.

“I will win you little hussy!” She added sitting back to enjoy her handiwork.

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Flushed and parched Trowa fell into the booth beside Quatre. “That was incredible.” He said turning to look at Quatre.

Quatre smiled, almost sadly. “Yes, it was. Thank you.” Quatre said. Even his voice seemed to contain a hint of sorrow not there before.

“What’s wrong?” Trowa asked taking Quatre’s hand in his. Quatre’s fingers almost reluctant to hold back, it was subtle, but it was there and Trowa noticed.

“Nothing. I’m just a little tired I guess.” Quatre said, and now Trowa knew he was lying, but deigned to press further. He couldn’t Duo and Heero fell into the opposite side of the booth effectively ending the conversation.

“Fuck me, you two! That was HOT!” Duo said as the waitress came by with a drink and set it in front of Quatre.

“What’s this? I didn’t order anything.” Quatre said looking up at the waitress.

“No, it’s from the gentleman at the bar. He said to tell you he’s in love and would move heaven and earth for a dance with you.” The waitress recited and Quatre swallowed hard, his eyes suddenly wide and turning to look at the man at the bar.

Short brown hair and cigarette in hand. He gave a saucy wink and blew Quatre a kiss from where he sat.

“Oh my God.” Quatre said turning away flustered.

Trowa looked livid, even though Quatre wasn’t technically his date, this guy was just rude. “Do you have a message for him in return?” The waitress asked and Quatre stammered.

“Uh, thank you?” Quatre said and Trowa chuckled. So Quatre wasn’t always composed all the time. That was nice to know.

“I think you can tell that guy to go screw himself actually.” Duo said looking pissed off. “Jesus, how rude can a guy get?” Duo said just as the man from the bar materialized at the table’s edge. Quatre was seated on the outside and was fair game to the man who took his hand and lifted it to his lips for a kiss.

“Stunning, absolutely perfect.” He drawled and Quatre shivered yanking his hand back.

“The name is Taylor, and I would consider it an honor if you joined me for a dance and drinks.” He said ignoring Trowa, who was by now turning slightly red from anger.

“Uh, thank you, but no thank you.” Quatre said wiping the back of his hand on a napkin.

“Ah, I see a proper wooing is in order then.” Taylor said grabbing a rose from the next table’s vase and presenting it to Quatre on one knee. “Oh fair one, I shall wither and die if you shun me.” He practically sang and Quatre scooted closer to Trowa.

“Oh my God, are you cruising for a bruising?” Duo asked eyeing this Taylor fellow up and down, then Trowa who had steam practically shooting out of his ears.

“I am smitten, I cannot help myself.” Taylor oozed taking Quatre’s hand again and tugged.

That was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Trowa was out of his seat, and his fist was in Taylor’s face. “Back off! Quatre said no!” Trowa said and before Trowa could turn around, Quatre was gone.

Only a flash of white was seen disappearing out of the door.

“I’ll fucking murder you.” Trowa said diving to pummel Taylor. It took Duo and Heero to drag him off and outside to cool off.

“Whoa, calm down Trowa, what’s got into you?” Duo asked as Trowa kicked over a garbage can outside.

“He ruined it! I was THIS CLOSE!... THIS CLOSE!” Trowa ranted and raved and just was acting the most un-Trowa-like Duo and Heero had ever seen.

“You really fell hard for this guy Trowa. Didn’t you?” Duo asked as Trowa began to calm down.

“Face first.” Trowa said shoving his hands into his pockets and walking off alone. Duo began to follow when Heero laid a hand to his partner’s shoulder.

“Don’t Duo. Leave him be tonight.” Heero said softly. Duo nodded as they turned to go back inside.

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Trowa was half way home when he paused, he was at the end of that alley with the mural again and was drawn to the painting -- something was different. The young god seemed to be cowering even more, and when Trowa looked closer, there were tears on his face that had not been there before. “I don’t know who or what you are Quatre. But I’m going to find out.” Trowa said running his fingers down the image that looked so much like the young blonde he had fallen in love with. He looked up and something else caught his eye, the image of the one he thought looked like Trixie. She was standing, glaring at him, arms akimbo. Trowa involuntarily shuddered as he turned and walked away.

From behind the painting, Quatre watched the young man go. “I’m sorry Trowa. I never meant for any of this to happen. Please don’t fall in love with me.” Quatre begged as he cried in silence. He was regretting this whole nightmare, there was a strange pain in his chest that hurt, and only hurt worse when he looked at Trowa.

What was happening? How had it gone wrong? Who was the God at the bar? He was sure Trixie had sent him. All he knew was Taylor made his skin crawl, and that Trowa made him feel strange all over, excited, and happy. He was never so confused in all his three thousand years.

He should quit before it was too late, give up and let Trixie win.

"Never. I won't lose to that shrew!" Quatre growled and wiped the tears from his eyes. "I am a GOD! I will not lose. And I will not let you turn Trowa's life into a sick game!" Quatre shouted and only laughter met his ears.

"We'll see who laughs last little brother!" Came the disembodied and echoing response to his challenge.

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Trowa was sitting on his balcony, his guitar in his hands. He was furious, he was upset and he needed to purge his anger. Rodrigo was the perfect choice. Power, passion, fury, upheaval, a tempest of music flew from Trowa's hands as he let the demons in his soul free through his fingertips.

Fortissimo allegro

Note after note, chord upon chord ground out on the strings.

Vivace Concerto Grosso!

Faster, stronger, life, love, anger, deceit, betrayal...

Allegro Molto

Hope, passion, rekindled spark, and fingers too slow, too unaccustomed to use. Calluses gone and fingertips bleeding, pain ignored. More, there was more, an emptiness that needed to be filled.

Crescendo

Quatre stood below the balcony and wept. Trowa was playing again, his passion alive in his music. His need clear, his want unmistakable, and his drive unquenchable.

Finale

Finally there was no more, and Trowa swore as his abused fingers refused to play another note. "Damn it." Trowa said, the sob caught in his throat. Quatre couldn't stand it anymore.

"Trowa." He called out and Trowa flew to the railing.

"QUATRE!" Trowa shouted and turned, bolting for the stairs. It took only a moment for the front door to swing wide and for Quatre to be crushed in an embrace.

"Quatre! Where did you go?" Trowa asked as Quatre held him back.

"I had to think. I'm sorry." Quatre began and Trowa stood back at arm length and shushed him with a finger to Quatre's lips.

"It's all right." Trowa reassured and Quatre shook his head.

"No, it's not. Trowa we need to talk." Quatre began and Trowa took him by the hand.

"Fine, let's talk. Come inside." Trowa said and Quatre silently let Trowa lead him upstairs.

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DEAD END!!!