

Living Next Door

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Submitted: May 10, 2005

Updated: May 10, 2005

AU, OOC Heero's POV

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1 - Living Next Door

Living next door

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Parings: 5+2, 1+2

Disclaimer: I own nothing. Sorry to say it, but I don't... If I did, Relena would be killed a long time ago and the Gundam Boys would be extremely happy (not because Relena was dead. Well, Heero would...) I'm making no money for writing this. Don't sue, you won't get much anyway, unless you want a cranky, old cat, a fracked up cell-phone and a really, really, REALLY old and crappy computer.

Rating: PG-13 Notes: One-shot. The usual sap, fluff and stuff. Read and find out.

Warning: OOC (I think), Heero's POV.

Archive: Sure, but please ask first.:)

"I wonder if the stars are lit up so that everybody can find their own one day."

Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â ~ Taken from the doujinshi Horizon

I didn't believe in love at first sight. I didn't believe that there is a person known as Mr. or Mrs. Right. I didn't believe that there was such a thing as a perfect lover for everybody. But him being him, he just had to prove me wrong. Not that I minded, not even the slightest.

I still remember the first time I laid my eyes on him. A well-timed glance out off my bedroom window was all it took for me to become hooked. Well, not exactly hooked, but maybe interested. Kind off.....

He lived just across the alley, his own bedroom window facing mine. If I went into my living room, I could see his living room, and if I went out on my balcony, I would see his balcony and..... Well, I think you've caught my drift. I had a pretty clear view to his apartment.

The first time I saw him, I thought that he was a she. He really looked like a girl from that distance, and the long hair and the lean body didn't actually help. I, of course, wondered a little every time I saw him in a tight shirt. I mean, a girl wasn't supposed to have that kind of flat chest. But one day I was proven that he was, indeed, a man. He had just got out off the shower. No, I didn't see him in the shower, but I could see the towel wrapped around his slim waist and the comb he used to brush his still wet long, chestnut

brown hair. He always braids it. I don't think I've seen him with his hair loose, maybe once or twice, but if he doesn't braid it he yanks it into a ponytail. Anyway, that day I didn't give it that big of a thought. I simply didn't have the time to do so. But when I got home from work... Now, that is a different story.

I didn't stare at him right away of course. It was one specific event that made me interested. I'd noticed him through one of my windows every now and then, but it wasn't before after about two months it happened. I was out on my balcony, enjoying a cup of coffee and the stars. I'd just put in a hard day's work and a cup of coffee is always good after a tiring day. Especially when you're working four hours of overtime.

Anyway, I was leaning against the wall, gazing at the stars when I heard a sound. I looked down and saw him. His hair was in it's braid and he was wearing a big, baggy sweater. Like me, he held a cup off something hot, `cause I could see that it had steam coming from it. He smiled when he saw me and lifted his hand in a silent greeting. I lifted my own hand and gave him a smile of my own. His smile became bigger and he looked up, then back at me, mouthing the words `Beautiful night, isn't it?'. I nodded and mouthed `very' back at him.

He just smiled and took a big sip from his cup, then grimaced. I stared at him and he mouthed `Hot', and I laughed. I moved so I could lean over the balcony fence instead, and I saw that he did the same. The distance between us was only about 20-30 feet, but it was late and I didn't want to disturb the neighbors with any shouting.

The guy scratched his neck and I could see a marking on his neck. It was a big mark and looked like a hickey. So the guy was involved with someone, I thought and I got very curious. I normally don't poke my nose were it don't belong, but that particular guy has broken all off my previous habits and believes.

He noticed that I was staring; luckily, he didn't notice where I was staring, but even so he started to laugh at me. Not cruel, but friendly. Really friendly. You know that kind of laughter that just rubs of at other people? It was that kind of a laughter. The one that makes everybody happy. I blushed, but laughed as well.

We stood like that for a while, sometimes staring at each other, mouthing words to each other every now and then, other times just staring at the sky. We stood like that for over an hour, but then the guy started to shiver. I hadn't noticed that it had become colder, but I started to shiver as well.

He gave me a sheepish smile and looked at the balcony door, then back at me. I looked at my own door, then back at him, feeling sad that we had to say good bye. He mouthed `See ya later' and disappeared inside. I did as well. Not being really hungry, I just made myself a sandwich before I cleaned up the dishes and headed for the bathroom to get ready for bed.

When I finished there, I went to my own bedroom and threw a glance out off the window, just out of old habit. I was rewarded with a beautiful sight. My next-door neighbor was only wearing black boxers, his hair was hanging loose around him and he had the cutest face when he yawned. Stretching his lean frame, he showed off his slim waist, his broad shoulders, yet feminine appearance. He sat down on the bed and crossed his feet so he could wriggle his toes. As he lifted his foot, I could see a bandage around his ankle. He probably played some kind of sport. Football or basketball at the looks of it. Then he stretched again and crawled under the covers first, then up to the head of the bed, almost like a cat. A

weird bed ritual, but it probably works for him.

I stared out of the window until the lights in his room went out. Only then was I able to tear my eyes away and blush over what I'd just done. I'd just stared at another man when he was about to go to bed. And I'd liked the view, very much.

I've always been well aware of my own sexual preferences. I always have. I've never showed any particular interest in women, but then again, I haven't shown much interest in the male species' either. But I do prefer men to women. I just don't date. Mostly because I haven't found anyone that interests me. An other thing is that I'm extremely shy. When people see me they think that I'm the perfect, stoic, not to mention a-sexual, computer technician. But that's just the mask. I'm stoic because I'm shy. Not around people, just on dates. Don't like it? See how much I care.

We continued to meet each other like that, always on the balcony. Never talking. Always mouthing. Not that I minded, I'm a quiet guy by nature. I'd go as far as saying that we meet each other like that every night. But one night he didn't show up.

I couldn't explain it when I felt that I got a little sad. And when I found out the reason why he didn't show up, I couldn't help it when I got a stab of jealousy in my gut. As well as a little glimmer of hope.

It turned out that my neighbor was also interested in the male version of our species. When I walked inside after a couple of minutes waiting on my balcony, I threw a glance out my living room window. And I saw him in his own living room with another man.

As I said before, I don't poke my nose where it don't belong, but now I was curious, very curious. I sat down on my sofa and watched them through my window. They sat on his sofa; my longhaired neighbor was wearing one of his smiles on his face. The man next to him looked Chinese and his jet black hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail.

Feeling a mixture of being in a movie and poking my nose in something highly private, I watched in amazement at the little play that was starting. The Chinese leaned over and whispered something to my longhaired neighbor, and it made him laugh and show the other man away. The Chinese grinned too and pulled my neighbor closer, he practically pulled him onto his lap. My neighbor didn't mind and as soon as he was on top of him, they started to kiss. Hotly. Hands went on an adventure over each other's bodies and I noticed that my pants became very uncomfortable. Deciding that I'd spied enough for one evening, I took a cold shower and went to bed with a little sting of jealousy.

My neighbors' Chinese boyfriend stopped by everyday after that evening and I didn't see him out on the balcony again. I guess he didn't have the time. I had one time too many thrown a careful glance out one of my windows and seen them in..... A intimate position. Well, not intimate as in `screwing-their-brains-out', more like `about-to-screw-their-brains-out', but that is enough for me.

But I also noticed that my braided neighbor didn't seem so happy as he once did.

A happy new crush soon went over to a complete disaster. One time too many did I see the Chinese yell at my neighbor, but my neighbor didn't stand still and accept all the crap he received. He screamed a great deal back, before he would turn and wrapped his arms around himself. The Chinese would mutter

something and wrap his own arms around the longhaired man. My neighbor would turn and they would hug and make up. I always stopped watching at that point. I didn't want to know if they had the famous 'make-up' sex. But I saw that the relationship was coming at an end.

I think it happened quicker than I thought. I'd just gotten home from a long day of work, I'd even worked overtime so it was really late, when I heard some noise. My living room window was open, the same was his and the noise leaked over from his apartment to mine. I quickly ran over to the window and watched the chaos as it played in front of my eyes. And what I saw almost broke my heart.

They were yelling at each other, more furiously than I'd ever seen. The Chinese face was pulled in a grimace of rage and he spat every bad word he could think off, both in English and his native tongue. But my neighbor wasn't far off either. I don't think I've heard some of the words that came out of the braided man's mouth and they were bad enough to make a nun faint. The Chinese threw his arms out in the air and yelled something to him in Chinese. My neighbor just snorted and turned. I didn't hear him now, it was just a whisper. But I could read his lips. They mouthed the words 'It's over. Get out of my place and out of my life'.

The Chinese gasped and went over with a sorry look plastered on his face. He tried to wrap his arms around my neighbor's lean frame, but he pushed him away. He pointed furiously at the door and yelled "OUT! And don't you dare come back!" I guess the Chinese took it seriously. I haven't seen him since. Not that I mind either.

While the fight was raging in front of the window like a bad drama movie, I watched with fascination at the longhaired man. But when the Chinese left, the look made my heart break. The moment the door closed behind the Chinese, he collapsed onto the sofa and started to shiver. By the looks of it, he was crying. And I just couldn't stand there and watch it anymore. And I did something that was totally out of character. I ran out of my apartment, not even locking my apartment door, and over to his part of the block. Counting myself to what I guessed was his door, I swallowed and knocked on the door before I could change my mind. This wasn't the time to chicken out.

I knocked three times before I heard the faint sound of noise and soon I was face to face with a red-eyed and sad longhaired boy.

"Hey," he said, drying some tears away and smiled. His voice was shivering and was a little hoarse. I guess it was the screaming.

"It's you....." I nodded and swallowed. He continued to smile and leaned against the door. "So, what brought you to my side of the block? Came to borrow a cup of sugar or something?"

I shook my head and swallowed again. I always do that when I'm nervous. "No, I..... I came to see if..... To see if you're alright. I saw..... The fight between you and your..... The guy that was here and I just....."

"You were spying on me?" he asked and the smile disappeared. 'Damn, Yuy', I thought. 'Now you've done it.'

"No! I mean yes..... No, I mean no..... I just looked out my window and saw the fight. I didn't mean

to-

"I would like to know the name of the people that's spying on me so I can decide if I should press charges or something." His face was serious, but his eyes were twinkling and for the first time I could really study his eyes. They were bright blue with just a hint of purple in it. It was beautiful to watch.

Getting a grip around myself, I stuttered out `Heero Yuy'. I'd never stuttered before in my life, and haven't done it since. Guess it's a first time for everything. "And I really didn't mean to-

"Save it," he smiled and reached out his hand. "I was just kidding with you. I ain't gonna press any charges. The name's Duo Maxwell." I gently took his hand and shook it. His skin was soft and moist from tears. My heart ached of the thought.

Letting my hand go, he gestured it towards the sofa. "Wanna come in and hear me spill my heart out or do you wanna back out?" Smiling, he leaned his back against the door, his eyes twinkling.

I shook my head and tried to smile. I think I failed, but Duo seemed happier. "No, I..... I would like to hear you out if it would make you feel better."

Duo smiled and let me. Settling myself on his sofa, he brought two mugs with coffee and placed them in front of me. Taking one cup, Duo sat himself in one of the sofa corners, legs curled up under him. I took the other mug and turned to face him.

"Well, I guess I should start with the beginning, huh?" I nodded and Duo started his tale. He had met his boyfriend - Ex boyfriend - at work. It turned up that my neighbor was a teacher. He worked at a pre-school just a couple of blocks away from where we lived. His ex's name was Wufei and he was a police officer. They'd met when he was writing a ticket on Duo's car. No need to mention that Duo didn't get that ticket.

Anyway, they'd been really happy when they went out the first time and had a lot of fun. They were very different, but when he said that, Duo had just shrugged and muttered that `Differences attracts people to each other'. Boy, is he right.

Duo noticed very quickly that the relationship between the two men was cooling down quickly. They started fighting over everything and nothing, and he knew that they were coming for an end almost before they'd started.

Shrugging, Duo wiped away a tear and sighed. "I guess I was just being stubborn. I've been alone for so long that I refused to believe that I would be alone again. I refused to believe the fact that we just weren't meant for each other."

I looked at him and tried to give him a reassuring smile. "It wasn't your fault that your relationship came to an end, Duo. Better that you found it now before you did something you might have regretted."

Duo smiled and put his cup down so he could play with the end of his chestnut braid. "Thank you, Heero. For listening and everything. I really needed that. Thank you."

I nodded and looked at the watch on the wall. "Oh, it's getting late. I..... I guess I should be heading home."

Duo nodded. "Yeah. We better break up this little two-man gathering so we can go to bed, or we both would be late for work." He followed me quietly to the door. I turned in the door and he leaned his head against the door. "Thank you again, Heero. If you wanna stop by you're more than welcome."

I nodded and took a step. Then I turned and did another thing that's totally not me. "Listen, Duo..... I don't want you to think that I'm taking advantages off you, `cause I'm not bit..... I think that you should just forget about Wufei and get on with your life so I..... I was just wondering if you would..... Like to have dinner with me some day?"

I clearly saw that he was stunned and I mentally slapped myself, believing that I'd ruined everything again. Then he smiled.

"You're right, Heero. I should forget about him and get on with my life. No use to cry over spilled milk, right. And you look like a descent guy and you were kind enough to listen to my little tale."

Then he snickered. "Even though this really reminds me of a bad chick flick were the good guy comes to the poor sad girls rescue." Shaking his head, he smiled the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen and leaned closer. "But I trust you to not to take advantages of me `cause I dare to tell you that even though I look small, I'm more than capable to take care off myself. But still I accept your invitation."

I smiled and we agreed on a date. Next Saturday at eight a' clock.

Saturday came very fast and soon it was over my shoulder. Looking through my closet for something nice, but still comfortable, I almost panicked. I'd never been on a real date before. I wasn't even sure if I should count this as date. I think I almost tore my closet in half before I settled down with a nice green silk shirt and thigh black jeans. Smart and comfortable.

I picked him up exactly at eight. I didn't want to be early in chase I seamed too eager, but I didn't believe in being fashionable late. Besides, that only counts for parties anyway.

When he opened his door after a second or two, I was sure that I'd died and gone to heaven. He was dressed in a tight, black leather pants and an equally tight sleeveless black shirt. His hair was yanked in a ponytail and he was wearing a silver cross around his neck. He surely didn't look like a pre-school teacher. He was ripped out of a porn-magazine.

He smiled when he saw me and I gathered enough sense to compliment his outfit. He cocked his head to one side and smiled, telling me that I looked good too. The evening was starting well.

First, we went to a little Italian restaurant he recommended, just a little stroll down the block. The atmosphere was nice and comfortable, not to crowded, noting fancy, but with style. I liked it. We laughed and enjoyed a really good meal and a glass of red wine. When we were finished eating, we just sat and small talked, enjoying each others company. I accidentally brushed over his foot and blushed, but he just smiled and said he didn't mind if I wanted to play footsie. So we played footsie and acted like teenagers. Laughing and blushing.

When we finally decided to leave he dragged me to a near by disco. I've never liked to dance. I feel like a cow at sea, but he guided me to the rhythm and soon we were flowing with the song in perfect harmony.

Our evening ended with a little stroll in the park. We walked and studied the couples that were walking there to and I blushed when he leaned against me. I wrapped my own arm around his waist and sighed as he leaned his head against my shoulder. Ignoring the looks we got, I just pulled him closer and felt his hand on my chest. Looking down at him, I saw that he was smiling towards me and we continued to talk. All too soon, we were in front of his apartment door.

He rubbed his neck before he leaned his back against the still closed door. "Wow, Heero, I..... I had a really good time with you. The best actually."

I smiled and blushed. "I had a really good time with you too. I..... I hope we can repeat it some day."

Duo smiled while he unlocked his door. "I would like that, Heero. I would like that very much. Don't take so long to ask me, kay?" He winked and I blushed. Opening the door, he turned and leaned his head against the door. "Well, good night, Heero. Sleep tight."

"Good night, Duo." I smiled and I did something I've never done on a first date. I bent over and gave him a quick peek on the cheek. He gasped and his eyes widened a bit while his hand traveled upwards towards his face to touch the place I'd just kissed him.

"I..... I..... Good night, Duo." Then I walked away, my face as red as a tomato. As soon as I was out of sight, I slapped my forehead. Baka! How could I kiss him? He barely knew me. I cursed all the way back to my own apartment and made myself a cup of coffee. Walking outside on my balcony, I sighed and thought that that was probably the last time I would see him. Man, was I in for a surprise.

Not long after I got out, his own balcony door opened and he came out. His black, thigh outfit was exchanged with the baggy sweater and a sweat pants, black of course. He smiled when he saw me and touched his cheek. Bringing his hand from his cheek to his lips, he blew me a kiss.

I smiled and pretended to catch it and brought it to my own lips. He smiled and walked back to the door. Leaning against the open door, he gestured his hand towards the living room. My eyes wandered from the questioning face to the living room. Two cups were placed on the table and a can of coffee. My eyes traveled back to his face and I saw him smirk. I think I did as well and I nodded.

No need saying that the two of us called in sick the next day. Neither one of us wanted to leave the bed we'd just shared. We didn't get up until noon and we showered together. The rest of the day, we just sat talking.

Now everything has changed for us. We've been together for almost a year and we've just moved in together. Duo is everything I want in a partner and I know that the feeling is mutual. He tells me so every time we make love. He always says that faith brought us together. I say it's because both of us enjoys coffee on the balcony. But he proved me wrong when it comes to Mr. Right and the perfect partner. Knowing him, I'll prove me wrong on this too.

Oh, and by the way, remember the bandage around his ankle? It was basketball. I knew it was.

Author's Notes: Okay, it was a pretty open ending, but I did so on purpose. What do you think? Good, awful, stinking, fantastic? Please tell me what the lot of you thought about it. Need feedback, I live for feedback. Remember to review. *points at the review button* Thankee! Hugs and Gundam Pilots to everybody who reviews, the rest off you will just have to settle yourself with Relena. *shivers*