

# **A Blooming Rose**

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*It's the Winter Dance, but there's only one person Roy wants to be with. A person he can't have.*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

**2**

# 1 - Untitled

A/N: Sigh, oh boy, another one-shot... Hey, I'm happy about it! I'm just saddened when I think about all the flames I'm gonna get for this one... Okay, this is a Roy/Link fic, my first crack at yaoi! If you hate that for whatever reason, steer clear. There are also tiny hints of Fox/Zelda, and Zelda's gonna be... kinda a little dog... Hey, I'm just trying to warn you! Once again, you no likey, you go away. Sweet and simple as that. Oh, and this is kind of also a Song-fic, with several different song lyrics here and there. The text in bold ONLY are the lyrics. Now, with all that gone, please read this with an open mind!

## A Blooming Rose

Roy sobbed quietly, dabbing his eyes with a fresh tissue. He folded it neatly in his hands as he stared out the window, watching as tiny snowflakes floated about in the night sky.

It just wasn't fair.

Ever since he had come here, to this Super Smash Brothers Melee Tournament, his life had become a self-struggle between desire and morality. Ever since he saw his beautiful face... Those shimmering golden locks like an angel's halo and long elfin ears like wings... That lovely smile that spread across his pale lips... And those captivating eyes, like fires of sapphires that burned with the passion of living. It was a kind face, reflecting the vivid character within this benevolent being, evident even from when they first met.

*"Hey," the elf in green smiled in greeting. "My name's Link. What's yours?"*

*Roy felt his face flush with heat at the sight of this beautiful youth. "...R-Roy..."*

*"Roy, huh? A good, strong name. It's nice to meet you." He took Roy's hand in his and gave it a firm shake. The young redhead could feel his heart beating like a rabbit's for some odd reason. He heard it*

so clearly, he feared everyone else greeting each other in the lobby would hear it.

**His hand... It's so rough and strong... But warm, too...**

*"Hmm?" Link's smile faded slightly. "Are you okay? Your face is all red, you sick or something?"*

*Roy flinched, hiding his panic behind a wide, stupid grin. "Uh, yeah, just a passing sickness, nothing serious!" he squeaked.*

*Link frowned in concern. "Oh, well, I hope you get well soon. I'd love to spar with a fellow swordsman such as yourself."*

*That nervous grin threatened to be frozen forever on his face. "R-right."*

**There's something about the look in your eyes,**

**Something I noticed when the light was just right.**

**It reminded me twice that I was alive,**

**And it reminded me that you're so worth the fight...**

And since then Roy could not get Link out of his mind. The more he saw the elf, the more he drank in his appearance and the more thirsty he became. He loved everything about Link: that defined and well-conditioned body, his beautiful face, his down-to-earth nature that couldn't be shattered by any of the day's discouragements. As a plus, he was great at sword combat. And whether he won or lost, he was always a good sport.

*"Hehe, well done, Roy."*

*"But I totally lost!"*

*"Yes, but that attack of mine was just a lucky shot. You held your own pretty well. You were quite a challenge."*

*"...Really...?"*

*Link gave him that gorgeous smile. "Yep. That was a good match. I'm looking forward to the next one."*

*"...Thanks."*

No, that wasn't lucky. Roy had let Link win. He couldn't stand the thought of hurting Link, of disfiguring his perfect form, even if SSBM Magic protected them. Even so, Roy loved to spar with Link, just to see the elf move with grace and righteousness with every swing of his blade. Seeing him combat only made Roy love him more.

**There's something about the way you move,**

**I see your mouth in slow motion when you sing.**

**More subtle than something someone contrives,**

## Your movements echo that I have seen the real thing...

Roy never questioned this queer desire, and just accepted it for what it was. His young mind didn't think about others' opinions (though he told no one), thinking it would be okay as long as he could be close to Link, the lovely elf that had captured his heart for the first time in the Pherean's life. Though it would take some time before Roy could control his emotions and muster up the courage to express his feelings, he felt confident, like a child who knows when he'll get a new cherished toy.

But there was something in the way. And her name was Zelda.

Roy crumpled the tissue into a tight ball with his fist.

Zelda, the Princess of Hyrule, had come with Link to this tournament, the two holding hands. Though Zelda was awfully modest about it, it was terribly obvious there was something going on between the two.

*"Oh, it's nothing serious, we're just friends. After all, he **did** save me from Ganondorf seven years ago." And she said that while grasping Link by his defined waist in a very close manner.*

Another sob escaped Roy's throat as he bitterly tossed the used-up tissue into the small bedside trash can, increasing the pile of discarded Kleenexes already there. He then reached for another and blew his nose in it.

It just wasn't fair. Link had another love long before he met Roy. He thought he had found the ideal person to love and share the rest of his life with, and it turned out he was already taken by an attractive, eccentric princess. Roy's heart broke in two when he discovered this, and what made it worse was that they were all the other Smashers could talk about.

*"Oh, look at them! Aren't they just the perfect couple?"*

*"Yep, I could totally see them having kids."*

*"If only Link would consent to marry!"*

The only thing that lit Roy's hope was that Link was not agreeing to marry her just yet, no matter how much she talked or hinted at it. Right now was Roy's chance to tell him how he felt, before it was too late and he would lose his love forever.

So why could he just *do it*?

*I'm a coward, that's why*, he admitted to himself, generating more sobs and tears rolled freely down his cheeks. He was scared. Scared of rejection. Scared of discrimination. Scared of hatred. He knew he was different from other males, and he knew the consequences of being different. So for now, all he could do was spar with Link and catch glances every chance he could, wishing it was he who was in the elf's arms instead of Zelda. That's all there was to do now: wish, hope, dream.

*"...You still crying?"*

Roy gasped and turned towards the door, which had been opened without him noticing, and there stood his roommate Marth, looking concerned.

*"Marth... I... can you keep a secret?"*

*"Sure. Hit me with it."*

*"Well... I... I'm..."*

*“Yeah?”*

*“...I'm gay.”*

*Marth inclined his head. “Really? Wow, I never would've guessed.”*

*“...You're okay with it?”*

*“Oh, yeah, I haven't got a problem with that! ...Unless you're hitting on me.”*

*“No!” Roy laughed at his friend's good-natured joke. “I just... I need help.”*

*“With what?”*

*“Well... it's about that elf, Link...”*

The blue-haired prince knew everything of his friend's struggle, and though he did not have the same mind set, he was as understanding and sympathetic as he could be, and before long, the two had become fast friends. Roy took comfort in seeing his face, smiling softly through his tears.

*“...Hey, Marth,” he sniffed.*

*“Roy...” Marth sat down on the bed next to him, putting an arm around the youth's shoulders. “Did Zelda's words really hurt you that much...?”*

*It was that afternoon, barely two hours before. Marth, Link, and Roy had finished sparring and were trading advice and congrats, Roy quietly blushing whenever Link spoke with his sweet voice.*

**Today, everything was fine...**

*That's when two slender hands found themselves on Link's shoulders, and the surprised elf turned to face Zelda herself.*

**Until roundabout, quarter to nine,**

**I suddenly found myself in a bind...**

*"Hi, sweetie!" she greeted innocently. "What're you doing?"*

*"Oh, just fought with the guys, talking, that sort of stuff..." he responded in a somewhat rushed fashion.*

*"I see." She dismissed that quickly and gave Link a mischievous smile, flicking him on the nose. "Don't forget, the Winter Dance is tonight!"*

*"I **know**, in fact, I was **just** going off to the showers right now to wash up." He gave her that beautiful smile. "I'll see you in a bi...!"*

*He was stopped by a pair of cherry lips planted on his own, and his large eyes widened in surprise. Marth made a somewhat disgusted face, whereas Roy could do nothing but gawk helplessly as Zelda forced her lips on Link. One could almost hear the boy's heart plummet.*



Finally, Zelda broke away, and Link gave her a hesitant smile. "See you later!" she chorused as he left in a hurried rush.

"Y'know, Zelda, you **could** give Link some space and stop smothering him like that," Marth briskly commented, clearly sickened. Zelda only giggled in response, thinking the silly prince was only joking, but his serious expression showed no amusement. He soon rolled his eyes and gave up on the broad. Once she was done, her attention focused on Roy, and she suddenly lost her giddy mood.

"Oh, Roy. Could I have a word with you?"

Roy was a bit surprised. She wanted to talk to **him**? He shrugged off what happened just a few seconds earlier, then nodded. "Sure."

**Was it something I said?**

**Something I read and manifested**

**That's getting you down...?**

Zelda gave Roy a different smile, the kind an impatient adult wears when addressing a child. "As you know, tonight is the SSBM Winter Dance. Tonight is a very special night for Link and I."

Roy could feel his heart tighten already. "Special how?"

"Tonight's the night I pop the question to him."

Roy blinked in shock, using much of his willpower not to cry. "...W-well, what does that have to do with

me?"

*She giggled lowly. "Well... I've been noticing you, Roy... You seem rather interested in Link, don't you?"*

*Roy tensed up. How on Elibe was she able to tell...?*

*"You can't hide anything from me." The smile disappeared. "I don't want to have anything spoil tonight for Link and I. Am I being clear, Roy?"*

*Roy was left aghast, stuttering profusely in distress. "B-but..."*

*"Just give it up, Roy. You know he isn't like that. It'll never work out. Just find something else."*

*Every word, every syllable, hit Roy like a silver-tipped arrow, breaking his delicate heart into tiny pieces like a glass mirror. Feeling she got her point across, Zelda left the devastated Pherean standing there, slack-jawed in total shock and hurt.*

*"Ugh! That cold-hearted ditz!" Marth spat, and he would've gone on, but a dry sob made him stop. He turned to Roy to see fresh tears in his eyes, beginning to run down his cheeks. It seemed Zelda had hit a chord right on. "Roy...!" But the youth darted away towards the dorms to be alone in his sorrows.*

**Tomorrow, what price will I pay...?**

That very memory had caused Roy to break down again and sob into Marth's shoulder, the Alteanian holding him in comfort.

"It's not fair..."

"I know, I know..." Marth sighed. "That was cold of her. Then again, all she ever cares about is herself..."

"What do I do, Marth...?" Roy whimpered, desperately needing guidance. "...I-I need him... but he should be happy too..."

Marth took into serious consideration, realizing something. "But does he look happy now?"

Roy glanced up at this, big beautiful eyes of blue glossed over with moisture.

"Let me ask you this: considering the way he avoids the wedding proposals and reacts to her kisses... what do you think that means, Roy?"

"...!" Roy's eyes bulged in realization.

Marth grinned slyly. "Don't let Zelda scare you. I'm sure Link's gonna break it off with her pretty soon. And that means he'll be open for you!" He patted the boy's shoulder. "In fact, you should ask him tonight while you've got the chance!"

At this, Roy seemed more hesitant, frowning. "But... what if he rejects me...?"

"What if he doesn't?" Marth retaliated, shooting down each doubt like shooting fish out of a barrel. "You gotta give it a shot before you know. Trust me, you've got nothing to be afraid of tonight. Just go for it."

Roy thought of this carefully, then brought his gaze up to Marth and nodded. "...Alright. I'll do it."

“Okay!” The prince slapped him in the stomach before leaping off Roy's bed for his side of the dorm. “The dance is in an hour. Dress up in something nice.”

Roy nodded and began to search his closet for anything that looked decent enough. His eye caught a pearly white set of clothes among his normal SSBM attire. He removed it from the rack and realized what it was. It was the royal outfit his father had given him for special occasions before he left.

*Father... I'm glad you care...*

Minutes later, he studied himself in the closet mirror. He wore a pure white tunic, gold-trimmed, with long sleeves and large cuffs, held by brass buttons and a silver belt. Under that was lavender pants and darker purple boots with golden cuffs. His ivory crown held back only parts of his vibrant red hair, but he allowed most of his untamable mop to hang free. After all, Marth had always advised to be at least mostly yourself, if not all the way, especially when dressing up formally.

*Still... Roy frowned inwardly. I look so silly...*

“Alright,” Marth spoke, and Roy turned to see him in a golden outfit slightly similar to his normal SSBM attire. “Let's head out.”

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The ballroom had been beautifully decorated, with silver tinsel and large snowflakes, not to mention a large “2002” signaling the new year. Tables were laid out with many delicacies to nosh on, and some were gathered around the wine table, namely Captain Falcon and Bowser, to name a few, slowly but surely losing focus to the strong spirits. Calm music played in the background as the Smashers mingled while couples danced.

**This party is old and uninviting,**

## **Participants all in black and white...**

Couples like Link and Zelda.

Roy observed the couple from his chair in the lonely corner of the ballroom. Link looked exceptionally handsome tonight. He wore a sleeveless, grey tunic and a long-sleeved green shirt under that. Underneath were also white tights and ornate blue boots. He still wore his long-tailed green hat, with a small golden crown set under his bangs. This must've not been his own outfit, for he looked awfully stiff and uncomfortable in it, but that impression of a non-formal peasant only made Roy smile.

## **You enter in full blown Technicolor.**

## **Nothing is the same after tonight...**

But *she* was in the way. Roy had tried to get close to Link several times so far, but they'd only exchange few words before Zelda pulled her "lover" away to another table or straight to the dance floor. Roy became more and more discouraged at each failed attempt, so he opted to watching him from the empty table he sat at, heavy-hearted as his love stood what seemed a world away.

"Ey, man, down in da dumps, huh?"

Startled, Roy turned to face Captain Falcon, who had for some reason sauntered over here to talk, a half-full bottle of an obviously strong wine in his hand. Instead of becoming alarmed, Roy relaxed, figuring a conversation with a happily-drunk Falcon had no harm in it.

"...Yeah, I am..."

“Wait, hang on, lemme take a wild guess, I'm psychic that way,” Falcon slurred, a stupidly thoughtful look on his face. “Dere's someone you like and dey can't be yers...?”

Roy sighed. Was he really that obvious? “Yeah, you got me...”

“Well, don't dat jus suck... Want some?” he offered, holding out the bottle. Roy held up his hand as a proper refusal. “Yer loss.” He took a swig instead.

“I *am* underaged, you know.”

“And whut's *dat* prove?” he bellowed, then belched, then hiccupped, then smiled happily.

Roy shook his head, then sighed, fiddling with the end of the tablecloth. “I just don't know what to do about hi... her.”

“Well...” he tipped over slightly, then leaned over the table. “If she likes you back, and dat's it's meant to be, ya gotta let fate do her thing.”

Roy brought his gaze up at that, amazed that such wise words came from Falcon. He assumed there must've been some sort of chemical in the wine that made him a genius.

“Yah, you heard me right,” he slurred. “It's all in the stars or somethin' like dat...”

“Hey, am I interrupting anything?”

Roy froze upon hearing that question, recognizing that musical voice anywhere. He turned to glance

upon his beautiful elfin love, standing right there beside him. Alone. The redhead could feel his face burn with a blush.

**You enter and close the door behind you...**

“Whoa...” Falcon breathed, then leaned over and whispered to Roy, “She's hot.”

Link gave out a soft chuckle that nearly made Roy melt. “Well, at least someone's enjoying the wine tonight.”

“It makes meh fell... *ten years younger!*” Falcon proclaimed quite loudly, taking another drink.

Link turned his attention back to Roy, and that concerned smile on his face made him freeze on the spot. “Hey, Roy, what're you doing here? The party's over there.” He jacked a thumb behind him.

Cold sweat engulfed his face. “Um, uh, aha, um...”

“Look at you, all dressed up and sitting in the corner like a wallflower! That won't do!”

And then he took Roy by the hand gently, to which the Pherean lightly gasped in shock. “How `bout we have a dance, hmm?”

**Now show me the world as seen from the stars...**

Roy blinked several times. “D-dance...?”

“Yeah! Come on, it'll be fun!” He tugged Roy onto his feet, offering his other hand.

Before Roy took it, he asked, “But what about Zelda...?”

“Ah, pssh, don't worry about her,” Link waved it off. “She's preoccupied as of right now...”

Roy followed Link's backward glance to see Zelda being introduced to Fox and being quite charmed. And there between them, playing matchmaker, was Marth. Roy gawked in surprise.

**If only the lights would dim a little...**

“See? There's no harm in a little dance! Come on!”

Unbelieving his luck, Roy smiled and nodded. “Okay.”

“*Woo-hoo!* Rock her world, Roy-boy!” Falcon cheered, helplessly drunken to his fullest. The two turned to give him odd looks, then stared at each other. Link burst out into mirthful laughter, whereas Roy chuckled nervously, and they approached the dance floor together, hand in hand.

**I'm wary of eyes upon my scars...**

Roy turned to face Link, staring into those captivating, otherworldly eyes, then grinned sheepishly. “Ah... I, uh, don't really know how to dance well...”

“That's alright, just take my hand here, and put your other one here.” Roy's heart leaped into his throat as Link placed his hand on his hip, then took his own hand and held Roy's pelvis. “I'll lead us through.



Don't worry, we won't do anything *too* intense.”

Roy nodded tensely in response, and he followed Link as the elf began to sway gently to the music, making sure Roy kept up with him. Though the dance they were currently sharing was slow and passive, Roy felt his heart racing at how unbelievably close he was to his sweet love, how their faces were only inches away from each other, and how handsome Link looked this close up.

**If the world would fall apart**

**In a fiction-worthy wind,**

**I wouldn't change a thing**

**Now that you're here...**

Roy never wanted this dance to end. All he wanted was to be able to look into the crystal clear eyes for all eternity. Nothing could spoil this moment, not even when Link decided to strike up a conversation. It was even better, in fact, because now Roy could be treated to his sweet voice.

“So, where did you come from? By the looks of your attire, I'd say you came from a royal descent.”

“Well... yeah, sort of... My father's the marquess of Pherae.”

“Marquess? Like a king or something?”

“No, not quite... Okay, the entire continent of Elibe is split into eight kingdoms, and Pherae is just a small part of the Kingdom of Lycia. My father rules Pherae only.”

“Ah, I see, and he's in alliances with the other marquesses of Lycia?”

“Right, you got it. Lycia's in fact one of the more united countries...”

“So, if you're the marquess' son, what would that make you?”

“Oh... I think I'd fall under the class of a Lord.”

Link smiled warmly. “Lord Roy, huh?”

“Heh, yeah...” Roy swallowed a blush. “What about you?”

“Just your average hero of destiny.”

“You don't have a class or anything like that?”

“Nope, no royal connections whatsoever... But I think my father served in the Royal Guard during the Great War.”

“Huh. You'd think that'd count for something.”

“Yeah, but all the records were destroyed during the war.”

“...oh...”

“So I guess I'd count as a peasant.”

Roy gawked. “A peasant? Hasn't *anyone* acknowledged you for your swordsmanship?”

Link shook his head. “The only thing it's good for back in Hyrule is being on the Royal Guard, and I wouldn't want to be tied down like that.”

Roy's face fell at that. “...oh...”

“What's wrong?”

“Well... I was gonna say, when this is all done, you could come back with me... And we could train you into a knight to serve the House of Pherae, but...”

“I'm not of your race, Roy. I'm sure I wouldn't be accepted.”

“My father once had a diverse mix of companions on his quest, he told me, even a few that weren't human. I don't think it'd matter.”

“...And I'd serve the whole royal family?”

“Yeah.”

Link thought this over, then smiled. "You know what? I'll think about it."

"You will?" Roy's face lit up again in hope.

Link only nodded slowly in response, his large eyes creasing slightly in a sexy manner that made Roy's innards do flips and loop-de-loops. As the song reached its finale, he noticed Link's mask-like face come closer and closer, and he could feel the elf's hot breath spray onto his face, making his skin tingle. And as the last chord of the song was hit, Link's warm lips pressed against his own.

Roy's chest tightened in shock and his eyes bulged at the sudden approach. Before he had a chance to recover, Link had drawn away slowly and gave him a new kind of smile. This was no innocent grin, and it showed a different side of Link, a side that made him even more irresistible to Roy. The boy's mouth was left in a small gape at the spellbinding beauty before him.

**How do you do it?**

**Make me feel like I do.**

**It's better than I ever knew...**

But then the silence surrounding them broke Roy out of his trance, and he glanced around in horror to realize that nearly all Smashers were looking their way with shocked faces. A terrified look came to Roy's face, and he turned back to the somewhat shocked look on Link's face. Then, flushing the shade of his hair in humiliation, Roy broke free of Link, turned on his heel, and ran out of the ballroom.

"Roy, *wait!*" Link called out, but it was too late. The redhead was gone. He turned to suddenly face Zelda, a horrified gape on her face in response to seeing her self-proclaimed fiancé kiss another man.

“Uh, heh...” Link grinned nervously, a sweatdrop behind him. “I, uh, guess I should've told you before you made proposal arrangements...”

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Roy sat alone in the snow, hugging his bent knees close as he shivered in the cold. Though his tunic was long-sleeved, the winds of winter cut through the thin material and froze him to the bone. Snowflakes speckled his auburn hair, and his face was frozen like ice in an unemotional gaze that stared into the grey sky. He felt numb; not only in body but in his soul as well. His dream had come true, but at a hefty price. Now the other Smashers will never treat him the same again. Yet at the same time, his hunger for Link had only grown... With all this confusion, Roy wasn't sure what to think or how to feel, so he lost himself in the soft snow and endless darkness of a winter night.

He soon heard crunching footsteps in the snow, but didn't bother to look up and face whoever wanted to jab at him for what he was. But he heard nothing else besides the footsteps, and then he felt a heavy, warm blanket wrap around his shoulders, and by instinct he cocooned it closer to shield himself from the cold. He then quietly turned his head to look up at who it was, and glanced into warm, concerned eyes.

**Is everything a baited hook?**

**And are there locks on all doors?**

**If you're looking for an open book,**

**Look no further, I am yours...**

“Roy...” But the redhead slowly turned back to the grey nothingness, but not out of anger. He felt nothing and didn't feel like talking at the moment. He heard and felt Link settle on the ground beside him, and he knew for sure he could *feel* the elf's eyes on him. “Before I say anything else, I just want you to know how sorry I am... I-I don't know what came over me, I just...”

Roy numbly turned to look at him again, but just like that, just by peering into those sincere orbs of ocean blue, the ice within him seemed to thaw right then and there. And then he decided how to feel.

He looked away. "Nah, i-it's okay... They would've found out eventually anyway..."

"No, I didn't respect your desire to keep quiet and I'm sorry," Link tried to convince him, but it sounded more like he was trying to convince himself. "I was wrong and I shouldn't have..."

"Besides..." Roy cut him off, a smile creeping onto his face as he slowly turned back. "You don't know how long I've been waiting to do that."

Link blinked, then gave out a small chuckle, accompanied by a knowing smile. "Oh, I think I do."

Roy's eyebrows went up and his sly grin grew. "Oh, do you?"

"It's hard not to notice the way you kept glancing at me." He leaned in closer. "Plus... you look cute when you blush."

Roy giggled at that and cuddled in closer as Link put a strong arm around his shoulder, pulling him in further. They sat together in the snow, warming each other up so that the harsh elements could no longer numb their spirits. They were quiet for quite a bit until Roy looked at Link again and spoke.

"So... that means you're..."

The blonde elf nodded. "And proud of it."

“What about Zelda...?”

Link sighed deeply as if that name placed a heavy weight on his chest. “Well, how do I put this... She's the dreamy type who thinks just because I saved her, that means we have to spend the rest of our lives together.”

“Oh... Hehe, I can only imagine how mad she got at you.”

“It was hard to tell, really. She saw. She gawked. I told her I was homosexual. She gawked some more. I got bored and left her and the rest in the ballroom and went looking for you.”

Roy couldn't help but laugh in response, then paused abruptly. “Wait... you were looking for me? Does that mean you... like me back...?”

Link grinned at such an innocent little question. “Well, who wouldn't like a lovely little flower like you?” he asked with a playful frown, running his fingers through Roy's messy hair. “With these wild locks of deep red, like a blooming rose...” The hand in his hair moved lower down to his temple. “And eyes blue hues of bright cerulean fires... And who wouldn't love this adorable little face!” He softly pinched the boy's cheek, and Roy giggled in delight, giving off the impression of a young boy with just a cute smile, and it seemed to please Link to no end. When they stopped, both their sets of blue eyes locked, and the two exchanged a dreamy silence before Roy spoke again.

“So... you really like me...?”

“Roy, I loved you the moment I laid my eyes upon you. I was just waiting for the appropriate time to tell you.”

Roy's heart fluttered at that comment, not bothering to hide his elation as it freely spread across his face. And that's when he saw Link's eyes crease again, hungry for more than just a taste this time. And now Roy was more prepared when Link shut his eyes and placed his lips on the boy's. Roy shut his own eyes

and felt himself returning the kiss willingly, feeling Link's warm breathing on his own nose and fighting against the cold. Something then stirred deep within Roy, and he wanted more. He ventured in with his tongue and caressed his partner's teeth, to which Link gave out a groan in delight. And now their tongues did the sparring, rolling over each other and exploring the other's mouths daringly. When Link held his head with both hands to pull him in deeper, that's when Roy simply melted. He reveled in desire at Link's hot, intense breath, his golden bangs brushing up against his face, their crowns clinking against each other several times. Roy was in a torrent of beastly emotion, forgetting all but this wonderful sensation his engulfed senses were treating him to. And he knew Link felt the same way; he could hear the elf's heart rumbling like an earthquake. But that was nothing compared to the exploding volcano that rocked about in his chest and threatened to blow a smoldering hole in his flesh.

But despite this terrifying amount of adrenaline pumping through his blood, Roy kept this union of flesh and soul going for as long as he could. If this was wrong, then he didn't want to be right.

**We'll behave like animals, swing from tree to tree.**

**We can do anything that turns you up**

**And sets you free...**

Finally, the two parted at last, sweat gleaming on both their faces. Link had a quite satisfied look on his face, whereas Roy was attempting to catch his breath, clutching his tired heart as it began to slow down.

"Sweet Roland..." he squeaked.

Link grinned. "You likey?"

"That was... incredible... Wow..."



The Hylian chuckled as he ruffled Roy's hair, shaking out multiple snowflakes. No longer nervous with his love nearby, the beautiful youth laid his head down on Link's lap and settled with a soft sigh. Link smiled and placed his hand on Roy's head, softly petting the boy's red locks affectionately. Everything was all so perfect now, and Roy felt all the bitterness and sadness evaporate into distant memories as he snuggled with the person he loved dearest.

**So come outside and walk with me.**

**We'll try each other on, see if we fit.**

**And with our roots become a tree**

**To shade what we make under it...**

“So... did you tell anyone before...?”

“No...” Link paused thoughtfully. “I didn't want people pestering me about all the pressure on me and Zelda...”

“Ah...”

“What about you?”

“Well... I told my father a long while back... He accepted it, as long as I have at least one kid.”

“Ah, an heir to the royal bloodline, huh?” The elf smirked playfully. “Well, okay, I'll make that an exception, but other than that, no cheating.”

Roy turned on his back and grinned up at him. "Oh, because cheating on you was the first thing that came to my mind," he responded, voice dripping with sarcasm. They both laughed as Link lightly flicked his cute little nose.

"So, anyone else?"

"I told Marth, and he handled it well."

"I expected as much. Marth's a good guy."

"Yeah... Zelda knows too."

Link's brows furrowed. "Zelda...?"

"Apparently she noticed the glances and got mad at me for it..."

"Mmm... Yeah, I know about that."

Roy looked at him questioningly. "You do?"

"Hey, there they are! How're you lovebirds doing?" A new voice startled them, and they sat up quickly and turned to face the intruder, but relaxed when they realized it was a good friend.

"Hey, Marth!" Roy greeted cheerfully, waving.

The princess grinned in response. "So? How'd it work out?"

"It's perfect..." Roy embraced Link around the shoulders, nuzzling his neck. Link nuzzled back in return.

Marth smiled warmly. "Good. I'm happy for you two."

Link smiled at the Alteanian. "Thanks for all your help, Marth."

"No prob. That's what friends do."

Roy looked between the two, confused, and Link explained. "Marth told me what Zelda said. Then I told him what I felt about you and he agreed to help. That's why he was with Zelda during the dance."

Roy turned to Marth in surprise, who made no objection to this. "Aw, Marth, you didn't have to..."

"Now, don't do that," he playfully scolded. "I saw you, you were trying to get to Link and that stupid ditz got in the way, so I took care of her for you. At least she didn't fall for me, then you *would* have to owe me."

The couple laughed and grinned in gratitude. "Thanks so much, Marth. You're a play and a half."

"My pleasure." He kneeled down and patted them both on the shoulder, then paused in thought. "... I'd promise to keep it a secret, but it doesn't matter now that everyone knows..."

“...How are they taking it?” Link asked softly.

“Well, they are shocked, of course, but other than hearing stuff like `EW, THEY KISSED!', I haven't noticed anything too bad.”

“Oh, I guess that's good...”

“Ah, that reminds me, I have a message from Her Royal Majesty.” Marth grinned widely, Roy laughed, and Link groaned and rolled his eyes.

“Ugh... go ahead.”

“She said, and I quote, `Link, you little snotface! Why didn't you tell me before I dreamed up our wedding? I can't believe I shared spit with you! Well, I've got a cute, furry little kitsune now, so you have fun with your boyfriend, jerk!’”

“Wow, that's pleasant.”

“Then she ran off dragging Fox with her.”

“That poor soul... Ah well, at least she's got another flame now.” He turned back to Roy to face an uncertain look.

“Link... you... she...”

“Aw, don't worry, love. What Zelda calls a kiss and what we shared are two completely different things,” he assured, delivering a quick smooch to his cheek, and the scared face went away instantly.

Marth stood. "Well, the dance is still going on, so I'm off to finish the leftovers. See you two later!" He went back inside, leaving the two alone once more in the quiet winter night. Roy laid down again, cuddling close to Link's warmth. But now it was different, as something else distracted Roy from enjoying his love's presence.

Link must've noticed his sulking face, because he asked in concern, "What's wrong?"

Roy didn't look up, feeling his eyes begin to sting as he grasped the textile of Link's tunic. "I... I'm scared."

"Of what?"

"Everyone knows now... What if they hate us for it?" He turned back up with big, pleading eyes that began to fill with moisture. "What if they kick us out? W-what if...?"

"Shh..." Link comforted as Roy sat up and embraced him again, sniffing into his shoulder. "It's okay, it's alright..."

"I don't want to be treated like a freak..." Roy sobbed woefully. "I just want to be accepted... Why do people have to degrade those like us? Why can't we just be accepted for who we are...?"

"Because people are people. They find something out of the ordinary and slap a label on it. I know it's not fair, but that's the way they are."

Roy was comforted by Link's soothing, musical voice, but continued to cry, cleansing out everything he could.

“Besides, think of the bright side! We don't have to hide it! We can freely show off our affection! And the others will just have to deal with it!”

And yet the fears and doubts didn't go away as Roy's sobs only increased. Knowing this, Link tried a different approach.

“Roy, everything will be okay,” he whispered in the boy's round ear. “If anything happens, we'll get through it together. If something is ever troubling you, you come right to me and I'll take care of it. I'm sure you'd do the same for me if needed, right?”

Roy sniffed, then nodded. “Uh-huh.”

“Good. Then there's nothing to be afraid of any longer. As long as we're at each other's side, there's nothing more to fear. Don't be scared, Roy... I'm here.”

Roy squeezed the caring elf tightly, and then the two shared another deep and tantalizing dance of the tongue. With Link near, Roy had no more reasons to hide in fear. And like a blooming rose, the boy fully opened his heart and let the elf in without resistance. And no longer was the world so cold and dark, but a fiery inferno of burning passion.

And he loved it better that way.

**You're an exception to the rule.**

**You're a bonafide rarity.**

**You're all I ever wanted;**

**Could you want me...?**

**THE END**

A/N: Urgh, man, I thought this would turn out short but then it came out long. X( Blargh... But I really liked the way it turned out. SO CUTE! Alright, if you hate this with a passion, don't waste space on the reviews page. I don't have the time to listen to the opinions of closed minds and immaturity. But you like it, by all means, review! Those opened-minded ones are welcome! :) OH! And the songs are all by Incubus, in this order: Echo, Clean, Here in my Room, Stellar, and Southern Girl.