

# **+ - + Sweet as Candy + - +**

**By AndreAla-Rae**

Submitted: October 17, 2005

Updated: October 17, 2005

*+Slash Ficcy+*

*This is my first Charlie(older)/Willy fic and it is also the ficcy that i wrote to go along with my 'Sweet as Candy' picture that is on here.*

*Any comments are welcomed AND appreciated!*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/AndreAla-Rae/21822/----Sweet-as-Candy---->

**Chapter 1 - +++Sweet as Candy+++**

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# 1 - +--+Sweet as Candy+--+

**Title: Sweet as Candy**

**Author: AndreAlaRae**

**Rating: Pg-13**

**Warnings: Slash. Adult Charlie/Wonka.**

**Disclaimer: Not mine...wish they were, but they're not. Girl can dream tho!**

**C&C: Yes, that would be greatly appreciated^\_\_^, I just ask for you non - slash - likers to please act like civilized people and don't post any flames. That is all around mean and thoughtless and just plain stupid to do, you have your likes and us slashers have ours. Don't like, then don't read, how hard is that?? Besides it's all fantasy, it's not like this is real or anything.....unfortunately ^\_~.**

**Summary: Basically a drabble fic I did to go along with a picture I drew and posted on DA and LJ and here too!**

**Notes: This is the first fic that I have ever wrote peeps so be kind to this horrible first time writer^^. And this is based primarily on the new Tim Burton flick by the way. So I think I'm going to shut my trap and let you get on with the reading.**

Enjoy!!^\_^

~~~~~

Sighing, Charlie tightened his hold on the other mans waist, pulling him closer to his own body. The other gratefully accepted the added warmth and comfort, pressing himself as far into Charlie as possible. Charlie chuckled at this action.

``Chilly Willy?'' He questioned teasingly, amused by the huff and shiver he received as an answer.

``Maybe you'll think to bring your coat next time you decide on a *middle of the night escapade*`, hmm?'' Pausing Charlie looked around the large room decorated in curtains of all shapes, sizes, colors, and materials, with the moon visible through the pulled back curtains that lead to the balcony nearby.

``Especially when you decide to come to the **ONE** part of the factory that isn't heated.''

Of course the more Charlie thought about it, the more he figured it was more so not a part of the factory and more like a giant room that was suspended several hundred feet over the factory by a thin stone structure. Made only accessible by the glass elevator or a rather small pathway meant for the Oompa Loompas, though not impossible for a human to go through.... Charlie knew that from experience.

Though how the 'floating room' was made or has been held up has always escaped Charlie`s logic. Then again he learned long ago to stop trying to figure things out and just appreciate the magic of the factory and Willy's insane genius.

A slightly louder huff reached Charlie`s ears.

Charlie rolled his eyes. He knew more than saw that Willy was pouting. He could tell by the way the candy maker toyed with his silly little doll that he'd gotten from Charlie some years back for his birthday..... A birthday that Charlie went through quite an ordeal to find out after the chocolatier refused to let him know when it was. He went as far as to visit Willy's estranged father to learn it, who, as it turned out, was almost as hard to get info from as Willy himself.

*Like father like son...*

But some wheeling and dealing later Charlie learned what he needed to know (and then some)..... at a price of course..... even at that very moment Charlie had to fight the urge to cover his mouth at the memory.

In the end it was all worth it.

Willy, though embarrassed that Charlie knew his birthday, at once became excited and delighted when he caught sight of the small rag doll which Charlie had stumbled across on one of his trips out into the town, having decided to check the local flea market out on a whim.

*What a good idea it had been!*

He discovered it by total accident or at least what he thought was an accident. But was 'falling out of no where to hit you in the head' really considered an accident? Charlie wasn't sure, though he did entertain the idea of it being a chance of fate that it happened, far more interesting than it being a coincidence. But whether it was chance or fate Charlie just found the doll far too unique not to get, honestly, how many dolls are there in the world that happen to have orange skin and unruly green hair? Not including clown related dolls of course. Despite its one of a kind look Charlie got a good deal on it which was a surprise to him. Considering how old it appeared, he got the impression of it being an old antique of sorts that should be featured in someone's doll collection rather than being sold for a nickel to the first person who picked it up. Of course there were a few small flaws to it, there was stain or two on it, one missing button eye and a few popped stitches on it's smile but it was in good condition overall. His mum could easily have fixed it up if needed, though Willy loved it the way it was, ``gives it more character!" Willy had said after snatching it from Charlie`s offering hands..... least Charlie THOUGHT Willy said that.... he was squealing a bit too much to really understand anything the older man was saying, and he bound away to introduce the new factory inhabitant to all the Oompa Loompa's before he could ask him to repeat all he had supposedly ' **said** '.

From that point on Willy hardly went anywhere without the little `dolly' as Charlie had caught him call it once, and to that day still liked to bring it up just to embarrass the man - seeing him blush and try and come up with some sort of reasoning was always quite a sight to behold. Usually Willy would have the little doll tucked securely in one of his pockets and would continuously take it out to mess with when he thought Charlie wasn't looking, or rather when Charlie was pretending he wasn't looking. He always

caught it, kind of hard **NOT** to catch a flash of brilliant orange moving out of the corner of your eye. And, though Willy would never admit it, Charlie had caught him on more than one occasion curled up in bed with the little thing clutched in his hands, slumbering soundly. Kind of a hard secret to keep when the other person you won't admit it to is sleeping in the same bed as you really, but Willy seemed to overlook that logic.

*Who would have thought pure joy would have cost nothing more than a nickel?*

As the time went on Charlie began to notice was that there was something vaguely familiar about the doll the more he thought about it. He couldn't quite put his finger on it.....

``Charlie how... what do you think of me?"

So wrapped in his thoughts was he, Charlie almost missed the near inaudible question.

``Mmm, what did you say?" Charlie asked slowly, nuzzling Willy's shoulder. He'd toyed around with the thought of saying ` Huh? ' instead but he knew he'd have gotten a slap and a mini lecture on the ` Fundamentals of Proper English ' for his troubles. Of course he could have easily tuned it out or just gone for the jugular and start to nibble on Willy's sensitive ear. If you wanted to make the man shut his trap it was the PERFECT solution. Worked **every** time.

Hmmm. The more Charlie thought about it the more he realized he had just missed the perfect chance to indulge in some fun ` **activities** `. *Wonder if it's too late?*

``I asked... what do you think of me..... honestly"

*Yep, too late.* It seemed it was time for talk not pleasure.

``What do I think of you?" Charlie repeated, his mind going blank for a moment. He wasn't quite sure what the mystery in his arms was getting at.

He received only a nod. *Ok, no help from him.* Charlie would have to figure this out for himself.

Charlie furrowed his brow in thought and spoke laggardly, trying to put his feelings for the man into words, ``Well, I think you are the most unusual man I have ever had the *pleasure*," Charlie accentuated the word `pleasure' heavily ``to meet with an uncanny knowledge of Chocolate and all things sweet." Charlie paused trying to think of what else Willy was, besides ' *Anything crazy* ' and ' *Everything magical* ', a hard feat considering the small pool of words one could use to describe such a thing. ``You are kind and caring behind that thick exterior of ` Nutty Sweetness ' and ` Childish dementia ' that most, if not all, others tend to see. You are completely unhinged from all normalcy and I'd have to say that you are, in your own words, ` **wEiRd** '."

Charlie snuck a peek at Willy's face to try and see what would reflect there. He was relieved to see a slight smile there which alleviated some of his worry, Charlie was going for the honesty Willy asked for after all.

``You have a delightfully sinister side to you that even the most good natured and innocent of us

possess, though you are no where near as menacing as the real monsters that lie beyond the gates of this factory. Unlike them, you have off the wall and the most *childish* ways that no one I've known before to have. You are truly an oddity Mr. Wonka, no doubt there." It had been quite a while since Charlie had used the title ` Mr. Wonka ' he had to admit, it began to seem too formal long ago. And too, Willy had practically begged him to stop calling him ` Mr. Wonka ', ``That's my Father!!!" He had whined to Charlie, ``I'm Willy! Not William, Not Will, Not Bill, Not ` Mr. Wonka ', and most certainly **not** Wilka!" Charlie had to work very hard not to laugh at the time which had been quite hard to do when someone twenty years your senior was whining over something as small as a name and looked like he was about to throw himself a temper tantrum at any given second.

A snort reached Charlie's ears, but it didn't phase him, not really, he was on a roll anyways.

``You are, pretty much, just one insane - sexy might I add - genius that really knows his candies,`` Charlie paused. ``and seems to have a thing for really bad hair cuts." he couldn't hold a grin back, he knew what was coming.

``It's not bad!"

Charlie ignored Willy, letting his hands wander over Willy's hips and trace little designs on whatever they touched. An apology of sorts he reasoned.

``In all truthfulness Willy you are an all around good person - a strange one - but good none the less. Not many people who come from a background like yours turn out so well or so well off in life, I mean some don't even make it without some terrible trauma that cripples them for life. Abandonment isn't the easiest thing to face up to- no family to take care of you or make you feel safe, secure, loved. Why I know I couldn't have lasted long in my life without my family there to...keep....me...going..."

Charlie suddenly realized he should have shut up when the word `background` had come into the picture. He **knew** he hit a sensitive spot when Willy flinched. `family ' and the `past ' wasn't a favorite topic with Willy and Charlie wanted to kick himself for being so stupid not to catch himself..... Of course it wasn't too unlikely that Willy would turn around and pop him one in shin **or** chin. Maybe both. Charlie may have gotten a few inches over Willy through the years and the man may seem pretty much harmless being as.... well, *unmanly* as he was, but when Willy wanted to he could do some major hurt. Perfect nails do make perfect scratches after all.

Thinking of what he could do, Charlie did all he could think of, he hugged the man closer to himself in what he told himself was an apologetic matter and not a `keep him contained so as not to get @\$\$ kicked' matter. No, no, definatly not the latter.

``Sorry." Charlie muttered, secretly eyeing the balcony in case of a needed quick escape.

``Don't be, there's nothing for you to be sorry about, I asked you didn't I?"

Charlie was surprised to see no frown but a slight smile upon Willy's face as he turned to look over his shoulder at him.

That..... wasn't exactly the answer nor the reaction Charlie was expecting. No blow up, no screaming, yelling, slaps, scratches, smacks, punches, kicks, bites - perfect teeth hurt almost as bad as them perfect nails mind you - hair pulling, shoving over balcony's that were once thought of as an escape route, and so on.

``That's the past, no need to dwell on that Charlie. But I suppose I should have been more specific in what I wanted shouldn't I? Though I must say I learned quite a bit about how you see me now." Willy smiled coyly at Charlie but started talking once again before Charlie could get a word in. ``It was all nice to know Charlie but what I was trying to get at was what do you really think of me as your....your well....you know.... `` Willy trailed off, a slight tinge of pink creeping upon his unnaturally pale face, giving Charlie a pretty good idea what he was getting at.

The near brush with death was quickly forgotten now.

``Oh, **THAT** way." Charlie drew out, a wickedly mischievous grin creeping upon his lips.

*This was just too good.....*

``Well, I have to say Willy I really like you that way." Charlie let his fingers dip teasingly behind the hem of Willy's pajama bottoms and further beyond his candy spotted boxers to play with the pale skin that lay hidden from view. He enjoyed the slight hitch in breath and soft groan his ministrations elicited, *maybe it wasn't too late for that pleasure after all?*

``I especially like it when you make that delightfully wonderful little sound whenever I - ``

``**Charlie!**" Willy hissed, lightly slapping Charlie's hands that were still free ranging `below the belt`, the scarlet flaring to life on his face, ``That's not what I meant! Now what if one of my Oompa Loompa's heard you?!" Willy nearly screeched, trying his best to drop his voice to a quiet whisper as he looked nervously around the room.

Chuckling, Charlie removed his hands from their `fun' and let them enclose loosely around Willy's waist once more. ``Oh trust me Willy," he started, pressing a few kisses to the side of his neck, "I'm quite sure they've heard quite a bit more from you than they've ever heard from me..... you tend to be a bit more, how should I put it?, `**Vocal**' than I."

It took a minute for it to sink in but when it did Charlie couldn't help but laugh at the look of pure horror and embarrassment that dawned on Willy's face. The scarlet that was still visible on his cheeks at once engulfed his entire face which he tried desperately to hide by covering his face with his doll - Wondering how he was ever going to face his precious Oompa Loompa's again no doubt.

``Oh, don't worry about them." Charlie tried in an attempt to calm the candy man down. ``They seem `Ok' with it, though I have *suspicious* that they had *suspicious* before we had yet to fathom out our own *suspicious*. They are quite the clever bunch after all, must be from all them Cacao Beans." Charlie offered, trying to keep his grin from splitting his lips.

Willy mumbled something incoherent into the cloth of his `dolly' that Charlie couldn't quite catch, or

understand for that matter. But he was able to catch the irony of the fact that Willy did something that he himself so thoroughly despised, something he made perfectly clear back with Mike Teavee. He could have called him on it, but he felt generous - not to mention a bit bad - at the moment, so he kept it to himself.

*It's always nice to have blackmail after all...*

Only one option left to choose from, Charlie decided he should answer the question that was left hanging in the air. Reaching up, Charlie lowered Willy's hands from his, now, slightly less blushed face, who gave him a questioning look. Grinning, Charlie leaned forward a bit and placed his lips near Willy's ear and lightly blew the hair there away, letting his warm breath melt invisible ice on the others pallid, unflawed skin that didn't seem to follow the rules of `time' or `aging'.

Charlie secretly wondered if Willy was an elf or fairy of sorts. No other human acted, looked or could possibly keep up with him and his insane idea`s, only he and he alone. Or maybe, just maybe, chocolate was the secret to youth..... if that was the case then they could make a killing in the market, of that Charlie was sure. Who didn't long to be young forever?? .... Still.....Charlie preferred to think that Willy was otherworldly, there was more magic and mystery to him that way. Besides, it was oh so fun to be able to call Willy his `fairy god chocolatier '.

Though he enjoyed the tremors that his breath caused Willy, Charlie reluctantly stopped, ``If what you're wanting to know is that I love you...' he brushed his fingers idly through Willy's hair, `...all you had to do was ask." The hitch in Willy's breathing was back, ``And if you really, really want to know then... yes." Charlie tightened his embrace for a moment, kissing softly along the underside of Willy's jaw before loosening his hold to trail his hands up the mans sides to find their place along his shoulders, massaging with a feather light touch. ``Yes, I love you Willy Wonka. What was once a deep adoration for you has since turned into a fiery passion that will burn forever more, and if you continue to receive what I have to give and... `` Charlie let a sigh leave his lips, `` ...if you promise to always be mine then I swear I'll always be yours."

*OoOoOoOoOoh it was corny.... Charlie **knew** it was corny, he heard the corny-ness of it, people ten towns over could hear the corny-ness in it but he didn't care. That's how he felt.....no mind of it's painful, sappy, corny-ness...*

Willy was silent, doing little more than breathing in and out, slightly unsteadily, before pulling out of Charlie's embrace without a word. A pang of worry struck Charlie, concerned he had said something wrong again, but his internal struggle was put on hold as Willy turned around to face him, though he did not look up. The worry left just as quick as it had come as Charlie caught a glimpse of a slight smile through the cascade of hair that currently obscured and curtained the others face.

``...Do you... Do you really mean that?" Came the soft question through the blanket of hair.

Smiling a golden smile, Charlie pulled the man closer, grabbing his chin within his thumb and forefinger and ever so gently lifting it up, letting the hair there fall away. He wanted to get a good look at Willy's perfect face, though the man never seemed to believe him no matter how many times he told him how perfect it was.

*Silly, Modest Bastard.... one of many reasons why he loved him so.*

Willy refused to look at him, keeping his eyes averted to his fuzzy night slippers as if they were the most interesting fuzzy slippers in the world. Of course that wasn't too far from the truth now was it? How many people have slippers decorated up with sequenced beads made out of dark and light chocolate with elaborate designs stitched in with caramel and fudge `W's` on them?

``Willy, look at me." Charlie instructed, letting his thumb stroke at the corner of Willy's mouth.

``Why?" Willy quietly asked, still not looking up.

*Well, that was a simple question.* ``Because.... I want to look into those enchanting pools of lavender that you call eyes, now shut your yap. I have something to tell you." Charlie answered in a playful tone.

Without another word Willy lifted his gaze to look into Charlie's own azure orbs.

``I really mean it Willy, everything I said. I. **LOVE.** you."

Willy's small grin immediately broke out into a full fledged smile that showed all of his perfect ivory colored teeth, which looked all the more brilliant in the moonlight. He opened his mouth to say something but was cut short by Charlie's mouth covering his own in a tender kiss. Receiving it without any opposition, he pressed himself closer and grasped onto the cloth of Charlie's pajama shirt - which Charlie idly noted was nothing more than a plain color against Willy's own busy flowery one - what opposites he and Willy could be.

Taking the initiative Charlie deepened the kiss, letting his tongue slip past the rosy lips to taste the sweetness beyond them, exploring every nook and cranny that he knew so well. This careful probing enticed quite a few pleased moans from the chocolatier, which Charlie took great delight in, knowing he was the only one that could make him make such delectable sounds, as sweet as any candy in the world. Few people ever got to meet the man, let alone touch him, and yet here Charlie was - a person who didn't start out any better off than any one else - not only having met the great Willy Wonka or becoming his heir but kissing him. Something that, for him, happened on a regular basis among **other** things which Charlie would much rather just keep to himself.... Willy would be quite put out with him otherwise.

*``What happens in the bedroom stays in the bedroom" even if not everything happens in the bedroom....*

Letting one hand rest at the crook of Willy's, Charlie's other arm wrapped itself around the chocolatier's waist of its own accord to pull their bodies closer together to obtain much better access. The feel of Willy's fingers twisting through his sleep unruly hair and the taste of unexplainable and unimaginable sweetness in his mouth, which he thought would make an excellent `Wonka Bar` flavoring, Charlie found himself easily lost in the moment but was just as easily pulled out of it when Willy broke the kiss, letting those slender fingers slid down fluidly to bury in his shirt again.

Ok, now Charlie wanted to do some irritated `huffing` of his own but he resisted the notion.

Willy lay his head against Charlie's chest and stayed like that a moment and though Charlie - who was



still secretly pouting - couldn't see the man's face he knew he wanted to say something. Letting out the breath he'd been holding, Charlie placed a quick kiss on the top of Willy's head, "What is it, say it."

He didn't respond right away but after a moment Willy finally ventured in a slightly cracking voice, "This.... This isn't just a temporary game then? I am getting a bit too old for games you see...".

"No game. My feelings for you are as everlasting as your gobstoppers." Charlie replied with a tinge of purposely placed corniness, lifting Willy's face up again "And don't call yourself old, if anything you're too young." Charlie chastised the man, with a hint of teasing to it. He was obviously about to object but Charlie cut him off with another kiss, a bit more forceful this time, to get the point across that he wouldn't back down on the issue. "Not old, get over it." He whispered against Willy's slightly swollen lips. Willy dropped his head and shuddered in Charlie's hold, though Charlie was sure it wasn't from the chilly draft surrounding them.

"What of your .. p-... pa-...par-... relations."

*Silly man, STILL couldn't say it more than 10 years after he'd come to the factory.... how cute...*

"Parents." Charlie offered.

"Yeah, them." Willy agreed, scrunching his face up in dissatisfaction of the dreaded 'P' word.

Charlie chuckled lightly and tipping the other man's head back so he could see him. "Sometimes, I've found, that it's not always best to tell your parents everything, matter factly it can be just plain disastrous to do so. Parents feel the need to protect their child but sometimes they just don't realize that their 'protecting' can be doing the exact opposite. Parents have good intentions but don't always understand the situation completely."

"Like ours." Came the small statement.

Charlie nodded, hugging Willy closer to himself, who buried his face in Charlie's chest once more, "Yes, I fear our **involvement** would trouble my parents if they knew, of course they'd also think that you would have been the one to start our little relationship and the one heading it. But we both know that's not exactly true now is it?" Charlie asked with a Cheshire grin, feeling more than hearing the giggles that wracked Willy's body. "At the time we leave it be and maybe sometime in the near future we can let them know, so for the time being, please refrain yourself from running to your father and telling him the news eh?" Charlie joked, receiving the giggle he hoped he would from Willy.

"I won't tell if you don't." Willy teased back slightly pulling away from Charlie.

"Done deal." Charlie said with a wink, "Now..... can we please go back to bed!? It's too cold up in this place!" Charlie pleaded, squeezing Willy impossibly closer.

Giggling in an all around unmanly fashion that only 'Willy Wonka' could manage, Willy nodded pulling away from Charlie to head back toward the glass elevator, parked somewhere nearby, keyword being 'somewhere'. Not planning to go back the way he came, Charlie started after Willy, throwing a glance over to the small door fitted for Oompa Loompas, swearing he caught sight of a few 'out of place' shadows. Giving these shadows a suspicious glance before looking away, he quickly caught up with the

merry man and linked Willy's arm in his own, ignoring what he swore were high pitched giggles coming from the same area.

*Damn Oompa Loompa's and their ever mischievous ways...* Charlie couldn't help but let a broad grin sneak past his lips knowing that if the man beside him knew, he'd probably faint.

``You know, I don't know if it's this place, the fact that it's the middle of the night, or maybe even that it's a full moon, but I think you made more sense than usual.... you were somewhat..... *serious*..... kind of scary." Charlie teased, lightly pushing Willy with his body weight.

``I'm able to be ` serious ' sometimes my dear Charlie, it just comes in spurts and is few and far between." Willy replied turning to look at Charlie and grinning large enough to show his straight, perfect teeth before pulling slightly ahead of Charlie. He looked around with his face screwed up in slight confusion, as if he had misplaced something important.

``Now if only we could fi - `` Willy cut off with a squeak as he was yanked back against Charlie. He gave him an irritated look and was about to ask him what he was doing when Charlie, grinning smugly, reached forward a few inches and tapped on near invisible glass.

Willy smiled sheepishly, ``Oh... " He remembered more than a few ` run ins ' with the elevator.... Vividly...

The door of the elevator opened with a loud ' *Whoosh!* ' and Willy stepped inside without hesitation and turned to look back at Charlie, which is when a very important thought hit him.

``Wouldn't you know, it just occurred to me, but... I'm really not all that tired Char... lie...?" Willy trailed off, noticing the strange ` something ' that was smoldering within Charlie's normally vibrant, now foggy, blue eyes. Willy cocked his head slightly, trying to pin-point what it was while Charlie stepped into the elevator, the door closing with another ' *Whoosh!* ' behind him.

``That's ok." Charlie started, lightly backing Willy against the wall, lowering his face until his and Willy's noses were nearly touching, ``Neither am I."

*No `ands`, `ifs`, or `buts' about it, he was going to get what he **wanted** and had been **wanting**...*

Willy was vaguely aware as his rag doll slipped from his grasp to hit the floor, momentarily forgotten. What he was aware of was Charlie's fingers buried in his hair, and mouth hungrily covering his own and being thrown to the ground as the elevator took off. And, of course, how many Oompa Loompa's were going see them..... But even that too was soon forgotten.

~fin~

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HAH!! No lemon for you! XD

Too lazy to do one not to mention I can't write them, I'd end up giggling myself to death trying, not to mention it would suck....

Sooooo?? What did you guys think? Good? Bad? Plain ugly!? I'd love some feedback guys so just bop on in and give me some eh? It'd be appreciated!

Though I think I might retire from writing now and leave the writing to the good writers ^\_^ . But I might pick up some inspiration to continue on, who knows!

Oh, and here is the link to the picture by the way^\_\_^

-----[url="http://www.deviantart.com/view/21325778/&quot;]hyperlink

Not real pretty, but I like it and I hope some of you guys do too!

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**Author: AndreAlaRae**

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So I think I'm going to shut my trap and let you get on with the reading. Enjoy!

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Sighing, Charlie tightened his hold on the other mans waist, pulling him closer to his own body. The other gratefully accepted the added warmth and comfort, pressing himself as far into Charlie as possible. Charlie chuckled at this action.

``Chilly Willy?'' He questioned teasingly, amused by the huff and shiver he received as an answer.

``Maybe you'll think to bring your coat next time you decide on a ` *middle of the night escapade* `, hmm?''

Pausing Charlie looked around the large room decorated in curtains of all shapes, sizes, colors, and materials, with the moon visible through the pulled back curtains that lead to the balcony nearby.

``Especially when you decide to come to the **ONE** part of the factory that isn't heated.''

Of course the more Charlie thought about it, the more he figured it was more so not a part of the factory and more like a giant room that was suspended several hundred feet over the factory by a thin stone structure. Made only accessible by the glass elevator or a rather small pathway meant for the Oompa Loompas, though not impossible for a human to go through.... Charlie knew that from experience.

Though how the 'floating room' was made or has been held up has always escaped Charlie`s logic.

Then again he learned long ago to stop trying to figure things out and just appreciate the magic of the factory and Willy's insane genius.

A slightly louder huff reached Charlie`s ears.

Charlie rolled his eyes. He knew more than saw that Willy was pouting. He could tell by the way the

candy maker toyed with his silly little doll that he'd gotten from Charlie some years back for his birthday..... A birthday that Charlie went through quite an ordeal to find out after the chocolatier refused to let him know when it was. He went as far as to visit Willy's estranged father to learn it, who, as it turned out, was almost as hard to get info from as Willy himself.

*Like father like son...*

But some wheeling and dealing later Charlie learned what he needed to know (and then some)..... at a price of course..... even at that very moment Charlie had to fight the urge to cover his mouth at the memory.

In the end it was all worth it.

Willy, though embarrassed that Charlie knew his birthday, at once became excited and delighted when he caught sight of the small rag doll which Charlie had stumbled across on one of his trips out into the town, having decided to check the local flea market out on a whim.

*What a good idea it had been!*

He discovered it by total accident or at least what he thought was an accident. But was 'falling out of no where to hit you in the head' really considered an accident? Charlie wasn't sure, though he did entertain the idea of it being a chance of fate that it happened, far more interesting than it being a coincidence. But whether it was chance or fate Charlie just found the doll far too unique not to get, honestly, how many dolls are there in the world that happen to have orange skin and unruly green hair? Not including clown related dolls of course. Despite its one of a kind look Charlie got a good deal on it which was a surprise to him. Considering how old it appeared, he got the impression of it being an old antique of sorts that should be featured in someone's doll collection rather than being sold for a nickel to the first person who picked it up. Of course there were a few small flaws to it, there was stain or two on it, one missing button eye and a few popped stitches on its smile but it was in good condition overall. His mum could easily have fixed it up if needed, though Willy loved it the way it was, ``gives it more character!" Willy had said after snatching it from Charlie's offering hands..... least Charlie THOUGHT Willy said that.... he was squealing a bit too much to really understand anything the older man was saying, and he bound away to introduce the new factory inhabitant to all the Oompa Loompa's before he could ask him to repeat all he had supposedly ' **said** '.

From that point on Willy hardly went anywhere without the little `dolly' as Charlie had caught him call it once, and to that day still liked to bring it up just to embarrass the man - seeing him blush and try and come up with some sort of reasoning was always quite a sight to behold. Usually Willy would have the little doll tucked securely in one of his pockets and would continuously take it out to mess with when he thought Charlie wasn't looking, or rather when Charlie was pretending he wasn't looking. He always caught it, kind of hard **NOT** to catch a flash of brilliant orange moving out of the corner of your eye. And, though Willy would never admit it, Charlie had caught him on more than one occasion curled up in bed with the little thing clutched in his hands, slumbering soundly. Kind of a hard secret to keep when the other person you won't admit it to is sleeping in the same bed as you really, but Willy seemed to overlook that logic.

*Who would have thought pure joy would have cost nothing more than a nickel?*

As the time went on Charlie began to notice was that there was something vaguely familiar about the doll the more he thought about it. He couldn't quite put his finger on it.....

``Charlie how... what do you think of me?"

So wrapped in his thoughts was he, Charlie almost missed the near inaudible question.

``Mmm, what did you say?" Charlie asked slowly, nuzzling Willy's shoulder. He'd toyed around with the thought of saying ` Huh? ' instead but he knew he'd have gotten a slap and a mini lecture on the ` Fundamentals of Proper English ' for his troubles. Of course he could have easily tuned it out or just gone for the jugular and start to nibble on Willy's sensitive ear. If you wanted to make the man shut his

trap it was the PERFECT solution. Worked **every** time.

Hmmm. The more Charlie thought about it the more he realized he had just missed the perfect chance to indulge in some fun ` **activities** `. *Wonder if it's too late?*

``I asked... what do you think of me..... honestly"

*Yep, too late. It seemed it was time for talk not pleasure.*

``What do I think of you?" Charlie repeated, his mind going blank for a moment. He wasn't quite sure what the mystery in his arms was getting at.

He received only a nod. *Ok, no help from him.* Charlie would have to figure this out for himself.

Charlie furrowed his brow in thought and spoke laggardly, trying to put his feelings for the man into words, ``Well, I think you are the most unusual man I have ever had the *pleasure*," Charlie accentuated the word `pleasure' heavily ``to meet with an uncanny knowledge of Chocolate and all things sweet." Charlie paused trying to think of what else Willy was, besides ' *Anything crazy* ' and ' *Everything magical* ', a hard feat considering the small pool of words one could use to describe such a thing. ``You are kind and caring behind that thick exterior of ` *Nutty Sweetness* ' and ` *Childish dementia* ' that most, if not all, others tend to see. You are completely unhinged from all normalcy and I'd have to say that you are, in your own words, ` **wEiRd** '."

Charlie snuck a peek at Willy's face to try and see what would reflect there. He was relieved to see a slight smile there which alleviated some of his worry, Charlie was going for the honesty Willy asked for after all.

``You have a delightfully sinister side to you that even the most good natured and innocent of us possess, though you are no where near as menacing as the real monsters that lie beyond the gates of this factory. Unlike them, you have off the wall and the most *childish* ways that no one I've known before to have. You are truly an oddity Mr. Wonka, no doubt there." It had been quite a while since Charlie had used the title ` *Mr. Wonka* ' he had to admit, it began to seem too formal long ago. And too, Willy had practically begged him to stop calling him ` *Mr. Wonka* ', ``That's my Father!" He had whined to Charlie, ``I'm Willy! Not William, Not Will, Not Bill, Not ` *Mr. Wonka* ', and most certainly **not** Wilka!" Charlie had to work very hard not to laugh at the time which had been quite hard to do when someone twenty years your senior was whining over something as small as a name and looked like he was about to throw himself a temper tantrum at any given second.

A snort reached Charlie's ears, but it didn't phase him, not really, he was on a roll anyways.

``You are, pretty much, just one insane - sexy might I add - genius that really knows his candies,`` Charlie paused. ``and seems to have a thing for really bad hair cuts." he couldn't hold a grin back, he knew what was coming.

``It's not bad!"

Charlie ignored Willy, letting his hands wander over Willy's hips and trace little designs on whatever they touched. An apology of sorts he reasoned.

``In all truthfulness Willy you are an all around good person - a strange one - but good none the less. Not many people who come from a background like yours turn out so well or so well off in life, I mean some don't even make it without some terrible trauma that cripples them for life. Abandonment isn't the easiest thing to face up to- no family to take care of you or make you feel safe, secure, loved. Why I know I couldn't have lasted long in my life without my family there to...keep....me...going..."

Charlie suddenly realized he should have shut up when the word `background` had come into the picture. He **knew** he hit a sensitive spot when Willy flinched. ` *family* ' and the ` *past* ' wasn't a favorite topic with Willy and Charlie wanted to kick himself for being so stupid not to catch himself..... Of course it wasn't too unlikely that Willy would turn around and pop him one in shin **or** chin. Maybe both. Charlie may have gotten a few inches over Willy through the years and the man may seem pretty much harmless being as.... well, *unmanly* as he was, but when Willy wanted to he could do some major hurt.

Perfect nails do make perfect scratches after all.

Thinking of what he could do, Charlie did all he could think of, he hugged the man closer to himself in what he told himself was an apologetic matter and not a 'keep him contained so as not to get @\$\$ kicked' matter. No, no, definitely not the latter.

"Sorry." Charlie muttered, secretly eyeing the balcony in case of a needed quick escape.

"Don't be, there's nothing for you to be sorry about, I asked you didn't I?"

Charlie was surprised to see no frown but a slight smile upon Willy's face as he turned to look over his shoulder at him.

That..... wasn't exactly the answer nor the reaction Charlie was expecting. No blow up, no screaming, yelling, slaps, scratches, smacks, punches, kicks, bites - perfect teeth hurt almost as bad as them perfect nails mind you - hair pulling, shoving over balcony's that were once thought of as an escape route, and so on.

"That's the past, no need to dwell on that Charlie. But I suppose I should have been more specific in what I wanted shouldn't I? Though I must say I learned quite a bit about how you see me now." Willy smiled coyly at Charlie but started talking once again before Charlie could get a word in. "It was all nice to know Charlie but what I was trying to get at was what do you really think of me as your....your well....you know...." Willy trailed off, a slight tinge of pink creeping upon his unnaturally pale face, giving Charlie a pretty good idea what he was getting at.

The near brush with death was quickly forgotten now.

"Oh, **THAT** way." Charlie drew out, a wickedly mischievous grin creeping upon his lips.

*This was just too good.....*

"Well, I have to say Willy I really like you that way." Charlie let his fingers dip teasingly behind the hem of Willy's pajama bottoms and further beyond his candy spotted boxers to play with the pale skin that lay hidden from view. He enjoyed the slight hitch in breath and soft groan his ministrations elicited, *maybe it wasn't too late for that pleasure after all?*

"I especially like it when you make that delightfully wonderful little sound whenever I -"

"**Charlie!**" Willy hissed, lightly slapping Charlie's hands that were still free ranging 'below the belt', the scarlet flaring to life on his face, "That's not what I meant! Now what if one of my Oompa Loompa's heard you!" Willy nearly screeched, trying his best to drop his voice to a quiet whisper as he looked nervously around the room.

Chuckling, Charlie removed his hands from their 'fun' and let them enclose loosely around Willy's waist once more. "Oh trust me Willy," he started, pressing a few kisses to the side of his neck, "I'm quite sure they've heard quite a bit more from you than they've ever heard from me..... you tend to be a bit more, how should I put it, 'Vocal' than I."

It took a minute for it to sink in but when it did Charlie couldn't help but laugh at the look of pure horror and embarrassment that dawned on Willy's face. The scarlet that was still visible on his cheeks at once engulfed his entire face which he tried desperately to hide by covering his face with his doll - Wondering how he was ever going to face his precious Oompa Loompa's again no doubt.

"Oh, don't worry about them." Charlie tried in an attempt to calm the candy man down. "They seem 'Ok' with it, though I have *suspicion*s that they had *suspicion*s before we had yet to fathom out our own *suspicion*s. They are quite the clever bunch after all, must be from all them Cacao Beans." Charlie offered, trying to keep his grin from splitting his lips.

Willy mumbled something incoherent into the cloth of his 'dolly' that Charlie couldn't quite catch, or understand for that matter. But he was able to catch the irony of the fact that Willy did something that he himself so thoroughly despised, something he made perfectly clear back with Mike Teavee. He could have called him on it, but he felt generous - not to mention a bit bad - at the moment, so he kept it to himself.

*It's always nice to have blackmail after all...*

Only one option left to choose from, Charlie decided he should answer the question that was left hanging in the air. Reaching up, Charlie lowered Willy's hands from his, now, slightly less blushed face, who gave him a questioning look. Grinning, Charlie leaned forward a bit and placed his lips near Willy's ear and lightly blew the hair there away, letting his warm breath melt invisible ice on the others pallid, unflawed skin that didn't seem to follow the rules of 'time' or 'aging'.

Charlie secretly wondered if Willy was an elf or fairy of sorts. No other human acted, looked or could possibly keep up with him and his insane ideas, only he and he alone.

Or maybe, just maybe, chocolate was the secret to youth..... if that was the case then they could make a killing in the market, of that Charlie was sure. Who didn't long to be young forever?

.... Still.....Charlie preferred to think that Willy was otherworldly, there was more magic and mystery to him that way. Besides, it was oh so fun to be able to call Willy his 'fairy god chocolatier'.

Though he enjoyed the tremors that his breath caused Willy, Charlie reluctantly stopped, "If what you're wanting to know is that I love you..." he brushed his fingers idly through Willy's hair, "...all you had to do was ask." The hitch in Willy's breathing was back, "And if you really, really want to know then... yes."

Charlie tightened his embrace for a moment, kissing softly along the underside of Willy's jaw before loosening his hold to trail his hands up the man's sides to find their place along his shoulders, massaging with a feather light touch. "Yes, I love you Willy Wonka. What was once a deep adoration for you has since turned into a fiery passion that will burn forever more, and if you continue to receive what I have to give and..." Charlie let a sigh leave his lips, "...if you promise to always be mine then I swear I'll always be yours."

*OoOoOoOoOoh it was corny.... Charlie **knew** it was corny, he heard the corny-ness of it, people ten towns over could hear the corny-ness in it but he didn't care. That's how he felt.....no mind of it's painful, sappy, corny-ness...*

Willy was silent, doing little more than breathing in and out, slightly unsteadily, before pulling out of Charlie's embrace without a word. A pang of worry struck Charlie, concerned he had said something wrong again, but his internal struggle was put on hold as Willy turned around to face him, though he did not look up. The worry left just as quick as it had come as Charlie caught a glimpse of a slight smile through the cascade of hair that currently obscured and curtained the others face.

"...Do you... Do you really mean that?" Came the soft question through the blanket of hair.

Smiling a golden smile, Charlie pulled the man closer, grabbing his chin within his thumb and forefinger and ever so gently lifting it up, letting the hair there fall away. He wanted to get a good look at Willy's perfect face, though the man never seemed to believe him no matter how many times he told him how perfect it was.

*Silly, Modest Bastard... one of many reasons why he loved him so.*

Willy refused to look at him, keeping his eyes averted to his fuzzy night slippers as if they were the most interesting fuzzy slippers in the world. Of course that wasn't too far from the truth now was it? How many people have slippers decorated up with sequin beads made out of dark and light chocolate with elaborate designs stitched in with caramel and fudge 'W's' on them?

"Willy, look at me." Charlie instructed, letting his thumb stroke at the corner of Willy's mouth.

"Why?" Willy quietly asked, still not looking up.

*Well, that was a simple question. "Because.... I want to look into those enchanting pools of lavender that you call eyes, now shut your yap. I have something to tell you." Charlie answered in a playful tone.*

Without another word Willy lifted his gaze to look into Charlie's own azure orbs.

"I really mean it Willy, everything I said. I. **LOVE**. you."

Willy's small grin immediately broke out into a full fledged smile that showed all of his perfect ivory colored teeth, which looked all the more brilliant in the moonlight. He opened his mouth to say

something but was cut short by Charlie's mouth covering his own in a tender kiss. Receiving it without any opposition, he pressed himself closer and grasped onto the cloth of Charlie's pajama shirt - which Charlie idly noted was nothing more than a plain color against Willy's own busy flowery one - what opposites he and Willy could be.

Taking the initiative Charlie deepened the kiss, letting his tongue slip past the rosy lips to taste the sweetness beyond them, exploring every nook and cranny that he knew so well. This careful probing enticed quite a few pleased moans from the chocolatier, which Charlie took great delight in, knowing he was the only one that could make him make such delectable sounds, as sweet as any candy in the world. Few people ever got to meet the man, let alone touch him, and yet here Charlie was - a person who didn't start out any better off than any one else - not only having met the great Willy Wonka or becoming his heir but kissing him. Something that, for him, happened on a regular basis among **other** things which Charlie would much rather just keep to himself.... Willy would be quite put out with him otherwise.

*``What happens in the bedroom stays in the bedroom'' even if not everything happens in the bedroom....* Letting one hand rest at the crook of Willy's, Charlie's other arm wrapped itself around the chocolatier's waist of its own accord to pull their bodies closer together to obtain much better access. The feel of Willy's fingers twisting through his sleep unruly hair and the taste of unexplainable and unimaginable sweetness in his mouth, which he thought would make an excellent *``Wonka Bar``* flavoring, Charlie found himself easily lost in the moment but was just as easily pulled out of it when Willy broke the kiss, letting those slender fingers slid down fluidly to bury in his shirt again.

Ok, now Charlie wanted to do some irritated *``huffing``* of his own but he resisted the notion.

Willy lay his head against Charlie's chest and stayed like that a moment and though Charlie - who was still secretly pouting - couldn't see the man's face he knew he wanted to say something. Letting out the breath he'd been holding, Charlie placed a quick kiss on the top of Willy's head, *``What is it, say it.``* He didn't respond right away but after a moment Willy finally ventured in a slightly cracking voice, *``This.... This isn't just a temporary game then? I am getting a bit too old for games you see...``*

*``No game. My feelings for you are as everlasting as your gobstoppers.``* Charlie replied with a tinge of purposely placed corny-ness, lifting Willy's face up again *``And don't call yourself old, if anything you're too young.``* Charlie chastised the man, with a hint of teasing to it. He was obviously about to object but Charlie cut him off with another kiss, a bit more forceful this time, to get the point across that he wouldn't back down on the issue. *``Not old, get over it.``* He whispered against Willy's slightly swollen lips. Willy dropped his head and shuddered in Charlie's hold, though Charlie was sure it wasn't from the chilly draft surrounding them.

*``What of your .. p-... pa-...par-... relations.``*

*Silly man, STILL couldn't say it more than 10 years after he'd come to the factory.... how cute...*

*``Parents.``* Charlie offered.

*``Yeah, them.``* Willy agreed, scrunching his face up in dissatisfaction of the dreaded ' P ' word.

Charlie chuckled lightly and tipping the other man's head back so he could see him. *``Sometimes, I've found, that it's not always best to tell your parents everything, matter factly it can be just plain disastrous to do so. Parents feel the need to protect their child but sometimes they just don't realize that their *``protecting``* can be doing the exact opposite. Parents have good intentions but don't always understand the situation completely.``*

*``Like ours.``* Came the small statement.

Charlie nodded, hugging Willy closer to himself, who buried his face in Charlie's chest once more, *``Yes, I fear our **involvement** would trouble my parents if they knew, of course they'd also think that you would have been the one to start our little relationship and the one heading it. But we both know that's not exactly true now is it?``* Charlie asked with a Cheshire grin, feeling more than hearing the giggles that



wracked Willy's body. "At the time we leave it be and maybe sometime in the near future we can let them know, so for the time being, please refrain yourself from running to your father and telling him the news eh?" Charlie joked, receiving the giggle he hoped he would from Willy.

"I won't tell if you don't." Willy teased back slightly pulling away from Charlie.

"Done deal." Charlie said with a wink, "Now..... can we please go back to bed? It's too cold up in this place!" Charlie pleaded, squeezing Willy impossibly closer.

Giggling in an all around unmanly fashion that only 'Willy Wonka' could manage, Willy nodded pulling away from Charlie to head back toward the glass elevator, parked somewhere nearby, keyword being 'somewhere'. Not planning to go back the way he came, Charlie started after Willy, throwing a glance over to the small door fitted for Oompa Loompas, swearing he caught sight of a few 'out of place' shadows. Giving these shadows a suspicious glance before looking away, he quickly caught up with the merry man and linked Willy's arm in his own, ignoring what he swore were high pitched giggles coming from the same area.

*Damn Oompa Loompa's and their ever mischievous ways... Charlie couldn't help but let a broad grin sneak past his lips knowing that if the man beside him knew, he'd probably faint.*

"You know, I don't know if it's this place, the fact that it's the middle of the night, or maybe even that it's a full moon, but I think you made more sense than usual.... you were somewhat... serious..... kind of scary." Charlie teased, lightly pushing Willy with his body weight.

"I'm able to be 'serious' sometimes my dear Charlie, it just comes in spurts and is few and far between." Willy replied turning to look at Charlie and grinning large enough to show his straight, perfect teeth before pulling slightly ahead of Charlie. He looked around with his face screwed up in slight confusion, as if he had misplaced something important.

"Now if only we could fi - " Willy cut off with a squeak as he was yanked back against Charlie. He gave him an irritated look and was about to ask him what he was doing when Charlie, grinning smugly, reached forward a few inches and tapped on near invisible glass.

Willy smiled sheepishly, "Oh..." He remembered more than a few 'run ins' with the elevator.... Vividly... The door of the elevator opened with a loud 'Whoosh!' and Willy stepped inside without hesitation and turned to look back at Charlie, which is when a very important thought hit him.

"Wouldn't you know, it just occurred to me, but... I'm really not all that tired Char... lie...?" Willy trailed off, noticing the strange 'something' that was smoldering within Charlie's normally vibrant, now foggy, blue eyes. Willy cocked his head slightly, trying to pin-point what it was while Charlie stepped into the elevator, the door closing with another 'Whoosh!' behind him.

"That's ok." Charlie started, lightly backing Willy against the wall, lowering his face until his and Willy's noses were nearly touching, "Neither am I."

*No 'ands', 'ifs', or 'buts' about it, he was going to get what he **wanted** and had been **wanting**...*

Willy was vaguely aware as his rag doll slipped from his grasp to hit the floor, momentarily forgotten. What he was aware of was Charlie's fingers buried in his hair, and mouth hungrily covering his own and being thrown to the ground as the elevator took off. And, of course, how many Oompa Loompa's were going see them..... But even that too was soon forgotten.

fin

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HAH! No lemon for you! XD

Too lazy to do one not to mention I can't write them, I'd end up giggling myself to death trying, not to mention it would suck....

Sooooo? What did you guys think? Good? Bad? Plain ugly? I'd love some feedback guys so just bop on in and give me some eh? It'd be appreciated!

Though I think I might retire from writing now and leave the writing to the good writers . But I might pick

up some inspiration to continue on, who knows!

Oh, and here is the link to the picture by the way -----> [\[url="](#)

[http://www.deviantart.com/view/21325778/&quot;\]hyperlink](http://www.deviantart.com/view/21325778/&quot;]hyperlink)

Not real pretty, but I like it and I hope some of you guys do too

.....and yes....i know one of you are bound to point out that in the picture Charlie is shorter than Willy, while in the fic it is vice versa. I can easily answer this one. First - i'm not the perfect artist and Second - all Charlie has to do is straighten up and the desired height difference will be reached!^\_~