

# Wind

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*Quatre is alone at home, with a storm strong outside. But it's the wind that scares Quatre the most. And there's only one man that can comfort him.*

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**Chapter 1 - Wind**

**2**

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## Wind

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Pairings: 1+4

Warnings: Sap, A tiny bit of angst (Boys+Boys, nuff said. Don't like, go away!)

Disclaimer: Quatre, Heero and the rest of the GW crew are not my own creation. If they were, I would be very rich and be in Japan right now and eating strawberry pokey sticks cause I love them!! ^^0

## **Wind**

The storm outside continued to get even worse, the rain hitting the glass of the window harder. Quatre whimpered and hugged his pillow, trying to block out the sound of the strong wind blowing against his window. He hated it when the wind blew that strong, and caused a great whistling sound. Ever since he was little it had scared him. He couldn't understand why though, he had forgotten the reason. But the fear was always there whenever the strong whistling sound was heard.

The wind got strong, and the whistle become louder. Quatre closed his eyes shut and covered his eyes, whimpering louder. Why did the storm have to come now, with everyone gone? Trowa and Duo were on a date, and Quatre had a strong feeling that the two were most likely in a hotel room now. Wufei had chose to live on his own after the wars, and even though he always visited Quatre and slept over when Trowa and Duo were gone, Wufei was on holiday with Sally right now. Quatre hated being alone.

For a moment, Quatre wondered about Heero. He blushed slightly as he thought about the ex-Wing Zero pilot. He had paid a visit every now and then, wanting to know how everyone was. Heero, like Wufei, had chose to live alone. Duo, Trowa and Quatre and asked for his company in Quatre's large house, but Heero said he couldn't. He had told them that he had much to do before he could truly be at peace. That had been nearly 6 months ago...

And yet Quatre's feelings for Heero were still the same. The blonde still loved that Perfect Soldier so much. He had never told anyone, but then he didn't need to. After a month had past without Heero, Trowa knew that Quatre missed the ex-Wing Zero pilot. Duo was the next to guess, noticing the difference in the blonde behaviour, and knew that Quatre was a little depressed. Even Wufei had figured it out after a few months. Now if only Heero knew...

The wind whistled once again, the sound startling and causing Quatre to whimper with fear. The blonde stayed still for a moment, biting his lip and keeping his eyes shut, tears threatening to spill. He tried to be strong, tried to not let the wind get to him. It was so hard though, and it was so hard to be strong without Heero. When Heero was around, there was a reason to be strong. Quatre was determined not to show fear in front of Heero, and to only show strength and courage. The blonde wanted to make Heero see him as a strong person, and even wanted to impress him. But then it was not easy to impress a soldier that was meant to be perfect.

Another whistle, much louder and threatening than the others, finally made the blonde man cry. Quatre sobbed a little, his hands covering his ears and trying to block the wind out. Lightening from outside lit his room up as the wind continued, and thunder quickly followed. It was as if the storm had worsened as Quatre finally broke down with tears of fear and heartache. The tears fell freely from his face, his fear making him forget about being strong. There was no reason to pretend anymore anyway. Heero wasn't here, and it seemed that he wasn't coming back.

Again lightening lit the room up, and thunder roared outside. Quatre's sobs mixed with the sounds of the storm, and because of all the noise the blond didn't hear his bedroom door being opened. He did however notice the light that poured into his bedroom from the hallway, which was what made him turn around. When he did, he got quite a surprise.

The figure that was now staring in his doorway was Heero Yuy! The young man was staring blankly at him, his expression as emotionless as always. He had his normal plain old blue jeans, green tank top and denim jacket on, and his brown hair was messy as ever. It was clear that he had been out in the storm for at least a good long few minutes, since his jacket and his jean legs were damp, and drips of rain fell from the tips of his hair. Heero didn't seem bothered by the dampness of his clothes.

Quatre was stunned, unable to move. He was frozen the way he was, sat on his bed with the pillow on his lap, his hands just barely covering his ears. He knew that Heero could see that he had been crying; the light from the hallway was shining on his face. The blonde man suddenly felt ashamed, and felt as if he had no right to even look at the person before him. Quatre finally found the will to move, and forced himself to turn his back at him, trying to hide his face. The wind hit the window and whistled, and no matter how hard Quatre tried he couldn't stop himself from whimpering. Heero heard him.

“You don't like the wind,” Heero simply said.

At first Quatre didn't respond at all, but after a while of silence, even from the wind, Quatre finally nodded. Heero just stood there for a moment then began to walk over. The blonde man could hear the nearing footsteps, and wondered what the other ex-pilot was going to do. Was Heero going to tell him how disappointed he was with him? It wouldn't surprise him. But what happened was a great difference and shock. Quatre felt the other sit behind him, and the sound of shoes being pulled off could be heard. The blonde man didn't dare turn around to see what Heero was doing; he was frozen in place again. Quatre gasped quietly as he felt two strong arms wrapped around his shoulders, and as he felt Heero lean onto his back, hugging him.

Not even the lightening and thunder snapped Quatre out of his shock. The blonde was just so stunned that the Japanese ex-pilot was doing this. Why was he hugging him? He could feel Heero's breath tickle the back of his neck, and he was unable to stop himself shivering, and he didn't shiver because of the dampness from Heero's clothes, but because of Heero's touch. The Japanese ex-pilot's touch on his body was gentle, and his hand rubbed up and down his arm ever so carefully, caressing. Quatre was startled by how gentle he was being, as if he was... trying to smooth him.

The wind blew again and the whistle was heard. Quatre whimpered and leaned back into Heero automatically. After a second he realised that he was leaning into Heero and was about to pull away, but Heero whispered calmly and even kindly into his ear. It was as if he was a parent trying to calm a scared child.

“Shh... it's just wind. It can't hurt you, Quatre,” whispered Heero, still holding the blonde.

Heero's gentleness and kindness again surprised Quatre. True he knew that the Japanese ex-pilot had a kind side, but he had never seen it. He knew of it, and knew that it was there, but he had never really had the honour to actually see it, or to be on the receiving end of it. But now... why now?

The wind blew again, and he was stunned to realise that this time it didn't scare him. It was the same sound, but he didn't feel the same fear. It was so bizarre. Once Heero knew that Quatre was no longer scared, he began to let go. But just before Heero's arms let go of Quatre's body, the blonde quickly grabbed them and whimpered. Quatre knew he had startled Heero, but he was determined not to let Heero go again. He had to tell Heero now, before he let him go and ran off again. Quatre knew he wouldn't be able to handle it if he didn't tell Heero now and didn't see him for months, maybe even years...

“Don't let me go Heero,” Quatre pleaded, holding onto the Japanese man's arms tightly.

Heero could only stare at the back of Quatre's head, since the blonde man was still looking down at his lap. The two stayed like that for a good few minutes, lightening flashing and lighting the room every now and then, thunder soon following. Finally Heero moved, but forced Quatre to let go of one of his arms. The blonde whimpered as he did so, but allowed his arm to go free. The Japanese man then gently took hold of the blonde Arab's chin, and gently forced Quatre to turn his head and look at him. At first Quatre fought, trying to keep his head down. But the other man's gentle touch made him lose the will to fight. But as he finally looked Heero in the face, he was grateful that he had done.

For once the Japanese ex-pilot had an actual expression on his face and didn't look blank and cold. Heero looked concerned, very concerned at first. But as he stared into Quatre's big and deep blue eyes, a small caring smile crept onto Heero's face. It was the first time, in nearly years, that Quatre had actually seen a smile from Heero. They continued to gaze into each other's eyes, Quatre finding himself drowning into Heero's icy blue eyes, but he didn't want to be saved. Heero raised his hand again, and he gently stroked his thumb against Quatre's cheek. The blonde man blinked and blushed greatly as he felt Heero's thumb make contact with his cheek.

“I don't ever want to see you cry again Quatre,” Heero said suddenly, his thumb still rubbing against the blonde's cheek.

For a moment Quatre's mind was blank, and couldn't figure out what Heero was saying. But he suddenly remembered that he had cried because of the wind, and remembered why he had been ashamed to look at Heero in the first place. He realised that Heero was stroking his thumb against the tears marks that must have dried on his face. Quatre was about to pull away, thinking that Heero was saying that because he was disappointed, but Heero only pulled him into a tight hug, stopping him from escaping.

Quatre didn't dare move, fearing that any wrong move could cause Heero to let go of him. Even though he was confused by Heero's behaviour, he felt total bliss. He had only been able to dream about being in Heero's arms before, but it felt so much better to actually be held by the real thing. Quatre stiffened a little in surprise as he felt Heero's fingers gently comb his hair, Heero feeling the softness of the blonde locks. The feeling of having Heero stroke his hair was incredible and Quatre loved it, it caused him to

relax against him.

“Sorry Quatre... for being away for so long,” whispered Heero, his voice actually filled with emotion, and not it's normal `matter-of-fact' tone.

Quatre dared to look up at Heero, and blinked at him in confusion. The Japanese ex-pilot only stared back, and then traced the tear mark that trailed down Quatre's cheek. He watched his own finger travel down that trail, and felt the blonde's cheek heat up as he did so.

“I couldn't live in peace... because I had a certain thing on my mind. I was confused about my emotions Quatre. I've been confused ever since I met you and got to know you. You... make me feel different,”

There was a long pause, Quatre looking a little hopeful, but tried to hide his surprise and excitement. He knew what Heero was trying to say; the Japanese didn't really need to say anymore. But the blonde stayed quiet, allowing Heero to try and put his thoughts and feelings into words. He had never been good with words and emotions.

“You all make me feel... in a way. We are all friends after all, and we're able to share things that we couldn't share with strangers or people we couldn't trust. I care about all of you. But you, Quatre... I more than just care. I... I didn't understand what I was feeling, and about what I should do. So I went away to think... I wanted to think and try to force myself to understand,”

Again Heero stopped, staring deep into Quatre's eyes. The Japanese ex-pilot leaned closer to Quatre's face, startling the blonde a little. Heero only rested his forehead against his, still staring into his eyes. Heero gently placed his other hand on the other side of Quatre's face, and cupped the blonde's face in his hands. He wanted to make sure that they kept their eye contact as he finally told him how he felt.

“But all I needed to do was see you cry... that's all I really needed. To see you cry hurt me more than any wound I have ever had to suffer from. After seeing you cry I knew that I could not leave you ever again and that I had to be with you. It's how Duo explained to me how he felt about Trowa,” said Heero.

After hearing Heero say that Quatre was totally stunned. He was speechless, and couldn't put into words just how happy he was. He couldn't remember the last time he was this happy. Happy and overjoyed to know that the person he loved actually loved him back! They continued to stare into each other's eyes, neither one of them truly knowing what to do now that Heero had said what was needed. They were both very new to this, and inexperienced when it came to relationships. So Quatre just did the one thing he had wanted to do since he had fallen in love with Heero.

Quatre forced his head forward, causing Heero to let go of his face and locked his lips with Heero's, wrapping his arms around the Japanese man's neck. The ex-Wing Zero pilot was a little startled and fell back with the sudden action, causing him to land on his back with Quatre over him, still kissing him. The blonde didn't break the kiss, and only deepened it. The Japanese man finally began to kiss back, slowly wrapping his arm around him.

They slowly broke the kiss, Quatre's face hovering just inches away from Heero's. They gazed into each other's eyes lovingly; Quatre's cheeks a light shade of pink. Heero raised his other hand, and ever so gently caressed the blonde's face. Quatre's smile was back on his face, a sight Heero had missed

greatly over the months. Heero smiled back and then began to laugh a little, Quatre blinking in confusion. Why was he laughing?

“Glad you feel the same Quatre,” said Heero, and then winked at the blonde.

“You're a good kisser too,” he told the blonde, and laughed a little more as he saw Quatre blush a little.

The blonde calmed down and laughed a little also, and was a little surprised by Heero's change in personality. He was normally very cold and serious, even with the others. But now he was kinder, able to have a laugh and able to joke. Over all he was... happier. Quatre gently trailed his fingers down Heero's cheek as the Japanese man smiled at him again, his fingertips then trailing across his lips.

Lightening lit the room, reminding them that the storm was still strong outside. Both men looked up at the window, and saw the rain pouring down the glass like a waterfall. They then heard the whistling of the wind, it louder then ever. This time however, Quatre wasn't scared, and actually smiled happily as he heard it. Heero was a little surprised to see his blonde love not bothered by the wind.

“The wind doesn't scare you now?” asked Heero.

Quatre looked back at Heero and shook his head, the smile still on his face. He rested his head against Heero's shoulder and sighed as the Japanese man wrapped his arms around his form, holding him tightly. Quatre kissed Heero's neck gently as he explained why the wind didn't scare him now.

“The wind helped bring us together if you think about it. So I'll only feel grateful when I hear it now,”

Heero realised that Quatre was right, since if the blonde man hadn't of been scared of the wind and caused him to cry, Heero would of never really told Quatre how he felt. Seeing the blonde cry made him understand and gave him the courage to tell Quatre everything. Without the wind, that wouldn't have happened. Heero sighed happily and held Quatre tighter, and kissed the top of the blonde man's head as the wind howled outside.

“Thank you wind,” they both thought at the same time.

The End

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Hell: Ok, idea came from sitting in a room, all alone, with the wind howling outside and blowing stuff around. I hate it when the wind is that strong and causes that noise against your window (Yes, I'm a wimp. -\_\_-0). All I wanted was for my boyfriend to be there when I heard it. So, this is how this fic happened. Was it a good idea, or does it suck? Let me know.