

Love Means...

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What DOES that four-letter word really mean? On Valentine's Day, the concept of love is spelled out clearly for Roy in a trail of clues left by his lover.

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1 - Love Means...

A/N: MWAHAHA! See? I AIN'T DEAD YET! BWAHAHA(snort) 8D Anyways, here's a little Valentine's Day special for y'all! It's Link/Roy yaoi, so don't get all mad about it, k? I know others have requested more yaoi, so here it is! Oh, and it takes place after "A Blooming Rose," so a lot of things will make more sense if you read that first.

Love Means...

Valentine's Day. The one day out of the year where couples are free to express the beauty of their love to each other, no matter who they are. It was this factor alone that made Roy more excited than he had ever been on this day.

And he had every right to be, since this was his first Valentine's Day with a true companion to share it with. Sure, they had only been together for about a month since the Winter Dance, but he knew that there was something special between him and his elfin love, a spark that lit the passionate flames of a beautiful relationship. There was no denying it, no resisting it, so all that was left for Roy to do was accept it. Instead of that, however, he embraced it, and there were no doubts in his heart to speak off.

At least, until now.

Link had been... awfully busy lately. Roy ached to be close to him, but over the last few days, the Hylian distracted him with friends or other methods, then slinked away. It's almost as if he were... avoiding Roy. No, it couldn't be, for as he snuck away, there had always been a smile on his impish face.

But still, Link had something to hide. And no matter how Roy looked at it, it made him uneasy.

At last, the day came, but so far, nothing special had happened yet. They woke up, had breakfast, listened to the Smashers chatter away about what could happen during the Valentine Dance that night...

Nothing Roy would call “romantic.” Finally, after lunch, Link offered a simple idea.

“Why don't you and I head on over to my dorm and just... relax a little? I mean, it's only our first month together, we don't have to do anything *too* big, just as long as we're together, right?”

It wasn't anything spectacular, but Roy eagerly agreed. At last, Link would stay put for a little while for him to lay contently in his strong arms, lean against his comforting warmth in a romantic cuddle. And that's just what they did.

At some point, Roy was so comfortable, he dozed off next to Link's warmth. He laid in his dreamless sleep for quite a while, for when he began to awaken, the ceiling above him was bathed in a deep orange, dusky glow. As the Pherean awoke, he expected to see his handsome elf laying right there beside him.

But all he saw was an empty pillow.

Roy quickly sat up, worried for some odd reason. Why did Link run off again? A thought came to his mind, and he glanced at the bedside clock. 6:45.

“Aw, no...” he moaned in dismay. Was he really asleep for that long? No wonder Link left; he must've lost interest when Roy fell asleep. The redhead cursed himself for being so stupid, especially when they were sharing a tender moment.

That's when his hand rested on a note left conspicuously on the covers where Link would be laying.

Puzzled, Roy lifted the small paper and looked it over. It was bright red, the color of the current holiday, folded over twice in a neat little square. Curious, Roy slowly unfolded the small note and read the following message in elegant, silver letters:

Love means...

Every day is an adventure.

Follow the clues to find your Valentine.

Roy stared at the message blankly. Clues? Was he expected to go on a scavenger hunt to find his lover? No matter what Link's intentions were, Roy grew not angry, but strangely excited. Maybe there was something special planned after all.

He went first for his boots to quickly slip them on, and there, leaning against them, was the first clue, in the same red color. Roy blinked briefly in surprise. It was as if Link knew his boots were the first things he'd approach. Regardless, Roy took the note and read it.

Love means...

You'll always have a friend.

Speak to a friend to receive your next clue.

Speak to a friend... but which friend? Roy absentmindedly scratched the back of his neck in thought, trying to figure out which friend the clue meant.

Oh, course. No duh.

Roy slipped his boots on and left the dorm for the cafeteria, where most of the Smashers were dining heartily with a wide array of delicious-looking dishes. Roy's senses were treated to the lovely aromas of each meal, the merry laughter, and especially the sight of a few couples enjoying the evening. He noted with a smile as Peach romantically popped a grape into Mario's mouth, Zelda gently rubbed Fox's ears as he sighed in content, and even Samus had her arms around Falco. Kid couples, like Kirby and Jigglypuff or Ness and Nana, were less lovey-dovey, but still ate and laughed together. It was comforting to know that mostly everyone was in the spirit of Valentine's Day.

Roy's eyes scanned the tables until he found a neat mop of sapphire locks among the many heads, and he immediately approached the table, where Marth sat eating his soup.

"Hey, Marth."

"Oh, hey, Roy!" the prince greeted as Roy took a seat across from him. "How's your day been so far with Link?"

"..." Roy didn't respond to this, leaning forward and throwing out the question. "Are you the friend I'm supposed to speak to?"

There was a minor pause, and Marth grinned knowingly. "Heh, you're gonna go through with it, huh?"

Roy nodded. "You have the clue?"

"Mmm-hmm." He reached into his pocket and pulled out the red slip of paper, holding it between his fore and middle fingers. "Good luck."

"Thanks." Roy took it, unfolded it, and read it out loud.

Love means...

On the entire dessert bar, you're the only creampuff I see.

"Aw, how cute," Marth cooed, causing Roy to blush madly.

Search the Dessert Bar for the Sweetest Treat.

“Huh. Sounds simple,” Roy muttered.

“Yeah, just don't touch anything besides the Sweetest Treat, or face the ladies' wrath.”

“Haha, right, thanks for the warning,” Roy chuckled, standing up and making a beeline for the Dessert Bar of the cafeteria.

The various desserts laid out would make one's mouth water. Raspberry tarts and pies steamed to cool off, crimson juice glossy and pastry fluffy and buttery, topped off with curls of whipped cream. Cakes shaped as hearts were covered in strawberry pink icing and laced with white and chopped strawberries, labeled with sayings such as “Be Mine” or “Love You.” Most of the cakes were surrounded by circles of heart cookies of pink, red, and white.

“Wow, the girls really let themselves go,” Roy commented to himself as he searched around for his next clue. Wisely, he didn't touch anything, as he figured it was all saved for the Valentine Dance Buffet. He looked for anything that stood out, and when he found it, his heart melted as a smile came to his face.

The Sweetest Treat the clue had spoken of was another cookie, this one a rose of a deep red color, almost the shade of Roy's own mop of auburn hair. It wasn't perfect; the bottom was a little burnt and the icing was a little off, but its purpose touched Roy deeply, as “my little rose” was often a term of endearment from his lover. Lifting the cookie, he found the next clue underneath and snatched it up, reading it as he took a bite.

Love means...

Even a simple dance can be magical.

Find the music within the Ballroom.

Roy began to notice the patterns of each clue as he left for the Ballroom, crunching through the crusty, yet delectable pastry. Approaching his destination, a tune reached his ears, and he paused in his stroll. The song was very familiar, but he couldn't quite remember from where. Wanting to know the answers, Roy expedited his pace down the hallways until he at last reached the Ballroom.

The grand chamber was dressed with red and pink tapestries, heart balloons floating and hanging from the ceiling. The walls were laced with ribbons, giving the room the impression of an inside-out strawberry cake. A great banner spread over the stage that read "HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!"

Standing in the direct center of the room, Roy glanced around and absorbed the atmosphere, the soft song still playing and echoing about the room. And then it came to him: this was the same song that was playing when he shared his first dance with Link at the Winter Dance. Alone and in the mood, Roy fleetingly shut his eyes and waltzed with an invisible partner, the memories of that magical night coming back to him, much to his pleasure.

Soon, he swayed over to the main source of the sound, where a single laser disc had been placed on the turntable, spinning and playing by its lonesome. Next to it sat the next red note. Roy took it quickly and read it.

Love means...

You never feel cold, even in the worst of storms.

Arrive at the Courtyard promptly. Be sure to dress warmly!

Roy swelled with excitement. Was this it? Would this lead to the end of the search...?

Fueled by anticipation, Roy rushed to his dorm to properly dress for the snowy winter weather outside. He grabbed his brown fleece jacket with white furry cuffs, and slipped his arms through the sleeves, buttoning up the coat warmly. Finally, he grabbed a dark green scarf and slung it around his neck, securing it tightly. When he was ready, he used the quickest route to the nearest door that led out into the Courtyard.

Out here, the entire world seemed to be in slumber underneath a fluffy white blanket of snow, the twilight of night overhead. Despite the darkness, however, the Courtyard was illuminated by lights in the planters, lighting up the various foliage as if they were touched by fairy dust. And as Roy crunched through the snow, he was taken in by the soft glow the environment around him gave off. But then the sounds of his footsteps stopped when he came upon a truly beautiful sight.

Before him sat a table draped with red cloth (recently set up, as no snow covered its top), accompanied by two golden chairs across from each other. Two sets of plates, silvery utensils and wine glasses were set up in the nearest way possible, and covered platters held whatever meal had been cooked up for the occasion. There were no candles, but the glow from the fountain behind it gave the scene its romantic feel.

Slowly, as if not to disturb the delicate peace, Roy approached the table as if entranced by its beauty. For a moment, he ran his fingers over the satin tablecloth, wondering how much time it must've took to put this all together.

Then, on one of the plates, Roy saw another red note. He gently took and unfolded it, breaking the silence in the evening air as he read it out loud.

“Love means...” he started slowly. “There's always someone right there beside you...”

A sudden movement brought his attention briefly away from the note, and he looked to see a deep red rose held out before him in a gloved hand, gleaming with dew drops. As he felt another hand rest on his hip, Roy continued the last of the note in a soft, squeaky voice.

“...w-with a blooming flower... of friendship.”

“Mmm-hmm,” a voice answered, warm lips softly pressing against his cheek in a tiny smooch. Roy turned to face his lover, his handsome Link, dressed with a scarf and coat of his own. A lovely smile was on his face as he marveled Roy's astonished gaze.

“...You...” The boy glanced at the table, then back. “Y-you did all this... for me...?”

“Of course I did.” Link took the rose and parted some of Roy's maroon's locks aside, inserting the cut stem above his ear to hold the flower firmly in place among the redhead's mop of hair. “Let me tell you, it wasn't easy, having to avoid you, but I didn't want the secret to leak out, y'know?”

“So... that whole time, you...” The elf nodded, and Roy glanced down shyly. “Aw, but... Link, you, you didn't have to...”

“Now, now,” Link waved his finger playfully, then caressed his cheek. “Love means making the effort to help a bond grow.”

Roy slowly brought up his gaze, then smirked. “Great. You're gonna be saying those acronyms all night, aren't you?”

“You bet I am,” Link answered with a grin.

The Pherean laughed in response, giving the Hylia's chest a quick nuzzle. Glancing back down at the romantic setting Link had set up, he sighed. “Wow... I... I never... This is... I... I-I...” Roy became frustrated with himself as he wasn't sure what to say, and even more when his eyes began to sting.

Link frowned slightly. “What's wrong?”

“It... It's just that...” Roy looked up at him with glistening eyes. “N-no one's ever done anything like this for me... and... and it's... it's so beautiful...” His face beamed. “I feel... well... special.”

Link smiled warmly, touching his face again while wiping away a single tear with his thumb. “Of course you do, Roy. Love means there's always a reason to feel special.”

Roy sniffed and smiled happily. The hand resting on his cheek moved to under his chin, directing his face upwards to become parallel to his lover's. Seeing the look in the elf's sparkling sapphire orbs, Roy shut his eyes as he closed the distance between them, feeling soft lips massage his own. He felt strong arms hold him closer and responded by lacing his own arms around his partner's waist, pulling him in farther. Then came the gleeful sensation of his body tingling as he gained entrance and rolled his tongue over Link's, sighing in pleasure.

Roy always loved these close moments, and they hadn't shared a kiss like this since the Winter Dance. And with the small chuckles given off, he could tell Link enjoyed the moments as much as he did. And with this, all the former doubts in his mind vaporized in an instant as he thoroughly enjoyed the intoxicating experience he was being treated to.

At last, they parted, Roy smiling as if in a trance. There was a gentle silence between the two, until a soft grumble broke it. Roy slowly glanced down at his stomach, blinking.

Link grinned. "Wanna see what I cooked up for you?"

"Ooh, yeah!" Roy smiled eagerly, approaching the table. Link politely pulled out one of the chairs, and Roy smiled gratefully and took a seat. Grinning gleefully, Link moved from behind him and lifted the largest platter's cover to reveal a smoked ham, doused in sweet sauce and surrounded by various spices.

"Oh, wow!" Roy leaned forward to take a whiff of the luscious aroma. He then smirked at Link. "...there's no way you made this yourself."

Link rolled his eyes. "Okay, so I had a little help from Peach, so what?"

Roy giggled. "That's okay." He eyed the wine glass and grinned, holding it up. "Do I get treated to my first spirits tonight?"

“Ha, ha, you're funny,” Link grinned inwardly, grabbing the bottle and pouring a bubbly ochre drink into the glass. “If by spirits you mean sparkling apple cider, than yes.”

“Aw...” Roy pouted playfully, but smiled all the same.

Once the meal had been carved into and served, the couple dined heartily and spoke of casual things for some time, thoroughly enjoying themselves. They forgot all about the Valentine Dance or anything else; all that mattered was each other.

Time passed, and with their dinner finished, the two moved to a bench by the Fountain, Roy lying contently against Link as they enjoyed the evening quietly.

“Hey, wow, look up!” Roy pointed up into the heavens, marveling the clear twilight skies and the multiple twinkling stars framing the waning moon. “The sky looks so clear!”

“Yeah, the storms are starting to clear off as spring gets closer,” Link agreed, holding Roy close with one arm, amused by the boy's sense of wonder.

Roy thought for a second, then grinned. “Hey, I got one.”

“Yeah?”

“Love means... the simpler things in life... suddenly become more enjoyable.” At Link's smile, Roy chuckled. “Y-yeah, kinda stupid, huh?”

“No, not at all! That was good, really!” Link encouraged, leaning over and cooing softly in his ear, “Love means... you never need to feel stupid... because your partner will always acknowledge what you say and what you are.”

Roy moved his gaze to meet Link's, and he couldn't help but smile in comfort, cuddling closer to the one he loved. With love spelled out clearly for him and the comforting thought of a friend who would always be there no matter what, he would always remember this day as the best Valentine's Day ever.

THE END

A/N: And this is my Valentine gift to you. Happy Valentine's Day. May Your Love Spring Eternal.