

Brave Eyes

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Quatre plays the old piano quietly thinking about the war and a certain someone, will he be able to express his feeling? (occurs before EW - yaoi

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1 - Brave Eyes

/Gentle sunlight on my cheek, /

Streaks of sunlight stray into the room though dark velvet curtains. Quatre sat at the old rickety piano, fingers gazing the yellowing keys, pulling a melancholy melody from his soul.

/I ran for my life (in those) days long ago/

Memories of the war, played in time with the sad tune, inmate in a sense. The mind and the music meet. Time, flashbacks of safe houses past, battles, missions, and /trowa/

/Now, within these wavering times, /

The music stops, turning his head quatre looks out the visible window. The war has ended but a new threat had come

/I search for true love/

Blinking back tears, quatre shook his head vigorously, love- love- was it wrong to love another after all the damage he had caused and created.

/My heart aches painfully I myself even lose control... /

Zero - one word that can change so much. "Do I deserve love after what I did to him", Quatre felt the tears he had be biting back fall.

/Brave eyes/

Night falls in the darkening room, the sun falls rays of glowing red and orange light flickers against the pale Arabians face. The music continues to play, depression sets in. Bleeding fingers tread lightly as salty tears begin to dry.

/The same sorrow, same hopes /

A silent figure enters the now dark room. Stars twinkling openly, not blocked by the now fully open curtains.

/Holding on intensely, facing that tomorrow/

Quatre stopped, and his shoulders shuddered, tears began falling once more.

/Now I'm not alone /

The ache in his heart told him he was not the only unhappy one. Someone else out there needed something as strongly as he did. In a hushed sigh quatre spoke, "If only"
"If only what little one?"

/Towards me, the wind only unsteadily Plays as it blows (Yet) /

Whirling around quatre peered into the dark room, shadows occupied the corners and the doorframe making it impossible to see.
"Tro-Trowa? Is that you?"

/I always never yield, even when (it's) painful... /

Stepping out the shadows a tall boy walked slowly to quatre. Green piercing eyes lit the dark around him, filling the air with mystery.

/Like a flower blooming in a desert /

Quatre mouth went dry as the vision approached him.
"Wha-what?, Um hi trowa do you need something?" quatre asked politely keeping his eyes downcast.

/Even when kindness becomes futile, or turns into a foe, /

Trowa shook his head and leaned forward placing his hand on quatre shoulder

"So kind, yet so cold" trowa whirled around his back face facing quatre.

/People still love kindness /

"I need something - as much as you do, but you feel as if you don't deserve it." Turning around once more trowa leaned in deeper his mouth coming close to quatres.

/Brave eyes /

Crystal blue eyes met emerald green, "I don't understand" quatre whispered as trowas hot breath make him dizzy.

/I wonder if it's because of the new sky /

"You do..." trowas hand found its way to the back of quatre head, he lending in and placed a small kiss on the pale lips.

/That we never gamble for the sake of those smiles /

Quatre was sunned, the object of his love and heartache was here and caring.

/These warm thoughts /

Whimpering slightly at the lost and trowa pulled away quatre placed his delicate hands on trowas. Trowa chuckled.

"My little one do you understand now?"

/I hold close in my arms /

Tears filled aqua eyes, nodded quatre seized trowa in a hug. Rocking the pale angel trowa whispered words of love, devotion and forever.

/My heart aches painfully I myself even lose control... /

Trowas heart broke as the tears continued to spill, but soon they dried and quatre lifted his head, a warm smile played on his lips the same way his fingers had played earlier on the piano.

/Brave eyes /

Wiping away the salty-mess on his face with his sleeve quatre sniffed and his expression brighten. "I love you quatre, I'll always be here for you" trowa whispered into the blondes ear as his hand cradled and rubbed calming circles on quatre back.

/The same sorrow, same hopes/

"I love you trowa, I always will no matter what" trowa bent down and claimed the smaller ones sweet mouth once more

/Holding on intensely, facing that tomorrow/

The stars and the pale moon lit the room, shadows played over the faces of the now soon to be lovers. The war had brought and taken from them both, their childhood's, their families, and there lost freedom. But though the hard times and the fragile peace, love trumpeted over all.

/Now I'm not alone/

Now and never would they be alone

~owai~